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ANNUAL REED ISSUE

*The Development Of
The Alto Saxophone*

Spotlight On Saxophonists:

- Russell Procope
- Pepper Adams
- Roland Kirk



Roland Kirk



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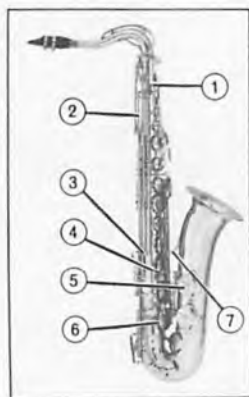
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Cover photograph by Joe Alper

THINGS TO COME: Friedrich Gulda is well known as a concert pianist. He has dabbled in jazz for some years, however, even to the point of recording a trio album some years ago. Early this year, though, he began sitting in at various New York City clubs, playing not piano but baritone saxophone—and putting forth controversial ideas about what was wrong with jazz. Be sure to read his views in the June 6 *Down Beat*, on sale May 23.

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*Copper Venetian Salver. detail. Circa 1600.



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If Friedrich Gulda Is Right: JAZZ HAS HAD IT!

The June 6 Down Beat goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, May 23

Chords & Discords

No Oversight Intended

I have been a reader of your fine magazine for some time, in particular Father Wiskirchen's *Jazz on Campus* column. For some reason he has neglected to notice the work of California State Polytechnic College's dance orchestra, the Collegians. The school is well known for the fine engineers and agriculturists it turns out but even more so for the fact that it has a 15-piece dance band in a school where a music minor was started only this school year.

The band was established in 1936 under Harold P. Davidson and this year is composed of three trumpets, three trombones, five saxophones, and four rhythm. The group puts in six hours of rehearsal a week and features a driving, swinging big-band sound, with arrangements by Quincy Jones, Marshall Brown, Gene Roland, Ernie Wilkins, and Barry Larson, a former drummer who is now an electronics engineer.

The academic majors of the band's personnel range from electronics and architecture to animal husbandry and biological sciences. The Collegians recently completed a five-day tour of the San Joaquin Valley, staging in high schools and colleges 18 concerts and a dance before some 20,000 people.

As a graduating senior and the Collegians' guitarist for five years, I hope in the future some recognition will be given our work.

Gerald Gillivan
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

Backstage Comment

Overheard at a recent concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra during a discussion by some of the musicians:

"I hope jazz stops becoming so academic."

"That's why I stopped buying any new records. I guess I'm stuck with my Charlie Parker records."

"It doesn't have the heart it used to have."

"Some say art is cyclical and returns to its roots. I suppose there's still hope for jazz."

"God, I hope so. I'm in real need of some old common soul."

A lot on the outside are aware of jazz. How many inside?

Donald F. Bates
Lynn, Mass.

Hodes' Union Column

Art Hodes' piece about the musicians union (*Sittin' In*, April 11) was sincere and to the point—and long overdue. I hope officials of the various locals throughout the country will receive reprints of this article. . . .

Marian McPartland
New York City

Feature The Greats

Congratulations for your article on Paul Gonsalves (*DB*, Feb. 28). More of our classic greats should be given the spotlight in your magazine. They are proven jazz-

Not one of these drummers played Rogers 4 years ago



IRV COTTLER



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men who are more really the makers and representatives of the music than many youths who claim to be the "messiahs" of jazz. Many thanks for the article.

Tommy Vig
Las Vegas, Nev.

Healthy Response

The response to the article on the Institute of Jazz Studies (*DB*, Feb. 28) was very encouraging, and the officers and directors of the institute would like to thank the many people who wrote in and even donated old 78-rpm recordings and literature on jazz. (Most of them did not realize that their gifts were tax deductible.)

We feel very strongly that these documents of Americana should be preserved for future students of our culture.

Marshall W. Stearns
New York City

Disappointing Discussion

The discussion, *The Need for Racial Unity in Jazz* (*DB*, April 11), presupposed that need and degenerated into a trifling collection of mutual compliments. It was a disappointing and far less challenging discussion than the earlier one with Abbey Lincoln, Max Roach, et al.

David Gitin
Buffalo, N.Y.

He's Here Again

Hi, gang! Big Freddy Schreiber again! Every week or so, after I get through listening to myself on one of our (Cal Tjader) records, I usually read the latest copy of *Down Beat*, and I have been digging George Crater's ebullient and ingratiating remarks about me. He said I will make a comeback in 1973. However, I think it will be much sooner than that, because, for one thing, I've just received a telegram informing me that I won the 1963 *Field and Stream* Jazz Poll on bass, and I placed second in the *Woman's Home Companion* poll.

Also, I am about to form my own group, which will have some new and exciting sounds. Part of the group will consist of some great, undiscovered female jazz talent. First of all, I have a young chick from Burning Privy, Idaho, named Amanda Reckonwith, who plays nutty alto. Then I have a gal from Soulville, S.C., named Rachel Prejudice, on trombone, who is a gas. The other girl member is from Kansas City, and her name is Sybil Rights. She plays boss trumpet and doubles on tuba.

The rhythm section has a kid from Walla Walla, Wash., on piano. His name is Felix Cited. Our drummer is from Morocco, and his name is Baron Wasteland, and, of course, I'm on bass, doing my usual superb playing.

My manager, Daryl B. Morticome, promises lots of good bookings, and I have a friend (yes!) in France named Arturo Verseas, who is going to get us a European stint. So, things are looking pretty good for me. Now if I can just keep the rest of the group as humble as I am, I know we can make it big.

Freddy Schreiber
San Francisco, Calif.

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STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

The troubles of the Jazz Arts Society's New York School of Jazz (*DB*, Feb. 28), mostly involved with volunteer teachers and, apparently, a lack of co-ordination between founding organization and school faculty, are now, according to the school, thoroughly straightened out. The school's dean, **Ugo DiDio**, resigned, and the curriculum is now directed by a six-man departmental governing board consisting of **Louis Mucci**, **Rheet Taylor**, **Hal Stein**, **Herbert Deutsch**, **Hank Edmonds**, and **James White**. **Christopher Elliott**, president of the society, said of the school, now with 154 students, "The curriculum has been revised to bring out to the fullest extent the creative potential of these teenage students. We want the school to serve as a laboratory for the development and presentation of musical ideas through individual expression and group participation."

Quincy Jones is in Tokyo to participate in a television show to be filmed there with **Vic Damone** and **Al Hirt** for later showing here . . . **Jimmy Rushing** and **Tony Bennett** sang with the **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet** at its Half Note opening. **King Hassan II** of Morocco was in the audience . . . Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** now is a regular at the Sunday sessions at the Cinderella Club . . . Junior's bar has jazz all week long, currently being played



JONES

by pianist **Don Friedman** . . . In April **Gene Krupa** celebrated his 25th anniversary as a band leader. In 1938 the drummer made hisandleading debut at Atlantic City's Steel Pier . . . *The Connection* closed in April after five years of playing off Broadway . . . **Walt Dickerson's** quartet now includes pianist **Austin Crowe**, bassist **Malik A.**, and drummer **Andrew Cyrille** . . . **Count Basie** will be in a Sultan-Worth produced movie, *One More Time*.

The **Rev. Eugene Callander** of the Church of the Master has begun a series of Sunday night jazz workshops that so far have featured **Charlie Mingus**, **Donald Byrd**, **Clifford Jordan**, **Willie Jones**, and **Thelonious Monk** . . . A new jazz group is at the 125th St. Palm Cafe. The group is led by drummer **Clifford Dukes** and includes **Frank Haynes**, tenor saxophone; **Fielder Floyd**, trumpet; **John Hicks Jr.**, piano; **Ronald Boyken**, bass . . . **Pearl Bailey** and husband **Louis Bellson** were robbed of \$35,000 in jewels in a Washington, D.C., motel . . . **Joe Wells'** new Garden Supper Club (2249 Seventh Ave.) has expanded its jazz policy and will include a jazz attraction within each over all production. The current attraction is the **Patti Bown Trio**.



KRUPA

The town of Landskrona, Sweden, will celebrate its 550th anniversary this summer. One of the big events in what will be called *Festival '63* is a jazz festival, Aug. 2-4 . . . The Scottish Jazz Festival will be held at the Palace Grounds in Hamilton, Scotland, on June 1. Most of the artists are English—**Acker Bilk**, **Kenny Ball**, and **Humphrey Lyttelton**—but **Buck Clayton** will represent the United States.

Paul Winter is everywhere in the news. Playing all through the West during March, his sextet has 30 college dates dur-

(Continued on page 44)

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May 23, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 12



NICHOLS

Capabilities yet to be realized

FOUR MORE ADDED TO 1963 DEATH LIST

The music world was saddened anew by the recent deaths of four musicians, two of them jazz veterans with long, substantial careers behind them, another an accomplished modernist whose capabilities and promise had yet to be fully realized, and the last a respected society bandleader of many years' standing.

On April 12, three weeks after being admitted to Kingsbridge Hospital in New York City, pianist Herbie Nichols died of acute myelocytic leukemia at 8:45 a.m.

Born Herbert Horatio Nichols in New York City on Dec. 3, 1919, he was recognized as one of the early modern musicians. He had begun piano lessons at 9, was a student at City College of New York by the time he was 15, was a close compatriot of the thorny Thelonious Monk, and was off in the fields of accompanying and/or accommodating to any musical bent shortly after World War II.

To those who knew him, he was a large, cheerful, seemingly casual man who showed much of his musical mettle in a series of 1955 recordings for Blue Note records. These three discs, long unavailable, must remain his sole legacy to the jazz world.

He was, as one printed obituary read, "a quiet, unassuming, sensitive young

man who made music his life work."

Nichols is survived by his parents, a sister, and a brother. He was buried in Farmingdale on Long Island.

Eugene H. Sedric (Gene to most), highly regarded clarinetist and tenor saxophonist and long a popular figure of New York City's latter-day Dixieland scene, died there April 3 of various internal complications, aggravated by diabetes. He had been ill for many months prior to his death.

He was born in St. Louis, Mo., on June 7, 1907, and began playing professionally in 1922, having studied privately under the stimulus of his ragtime-piano playing father's work. He made his debut with Charlie Creath's band. Work with Fate Marable on Mississippi River riverboats followed, and then began a long period of big-band playing with various groups, primarily the band of Sam Wooding, with whom Sedric toured Latin America and Europe.

In 1934, after a brief stint with Fletcher Henderson, Sedric began a happy association with the late Fats Waller on record and on the road, appearing on most of Waller's best records. Upon Waller's death in 1943, Sedric formed his own group, but illness forced its dissolution.

Returning to musical activity in 1945, the clarinetist worked with Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Hackett, Mezz Mezzrow (in France), and from 1953 with Conrad Janis' New York-based group.

Sedric is survived by his widow.

One of jazz' venerable figures, trombonist Edwin B. (Eddie) Edwards died

Ambassador Jazz

That jazz and its practitioners are among this country's best ambassadors was shown once again during Cozy Cole's recent State Department-sponsored tour of Africa.

Following is an excerpt from a report by officials at the U.S. embassy in Dakar, Senegal:

"After a free afternoon performance [by Cole and his jazz review], 500 Lycee students were so appreciative they taxed themselves 50 francs each to purchase African gifts for each member of the troupe. Cozy [through the United States Information Service] presented a set of encyclopedia to the school library.

"At another performance at the University of Dakar, cheering students, who one week prior had sent fiery telegrams to President Kennedy condemning the U.S. for aggressive acts against Cuba, gave the troupe their most rousing and enthusiastic approval. . . . The group accomplished its mission to a high degree."

in New York City April 9 at the age of 71.

Born in New Orleans on May 22, 1891, Edwards played in numerous ragtime bands mostly in that city until the organization of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (with Tony Spargo, Nick LaRocca, Larry Shields, and Henry Ragas). The ODJB was the first group to make jazz recordings (in February, 1917) and attracted widespread attention to the music.

The ODJB attained its greatest success at Reisenweber's, a New York restaurant-club, during World War I. The group toured extensively in this country and abroad, popularizing both jazz and its early classic compositions, *Tiger Rag*, *Clarinet Marmalade*, *Livery Stable Blues*, *Fidgety Feet*, and *Sensation Rag* among them.

The ODJB broke up in 1925, when Edwards organized his own band. He worked extensively with society bands in New York City during the 1930s and '40s and toured with the reorganized ODJB in 1936-7 and his own version of it in 1943-4. In recent years he had played only infrequently.

He is survived by a son, three sisters, and four grandchildren.

An orchestra leader most often associated during his long career with the more plush hotels, Ted Straeter, 49, died in New York City on April 2, after an operation for a perforated esophagus.

The leader had worked for many years with singer Kate Smith and was in many ways one of the few rivals to the late Eddy Duchin in the popular society dance-band and elaborate-hotel supper-club field.

PAINTING AND JAZZ MIX IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY

As current novelists are prone to point out, anything can happen in posh Westchester County in Connecticut, where high-powered business executives go to salve souls of the evening in the homes bought by the sweat of those souls.

But, in recent years, jazz has reared its head all over the county, and there are any number of Westchester squires who try their hands and horns at that music, or patronize the number of irregular sessions performed by professionals in the major townships in the area. In other words, Westchester has confronted jazz, at least as a kind of entertainment.

Thus, it was no surprise that artist Leonard Ruben's first one-man show, consisting entirely of paintings on jazz, was held in Westchester, in the Vassos Gallery, Silvermine Guild of Artists, Inc., New Canaan, Conn. A surprising

400 persons appeared for the opening of the show, a few suggesting that they didn't like jazz but all in the company of obvious jazz fans, plus visiting jazzmen Dave Brubeck and Benny Golson.

Ruben works for his living among the advertising firms, but, like many of his brethren, he began as a painter, hoping for a career in fine arts. He was, in his own words, "an abstract expressionist until a year ago or so. Then I



KEN DENNE

VIEWERS AND PAINTING
Jazz is essentially the man himself

began looking for something else, and, among other things, I stumbled onto jazz."

