

JANUARY 3, 1963

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

From College Campus
To The White House –
The Paul Winter Sextet

Pres And Hawk

- Fountainheads of the
Tenor Saxophone

Warsaw Diary

- By Don Ellis

Focus On Wynton Kelly

- A Sideman First



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THINGS TO COME: The Jan. 17 Down Beat, on sale Thursday, Jan. 3, will offer a revealing examination of the role of jazz as goodwill ambassador and a portrait of the new Gerry Mulligan, among many other interesting and informative features.

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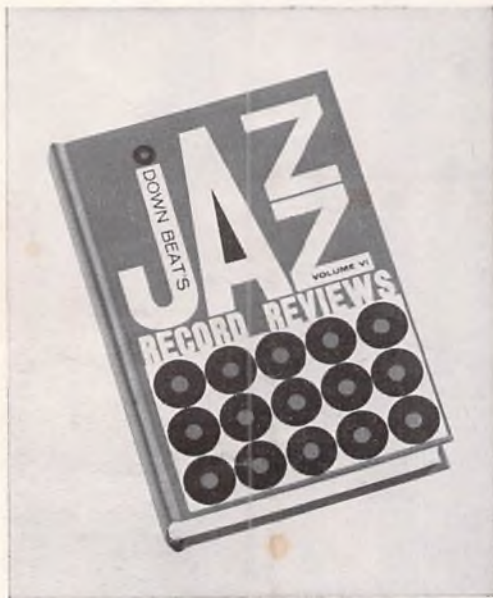


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← **ALBUM TITLE**
 ← **NAME OF ARTIST**

Gil Evans
 ← **SELECTIONS**
 OUT OF THE COOL—Impulse 4: *La Nevada*; *Where Flamingos Fly*; *Bilbao Song*; *Stratusphunk*; *Sunken Treasure*.

← **PERSONNEL**
 Personnel: John Coles, Phil Sunkel, trumpets; Keg Johnson, Jimmy Knepper, Tony Studd, trombones; Ray Beckenstein, Eddie Caine, Budd Johnson, Bob Tricarico, reeds; Evans, piano; Ray Crawford, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Bill Barber, tuba; Charlie Persip, Elvin Jones, percussion.

← **RATING (1 UP TO 5 STARS)**
 Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Here we see Evans plain — not concerned with creating suitable settings for Miles Davis, not reworking old jazz standards, but expressing himself with his own band. And it's quite a musical sight. For Evans is a full-fledged member of that select group of jazz composer-arrangers who have completely distinctive musical personalities — a group in which Duke Ellington still remains head man and which includes, at the very least, Jelly Roll Morton and John Lewis.

← **JOHN S. WILSON'S PERCEPTIVE, PRECISE AND THOROUGH REVIEW, DOWN BEAT HAS 12 TOP FLIGHT REVIEWERS.**
 Evans has put together a varied program — two of his own pieces: *Sunken Treasure*, an atmospheric bit, and *La Nevada* (previously recorded in a shorter version on World Pacific as *Theme*), a long, loose, swinging piece resplendent with excellent solos by Coles, Studd, Carter, and, particularly, Crawford; a ballad, *Where Flamingos Fly*, that is set as a beautifully conceived, superbly executed solo vehicle for Knepper; George Russell's avant garde *Stratusphunk*; and the newly popular Kurt Weill tune, *Bilbao Song*, which Evans gives a fascinatingly brooding treatment.

The band he leads is, except for the addition of Jones and Barber, the exciting group he had for several weeks at the Jazz Gallery in New York in the fall of 1960. They respond to the Evans idiom brilliantly.

One of the charms of this set is Evans' use of soloist as contributing elements to the over-all arrangement instead of as ends in themselves. This approach adds immeasurably to the total effect (since a total effect is actually possible under these circumstances) and makes the role of the soloists much more effective. (J.S.W.)

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Crawford's Powell—The Other Side

Why do you print trash like Marc Crawford's (what?) on Bud Powell (*DB*, Nov. 22)? It's not too disagreeable—albeit immature and excessive—up to the comparison of Bud with Ahab, but let's qualify this fitness by saying that it exists somewhere away from the piano in the realm of public explication or absurdly self-conscious daydreaming, and in this role is so common that Bud isn't particularly ennobled by it here. And the rest of that paragraph and the following four are absolutely unbelievable. The series of references to the real night world coupled with the phantasmagorical journey through it of that noble pair, him and the him of him, is ludicrous, especially in the name of "capturing the 'real' Bud."

What Crawford fails to understand is that you can't make a hero out of anyone when you mistake being blown helplessly about by romantic fancy for touching a deep (hitherto inexpressible, no doubt) reality in language you either can't or won't control. Please, please, no more. Amherst, Mass. David Lahm

Bud Powell, Paris and a Night to Remember is one of the few disappointments *Down Beat* has given me. Fine material massacred by Marc Crawford, apparently one of the die-hards still floundering in the backwash of the abortive "literary revolution" of the magazine.

I hardly expected to be confronted with Crawford's overweening sentimentality, provincialism, and irrelevancy, especially where Powell is concerned, in an issue of *Down Beat*.

North Dighton, Mass. Richard Amaral

... And In Favor

Thank you for the perceptive article on Bud Powell.

I heard him at the Blue Note in Paris in April, 1961, and he played some of the most fantastic piano I'd heard in a long time. Bud sits impassively at the keyboard, like a heavy-set Buddha, but the ideas that flow from his hands—adjectives like "inventive" or "imaginative" fall short of the mark to describe them.

May things go well for Bud and his family no matter where he decides to play. The least we can do is not forget him. Newport, R. I. John Reece Dring

Thai Thanks

At last someone has written about jazz in Southeast Asia. Still it was well worth waiting for. This is the first time in 10 years—since I first departed Bangkok to come to study in the U.S.—that I heard any worthwhile news about jazz activity in my motherland. It is amazing how the people are starting to accept modern jazz. Ten years ago only a few people there knew what Bird and Pres stood for, although the names of Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong were widely known. We

need more musicians like Tony Scott in Asia. I support wholeheartedly his efforts in bringing modern jazz to Asia. Las Cruces, N. M. P. Y. Kosol

Ire At Oscar

I'm getting tired of the idea pervading our society that the only good jazzmen are Negroes and the whites are merely "Europeanizing jazz," as Oscar Brown Jr. stated in the article on him in the Dec. 6 *Down Beat*. To question whether Brubeck plays jazz just because he adds new ideas that might be European is harmful to the growth of jazz. I think the answers made in this same issue by Lennie Tristano, who can't distinguish between black and white, are far more accurate and should be noted. Elyria, Ohio Douglas Howk

Jazz On German Radio

In Joachim E. Berendt's story *Jazz in Germany* (*DB*, Oct. 11), he states that Radio Munich (Bayerischer Rundfunk) "seems to be reluctant" in its jazz policy. Living in Southern Germany and working for Sudwest-Funk Radio at Baden-Baden, Berendt should know better. Bayerischer Rundfunk broadcasts five jazz shows a week plus a monthly concert featuring leading bands and soloists from Germany and abroad. We don't think this can be called a "lack of jazz interest." Munich, Germany Carl Michalski Bayerischer Rundfunk

Belated Camera Credit

In the rush of meeting deadline with my article on the Bill Evans Trio (*DB*, Nov. 22), an important photo credit was left out. The photos of the trio, Paul Motian, and Chuck Israels were the work of Anthony Wolff, who took them as a favor to Bill and to me while Bill was preparing his CBS *Camera Three* appearance. Since they were arrestingly sensitive pictures, Bill and I would both like to express herewith our appreciation. New York City Gene Lees

Bossa Nova Lament

With all sincerity, I hope Ernie Wilkins prediction about bossa nova (*Chords*, Nov. 8) will prove true.

The current bossa nova movement, for the most part, is one of misconception. Most of the so-called bossa nova albums are little more than the basic Latin rhythm. . . .

But even the truest b.n. feeling is not so magnificent that the whole country should go ape over it.

If the publicity men would treat the new movement with respect and artists would play the music as bossa nova instead of trying to conform by using modern jazz writing, b.n. could become a new, accepted part of jazz. As it is, however, it is a disgusting farce. Baltimore, Md. Stephen Agetstein

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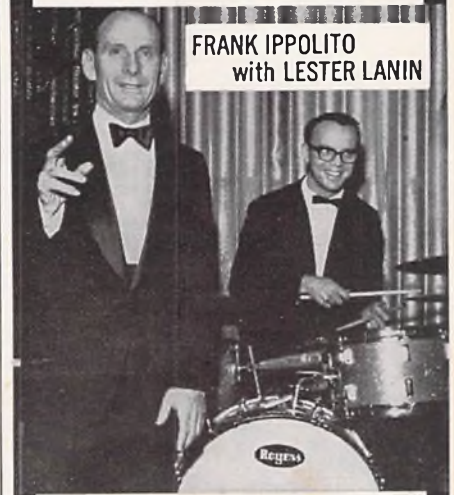
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NEW YORK

When **Miles Davis** was unable to appear at a Village Vanguard Sunday matinee last month, harmonica player **Larry Adler**, long a fan of modern jazz, was in the audience. When it was evident that the Davis group was to play without its leader, Adler asked the club's owner whether he could perform. "I just happen to have my harmonica with me," he said, "and I'd like to play with a modern group." So Adler, playing at the competing Village Gate, walked on the stand, announced that he would like to play 'Round Midnight "in the style of Miles Davis," and did so with such quality that audience and musicians applauded loud and long. Adler remained to play for the rest of the afternoon.

Something new in lend-lease may have begun. Last month, **Edmond Hall** flew to London to rehearse with the **Chris Barber** group and then toured with it throughout Europe, continuing into a British series that paired Barber with a group led by **Louis Jordan**.

Also in London: **Dave Brubeck** became the first U.S. jazz musician to appear on the British television program, *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*, a top variety program.

Friedrich Gulda, an acknowledged master of classical piano, and a sometimes jazz pianist, is in New York City.



Miles

He is currently also playing baritone saxophone, but his most surprising action is that he has temporarily retired from his concert career, "at least until the level of my jazz playing reaches that of what I am noted for."

A Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. **Norman O'Connor**, now director of radio-TV-film division of Paulist Communications, and a Lutheran minister, the Rev. **John Gensel**, known as "the jazz pastor" because of his many associations with jazz musicians, now share a radio program on WINS on Sundays, middlemanned by writer **Nat Hentoff** and called *Two Worlds of Jazz*. Both clergymen represent liberal religious attitudes toward jazz, have scores of jazz parishioners and even more jazz anecdotes.

Lionel Hampton has reorganized his band. First of the new personnel included saxophonists **J. R. Monterose** and **Pepper Adams** and guitarist **Calvin Newborn**. Hampton will have no pianist in this newest band . . . **Cannonball Adderley** is touring college campuses on a long-considered, but seldom-done basis. At the universities of Purdue, Notre Dame, Ohio State, and Michigan, he will lecture on jazz on the evening before his scheduled concert. If these combination dates prove successful, he intends to schedule more for colleges around the nation.

At the benefit for drummer **Walter Perkins**, who has recovered from an automobile accident in better than satisfactory fashion, the most provocative of groups was one that included trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie**, altoist **Pete Brown**, **Jim Hall**, and **Friedrich Gulda** . . . **Art Blakey** will take his *Messengers* to Japan again in January, 1963 . . . **Kenny Dorham** played a pre-Thanksgiving dance at the Dawn

(Continued on page 40)



Fr. O'Connor

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Jan. 3, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 1



SINATRA AND ELLINGTON
Carte blanche and a jazz wing

DUKE SIGNS WITH REPRISÉ, WILL ALSO SUPERVISE SESSIONS

The rumors of what record company he would sign with at the end of his Columbia contract had flown thick and fast through the jazz world during the last two months, but Duke Ellington, when asked which rumor, if any, were true, smiled graciously but was non-committal. The strongest rumors—conflicting as they were—had him either freelancing (that is, signing an exclusive contract with no company) or practically in Verve's recording studio.

Then there were recording sessions by Ellington the pianist with various companies and in varying company—a date with John Coltrane and another with Charlie Mingus and Max Roach were the most startling.

But speculation ended in Chicago when Frank Sinatra, at a packed press-celebrity party, announced that the grand Duke had agreed to record exclusively with the singer's company, Reprise.

And there was a kicker: Ellington will serve as sort of an a&r man. The Ellington-supervised sessions will be part of what Reprise officials term the "Ellington Jazz Wing," a series in which the bandleader will showcase new talent he thinks worthy and will combine established talent in new ways. Reportedly Ellington will have carte blanche to record whomever and whenever he desires.

The contract with Reprise is a precedential one: Ellington has complete say as to what and how his band records.

The first Ellington band session for

the firm is expected to take place before the end of January.

One company official said that it could be presumed that Ellington and Sinatra also would record together in the future.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED . . .

The recent Carnegie Hall concert devoted to bossa nova (see *Caught in the Act*, page 35) drew so much critical displeasure that the Brazilian musicians who played the concert and the Brazilian government, which helped sponsor the event, were extremely upset. In both cases, though no one wanted to be quoted directly, it was felt that the whole concert production disturbed the essence of the music.

In short, the musicians were hurried on and off the stage, and the sound system was set up to favor the recording going on rather than the audience. At one point, things were so confused backstage that one observer commented, "It looked like a bossa nova supermarket."

So, for the first time in anyone's memory, a foreign government asked a U.S. night club to present that country's musicians in the manner to which they are accustomed: the Brazilian government, through its New York consul general, Senora Dora Vasconcellos, asked Art D'Lugoff, owner of New York City's Village Gate (which Senora Vasconcellos calls "the United States' home of bossa nova") to present the Brazilian musicians in "a realistic way, so that the American audience could make some judgment" about the music.

D'Lugoff, happy to oblige, presented two concerts at his club early in December. Participating artists were Antonio Carlos Jobim, Joao Gilberto, Luis Bonfá (the composer of the background music for the movie *Black Orpheus* and reportedly the future guitarist with the Stan Getz Quartet), Sergio Ricardo, and sextets led by Sergio Mendes and that *Norte Americano* Brazilian, Herbie Mann.

TROMBONIST SKIP MORR DIES ON WEST COAST

Skip Morr, 50, widely known and well-liked trombonist, died recently a few days after being hospitalized in a hospital in Ross, Calif., near San Francisco, where Morr and his wife lived.

The trombonist, whose real name was Charles W. Coolidge and who was a native of Chicago, was born into music. His grandfather played drums with John Philip Sousa, and his father, a pianist, was a onetime accompanist for Eva

Tanguay and Blossom Seely. Morr started on drums but shifted to trombone while in high school in Burlingame, Calif.

After graduation from Northwestern University in 1934, Morr worked with orchestras led by Ted Weems, Bill Hogan, and Henry Busse. Moving to Hollywood in 1942, he worked with Artie Shaw and Charlie Barnet and in the studio orchestras of Ray Noble, Alex Stordahl, and Gordon Jenkins.

In 1950, Morr joined Wingy Manone's combo in San Francisco and in 1952 went with Marty Marsala's band. In recent years he worked with Marsala, Joe Sullivan, and Muggsy Spanier in short-lived San Francisco Dixieland groups.

DINAH OFFERS FILMED SHOW WITH JAZZMEN TO WORLD

In a "contribution to better world understanding and world peace", Dinah Shore has offered a television film of her Dec. 9 NBC-TV special show in color to "anybody in the world, in any country" for noncommercial use.

The Shore show starred guests Frank Sinatra, Bessie Griffin and the Gospel Pearls, and a jazz group made up of Gerry Mulligan, Ben Webster, Jimmy Rowles, Leroy Vinnegar, and Mel Lewis.

Miss Shore is offering the free film with the permission of the U.S. Information Agency and its head, Edward R. Murrow. It was learned that the U.S. State Department reportedly has requested 15,000 copies of the film for distribution throughout the world.

In its section of the program, the Mulligan-Webster jazz group played two numbers—*Goin' Home*, a medium-tempoed blues, and *Who's Got Rhythm?* an up-tempoed version of the standard, *I Got Rhythm*—and accompanied Miss Shore on *Lazy River*.

ORNETTE TO PREMIERE STRING QUARTET, R&B TRIO

Ornette Coleman has run so many gamuts by this time that he is not about to be concerned with what is said by the host of those who once hailed him as the man to whom all jazz was possible.

But at presstime he was interested in talking about his Dec. 21 concert at New York City's Town Hall. It could be said that the concert, for which he is assuming all financial risks, including renting the hall, is part of a peculiar jazz problem—Coleman is just not working anywhere and wants to present his music.

The event is, in his own words, "a

concert presentation, mostly of new works—everything will be written by me—and I believe that my music is best heard in this kind of presentation.”

The program includes 10 other musicians, divided into three different settings: one a premiere of a work for string quartet, which can be begun at any point by any of the players, the second and third settings with conventional trios backing the altoist, one playing Coleman-type jazz and the other playing what he describes as “a rhythm-and-blues background for me.”

JAZZ WILL CONTRIBUTE TO MARCH OF DIMES PROGRAM

Jazz will lend its lusty voice to a worthy cause during January when the Andre Previn Trio and the Lionel Hampton Orchestra share billing with an all-star cast on the March of Dimes

60-minute TV special, *Once upon a Dime*.

Previn, accompanied by Red Mitchell, bass, and Frank Capp, drums, plays an extended version of *Over the Rainbow*. The Hampton band, which includes such crack Hollywood sidemen as Joe Maini, tenor saxophone, and lead trumpeter Al Porcino, plays *Mashed Potatoes* and the perennial *Flying Home*.

Also appearing on the program are such performers as Pearl Bailey, who sings *Ma, He's Makin' Eyes at Me*, and Bing Crosby, who joins music director Jerry Fielding's orchestra in *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*.

Others in the all-star cast include comedians Morey Amsterdam, Frank Gorshin, Don Knotts, Soupy Sales, Dick Van Dyke, and Ed Wynn; comedienne Cara Williams and Rose Marie; vocalist Connie Stevens; actors



Hampton drumming up dimes

Dick Powell, Richard Chamberlain, Neville Brand; actress Jane Wyatt; and dancer Juliet Prowse.

Once upon a Dime will be programmed on different television stations throughout the country at different times during January.

From Guardhouse To Riot To Pop Charts

It is perhaps too well known by now that our English cousins have a music called Trad—short for traditional jazz. Its popularity is variously and continuously being described as booming or bursting.

But whatever the view, one of its most successful practitioners, Mr. Acker Bilk (as the clarinetist is professionally billed) continues to boom, bursting solo on these shores last month to hear U.S. jazz firsthand and to give interviews right and right.

Born Bernard (Acker is a happy diminutive meaning “mate” or “friend”) Bilk 33 years ago in the County of Somerset, he heard a lot of music in his youth but played no instrument. (Som-

erset, it should be noted, is described as—and Bilk agrees—being a rustic area relating to the rest of Britain as do the Adirondacks and their hillbillies to the rest of the United States.)

While in the British army, Bilk spent three months in the guardhouse in Egypt before he was discharged in 1950. He had been caught asleep on guard duty. Before then, he had begun listening to records by Bunk Johnson and Jelly Roll Morton, and with time on his hands in jail, he managed to get a clarinet and teach himself to play.

Back in England, he began to gather with others who were interested in Trad. In 1954 he first began playing professionally, with the Ken Colyer Band, but left after nine months. His own group got its early popularity in the west of England and first appeared in London in 1956, but really, he says, came into its own during tours of Ger-

many that year. The rest is somewhat hysterical history.

In 1960, Bilk seemed to have precipitated a riot at the Beaulieu Jazz Festival. “Of course, we did,” he remembers with a faint shudder. “There we were with the whole thing being televised and 20 hooligans wanted to wave to their moms. And there were only six gardeners to keep the crowd in hand. Still, it was the best live TV that BBC ever had.”

Bilk is one of those two or three Trad bands in top English money. “There’s a tremendous gap,” he said, “between the top ones and the others. They play the clubs. We play the concerts.”

In New York, he played with a round dozen of his favorites. “My band will be so choked to hear who I heard,” he said. “And they won’t believe who I played with. It was such a ball to play with these blokes—Vic Dickenson, Edmond Hall . . . and so marvelous to hear the rest.”

One of the pleasures here was a lack of popularity—although his records have done extraordinarily well.

“In England,” he said, “I can’t walk down the street. I’d be signing autographs all my life. It’s nice here, where no one knows you.”

Reflecting about Trad and such, he said, “That craze they called skiffle—that’s over with because there was not enough variety. I think what happened in England was simply a question of hearing almost everything secondhand.

“Still, there is a value in what we learned. What we believed before we began was that there was no good having a tree with only one big branch and only little twigs. That’s what your music had become. What we decided to do was to plant a tree. You want to know what Trad is? That’s what it is.”



Britisher Bilk, in beard and bowler, with Vic Dickenson, Bob Wilber, Ed Hall, Bud Freeman, Sidney DeParis, and George Wein—“It was such a ball to play with those blokes”

CAUGHT IN THE ACT:

New Blood From Some Old Hands

Cootie Williams' return to the Duke Ellington Orchestra and the presence of a powerful new bass player, Ernie Shepard, spells good news in latter-day Ellingtonia.

At a mid-November concert in Los Angeles' 1,600-seat Embassy Auditorium, it was evident that Williams is making jazz history again with the band that first showcased him.

His trumpet remains as virile as of old, exuding a wealth of power and authority dominated by a striking economy and directness of style. As he launched into the aptly retitled *New Concerto for Cootie (Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me)*, with the band swelling out behind him, it was like old times.

But the real joy in his performance lay in the obvious fact that today Cootie is a more compelling jazz artist than ever before. Intrinsic to this, of course, is the reality of the company he is keeping—a truly all-star jazz organization.

In addition to Cootie, the balance of the trumpet section consists of Roy Burrowes, Cat Anderson, and Roy Nance (and Nance's violin solo on a theme from the film *Paris Blues* showed again how good a violinist he really is). Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, and Buster Cooper comprise the trombone section. While Brown carries the majority of solo work, his gently floating horn switching on occasion to red passion, Cooper got off an electrifying chorus in the shouting *Jam with Sam*. In the reed section, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, and Harry Carney constitute the heaviest battery of big cannon ever assembled behind saxophones and clarinets. All were featured repeatedly, either as soloists or in trios, utilizing various doubles.

The rhythm team of Sam Woodyard, drums, and bassist Shepard, calls for special mention. Woodyard remains the powerhouse, a propulsive drummer who, even in the tour de force, *Skin Deep*, did not lapse into showing off. Shepard, hired by Ellington on the strength of recommendations by Al McKibbin and Red Callender, is tailored perfectly to fit this band. An unobtrusive, rather stolid-looking player, he combines a sound reminiscent of the late Jimmy Blanton's with a marked

sense of strong melodic line. (His playing behind clarinetist Hamilton on *Tenderly* stirred trumpeter Burrowes, seated behind the bassist, to grin widely in an appreciation concurred in by his neighbor, Woodyard.)

As it now stands—or plays—the Duke Ellington Orchestra is more than just that. One might even term the band's presentation *The Duke Ellington Jazz Show*, a show in the finest sense of the term, a jazz show, moreover, of unparalleled fine quality. The show comes on this way:

There is, first of all, Ellington himself, at 63 vigorous, impeccably tailored,



Bassist Shepard and trumpeter Williams plus guests make for a lively evening of Ellingtonia

sharply witty, sometimes sardonic yet invariably ingratiating as he puts himself on with the "love-you-madly" bit.