Stumble is hardly the word. Ruben has long been interested in the music. He remembers that his early interest was in traditional jazz and swing. "But," he said, "I went into the Army during the bop days, and when I came out, I found a whole new world of music. Now it's to the point where I really don't care for any of the earlier jazz."

As a valve trombonist, formerly a trumpeter, he classifies himself as "a hard bopper. I like guys like Art Blakey, Freddie Hubbard, and Ted Curson." And he believes that the group with which he rehearses weekly in New York City, and which occasionally plays in Westchester, is best described in that way.

"Except," he said, "they're all so much better than I am."

What proves interesting in light of this and the paintings hung at the show is that a man who espouses the modern in music and was, until recently, painting along with the modern in the art field, has now approached jazz in what he styles "impressionistic representation."

Essentially his work is a representation of a musician—sometimes a recognizable person. He does not attempt to portray the music, as others have done who have been attracted to jazz. He said the music called jazz is essentially the man himself as he plays.

CALVIN JACKSON TELEVISION SERIES WILL FEATURE BIG-BAND TRIBUTES

Rehearsing with Calvin, a new 39-week television music series featuring pianist-composer Calvin Jackson, was sold recently for syndication to 20th Century-Fox Television.

Created by Cal-Al-Don Productions, the series is being filmed at NBC-TV studios in Burbank, Calif. The first show to be completed, and the pilot for the series, is devoted to the music of George Gershwin.

Others to follow will be devoted to other composers, motion picture music, and to tributes to 12 bands from the swing era of the 1930s and '40s. The orchestras selected are those of Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey, Jimmie Lunceford, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Les Brown, Stan Kenton, Boyd Raeburn, Count Basie, Claude Thornhill, Woody Herman, and Ted Heath.

The studio orchestra arranged and conducted by Jackson for the series is not the regular NBC staff organization but a hand-picked group of jazzmen.

Executive producer of the series is Albert Saporoff. Don Davis directs.

JAZZ PROMINENT AMONG NARAS NOMINATIONS

Jazz recordings have never been as well represented as they are this year in the annual National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences list of nominees to receive that organization's honor awards, the Grammys, awarded May 15.

This is the first year that a jazz artist, Stan Getz, has been associated in eight categories of nominations. Most of the Getz-associated nominations are for *Desafinado* and *Jazz Samba*, the album from which the former came, both coled by the tenorist and guitarist Charlie Byrd. The *Desafinado* performance or the album are nominated for record of the year, album of the year other than classical, best jazz performance by a soloist or small group, and best album cover other than classical.

Getz' album *Focus*, written by Eddie Sauter, was nominated for best original jazz composition and best instrumental arrangement, as was Quincy Jones' *Quintessence*. The tenorist's *Big Band Bossa Nova* album won nominations in categories for best jazz performance by a large group and best performance by an orchestra for dancing, as did Jones' *Big Band Bossa Nova*.

Ray Charles won nominations for record of the year (*I Can't Stop Loving You*) and album of the year (*Modern Sounds in Country and Western*). *I Can't Stop Loving You* also is among the nominees for best male solo vocal performance, as is Mel Tormé's *Comin' Home, Baby*.

Other nominations in the jazz cate-

gories include:

Best jazz performance by soloist or small group: *A Taste of Honey*, Eddie Cano; *Nat King Cole Sings*, George Shearing Plays; *Tijuana Moods*, Charlie Mingus; *Undercurrent*, Bill Evans-Jim Hall; *Viva Bossa Nova!*, Laurindo Almeida; *West Side Story*, Oscar Peterson.

Best jazz performance by a large group: *Adventures in Jazz*, (also named for a best-engineered award), Stan Kenton; *Carnegie Hall Concert*, Dizzy Gillespie; *First Time!*, Duke Ellington-Count Basie; *The Legend*, Count Basie; *Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall*; *Walk on the Wild Side*, Jimmy Smith.

Best original jazz composition: *Cast Your Fate to the Winds*, Vince Guaraldi; *Desmond Blue*, Paul Desmond; *Quintessence*, Quincy Jones; *Sounds of Hatari*, Henry Mancini; *Tijuana Moods*, Charlie Mingus; *Tunisian Fantasy*, Lalo Schiffrin.

Two albums by the Modern Jazz Quartet were nominated for best album cover: *The Comedy* and *Lonely Woman*.

UNION PENSION PLAN HURTING LIVE MUSIC, JESS STACY SAYS

The live music business in Los Angeles clubs has been "ruined," and those to blame are both the club operators and the policies of musicians union Local 47.

This is the statement of veteran jazz pianist Jess Stacy who lives in Hollywood and in recent years has been active as a solo pianist in restaurants throughout the Los Angeles area.

Recently Stacy told *Down Beat* that the combination of club operators and union officials "is too much to buck" if one is a working club musician.

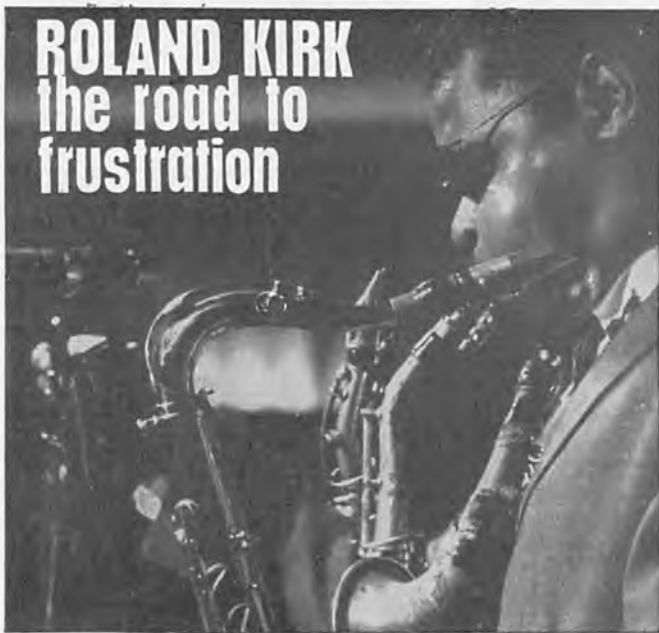
"The union's pension fund," declared the pianist, "is just not being bought by the clubowners. They refuse to make the payments required for the musicians they hire. So they either hire less musicians and pay less into the fund or they cut out live music altogether."

Stacy said the pension fund, by alienating the employers, is not doing the working musician any favors, either now during his sometime employment or when time for retirement comes.

"But it's not only the union, of course," he complained. "It's the owners and the people you play for too. They're supposed to be listening, but they couldn't care less. That goes for the owners too. I played for one night with a Dixieland band recently, and I discovered that the club operator had stuck thumbtacks in the piano hammers. For that good old ricky-tick sound. . . . It was the last straw. I didn't go back the next night."

A solution? "The ball is rolling now," Stacy said. "How you going stop it?"

ROLAND KIRK the road to frustration



By DON DeMICHEAL

THE ROW OF A jazz musician is not easily hoed. Frustration and curbing of musical self-expression lie at every turn. A jazzman trying something out of the ordinary invites an even greater amount of frustration. And blindness is a never-ending series of frustrations, large and small. A blind jazz musician attempting to gain acceptance by performing in a wildly different manner—like playing three horns at once. . . . Well, simply stated, Roland Kirk knows frustration's face well.

Sightless since he was 2 ("I think a nurse put too much medicine in my eyes, and my mother didn't find out about it until too late"), Kirk has struggled for a good many of his 27 years to gain recognition for himself and his music, much of which is played simultaneously on tenor saxophone and two antique reed instruments, the manzello and the strich. That he has gained some of the recognition he seeks is evident in his winning the new-star miscellaneous-instrument category of the 1962 International Jazz Critics Poll and one of the miscellaneous-instrument awards in the 1962 *Down Beat* Readers Poll—no mean achievement for one known nationally for little more than two years.

But Roland Kirk goes further back than that.

I first came in contact with him about five years ago when I was a musician in Louisville, Ky. It was not an altogether pleasant contact. He came to town, and word soon got around to watch out for Kirk because he played two horns at one time and was prone to blow a siren whistle every so often; he stomped his feet and rocked back and forth, and if he got a chance to audition for your job, kiss it goodbye. A tough act to follow, you see. Perhaps in reaction to the commercial possibilities he had and we lacked, most musicians decided he was some sort of a freak.

"The first time I went to Louisville," Kirk said recently in Chicago, "I was using drums and organo [a device attached to a piano to produce the sound of an organ]. This fellow Lester Belgrade, who had the Top Hat Club, told the guy who booked me in, 'Yeah, I'll take him for a week or so, but if something good comes up in the meantime, I'll let him go the first night, 'cause I know this can't be much.' They really thought we were going to play some circus music. When we opened, the people went for it, and then

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"Okay," he agreed, and launched into his solo. Kirk played louder; so did the trumpet man. Finally, Kirk, in utter disgust, stopped and began elbowing his way across the stage, past the musicians, and toward the steps leading from the high bandstand. He didn't seem aware—or if he was, he didn't care—that he was on the edge of the stand and one false step would have sent him crashing to the floor five feet below.

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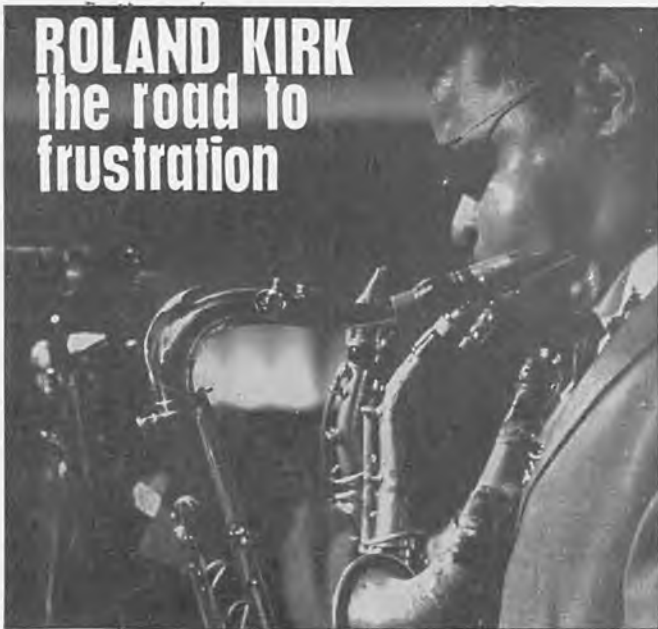
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night. But after I played, he asked me if I wanted to make another one of his sessions. He told me I would be able to work pretty regular; so I moved to Chicago and stayed for about a year."

Then things started happening rather fast.

"While I was making the record for Argo [a session that also featured Sullivan], Jo Berendt asked me to come to Germany for a tour," he said. "We worked it out, and later I toured Europe for three weeks. When I was on my way there, I stopped in New York and sat in a couple of places and got accepted pretty good.

"After Europe, I worked around Cleveland for a few months, and during that time I had this record date for Prestige. While I was in New York making that record, I sat in with Mingus at the Five Spot. This was something I'd always wanted to do, to meet Mingus. That night he was playing piano. He dug me right after the first number—he was hollering. After the gig, he rode me around in his car and asked me did I want to make a thing with him at Birdland that October [1961]. I accepted and gave my notice in Cleveland. After the Birdland gig, I stayed in New York. I worked with Mingus for about three months."

Following his stay with Mingus, Kirk began working across the country with his own group. A Mercury recording contract came his way. He impressed thousands at jazz festivals, including last year's at Newport. More work. A good-selling single of *You Did It, You Did It* helped things along. Then came the poll victories and growing acceptance among both critics and listeners.

BUT FRUSTRATION continues, some of it stemming from other than musical sources.

For example, a great frustration, one not unique to him but shared commonly by the blind, is the tendency of sighted persons to treat those without sight as if they did not exist.

"People who can see have a funny way of addressing a blind person," he said. "Like me and my wife go into a restaurant—it drags me to have the waitress say, 'Sit him down over there.' Like a dog. If I have a bill to pay, and I'm with someone, the cashier will say, 'His bill is such and such.' And if I jump up and say, 'Tell me!' they get mad. If I've got change coming, they'll give it to somebody with me instead of to me. It's a drag."

Another nonmusical frustration is home town. He said he seldom goes back to Columbus because no one seems aware of what he has accomplished since he left there.

"They come up to me and say, 'What're you doing?' not 'How're you doing?'" he said, explaining that this proves to him they have no idea of his success and, thus, a lack of interest in him or his music.

But it appears that the greatest frustrations come from those who say he's a gimmick merchant and want to know why he finds it necessary to play more than one horn at a time.

In answer to the why-three-horns? question, Kirk said he hears it that way, for one reason. He cited precedents for one man's producing as much sound as he is able. He told of an African drummer who tied a small drum on his head so he would have it close at hand while playing other drums, this way being able to make more percussion sounds. This drummer told Kirk about an African flutist who played a second flute with his nose, leaving his mouth free to play the main flute.

Kirk has used this maneuver. While soloing on flute, he sometimes places the song flute in his nostril and plays both instruments simultaneously.

More annoying is the charge that he indulges in gimmickry.

"People don't realize some of the things that are going on," he said, not without a trace of anger. "They just take

the surface of it. Take the thing Coltrane and them have done—they say it came from Indian music. I play an intermission thing very close to that, but if people'll listen, they'll find that what I'm doing is even closer to Indian music."

At this, he hooked the manzello and tenor on a thick neck strap he devised to hold his horns and demonstrated what he meant.

By being able to blow air through his horns while breathing in through his nose (he stores the air in his stomach and cheeks), he is able to sustain a note, a drone, on the manzello while playing melody with the tenor—which is a combination of sounds, drone and melody, found in Indian music.

This breathing trick makes it easier for him to play fugues on two horns, which he likes to do in the style of the Spanish classical guitarist Andres Segovia. His mastery of this breathing method also allows him to construct long, unbroken passages when he is soloing with just one horn.

Then he picked up the strich. With the three horns, he played various chords, pausing to explain the intervals he was using. He played part of his composition *Reeds and Deeds*, in which he produced a sound very much like the Duke Ellington reed section's, with the lead, played on manzello, slurred in the manner of Johnny Hodges. He has included it in his new album, titled after the composition.

Then he returned to demonstrating the held-note-plus-melody method.

Between demonstrations, he said, "I can keep this one note going and play other things, but in order for the people to hear it, I've got to play something down to earth, like *The Campbells Are Coming*, with the tenor while I play the drone with the manzello.

"I've gotten arguments from musicians that the drone's not going on, but you can hear for yourself that it is."

And it was. But wasn't he limited by being able to work only the upper tenor keys?

"No," he replied, "because you can get into quarter tones. Listen. . . . Or I can go all over the horn [with false fingering]. I can play a full scale, and I don't have to play in only one key, either.

"I'm explaining all this to show you that playing two, three horns is no gimmick. It *is* musical, but people have to take the time to listen to it."

More and more are.

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PHOTOS/LEE E. TANNER



THERE IS something professorial about him. He is inclined to tweeds, usually a little rumpled. Brown-rimmed glasses and an extremely high forehead give him a look of perpetual slight surprise, and he seems to be peering at things intently, trying to figure them out.

He is Pepper Adams, and there is nothing professorial about him except his intelligence and his catch-all brain, one of the most retentive in jazz.

He is a holdout. One could call him a rebel, except that it doesn't quite fit. He seems like a conservative—but that doesn't quite fit either, because what he is conserving is rebelliousness—at a time when most jazzmen have lost it.

Most men of his generation have gone into the studios in search of decent livings with which to raise their families. Adams stays on the road and struggles to make ends meet. A married man wouldn't be able to do it, but Adams at 32 seems to be a confirmed bachelor.

"I admit my attitude is unusual," he said recently. "I'm in the business because I like music. If you can't play music, why be in the business?"

"That's the one reason I've never settled in New York. I require a forum from which to play. In other words, if something like Donald Byrd's little band came up, I'd go out with it immediately. It was a starvation band, but it was a good one."

The reference was to a group with which Adams played for a couple of years. It was billed as the Donald Byrd-Pepper Adams Quintet. It never made money, and Byrd went into debt trying to keep it going. Those who heard it—and too few people did, which is why it went under—thought it was one of the most stimulating groups in the business.

It is significant that Adams refers to it as "Donald's group," when it recorded under their two names. Thus far, Adams has been disinclined to assume the responsibility of leadership. In this he is like Paul Desmond—a star soloist who has never *really* wanted his own group. For years Adams was willing to play Desmond to Byrd's Dave Brubeck. But Byrd doesn't have a group now—he is teaching at the High School of Music and Art in Manhattan—and so Adams is on his own. Inevitably, he's *thinking* of forming a group. "Thad Jones and I have been discussing the possibility for years," Adams said.

And that, too, is significant. Jones is from Detroit. Whenever Adams mentions a musician with whom he has close rapport, that musician is probably a fellow Detroiter, as Byrd is. The Detroiters in jazz have a curious local loyalty. Hearing one of them talk, one would think that jazz was invented in an abandoned tool shop of the Ford Motor Co. and that no one but Detroiters had really got the hang of playing it yet.

The Detroit group includes the Jones brothers (Hank, Thad, and Elvin), Tommy Flanagan, Paul Chambers, Barry Harris, Billy Mitchell, Lucky Thompson, Kenny Burrell, a reed man named Bill Evans who saved everyone a lot of confusion by changing his name to Yusef Lateef, and one Sylvester Kyner, who quite understandably changed his name too—to Sonny Red.

Why do they stay so closely in touch with each other? Partly it is because they are old personal friends—Adams and Byrd, for example, have been close since their middle adolescence.



"But it isn't only a personal thing," Adams said. "You find a lot of similarity in the Detroit players. They're all good, thorough musicians who know what they're doing. And you'll notice that they're all players with a strong personal conception."

"I think you'll find, too, that all the Detroit players are very proficient in their knowledge of chords. That doesn't necessarily mean that they're chordal players, but they do have this knowledge."

Adams, it will be noted, is the only white member of the Detroit School. (Donald Byrd once said dead-pan to an interviewer: "Pepper and I met in the midst of a Detroit race riot." The interviewer dutifully wrote it down.) In the period when Adams was growing up, he found himself attracted musically to what young Negro musicians in Detroit were doing—and ignored by most of Detroit's white musicians.

"I find even to this day," Adams said, "that saxophone players in the Stan Getz vein are offended by my playing. Not that they necessarily find it good or bad—just offensive."

"Harry Carney and economics influenced me to play baritone. I was working in a music store when I was 15, and I had a chance to buy a good used baritone cheap."

Carney, whom Adams met when he was 12, influenced him in the sound he uses—"specifically, in the breadth of sound."

"It is a sound that fits better the character of the instrument," he said. "But it also fits better what I want to do. You have a pretty wide-open field with the saxophone. Who is the authority for what is the correct sound? You can listen to Prokofiev's *Cinderella Suite*, played by the Moscow Symphony, with Prokofiev conducting, and hear in the tenor solo a sound that is laughably bad. But it is what Prokofiev wanted—the intention is humorous—which is often the case with saxophone in classical orchestras."

"Coleman Hawkins' sound fit what he wanted to do, and Lester Young's sound—even though it got him laughed out of the Fletcher Henderson Band when he first came to New York—fit what he wanted to do."

"My sound fits what I want to do."

"It's easier to get mobility with a lighter baritone sound, similar to that of tenor. If you play a fast run with a full sound, it's likely to sound like a run on the piano with the sostenuto pedal down."

"To make the run clear, you have to lightly tongue every note—to get the proper separation of notes. If you were doing it on tenor, or playing with a lighter baritone sound, you would not have to tongue it; the keys would articulate for you, generally speaking. The need to lightly tongue the notes makes the timing element more critical."

"You know, if you're used to baritone, and you pick up a tenor, it sounds so damn shrill you scare yourself. It's not all psychological, either—the sound coming back to you lacks some of the overtones, and so it's lighter than the sound someone out in front of you is hearing."

"When Wardell Gray and I worked together in Detroit, we used to trade instruments. It worked very well, because we got used to each other's horns. Also, we used very similar mouthpieces and reed setups."

THE EARLIER likening of Adams to Paul Desmond was not casual. There is something oddly similar about them, in their attitudes to work (both would prefer

simply to walk onstage and play in a good group, the responsibility for which is in someone else's hands), in their scholarship (both are voracious readers), in their politics (both are saddened Stevensonian Democrats, though Adams these days is revealing his Detroit nationalism in calling himself "a Walter Reuther Democrat"), and even in their persistent bachelorhood. Neither has ever broken his ties with his home town: although both live in Manhattan when they're off the road, they maintain mailing addresses at their parents' homes—Desmond's in San Francisco, Adams' in Detroit.

But they are most alike in their humor, which is discursive and shot through with improbably obscure references. They have never met, yet the following nonstop passage, elicited by a question about Adams' background, could, in its style, have come from Desmond:

"Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* states that I was born in Highland Park, Ill. I was really born in Highland Park, Mich., which was discovered when I was inducted into the Army in 1951. I went to the Detroit city hall for my birth certificate and was advised that I didn't qualify. I evidently had not been born in Detroit, as I had always assumed. By simple deduction, I arrived at the conclusion that I must have been born in Highland Park."

"Highland Park is one of two enclave communities which are bounded on all sides by Detroit, except where they are bounded by each other. The other is Hamtramck, fabled in Polish song and story and one record by Gene Krupa, who is also Polish."

"Hamtramck has no place in my chronicle, since I wasn't born there, but I thought you would like to know. I was, as I mentioned, born in Highland Park."

"Highland Park is something of a misnomer, since it is not a park and it is no higher than any of the rest of the flat land around Detroit. According to a Corey Ford book published in the 1920s, the lowest mountain in the world is Mt. Clemens, Mich., which attains a height of six feet above lake level."

"I regret that I was not born in Highland Park, Ill., as Mr. Feather's estimable encyclopedia asserts, because it is a somewhat higher-class community than Highland Park, Mich. Perhaps it is injudicious of me to make this observation. The city fathers of Highland Park, Mich., are a pretty salty bunch. They made Detroit detour a proposed expressway and go around them."

Adams' life in jazz also has been discursive. Recently, for example, he worked with Lionel Hampton for four months—"the longest I've been on a big band in about seven years." He was having trouble finding work; the slow withering away of jazz clubs had affected him as it has everyone else in jazz.

"Lionel had 12 straight weeks of work," Adams said. "I felt I owed it to my creditors to accept the job."

Since leaving the Hampton band ("it's more correct to say the band left me—Lionel went to Japan with a small group"), Adams has taken an apartment in New York, the first he has had anywhere in about three years. Does this indicate that he will at last follow so many of his colleagues into the studios?

"I wouldn't find any satisfaction in it," he said. "When I lived in Los Angeles, I was making all kinds of records and more money than I've ever had in my life. But as soon as I got my card in Local 47, I left, and I haven't been back since."

CLB

The Development Of Jazz Alto

By DON
HECKMAN

THE ALTO SAXOPHONE belongs to a family of instruments invented in 1846 by the Belgian instrument maker Adolphe Sax. Like all other saxophones, it is made of a conical brass tube topped by a single-reed mouthpiece. Although jazzmen usually think of them as such, saxophones cannot accurately be included in the woodwind family since they are made of brass. Nor are they variations of the clarinet, which has a cylindrical bore and is made of wood. The saxophone's conical bore gives it a fundamental note that is the same as the open pipe of the organ; this means that it "overblows" at the octave.

Certain technical problems are common to all saxophones—a tendency toward sharpness in the top register and a coarse, honking quality in the extreme bottom notes (excepting, of course, the baritone and bass, both of which have full low registers that are ideal for filling out the bottom of section and ensemble playing).

While the alto does not have the intonation problem of the soprano, there is nevertheless an unavoidable difficulty in maintaining a constant pitch relationship throughout the horn. Fortunately, this problem also has its positive side; because of it, the alto saxophone has a potential for tonal flexibility that gives it a startling array of novel sounds. Although there are no fingering problems that can compare with those facing the oboist and bassoonist, there is a difficulty with a few notes in the lower part of the instrument that are played with the two little fingers. Since the saxophone is basically an easy instrument to finger (but not necessarily to finger *well*), this is no particular handicap.

An interesting innovation has been the development by the Leblanc company of a saxophone that uses Boehm's acoustic principles and fingering techniques. Its most significant feature permits the player, by pressing a key with the third finger of his right hand, to lower all notes by a half-tone from F upwards. This means that, by the simple expedient of alternating this key back and forth, chromatic passages can be played by using regular diatonic fingerings. This could be a significant development and may have a profound effect upon the already brilliant saxophone technique—without any sacrifice of musicality.

Sax originally conceived the saxophone for use in the fashionable military bands of the 19th century, and this was its primary function during the first 75 years of its existence.

The alto seems to have had a special attraction for French classical com-

posers like Meyerbeer, Bizet, Massenet, among others. One of its most famous orchestral solos is the cantabile from Bizet's *L'Arlesienne Suite*. Other composers actually used saxophone sections—Richard Strauss employed a quartet in his *Sinfonia Domestica*, and Vincent d'Indy, in his opera *Fervaal*, used a quartet that included the rarely used soprano in Eb (pitched an octave above the alto), soprano, alto, and tenor.

More recently the saxophone, although hardly a regular member of the standard symphony orchestra, has appeared frequently in a wide variety of classical music.

The most important period in saxophone history, though, began around

ana area to use an instrumentation of trumpet and alto, or trombone and alto.

The first players, as might be expected, played solos in a clarinet or trumpet style, although reed man Garvin Bushell reported in a *Jazz Review* article hearing Coleman Hawkins playing a C-melody sax in Kansas City in 1921: "He didn't—as was the custom then—play the saxophone like a trumpet or clarinet." In New York the better-known alto players were Don Redman, Otto Hardwicke (who had come to New York with Duke Ellington in 1922), Buster Bailey (an excellent saxophonist as well as clarinetist), and, somewhat later, Johnny Hodges and Benny Carter.

Chicago had its own group of sax men. Stomp Evans and Joe (Doc) Poston—with Jimmie Noone—were two of the earliest. Bill Dohler, Boyce Brown, and Scoops Carry came somewhat later, with Carry eventually becoming one of the more experimental players of the '30s. C-melody saxophonist Frank Trumbauer was on the scene in the '20s, along with Frank Teschemacher, Barney Bigard, Darnell Howard, and Omer Simeon, all clarinetists who doubled alto.

In the meantime, a playing style was evolving in the traveling bands out of Kansas City that had profound effects upon the players. Since their ensemble work was strongly blues-based, usually played over a walking four-beat bass line and filled with improvised riff patterns, it was only logical that solo styles should begin to incorporate these elements. In the late '20s and early '30s Kansas City was a hotbed of swinging blues-oriented jazz of this type.

There was no shortage of good alto men. Buster Smith, with the Walter Page Blue Devils, as early as 1929 was demonstrating the germinal elements of Charlie Parker's style. His playing then and throughout the '30s had a certain timbral quality that is immediately reminiscent of Parker. Another altoist said to have influenced Parker, Tommy Douglas, led various bands of his own throughout the Southwest in the early '30s and '40s. Other fine altoists were active with most of the touring bands—Eddie Barefield with Bennie Moten, Eddie Vinson with Milton Larkin's band out of Houston, and Booker Pittman with Jap Allen, to name just a few.

THE FIELD was no less fertile in the Eastern bands. Here, however, many players were, by the early '30s, coming under the influence of Johnny Hodges. His playing is the first landmark in the history of the jazz alto, primarily be-



1920, when the instrument started to appear regularly in the jazz ensemble. The specific date of its first appearance in jazz has never really been ascertained but it was sometimes heard in New Orleans-type groups in the early '20s, usually in the form of tenor or baritone saxophone substituting for trombone, bass substituting for tuba, or alto and soprano substituting for clarinet.