After Ellington, there is the string of thoroughbreds the leader trots out one by one: Hamilton on clarinet in various featured spots; Williams, of course, whose performance on the night of the concert at the Embassy compelled the audience to demand an encore and a tickled Ellington to acquiesce and to bring the trumpeter down front once more; Nance, on cornet and violin, and the inimitable (that's the word, all right) song-and-dance routine on *Jump for Joy*, which even the execrable p.a. system couldn't spoil; Cat Anderson, Mr. Stratosphere, with his new double-barreled trumpet, donated by fellow trumpeter Billy Brooks, looking weird but sounding like Judgment Day; Johnny Hodges, for whom no superlatives are sufficient, and his matchless rendition of specialties such as *Passion Flower* (archly defined by Ellington for the edification of the audience as "one better enjoyed than discussed"); Paul Gonsalves, the man with two hats—the frenetic, seemingly interminable blower of wild solos on the one hand and, on the other, the sensitive tenor saxophonist of deep and purring tone heard on *In a Sentimental Mood*; Lawrence Brown, whose trombone greatness seems quite as im-

measurable today as it has been in many years past; Harry Carney and the warm richness of his baritone on *Sophisticated Lady* with the abnormally held closing note that is always part of the Ellington show; Russell Procope's alto saxophone, still clear as spring water and as refreshing.

Then there are the various groups, the trios combined either with leading voice (Nance's cornet, Brown's trombone) or as group voices (on the *Black-and-Tan Fantasy-Creole Love Call-The Mooche* medley). Here Carney's bass clarinet may underlie the Bb clarinets of Hamilton and Procope;

or, again, the two Bb instruments may, themselves, dominate. There is also the tenor saxophone duo of Gonsalves and Hamilton in the boppish lead-in to a Gerald Wilson arrangement of *Perdido*.

Milt Grayson, a pleasant Eckstine-sounding singer whose only dereliction is a horrendous Twister titled *One More Time*, is also an effective element in the show. His version of *Do Nothin'* was crooningly bland at the concert but was topped by an impressive reading of *The Blues* section from *Black, Brown, and Beige*, a broodingly evocative piece of lyricism.

Finally there is the band itself, Ellington's "instrument." Whether because of the usual warmth of the concert audience, or because of the ideally sized hall, the band was "right." Never has this listener heard it sound better, never so full-blooded and vital, never so authentically jazz.

That it can blow raggedly—as it did on the first number of the evening, *Theme from the Asphalt Jungle*—is disputed by none. But this was just for chops-warming. From that point on, it topped itself all night. If one were to sum up the sound of the Ellington band today, one must simply call it raw and healthy.

For all the magnificence of orchestra and soloists, the high point of the
(Continued on page 34)

WARSAW DIARY

By DON ELLIS

My wife and I left the United States last Oct. 1 for two months of traveling and study in Europe. The morning of our flight a telegram arrived from Poland asking me to take part in the fifth International Jazz Jamboree to be held in Warsaw, Poland, Oct. 27-29. We were excited at the prospect, but several phone calls to our travel agency and the passport office informed us that our getting visas would be next to impossible. However, I cabled a reply that we were willing to come if they would make all arrangements.

After traveling in Europe for three weeks, we had no further communication from Poland, so I sent word to the jamboree officials to leave a message at American Express in Amsterdam if everything was set. We arrived in Amsterdam a few days before we would have to leave for Poland. It was a pleasant surprise to find a telegram informing us that prepaid tickets were waiting for us in Paris.

Arriving in Paris on the evening of Oct. 23, I went the following day to American Express, where complete instructions were supposed to be waiting. We were to leave the next day, not the 26th, as we had planned. The instructions said to go to the Polish embassy for visas.

After much difficulty there — and some fast talking, made difficult because they spoke no English—we received our visas.

Thus begins the diary.

Oct. 25

4 p.m.: Leave Gouret Airport, Paris, one hour and 15 minutes late in a two-engine plane. We are supposed to arrive in Warsaw in three hours. . . . I begin to have doubts. Nonreclining seats, quite hard and upright, in worn olive drab. Thirteen passengers in 24-passenger plane. More doubts about arrival when I see from flight plan that we are to land in Berlin.

7: Prepare for landing in Berlin. Come down very fast in a big swoop. Hit hard with huge bump. Plane rattles and shakes like it is about to fall apart. Doesn't look like we will make Warsaw in three hours.

While riding the train to Paris, I had heard something about the crisis in Cuba over the missile bases, but

since we had not been reading any newspapers or hearing any news broadcasts, and since there is always at least one crisis going on, we did not realize the gravity of the situation. Here we were going behind the Iron Curtain completely on our own, unofficially, at the same time the United States and Russia were coming closest to engaging in World War III. Not realizing this, we still had a strange feeling when we stepped out of the plane into East Berlin. In the airport terminal I picked up many pamphlets that gave the East German view of the Wall and the division of Germany. When contrasted with the information we have, they seem very strangely twisted.

7:30: Plane leaves.

10: We arrive in Warsaw. A very friendly Pole, who had spent some time in the U.S. as an agriculture expert, teaches us a few Polish words and helps us through customs.

Met by our guide, Anna, and several of the people connected with the festival. Shown to most plush hotel in Warsaw. . . . Feel like royalty . . . bath, radio, clever skylight illumination, brand new. Start to get ready for bed, send clothes to be pressed when, at 11:30, the rhythm section that is to play with me at the concerts comes to say hello and show me music for a Third Stream concert and ask if I would play in a piece that would feature me.

Oct. 26

9 a.m.: Breakfast in hotel . . . eggs practically raw, just immersed in hot water until they are warm . . . evidently a custom.

10:15: Interview for publicity and article in jazz magazine. . . . Find out I am headlining the festival. . . . My picture is on the first page of their jazz magazine. . . . Picture taken from an old Holton ad that first appeared in 1957. . . . Can't seem to get rid of that pose.

10:45: To Pagart, the only artist agency in Poland, to collect some money. No one there to give it out.

11: Rehearse with rhythm section. Adequate. TV cameras take pictures of the rehearsal for a brief TV spot to advertise the festival.

1 p.m.: Back to Pagart. Get part of money. Cannot figure out how much I am actually getting because there are at least four rates of exchange for the dollar in Poland.

Grab a bite to eat at a writers' den and hurry back to the Third Stream rehearsal, already in progress. Rehearsal quite rough. Some interesting parts.

6: Quick walk around town. Check prices. How much is a zloty worth? Shops very austere, rather shabby by



The author with Polish rhythm section

U.S. standards, not much choice in styles. Depressing atmosphere.

9:30: Some practice and to bed. Unexplainable feeling of intrigue.

Oct. 27

10:30 a.m.: Press conference in hotel for all leaders of groups. . . . Musicians from eight countries (Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, Hungary, Russia, Denmark, U.S.A.).

12:30 p.m.: Third Stream rehearsal. . . . Still rough, the Polish musicians seem to have a hard time with a relatively easy score.

8:30: To concert hall (Warsaw Philharmonic Hall). Have trouble with the doorman getting wife Connie in without her taking her coat off. But it's cold and drafty.

9: First concert. Introductions. . . . Large hall filled to standing room. Seats on stage for performers and friends. Too brightly lighted.

Swanee River sung by Wanda Warska unaccompanied. Then band backs up Jerzego Matuszkiewicza, who someone says was the first Polish jazzman after the war. He plays the melody only, on soprano sax.

Andrzej Trzaskowski's quintet (the Wreckers) and trio next. Same group that was in the states except with different bass player. *Veird Blues* opener. Good alto player, Zbigniew Namysowski, with heavy Coltrane influence. . . . Playing some harmonic extensions. Rhythm section time erratic. Stiff. Not much swing but build to some effective climaxes. Long solos. Play a Horace Silver composition at about the same tempo. . . . Then an original composition a la Silver, also at same tempo.

Trio set featuring leader on piano. Original ballad (good mood), medium-tempo tune, and *Requiem for Scotty* quite effective. . . . Use of rubato time. After the long set (45 minutes), the leader is presented with flowers! (Evidently another custom.)

Attila Garray, pianist from Hungary with Czech bass player, does a suite based on three Hungarian folk songs. First one is a 3/4 blues. The Polish

drummer never gets out of 4/4. More spirit than preceding group. . . . Very bluesy. Interlude with solo piano between tunes, using Tatumlike runs for minor 4/4 blues. Interlude into fast Latin tempo and swing tempo complete with breaks. Too bad drummer never caught up.

Does encore in 3/4, but drums still chugging away in 4/4.

New Orleans Stompers open with fast tempo. Outswing the modern groups. Good trumpet player, Henryk Majewski, big sound. Second number has tag ending with a bebop break. (It is true here, as it seems to be in America, that the best Dixieland groups more often have interesting and effective formal structures to their pieces than the usual modern groups. The solos are shorter, the order more varied, more than one strain of the tune and ensemble are used, the ending usually being different from the beginning, interesting breaks and stop time, surprise endings, tags, codas; and the texture, using simultaneous improvisation, is more complex. Contrast this with the head-solos-fours-head pattern of nearly all modern jazz performances.) They change trombone players halfway through. What for? Trumpet player plays good choruses on almost all tunes. Intermission finally at 11 p.m.

Louis Hjulmand from Denmark follows. Drummer runs frantically backstage just before they begin to play. . . . Forgot sticks. They play two Monk tunes, *In Walked Bud* and *Jackie-ing*, plus an original in 3/4. Hjulmand is Denmark's best vibes player and is the second main performer in the festival. Set does not go well. Hjulmand makes an excuse: he is using new mallets. Shows Milt Jackson influence. Does start to get away on ballad *Laura*.

My part is next (Wojcich Karolak, piano; Roman Dylag, bass; Andrzej Dabrowski, drums). I try some free improvisation with the musicians. They do quite well in an idiom they had never tried before. Also do original blues and very fast *Lover* (it is already 12:30 a.m. so I cut my set short).

1 a.m.: Pile in the bus with other foreign musicians and chicks to "official" jam session at medical center. Everybody there sits around looking grim. Very crowded. Session finally gets under way after a bad start, but I have to leave as the party is starting to loosen up (they go until 9 or so the next morning).

Oct. 28

10:45 a.m.: Third Stream rehearsal. There seems to be much difficulty in communication. . . . I wonder if other foreign musicians are having the same problem? English is about the only common language here, and very few Poles seems to understand it well. Further, no one seems to have any authority . . . maddening, especially when you have to get some definite information.

5:30: Ballet and Third Stream concert.

Ballet. Slow, moody ballad with changes of tempo, use of *accelerando* and *decelerando*. Jazz band on record, but sound is so good it could be live. Use of wordless female voice . . . little sharp. Music excellently performed and well written. Dancers are superb. Real ballet but somewhat looser than classical. Excellent choreography (no improvisation). Quite moving. Music is by Krzysztofa Komeda, choreography by Witolda Grucy, scenes and costumes designed by Wowo Bieliciego. The company is composed of three male and two female dancers, some of the very best in Poland.

The Karolak Trio (my rhythm section) opens with interesting line on *Solar* with piano and bass in unison. Bass player Dylag is excellent. Trio plays four tunes. Group has good time. . . . Some moderately exciting moments. . . . Rather introverted.

First piece in the Third Stream section features alto, clarinet, tenor saxophone, and guitar, all jazzmen. Form is slow, medium, fast, and slow. The fast section is nice. Only notes and basic instructions given. . . . All else is improvised. It points an important direction for other men to follow.

Composition using string quartet,

organ, percussion, and jazz quintet of piano, bass, drums, guitar, and vibes is next. Some nice moments occur (strings all playing different figures above the bridge). . . . Utilizes improvisation and indeterminacy along with written music.

Woodwind quartet, string quartet, drum quartet, piano, bass, and vibes or marimba follows. Controlled improvisation very hair-raising in the beginning when all four drums are playing, cutting in and out of each other's solos, but it sort of degenerates into swing tempo with the piano and vibes playing some written licks. Strange form.

Nihil Novi by Andrzej Trzaskowski is rather loose-jointed. Goes from a very pointillistic 12-tone first section into 4/4 modal section a la Miles. Surprising that a pianist whose favorite is Horace Silver would be doing something like this. Uses woodwind section and vibes-marimba-percussion player, plus piano, bass, and drums. Gives me a nice chance to stretch out in two solo cadenzas. Audience breaks into spontaneous applause after one solo.

All performances in this section quite good, especially after such rough rehearsals. The conductor, Andrzej Markowski, is excellent. Extremely aware, clear, and sensitive. The instrumentalists are all from the Philharmonic orchestra.

8:15: Concert. Good house.

Andrzej Kurylewicz Quintet. Leader is trumpet player, and they play for almost an hour. Not too much happens, but the trumpeter shows a good knowledge of harmony and plays some thoughtful solos. Standard modern set. . . . Tenor (Jan Ptaszyn Wroblewski) plays with passion and tries some harmonic extensions, but it all seems to come out mush.

Jerzy Milian, vibes, shows good sense of programing. Opens with *Home* done as ballad, then jump. Has good technique but a little stiff. Milt Jackson influence (doesn't everyone?) . . . promising talent.

Jerzego Dudusia Matuszkiewiczza Septet. Mainstream. . . . Nothing special.

Igor Czaplinski (Yugoslavia), guitarist, plays a mostly ballad and easy groove set. Well liked by crowd. Fights with rhythm section on *Out of Nowhere*. Encore.

Wanda Warska sings with cute accent (all in English). Does a few ad libs. On *Lover Man* sings, "Whisper sweet things on (sic) my ears." Evidently No. 1 singer here.

Eje Thelin Quintet (Sweden) plays *Oleo* very fast. Trombone-playing leader is a gas. Excitement. . . . Ex-

(Continued on page 38)



The Russian group at the Jazz Jamboree

IF THEY GAVE awards for unpretentiousness, Wynton Kelly would win a large loving cup. The stocky pianist, just entering his fourth year in the rhythm section of the Miles Davis quintet-turned-sextet, has the distinction of being about the most unobtrusive pianist in jazz, while at the same time inspiring an enormous professional admiration.

If being imitated is the mark of having arrived, Kelly has arrived. His ebullient approach to solos has seeped into the playing of a wide variety of pianists, and he has written the very definition of good comping.

"Wynton," said *Voice of America* jazz commentator Willis Conover, one of the many persons who has tried (with middling success) to pin down verbally the nature of Kelly and his music, "has a marvelous go-to-hell attitude. Like the Miles Davis attitude turned active, and with humor added."

Not that there is a hint of antagonism in Kelly or his playing. "He always projects a happy feeling, regardless of the tempo," said trombonist J. J. Johnson, currently a co-worker of Kelly's in the Davis group. But there is a disinclination to overwhelm the listener. Kelly seems content to let the listener come to him.

"Wynton has by no means shown all the things he can do," commented Bill Evans, a forerunner of Kelly's with Miles. (First there was Red Garland, then Evans, who in turn was succeeded by Kelly.)

"For one thing," Evans continued, "Wynton is a fine accompanist. I heard him first with Dinah Washington, and immediately I felt an affinity for his playing.

"He has a wonderful technique, and he gets a true piano sound out of the instrument. He approaches the instrument legitimately and, although I don't know his training background, I know that if someone else hasn't disciplined him, he has disciplined himself.

"I can hear in his mind that he's broad enough to be able to play solo—that is, unaccompanied by rhythm section—but I like him in a rhythm section so much that I'm not sure I'd want him to do it."

After a moment's reflection, Evans added, "Wynton and I approach jazz essentially the same way.

"Wynton is an eclectic, not in the cheap way, but in the sense of copying the spirit and not the letter of the things he has liked."

THE MAN who elicits this musicianly admiration was born in Brooklyn in 1931. Like his friend Oscar Peterson, Kelly has West Indian parents. When the two meet, they will sometimes slip into a West Indian patois that leaves them laughing and other musicians staring in confusion.

Kelly started playing piano at the age of 4. "I didn't have much formal study," he said.

"I went to Music and Art High School and Metropolitan Vocational. They wouldn't give us piano, so I fooled around with the bass and studied theory.

"I used to work around Brooklyn with Ray Abrams, the tenor player, and his brother Lee, the drummer, and also Cecil Payne, Ahmad Abdul-Malik, and Ernie Henry. We all came up together.

"One of the first bands I worked with was Hot Lips Page's. Then I went with Lockjaw Davis for about a year. After that I did a stint with the Three Blazers. Then Dinah Washington. I worked for Dizzy Gillespie too. I was between Dinah and Dizzy for years."

Kelly joined the Miles Davis group in the early part of 1959. It was then that the public really began to be aware of him, not only as a soloist but as a pulsing rhythm-section player. Though he has recorded six albums on his own—"three for Vee Jay, two for Riverside, and one I made in 1950 when I was 19 that doesn't even count"—it is nonetheless for his work in the Davis unit that he is best known.

If the Kelly style is not an obtrusive one—not a style that one hears once and ever afterwards recognizes—it has its curious distinctiveness. There is in it a highly personal ease and lightness, an infectious, casually bouncing quality to which one rapidly becomes attached.

"He never," J. J. Johnson said, "lets his technical facility, which he has plenty of, dominate. The swing is the

thing with Wynton."

As an accompanist for horns, Kelly is the ne plus ultra of skilled, meaningful, and yet noninterfering comping. "He does all the right things at the right times," Johnson said.

Kelly loves to comp. "In fact," he said, "at one time I didn't like to solo. I'd just like to get a groove going and never solo.

"The first pianist I admired for comping was Clyde Hart, and later Bud Powell.

"The way you comp varies from group to group. Some guys will leave a lot of space open for you to fill, like Miles. Others won't. And so you have to use your discretion. In general, I like to stay out of a man's way. But you have to judge it by the situation. I did some things with Dizzy I wouldn't do with Dinah, and things I did with them that I wouldn't do with Miles.

"It's good to sit down and hear how other guys comp and then learn to do it yourself."

Kelly's tastes among pianists are predictably broad. An incomplete list of his preferences includes:

Oscar Peterson—"First of all, he's tasty. And he knows the instrument very well."

Erroll Garner—"He's a hell of a stylist, and he's very versatile."

Bud Powell—"I respect Bud as one of the main figures in starting modern jazz piano."

Bill Evans—"For beauty. That's all I can say. He also knows the instrument very well. He's one of the prettiest piano players I've heard in a long time."

Phineas Newborn—"We were in the Army together, bunk to bunk. He's a genius."

Walter Bishop Jr.—"I've liked him since I was a kid."

McCoy Tyner—"He's a serious-minded musician. I like his style, and he fits well with the other instruments in Coltrane's group."

Unlike most pianists who come to prominence in someone else's group, Kelly has no pressing urge to form a group of his own.

"It's in the back of my mind," he said. "But not now." **ab**

Focus On: Wynton Kelly A Sideman First

By GENE LEES



TED WILLIAMS

THE PAUL WINTER SEXTET FROM THE CAMPUS TO THE WHITE HOUSE

By DON DeMICHEAL

JAZZ COULD use more young men like Paul Winter. The 23-year-old altoist is not one of those musicians who wait for the phone to ring; instead, he goes out and gets things done.

A partial list of his accomplishments in the last year and a half:

His sextet won the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., in May, 1961, and, as a result, was signed by Columbia records (the group has cut three albums—one is in release here, another in Brazil, and the third is scheduled to appear early in the year); in June, 1961, the group played at the Evansville, Ind., and Saugatuck, Mich., jazz festivals; in February, 1962, the Winter sextet began a 23-week U.S. State Department tour of Latin America; and last month Winter and men became the first group to give a jazz concert at the White House (see the *Caught in the Act* beginning on the next page).

All this had its beginning at Northwestern University, in Evanston, Ill., a suburb of Chicago.

A native of Altoona, Pa., Winter formed a band while attending the university. It was an Al Belletto type of group aimed at pleasing dancers and getting the musicians through school. But, according to Winter, it had little to do with jazz.

Early in 1961, he formed a second group—a jazz sextet—to enter two college jazz festivals that year: the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame and the Georgetown festival.

"I wanted to form the best band possible with Chicago talent," he said recently. "And I wanted it to be a big as well as a small band. I felt the instrumentation of trumpet, alto, and baritone would give more variety than the more-usual trumpet, alto, and tenor lineup. And there would be as much emphasis on writing as blowing."

(The Winter philosophy of equality of arrangements and soloing still holds; the group's library now contains arrangements by Lalo Schifrin, Bill Mathieu, Norman Simmons, Tom McIntosh, Fred Kaz, and Bob Bryant, in addition to those by Winter, the group's pianist Warren Bernhardt, and Richard Evans, the bassist who went on the Latin American tour.)

At one point, because of the dance group's working a steady job and the press of school work, the only time available for the jazz group to rehearse was between 1 and 6 a.m.

The day before the Notre Dame festival, the group's trumpeter, Dick Whitsell, who was Winter's roommate at Northwestern for five years, became seriously ill and was hospitalized. Winter got another trumpet player, and the group went on anyway. It did not win, but Les Rout won a new horn as best baritone saxophonist at the festival.

Then came the Georgetown festival. The group not only won as best combo, but Bernhardt was chosen the outstanding musician at the festival as well.

The door had been unlocked now, and Winter soon had it swung all the way open—the aforementioned events followed as if on a timetable.

PERHAPS the most important nonmusical assets Winter has are an ability to express himself clearly and forcefully and the courage to approach various important persons and stumbling blocks head on. If he wants something—say, a State Department cultural exchange tour—he asks for it. So far, he has had uncommon success in getting what he sets out for.

Take the tour of Latin America, which included 160 concerts in 23 countries.

In summer, 1961, Winter saw a picture in *Down Beat* of guitarist Charlie Byrd being greeted upon his return from a South American State Department tour by Heath Bowman, director of the cultural exchange program. Winter sent Bowman a three-page letter explaining what his group was and what sort of tour he had in mind. With the help of two Northwestern University professors, Winter had outlined two possible itineraries, one in the Far East and one in European Communist countries, itineraries that would include all major universities in each area.

"Our idea," Winter explained, "was to send the group as students as well as jazz musicians to play for students in foreign countries. I had a 2 percent feeling the State Department would accept the idea."

The sextet had a couple of things working for it: by accident it was evenly integrated, and each member had a college degree or was in the process of getting one—Winter, an English major, is a graduate of Northwestern; Whitsell, 25,





The Winter Sextet performs for students in Asuncion, Paraguay.

has a degree in speech from the same university; Rout, 26, is a history major and is working on his doctorate; Bernhardt, 23, has a degree in organic chemistry; Evans, 29, has a bachelor's in composition; and Harold Jones, 22, is a percussion major at Chicago's American Conservatory of Music, where he also does some teaching.

"We offered to set up seminars so we could really get to know the students we played for," Winter said.

The idea of a student group's being sent on a cultural exchange tour caught the fancy of the State Department.

Winter sent a tape recording of the group, along with biographies of the members, to the American National Theater and Academy, the organization that administers the cultural exchange program and which has set up various panels of leading musical and theater figures to pass on the artistic merits of those applying for tours. The Winter sextet had no trouble meeting the standards of the music panel and was placed in ANTA's "pool," that is, groups of artistic quality willing to play tours.

Dave Brubeck, who had heard the group at Saugatuck; Dizzy Gillespie, who was one of the judges at Georgetown; and John Hammond, another Georgetown judge and who signed the group to the Columbia contract, sent letters to ANTA urging that the group be sent on tour.

"By October Bowman had okayed 16 weeks in Latin America," Winter said. "When our bios and the idea behind the tour were sent to the diplomatic posts in Latin America, they all wanted the group, so the tour was extended."

In sum, the tour was highly successful. The group played in some remote areas that never had heard jazz, and practically every concert was well attended and enthusiastically received.

Not all, however. At some concerts in Brazil, Ecuador, and Colombia, pro-Communist students heckled the group and tried to raise ires with sharp questions about race relations in this country. In Caracas, Venezuela, two gas pellets exploded at a concert, causing the audience to disperse till the air was cleared; but all ended well when the audience returned to cheer the Americans and condemn the incident as the work of "Communist assassins."

But the reports of the tour in Latin American newspapers and from the U.S. posts were uniformly glowing.

"The fact that the group was youthful and made up of university students had its share in making this cultural exchange the success that it was," said the *Haiti-Herald*, in Port-au-Prince.

After a Winter sextet concert in Mexico City, the U.S. embassy's cultural affairs officer, J. H. Webb Jr., was quoted

in a Mexican newspaper as saying that "the shift from well-known established performers to younger groups has been very well received."