Perhaps more significant to its eventual inclusion in most jazz ensembles was the fact that many stock pop-tune arrangements of the '20s included a saxophone duo or trio. It is very likely that early arrangers like Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman, in the course of their early exploration of big-band jazz, naturally went to this kind of grouping rather than to an expansion of traditional New Orleans front-line instrumentation of trumpet, trombone, and clarinet. The same is true of the early bands working out of the Kansas City area, although there seems to be some evidence that the saxophone came into even earlier use in the Midwest in small ensembles. It was not uncommon for groups in the Ohio-Kentucky-Indi-

cause he, like Coleman Hawkins on tenor, evolved a style that was natural to the instrument. This was in marked contrast to most of his predecessors, who rarely did more than adapt clarinet or trumpet techniques.

Instead of succumbing to the technical fireworks that are so readily available, Hodges learned to place his notes with rhythmic precision. Somewhat later, in the middle '30s, the tonal flexibility of the instrument was incorporated into his playing through the use of extensive slurs and glissandos. But it is difficult, in 1963, to tell whether the style came first and thus affected the sound of Ellington's saxophone section or whether the kind of writing Ellington was doing helped develop Hodges' style—probably some of both is true. In any case, for 15 years or so after its initial impact, the Hodges style, in one variation or another, was *the* style for the alto.

Contemporary with Hodges, and a parallel influence throughout the '30s, was the multitalented Benny Carter. His style was drawn from the same sources used by Hodges, but his specific effect upon other altoists was diluted somewhat by his activities as trumpeter, arranger, and bandleader.

Both Hodges' and Carter's influence upon their contemporaries undoubtedly was related to the fact that the alto was the lead voice in the saxophone sections of the big bands. Since few small groups were active at the time (except in the recording studios), it is understandable that the Hodges and Carter styles—full, rich, and flowing—should have become the dominant influences upon the alto saxophone playing of the period. Hodges' style in particular can be heard in the playing of all the important lead alto men.

There were, however, a few players who never quite conformed to the sophisticated precision of the Hodges approach. Possibly the small groups that were active in the Midwest throughout the '20s—groups that played a blues-based dance music and that frequently included alto saxophones in the front line—helped evolve the looser-swinging, hard-driving "jump" style best epitomized by Pete Brown and Buster Smith, and, somewhat later, by Louis Jordan and Earl Bostic.

None of these players, however, ever really assumed the influential stature of Hodges and Carter. They were, for the most part, the second-line influences that gradually helped to develop the alto saxophone style from slap-tongued, herky-jerky, clarinet-like improvisations to smooth, free-flowing ensemble and emphatic, blues-tinged solo styles. And the "jump" players, in particular, eventually were to have a profound effect upon the stylistic changes of the '40s.

Another, more significant, factor that was to affect the new players of the bop era was the special approach to sound, rhythm, and phrasing that was explored by Lester Young in the '30s. One of the most common criticisms made of his playing during his tenure with the Count Basie Band was that it was not truly in the tenor saxophone style (at least as represented by the major figure of the day—Hawkins) but sounded like an alto saxophone. In retrospect, Young's sound appears as natural to the tenor as Hawkins' was, perhaps more so, but it is easy to understand why, in a period in which saxophone styles were rich, florid, and highly ornamented, Young's unadorned, clean-lined lines should have seemed so unusual. There can be little doubt that his experience with such K.C.-based blues bands as Page's Blue Devils had a



significant effect on his playing style.

Amazing as it seems, the origin of his unique sound probably can be traced (as Young himself has suggested) to the C-melody saxophone playing of Frank Trumbauer. Pitched a whole tone higher than the tenor, with a correspondingly lighter sound, and played by a musician who frequently escaped the stereotyped rhythms of his contemporary saxophonists (and who was, undoubtedly, influenced himself by the playing of Bix Beiderbecke), there can be little doubt that the music of the C-melody in the hands of Trumbauer had a significant effect upon Young.

WHEN CHARLIE PARKER first appeared on the scene, he was viewed, with some justification, as a disciple of Lester Young. Actually, he was not so much a disciple of Young as he was a descendant — one who would expand Young's rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic concepts to a point that would have been unimaginable in the '30s.

After his first major recordings in the middle '40s, it became impossible for any alto saxophonist not to be

affected, to some degree, by Parker's music. The first of the new players demonstrated a remarkably quick grasp of the elements of Parker's style. Sonny Stitt, James Moody, and Sonny Criss were among the first.

But Parker's music was so filled with riches that it reached far beyond the direct stimulation of those players who adopted a similar style. Like a multifaceted diamond, Parker's playing shone in more than one direction and was many things to many people. Some heard only the piercing edges of a sometimes strident tone; others heard the warm, intimate intensity of his ballad style, in tunes like *Embraceable You* and *My Old Flame*. Some players never recovered from an exposure to Bird's startling technical virtuosity; others understood the convoluted lines of bop only when they were reduced to repetitious scalar patterns and introduced endless reworkings of these patterns into their own playing.

Parker's influence eventually divided into two general areas. The first, a reflection of his driving up-tempo style, produced, in the '40s, players like Stitt, Criss, and Moody. In the '50s new altoists appeared in an endless stream, with the music of Cannonball Adderley, Jackie McLean, Phil Woods, Charlie Mariano, Dave Schildkraut, Lou Donaldson, and Ernie Henry best surviving the test of time. More recent Parker-styled players include Frank Strozier, Lennie Morgan, and Hank Crawford.

Other altoists received a more general influence from Parker—one that was not based on his "hot" playing so much as on the quiet lyricism of his ballads. Undoubtedly the most original, and certainly one of the best, alto players of the period between Parker and Ornette Coleman, is the much-under-rated Lee Konitz. Equally stimulated by Parker and Lester Young, Konitz' playing style remains remarkably original. His harmonic perception probably is equal to Parker's and in some cases superior, but Konitz never approached the rhythmic vitality of the Parker school. Yet he was a major influence in his own right and must be considered the progenitor of such players as Paul Desmond, Bud Shank, Lennie Niehaus, and Hal McKusick.

Shank, of course, was one of the major participants in the West Coast jazz movement of the early '50s, but his playing is far surpassed by another West Coast altoist who was influenced in equal measure by Parker and Konitz—Art Pepper. More than most players, Pepper has shown a strongly individual stylistic growth throughout his somewhat erratic recording career. His most recent recordings, made in 1960, sug-

(Continued on page 38)

SO LONG HAS Russell Procope been a member of that resolute band of individuals that is the Duke Ellington Orchestra—for 17 years, almost to the month—that one tends to overlook his extensive and widely varied background as a jazzman.

Though only 55, his experience encompasses membership in a number of the most influential jazz organizations of the last four decades. He has been associated at various times with such widely divergent groups as those of Chick Webb, Jelly Roll Morton, Fletcher Henderson, Teddy Hill, John Kirby, Ellington, and Wilbur DeParis (this last for a six-week period in 1961 when Ellington was in Europe).

It was on a warm spring afternoon, a gentle breeze wafting the clamor of Chicago traffic up through the open hotel window, that the short, stocky altoist went back in memory over a lifetime filled with music making. He has known no other life, having been a professional musician ever since, as a teenager, he began gigging at taxi dances around his native New York City with neighborhood friends Benny Carter and Freddie Jenkins. He has never wanted for a job since.

Procope was born—"at a very early age," he quipped, laughing heartily—August 11, 1908, into a musical family. Both of his parents played instruments—his father, violin, and his mother, piano—and Procope recalls from his earliest years being greatly interested in music.

He started young. At 6 he and his older brother were given violins by their father, who coached the boys in the rudiments of the instrument. Lessons in the standard classical regimen

with two teachers followed. Russell progressed steadily until he was about 14, when he became interested in clarinet, having heard the Fletcher Henderson Band (with Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Green, Don Redman, and especially Buster Bailey in its ranks), which first drew his attention to jazz. The music enthralled him. (It may be significant that in recalling this situation he referred to this music as the "new thing." Surely the impact of the Henderson band then must have been quite as explosive as that of the young iconoclasts today.)

Persuading his parents to get him a clarinet, Procope joined a "cadet" band under the direction of one Lieut. Michael, who had succeeded Jim Europe as leader of the 369th Regiment Band. The cadet band had been organized to interest youngsters in learning music; later, hopefully, they'd move up to the senior band. The young violinist made the switch to clarinet with no difficulty, adding alto saxophone to his instrumental studies the following year, and by the time the band had disbanded about a year later, Procope was sufficiently adept to attempt to earn his living at music.

He soon found a niche in the five-to 12-piece bands playing for taxi dances and various dancing "schools" around the city. It was in these bands that he sought to master the playing of jazz.

"The dancing schools," Procope recalled wistfully, "would either make you or break you." The hours were not long, usually from 8 p.m. to midnight or 12:30 a.m., but the work consisted of uninterrupted playing. The dances were quite short, the band playing up to 30 tunes an hour. "But," he said, "it was a good experience, because you could exercise your ideas, find an outlet, and just blow." It was a place to learn, and learn he did.

For four years the altoist earned a passable living at this work; there were about 20 such schools in the area offering work opportunities to musicians, and many leading jazzmen—Webb, Henderson, Carter, Johnny Hodges—got their starts at these places. "Nowadays," Procope said with regret, "you don't have a proving ground like they were."

It was while working at one of the dance schools that Procope met and recorded with Jelly Roll Morton.

"It was around 1928," he said, pausing to fix the details in his mind before going on. "I remember because that's when I met [clarinetist] Omer Simeon, whose playing greatly impressed me. Morton took over the band I was playing with at one of the schools, brought in his own arrangements."

The flamboyant pianist had come

east from Chicago earlier that year, and the band he took into Victor's studios that December day was typical of several pickup groups with which he had recorded throughout the year. Procope and eight other New York jazzmen recorded four pieces—*Everybody Loves Baby*, *Red Hot Peppers*, *Deep Creek*, and *You Oughta See My Gal*—as Morton's Red Hot Peppers, playing the pianist's arrangements.

"Morton," Procope recalled, "was a great guy. He was very straightforward; he knew which way he was going all the time. He was a disciplinarian as far as his music was concerned; he always wanted things just so. And he wasn't



too bad a piano player either."

Procope returned to dance work, and in 1929 joined the Chick Webb Band, then performing at the Savoy Ballroom. He stayed a year before departing to join Fletcher Henderson.

An extremely fluent reader and a good section man, Procope was then beginning to attract attention as an exultant and driving altoist in the hot style. He remained with Henderson until 1934, acquiring both experience and a growing reputation as a solid, dependable, and increasingly individual musician.

"It seemed like Fletcher sort of bogged down after a while," Procope recalled as the reason for his leaving. "Then I potted around New York for a while, just jobbing around [mostly with Benny Carter], and then I joined the Teddy Hill Band. He had a very fine band at the time, and he had some pretty good guys in it—Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, Vic Dickenson; all good. I went to Europe with Hill in 1937. After

pleasures of professionalism

RUSSELL PROCOPE

we came back I quit to join John Kirby at the Onyx Club."

Bassist Kirby had organized the group Topsy-like only a short time before, but by the time Procope joined, the lineup had been solidified: Billy Kyle, piano; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; and O'Neill Spencer, drums. The sextet's brilliantly suave style, its airily subtle swing, and its clever (though never superficially so) arrangements of material from the classical repertory achieved for the group a considerable popularity and acceptance. By 1940 the band had its own network radio show featuring Kirby's wife, vocalist Maxine Sullivan.

It was an excellent, tightly knit band, its recordings regrettably absent from the LP catalog today, except for a couple or so tracks in Epic's *Swing Street*. A fine, representative 12-inch Columbia set has been out of print for some time now, and the Harmony *Intimate Swing* album, extracted from the Columbia, is likewise unobtainable.

The Kirby band was really a happy accident, Procope recalled. "It was like any other project that's successful," he said. "There's no formula; these things just happen. We had these people together, and it just happened. It wasn't planned at all.

"One thing about Kirby, though; he insisted on perfection, in a way; and, in fact, we all did. There was a real pride in the group. We all worked hard at it."

Procope remembered that before the group's success, the Onyx management let the band go, because Stuff Smith, to whom the club was committed, was bringing a band back into the club. Still, during this time, the Onyx paid the Kirby men half-salary on the understanding they would meet at the club every afternoon for rehearsals.

"We worked up a lot of stuff, really got the group together," Procope said, "while Stuff was working." After the violinist left, the band went back to work, and its success began to swell.

By 1942, it was all over. When the war started, both Kyle and Procope left for the service. Spencer died soon after, and Kirby found himself hard pressed to keep a group together. Finally, he gave it up.

Procope, as usual, found himself in musical surroundings even while in the Army.

"I never left home," he said. "Not only was I attached to a band, but I was stationed in New York City—up on 110th St.—playing at Army shows and bond drives in the area."

In 1945, he was released from service. Kirby then tried to re-form the sextet and duplicate its earlier successes. He took a group into the Copacabana following Nat (King) Cole, but things

just didn't seem to work out for him. Interest in the band's style had waned during the war—a new musical form had come to flower—and in the hectic postwar years Kirby himself no longer seemed interested in the group or in the struggle to keep it going.

"He'd get lost for weeks on end," Procope said of this period. "There'd be no jobs, and you couldn't find him anywhere—never knew where he was. Finally he just gave it all up and moved out to the West Coast."

The altoist went back to gigging. In November, 1945, Duke Ellington engaged him for a night's work.

"He asked me to play one night," said Procope. "They had this engagement in Worcester, so I played the night. I didn't intend to stay, but he said to me, 'Well, since you're here, you might as well play tomorrow night too.' So I played tomorrow night, and the next night, and after about a week I didn't say anything to him about staying or not staying. He didn't say anything either. But I liked it. I liked what was happening, and after 17 years I'm still here. I'm still playing that same night."

"As far as I'm concerned," he continued, "it's not at all complicated: it's just a matter of blowing. My whole life is playing, and I like what I'm doing with the band. I like Duke's music; it's original; it's different. And he does give you a chance to do what you can do. Everyone in the band gets a chance to contribute what he can to the over-all picture."

In pursuit of this topic, Procope added, "The particular sound of the band has been very instrumental in its success, and as a result, there are certain patterns Duke follows in making arrangements and scoring his music. So, naturally, you would have to more or less conform to the over-all picture. Still in all, the contribution of each individual member of the band is accepted and taken into consideration."

The thing that makes the band what it is, however, remains the man Ellington. "After all," the altoist said, "it is Duke's writing and arranging that makes this band. And Billy Strayhorn too, but that's the same thing: he's been writing for the band so long that there's no real difference."

"Duke," he elaborated, "could pick up a pencil and write an arrangement and get any 10 or 15 people to play it, and the minute you heard it you'd know it was Duke's music, regardless of who's playing it. The sound is there; one chord, and you say it's Ellington. That's the success of this group."

"And it's only natural that if you play Duke's music long enough—what with his chord changes and its sound—

and if you have any adaptability at all, you'll come around to it, and you'll play it too. It'll become second nature."


THAT QUESTION of adaptability and flexibility is an important one with Procope, and he takes great pride in the thoroughgoing professionalism that has permitted him to fit in with each disparate group of which he's been a member—from Morton to Webb to Henderson to Hill to Kirby to Ellington, and, briefly, to Wilbur DeParis' essentially Dixieland-based group.

"Two years ago," he explained, "when Duke went to Europe for a while, I went down and worked with the Wilbur DeParis Band. I played clarinet and baritone—no alto—with them for six weeks, and it was pretty gratifying to me, because it was something I'd always wanted to do. I proved something to myself; not to anyone else—that wasn't important. But I always thought I could do it, and it worked out pretty well.

"I think I'm pretty flexible. I never really had played that sort of music that consistently before. It was a proper challenge. Wilbur told me, 'Don't just think of it as having to play Dixieland as such, because the scope is so much broader than that.'"

Further evidence of Procope's striving for a kind of perfection in his chosen profession is his statement about the recordings he's been on: "I never made a recording in my life that I didn't feel that if I did it again tomorrow I'd do it better. I've never been really satisfied; I always wish I could do it over again."

Procope is a cautious man. "I've never been a person to venture too far," he explained, "not because of not wanting to. That's just the way I am: you just don't pull up stakes, stop what you're doing, and try to do something else. I'd like to play different kinds of music—when you're with a big band you always want to play with a small one, and vice versa—I'd like to have my own orchestra and play my own music. In the back of my mind I'd like to play freer jazz—not overly arranged things—if I ever get the opportunity."

"Seeking is all right," he concluded, "but at the same time I don't lose sight of the fact that this is it, that I've got something good going here and now, that there are realities to be faced [like day-to-day living and a family to support, a home to be maintained]. I meet a lot of people who tell me what I should be doing, but they never have any concrete suggestions or ideas or offers, so until that happens or until I'm in a position to try something else, I think I'll just bide my time, absorb what I see and hear, and when that time comes, I'll just take a whack at it." 

record reviews

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

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

DOUBLE VIEW: STAN KENTON

Stan Kenton

ADVENTURES IN TIME—Capitol 1844: *Commencement; Quintile; Artemis; 3x3x2x2x2 = 72; March to Polaris; Septuor from Antares; Artemis and Apollo; Apercu.*

Personnel: Dalton Smith, Gary Slavo, Bob Behrendt, Merv Stamm, Keith LaMotte, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Newell Parker, Tom Ringo, Jim Amlote, trombones; Ray Starling, Dwight Carver, Joe Burnett, Lou Gasca, mellophoniums; Dave Wheeler, tuba; Gabe Baltazar, Don Menza, Ray Florian, Allan Beutler, Joel Kaye, saxophones; Kenton, piano; Bucky Calabrese, bass; Dee Barton, drums; Steve Dweck, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Following the initiatives of Max Roach, Dave Brubeck, et al., Johnny Richards has jumped on the odd-time-signature bandwagon with an ambitious eight-part concerto for orchestra. As is invariably the case with Richards, the writing is brilliant, the voicing skillful, and the craftsmanship impeccable.

Thematically, the work at times is strangely reminiscent of early Kenton of the Rugolo and even pre-Rugolo eras. The orchestration, too, has some of the fulminous quality often associated with this band in its definitive years. The main difference, of course, lies in the instrumentation. A 14-piece brass section is a mighty load for any band to carry.

The band, in fact, seems to have been operating in recent years somewhat like a limbo dancer. Just as the dancer has to wiggle through under a pole placed ever lower, so the Kenton orchestra has to swing under conditions gradually proscribed by bigger sounds, more complex charts, and now awkward time signatures.

I find it very hard to believe that 7/4, for instance, is a natural, logical, or desirable meter for jazz. Like any time signature, it can be used effectively for occasional contrast, but between the 7/4 and 5/4 and 3/4 and 6/8 passages here, it becomes difficult at times to tell where "1" is.

Similarly, one cannot get a clear picture of the solo talent; soon after an individual begins to take over, he is swallowed by walls of trumpets and mellophoniums and trombones and saxophones. Nevertheless, there are a couple of admirable passages by Gabe Baltazar's alto, and some attractive work by mellophoniumist Ray Starling on 3x3x2x2x2.

The soloist who stands out best is Kenton himself. His brooding, full-chorded style is well showcased in *Artemis*, a pretty theme that achieves at times a vaguely Claude Thornhillish mood.

By and large, of course, this being a concerto for orchestra, section and ensemble sounds dominate; to quote the liner notes, "huge blocks of sound encompass the listener. . . ." and "Baltazar's notelashing alto speaks out determinedly against the urgency of the horn-dominated brass section. . . ." Against these odds, however, Baltazar has to withdraw.

Despite the noted gravity problems, this is one of the Kenton band's more intriguing albums, as one can usually expect when Richards' pen is involved. For those mainly concerned with swinging and with blowing, this may be a 2½- to 3-star set; for students of orchestration and mass-scale experimentation, it deserves at least four; hence a compromise rating. (L.G.F.)

Stan Kenton

ADVENTURES IN TIME — Capitol 1844.

Rating: no rating

Kenton and composer Johnny Richards ought to receive credit for the year's most novel LP idea: a do-it-yourself movie scenario kit. Just put this disc on the turntable, sit back, and work up your own movie plot. All during this "concerto," for example, I was envisioning this rocket ship forced off its course by a strong gravitational pull and made to land on an eerie, desolate, uncharted planet. The crew members, exploring the chilling, alien landscape, are surprised and taken prisoners by a band of androids who are armed with rayguns and taken to the court of the statuesque Amazonian chick who rules the planet. She, of course, is dressed in this gold lame toga and wears a metallic head-dress emblazoned with some sort of cabalistic design. She's got eyes for the rocket ship, captain, and . . . you take it.

The Kenton band executes with considerable expertise the faintly exotic material Richards has concocted, but in the main it seems just so much misspent energy for all concerned. Other than as an exercise in different time signatures (5/4, 9/8, 7/4, etc.), there would appear to be neither rhyme nor reason for this extended "suite." The charts are pointless, flatulent, ponderous melanges of effects that serve no purpose and no apparent musical ends.

It's all bluff and bravado—Kenton at his most pretentiously trying. (P.W.)

INSTRUMENTAL

Gene Ammons

TWISTING THE JUG—Prestige 7238: *Twisting the Jug; Born to Be Blue; Satin Doll; Moten Swing; Stormy Monday Blues; Down the Line.*

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Joe Newman, trumpet; Jack McDuff, organ; Wendell Marshall, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Though there's plenty of meat-and-potatoes playing served up piping hot by Ammons and a slightly more graceful brand offered by Newman, this pleasant set does not escape the pitfalls of routine playing. Despite the addition of the trumpet as second horn, this is essentially a program of organ-backed tenor music such as one might hear in numerous bars and clubs across the country—a visceral, unreflective music that makes few demands of the listener and almost always seems more exciting than it really is.

The arrangements are of the most skel-

etal form: simple theme statements by the two horns leading into solos of usual fashion.

Ammons, however, is a master of the genre, and even though his playing here is not up to its highest standards, it is good. His warm ballad style is well displayed on *Born*, and the driving, blues-rooted approach he has made his own gets its best showing on the title piece, *Monday*, and *Down*.

Newman's more capering, lighter style affords pleasant contrast throughout, and he has an especially tasty spot on *Monday*, where Barretto's conga patterns point up the trumpeter's phrasing.

McDuff is an organist who has some idea of restraint; he feeds the soloists well without ever becoming obtrusive, and his own solos are flowing and well-constructed, as a rule. (P.W.)

Gary Burton

WHO IS GARY BURTON?—Victor 2665: *Storm; I've Just Seen Her; Fly, Time, Fly; Conception; Get Away; My Funny Valentine; One Note.*

Personnel: Clark Terry trumpet; unidentified trombone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Burton, vibraphone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; John Neves, bass; Joe Morello or Chris Swanson, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Burton's second album takes the glare of the spotlight off his vibes and spreads attention among a set of interesting arrangements and effectively integrated solos by Woods, Terry, Flanagan, and an unbilled trombonist who sounds like Bob Brookmeyer. In fact, aside from Burton, it is the trombonist who gets most of the solo space. And he does well by it, particularly with a big, lusty bit of blowing on the hard-driving *Get Away*.

Terry's main opportunity is on *Valentine*, on which he turns in a dark-timbred, beautifully developed solo.

Woods throws in an occasional warm and swinging alto solo and makes one strong appearance on clarinet.

Burton's playing is, as before, efficient and businesslike in general, but he also shows a promising ability to convey a sense of warmth. (J.S.W.)

Sidney Bechet

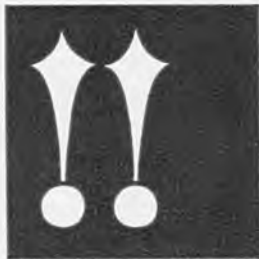
THE IMMORTAL SIDNEY BECHET—Reprise 6076: *Basin Street Blues; Frankie and Johnny; Dan les rues d'Antibes; Petite Fleur; Ole Miss; When You Were a Tulip; Chinatown, My Chinatown; Dardanella; Laura; Soprano Blues; When I Grow Too Old to Dream.*

Personnel: Bechet, soprano saxophone; Pierre Dervaux, Gilles Thibaut or Guy Longnon, Claude Rabanti, Jonah Jones, Claude Philippe, Marcel Bornstein, trumpets; Benny Vasseur, Jean-Louis Durand or Bernard Zacharias, trombone; Claude Luter, Andre Rewellioty, or Rene Franc, clarinet; Yannick Singery, Christian Azzi, Andre Persianny, or Eddie Bernard, piano; Claude Philippe, banjo; Roland Bianchini, Zozo d'Halluin, or Benoit Quersin, bass; Marcel Blanche, Michel Pacout, Moustache Galepides, or Jacques David, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

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acteristically expansive romanticism. Music pours from his soprano saxophone in a flood that is at times almost overpowering. Certainly it consistently overwhelms all those who are playing with him.

The first side, made up of concert performances, catches some of the electricity that flashes back and forth between Bechet and an audience. His response is evident in the extra lift that seems to enter his playing on these pieces. The studio selections on the second side are strong, capable Bechet, but the fire rarely burns as brightly as it does when fanned by an audience.

French concert performances of three of these pieces—*Frankie*, *D'Antibes*, and *Fleur*—were released in this country several years ago on two 10-inch Blue Note discs (7024 and 7025), but these are not the same recordings. Both in recorded sound and performance, the Reprise selections are better than the ones Blue Note issued, although all of them were recorded in the same year, 1952. (J.S.W.)

Ted Curson

FIRE DOWN BELOW—Prestige 7263: *Fire Down Below*; *The Very Young*; *Baby Has Gone*; *Bye, Bye*; *Show Me*; *Falling in Love With Love*; *Only Forever*.

Personnel: Curson, trumpet; Gildo Mahones, piano; George Tucker, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Montego Joe, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Curson is quoted in the liner notes: "I've been on 10 records—all avant-garde records. Now I want to show that avant-garde players can play with regard for melody."

The results are commendable. Curson gets along without the pocket trumpet this time, which is just as well; also, as he points out, he has avoided painting himself into the corner pocket of amelodic avant-gardism.

His sound and phrasing are at least the equal of anything he has done on records. There are many lyrical moments, notably in *Young*; colorful cooking in the title tune; and very few dull moments (*Forever* is the only track during which I found my attention wandering).

At least half the success of the set can be attributed to the rhythm section. Haynes instills unusual ternary variety into the pianoless 3/4 treatment of *Show Me*. Tucker supplies a solid and often original underline; Mahones swings tastefully, and Montego Joe's conga is a plus factor on the four tracks that include him. (L.G.F.)

Lou Donaldson

THE NATURAL SOUL—Blue Note 4108: *Funky Mama*; *Love Walked In*; *Spaceman Twist*; *Sow Belly Blues*; *That's All*; *Nice 'n' Greasy*.

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Donaldson, alto saxophone; John Patton, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is primarily a blues album, despite the inclusion of *Love* and *All*, and on its blues merits it must stand. Donaldson and Green, both noted for their fine blues playing in the past, are not at their best; each seems content to build his solos on the blues tracks with strung-together clichés. Now, it is true almost every musician uses traditional phrases when playing blues, but in Donaldson's and Green's cases it's a bit overdone, most of their invention juices having been dried by cooking.

Turrentine, on the other hand, spins out

more consistently fresh ideas than do the others, but even he, at times—most particularly on *Mama*—takes the easier way home.

This is not to say that the four blues tracks are not enjoyable—*Sow Belly* is very much so, with good solos and a really excellent bit by Turrentine. Still, there is that lack of freshness, a deficit made all the more prominent by the playing on the two standard tunes, relatively short tracks.

These two tracks make it clear that Donaldson and Green are not, at root, cliché peddlers, for both play quite inventively on these performances. Donaldson on *Love* and Green on both—his one chorus on *Love* displays more imagination than perhaps all his soloing on the blues takes, and his bridge solo on *All* is simply lovely.

Turrentine again proves his mettle on the standards, especially the way he dances through the first few chord changes of *All*, producing the most touching moment in the album. (D.DeM.)