The report from the U.S. post in Santiago, Chile, was typical of those sent back to the State Department: "The sextet performed successfully before approximately 12,000 Chilean university and secondary school students, giving performances in Santiago, Valparaiso, and Concepcion. The artists themselves were acutely aware of their mission and made a favorable impression upon Chilean young people. Their artistry was excellent and succeeded in further acquainting the Chilean university circles with the high development of jazz."

The offstage responsibilities of jazz groups on cultural exchange tours is perhaps more important than their on-stage playing, Winter said.

"Groups [going on such tours] should know they'll have to work 16 hours a day, on and off the stage," he went on. "They have to be more than just musicians—they have to talk with the people."

Winter said he feels strongly about sending young groups overseas and that it is not necessary to send big-name attractions. He pointed out that young groups do not cost as much to send (the Winter tour cost the government only \$45,000—each member received \$200 a week, out of which he paid his living, but not traveling, expenses), that such groups are more willing to spend time offstage reaching people, and that a greater impression is made when audiences hear unknown groups and find they are good—the impact is doubled.

Caught In the Act:

Personnel: Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Winter, alto saxophone; Les Rout, baritone saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Richard Evans, bass; Harold Jones, drums.

As one of the members of the Winter sextet said, this was a weird place for a gig. Maybe not so weird but certainly different.

Yet as impressive the surroundings and auspicious the event for jazz, the Winter group brought off the first jazz concert in the Executive Mansion with grace and vigor.

Since the group's Latin American tour (see accompanying story), Rout and Evans have left the group, Rout is working on his doctorate in history at the University of Minnesota and Evans is with Ahmad Jamal's trio. But for this occasion the group was reassembled.

The event was the fifth in Mrs. John F. Kennedy's series of musical programs for Young People by Young People—the median age of the sextet members is 24, and the audience, with the exception of a few adults, was made up of teenagers and subteenagers—children of ambassadors, chiefs of mission in Washington, State Department officials, and cabinet members.

To set the mood of the afternoon, a string ensemble from the U.S. Marine Band played in the foyer of the main entrance before the concert began. The group, sitting ramrod straight and dressed in bright blue-and-red dress Marine uniforms, played standards, such as *Moonlight in Vermont*. Alternating with the string group was a Marine rhythm section that played more in a jazz vein, and quite well too. It was a



THE PAUL WINTER SEXTET AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Speaking of the Winter tour, Pierre Salinger, White House press secretary, said, "Winter had a great deal of rapport with the student groups, who are mostly pro-Communist—youth in South America is restless. The Winter tour shows what a group of young people playing a new kind of music—that is, new to many of the students—can do."

"The reason we were appreciated where they'd never heard jazz," Winter said, "was that element of jazz that makes it the greatest 'ambassador'—rhythm. Many cultures have a more highly developed appreciation of rhythm than do North Americans. In the Spanish-speaking countries the music is mainly rhythmic—the uninitiated didn't know what the soloists were doing, but they appreciated the rhythm. The audiences that had never heard jazz before—like some in Haiti, Guatemala, and Martinique—were every bit as enthusiastic as hip ones in Montevideo and Buenos Aires."

The experiment of sending a relatively unknown student jazz group on the country's business has paid off, and well. According to Salinger and Winter, President Kennedy was greatly pleased with the tour's success. One could construe the White House concert by the Winter sextet as official recognition of a job well done.

BUT PAUL WINTER is not one to rest on laurels. As impressive—and important—as his accomplishments have been, there will be more. At least, one gets the impression in talking to him that there are few goals he might set for himself that this energetic young man will not achieve. In achieving them for himself, he achieves them for jazz.

little disconcerting to hear this trio playing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* a la Horace Silver in such a setting.

After Mrs. Kennedy entered the East Room, where the concert was held, and photographers had clicked and whirred at her for a few minutes, the concert began.

The first half of the program was given over to the young Korean-born pianist Tong Il Han. He performed works by Scarlatti, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, and Debussy; his handling of the dissonant, sometimes bombastic *Mephisto Waltz* by Liszt was outstanding. With the great amount of coverage given the concert by mass media, it is unfortunate that such little mention was made of the pianist.

But the Winter sextet was the cock of the walk at this program.

Following Tong's portion, the sextet members assembled on stage, bowed deeply to Mrs. Kennedy and the audience, and then tore into Jimmy Heath's *Bells and Horns*. The large portraits of George and Martha Washington hanging on the wall seemed to frown, Mrs. Kennedy seldom stopped smiling, the children craned their necks to see better, reporters scribbled busily, and one elderly lady left the room.

The program moved rapidly: following the opener, the group played the three-part *Tribute to Latin America*, made up of *Longing for Brazil* (a bossa nova tune featuring Whitsell), *Papa Zimbi* (an exciting 5/4 Bernhardt composition based on a Haitian folk song), and *Casa Camara* (written in Mexico

by Evans and incorporating various Latin rhythms, including cha-cha-cha); next came *The Ballad of the Sad Young Men*, which Winter said, "We play as an ode to peace"; then a blues waltz by Bernhardt titled *Pony Express*; another bossa nova, *Maria Nobody*; Lalo Schifrin's *Tocatta*, from his *Gillespiana Suite*; and finally *Count Me In*, a medium-rock tribute to Count Basie by Evans.

All members of the group are good soloists: Whitsell is a much improved musician since the group's tour of Latin America, and his solos on this occasion were uniformly well-constructed and fiery; Winter, more an organizer than an outstanding instrumentalist, took fewer and less-extended solos than most of the others but put what he played together well, though his *Sad Young Men* feature was the weakest moment of the afternoon; Rout is the most promising baritonist to come along since Pepper Adams, something he proved several times during the concert, with blazing, tumbling work of high quality (it is unfortunate for jazz that he prefers not to continue in the field); Bernhardt not only is one of the bright young pianists but is also a composer of depth—his two compositions and piano work, particularly on *Zimba*, provided several highlights during the program; Evans, an established bassist before the Latin American tour, played few solos, but his section work, particularly in the *Tribute* suite, was excellent; Jones played only one extended solo, on *Tocatta*, but displayed admirable taste and musical conception, something too

His ideas to expand the audience for jazz are sound and of the why-didn't-I-think-of-that sort.

"There are three ways to get overseas," he said. "Free enterprise, government, and foundation grants."

He has written the Ford and Rockefeller foundations asking for sponsorship of jazz tours by student jazz groups. Both wrote him cordial letters of interest but refusal at the moment.

The refusals seemingly did not faze him.

"It can be done," he said resolutely. "Now that President Kennedy has endorsed jazz—yes, I feel the White House concert is an official endorsement—convincing foundations of the need for their support should be easier."

He said he also believes that private concerns are a source of sponsorship for overseas tours for jazz groups.

"There are two aspects for them to consider: patriotism and self-promotion," he explained.

"I've done research in magazines back to 1942. During the war, many companies took large ads supporting the war effort—'Buy Bonds' and things like that. There are none now. They could show their patriotism by supporting the cultural exchange program.

"As for self-promotion, jazz is very popular overseas, and a concert identifies the company's product with jazz."

Those are just a few ideas of Paul Winter. Some would call his actions self-interest; others might say *enlightened* self-interest. Call his actions what you may, jazz could use several more young men like him, men who don't wait for telephones to ring.



few young drummers are capable of sustaining during a long solo.

When the concert ended, Mrs. Kennedy rose quickly from her chair, applauding vigorously, and went to the bandstand. As she shook his hand, Winter said she told him, "Simply magnificent. We never had anything here like this before. Thank you very much." After which she turned to the audience and said, "I liked that."

The children in the audience appeared to like what they heard also; though they displayed little outward emotion, they applauded each tune enthusiastically. Jones' drum solo caused a number of young heads to pop up, but aside from that the audience was almost sedate.

The sextet members, however, were anything but sedate. They displayed little nervousness during the performance, snapping fingers, nodding heads in time, and giving verbal encouragement to each other.

Whitsell said afterwards, "The fact that we were doing our own stuff relaxed us immediately."

Winter added that no restrictions were placed on the group, and according to him, he was told to play "as loud as you want."

In all, then, a good day for jazz. And judging from the First Lady's enthusiasm, there will be more such events at the White House.

Let's see, there's Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, the Modern Jazz Quartet, John Coltrane, Stan Getz, Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Bill Evans, Sonny Rollins. . . . —DeMicheal



PRES & HAWK

Saxophone Fountainheads

By DON HECKMAN



RARELY HAS an art form been blessed with a period as energetically creative as the late '20s and '30s were for jazz. Louis Armstrong, Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson—the list is profuse with figures who made lasting contributions.

In the persons of tenor saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young, this period produced the two fountainheads of contemporary jazz saxophone playing. Both were melodists of a sort rarely fashionable since the advent of bop. In their own unique ways, they created melodic improvisations that were spiritually oriented toward beauty and feeling. The great variance in the results they achieved was due to fundamental differences in their musical environments.

Hawkins predated Young as an active participant in the jazz scene. As a member of the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra for 10 years (1923-33), he was intimately involved with what was probably the most famous jazz ensemble of the time. Henderson's orchestra typified the Eastern approach.

The Henderson, Duke Ellington, and Charlie Johnson orchestras all played for a variety of musical events before audiences that frequently were all white. Although they were considered (with the exception of Ellington at the Cotton Club), to be primarily dance bands, the type of dance music they played was considerably more diverse than that of bands further west. The Henderson group might be expected on any given night to play popular hits, tangos, Irish waltzes, and original jazz tunes. The music was usually written in complex arrangements, and the bands were carefully rehearsed. With some groups, in fact, well-drilled performances became more important than either improvisation or solos. Fortunately, this never happened with Henderson, who realized the importance of good soloists when Louis Armstrong joined the band in 1924. It was only logical that Hawkins' artistic growth would have been affected by such a musical environment.

Hawkins has had an amazingly long productive life, ranging from the mid-'20s to the present. Throughout his lengthy tenure as patriarch of the saxophone, he has shown great sympathy and understanding for the new movements that have come into jazz. His seniority was apparent from the beginning, and even his first solo with Henderson, a clownlike, slap-tongue effort, presaged important things to come. By the early '30s he was a well-established leader on his instrument and his influence was felt by nearly all the new saxophonists.

Young came to prominence in a completely different milieu. The Count Basie Band was the pinnacle of Kansas

City and Southwestern jazz. Its music was blues-oriented, filled with riffing backgrounds, and frequently based on spontaneous head arrangements. The soloists had more opportunity to stretch out than did the soloists in the more heavily orchestrated New York bands. Few of the Basie arrangements were very complicated; good intonation and well-drilled performances were not nearly as important as was the creation of a rolling, surging rhythmic swing. Kansas City jazz was dancing jazz, and the beat was the most important element. The revolutionary work of the Basie rhythm section made the Basie band something special. Their ability to generate a free-flowing, almost-alive pulse undoubtedly helped Young develop a rangy horizontal, i.e., melodic, playing style.

It is interesting to note that the rhythmic articulations of the original Basie band, when playing as a full ensemble, are not dissimilar to those in Young's solos. It is rather startling, in fact, to hear other soloists, like tenorist Herschel Evans or trumpeter Buck Clayton, emerge from the loose, driving swing of the ensemble with herky-jerky patterns of dotted eighth-and-16th note patterns. In the purest sense, Young was the Basie band. More than anyone else, even Basie, he extended it, invigorated it, and symbolized it.

It has often been said, and I think accurately, that Young was never the same after he left Basie. This has been attributed to the Basie rhythm section, to the rolling carpet of rhythm that it laid under him, provoking him to stretch his lines out beyond the usual cadential patterns. The reverse is less obvious, but as true: the Basie band never was quite the same after Young left. Of course, it was always a good band, even during the difficult post-war period, and it was an excellent band at times in the mid-'50s; but one was always aware of the shadow of Lester Young. Even during their frequent good moments, the post-Young Basie bands could only simulate the moments of sheer artistry in recordings such as *Lady Be Good*; *Lester Leaps In*; *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie*; *Broadway*, and so on.

YOUNG BECAME an important influence with breathtaking suddenness. A new batch of young tenor men in his likeness seemed to emerge overnight: Dexter Gordon, Gene Ammons, Allan Eager, Stan Getz, Wardell Gray—all tried to sound like Young. His work was cannibalized right down to the bone marrow. Yet all this was happening years after he had thoroughly developed his style of playing. One can sympathize with his feelings when he returned from the Army, in early 1946, and heard accurate renditions of his

late-'30s playing drifting out of every jazz club on New York's 52nd St.

It is unfortunate that, although he was aware of what was taking place, he was unable to develop his own immensely gifted imagination further. While he struggled to find a more acceptable expression, his music was mimicked so accurately by so many other players that what once were startlingly original ideas now sounded as familiar as nursery rhymes.

When he joined the Basie band in the mid-'30s, Young was condemned for having a tone that supposedly sounded like an alto's. In retrospect, it seems amazing that anyone could have suggested that Young change his tone. Listening to his recordings with Basie will ever be an electrifying experience. The fresh and totally unexpected newness of his choruses sounds as surprising as would the sudden appearance of a Charlie Parker solo in the middle of a Jelly Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers record.

His tone is not at all like an alto's, and it exploits the natural full-bodied sound of the instrument. What sounds at first like a pronounced tonal difference is more a matter of vibrato (Hawkins uses a heavy vibrato; Young used almost none.) There also is an absence of a growl tone—a technique Hawkins used frequently—in Young's playing. But most important in explaining the impact of Young's solos is his amazingly contemporary rhythmic feeling.

Compared to Young, Hawkins sounds almost baroque. His music is filled with ornamentations and decorations, all dedicated to the continuous expansion of a soaring imagination. Appoggiaturas, suspensions, and slurs shift and turn the planes of sound in the same way that arches, spires, and flying buttresses produce complicated patterns of light and shade in a Cologne cathedral.

Young, on the other hand, like Frank Lloyd Wright, builds solos that rise up from the earth, that are a part of it and yet not a part of it, structurally emerging from, yet blending with, the soil. He is not a complicated player in the way that Hawkins is. He uses riffs as Van Gogh used color and has no compunctions about reusing materials. His solos are not structured in formal terms, but rather reflect his feelings of the moment; certain pet phrases are always under his fingers, and he is not loathe to use them, no matter how frequently he has used them before. The important thing is that, more than any other improviser since Louis Armstrong, Young plays licks that are genuinely original, making him one of the founders of the vast fund of material that is the common property of all jazz improvisers.

This is the real basis of Young's immortality. When he plays material that is not particularly original, he intuitively makes the small, but significant alterations that completely change its character. Usually this takes the form of rhythmic displacement. Notice, for example, his line on the release of *Broadway* (Epic 3576), beginning at Bar 17 below. Most players would have played this line one beat later; Young, realizing that the ensemble is accenting the second and fourth beats, displaces the line so that its accents contrast the ensemble, resulting in a rhythmic opposition of stunning complexity:

"BROADWAY," BY DE SILVA-HENDERSON-BROWN, PUBLISHED BY HARMS, INC.

This chorus also included some repeated material, yet one is never especially aware of repetitiousness. Bars 7 and 15, for example, are almost identical, and they fall at the same point in the phrase. The same thing is true of Bars 12 and 28. And the three bars ending the first 16 are almost identical to the three bars at the chorus' ending. It is a testimony to the freshness of Young's material that these facts are apparent only in an analysis of the solo and never in the listening.

In the first four bars of his solo on Basie's *Pound Cake* (Epic 3576), transcribed below, Young plays a characteristic phrase based on the tonic and third that is complemented perfectly by the Basie rhythm section. Young used this phrase (or modifications of it) to begin a number of solos (listen to his choruses on *Lester Leaps In*) in ideal expression of the blues principle of understated simplicity. Notice also how he takes a quarter-note phrase in Bar 9 and expands it into an eighth-note phrase in the next bar, spicing the interest by using a descending chromatic chord change:

"POUND CAKE," BY EDISON-BASIE,
PUBLISHED BY BREGMAN, VOCCO & COHN, INC.

The ornamentation in the first two bars of the second chorus are about as close as Young ever gets to this sort of thing, and even here the icing is sparse. He stretches his lines out in this chorus, playing right through the C7 chord in the fifth bar. He overlaps this chord with a declamatory blues statement in Bar 6 that is really the peak of the whole solo—

then plays one of his bouncy phrases (Bars 10 and 11) to end the chorus.

It is surprising that the heated arguments in the '30s and early '40s on the relative merits of Young and Hawkins were not even more violent. Young's playing was surely as revolutionary for the time as Parker's was later—in some respects even more so, since Young was not part of a highly-publicized movement as was Parker and explored his paths in solitude.

Hawkins, on the other hand, was idolized by both his musical contemporaries and his audience. Almost single-handedly he raised the saxophone from filling out chords and producing occasional comedy effects to an important position as a solo instrument.

Hawkins' solos are at the polar extreme to Young's. One of his most influential choruses was played on *One Hour* (RCA Victor LEJ5), made in 1929 with the Mound City Blue Blowers (a group that included Chicagoans Gene Krupa, Eddie Condon, Red McKenzie, and Pee Wee Russell). Although not as widely known to the public, this chorus was, in some respects, more important than *Body and Soul* because it represents Hawkins' early exploration of this style. By the time he recorded *Body and Soul* in 1939, this technique had been highly polished and well thought out. Hawkins' *One Hour* solo follows:

"IF I COULD BE WITH YOU (ONE HOUR)," BY JOHNSON-CREAMER, PUBLISHED BY REMICK MUSIC CORP.

The solo falls into regular two-bar patterns, directly opposite to Young's practice of ignoring two-, four-, and eight-bar phrase patterns. Hawkins does little to change the customary sequence; this was not one of his areas of primary interest. Since his playing is basically architectonic and harmonic, it depends upon a regular pattern of recurring chords. Notice how he plays an increasingly complex variation of his original paraphrase. Bars 3 and 4 are similar, but they are given more ornate decoration. In Bars 5 and 6 Hawkins makes the phrase more complex by playing a double-time pattern. The balance of the solo contrasts warm legato passages with bursts of 16th notes.

When Lights Are Low (RCA Victor 2318) represents Hawkins at a period of peak influence. The dotted eighth-and-16th-note pattern is fairly constant throughout the solo. While there is little real melodic interest, the chorus has a tremendous driving pulse. The dotted eighths are an important factor in this, especially at the point where Hawkins enters the release (Bar 17). Two particular stylistic devices are worth noting: the outline of chords (Bars 6, 11, and 20) with Bar 11 especially interesting for its inclusion of a flatted fifth—a very common Hawkins practice—and the

use of diatonic, almost exercise-book type runs (Bars 5, 12, 13, 18, etc). Following is the solo transcribed:

"WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW," BY CARTER-WILLIAMS, PUBLISHED BY MAURICE MUSIC CO. AND MILLS MUSIC, INC.

THE POLARITY so apparent in the work of Hawkins and Young extends to their careers as well. Hawkins has had one of the longest and most successful careers in the history of jazz. Although Hawkins' influence waned somewhat in the '40s and early '50s, saxophonists like Benny Golson, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane demonstrate evidence of the effect he has had on their playing. Just as important is the fact that Hawkins continues to be a vital contributor to jazz. Several recent recordings suggest that the importance of youthfulness to jazz has been grossly exaggerated.

Lester Young's story is more complicated. He burst upon the scene, a fully matured, brilliantly original improviser at the time of his first recording session, a small-band Basie date released under the name Jones-Smith, Inc. In fact, his solo on *Shoe Shine Boy* made at that date (October, 1936) is considered by some critics to be one of his very best. This is a rare accomplishment in any art form. But Young's truly productive period ended with his induction into the Army in 1944. Although there is some critical opinion to the contrary, his playing after the war seems unusually listless and soft. With Basie his playing was relaxed and subtle; there was no lack of drive or rhythmic intensity. In the postwar recordings Young's notes frequently are played under or well behind the beat. His tone, instead of being warm and personal, simply becomes flabby. There are, of course, exceptions but they are few. The energy that ignited his work of the '30s was short-lived. Even after it failed him, his playing accomplishments from that period were sufficient to help generate the bop movement.

The influence of Hawkins and Young upon the new generation of jazzmen has been less obvious. But it is there. Eric Dolphy's fascinating structures owe much to Hawkins' ballad explorations. And the searing, probing melodic lines of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane are directly descended from the rhythmically-liberated solos of Young. As time progresses, further effects of their influence will become clarified. Even in the midst of a new jazz revolution, Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young continue to be the two major sources of inspiration for all saxophonists.

For the last four years, Herb Geller has been trying to flee reality by submerging himself in work. Now he has found himself again in Europe and things are looking up for the young altoist.

Geller lost his wife, Lorraine, in 1958. She died of a heart attack. They had been married for seven years, performed together, and had hopes for the future. They had bought a home in Hollywood Hills, Calif.

Her unexpected death hit Geller hard, and he dug in to forget. He went on three tours with Benny Goodman, one of them to South America under U.S. State Department aegis, and he played many gigs on the West Coast. But sadness lingered.

Finally, this year, Geller decided to find himself. He went to Europe. "I wanted to see new things and get away from it all," he said.

His sister adopted his daughter, and Geller sold his house, packed two suitcases, and took off.

"I didn't even have room for my tenor," he said with a smile. "I'm trying to get a stewardess I know to bring it over for me."

Although he doesn't particularly enjoy playing the tenor saxophone, he'll have need for it in his new job—as a staff musician and soloist with the West Berlin Radio Orchestra. He's been offered a year's contract, and he speaks of the assignment with considerable enthusiasm.

To most jazzmen this might not seem an altogether satisfactory way of making a living. The band, which consists of 20 pieces, plays anything from jazz to popular tunes and light classics, and it is augmented by strings from the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. But Geller relishes the idea.

"It'll be my bread and butter," he said. "The pay is good, and we work only four hours a day—20 hours a week—and I'm free to do all the playing I want the rest of the time."

Among his colleagues in the band are trumpeter Benny Bailey, who left Sweden to take the job; drummer Joe Harris, who also has been living in Sweden; Ack Van Rooyen, an excellent Dutch trumpeter; and Nat Peck, a trombonist in the old Glenn Miller Air Force Band, who stayed on after World War II and made a career as a studio musician in Paris. Bailey and Harris are, of course, alumni of the Dizzy Gillespie and Quincy Jones bands.

"It's a great job," Geller said. "We've got six weeks' paid vacation every year, and we'll be recording and doing sound-track work. We've been promised at least 10 jazz sessions a month."

The recent months have been a period of self-searching and relative



PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Herb Geller's EUROPEAN REBIRTH

By JACK LIND

happiness for Geller, who, at 33, is a 25-year veteran of music, having started on alto at 8.

He has played clubs all over Europe—in cities in Yugoslavia and in East Berlin, Geneva, Monte Carlo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Rome.

"I'm having a ball," he said. "It's much more fun than in the States. And I've played with some great musicians."

Geller fairly bubbles with enthusiasm in his new-found zest for life. He is also one of the few U.S. musicians on the European jazz scene who neither fled the States for lack of work—he was steadily employed in clubs and on record sessions—nor particularly "miss the sounds," as do many of his fellow expatriates.

"I've been playing with a lot of guys, both Americans and Europeans, who play just as good as the guys in the States . . . with the exception, perhaps, of a few like Miles.

"Kenny Clarke is splendid to play with. Rolf [Ericson] is another fine musician. In Paris I did radio work with a guy named Francois—I can't remember his last name—who plays just like Coltrane. Benny Bailey is playing beautifully, and Sonny Grey, a Jamaican who lives in Paris, is a wonderful trumpet player. Another good man is Michel Geudry from Paris. He is one of the three best bass players in Europe."

Among Geller's more satisfying, recent musical experiences was a job with the jazz workshop at Recklinghausen, near Cologne, Germany, where he played with Ericson; Fatty George, the German clarinetist; and Friederich Gulda, the gifted Austrian classical pianist, who is currently in the United States.

"Gulda is doing wonderful work," Geller said. "He did some great things for our book, including a suite for three horns. He writes beautifully."