Duke Ellington

AFRO-BOSSA—Reprise 6069: *Afro-Bossa*; *Purple Gazelle*; *Absinthe*; *Moonbow*; *Sempre Amore*; *Silk Lace*; *Tigeress*; *Angu*; *Volupte*; *Bunga*; *Pyramid*; *Eighth Veil*.

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Roy Burrows, Cootie Williams, trumpets; Ray Nance, cornet, violin; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Billy Strayhorn, Ellington, pianos; Ernie Shepherd, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For those who use the Ellington band of 1940-42 as a yardstick of his work, this first release under his new deal with Reprise, wherein he serves as his own a&r man, suggests that a resurgence is under way that might enable his current band to parallel the work of those vintage years.

One factor that could lead in that direction is the return of Cootie Williams, although he plays only a minor role in this set with two brief but characteristic solos.

More important is the solid, vibrant sound of the Ellington ensembles, the glowing vitality of the individual solo threads that weave through the arrangements, and the generally meaty quality of the arrangements themselves.

Ellington has gone back to placing emphasis on the sections, setting them off against each other for his typical coloristic effects, and using short solos as parts of an integrated whole. None of the pieces becomes merely a setting for a long solo.

In the process, Gonsalves is put in a much better light than he usually is on records. He is not required to grind away at a marathon solo but can show his warm, sensitive skill in a mood piece.

Hodges plays with a stronger, guttier quality than his showcase pieces normally allow. And Nance, possibly challenged by the return of Cootie (whom he replaced in 1941), blows one group of biting cornet solos, open and muted (a particularly noteworthy one is when he cuts in on top of Cootie on *Gazelle*).

The implication in the title that the record has something to do with bossa nova is pure sales-department balderdash. There is, however, a lot of Afro-Latin percussioning that gets to be a little op-

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pressive on the second side and reduces the over-all interest in an otherwise excellent set, a set that is not only provocative in itself but even more because of what it promises for the months ahead as Ellington settles into his new situation and, hopefully, continues his interest in having a band rather than a group of soloists. (J.S.W.)

Coleman Hawkins-Clark Terry

BACK IN BEAN'S BAG—Columbia 1991: *A Tune for the Tutor*; *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*; *Just Squeeze Me*; *Feedin' the Bean*; *Michelle*; *Squeeze Me*.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Major Holley, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The promise implicit in a conjunction of Terry and Hawkins is realized only sporadically on this disc. And even then it is not the two men in conjunction but one or the other as soloist that provides an incidental highlight.

It is almost incredible that as routine a set of performances as these could have been elicited from a pair of musicians as consistently interesting as Terry and Hawkins.

Of the two, Hawkins manages to come through most effectively, showing his strong, commanding style on *Tutor* and *Just Squeeze*.

Terry is way below par, and even his showcase piece, *Worry*, is only a shadow of what he usually can do with a ballad. But even below-par Terry and matter-of-fact Hawkins in an unimaginative blowing setting are a few notches above most products of this kind of date. (J.S.W.)

Prince Lasha

THE CRY—Contemporary 3610: *Congo Call*; *Bojangles*; *Green and Gold*; *Ghost of the Past*; *Red's Mood*; *Juanita*; *Lost Generation*; *A.Y.*

Personnel: Lasha, flute; Sonny Simmons, alto saxophone; Gary Peacock, Mark Proctor, basses; Gene Stone, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

An album like this (and there are sure to be others soon) forcibly demonstrates the impact Ornette Coleman has had on some of the younger jazz musicians, for almost everywhere the banner of the "new thing" has been taken up, though not always with the success that marks the playing of this West Coast group.

Flutist Lasha and altoist Simmons speak the new language with fluency and naturalness—so naturally and blithely, in fact, that it sounds as though they've both played this way all their lives. There is nothing forced or artificial about either their writing or their playing; both are stamped with inevitability. Further, there is a quality of wistful gentleness about their music that makes it immediately appealing and accessible. Yet the music is in no wise watered-down or tepid Ornette. Lasha and Simmons have assimilated the iconoclastic philosophies first espoused by Coleman and have made them their own, evolving their own voices in the process.

The eight compositions in the album possess the same logic of construction that marks Coleman's writing, and their angular beauty is carried over into the improvisations, which are very properly shaped by the thematic materials. (Most of the pieces seem to stem directly from Ornette's manner of writing, but several—most notably *Red's Mood*—have more than passing allu-

sions to Charlie Parker lines.) All the pieces are surprisingly melodic, graceful, if not out-and-out lyrical in their contours. I liked the churning intensity of *Ghost*, the sprightliness of *Bojangles*, and the sardonic humor of *Juanita*.

Lasha is the more conventional improviser of the two, and his dulcet flute work provides a refreshing contrast to the altoist's more blistering manner. Simmons, in fact, is very like Eric Dolphy in his approach to alto, flashing out long multi-note lines torrentially, as he does particularly on his two solo pieces, *Bojangles* and *Generation*. But his lines are generally less disjunctive than Dolphy's, and in this respect, he is closer in spirit to Parker. He plays with surging force on just about every one of his solo segments, and he gets considerably more solo space than does Lasha.

On five selections the bass team of Peacock and Proctor is employed (Peacock alone is heard on *Bojangles*, *Generation*, and *A.Y.*). It is a good effect, the two basses and Stone's drums setting up a boiling, thick-textured rhythmic backdrop for the soloists. The *Red's Mood* track offers a good demonstration of the work of the bassists, which generally pits a lighter, springy top line over a throbbing dark-toned one.

A very interesting, and highly stimulating, first album all around (P.W.)

Art Pepper

INTENSITY—Contemporary 3607: *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*; *I Love You*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Long Ago and Far Away*; *Gone with the Wind*; *I Wished on the Moon*; *Too Close for Comfort*.

Personnel: Pepper, alto saxophone; Dolo Coker, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album of standards is probably one of the last Pepper made before he was imprisoned a couple of years ago. While some of it is not up to the altoist's peak playing, this is very good jazz, nonetheless.

Perhaps the most striking Pepper characteristics here are his tone, phrasing, and rhythmic concept. All three can best be illustrated by the way he plays melody. Like Charlie Parker, Lester Young, and Billie Holiday, among others, Pepper is able to express himself while playing what at first sounds like straight melody. But he, like the others, shades and shapes the melody, emphasizing and deemphasizing certain notes, perhaps unconsciously displaying certain hidden facets of the tune and of himself simultaneously, turning the "melody" into a strong personal statement.

This stamp of strong personality—and the aforementioned characteristics cast the stamp—carries into Pepper's heated, sometimes tortured-sounding improvisations. There is little note-wasting, which gives his best work a surging urgency that, surprisingly, produces a poignancy that is moving in the extreme. His best comes forth on *I Can't Believe*, *Come Rain* (a touching performance in which Pepper conjures up a mood of despair much as Billie Holiday did in her late recordings), *Moon*, and *Long Ago* (his solo consists mostly of short phrases that come at the listener like bullets).

But the album has drawbacks too. *I Love*, *Wind*, and *Comfort* are below Pep-

per's best. As he seemingly goes through the motions of his best work, he sounds as if his mind were not on the matter at hand. And on *Wind* he hits a couple of stuck-fingers spots that are really surprising, considering whose fingers they are.

The rhythm section is very strong, certainly the type that Pepper's playing always needed for maximum effect.

Coker has some sparkling solos, the most interesting ones, to me, being the single-fingered excursions as opposed to the Red Garlanded splashing-chords ones.

Bond's bass lines enhance Pepper's playing on several tracks, even his weak ones, such as *Wind*. Bond also contributes a few well-conceived solos in addition to his section work.

Butler is consistently stimulating, his backing never letting up but also not getting out of hand, and his exchanges with Pepper are always musical, not mere technical fireworks.

As are all Art Pepper records, this is certainly well worth having. (D.DeM.)

Pee Wee Russell

NEW GROOVE—Columbia 1985: *My Mother's Eyes*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Red Planet*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *Moten Swing*; *'Round Midnight*; *Good Bait*; *Old Folks*; *Taps Miller*.

Personnel: Marshall Brown, valve trombone, bass trumpet; Russell, clarinet; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This record should settle it once and for all: Pee Wee Russell is much, much more than a Dixieland musician. This, of course, has been a matter of record for more than 30 years, but few persons have willingly accepted him as anything more

than an eccentric clarinetist who'd played with Bix Beiderbecke and the Chicago guys in the '20s and had worked with Eddie Condon's various groups for several years, and, God, doesn't that make you a Dixielander? Not Pee Wee. Eccentric he might be, since he is one of the more musically unpredictable players; but he, much as the Chicago clarinetist Frank Teschemacher, was ever "modern"—that is, if you take the term to mean up to date and unantiquated in musical concept.

But now, with this album and material, Russell's modernity stands exposed for all to hear. He doesn't play any differently, but the setting—thanks to Marshall Brown—leads one to hear him differently. The jewel shines all the more brightly.

Right off, two exquisite Russell gems flash to mind: his ascending-the-ladder breaks on *Eyes* and *Moten*—and he continues working his way up his instrument after the breaks, bringing continuity and form to the solos.

His playing on John Coltrane's *Red Planet* is extraordinary. He floats unfettered after the first theme statement (a 12-tone row played by Brown and George), descending from a wail to a moan. Later, in his solo, it is as if he were scaling a craggy mountain, swinging his pick ax merrily, shouting joy, but then slipping occasionally into despair, only to rise triumphant at the end, mountain at his feet. He even throws in some not un-Coltraneish flutters for good measure.

Russell again constructs an ascending solo on *Blues*, this time rising from a low-register confidential mutter through a ner-

vous, "bothering" section, and ending with some straight-ahead middle- and upper-register work.

Perhaps I dwell too long on Russell's excellence, at the expense of the other musicians, but it's hard to contain myself in light of the spirit and beauty of Russell's playing in this group. And this is a group, one with a warm, unique sound brought about by the voicing of Brown's trombone or bass trumpet, Russell's usually low-register clarinet, and George's big toned bass.

The blend is lustrous. The lead may be played by any one of the three, depending on the effect wanted, with the other two playing harmony above and below the lead. (No credit is given on the album, but I suspect Brown did the arranging.) The effect is usually that of a group larger than four men. Adding Lundberg's excellent drumming to all that, the result is summed up in one word: tastefulness.

Brown, the other major soloist, swings more now than he did in the past, and he has some witty, well-constructed solos, reflecting the work of both Bob Brookmeyer and the late Brad Gowans.

George is another of the excellent young bassists to emerge in the wake of Scott LaFaro. Though George has worked with Marian McPartland, this is his first jazz record date, as it is Lundberg's. The bassist does himself proud in his debut. His is a most important role in the quartet, the bass lines being even more crucial than usual since there is no piano. He never falters—listen to his sensitive support of Russell on *Eyes* and *Moten*. In addition,

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he is a good soloist; in his *Planet* solo, he cleverly interpolates *My Favorite Things*, an obvious bow to Coltrane.

The only quibble one might have about this release concerns the three ballads, *Midnight*, *Bridge*, and *Folks*. Each is only one chorus plus tag. It surely would have been more musically rewarding to have heard Russell stretch out a bit on these; but as it is, he is limited to stating the themes of *Folks* and *Bridge* and to providing background for Brown's *Midnight* theme statement.

Still, this is one of the most inspired and enjoyable records this year, certainly in the same class as another that featured a veteran in new setting: Duke Ellington's *Money Jungle* with Charlie Mingus and Max Roach. Taken together, these two records should open eyes to treasures as yet uncovered. (D.DeM.)

Mugsy Sprecher

SILVER DOLLAR DIXIE—Norman 301 and 601: *Tea Time in Tel Aviv*; *Alley Cat*; *Lida Rose*; *Wait 'Til the Sun Shines*; *Nellie*; *Silver Dollar*; *Riverboat Shuffle*; *A Bird in a Gilded Cage*; *Floating Down That Old Green River*; *Red Wing*; *Oh, Marie*; *I'm on My Way*.

Personnel: Sprecher, cornet; Smith (Skip) Diringer, trombone; Russ Reno, clarinet; Art Buechler, piano; Joe Sabatino, banjo, bass; Charles Krieger, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This is the house band at the Silver Dollar club in St. Louis, and while there are some good moments, the record is mostly a hit-and-miss affair. Amateurish qualities (good intentions but rushed tempos and out-of-tune playing) predominate.

Tea Time is the best track; the band rocks with a good swing, and no one loses control. Buechler tries some honky-tonk piano on *Alley Cat*, and *Silver Dollar* features a good solo by clarinetist Reno.

The band sounds best in the ensembles; each player seems able to cover up the mistakes of the other. The solos, excepting those by Reno, are curiously degenerate, and those by Buechler, outright kinky-dink.

It is possible that the band was frozen at the prospect of recording and is capable of more than this, but judging from this performance, most of the signs point the other way. (G.M.E.)

Three Sounds

BLUE GENES—Verve 8513: *Mr. Wonderful*; *Autumn in New York*; *Love Somebody*; *Blue Genes*; *Red Sails in the Sunset*; *In a Mellow Tone*; *Gina*; *My Love*; *Whims of Chamberland*.

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

JAZZ ON BROADWAY—Mercury 20776: *The Sweetest Sounds*; *Gonna Build a Mountain*; *If Ever I Would Leave You*; *You Don't Tell Me*; *Once in a Lifetime*; *I Believe in You*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*; *Someone Nice Like You*; *I'd Do Anything*; *Climb Ev'ry Mountain*; *Who Will Buy?* *As Long as He Needs Me*.

Personnel: same as above.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The music on these albums is the type one is likely to hear in such clubs as the Embers in New York City and other chic saloons and lounges where the primary instrumental offerings are the piano trios. The program consists mostly of show tunes and standards with an occasional original, all well played, but more slick and ornamental than substantive. The result, in toto, constitutes pleasant listening, which, however, does not excite the listener to any compelling degree of involvement.

Blue Genes is the superior achievement of the two, primarily because of Harris' delicate treatment of *Autumn* and the presence of two (possibly three) attractive originals. The review copy had the same label on both sides, so I do not know whether *Gina* is homemade or not, though it sounds as if it is. Disregarding its missing birth certificate, the tune itself is a catchy waltz carried through with engaging simplicity.

Chamberland, dedicated to that doughty bassist Paul Chambers, presents a fine performance by Simpkins. He detaches himself from the trio sound here to deliver what is perhaps the most impressive solo in the Verve album. His is a full-bodied, vigorous sound that marches straight ahead with robust authority. At moments, it strikes the ear as muddy, but this may be due to the recording; at any rate, the fault detracts little from the over-all quality of Simpkins' play.

Genes, the notes say, is "purified rock and roll," but this description need not scare one off. The trio attacks the piece with an infectious vigor and romps through it with unflagging bounce.

Harris is a strong, vibrant pianist, but he tends to strain the ear with certain devices. His fondness for the high reaches of the keyboard, for example, imparts to his solos a certain monotony, particularly when his right hand is embroidering the line with melodic filigree and trilly decoration. Used judiciously, this high-register tinkle could subtly set off the rest of the improvisation through emphasis and contrast. Overdone, as it is here, it robs a performance of a good deal of its impact.

The practice is less obvious on *Genes* than on *Broadway*, where Harris employs it with tiresome regularity. There is not much to be said about the latter album other than that it is a fairly enjoyable run-through of songs from the Broadway stage—no better, no worse than a hundred others. (D.N.)

Don Wilkerson

ELDER DON—Blue Note 4121: *Senorita Eula*; *San Antonio Rose*; *Scrappy*; *Lone Star Shuffle*; *Drawin' a Tip*; *Poor Butterfly*.

Personnel: Wilkerson, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Johnny Acea, piano; Lloyd Trotman, bass; Willie Bobo, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Wilkerson's group has something in common with the Southwestern jump bands of years past. The music is strong, unpretentious, and—as annotator Joe Goldberg observes—danceable.

Though not an innovator, the leader is a respectable musician. His style is an amalgam of many sources; seven tenor men are cited by him as having been among his influences.

His solos are characterized by a loose, sinewy quality. On *Eula* his playing has a healthy rhythm-and-blues feeling. *Poor Butterfly* offers a contrast to the other selections; here Wilkerson is restrained. His attempt to play pretty, however, comes close to corny in the theme statement.

Green's solos, like Wilkerson's, are virile and blues-tinged. He has a fine flowing spot on *Rose*. The rhythm section lays down the beat with gusto, especially on *Eula* and *Rose*.

Recommended especially for party listening and dancing. (H.P.)

VOCAL

Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA SINGS BROADWAY—Verve 4059; *Hernando's Hideaway*; *If I Were a Bell*; *Warm All Over*; *Almost Like Being in Love*; *Dites-Moi*; *I Could Have Danced All Night*; *Show Me*; *No Other Love*; *Steam Heat*; *Whatever Lola Wants*; *Guys and Dolls*; *Somebody Somewhere*.

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; unidentified band.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a perceptively chosen program, for it concentrates on the kind of Broadway tune that Miss Fitzgerald does particularly well. These are tunes that either reflect the fun and good humor that she can put into a song or her warm, easy, liquid ballad style.

She sings these songs with assurance, with a full command of the situation, and with none of the blank incomprehension that seems to settle over her sometimes when she is faced with more sophisticated material, as represented by the lyrics of Cole Porter or Lorenz Hart or even Ira Gershwin. Beyond that, these are good songs, and it is particularly impressive to find among them two by Frank Loesser—*Warm* and *Somebody*—that are unusually attractive and have scarcely been exploited at all.

To complete the circle of aptness, the accompanying band and the arrangements—both uncredited—are in just the right vein for her. Everything swings, and the band sounds alive and interested when it drives into a full-bodied ensemble passage. (J.S.W.)

Shirley Horn

LOADS OF LOVE—Mercury MG 20761; *Wild Is Love*; *Loads of Love*; *My Future Just Passed*; *There's a Boat That's Leaving Soon for New York*; *Ten Cents a Dance*; *Only the Lonely*; *The Second Time Around*; *Do It Again*; *It's Love*; *That's No Joke*; *Love for Sale*; *Who Am I?*

Personnel: Gene Orloff, violin; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Osie Johnson, drums; Milt Hinton, bass; Miss Horn, vocals; rest of personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This can best be identified as a pop vocal album with intermittent jazz overtones by a new singer of great promise.

Miss Horn has a most agreeable timbre, a particularly well-controlled vibrato, and, most important, a warmth and conviction in interpreting lyrics. The choice of material is generally admirable, though the only new song is *That's No Joke*, a pro-New York encomium by Joe Bailey.

Jimmy Jones, who did the arrangements and conducted the orchestra, used two groups, one with strings, the other reeds-brass. There are some delightful Ellingtonian moments in *Love for Sale*, which ranks with *Ten Cents a Dance* among the most telling of the dozen tracks.

The whole set is effectively written, serving to emphasize Miss Horn's unusually pleasant-voiced personality. (L.G.F.)

Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan

AT BASIN STREET EAST—RCA Victor 2635; *This Could Be the Start of Something*; *Shiny Stockings*; *Desafinado*; *Doodlin'*; *Cousin Mary*; *April in Paris*; *Feed Me*; *One-Note Samba*; *Melba's Blues*; *Dis Here*; *Swingin' Till the Girls Come Home*.

Personnel: Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Yolande Bavan, vocals; Pony Poindexter, soprano saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; George Tucker, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

As this record demonstrates, there are two features of L-H-B's music that, for

this listener, explain and justify much of their popularity. First, they don't take themselves too seriously; second, they function as guides for the new fan who may be about to give up on contemporary jazz unless a helping hand is offered.

The first point is obvious in much of the trio's work, even to the caliber of Hendricks' moon-June lyrics. *Stockings*, having to do with a hosiery fetishist, and the absurd *Doodlin'* are delightfully waggish. Lambert's scat choruses are often delivered with at least part of the tongue in cheek.

The second factor is less apparent. Because melody must ultimately be regarded as song in order to be meaningful to most people, some sincere listeners feel left out of modern jazz simply because they cannot think of these melodies as sing-along tunes.

L-H-B change all that by proving that compositions by John Coltrane, Oscar Pettiford, Frank Foster, Horace Silver, et al., really are tunes. And Hendricks makes the melody easy to remember by furnishing it with simple, though sometimes silly, words. I suspect more people profit from this procedure than even the trio would guess.

This album is from a "live" date at Basin Street East. Miss Bavan is not the remarkable musician Annie Ross was in the group, but she does surprisingly well, especially on *Stockings*.

Poindexter's command of the soprano saxophone has improved considerably since this taping. Here he still is hampered by imperfect intonation and problems connected with switching from alto to a horn of quite different character. The Mahones trio supports all with swing and grace.

Pleasant but, of course, lightweight stuff from a company of charming cornballs. (R.B.H.)

Peggy Lee

I'M A WOMAN—Capitol 1857; *The Alley Cat Song*; *Mama's Gone Goodbye*; *I'm Walkin'*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *There Ain't No Sweet Man Worth the Salt of My Tears*; *I'm a Woman*; *Mack the Knife*; *You're Nobody 'Til Somebody Loves You*; *I'll Get By*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *A Taste of Honey*; *One-Note Samba*.

Personnel: Manny Klein, trumpet; John Pisano or Al Hendrickson, guitar; Mike Malvoin, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Stan Levey, drums; Miss Lee, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

To those of us with eyesight, there is no doubt whatever that Peggy Lee is a woman—all woman. Doubt creeps in only when we are asked to determine whether she still is a compelling singer.

This album certainly is not a vote in her favor.

The arrangements lean heavily toward the cute and affected, and at times one gets the impression that Miss Lee is acting the songs rather than singing them. *Mack* bristles with sound effects (foghorns, fake footsteps, coins clinking, etc.), which add nothing to the performance except corn. *Alley Cat* is a novelty ditty that should draw knowing chuckles from the toms in Las Vegas and similar hotbeds of sophistication.

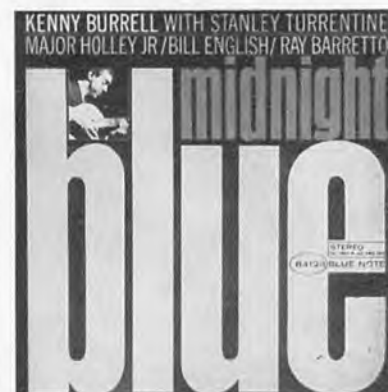
The only tunes that sound as if they are receiving more than surface commitment from Miss Lee are *Shine*, *Loves You*, possibly *San Francisco*, and definitely *Honey*. This last comes off as the album's best performance. Miss Lee sings

BLUES ON BLUE NOTE



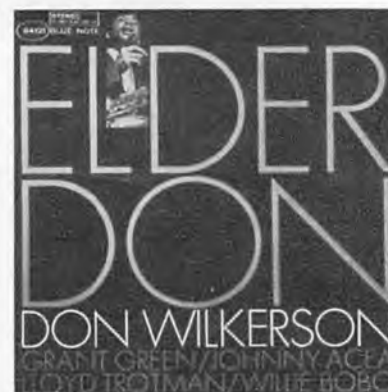
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a straight-flowing line devoid of tricks or pretentiousness. She creates the right mood and sustains it throughout with delicate shadings and deft phrasing.

If the rest of the tunes (except *Alley Cat*, which is too cute for words) had been treated as knowledgeably and sensitively as this one, the album might have been a success. Instead, it is a pallid performance, sounding as if Miss Lee didn't care any more about the songs than the alley cat cared about his "tabby." (D.N.)

Mark Murphy

THAT'S HOW I LOVE THE BLUES—Riverside 441: *Going to Chicago Blues*; *Senor Blues*; *That's How I Love the Blues*; *Jelly, Jelly Blues*; *Blues in My Heart*; *Fiesta in Blue*; *Rusty Dusty Blues*; *Blues in the Night*; *The Meaning of the Blues*; *Everybody's Crazy 'Bout the Doggone Blues*; *Blues, You're the Mother of Sin*; *Wee Baby Blues*.

Personnel: Nick Travis and Clark Terry or Snooky Young, trumpets; Bernie Leighton or Dick Hyman, organ; Roger Kellaway, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; Willie Rodriguez, conga, tambourine; Murphy, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Records such as this make one grateful that God thought of ears. Murphy's voice, always a treat, keeps the listener constantly engaged.

What makes Murphy so impressive is his command of diction, dynamics, nuance, time, and phrasing. Most singers can summon up control of one or more of these properties, but the singer is rare who can utilize them all with finesse in a voice that is full and resonant and possesses considerable range and flexibility. Murphy is not the best male singer I have ever heard, but he is right up there.

This excursion into the blues and blues-like songs is, with one exception, a serious effort to evoke the insides of that venerable music. The exception is *Doggone*, which is more a novelty number than anything else. Indeed, it sounds tailored to the talents of a singer like Bobby Short. Basically a vaudeville ricky-ticker, it is yet handled with tasty wit by both singer and arranger Al Cohn, who conducts the band. Despite its incongruity with the rest of the album, I found *Doggone* a delightful romp.

Though Murphy's command never falters, he is more effective on some tunes than others. *Jelly*, *Senor*, *Wee Baby*, and *Heart* call for unreserved applause, and I defy anyone to remain unmoved through *Meaning*. Murphy even makes that old dumpling, *Night*, a palatable morsel.

Fiesta, composed partially by Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks, suffers somewhat by zipping Murphy's performance into the L-H-B bag, but the song is still most enjoyable. The title tune is the least successful of all. Its lyric seems forced and superficially clever, with little of the honesty that most blues lyrics possess. Occasionally, too, Murphy assumes what seems an affected diction; and the falsetto he employs, though handled deftly, strikes me as vocal trickery at times. However, these criticisms become minor when measured against the general excellence of the album.

Cohn's arrangements and the band he recruited to back Murphy are first rate.

(D.N.)

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Blues 'n' Folk

By PETE WELDING

For a number of years now one of the most popular (i.e., best-selling) of all latter-day blues artists has been a former Memphis disc jockey-turned-singer-guitarist, B. B. King. Phenomenally successful commercially, he also has been one of the pacesetters—both as vocalist and instrumentalist—and has a raft of imitators.

King's appeal, however—unlike that of Ray Charles—is almost wholly to Negro record buyers, for his is a far rougher, much more direct, and far bluesier (in the sense that it's more immediately allied with down-home back-country styles) approach than Charles'.

King traverses the country with a band that has in the past worked in a style approximating the effortless push, and employing the same riffish patterns, of the Count Basie Band, though King's most recent recordings indicate that he may be giving this approach up in favor of one built around electric organ and conventional backbeat r&r small-group work.

The change in direction is well documented in King's four most recent LP collections on the budget-priced Crown label. *More B. B. King* (CLP-5230) and *Twist with B. B. King* (5248) concentrate on the earlier-styled King, with his lusty, intense shouting and powerfully lowdown guitar work highlighted against the band's driving riff backgrounds.

The *Twist* album is the better of the two (ignore the title), for it brings together a number of his more impressive selections—pieces, by the way, that had been collected in his earlier LPs. Among them are *You Upset Me, Baby*; *Woke Up this Morning*; *Please Love Me*; *Do What I Say* (which is simply *I Got Papers on You, Baby* with a new title); *Oh, Baby* (retitled *Treat Me Right*); and two instrumentals, *Groovin' Twist* (recorded earlier as *Blues for Me*) and *Rockin' Twist* (called *Just Like a Woman* initially). These pieces with new titles are not newly-made versions of tunes King had recorded before; they are the original recordings in every case. Only the names have been changed to confuse the innocent. Still, it's a fine, representative album.

The *More B. B. King* set is marred by the inclusion of several of the maudlin songs King occasionally performs; there are a couple employing a bathetic string-section backing to little or no purpose. Still, there are a pair of excellent instrumentals and a wonderfully expressive, deeply intense "crying" blues, *You're Breaking My Heart*, on which the singer is given fine small-group backing.