Geller has, himself, written quite a few things lately. Generally, there seems to be a dearth of good writing in Europe, so his things are welcomed by his European colleagues.

Geller has two ambitions. One is to record a jazz samba session with his own group. He got interested in the samba while touring South America with Goodman a couple of years ago. The other is to buy into a night club in Berlin, a city of his taste.

"I've saved a few bucks from the sale of our house, and I'd like to put some of it into a club where I could play with my own group. I may go in with another guy."

Those who know Geller say he's like a changed man. He sounds as if he is once more content, now that he has put the difficult last few years behind him. Only when the name of his wife comes up—and he brings it up himself occasionally—does his face darken and he looks pained. But then he can smile and think of the future.

"Do me a favor," he said, "don't write too much about what a ball it is over here. Too many of the guys might come over, and the field would be too crowded for its size."

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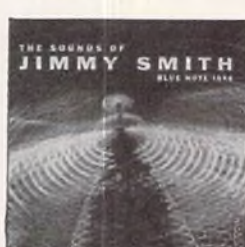
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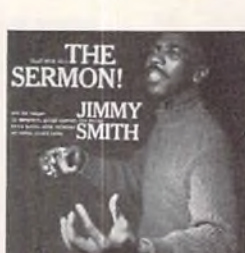
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Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

INSTRUMENTAL

Laurindo Almeida

VIVA BOSSA NOVA!—Capitol 1759: *Naked City Theme; Lazy River; Ramblin' Rose; Maria; Petite Fleur; Teach Me Tonight; Lollipop and Roses; Moon River; Desafinado; Mr. Lucky; One Note Samba; Theme from "Route 66."*

Personnel: Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; Justin Gordon, flute; Almeida, guitar, cavaquinho; Howard Roberts or Al Viola, guitar; Jimmy Rowles, organ, celeste; Max Bennett, bass; Shelly Manne, Milt Holland, Chico Guerrero, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★

Capitol didn't miss much on this one—bossa nova; electronic organ; television, film, and Broadway tunes. All that's missing is one steaming boss tenor or another.

Sad to say, the album is greatly disappointing, a rather surprising fact when one remembers that leader Almeida was ostensibly instrumental in the evolution of the jazz samba. The whole trouble here is that the set tries to be too many things at once—and doesn't succeed in being any one.

The jazz quality is watered down (kind of early West Coast, with Fagerquist giving his best Shorty Rogers imitation and Cooper playing in his most eviscerated manner); the tunes are insipid, for the greater part (are people really buying "jazz versions" of TV themes?); and the set is bland rhythmically. Further, there is no rhythmic variety in the program. The whole thing is pleasant, lukewarm, predigested pap. (P.W.)

Don Ellis

ESSENCE—Pacific Jazz 55: *Johnny Come Lately; Slow Space; Ostinato; Donkey; Form; Angel Eyes; Irony; Lover.*

Personnel: Ellis, trumpet; Paul Bley, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Gene Stone or Nick Martinis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This date resulted from a happy California meeting of Ellis and the other gifted jazzmen heard for a one-shot Lighthouse engagement. If these performances are any guide, it must have been a stimulating night at Hermosa Beach.

Over and over throughout the 44 remarkable minutes of this recording the force of Ellis' extraordinary musicianship makes itself felt. Indeed, at times his complete mastery of his horn almost seems to get in the way. But this is a brilliant young musician with original ideas to offer, and it's difficult to take much offense at his occasional musical muscle-flexing.

Sounding at times like an improbable blend of Al Hirt and Don Cherry, Ellis is both instrumental virtuoso and imaginative improviser. At the present time, he seems concerned with avoiding the sentimental, and that's probably a good thing, even if it results in harsh, strident sounds now and then. Chances are, as he mellows with years, Ellis will follow the

pattern of Dizzy Gillespie and balance his bravura flights with warmer, more "pretty" (but still not sentimental) ideas.

Speaking of Gillespie, the young trumpeter comes close to Gillespie's best form in *Ostinato*, a swirling complex of unusual rhythms and free improvisations.

Another high point is Ellis' *Form*, on which the leader far outplays his colleagues—even the amazing bassist Peacock—in a set of explorations around the A concert pitch that seem to build on a circle of fourths (A to D to G).

Lover and *Angel Eyes* are relatively conventional performances, the latter enhanced by the sensitive probings of Bley, who is somewhat under wraps on a large part of this recording.

Johnny, a superior Ellington composition, is handled with authority and originality by Ellis and his adventurous rhythm section.

There are moments in *Slow Space* and *Irony* when continuity and form all but break down, resulting in "arty" sounds rather like the music one often hears with abstract films. Yet even on these tracks there is musical substance and a rare kind of intercommunication among the participants.

Ellis and Peacock demonstrate here that they are fulfilling the promise so evident in their earlier work. This is a significant document of their expanding roles in the contemporary jazz scene. (R.B.H.)

Red Garland

SOLAR—Jazzland 73: *Sophisticated Swing; Solar; Where Are You?; Marie's Delight; This Can't Be Love; The Very Thought of You; Blues for 'Nenus; I Just Can't See for Looking.*

Personnel: Les Spann, guitar, flute; Garland, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Despite Ira Gitler's earnest notes assuring us that Garland is really a cooker, this set seems to confirm that the pianist is at his best a very able ballad player.

His up-tempo ideas, as in *Marie's Delight*, are by and large mere strings of lusterless bop or late-swing platitudes. The result reminds me of the less-inspired piano solos Nat Cole used to turn out in the mid-'40s. And at times Garland's repeated use of the same Garnerish locked-hands harmonic voicing becomes downright irritating.

The pianist's sense of time and cadence at ballad tempos, however, makes for pleasing, if not outstanding, interpretations of pretty standards. Accordingly, *Where?* and *Very Thought* are the best tracks here for straight listening or as inoffensive background music.

Both of these ballads also have Spann playing flute, which adds vitality to an otherwise quite bland session. (R.B.H.)

Tyree Glenn

THE TROMBONE ARTISTRY—Roulette 25184: *Love Me or Leave Me; Summertime; Begin the Beguine; Dream of You; Mean to Me; By the River Ste. Marie; Do It Again; Come Rain or Come Shine; How Could You Do a Thing Like That to Me?; I Surrender, Dear; Get Out of Town; I Don't Know Why.*

Personnel: Glenn, trombone; Lillian Clark Singers; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Glenn, who is the Jonah Jones of the wah-wah trombone, combines his unique skill in that direction with doo-wah voices in the Ray Coniff manner in this set. Then throw in Sy Oliver arrangements to get some body in the brief passages of ensemble playing, and you've got something that ought to hit an awful lot of people unless they happen to prefer Jonah Jones or Ray Coniff or even straight Sy Oliver. As a matter of fact, Glenn gets an interesting amount of variety from the ostensibly limited wah-wah style, and there is enough of a touch of guinness to cut the syrup in his performances.

This is the kind of background music that really adds to a cocktail party because every now and then you hear something that makes you want to listen just enough to give you something to occupy your attention while some windbag is expounding.

Everything is done to formula, but Glenn at least gives this bit of formula some class. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Harris

EDDIE HARRIS GOES TO THE MOVIES—Vee Jay 3031: *Tonight; The More I See You; Guess I'll Have to Hang My Tears Out to Dry; Green Dolphin Street; Be My Love; Moonglow; Laura; Secret Love; Gone with the Wind; These Foolish Things.*

Personnel: Harris, tenor saxophone; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★

Harris, supported by a string section, plays songs that, like *Exodus*, were used in movies. Dick Marx' arrangements are plush and anonymous.

In such a format Harris' improvising abilities aren't given much of a workout; he seldom strays far from the melody. The only tracks on which he comes close to stretching out are *Be My Love*, *Dolphin*, and *Tonight*. His tone is pretty, sounding a lot like Stan Getz' around 1950, though his style seems nearer to bop than Getz'.

I hope Vee Jay soon issues an album on which Harris' talent is afforded a greater challenge. (H.P.)

Milt Jackson

BIG BAGS—Riverside 429: *Old Devil Moon; 'Round Midnight; The Dream Is You; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To; Echoes; If You Could See Me Now; Star Eyes; Namesake; If I Should Lose You; Later Than You Think.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, and Nat Adderley or Doc Severinsen or Snooky Young or Bernie Glow, trumpets; Melba Liston and Jimmy Cleveland or Paul Faulise or Tom McIntosh, trombones; Willie Ruff, French horn;

Jerome Richardson, James Moody, Jimmy Heath, and George Dorsey or Earl Warren, Arthur Clarke or Tate Houston, saxophones; Jackson, vibraharp; Hank Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Philly Joe Jones or Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

A big band made up of top New York studio men that varies slightly in the course of three recording sessions, plus arrangements by Tadd Dameron and Ernie Wilkins provide the surroundings in which Jackson works here.

Through most of the disc, that is just about all they provide—surroundings. This is not really a big-band album but a group of solo settings. Almost the only real use of the band as such is on *Namesake*, an attractive Jackson original that is Wilkins' best arrangement on the disc and the only piece in the set that steps right out and swings, spurred by the strong foundation laid down by Kay and Carter.

The rest is all Jackson at a medium tempo or in slow ballads, on which he almost invariably doubletimes the second chorus. As he has demonstrated many times before, he has a rare capacity for retaining the balladic qualities of a ballad without turning it turgid. This ability is combined here with a recording of his instrument that gives it a more full-bodied, positive tone than vibraharp usually has on discs.

He is an ingratiating soloist, but even so, two sides of almost continuous vibes solos gets to be a bit too much of one thing, unless the listener happens to have an inordinate passion for vibes. (J.S.W.)

Harry James

THE SOLID GOLD TRUMPET OF HARRY JAMES—MGM 4058: *The Opener*; *Serenade in Blue*; *Jones Beach*; *I'm in the Market for You*; *Lush Life*; *Opus No. 1*; *Autumn Leaves*; *A Swinging Serenade*; *I'm Confessin'*; *The Mole*.

Personnel: James, trumpet; Ray Sims, trombone; Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Sam Firmature, Dave Madden, tenor saxophones; Jake Hanna, drums; rest unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One of the more pleasant surprises of recent years has been the comeback of Harry James—leading a fine young band. This album, however, is not as interesting as several others the band has made.

Serenade and *Autumn* are given fairly straight treatments; they seem to be directed toward the pop market. *Lush Life* doesn't have any improvised solos but is beautifully scored; the reed voicings are particularly rich.

Mole, *Jones Beach*, and *Market* swing along pleasantly but little of note occurs. Among the best tracks are *Serenade*—a relaxed, pretty arrangement by Ernie Wilkins—and *Opener*—a simple, up-tempo flagwaver.

James doesn't feature himself enough. Often taken for granted by critics, he is a brilliant improviser. His solos have fresh melodic ideas, are well constructed, and, of course, are technically well executed. Over the years his style has become increasingly modern without losing any of its individuality. On *Confessin'* he plays with tremendous warmth.

Altoist Smith has a couple of characteristically mean solos on *Opener* and *Confessin'*. His section work is a great help to the band. He's so strong that a listener sometimes can pick him out in an ensemble passage. (H.P.)

Sam Lazar

PLAYBACK—Argo 4015: *Deep*; *Long Gone*; *Bags' Groove*; *Fuzz Buzz*; *Just Make Love to Me*; *S&S*; *Please Send Me Someone to Love*; *Scoutin'*.

Personnel: Lazar, organ; Miller Brisker, tenor saxophone; Joe Diorio, guitar; Phillip Wilson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Easily the best feature of this organ-tenor get-together is the work of sax man Brisker.

Organist-leader Lazar is competent, but in this day of some truly compelling jazz organists, he does not demonstrate enough originality or spirit to be included in the roster of Jimmy Smiths or Shirley Scotts. He has a good grasp of the built-in electronic sonic excitement, however, and makes the most of it in his solos on *Deep* and *S&S*.

Thanks to Lazar and a driving drummer, moreover, the up tunes stay up and swing all the way.

Brisker, about whom the inadequate liner notes reveal nothing, is a muscular and virile jazz soloist who is given all-too-little opportunity to show his merit in an extended manner. He solos and plays the line with convincing strength on *Long Gone*, a soul opus; is Coltraneish on *Bags' Groove*, in which he plays a brief opening solo; and hits home once more on *S&S* with a hard-driving, dedicated statement.

For the rest, the emphasis is on Lazar.

Just on the basis of Brisker's playing in a few tracks in this set, this listener is convinced that an album of his own would be very much worth while. A Brisker-led set, giving the tenorist full opportunity to stretch out as a soloist, might just reveal another major jazz talent. (J.A.T.)

Herbie Mann

BRAZIL, BOSSA NOVA & BLUES—United Artists 15009: *Brazil*; *Copacabana*; *Minha Saudade*; *B.N. Blues*; *One-Note Samba*; *Me Faz Recordar*.

Personnel: Mann, flute; Hagood Hardy, vibraharp; Bill Bean, guitar; Dave Pike, marimba; Carlos Valdez, conga; Jose DePaula, tambourine; Carmen Costa, maracas; Bill Salter, bass; Willie Bobo, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This easy-on-the-ears blend of jazz and Brazilian music was inspired by Mann's 1961 tour of that South American country. His group states these pretty compositions warmly—they obviously are not considered mere vehicles for blowing. The improvisation fits the same lyrical, relaxed groove.

Mann has good melodic ideas on *Minha*, *One-Note*, and *Recordar*, but his spot on *Brazil* lacks continuity.

Bean, who joined the group after Mann's return from Brazil, is capable and versatile. His solo on *Copacabana* has a strong Brazilian flavor while on *Minha* he is much closer to the jazz midstream.

Though Mann generally assigns himself the theme statements, his addition of a guitar to the group gives it a greater orchestration potential. Previously its instrumentation was severely limited in terms of the variety of textures and tone colors it could produce. Perhaps in subsequent Mann albums the guitarists will assume increasing prominence in the arrangements.

Hardy's solos are consistently well constructed and are rhythmically sinuous. He

appears to be a much underrated vibist.

The rhythm section carries the soloists along irresistibly, yet with restraint, and is one of the best that Mann has had. (H.P.)

Les McCann

ON TIME—Pacific Jazz 56: *On Time*; *Yours Is My Heart Alone*; *This for Doug*; *Fondue*; *Bernie's Tune*; *Maichen*; *It Could Happen to You*; *You're Driving Me Crazy*; *So What?*

Personnel: McCann, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are several excellent originals included in this collection. Jefferson's *Doug* is a lovely ¾ piece. McCann's *Fondue*, consisting of simple figures, resolves itself naturally and makes a fine vehicle for improvisation. *Maichen*, by bassist Vinnegar, has a pretty and infectious melody, which is stated warmly by Pass and McCann.

McCann plays melodically in the beginning of his *Fondue* and *Yours Is My Heart* solos and reveals a pleasant expansive chordal approach on *It Could Happen*. His introduction to *On Time* reveals an impressionistic side to his playing. For the most part, however, his playing is disappointing. He relies heavily on devices that seem to have been derived—directly or indirectly—from other pianists, i.e., Horace Silver, Red Garland, Oscar Peterson. His preaching seems especially out of place on *So What?*

Pass' lucid solos are among the highlights of the album. Noteworthy also is his theme statement on *Heart Alone*. Jefferson and Vinnegar accompany the soloists well. (H.P.)

Sonny Red

IMAGES—Jazzland 74: *Images*; *Blues for Donna*; *Dodge City*; *Blue Sonny*; *The Rhythm Thing*; *Bewitched*; *Bothered*; and *Bewildered*.

Personnel: Red, alto saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Grant Green, guitar (tracks 4, 5); Barry Harris, piano; George Tucker, bass; Lex Humphries (tracks 1-3) or Jimmy Cobb (tracks 4-6), drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Two sessions, held six months apart, make up this curiously disturbing album. Oddly, the second date offers what sounds like an ordinary altoist with limited technique and an underdeveloped ear, while the first has a young saxophonist of obvious promise and scope. Both figures, of course, are Red, whom I would judge to be an inconsistent performer, to say the least.

Bewitched, the only ballad here, emphasizes Red's poor intonation. *Blue Sonny* is completely uninspired blues playing, utilizing the most obvious clichés.

But the leader's *Image*, built on scales more than chords, is an absorbing and quite mature performance. Modal improvising seems to agree with Red, perhaps more than traditional phrasing around the chords.

On the other hand, *Donna*, another Red original, is a delightful bop line that sounds at least 15 years old. Red appears to be a man of many contrasting inclinations.

A perplexing, occasionally rewarding, but substantially disappointing, record. I have added an extra half-star or so for the forthright trumpet work of Mitchell and the contributions of the two excellent rhythm sections. (R.B.H.)

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Dizzy Reece

ASIA MINOR—Prestige/New Jazz 8274: *The Shadow of Kuhn; The Story of Love; Yamask; Spiritus Parkus; Summertime; Ackmet.*

Personnel: Reece, trumpet; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Designed as "a small suite," these selections attempt to convey "impressions of the East" in the modern, hard-jazz idiom. Reece is composer of all but *Parkus* (from Payne's pen) and, of course, George Gershwin's *Summertime*.

The lines are understandably exotic, redolent of Dar es Salaam and points east. Even *Summertime* takes on the aura of the East. Actually, the selection of this tune is questionable in this *Asia Minor* context. It fares not too well as a result; it is handled rather roughly and without overmuch sensitivity.

But there is no quarrel with the soloists. All, especially Jones, perform at top form. Reece is a strong and assertive trumpeter in addition to demonstrating his ability as a composer of interest. His trumpet sound, however, gives this listener pause—it is hard, almost strident, and certainly angry. In the realm of inventiveness, though, he is convincing and prolific.

There is a furious and churning atmosphere prevalent throughout the set. Baritoneist Payne exemplifies this mood as he rumbles darkly through his solo passages. Much of this turbulence can be traced to the performance of Persip, whose constant thunder is an appropriate setting for the restive mood.

Reece's *Asia Minor* is obviously a region of disquiet and powerfully evocative themes. (One must note another thematic departure in *Story of Love*, a Spanish song handled with deep understanding by the trumpeter.)

Imagination and a freshness of approach akin to some of Charlie Mingus' better efforts are probably the most marked attributes of this set. And the consistency of superior solo playing is cause for gratification too.

(J.A.T.)

Johnny Smith

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE GUITAR—Roost 2248: *My Romance; Little Girl Blue; Pavana; Prelude; Black Is the Color; Wait 'Til You See Her; The Maid with the Flaxen Hair; Shenandoah; Green Leaves of Summer; My Funny Valentine; Dancing in the Dark; Old Folks; I Love You, Porgy.*

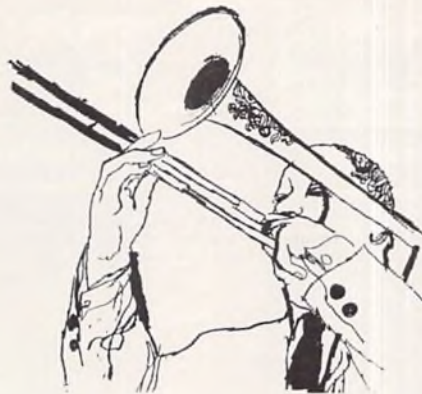
Personnel: Smith, guitar.

Rating: see below

This is by no stretch of imagination or definition a jazz record. Rather it is a set of charming, unaccompanied guitar solos in a classical Spanish style, using folk songs, pop standards, and transcriptions of works by Ravel and Scriabin.

This would seem to be a reflection of the influence of Charlie Byrd's ventures into the use of the classical style in contemporary contexts. But whatever the inspiration, Smith plays these pieces with simplicity, delicacy, and a sort of subdued virtuosity.

The only real fault with the set (aside from one poor tune choice, *Old Folks*, which lacks the lyricism required to carry these very gentle performances) is the almost unchanging tone of both sides—quiet,



ruminative, extremely tranquil. Smith might have taken a cue from Byrd's habit of mixing up his repertory to some extent to provide a change of pace. (J.S.W.)

Herb Steward

SO PRETTY—Choreo 9: *Indian Summer; Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?; Remember?; With All My Love; Memphis in June; I'm Coming, Virginia; When Day Is Done; Lovely Melody; Among My Souvenirs; So Pretty.*

Personnel: Steward, clarinet and alto, baritone saxophones; unidentified strings.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

At long last, the least publicized of Woody Herman's 1947-9 Four Brothers has been granted equal time. (The other brothers, at one stage or another, were Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Stan Getz, Jimmy Giuffre, and the late Serge Chaloff.)

Contrary to what the title might lead you to expect, this is not just another commercial album of straight melody with lush strings. The chief reasons are Dick Hazard's writing, consistently rich and tasteful in its scoring of these attractive themes, and Steward's blowing, which seldom strays long or far from the melody, yet manages to impose his personal imprint.

The two baritone tracks, *When Day Is Done* and *Remember?*, are especially engaging. Two of the five clarinet numbers are impressive representations of unexpected composers: Fred Astaire (*Lovely Melody*) and Jack Lemmon (*With All My Love*). Of the three alto items the most intriguing is the title song, by Hazard, which has all the ingredients of a standard. Hazard also conducts the orchestra.

(L.G.F.)

Sonny Stitt

FEELIN'S—Roost 2247: *O Sole Mio; Feelin's; Nightmare; S'posin'; Look Up; Goodnight, Ladies; If I Should Lose You; Hollerin' the Blues; Stretch Pants.*

Personnel: Sonny Stitt, tenor, alto saxophones; rest unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

For some reason, best known to the Roost record company, identities of the accompanying organist, guitarist, and drummer have been carefully concealed. One might not take particular exception to this had the organ and guitar solos not been so many or so good.

The best takes in the set, to this listener, are the concluding trio of tunes for which Stitt switches to alto. Not that his tenor playing is deficient; on the contrary, he remains one of the best players on that horn. But it is on alto that he really preaches. *Lose You* and *Hollerin'* are vivid

and raw. But on *Stretch*, the concluding track, Stitt sounds not quite up to par.

On the tenor tracks he is quite relaxed, lazy-sounding even, as though he wished to coast a bit. This is not the hard-hitting tenor of Stitt the cooker. This is not Stitt at his best, but it's still darn good jazz, especially the two alto tracks mentioned.

(J.A.T.)

Paul Winter

JAZZ MEETS THE BOSSA NOVA—Columbia 8725: *Journey to Recife; Con Alma; The Spell of the Samba; Maria Nobody; The Anguish of Longing; Foolish One; Little Boat; Longing for Bahia; Don't Play Games with Me; Song of the Sad Eyes; Adeus, Passaro Preto; Only You and I.*

Personnel: Winter, alto saxophone; Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Les Rout, baritone saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Richard Evans, bass; Harold Jones, drums; Latin percussionists unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Winter's sextet, made up of students in the Chicago area, won the Georgetown Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in 1961, toured South America for six months under the auspices of the U. S. State Department, and then created a precedent by playing at the White House in November.

This disc was recorded partially in Rio de Janeiro during the group's South American trip and partially in New York City on its return. As a result, much of the bossa nova material in the set was recorded prior to the arrival of the bossa nova fad up here. It is, possibly because of this, simply stated, unpretentious, and representative of the charming side of the bossa nova that made it initially attractive.

The sextet does some nice ensemble playing on these pieces, and it has a consistent and capable rhythm section, but its soloists can, at best, only be considered promising at this point, since they still seem to be going through derivative periods.

Only four members of the group are mentioned in Gene Lees' extensive notes, but the personnel is as listed above, though names of the Latin percussionists are unknown. According to Columbia's John Hammond, the personnel was inadvertently omitted from the back liner but will be included in the album's second printing.

(J.S.W.)

Lester Young

PRES IS BLUE—Charlie Parker 405: *Pennies from Heaven; Star Dust; Mean to Me; Star Dust; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Three Little Words.*

Personnel: Young, tenor saxophone; Jesse Drakes, trumpet; Kenny Drew or Hank Jones, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The question raised by these amateur tapes, made at the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem in 1950, is not whether everything that a jazz musician ever plays is worth releasing (in Young's case, it probably would be) but whether things are worth releasing no matter how badly they may be recorded.

In this case, aside from the thin, hollow quality of the over-all sound, there is a fuzz of crowd talk hovering over everything; there are voices that talk and even sing through the saxophonist's solos; Young himself is generally off-mike, and the tapes sometimes turn so sour that they make the ear cringe.

With all that, however, this is Lester

Young and, by and large, good Lester — swinging with the airy, casual ease that was his essence, the part that all those who copied his phrases never could catch.

Drakes, whose trumpet is as much on-mike as Young's horn is off, plays with a crisp assurance that reflects some of Lester's easy relaxation. There are two *Star Dusts*, on one of which Young does not play at all. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

TEN GREAT BANDS—RCA Victor 6702:
GLENN MILLER—*Stairway to the Stars; I'm Sorry for Myself; Who's Sorry Now?; Out of Space; Oh, You Crazy Moon; Keep 'Em Flying*.
Personnel: Miller, trombone; Tex Beneke, tenor saxophone, vocals; Ray Eberle, vocals; Marion Hutton and the Modernaires, vocals; rest unidentified.

TOMMY DORSEY—*I'm Getting Sentimental over You; Let's Get Away from It All; In the Blue of Evening; Posin'; Shake Down the Stars; That's A Plenty*.

Personnel: Dorsey, trombone; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Pee Wee Irwin, trumpet; Johnny Mince, clarinet; Dave Tough, drums; Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford, Connie Haines, the Pied Pipers, Edythe Wright, vocals; rest unidentified.

ARTIE SHAW—*It Took a Million Years; Deep in a Dream; I Surrender, Dear; Take Your Shoes Off, Baby; They Say; Pastel Blue*.

Personnel: Shaw, clarinet; Hot Lips Page, trumpet, vocal; Helen Forrest, vocals; rest unidentified.

DUKE ELLINGTON—*Jump for Joy; The Sidewalks of New York; Flamingo; I'm Beginning to See the Light; Johnny Come Lately; Five o'Clock Whistle*.

Personnel: Ellington, piano; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Tricky Sam Nanton, trombone; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Herb Jeffries, Ivie Anderson, vocals; rest unidentified.

COUNT BASIE—*Robbins' Nest; Your Red Wagon; Futile Frustration; Blue and Sentimental; I Ain't Mad at You; Open the Door, Richard*.

Personnel: Basie, piano; Paul Gonsalves, Buddy Tate, Don Byas, tenor saxophones; Harry Edi-

son, trumpet, vocal; Bill Johnson, trombone, vocal; Jimmy Rushing, vocal; Bob Bailey, Taps Miller, Ted Donnelly, vocals; rest unidentified.

LARRY CLINTON—*The Campbells Are Swingin'; You Go to My Head; Abba Dabba; How High the Moon; Carnival of Venice; Snake Charmer*.

Personnel: Bea Wain, Terry Allen, vocals; rest unidentified.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG—*Endie; Lovely Weather We're Having; A Song Was Born; Joseph 'n' His Brudders; Please Stop Playing Those Blues, Boy; No Variety Blues*.

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Jack Teagarden, trombone, vocals; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Dick Cary, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass; Sid Catlett, drums; Velma Middleton, vocals.

HAL KEMP—*Three Little Fishes; Blue Moonlight; It's the Natural Thing to Do; I Just Couldn't Take It, Baby; If It's Good; Goodnight, Angel*.

Personnel: Saxie Dowell, alto saxophone; Skinny Ennis, Bob Allen, Georgia Gibbs (Fredda Gibson), vocals; rest unidentified.

LIONEL HAMPTON—*If It's Good; A Ghost of a Chance; I've Found a New Baby; The Jumpin' Jive; I'd Be Lost Without You; Stomp*.

Personnel: Ziggy Elman or Rex Stewart, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Hymie Shertzer, alto saxophone; Chu Berry or Vido Musso, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Hampton, vibraharp, vocals; Nat Cole or Jess Stacy, piano; Oscar Moore or Allan Reuss, guitar; Wesley Prince or Harry Goodman, bass; Sonny Greer or Al Spiedock, drums; Helen Forrest, vocals; rest unidentified.

BENNY GOODMAN—*Remember; Please Be Kind; Breakin' in a Pair of Shoes; You're a Heavenly Thing; I Cried for You; Bumble Bee Stomp*.

Personnel: Harry James, trumpet; Jack Teagarden, trombone; Goodman, clarinet; Toots Mondello, alto saxophone; Lester Young or Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page or John Kirby, bass; Lionel Hampton, vibraharp; Hampton or Buddy Schutz, drums.

Over-all rating: ★ ★ 1/2

For all the evident packaging work put into this five-disc compendium of leftovers from the vaults at RCA Victor, it is, sad to say, a disappointment. It is by no means "the best of the bands" involved; in fact,

really good moments are few.

The six Miller tracks have by now no more than mild interest to the historian of that period, and they don't by any means represent the Miller band at its most interesting.

TD's half-dozen come out a shade better, thanks to Sinatra vocals on *Evening and Shake Down* and the flag-waving *That's A Plenty*.

The Artie Shaw sides are in a 100 percent commercial vein that stresses the softer side of a big band that could—and did—generate terrific excitement.

Three sides from the Ellington selections make LP No. 4 worthwhile—*Jump for Joy*, a take never before released and with a charming vocal by the late Ivie Anderson; the great *Sidewalks*, with its grooving Webster and plunging Nanton solos; and Billy Strayhorn's whirling arrangement of *Johnny Come Lately*.

The Basie sides are acutely disappointing. Recorded during the heyday of bop—1947—they represent a period in Basie's career that in all probability he'd rather forget. Some of this futile frustration (pun intended) may be heard in the overly arranged Jimmy Mundy chart of the same title. It is as if the piece were cut by the Basie crew in some kind of desperate response to the bop pressures all about it. It didn't come off. And the closing "comedy" sides—*I Ain't Mad* and *Richard*—are like a bad dream.

Clinton's selections show off that leader's forte—solid arranging in the swing idiom. The arrangements are hardly memorable, but they reflect the times and the solid

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BLP 4113

grasp the leader had of big-band ensemble swinging.

If 1947 was a sad year for Basie, it was a happy one for Louis Armstrong. Most of the original All-Stars were still together, and it's a joy to hear the voice and horn of Teagarden allied with Armstrong even on such mediocre material.

Forget Hal Kemp.

The final two sides—Lionel Hampton and Benny Goodman—are spotty. In Hampton's case, the selections represent confusion and lack of a&r direction; the top jazzmen are all there, but nobody really gets to blow.

They weren't jazz dates, of course, and in line with practices of the period, were cut with commercial vocals for the pop market. There are some nice moments when Hampton solos on *Ghost*, but they are all too fleeting. *Stomp* is right out of the BG bag, with Goodman's men, to boot. As for Goodman in this set, the only side worthy of note is *I Cried* (recorded Dec. 29, 1938), on which the quintet with Wilson shines in a previously unissued take.

It should be noted that the fabled Big Band Era consisted not of one great big jazz band after another playing one great jazz arrangement after another but rather of a plethora of corn-nudging vocal-instrumentals crowding the quality material that today we tend to recall so fondly. So in this regard the package has merit. It serves to remind us that much of the big-band fare of a bygone age was mediocre and synthetic and, conversely, how far ahead big-band music has pushed in the intervening years. (J.A.T.)

VOCAL

Oscar Brown Jr.

IN A NEW MOOD—Columbia 1873: *Mood Indigo*; *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *Where or When*; *Please Send Me Someone to Love*; *Straighten Up and Fly Right*; *Sixteen Tons*; *Go Down, Moses*; *God Bless the Child*; *Hey, There*; *One for My Baby and One More for the Road*; *Work Song*.
Personnel: unidentified orchestra; Brown, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The songs in this collection are, according to Brown, "songs I dig the most and wish I had written." He has a warm voice and controls it well. Note the dynamic variety in his *Indigo*. *God Bless and Moses* are moving performances, and he displays his tongue-in-cheek sense of humor on *Nobody Knows You*.

Some of Brown's work sounds mannered. *Straighten Up* and *One for My Baby* have an air of affected casualness. His vocals on *Work Song* and *Sixteen Tons* also have this quality of self-consciousness. (H.P.)

Leroy Carr

BLUES BEFORE SUNRISE—Columbia 1799: *Barrelhouse Woman*; *I Believe I'll Make a Change*; *Midnight Hour Blues*; *Take a Walk around the Corner*; *Southbound Blues*; *Mean Mistreater Mama*; *Big Four Blues*; *Blues before Sunrise*; *It's Too Short*; *My Woman's Gone Wrong*; *Huster's Blues*; *Bobo Stomp*; *Shining Pistol*; *Shady Lane Blues*; *Corn Likker Blues*; *Hurry Down, Sunshine*.

Personnel: Carr, vocals, piano; Scrapper Blackwell, Josh White, guitars.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Carr was one of the earliest and best

of urban blues singers. His style was relatively simple and direct, compared with the sometimes grotesque passions of the country blues men, but for all its straightforward quality, it projected a sense of emotion that was underlined by the pure honesty of his style.

His partner on all these performances, guitarist Blackwell (White is heard on only three selections), uses a similarly unfussy single-string attack that cuts through the soft sonority of Carr's singing and piano playing to create a wonderful interplay with the voice and piano.

Most of these pieces are sung over an easy, lilting, boogie-based rock that gives them an insistently swinging feeling. Carr's lyrics have more of a tendency to tell a story, or at least to focus on something specific, than do those of the country blues men, who often just string a miscellaneous set of verses together. In this sense, he is something of a throwback to the classic blues singers of the 1920s.

There is, furthermore, a polish to these performances that one does not look for ordinarily in the work of a blues singer, particularly one who was recorded in the early '30s. This quality is present to some degree in most of Carr's singing, but it is most noticeable in the total ensemble created by Carr and Blackwell.

Although Frank Driggs, who produced this set for Columbia, is usually meticulous about supplying all details of reissue sets such as this, no information at all is given about the original discs used here. (J.S.W.)

Ray Charles

MODERN SOUNDS IN COUNTRY AND WESTERN MUSIC, VOL. 2—ABC-Paramount 435: *You Are My Sunshine*; *No Letter Today*; *Someday*; *Don't Tell Me Your Troubles*; *Midnight*; *Oh, Lonesome Me*; *Take These Chains from My Heart*; *Your Cheating Heart*; *I'll Never Stand in Your Way*; *Making Believe*; *Teardrops in My Heart*; *Hang Your Head in Shame*.

Personnel: Charles, vocals, piano; the Raelets or the Jack Halloran Singers, vocals; unidentified orchestras; Gerald Wilson or Marty Paich, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

After repeated listening to this collection, I've become less and less convinced of the truth of that old saw "it's not what you do, it's the way that you do it." The "how" is still very much there for Charles; it is the "what" that defeats him here. It may well be, as producer Sid Feller remarks in the notes, that Charles wanted to do this kind of material, and that as a result of the singer's previous collection of country tunes, this music is at the height of its popularity. Still, the dozen songs in this album (and the previous one too) provide the jazz (or blues—take your pick) singer mighty little to work with.

There is a whimpering, lachrymose sameness to each of the dozen pieces and most of them are of extremely limited melodic and emotional interest. Arranger Gerald Wilson, in the big-band numbers (the first six), has managed to bring some excitement and variety to the songs, but the remaining six bog down in the tepid, syrupy strings-cum-chorus arrangements Marty Paich has concocted, which manage to emphasize superbly the whining, adolescent sentiments of the material.

There are some moments of interest, however. Two of the pieces on the big-band

side are quite exciting, and summon up remembrances of Charles' past glories. These are *Sunshine* (yes!) and *Don't Tell Me Your Troubles*, both of which are given churning, volatile Gospel-like performances, with Charles preaching out passionately against the surging responses of the Raelets. Margie Hendrix, the Raelets' lead singer, takes one of her finest recorded solos on *Sunshine*, indicating that she might become the exciting Gospel-derived singer it was hoped Aretha Franklin would develop into. There are some fine, glistening alto solos on the band sides too. David Newman?

But all told, this collection, which might stand as a memorial to the shifting pragmatism of the recording industry, is greatly disappointing. It is pure and simple a case of a superior talent in a program of unworthy material. It's wonderful to see Charles making it so big, but surely there must be a way other than this kind of musical self-abuse. (P.W.)

Bonnie Graham

BROWN GAL—Argo 4017: *Brown Gal*; *All Night Long*; *I Told You I Love You—Now Get Out*; *Funny, But It's True*; *Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Going to Chicago*; *You're So Wonderful*; *By Myself*; *This Time for Real*.

Personnel: John Young, piano; George Eskridge, guitar; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums; Miss Graham, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

And still they come, the good young girl singers, as if a dam had burst, releasing a flood of them in just the last couple of years. One wonders (while rejoicing) where they are all going to work or how many will really make it in the big leagues.

Bonnie Graham (born LaVerne Buckner in St. Louis) is one of the better, and certainly one of the more soulful, singers to find her way onto records. Her roots stem from a St. Louis church choir, just as many of her contemporaries started in the realm of sacred music, and this is evident throughout many of the tracks here.

Miss Graham's notable quality is that she sings with heart and gusto and a rocking sense of time. Further, there is a vibrancy in her voice that projects strongly in the ballads (which all somehow seem to emerge sounding like the blues).

Chicago receives a somewhat unorthodox treatment in that it departs from the familiar Jimmy Rushing interpretation, but this does not detract from Miss Graham's rendition. *Told You I Love You* and *Into Each Life* are taken at an up tempo, the latter being slightly reminiscent of Ella Fitzgerald's version with the Mills Brothers, recorded some 18 years ago and suffering by comparison. The strongest tracks in the set are the rocking *So Wonderful*, *Chicago*, *All Night Long*, and Lil Armstrong's satiric *Brown Gal*, which makes for a perfect title tune.

Accompaniment is first class. The rhythm section is always tastefully there, and there are some fitting jazz guitar solos in the right places. (J.A.T.)

Billie Holiday

LADY LOVE—United Artists 14014: *Blue Moon*; *All of Me*; *My Man*; *Them There Eyes*; *I Cried for You*; *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*; *I Cover the Waterfront*; *Billie's Blues*; *Lover, Come Back to Me*.

Personnel: Buddy DeFranco, clarinet; Red

Norvo, vibraharp; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Carl Drinkard or Sonny Clark or Beryl Booker, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Elaine Leighton, drums; Miss Holiday, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Miss Holiday was doing a concert tour of Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, France, and Switzerland under the aegis of Leonard Feather when this recording was made in 1954 at one of her German concerts.

Feather, in his notes, makes the point that this trip was a pleasant "oasis in the lonely island" of her life, a contention that is borne out by the recordings. For we hear Billie Holiday in the full flower of her powers. Her voice has flexibility and lift. When she reaches for things, she finds them readily—the nuances, the shading, the little turns of phrase.

She swings blithely through *Eyes* and her first chorus of *Lover, Come Back*. She makes a strong, deliberate presentation of *My Man* and *Waterfront* and sings what must be the best *Billie's Blues* she ever put on a record.

On the first side of the disc, on which she is heard with a trio, she is put at a disadvantage by the balance, which gives undue prominence to Drinkard's piano, especially on the first two selections.

The other side is made up of only two pieces, *Blues* and *Lover, Come Back*, with a larger group accompanying her.

Oddly, both numbers have good and poor qualities for opposite reasons. Miss Holiday is superb on *Blues*, but the long series of instrumental solos are routine. On the other hand, DeFranco, Norvo, and Raney get swinging so hard during their solos on *Lover, Come Back*, that when she comes back for the final chorus, she is buried in their flying dust. As if all this were not enough, the disc also offers a *soupcou* of Feather's Oxonian German.

(J.S.W.)

Jimmy Witherspoon

ROOTS—Reprise 6057: *I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water; I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town; Key to the Highway; Did You Ever?; Confessin' the Blues; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out; Your Red Wagon; Rain Is Such a Lonesome Sound; Cherry Red; It's a Lowdown Dirty Shame; Just a Dream; Please, Mr. Webster.*
 Personnel: Gerald Wilson, trumpet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; unidentified guitar; Ernie Freeman, piano; Ralph Hamilton, bass; Jim Miller, drums; Witherspoon, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

With this strong, persuasive set, Witherspoon takes his place alongside his mentors, for this is easily the finest realization of his powerful blues singing on LP.

In the past few years, Witherspoon's singing has taken on an increasing authority and a relaxed ease that are beautifully captured on this recording. These qualities have tempered and directed the others—the big, full sound, passionate drive, and sinuous thrust—that have always characterized his singing from the day he joined the Jay McShann Band in 1945 as Walter Brown's replacement.

Today Witherspoon is one of the most gripping, emotionally satisfying blues shouters around, his voice huskily attractive and resilient enough to move in whatever direction his mature musicianship directs it. And he is using it much more sensitively these days, employing insinuation and understatement where before he

would have relied almost wholly on overwhelming power. Listen in particular to his delightful behind-the-beat phrasing, drawing out words and phrases to the last possible moment and then snapping off a resolution in a forceful demonstration of tension and release.

The tunes are proven blues classics associated with other blues men. The only exception is Witherspoon's attractive *Rain*, a moody blues-ballad he recorded earlier for his RCA Victor album *Goin' to Kansas City Blues*.

The accompaniments are more than sympathetic. Chief soloist is Webster, who plays throughout with a warmth, passion, and supple swing that is a joy to hear. His virile, full-blooded improvisations perfectly

complement Witherspoon's vocals. On his two solo segments on *Outskirts*, Webster pays homage to Coleman Hawkins. Trumpeter Wilson plays with controlled fire and a pensive lambency in his solo spots, one of the best of which is on *Red Wagon*. Freeman, freed of the restrictions of the rock-and-roll dates he usually plays, reveals himself as a fine, swinging jazz pianist with a bright, spare melodic sense and a touch of wry humor. His solo on *Red Wagon*, for example, starts off with an allusion to Thelonious Monk's *Bag's Groove* solo and then moves off into a lilting, buoyant statement that is Freeman's own.

Highly recommended for lovers of lusty blues shouting. (P.W.)

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BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

The revival of interest in the blues and other Afro-American folk music forms doubtless is due in large measure to the unprecedented upsurge of interest in all American folk-song expressions, a development that has been some two decades in the swelling, reaching its highest levels only in the past two or three years.

Folk music has become big business. It was perhaps inevitable that the music would have caused a stir in the market place, its influence being felt—and felt mightily—in the rarified atmosphere of the Top 40 charts. Tin Pan Alley has taken it to its heart; music publishers are scurrying about madly copyrighting the creations of anonymous folk bards and communal songs developed over decades and even centuries; the real product has been hoked-up and homogenized beyond all recognition—almost.

Even in the field of blues there has risen a kind of specious commercialism—and not merely the kind that permits recording of countless Josh White, Memphis Slim, or Brownie McGhee albums. No, it is that there has occurred a subtle shift in emphasis to a kind of super-folk music, a music that is so consciously "folk music" that it runs the danger of no longer being so. It's a kind of purer-than-thou attitude that seems to haunt blues recording sessions.

Until recently, for example, the superbly expressive Texas blues singer Lightnin' Hopkins was unable to record in the style in which he ordinarily works—with second guitar, drums, and other instruments—providing strong, lusty music for dancing and listening in the bars, tonks, and joints of Houston and east Texas. Instead, he was taken into a studio and recorded without accompaniment other than his own guitar, and even here, an acoustic instrument replaced his usual amplified one—he who had evolved one of the most completely satisfying blues styles for the electric guitar! (I refer, of course, to those albums Hopkins has made since the so-called blues revival and not to the excellent long-play collections made up of his earlier single recordings in the rhythm-and-blues style.)

It was this same preoccupation with "authenticity" to the exclusion of entertainment values (a very important consideration, and one largely ignored in the quest for "ethnic" materials and approaches) that led one of America's most

respected folk-music scholars and collectors to the ridiculous extreme of disguising the identities of successful commercial blues artists Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Memphis Slim under the pseudonyms "Natchez," "Sib," and "Le-roy," respectively, in a long-play collection, *Blues in the Mississippi Night* (United Artists 4027), that purported to be "authentic field recordings of Negro folk music" made at a back-country dance. Apparently all things are excusable in the guise of authenticity—even such a reprehensible practice as this, which ultimately implies that the music is not strong enough to stand on its own merits and needs the crutch of a specious "documentary" approach to support it and make it palatable to the folk-music collector.

Perhaps what is missing in much of the blues recording that has been undertaken lately is a touchstone. The music exists in a vacuum: there is no real concurrence among performer, material, and audience. Most blues recording these days is done by labels specializing in either jazz or folk music; the audience for the recordings is almost exclusively white, and it has been decided—rightly or wrongly—that what this audience wants, and can or will respond to, is a kind of "pure" blues, blues singing in the older styles, blues that must conform in form and content to recordings made by the legendary blues men of the 1920s and '30s.

What is overlooked is that the performers then were giving Negro record buyers what they wanted and could identify with perfectly. Their blues were folk music simply because they were contemporary, were functional, and were legitimate expressions of an ethnic group. All three—singer, song, and listener—were intimately related and, in a sense, were one.

This same correspondence does not obtain today—at least not in "folk blues" recordings. Yet it does exist elsewhere. For an example of, say, Lightnin' Hopkins' work on a simple folk level—that is, relating specifically to a Negro audience—his recent Fire album, *Mojo Hand* (104), which brings together a number of his single recordings made for the southern Negro market, is highly recommended. (His collection on Arhoolie, *Lightnin' Sam Hopkins*, 1011, and his recent small-group recordings on Prestige/Bluesville, *Walking This Road by Myself*, 1057, and *Lightnin' and Co.*, 1061, are likewise endorsed.) The music is rawer, more overt and spontaneous, and, in a sense, less ambitious than his more consciously artistic work on the folk labels. Hopkins is more an entertainer here; he indulges in showy instrumental displays, with a stinging hail of blue notes flashing from his guitar. His singing is more direct and forceful.

There is a palpable difference of approach that is readily apprehended and which makes one consider the album a more tangible and valid folk expression as such than some of his earlier collections in a "purer" folk-blues vein. The touchstone is there, and that makes all the difference.



MEL TORME

'Tex Ritter
sings about
as well as
Gene Autry,
which is
terrible.'



BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mel Torme belongs to the class of singer for whom an all-vocal *Blindfold Test* would be a waste of his time, talent, and taste. Like other members of that elite minority of vocal artists who can claim a thorough inside knowledge of music, he is concerned with every manifestation of modern sound.

Although too many of his admirers remain incompletely aware of his variety of talents, Torme continues to exercise them occasionally. A capable pianist and drummer, an unusually talented vocal-group arranger, he deserves a special place in public esteem for his contributions as a writer of lyrics and music.

For this interview some of the records chosen were mainly vocal, others all instrumental. Two (the Andre Previn and the Barry Miles) were selected partly because Andre was, like Mel and Barry, who still is, a child prodigy.

Unless my memory or my check-list failed me, this is the first Torme *Blindfold Test* in *Down Beat* annals. He was given no information, before or during the test, about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Stan Kenton, Tex Ritter. *Wagon Wheels* (from *Stan Kenton! Tex Ritter!*, Capitol).

Well, I hate to see that Stan Kenton has fallen on evil days. It's a shame when a genius like Ray Charles gets a brilliant idea to do a country-and-western album, in jazz, with the proper backgrounds and the proper settings, that everybody has to climb on the bloody bandwagon.

Tex Ritter sings about as well as Gene Autry, which is terrible.

I had an idea to do an album like this, as a matter of fact, with a big band, but to take the songs away from their own environment. This is a terrible melange of diametrically opposed ideas . . . and it's not as if they had gotten Jimmy Dean or—what's the guy I like so well?—Eddy Arnold . . . or even Red Foley. But this guy's a horrendous singer.

I give this one star, only because it's Stan Kenton, who is a friend of mine, whom I respect, who got euchred into doing this thing.

2. Lalo Schifrin. *Desafinado* (from *Lalo—Brilliance, Roulette*). Schifrin, piano; Leo Wright, flute.

That's *Desafinado*, the bossa nova thing. It confused me at first because I thought it was the flautist's group, but I think—I may be wrong—but I think it's the piano player's group, and maybe the flute was added as a last-minute idea, or, if he's standard with the group, he certainly wasn't given an opportunity to play much.

I like the bossa nova trend; I think it's the first exciting thing in popular music and jazz since the progressive era began.

It's a very lazy, relaxed kind of feeling. I don't know who the piano player is; it could have been Andre, could have been Bill Evans for all I know. . . . It might be a much more commercial piano player than either of those two guys.

The only thing that scares me, Leonard, is that something new like this comes out, and, immediately, everybody jumps onto the bandwagon, and they drive it into the ground.

Let's be honest: I like the piano player,

but I think it's a reasonably undistinguished record, and I much prefer the Stan Getz version of this. For some reason, this song, and Stan Getz' version of it, did things for each other. Three stars.

3. Nat Cole. *Your Cheatin' Heart* (from *Ramblin' Rose*, Capitol). Belford Hendricks, arranger.

It's very hard to know how to accredit this record, how to say anything about it. It's obviously for the extreme commercial market, certainly not for the hard-core Nat Cole fans.

Again, it's an attempt to capitalize on the success of the Ray Charles album. But I must point out again, all the Ray Charles arrangements, some of which were done by Marty Paich (I don't recall the other arrangers), were turned out in a big, new, modern, 1965 package done up in a red ribbon, with cellophane on them.

What Nat is doing here is using the kind of arrangement that Tex Ritter should have had on the *first* record!

Mind you, he's got a big hit in *Ramblin' Rose*, and I'm delighted for him, because this means a lot, money in the pocket and all that. But when I think that Nat Cole is one of my two favorite jazz pianists in all the world, and one of my favorite singers—and personalities—this is a personal thing. I just hate to see him mired down like this. Two stars.

4. Andre Previn. *Gone with the Wind* (from *The Faraway Part of Town*, Columbia). Previn, piano, arranger; Frank Capp, drums.

I think it was Andre. I recognize certain things he does—I'm pretty sure it was him. This is one of the giant major talents: not just in the popular music field but in general. He and Peter Nero are the only two guys I've ever heard with a brilliant classical background who've been able to bridge the gap.

I think that Andre is a little funkier, a little more down home than Peter Nero, not to take away from Peter Nero, who I also think is a giant. Really a giant.

The drummer, by the way, annoyed me. Not that he's a bad drummer, but he had one cymbal going which sounded

like an old band cymbal. I know what he was trying for, but it got to be very annoying in one of Andre's choruses.

Andre, for me, can do no wrong. He may have written this arrangement. It sounds like his writing, and, of course, the tune is an old personal favorite of mine. This to me is marvelous; I say four stars.

5. Count Basie. *The Trot* (from *The Legend, Roulette*). Thad Jones, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Henry Coker, trombone; Basie, piano; Sam Herman, guitar; Sonny Payne, drums; Benny Carter, composer, arranger.

This record, I love it. It's a wailer, and I love it. I don't know if it's Count Basie or not. The piano player sounds exactly like Bill Basie, but I listened for the rhythm section in that one part, and I couldn't hear a guitar, and Basie always uses full rhythm. I get the funny feeling that maybe it isn't Basie but a band that's trying to sound like Basie. I could be wrong.

I love the ensemble work. I don't think the solos were violently distinguished. The drummer confused me a little bit, at times he sounded like Sonny Payne; at other times he didn't.

Generally speaking, it was in the tradition I like. I love big bands and miss the big bands desperately, and any time something like this comes along—actually, this sounded a little smaller than the Basie band. Of course, I listened to it stereo, so it may be that my ears are tricking me. Three and a half stars.

6. Mark Murphy. *Playing the Field* (from *Playing the Field*, Capitol). Bill Holman, arranger.

I hope I don't sound like a moldy fig! I haven't the least idea who that singer is. I very pleasant, good-sounding singer. I think his intonation was a little faulty at times, but I think that's being picayune, because I don't think intonation is that important when you're trying for an overall feeling for a record.

Loved the arrangement; it was a swinger. In the Marty Paich tradition, and you can't ask for better than that. Good, tight,

(Continued on next page)

BLINDFOLD *from page 33*

swinging, progressive, modern sound.

As I say, the singer had a light, infectious attitude about his work. I think it's very good—I'd give it 3½ stars.

7. Ella Fitzgerald. *I Can't Face the Music* (from *Rhythm Is My Business*, Verve). Phil Woods, alto saxophone.

Ella sounds considerably more inspired on this than she has, as far as I'm concerned, on anything in a long time. She sings it beautifully. It's a real, down-home, rudimentary, basic song. It's a good song, which had slipped my mind until now, so she's got to be given the credit for unearthing it, I guess . . . or whoever did unearth it for her.

She sings it comparatively straight, which I love. . . . Ella has been on a I'm-gonna-prove-that-I-know-every-note-and-every-chord-in-the-spectrum kick, and she sings this so simply and so beautifully that it just knocked me out.

The alto chorus is a typical example of

how marvelously creative an alto player can be, as opposed to some of these other sides you've been playing. I don't know who it was. It sounded too sharp. The guy had too cutting an edge of tone to be Bud Shank. It might be an eastern alto player.

But, gee, I think the record is wonderful. I would say it's just short of being a great record—4½ stars.

8. Barry Miles, Deez Weef (from *Miles of Genius*, Charlie Parker). Miles, drums, composer.

I'm going to stick my neck out and say I think that's an East Coast group . . . and probably one of the most monotonous drum solos I've ever heard. It's a pity some of these guys just won't sit down and listen to Buddy Rich and realize he's the only man living that can play drum solos—and then just forget it.

That sounded like, if not Max Roach, at least a guy who was a disciple of Max Roach, and it consisted of a triplet variation played as a hand-to-hand roll, which

is very prevalent among the so-called modern drummers these days.

But nothing is being said! I've heard Buddy play four strokes on the drum, in the course of a four-bar solo, and I mean literally just play four beats, and they have more syncopation than what I've just heard now. The drum solo was horrendous. I hated it.

You know, Leonard, I think I'm getting old. Maybe that's why I like this bossa nova thing—maybe it's going to bring something fresh to the business. But the soloists all sound the same—the musicians are all playing the same things over and over again, nothing genuinely creative.

Unfortunately, there are very few Art Peppers, there are very, very few Gerry Mulligans, very few—though he's not considered progressive—Buddy Riches.

I'd give this record about, maybe 2½ stars. The melody, incidentally, was rather nice. Kind of pretty little thing, kind of an Al Cohn sound—you know? But I think it's a fairly undistinguished record,

CAUGHT *from page 13*

night was not on the program. It took place following Woodyard's very, very long drum solo on *Skin Deep*. It was well past midnight when Ellington announced "someone you all know"—Gerry Mulligan. A pleased ripple stirred the house. In turn, Mulligan, beckoning toward the wings, introduced Ben Webster. The audience was delighted. Then, with Ellington and Mulligan standing by, smiling, Webster introduced "a real Ellington veteran"—Rex Stewart. A gasp rose from the auditorium floor, and necks craned to see Stewart, unprepared for the introduction, trot down the aisle, disappear backstage and reappear onstage.

The rest was probably inevitable.

Mulligan borrowed Carney's baritone; Webster was lent Gonsalves' tenor; Nance dashed across the stage with his cornet for Stewart. Ellington strode to the piano, and everybody blew *C Jam Blues*.

Ben made Paul's horn sound like Webster; Gerry breathed Mulligan into Harry's baritone; Ray's cornet adopted the voice of Rex—a strong, incisive, unwavering voice, by the way, proclaiming Stewart's continued vigor.

Like all great moments in jazz, this one was fleeting. After the close of the session and the departure of the surprise guests, it remained only for Ellington to introduce the irrepressible singer Babs Gonzales, who, with characteristic exuberance, threw his arms around Ellington's neck and planted a smacking Gallic greeting on the grinning leader's cheeks.

Ironically, the Embassy concert was almost a near-miss, financially speaking.

Guy Lott's Stardust Productions, the promoter, took admissions from some 1,100 persons and reportedly just about broke even. One reason for the thin turnout was lack of aggressive promotion; what promotion there was in the Los Angeles area was too little and too late.

Another factor—overriding competition—hurt the concert too. This occurred earlier the same evening a few blocks from the Embassy when Cassius Clay

knocked out Archie Moore in the fourth round. Moore hit the deck before the eyes of many Ellington fans who had to choose that evening between the fight and the concert. Preconcert fight publicity in the newspapers had made much of Moore's statement that he would dig Ellington's band—after he had floored his youthful opponent. Obliging, Ellington announced publicly that he would delay the concert a half-hour to give Moore time.

But Moore needed more than time in the ring. Chopped down by Clay, he almost carried the Ellington concert with him.

—Tynan

ART FARMER QUARTET

Half Note, New York City

Personnel: Farmer, fluegelhorn; Jim Hall, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Debuting with a notable lack of fuss and publicity, a fine new group has come into existence. This quartet—which implies, obviously, that the Jazztet Farmer led with Benny Golson has faded into history, though no one is saying so in so many words—has rough edges, as a new product can be expected to have.

But there is a considerable promise in the teaming of Farmer and Hall, two of the most melodic talents in jazz, and a good deal that has already been realized. Their November booking at the Half Note was their second there. The club's openeared owners noted an impressive improvement between Gig 1 and Gig 2. The group has been booked back this month.

For the most part, the quartet is still just a jamming organization, playing standards selected because everyone in the group knows them—*The Best Thing for You*, *Blue Room*, *Green Dolphin Street*, and the like. There were no arrangements. But Hall and Farmer showed great sympathy for each other, having come quickly to the practice of playing half-time counterlines behind each other's solos, the way Gerry Mulligan and Bob Brookmeyer do in another pianoless quartet. It seems likely that an even closer rapport between them will evolve.

None of this is meant to be damning

by faint praise. The fans may think so, but good jazz groups are built, not born, and part of the interest in this quartet in coming weeks should lie in watching it evolve. As it develops its own material, the individuality that is inherent even in the instrumentation should stand more fully revealed.

Farmer and Hall both played beautifully. Not too much need be said about the former's work in this context: he is one of the consummate trumpet players in jazz today, and his long-lined, smoke-toned solos were fully up to his standard. He played only fluegelhorn on this date because—perfectionist that he is—he was feeling annoyed with his own trumpet playing.

Hall requires a little more discussion because of his rapidly growing recognition.

He has played beautifully for years, but his association with so-called West Coast jazz erected a block such that only people with minimum preconception and maximum ears took him seriously. As is the way of these things, his association with Sonny Rollins during the early part of 1962 served to break down several barriers for him. ("Gee, Sonny Rollins hired him? He must be good. I'd better listen to him again.") People began to discover what a fine musician he really is.

His approach to solos varied. During some of the up-tempo numbers at the Half Note, he built them out of short segments. Not that the segments were disconnected. On the contrary, they fit together like the pieces of a mosaic, each piece chopped out with hard, percussive notes. Hall is one of those guitarists who remind you that he plays a *stringed* instrument.

At other times, his approach was more liquid, the lines longer. Finally, in an out-of-tempo and unaccompanied *I'm Old-Fashioned*, he reasserted that guitar is a gorgeous chording instrument.

The rhythm section of the group was very good. Riley—to my mind one of the better, and certainly one of the more tasteful, young drummers—sounded a little nervous the night I heard the group. I

found out why. Between sets, he was running to the phone to find out if his wife had delivered the latest addition to his family. Later in the evening, he sounded more settled.

Carter seemed a very fine bassist. But I'd never heard him before, and one night's listening doesn't give me a clear impression of *anybody's* playing.

Farmer has work lined up for the group. They're playing in Boston, Cleveland, and Toronto. If you get a chance to hear them, by all means do—for the reward of the solos and to see how good groups are built.

—Gene Lees

BOSSA NOVA

Carnegie Hall, New York City

Bossa nova had its own concert at Carnegie Hall in New York in November, produced by Audio Fidelity records and, now that that Latin has come to Manhattan (and, in following days, gone to New Jersey and Pennsylvania), there is some basis for judgment of the music that has seemingly become so important to jazz sales.

For, with only a few exceptions, this was bossa nova played by its most eminent practitioners, Brazilians nearly all. (One North American who appeared, Stan Getz, is probably the musician who has gained the greatest success from the style.)

But, unfortunately, again with only a few exceptions, it was as dull an exhibition, frequently as unprofessional an exhibition, as I have ever heard in such circumstances.

It is only fair to report that some avid apologists of the music had explanations. One insisted that nearly all the performers were only amateur performers; essentially they were composers who only happened to play the guitar. Hence they should not be expected to show great polish and presence. (This argument loses some of its strength when the performances of b.n. composers are compared with those of jazz composers.)

And Herbie Mann, a bossa booster, explained that the place, pace, and acoustics of the concert inhibited the style, sound, and feeling of the music.

There were too many performers, and emcee Leonard Feather was forced to hurry them on and off stage. Also, the microphones were arranged for recording purposes, destroying, as is usual in such circumstances, any opportunity for the audience to be involved with the nuances of sound.

But explanations aside, even accepted, there was little to recommend what could be heard.

Almost without exception there was no variety of tempo. Among the Brazilian groups, only the Oscar Castro Neves Quartet exhibited any flexible, interesting swing. But its major point was only that. Nothing of moment happened otherwise.

Guitarist Bola Sete, who nightly plays much better at New York's Park Sheraton Hotel, carried on with three others, playing with guitars over their heads, grinding instead of twisting, all in a manner more to be expected in some resort hotel.

Singer Sergio Ricardo, who has a fine voice, sang tired songs in Portuguese, re-

markably like bluegrass laments in tone and mood.

Little can be gained by reciting each of the many names. What was significant was that the singers were generally good to listen to, but the music became progressively more dull, the rhythm more static, and perhaps because of language problems, everything seemed so repetitive. It often occurred to me that so many of the songs sounded like verses to songs Fred Astaire would have sung in movies with Ginger Rogers—but his kind of grace was largely missing.

Then came pianist-composer Antonio Carlos Jobim, singing for the first time in public. Obviously nervous, he performed only two numbers, but he sang and played with undeniable swing, charm, and subtlety. His close friend Joao Gilberto—they work together in Brazil—was likewise outstanding. More than any of the others, Gilberto showed a sense of presence, and a professional grasp of what he was doing and for whom he was playing.

Perhaps that's the point. Perhaps it was unfair to judge by the majority of the performers. Certainly these two were a musical pleasure. But even they seemed to have only a limited amount to say with their music.

The U.S. jazz versions of the same music, whatever their legitimacy, made most of what went before seem amateurish. Lalo Schifrin (with reed man Leo Wright, bassist Art Davis, and drummer Chuck Lampkin), debuting what may be his new group, seemed completely outside what had gone before, although the second selection was

obviously within the b.n. groove. But the major difference was in the excellence of playing.

Stan Getz, with guitarist Billy Bean, drummer Al Harewood, and bassist Tommy Williams, played two tunes in straight 4/4, completely avoiding the subject supposedly at hand. Unfortunately, though Getz played well, the net total was dispirited. The audience applauded loudly when he began *Desafinado*. (Strangely, though Verve records produced a hit single from Getz-Charlie Byrd version by cutting out most of what was played, Getz played an extended version—with all the solos back in.)

Certainly it was a production goof that Getz hadn't been hired to play with some of the Brazilian musicians. Everyone would have gained.

Gary McFarland led a big band for the finale, featuring his arrangements for Getz with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer as second featured soloist. Almost all the performance was lost on the audience because of the microphone organization, and in this context, Getz, Brookmeyer, and big band b.n. did each other little good. With the sound as it was, the presence of three different conceptions had a nagging effect.

Still, it must be said that, excepting Jobim and Gilberto, bossa nova seems to gain in translation. I take some comfort in the words of musicians whom I respect that the concert was not representative of the best of bossa nova. If it was, then a colleague's withering criticism—"It's West Coast Brazilian music"—has truth as well as significance.

—Cass



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Book Review

IF YOU SEE ME COMIN', by Adrian Mitchell. Published by Macmillan Co., 168 pp., \$3.95.

Periodically, I impose disciplines on myself on the theory that it purifies my soul. Sometimes I'll give up Scotch for

two weeks, or get up early in the mornings, or try not listening to Bill Evans records for a few days.

But the severest discipline to which I have recently subjected myself was finishing the reading of this novel. Once I put it down for two days, picked it up again, and read through two chapters until an odd turn of phrase made me realize that I'd read all of this before and simply hadn't remembered it.

I still don't know what the book is about. I suspect the whole thing is an exercise in literary New Thing-ism. The dust jacket says it's about "a crucial week in the life of a blues singer obsessed by the demon of compassion." The hero, Johnny Crane, sings in an English musi-

cal. Inasmuch as musicals (particularly English musicals) are not notable sources of blues, I don't know why he is described as a blues singer.

"The narrative does not describe, it filters what happens," according to a review from the *Guardian* quoted on the flyleaf. It certainly does. It filters it into incomprehensibility. All possible clues to motivation and even event are removed.

The novel *seems* to be about this-here-well-now singer, more or less, who is either an Englishman who grew up in the States or an American who grew up in England, or something like that, who is upset because a criminal is to be executed a few days hence.

The author apparently intended some connection between the pending execution and the meandering the hero makes through the lives, if any, of assorted chicks, phonies, show-biz types (British style), and a brother named Ford, who's also a singer, I gather, but who is also involved with some criminal types, or maybe they're just bill collectors.

Some girl gets murdered, and somebody climbs a roof near the end, and the hero cuts his hand, and I don't know why any of it happened. I guess I'm just not Deep.

The characterization of a singer is incredibly out of touch. Author Mitchell has attempted to impose on himself the discipline of telling his first story in the first person, and this results in squirm-making paragraphs:

"[It] was the worst song in the show, but he had to applaud my voice as good for a singer sitting in the back of a jerking taxi. He had to, because this bass voice living somewhere in my unpredictable stomach is both deep and flexible. At its happy wildest in a high-speed blues, it can carry cabaret junk or heavyhearted ballads almost as easily."

The musical contradictions in the last sentence are self-evident, but of more concern is the gooey nature of the paragraph, the direct consequence of telling the story in the first person. This device is treacherous when the writer wants to make psychological points about the narrator, for the narrator then must demonstrate insight. But Johnny Crane is not set forth as a man of clear self-perception, so Mitchell can only allude indirectly to his quirks. Reading this book is a little like listening to a pianoless jazz group in which the bass player refuses to play close to or on the root of the chord. Indeed, it sounds as if Mitchell himself doesn't know what the chords are: he sounds like a soloist hopelessly hung.

Anyone who takes as his hero a musician almost surely is defeated before he starts, because the most interesting thing about his main character—his music—will not be in the book. The writer can try to overcome the problem by a technical description of the man's musical approach, as Thomas Mann did in *Doctor Faustus*, using the thought and theories of Arnold Schoenberg as his foundation, but the result can only be a tedious digression from events. But if this isn't done, the story has a giant hole in it.

This book has such a hole in it.

—Gene Lees



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HELD NOTES

By GEORGE
HOEFER



FESS WILLIAMS

Charlie Mingus disconsolately growled, "It takes nine hours to make an LP. How am I supposed to do a record session in 2½ hours, have an intermission, and still have time to bring on my uncle who is a genius?"

The Mingus kin referred to was 68-year-old Stanley R. Williams, who told his biographer that during his teaching days at the combined elementary and high school in Winchester, Ky., the diminutive Fess, for Professor, became his first name for life.

Although bassist-leader Mingus had a rough go at his recent combination recording session and concert in New York City's Town Hall, his pixielike uncle was having a ball. He was onstage, with 30 or more of the finest jazz musicians in New York ready to play his original compositions. A sampling of the names includes Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Charlie Mariano, Milt Hinton, Dannie Richmond, Jerome Richardson, Willie Dennis, Don Butterfield. Saxophonist Buddy Collette had been flown in from the West Coast. To keep Williams in touch with the past were trumpeter Kenneth Roane and baritone saxophonist Perry Smith, both of whom had been members of the Fess Williams Royal Flush Orchestra in 1929.

Maestro Williams started his Town Hall debut by glancing up to the balcony and calling, "How we doing up there? Let me hear ya!"

Back came the reply, "Just fine, Fess,—go, Daddy Fess!" (Shades of Ted Lewis and "Is everybody happy?")

In the 1920s, Fess Williams, in a diamond-studded suit and top hat, had reached a peak in his career as the Negro counterpart of the famed Paul Ash, leader of the Merry Mad Maniacs at the Oriental Theater in Chicago's Loop. Williams was emcee and fronted Dave Peyton's band, known as the Joy Boys, at the Regal Theater on Chicago's south side. His forte was showmanship.

Williams, whose Town Hall renditions after intermission brought considerable applause (being, at 11 p.m., the first

complete numbers of the evening) played clarinet and alto saxophone. During his clarinet bit on *Make Me Know It*, a modern cat mumbled something about "... Pee Wee Russell. ..." When he played alto on *The Blues*, a moldy fig jumped up and joyfully asked, "Who is Ornette Coleman?" Fess covered the waterfront. He sustained one note without coming up for air for almost three minutes.

His opening number, a freshly re-scored *Hot Town* (originally a 1929 Fess Williams Victor recording), was one of those train tunes, once so popular. The train, from New Orleans to New York City, had a vocal exchange between Williams and saxophonist Smith, the latter called the stations: "... Can't Stop, Mississippi; Keep Goin', Tennessee; Lay Down, Carolina. ..." On up to "Bohokus (Hoboken)."

The leader of the Royal Flush Orchestra, or as the Savoy Ballroom once billed them, the Royal Flushers, seems to have recorded for everybody in his time. There are listings on Paramount (1923), Gennett, Okeh, Harmony-Columbia, Brunswick-Vocalion, Victor-Bluebird, and the Chicago label. In 1941, the clarinetist-saxophonist, recorded as a sideman on a Decca blues date by Sam Price and His Blusicians. Then, several years ago, he made two sides for a 45 rpm, *Harlem Shuffle* and *Grits and Gravy*, for the Star Dust label.

Though the description "genius" may be overexpansive, Mingus has a point in demanding attention for Uncle Fess.

Kentucky-born Williams' first band, organized in 1919, barnstormed throughout the south Atlantic states in direct competition with W. C. Handy's famed blues band. Williams was on the Chicago south side during the early 1920s, playing in a hoodlum after-hours spot, the Radio Inn, with cornetist Tommy Ladnier and drummer Tubby Hall. He was responsible for bringing the great trombonist Jimmy Harrison to New York in 1924. Harrison and trumpeter June Clark were members of Williams' Ginger Snaps accompanying the Dave & Tressie vaudeville act.

Williams' Royal Flush Orchestra, alternating with Duncan Mayers' Charleston Bearcats, opened Harlem's Savoy Ballroom in March, 1926, and during the following years Williams participated in many of the Savoy battles of bands against King Oliver, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, Duke Ellington, Charlie Johnson, Cab Calloway's Missourians, and others. He says now that "there might have been better musical outfits, but the dancers favored us because we set good tempos and gave them plenty of showmanship."

Williams employed at one time or

another such jazz names as trumpeters Clark and Louis Metcalf, trombonists Harrison and David (Jelly) James, pianists Edgar Hayes, Hank Duncan, and Fats Pichon of New Orleans, saxophonist Lockwood Lewis, bassist June Cole, and violinist Jimmy Palao, a veteran who in 1911 had been the leader of the Original Creole Orchestra from New Orleans.

In addition, Williams had been a close friend and associate of the legendary cornetist Freddie Keppard and drummer-vocalist Ollie Powers during the early days in Chicago.

Of his emceeing days at the Regal in 1927, Williams said he first introduced to the public Cab Calloway, a singer, and Lucky Millinder, a dancer.

Williams also points out he was one of the first bandleaders to make swing arrangements of the classics. He did specials on the *William Tell* and *Poet and Peasant* overtures and on the *Prelude in C Minor*, which was appropriated by the late Isham Jones. He said Jones offered him \$200 for the work, which he refused, only to learn a couple months later that Jones had one of his own arrangers make up a similar piece.

It is interesting to note that Williams' oldest son, Rudy, is proficient on alto and tenor saxophones, clarinet, flute, and trumpet. He was one of the regulars at Minton's and Monroe's back in the bop incubation days of 1941 and is still active in music.

Fess attributes his decline as a name attraction to what he feels was a mistake he made in 1930.

After years playing the Savoy, Regal, and other top spots, he was ready to go on the road and cash in. He did travel, in 1930, around the northeastern United States, and that, he says, was where he erred. The 1929 stock crash had caused the well-to-do to dispense with their maids, cooks, porters, and messenger boys. These were the people who formed the backbone of clientele who supported the public dances for which the Negro orchestras played. When they were out of work, there were no more dances to play. Williams says he should have gone to the South, where they weren't quite so committed in the stock market, and there was still dancing. It's a questionable idea—the South was hit hard by the depression too.

Williams, a graduate in music from Tuskegee Institute in 1914, was working in the mail room at Local 802 headquarters in New York when Mingus reintroduced him. Mingus' interest and this gesture to the past illustrate the kind of thing jazz badly needs today. Through the years jazz has left a lot of loose ends dangling.



DIARY from page 15

cellent chops, technique, and control. Rivals the best in U.S. J.J. export. The whole group looks no more than 15 years old (they are older). Thelin uses felt hat as mute whole set. Tenor has funny little sound. They play 3/4 tune similar to late Coltrane, and for the first time in the festival a group really begins to sail rhythmically. The drummer, Rune Carlsson, plays some great polyrhythms in the Elvin Jones manner. Each solo is separated by an interlude and then starts quietly, builds to a tremendous climax, and fades down for the next soloist and interlude. Based on two chords like many of the things Coltrane last was heard doing, but the use of dynamics is more effective. It is surprising Coltrane hasn't tried this long before; his group certainly would benefit by its use. Group very stimulating.

11:45: Home to eat a horrid meal and go to bed very tired and worn out. There was a jam session but did not feel up to it.

Oct. 29

Noon: Party. . . . Never saw so much vodka in one place. Toast by conductor of Warsaw Symphony Orchestra to high quality of Polish jazz, which ranks with best in Europe, he says.

4:45 p.m.: Interview for Polish serious-music magazine. Intelligent questions asked about Third Stream music and my part in it. Evidently no one expected the people to receive the things I did so enthusiastically since they were thought rather far out for the Polish jazz audience.

5:30: Repeat of Third Stream concert.

On *Nihil Novi*, we cut some of it, and as a whole it is even better received than the day before. Television cameras and lights blaze on during my solo cadenza.

8:15: Concert. Jazz Outsiders led by Jan Ptaszyn Wroblewski, tenor saxophone. Audience stoical. Drummer Andrzej Dabrowski inspired by Swedish drummer night before plays a little more. . . . That's all.

Septet Wadima Sakuna, a Russian group is next. Much curiosity about them among everyone here. There are seven musicians, and they came with seven other people too late for their scheduled performance last night. Cubs? (One source told me they had seven guides and took a lot of kidding from the Polish musicians because of it. Another source said the extra seven were only interested composers who happened to have arrived at the same time as the musicians.) All very young, in 20s. Baritone saxophonist counts off

tunes, evidently leader. Medium blues head . . . pointillistic . . . use of fourths and other unusual intervals for jazz. Trumpet player, using cornet-looking instrument, solos first. . . . Takes some chances, plays some interesting rhythms. Good reception from crowd. Guitar . . . wild, wild notes. . . . Use of all kinds of pedal effects and blue notes. I can truthfully say I never heard anything like this before . . . like a country blues player who studied with Prokofiev. Pianist comping very out chords. Baritone sounds like he gets lost. Drums horrible. Bass soft and way behind the beat.

The Russians seem to understand the basic feeling of the blues better than any of the other groups in the festival so far. They play the most daring music of any of the European bands. The trumpet player must be one of the best in Europe. The guitarist is one of the wildest things I have ever heard; would like to hear him after he develops some more. They play a ballad and then a medium fast tune with Latin intro, followed by a marchlike tune that could be a Russian folk song. Use an effective stop-time figure in the beginning of each solo. The piano plays a definite Gospel-style solo. Close with Thelonious Monk's *Straight, No Chaser*. The guitar plays some interesting comps, trying to make it swing all by himself; he loses. Good reception.

Krzysztofa Komeda Trio (pianist, writer of ballet, has written scores for 20 films). . . . Sounds too much like warmed-over Bill Evans for my taste.

Swedish drummer Rune Carlsson distinguishes himself and makes the set. . . . Very well received. Excellent shading. Crowd gives ovation.

Louis Hjulmand tries again. Comedy time. Wants to do extended composition without rehearsal. Gives music to musicians on stage. Bass player scratches head. . . . Audience laughs. They start. Bass player stops . . . more laughs . . . pause . . . conference, *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*. Audience breaks up.

Louis has good technique. Would like to hear him with his own group. . . . Doesn't really get off the ground.

My set. Solos piece . . . then decide to feature duet with just bass . . . really excellent player . . . most promising of all the Poles. Repeat *Lover*. . . . Crowd keeps applauding. Goes into cadence clapping (a custom). They keep it up so long we finally have to do an encore to get on with the concert.

12:30 p.m.: Intermission!

Max Bruel and an alto player, both from Denmark, follow. Dressed in sweaters for a concert. Swedish drummer. . . . Max plays soprano well but a

little too obvious Coltrane. . . . His baritone playing is another thing. . . . Plays some beautiful ideas. . . . Very fluent and interesting harmonically . . . probably best technician of the festival. . . . Rune, the drummer, plays some licks that are so good in *Tunisia* the audience breaks into spontaneous applause. . . . The alto player plays some good ideas and very forcefully but sounds a little awkward with some of the changes—especially compared with Max. It is amazing to learn that Max is a successful architect and only plays music as a hobby, playing rather rarely . . . a pity.

Big band of Jana Tomaszewskiego. Very young looking . . . might be amateurs. . . . Phrasing is so stiff that the standard figures become something else entirely. Close with *Swanee River*. End of festival.

Off to jam session at invitation of Russians (feel it is the diplomatic thing to do—even though wife and I are both dead tired). At session all smiles . . . very warm welcome. Many toasts. No English spoken by the band but many friendly gestures. Got Russian pins, and one man—head of Moscow Jazz Club—insists on an address exchange. Not too much happens at session except some wild collective improvisation. . . . Russians go about jam sessions like a business. . . . I ask if the band is the best in Russia. . . . The interpreter tells me, no, this is just an amateur student band. The best musicians are all back in Russia working in the factories. They could not be let off their jobs. . . . I mention this the next day to several Polish musicians, and they laugh and say that the Russians don't play that way, that this was surely their best band, they would not send anything less than the best to any country.


(Aside: general impression of European jazzmen—rather passive compared to the U.S. best. They should try to play something new rather than just copy us. If they would utilize some of their folk heritages and individual creativity, they might be able to contribute something really valuable to jazz.)

Oct. 30

Noon: Call from Karolak, the pianist who accompanied me at the concert. . . . Meet with record company. . . . Everything all right. . . . They even use more playing time and pay more money than I had asked for. Thanks to Karolak.

1:30 p.m.: Go to Pagart again for the rest of money.

* * *

On Nov. 1 Connie and I returned to Paris. A beautiful sunny day. Smiling faces. An airport porter grins. 

In the late 1930s the Onyx Club was the place to go in New York. The clientele was made up mostly of musicians. The host and owner, Joe Hellbock, was a former musician and showed good taste in hiring bands.

It was at the Onyx on my first visit to America that I heard the wonderful Spirits of Rhythm. It was here the John Kirby Band was born and where Maxine Sullivan made her debut.

One of the greatest things that happened at the club was the wonderful music of fiddler Stuff Smith and his band, which featured Jonah Jones.

It was at the Onyx that I met Hezekiah Gordon Leroy Smith, a great creative musician who should be placed, I feel, among the top jazz improvisers like Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Coleman Hawkins, Art Tatum, and Lester Young. It is significant that all the jazz greats have the highest respect for Stuff, whereas laymen and most jazz fans hardly know him at all.

Being a frustrated but violent violin player myself, I have heard most of the jazz fiddlers from Joe Venuti on; even in little Denmark we have a guy who's a splendid man on fiddle, Svend Asmusen. But Stuff tops them all.

One should hear him in natura, this little, nimble fellow, who jumps and dances and almost stands on his head when he plays. He is irresistible—and it is probably only because of his lack of restraint and his more-or-less bohemian nature, that he isn't better known or even a television star. But with him, one never knows what's going to happen. He is probably the cause of several gray hairs on the heads of many club-owners.

I'll never forget him at the Onyx. All of a sudden, while his band was playing, he would disappear, and you might find him in either the men's or the ladies' room, playing a pretty solo for the local authority, or he might go to the bar and quench his thirst with a quantity of firewater. Often at the Onyx, after the music started, he would tell risqué stories over the microphone. There was one about Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, that used to make the management panic.

I've seen him stop in the middle of a solo when a young and beautiful woman entered the room and point out to the audience the woman's anatomical qualities, which remarks sometimes registered unfavorably with her escort. But that didn't stop Stuff. He kept on, and then he would play a dazzling chorus on his violin as if to emphasize what he had just said.

During the war years, Stuff had a

little trio—well, it wasn't smaller than any other trio—in fact, one might say it was bigger, because it consisted of Stuff and two wonderful musicians, Jimmy Jones on piano and John Levy on bass.

To my mind, this was one of the finest ensembles jazz has ever given us, and it was a great hit at the Onyx.

Red Norvo and his wife at the time, the wonderful Mildred Bailey, were quite mad about Stuff and his music. Red had a band across 52nd St. at the Downbeat Club, but each intermission he went over to listen to Stuff.

At that time, Mildred had a weekly

REFLECTIONS

By TIMME ROSENKRANTZ



STUFF SMITH AT THE ONYX CLUB

radio show on CBS. It was more or less a jazz show, and she presented most of the jazz greats, Paul Baron's large orchestra, and, of course, her own inimitable voice. It was quite a show.

Many times she had asked Stuff to play on the show. But he was quite shy about it and said he didn't like too many people—she had more than 30 in the band alone.

But she managed to convince him.

It was arranged that he should come two hours before the show was to be broadcast so they would have time to rehearse.

There was no Stuff for the rehearsal,

and Mildred almost went out of her mind. But she kept Baron and everyone waiting to the last minute, and at 8:30—the show's starting time—there was Hezekiah Smith in front of the band, as if he had been shot up through the floor. He played *Bugle Call Rag* as it never had been played before and never has since. He fell in at all the right places, and the orchestra, audience, and Mildred fell out.

Stuff is what one might call a natural musician—he's never taken a lesson. He just figured it all out by himself, and though he may not play the fiddle the way it was meant to be played, what he does with it is quite fantastic. I often saw old, long-hair symphony men, first violinists from the big radio symphony orchestras, sit at the Onyx and listen carefully to his playing. They were thrilled and fascinated by what they heard, and they asked themselves and everybody else, "How is it possible? How does he do it?"

Many of them were ready to swap their whole classical training for just a little bit of what Stuff had.

I had an apartment not very far from 52nd St. at that time. Quite often, after the clubs on 52nd St. closed, musicians would come to my place and there would be jamming until the wee hours. A lot of wonderful music was played there, especially by Stuff, who came practically every night.

I had two very comfortable easy chairs. One was for Stuff to relax in after the sessions . . . and he would be sitting there when I woke up in the afternoon. The house at one time had belonged to Diamond Jim Brady, but when I lived there, it belonged to Stuff Smith.

Stuff's winning personality had endeared him to practically everyone he met, and at this time he was well known at New York radio studios—he had become quite popular at the stations. For instance, here's a wonderful story I was told:

Jascha Heifetz was to play a concert at NBC. He took the main elevator, but the elevator man stopped him when he saw the violin case, and said, "Sorry, mister. If you are going up to play, you'll have to take the personnel elevator in the back. This one is reserved for the public."

Heifetz of course was highly insulted and angrily replied, "My good man, I am sure you don't know who I am. I am Jascha Heifetz!"

To this the elevator man answered, "Sorry, sir. Even if you were Stuff Smith, you'd still have to take the personnel elevator!"

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the great dividends of the public interest in jazz is the emergence of a new breed of jazz critic. Fully informed, armed with all the technical and intellectual equipment the rest of us lack, he fills in the gaps we have left in the popular understanding of the art.

Perhaps the best recent example of this new breed contributed an article, *Whatever Happened to Jazz?*, to a recent issue of *Jem* magazine. His name has been omitted to protect the guilty, but these are some highlights of his disquisition:

"Take some of the real 'way out' musicians of our day. Take Sammy Rollins, whose musical ability, from the standpoint of jazz, is roughly that of a seven-year-old playing a Jew's-harp at a Fourth of July picnic. Yet, Sammy is a smash hit in the record world and bobby soxers climb up the walls and hang on the chandeliers—from which you can't get them off with a pipe wrench—every time he opens his empty musical knowledge in front of them.

"Another one is Julian 'Canonball' Ederle, who is currently the king of the juke-box set . . . what was once

genuine jazz has now become phony . . . jazz has indeed fallen upon sorry days."

Next, how about giving us an expose of Edward 'Duke' Wellington, Niles Davis or the idol of the juke-box bobby-soxer wall-climbers, Jack Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quintet?

* * *

One of the reasons the field has been left open to the real ambassadors of jazz understanding, such as the *Jem* mastermind, is that some of the old ambassadors have deserted us. I was reminded of this the other day when I spent close to seven hours trying to read the first chapter of a recent book, *Seeds of Hope in the Modern World*.

It may be brilliant and enlightening, but it was seven leagues over my head, an obfuscatingly obscure philosophical tract with what must surely be an extremely limited potential audience. Perhaps somebody will translate it into English. Or, better still, lure its author, Barry Ulanov, back into the jazz world, where for so many years he was one of the most valuable—and the most readable and lucid—observers of the scene.

* * *

TAIL FEATHERS: Why does Gov. Edmund Brown of California always remind me of Benny Goodman? . . . Why does Benny Goodman always remind me of Sol Yaged? . . . Sudden thought: "Not Clear" is an anagram of the name of a noted tenor saxophonist. . . . Can anyone help me pro-

vide a rhythm section for the all-star band I'm trying to assemble (on paper only) using big-name musicians? All I have to date is a brass section: Thomas Jefferson on trumpet and Abe Lincoln and George Washington on trombones.

* * *

Outstanding disc jockey goofs (authenticity not guaranteed):

"And now Thelonious Monk plays one of his most beautiful ballads, *Rudy, My Beer*."

"This next number is *Mirage for Miles*, featuring the soulful horn of Paul Flute."

"This new Johnny Mathis release was given to me personally by his Bossa Noga."

* * *

Here's the kind of thing that can drive you out of your record library: when you're filing LPs, do you file Memphis Slim and Bumble Bee Slim under M and B, or both under S?

* * *

Overheard on a purely mythical party line:

"Hello, is Nesuhi there?"

"Nesuhi who?"

"Ertegun."

"Oh. Ah, no, I'm afraid he's tied up at the moment with Cannonball."

"Cannonball who?"

"Ederle. Who shall I say is calling?"

"Mahalia."

"Mahalia who?"

("I'm sorry, your time is up.")

"Sorry who?"



AD LIB from page 10

Casino . . . **Johnny Griffin** will play six weeks in Scandinavia early this year . . . **Stan Getz** took a short vacation last month, suffering from neck and facial glandular disorder.

When guitarist **Charlie Byrd** toured Europe last month, he left his own group behind, traveled with saxophonist **Zoot Sims** and bassist **Chuck Israels**, and found local drummers as he went along . . . Pianist **Dick Katz** was a member of trumpeter **Charlie Shavers'** recent Metropole group . . . Canada Foundation scholarships were awarded to four musicians studying at **Oscar Peterson's** Advanced School of Contemporary Music in Toronto, Ontario. The grants went to **Charles Rollo** and **Michael Massey** of Toronto, **Stephen Sanders** of Seattle, Wash., and **Garry DeBoeck** of Calgary, Alberta . . . **Martin Williams** will teach a course in jazz at the New School for Social Research this spring.

The sessions run by drummer **John Lewis** at uptown Purple Manor are more than ordinary sessions, are well planned, have musicians' comfort in mind, and are attended by surprise

guests . . . The newest of New York jazz clubs is the Open End (77th St. and Second Ave.), where jazz has two separate nights. On Tuesday, until further notice, jazz is played by clarinetist **Sol Yaged** and friends. Sundays, **Bob Messinger** presents sessions from 4-10 p.m. **Jimmy Rushing**, clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre**, pianist **Toshiko Mariano**, and vibist **Walt Dickerson** already have appeared there. Saxophonist **Jerome Richardson** is scheduled for Dec. 23, saxophonist **Buddy Tate** for the week following. Trumpeter **Howard McGhee**, pianist **Walter Bishop Jr.**, and dancer **Bunny Briggs** will follow in weeks to come.

Trombonist **Slide Hampton** told European critics, during his recent tour, that he will add an alto to his octet during early '63 . . . **Charlie Mingus** did him one better in November, when he enlarged his group to 10 for a Village Vanguard appearance, with such as trumpeters **Snooky Young** and **Howard McGhee**, tubaist **Don Butterfield**, alto saxophonist **Charlie Mariano**, pianist **Jackie Byard**, drummer **Danny Richmond**, and trombonist **Quentin Jackson**.

Despite reports to the contrary, it is definite that **Aubrey Mayhew** is remain-

ing at Charlie Parker Record Corp. . . . **Jimmy Rushing** and **Helen Humes** are sharing an Impulse album. Most tracks are done singly, but two are with one another . . . **Vi Redd**, alto saxophonist and vocalist, did another record for Atlantic with **Dick Hyman**, organ; **Paul Griffin**, piano; **Grant Green**, guitar; **Ben Tucker**, bass; **Dave Bailey**, drums . . . **Count Basie** finally did sign with Verve, as long reported here, and celebrated that occasion with three November concerts at Long Island's Hofstra College, all benefits for the school's theater playhouse. And ex-Basie vocalist **Joe Williams** signed his own contract with RCA Victor, with a single record immediately released . . . United Artists' jazz a&r director, **Alan Douglas**, is in Paris recording European artists.

Late in November, **Tony Schwartz**, who uses a tape recorder the way an artistic photographer uses a camera (i.e., he produces a creative experience), had a program in the auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art. Among his exhibitions was a duet of his city and nature sounds played against in-person improvisations by **Jimmy Giuffre**.

Cornetist **Muggsy Dawson**, 31, died recently in New York City. He was

reared in Highland Park, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. When he was 20, Dawson was working with such Chicago jazzmen as **Art Hodes**, **Tut Soper**, **Volly DeFaut**, and **Frank Chace**. In addition to playing cornet, which he did in Bixian mode, Dawson was a talented painter. The cause of death was unknown; his body was returned to Chicago for burial.

Jazz in Japan, a television program shown in Germany and Japan and produced by **Joachim Berendt** from material gathered during his trip to the Far East in the spring, made headlines in the Japanese press. The high point of the show was a jazz fantasy revolving about a Japanese religious theme, *Matsuro No Genzo*. It is played first in a traditional Japanese manner, gradually taken into the jazz idiom by the **Shiraki Quintet**, and finally performed by a big band under the direction of **Nubio Hara**.

GREAT BRITAIN

Blues continue to attract Britons. The recent Rhythm and Blues U.S.A. package, which featured American blues artists **Memphis Slim**, **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry**, **T-Bone Walker**, **Shaky Jake**, **John Lee Hooker**, **Willie Dixon**, **Jump Jackson**, and singer **Helen Humes**, held at Manchester's Free Trade Hall, was an overwhelming success. Memphis Slim, in Europe for an extended tour, served as emcee. Since there was such a wealth of talent, each artist was restricted to only three or four numbers. Walker and Hooker were the hits of the evening.

Other visiting American artists have included **George Shearing**; the cast of *Black Nativity* (**Marion Williams** and the **Stars of Faith**, **Alex Bradford** and his singers), which has been very favorably received; **Dave Brubeck**, who embarked on a national tour with tenor saxophonist **Ronnie Scott**; American vocalist **Joy Marshall**, who recent married tenorist **Peter King**, a member of the **Tony Kinsey Quintet**; and the twin tenor team of **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims**, who were brought in to the **Ronnie Scott Club** for a month's engagement.

Plans are under way to bring **Ray Charles** and his show to England for a tour next year. The **Johnny Dankworth Orchestra** would come to the U.S. in exchange . . . Singer **Carole Simpson**, until now resident in the Establishment Club, will undertake appearances in Chicago, Washington, D.C., and New York City. Much of her material consists of original work by **Christopher Logue**, one of the earliest British experimenters with jazz and poetry.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Supraphon records has issued *Edmond Hall with Gustav Brom*, recorded while the clarinetist was in Czecho-

slovakia. Hall has been the only U. S. jazzman to visit the country since 1948 . . . A recent jazz concert at Prague's largest concert hall, Lucerna, featured small groups. The center of attraction at the event was a trio made up of **Honza Hammer**, 14, piano; **Mirek Vitous**, 15, bass; and **Allan Vitous**, 16, drums. Hammer is the son of **Dr. Jan Hammer**, who plays vibes and bass, and who is chairman of the Prague Jazz Club. The Vitous brothers are sons of former altoist **Pepik Vitous**, who at one time was a member of **Karel Vlach's** big band . . . Clarinetist **Ferdinand Havlik** and his group gave concerts in East Berlin recently.

BRAZIL

Atlantic records' **Nesuhi Ertegun**, in Rio recently to supervise **Herbie Mann's** latest bossa nova recording, said he considers young **Durval Ferreira** the best rhythm guitarist since **Freddie Green** . . . Saxophonist **Booker Pittman** recently recorded his first bossa nova album here for Polydor records . . . The first bossa nova LP recorded by a U.S. musician to reach Rio, **Sonny Rollins' What's New?**, was badly received by the Brazilian public.

Sergio Mendes' quintet gave a jazz recital recently in the auditorium of Rio De Janeiro's Economics School . . . Singer **Ray Charles** continues to be the best-selling U.S. record star in Brazil, with his latest LP, *I Can't Stop Loving You*, already registering sales of more than 10,000,000. Imported jazz LPs, by the way, sell for 3,300 cruzeiros, about \$5.50 in U.S. money . . . **Luis Orlando Carneiro**, jazz critic for *Jornal do Brasil*, is planning a jazz poll to select the best musicians of 1962.

MONTREAL

The Montreal Jazz Society has been presenting excellent sessions lately at La Tete de L'Art. **Pepper Adams**, **Jimmy Heath**, **Sonny Red**, **Paul Bley**, and **Toshiko Mariano** have been among the musicians seen and heard . . . The demise of the separate FM programming on the CBC-FM network meant the end of at least four jazz shows. Duplicate AM-FM programming locally is left with only a handful of shows.

Montrealer **Maury Kaye** played a gig at the Penthouse using Toronto drummer **Archie Alleyne**. They are on the way to a Manhattan date . . . **Steve Gibson**, **Milt Buckner**, and **Bill Doggett** have played recently at the Esquire Show Bar . . . **Miriam Makeba** sang at Her Majesty's Theater recently, as did **Joan Baez**. The **Weavers** are due in Dec. 9.

A Canadian firm, Trans World records, taped a **Ted Curson** session at La Tete de L'Art. The session will be leased to Prestige records, according to **Johan Kunst** of the Montreal Jazz

Society. Trumpeter **Curson** was backed by **Al Doctor**, **Maury Kaye**, **Charlie Biddles**, and **Charlie Duncan** . . . Pianist **Perry Carman** currently is leading one of Canada's very few big bands, at the Edgewater Hotel . . . Local modern clarinetist **Al Baculis** is doubling with a few Dixieland shows . . . Guitarist **Buck Lacombe** is using **Tony Chappell**, **Ronny Page**, **Gordie Fleming**, **Joe Christie Jr.**, **Yvan Landry**, and **Jack Styka** in a CBS French network show on Saturdays.

TORONTO

A week before the **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** appearance at the Town Tavern, **Jon Hendricks** arrived for a televised version of his *Evolution of the Blues*, starring himself, **Big Miller**, and **Eve Smith**.

After its three-week engagement at the Colonial, **Earl Hines' band** departed for London, Ontario, for two weeks and then returned to play opposite the **Salt City Six** for a jam-packed week. Other Colonial attractions that followed were the **Phoenix Singers**, **Jim Scott's** traditional jazz band, and a return date by the **Salt City Six**. Meanwhile, **Marian McPartland** (with **Steve Swallow**, bass, and **Pete LaRoca**, drums); **Joe Williams** with the **Junior Mance Trio**; and **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** were performing for Town Tavern patrons.

After the fall session of the Advanced School of Contemporary Music, faculty member **Phil Nimmons** and his jazz group, departed with a party of CBC entertainers, for a tour of North Atlantic Treaty Organization bases in England, France, and Germany, while the **Oscar Peterson Trio** headed west for nightclub engagements in Seattle, Wash.; Denver, Colo.; and a concert in Mexico City.

WASHINGTON

Singer **Ann Read** is winning new admirers at the Salon d'Blues at the Place Where Louie Dwells. And she receives excellent piano support from **John Eaton** . . . Pianist-singer-composer **Matt Dennis** became a stand-up performer during a stint at the Showboat Lounge in November after guitarist **Charlie Byrd** left for his European tour. Dennis' broken wrist was the reason. The Showboat's highly regarded **John Malachi**, who was with the **Billy Eckstine Band** in the early '40s when it included **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Charlie Parker**, handled accompaniment for Dennis, and for Matt's wife **Ginny**, with customary skill . . . Since the club has no listed telephone number and some visitors to the city have had some trouble locating the place: the Sump'n Else Lounge is located off Thomas Circle on 14th St. . . . Solo guitarist **Bill Leonhart** has moved from the Georgetown Inn to the Dupont Plaza Lounge.

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At long last, arrangements have been made with the musicians union to permit the excellent Air Force dance band, led by Lt. **Johnny Osiecki** and known as the **Airmen of Note**, to make an LP. The album will be produced by Columbia and sold in PXs and other service stores. **Woody Herman** and **Benny Goodman**, among others, have been enthusiastic about the band.

Tenor saxophonist and singer **Ted Efantis** is heading a new quartet on weekends at the Brickskeller on 22nd St. . . . Pianist **Tee Carson** continues with his trio at the Shoreham Hotel . . . What was once the 2011 Club (located in the basement of the Dunbar Hotel) is now the Caravana, specializing in Latin music, which now means, of course, the bossa nova.

NEW ORLEANS

Vernon's Restaurant has begun a new policy of importing modern jazz groups, the first of which was **John Coltrane's** quartet, with **McCoy Tyner**, piano; **Jim Garrison**, bass; **Elvin Jones**, drums. Coltrane's group was followed by the **Lou Donaldson Quartet**, with **Bill Hardman**, trumpet; **John Patton**, organ; **Ben Dixon**, drums. Vernon is negotiating for a December appearance by **Oscar Peterson**. The house band is led by tenor saxist **Roy Henderson** and includes bassist **Richard Payne** and drummer **Arthur Reed**.

The city's formidable roster of piano men was augmented last month by the return of **Fred Crane**, one of the original members of the **Al Belletto** group. Crane and former **Herb Pomeroy** drummer **Jimmy Zitano** left their co-operative combo to join **Al Hirt's** band here. Hirt's long-time pianist, **Ronnie Dupont**, is playing a single at the 10 Down Lounge on Canal St.

The police crackdown on B-drinking in the French Quarter is believed to be the cause of some strip clubs switching to or incorporating jazz attractions. The Mardi Gras Club has hired **Bill Matthews' band**, and **Murphy Campo's Jazz Saints** are sharing a bill with strippers at the El Morocco.

Mayor **Victor Schiro** officially declared a Jazz Museum Week in November, honoring the museum on its first anniversary. An alumni band from the Waifs' Home (now Milne Boys' Home) performed at special ceremonies, and **Peter Davis**, band director at the home for the last 50 years, presented the museum with the bugle first played by **Louis Armstrong** at the home in 1913. The museum had received Armstrong's first cornet last April.

Drummer **Paul Ferrara** joined **Mike Lala's** Dixie crew at the Famous Door . . . Guitarist-bassist **Bill Huntington** is playing with clarinetist **Tony Mitchell** at the Fountainbleu . . . **Lee Johnson**, a

drummer from Biloxi, replaced **Ron McCurdy** in **Al Belletto's Four More** at the Playboy . . . Pianist **Stanley Mendelson** was featured with the **Burke-Crawford-Fergusen Band** in a Dixie concert at the Royal Garden.

DALLAS

The Dallas Theater League is back in the jazz concert business. **Duke Ellington** appeared at a November one-nighter. He and **Billy Strayhorn** carried on a two-man show for 1½ hours waiting for the rest of the band, which had been given wrong directions to Southern Methodist University's auditorium. The league also presented **Al Hirt** in early December in his first visit here in more than a year.

Probably the most successful jazz club in town is the Levee, which has been open for two years. **Ed Bernet's Dixie-land Seven** is the house band . . . The Lower Society of Basin Street brought in clarinetist **Matty Matlock** in mid-December at the Chalet. Matlock followed a two-week stint there by **Jack Teagarden** . . . The Longhorn Ranch presented blues men **Bobby Blue Bland** and **B. B. King** in December, while **Les Brown** played what will probably be his last appearance at the Hi Ho Ballroom.

CHICAGO

Dizzy Gillespie is now playing his tilted trumpet again. The horn, stolen during a theater engagement here in August, 1961, was returned to him during his recent three-day stand at the Cinestage Theater. And the return of Gillespie's instrument was about the only good that came from **Mike Todd Jr.'s** initial jazz venture at the Cinestage. The 950-seat theater was not even half filled at any of the six concerts during the Thanksgiving holiday weekend. Lack of proper promotion—the first ads appeared in local newspapers the week of the concerts—was at the root of the bad showing, according to several observers. **Joe Williams** with the **Junior Mance Trio** shared the bill with the Gillespie quintet, which now has **Kenny Barron** on piano in place of **Lalo Schifrin**.

Stan Getz is scheduled to appear at **Frank Fried's** Triangle Production two-show jazz concert on Dec. 29. Also on hand for the Orchestra Hall event will be the **Cannonball Adderley Quintet** and **Oscar Brown Jr.** Getz also will give a concert at Northwestern University on Dec. 22 . . . Pianist **Dodo Marmarosa** cut another album for Argo recently . . . **Franz Jackson's** Original Jass All-Stars have been playing Saturday nights at the Red Arrow . . . **Max Roach** flew in from Detroit for a stormy one-nighter at the Gate of Horn recently. In the group with the drummer were trumpeter **Ira Sullivan** and bassist **Donald**

Garrett. The session was under the guidance of **Joe Segal.**

Trumpeter **Gene Shaw** (known as **Clarence Shaw** when he recorded with **Charlie Mingus** in 1957) brought his quintet back to the Lake Meadows Club for a month's engagement. The group's first Argo album, *Breakthrough*, is due to be released soon . . . Local blues fans have found joy in the return of harmonica player **Jimmy Cotton** to the **Muddy Waters Band** at the Club Alex. Cotton had been hospitalized—the victim of a stray bullet fired in a club where the Waters group was working some months ago.

Gene Ammons will not be heard in public for some time. The tenor saxophonist was sentenced recently to serve two to 10 years in the state penitentiary for possession of narcotics. Ammons was arrested on the charge in Joliet, Ill.

LOS ANGELES

Nineteen-year-old drummer **Mike Romero**, discovered by **Lionel Hampton** here, joined Hampton's new band in New York. Romero is an alumnus of the Drum City School of Percussion and cut his professional teeth with the **Terry Gibbs Quartet.** Local jazzmen have been hailing his drumming for at least two years.

The **Paul Horn TV** documentary, *The Story of a Jazz Musician*, will be telecast here Jan. 9 over KTTV. The syndicated show is slated for national distribution and is to be shown on different dates on various stations throughout the country and overseas . . . **Kent Larsen** laid aside his trombone temporarily to take over string bass chores with the **Alvino Rey** group for a couple of months while the **King Sisters** lay off. Larsen is a regular brass man with the singing quartet's accompanying jazz group.

Capitol records is swinging more and more into a jazz groove, if in a rather unexpected manner. Completed are albums by pianist **Jimmy Rowles** and trumpeter **Jack Sheldon**—and both sets showcase the jazz singing of the two in addition to featuring their instrumental prowess. Sheldon has been singing in public for years, but the Rowles vocal bit is a real eye-opener. Guitarist **Jack Marshall** conducted and arranged the Sheldon session . . . **Fred Astaire's** Choreo records is going to have to find a new name; the present label conflicts with a Dallas, Texas, waxery catering to dancing schools. And they better find a new name soon because, according to drummer-executive vice president **Jackie Mills**, the company's distributor, MGM records, is withholding funds until the situation is straightened out . . . Correction: **Ernst Toch's Quintet For Piano and Strings**, featuring **Andre Previn**, is

in release on Contemporary records' Composers Series, *not* on the Society for Forgotten Music label as previously stated (*DB*, Dec. 6).

When composer **Elmer Bernstein** led the band during a recent football game between UCLA and USC here, he had three sitters-in for performances of music from *Man with the Golden Arm* and *A Walk on the Wild Side*, films which Bernstein scored. The guests at the hip game were **Shorty Rogers**, fluegelhorn; **Bud Shank**, alto saxophone; **Shelly Manne**, drums . . . Songwriter-producer **Arthur Freed** again has been named to produce the 35th annual Academy Awards Presentation at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium on April 8. This will mark Freed's fourth consecutive year as producer of the event.


Composer-arranger **Allyn Ferguson** and radio-TV producer **Hugh Heller** formed their own production company here, Heller-Ferguson, Inc. The company will turn out musical thematic material for the broadcasting industry. Ferguson's big band is still in dry-dock

SAN FRANCISCO

Oakland pianist **Lonnie Hewitt** has quit the **Cal Tjader** combo to form his own group, which probably will be a trio that will include the leader's singing as well as instrumental jazz.

Clare Fischer, a noteworthy composer and arranger as well as a distinctive pianist, was to be Hewitt's replacement when the Tjader group resumed operations at the Black Hawk after the club's usual Christmas vacation shutdown. Hewitt, 27, who joined Tjader in February, 1959, after **Vince Guaraldi's** departure, was so exceptional a singer during his teenage years that he was offered a seven-year classical voice scholarship in Italy. Rather than face this long separation from home, the youngster turned down the offer.

The **Merrill Hoover Trio** and singers **Mary Stallings** and **Don Washington** were featured at a benefit party staged by the Berkeley chapter of the Committee on Racial Equality . . . **George Shearing** announced he'll play a benefit for Guide Dogs for the Blind, Inc., when he completes the intensive course of instruction at the San Rafael center. Training of Shearing's dog included exposure to jazz as well as loud applause and other interruptions that occur in night clubs.

Although there has been no official word from Monterey, reports are that next year's jazz festival staged there will be held Sept. 20-22. It's also said that the ruling powers have decreed no one will be allowed to enter the fairgrounds without a ticket for the festival arena. This step, which was not unexpected, is designed to forestall further incipient riots such as occurred last fall. 

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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; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Count Basie, Joe Williams, Nipsey Russell** to 1/20.
 Birdland: **Dinah Washington** to 1/2.
 Branker's: **Grant Green, t/n**.
 Brownie's La Marchal (Brooklyn): jazz, Thurs.-Sun.
 Central Plaza: sessions, Fri.-Sat.
 Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): sessions, Tues.
 Condon's: **Tony Parenti, t/n**.
 Embers: **Ahmad Jamal** to 1/5.
 Gaslight (L.I.): jazz, wknds.
 Half Note: **Art Farmer** to 12/23. **Zoot Sims-Al Cohn**, 12/25-1/16.
 Junior's: jazz, wknds.
 Kenny's Steak House: **Herman Chittison, t/n**.
 Metropole: **Lionel Hampton** to 1/1.
 Lincoln Center: **John Lewis**, 12/28.
 The Most: **Chuck Wayne, t/n**.
 Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison, t/n**.
 Open End: **Sol Yaged, Tues. Jerome Richardson**, 12/23. **Buddy Tate**, 12/30.
 Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
 Room at the Bottom: **Wilbur DeParis, t/n. Barbara Dane** to 1/10.
 Take 3: **Louis Brown, t/n**.
 Town Hall: **Ornette Coleman**, 12/21.
 Village Gate: **Larry Adler, Paul Draper, Odetta**, to 1/3.
 Village Vanguard: **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** to 12/31. **Lennie Bruce**, 1/3-31.

TORONTO

Colonial: **The Millionaires** to 1/5. **The Victorians**, 1/7-19. **Brayman & Leonard**, 1/21-2/2.
 First Floor Club: **Don Thompson, Rob McConnell, Wray Downes**, wknds.
 George's Spaghetti House: **Bill Goddard**, 1/7-12. **Moe Koffman**, 1/14-19. **Alf Jones**, 1/21-26.
 Hotel Park Plaza: **Jackie Davis** 1/7-3/2.
 House of Hombourg: modern jazz groups, wknds.
 Town Tavern: **Carol Sloane**, 1/7-19.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony Spair**, Mon., Fri.
 Heidelberg Sky Room: **Jimmy Amadio, t/n**.
 Latin Casino: **Peggy Lee**, 2/25-3/10.
 Pep's: *unk*.
 Picasso: **Johnny Walker, t/n**.
 Red Hill Inn: **Maynard Ferguson**, 12/29-31.
 Show Boat: *unk*.
 Sunnybrook Ballroom (Pottstown): name bands, Sat. nights.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: **Vince Fabrizio, t/n**.
 Brickskeller: **Ted Efantis**, wknds.
 Bayou: **Joe Rinaldi, hb**.
 Bohemian Caverns: **JFK Quintet, hb**.
 Charles Hotel Dixieland Lounge: **Booker Coleman, hb., wknds**.
 Dupont Plaza: **Bill Leonhart, t/n**.
 Jazz Mecca: *unk*.

Mayfair Lounge: **Will Bill Whelan, Wally Garner**, Fri.-Sat.
 Place Where Louie Dwells: **Ann Read, John Eaton, t/n**.
 Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd, John Malachi, t/n**.
 Sump'n Else Lounge: **Lawrence Wheatley, Donna Jewell, t/n**.

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: modern jazz, wknds.
 Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt, t/n**.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 Dynasty Room: **Armand Hug, t/n**.
 El Morocco: **Murphy Campo, t/n**.
 Famous Door: **Mike Lala, t/n. Santo Pecora, t/n. Leon Prima, Sun., Tues.**
 French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain, t/n. Leon Prima, Mon.**
 Mardi Gras: **Wild Bill Matthews, t/n**.
 Music Haven: **Ellis Marsalis, t/n**.
 Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, t/n. Marvin Kimbell, Wed.**
 Pepe's: **Laverne Smith, t/n**.
 Playboy: **Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, The Four More, Snooks Eaglin, hbs. Rusty Mayne, Sun.**
 10 Down: **Ronnie Dupont, t/n**.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
 Vernon's: name jazz groups. **Roy Henderson, hb**.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Boh Scoey, Art Hodes, t/n**.
 Club Alex: **Muddy Waters**, wknds.
 Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray, t/n**.
 Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Weds.-Sun.**
 Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt, t/n. Franz Jackson, Thurs.**
 London House: **Peter Nero** to 1/6. **Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, hbs.**
 McKie's: **John Coltrane** to 1/6.
 Mister Kelly's: **Dick Gregory, Ruth Price**, to 1/6. **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hbs.**
 Orchestra Hall: **Cannonball Adderley, Oscar Brown Jr., Stan Getz**, 12/29.
 Playboy: **Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Billy Wallace, hbs.**
 Sahara Motel: **John Frigo, Thurs., Fri.**
 Sutherland: **Ramsey Lewis, Redd Foxx**, to 1/6.
 Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier, t/n**.

MILWAUKEE

Tunnel Inn: **Dick Ruedebusch** to Jan.
 Column's Room: **Les Czimer, hb.**
 Tina's: **Chet Christopher, hb.**
 Mr. Leo's: **Bev Pitts, hb.**
 Celebrity Club: **Will Green, hb.**
 Polka Dot Club: **Bobby Burdette, hb.**
 Clock: **Claude Dorsey, hb.**
 Doll House: **Ace Hill, wknds.**
 Darlene's: **Ray Johnson, Mon.-Fri.**



LOS ANGELES

Aldo's: **Frankie Ortega, t/n**.
 Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): **Hank Messer, t/n**.
 Blue Port Lounge: **Bill Beau, t/n**.
 Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell, Southland Seven, t/n**.
 Gazzari's: **Kellie Greene, t/n**.
 Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Johnny Lucas, Original Dixieland Blue Blowers, t/n**.
 Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.**
 Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner, t/n**.
 Intermission Room: **Three Souls, t/n**.
 Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell, t/n**.
 Jester Room (Stanton): **Doug Sawtelle, The Uptowners, to Jan.**
 Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): **Johnny Lane, Arthur Schuff, t/n**.
 Knickerbocker Hotel: **Ben Pollack, t/n**.
 Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey, hb. Guest groups, Sun.**
 Marty's: **William Green, t/n**.
 Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
 Michael's (East Washington): **Johnny White, t/n**.
 Montebello Bowl: **Ken Latham, t/n**.
 Mr. Adams': **Curtis Amy, t/n**.
 Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh, Weds.-Sun.**
 P.J.'s: **Eddie Cano, Trini Lopez, Jerry Wright, t/n**.
 Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette, Tues.-Sun.**
 Red Tiki (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.**
 Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, t/n**.
 Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis, Victor Feldman, Al McKibbin, 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. Frank Rosolino, Tues. Paul Horn, Weds. Teddy Edwards, Thurs. Sun. afternoon concerts.**
 Sheraton West: **Red Nichols, t/n**.
 Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer, t/n**.
 Sinbad's (Santa Monica): **Betty Bryant, t/n**.
 Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
 Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, t/n**.
 Tender House (Burbank): **Joyce Collins, Chuck Berghofer, Sun.-Mon.**
 Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue, t/n**.

SAN FRANCISCO

Bit of England (Burlingame): **Don Alberts, Sun.**
 Black Hawk: **George Shearing** to 2/3. **Dizzy Gillespie**, 2/5-24.
 Blue Mirror: **Earle Vann, wknds.**
 Burp Hollow: **Frank Goulette, wknds.**
 Beer Keg: **Clifford Thornton, wknds.**
 Derby (Redwood City): **Jack Millar, Geneva Vallier, wknds.**
 Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, t/n**.
 Embers (Redwood City): **Manny Duran, Faith Winthrop, Jo Ryder, wknds.**
 Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez, t/n**.
 Fairmont Hotel: **Louis Armstrong, 1/10-30.**
Billy Eckstein, 1/31-2/20.
 Ginza West: **Dick Salzman, wknds.**
 Gold Rush (San Mateo): **Lionel Sequeira-Con Hall, Sun.**
 Jazz Workshop: **Ben Webster-Jimmy Witherspoon** to 12/31.
 Mesa (San Bruno): **George Lee, wknds.**
 Mr. Otis: **Jim Lowe, wknds.**
 Pier 23: **Burt Bales, t/n., plus Frank Erickson, wknds.**
 Sheraton-Palace Hotel: **Pat Yankee's Confederates, t/n**.
 Sugar Hill: **Virgin Island Steel Band** to 1/26. **Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee**, 1/28-2/9.
 Left Bank (Oakland): **Pat Britt, Sun.**
 Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Willie Francis, Wed.-Thurs. Flip Nunes, Fri.-Sat. Jack Taylor, Sun. Al Zulalca, afterhours.**
 Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi, t/n**.
 Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): **The Naturals, Mon.-Tues. Bernie Kahn, Wed.-Sun.**
 Ti-Tones (Redwood City): **Sammy Simpson, t/n**.

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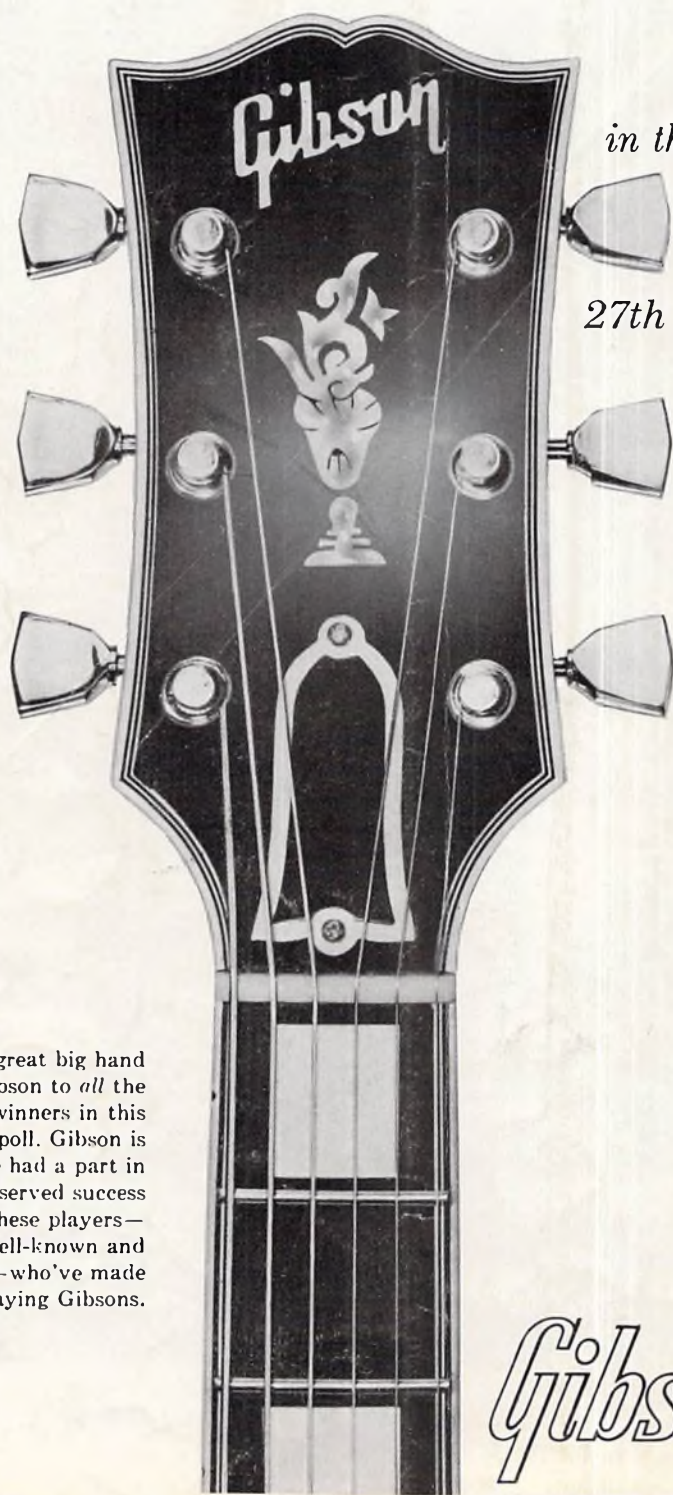
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3. Jim Hall*
4. Barney Kessel*
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6. Herb Ellis*
7. Grant Green
8. Johnny Smith*
9. Freddie Green
10. Laurindo Almeida*
11. Jimmy Raney*
12. Tal Farlow*
13. Les Spann*
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