The aptly titled *Easy Listening Blues* (CLP-5286) is given over to 10 instrumental selections. An easy, relentless pulse is set up in the numbers, which use the instrumentation of electric guitar, electric organ, piano (boogie-woogie styled, and very tasty too), electric bass, and drums. The selections are all pretty much of a piece, varying only slightly in mood and tempo from one tune to the next. It's very pleasant, however, and makes for some

groovy partying music.

Essentially the same accompaniment style (with the organ out on most pieces, and a tenor saxophone added) is used behind King's singing on *Blues in My Heart* (5309), but for some reason it's not nearly as interesting an album as the other three. The accompaniments seem much less spontaneous, more circumscribed by pattern-playing, and are quite a bit more stolid and heavy-handed than the lighter, driving accompaniments King received in his earlier recordings. He plays and sings well, however, and can be recommended on these grounds.

Another Crown item of more than passing interest is an album titled *Harmonica and the Blues* (CST-277), a collection of blues instrumentals built around the harmonica playing of Bill Riley, who, according to Hammie Nixon, is a Tennessean who has been working on the West Coast for a while now. The 10 pieces are pleasant, unpretentious performances by a group made up of electric guitar, piano, electric bass, and drums, in addition to Riley's straightforward mouth harp. He is no virtuoso, but plays cleanly and with rhythmic ease, with more than a trace of older harmonica stylings to his work.

The support is good, the guitarist being especially fine, though the patterns the group works in are occasionally out of character with the selections—as on *Rollin' River* (which is really *Down by the Riverside*), where the guitar part is more closely related to white country music than it is to blues stylings. In fact, a number of the pieces are in a kind of hybrid form made up of borrowings from country and western, rhythm and blues, and popular stylings (listen to the jazzy *Arkansas Traveler*).

Several of the pieces are undoubtedly meant as tributes to other harmonica players: *Buster's Theme* is Buster Brown's *Fannie Mae*, and *Memphis Blues* surely is supposed to commemorate Jimmy Reed. Harmonica fans will dig this one; other blues fans might find it of considerably less interest.

In a previous column it was mentioned that a Leadbelly album had been made available on the Mount Vernon Music label, another inexpensive LP series. The disc is *The Immortal Leadbelly* (MVM-141), made up of selections the singer recorded for the Musicraft label in 1939 and which have been out of print for many years now. Though he had recorded the selections elsewhere, these versions are well worth having, for they are powerful examples of Leadbelly's personal singing and playing.

Among the pieces are the ballad *Frankie and Albert*, in two parts; stirring versions of *DeKalb Blues* and *Fannin' Street* (one of his best numbers); and several unaccompanied work songs, *Ain't Goin' Down to the Well No Mo'* (a beautifully haunting melody), fragments of *Go Down, Ol' Hannah* and *No More Cane on the Brazos*, *Black Betty*, and *Almost Done*; the sardonic *Boll Weevil*; the moving *Poor Howard* (with a wonderfully doleful guitar accompaniment in what sounds like a G tuning); and a buoyant *Green Corn*.

The sound is quite muddy, but this is of small importance considering the album's value as a folk-music document.



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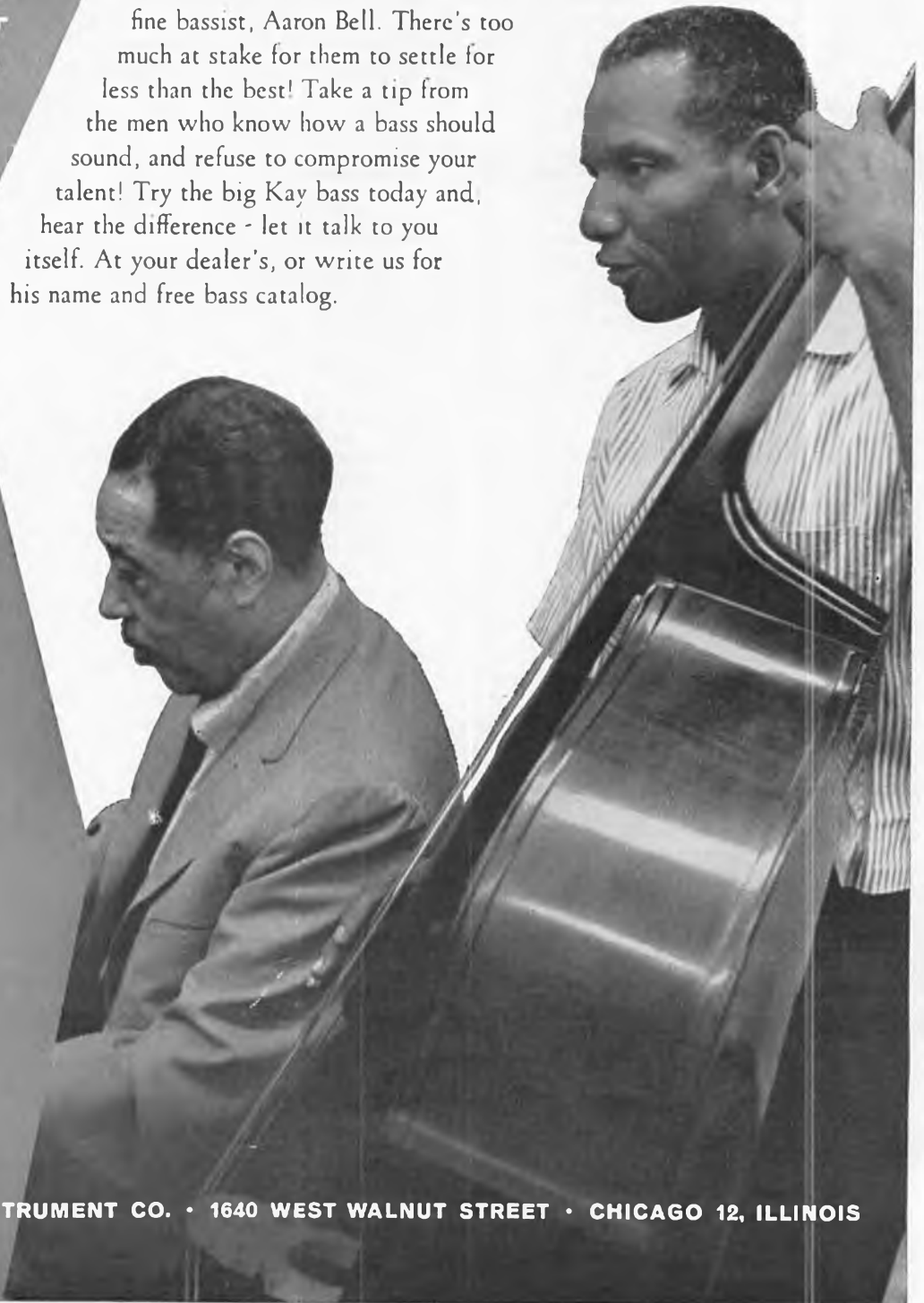
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OSCAR CASTRO-NEVES

'When you go out in the streets in carnival time in Rio and some players of samba are passing, most people stop what they are doing and go behind them, dancing and singing in the streets. It's our thing, we feel that.'



BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Oscar Castro-Neves can claim several distinctions that put him in a unique category. Brought north from Brazil last November for the bossa nova concert at Carnegie Hall, he soon parlayed the visit into a long-term sojourn reinforced by a booking at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, additional concerts in California, and recordings for Audio-Fidelity. This makes his combo the first Brazilian group of its kind ever to play the United States on such an extended basis.

He is unique in another respect: he was born a triplet, and the combo working here with him includes bassist Iko Castro-Neves, his elder brother by 15 minutes. The third triplet, Jose, is a saxophone-and-flute man in Rio de Janeiro.

Born in 1940, Oscar is as enthusiastic as he is young; he talks like someone who has just discovered the world, and digs it. Though his English is machinegun fast and fluent, there are problems of communication. Because of a peculiarity of Portuguese idiom, when he says "too much" or "too many" he usually means only very much or very many. His comments were edited only where it was essential to make the meaning clear.

THE RECORDS

1. Horace Silver. *Ah Sol* (from *Tokyo Blues*, Blue Note). Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Silver, piano, composer.

Amazing! Exactly the feeling of the East Coast way of saying the musical thing, you know? Even in the construction of the quintet. And the recording is so well balanced.

East Coast, for me, is a very strong music; but you can't record the rhythm section so loud that the soloist disappears. On this you hear the chords of the piano. Nothing is lost. . . . The trumpet and sax were exactly the same East Coast feeling; the piano, too. But the piano at the same time was lyrical, you know? Hard bop, which I like, but lyrical, and wonderful. Who are they? All stars for that.

2. Zoot Sims. *Barquinho de Papel* (from *New Beat Bossa Nova*, Colpix). Sims, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar.

I like very much this sound, this mixing of the instruments. In the feeling, this is more or less the feeling of how we play bossa nova in Rio. It's a funny thing, but in Rio recordings of this kind of music, in recording, the sound is always soft; but the same people, when they play the same thing in public, it becomes a little more hot. Perhaps because of the influence of the public. They are much more cool in the recording studio.

This, to me, is a West Coast jazz sound. The rhythm is not quite right; it is too much like another Brazilian rhythm, baião. It's hard to explain where they lose the samba beat to the other beat, but they go too much to the baião.

Musically, though, it is very nice. As Lalo Schifrin said to me, many of the American musicians don't look for the real rhythm. They look for a new way of playing *their* ideas. It's a good thing in a way; perhaps not for bossa nova—from our point of view it would be better that they get the real rhythm, and also it would be better because it's our music; but I respect the idea.

Like you feel the 4/4, I feel the 2/4. It's in my blood. When you go out in the streets in carnival time in Rio and some players of samba are passing, most people

stop what they are doing and go behind them, dancing and singing in the streets. It's our thing, we feel that. But this recording I find very good—good but not amazing; you don't become thrilled with it.

Very correct, very high quality. Three and a half.

3. Duke Ellington. *I Wish You Love* (from *Midnight in Paris*, Columbia). Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Ray Nance, trumpet; Charles Trenet, composer; Billy Strayhorn, arranger.

This is very much the approach of dancing bands, you know—very good, but commercial music. I know the tune, of course; the French song *Que Reste-t-il*.

I did not recognize anybody, but the style of the sax reminded me a little of Coleman Hawkins. I think I know the clarinet, and the trumpet, too—if you had asked me a couple of years ago, when I had more time to listen to records, I might have known. Three stars.

4. Vince Guaraldi. *O Nosso Amor* (from *Black Orpheus*, Fantasy). Guaraldi, piano; Antonio Carlos Jobim, composer.

I think this is the first recording that they played a bossa nova tune with entirely a jazz feeling. Naturally I know the tune; it's from Jobim, *O Nosso Amor*.

The record reminds me again of the thing Lalo said; but besides the fact that they are playing it in jazz, I like it very much. But they are not too much relaxed entirely with the tune. You feel that? The new thing for him is not the rhythm; the melody is very important in bossa nova; it's a new way of exposing a tune.

Here I believe they are thinking a little too much of what they are doing; it is not coming easily, like playing, for instance, *Body and Soul*. But it is a very good recording. Four for that.

5. Oscar Peterson, *Tricortism* (from *Bursting Out with the Big Band*, Verve). Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Oscar Pettiford, composer; Ernie Wilkins, arranger. No words! All stars! Terrific!

(*Pressed for further words*) . . . You know, it's very hard to put the piano in exactly this balance with the orchestra. The piano and the bass. The trio is so well balanced with the full band. In Brazil it's terribly hard to make

that. I tried, but is a very serious recording problem there.

Five stars is top? Give it six! Terrible!

6. Lalo Schifrin. *Rapaz de Bem* (from *Trio, Strings, and Bossa Nova*, MGM). Schifrin, piano, arranger; Johnny Alf, composer.

Personally, I like much a trio playing with chords—strings. The arrangement is very good, and it is well balanced. I know the tune, from Johnny Alf.

Feather: Do you think it's American?

He is trying to do Brazilian way. The rhythm is not perfect, but he gets the sound, and the violins are wonderful, the voicing very interesting. Four and a half.

7. Gil Evans. *Where Flamingos Fly* (from *Out of the Cool*, Impulse). Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Evans, arranger.

Just what I told you—too much serious, you know. Too much jazz musicians are looking for the classic feeling.

Personally, I am very fond of the Modern Jazz Quartet, for example, as a quality of music. Sometimes it's not too much jazz, but musically speaking, it's wonderful. I like this record too, and I like this type of music, but it didn't thrill me. I have much—what is the word?—identification with this kind of music. Three and a half.

8. Laurindo Almeida. *Tocata* (from *Brazilliance*, World Pacific). Almeida, guitar; Bud Shank, alto saxophone; Radamer Gnattali, composer.

This is well done, and the idea is good; I am thinking an American feeling, not a Brazilian feeling here.

Feather: Even the guitar?

No, the guitar has something about it, because usually you don't play the guitar like that in the United States.

But you can say, too, that this is the classic feeling. Classical guitar is something that is usually the same feeling for all the tunes. Always the same sound everywhere, because you have the playing with the fingers, the technique is more or less the same, the arpeggios and the scales, you know? It can be Brazilian, because we play very much this way there, but not because it's real Brazilian feeling. You get what I mean?

But it's very good—I give it four. It's Laurindo, yes?



Caught In The Act

CHARLIE PARKER MEMORIAL CONCERT

Sutherland Lounge, Chicago

Personnel: Gene Shaw Quintet—Shaw, trumpet; John Tinsey, tenor saxophone; Jim Taylor, piano; Sidney Robinson, bass; Benny Cook, drums. Joe Daley Trio—Daley, tenor saxophone; Russell Thorne, bass; Hal Russell, drums. Dodo Marmarosa Trio—Marmarosa, piano; Thorne; Russell. Roland Kirk Quartet—Kirk, tenor saxophone; strich, manzello, flute; Richard Abrams, piano; Robinson; Gerald Donovan, drums.

It was a night for debt paying. Under the aegis of Joe Segal, three wholly local groups and a pickup unit under the leadership of multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk (who came in from Detroit) gathered on the eighth anniversary of Charlie Parker's death to render homage to him. It was the eighth such memorial program organized by Segal and must surely rank as one of the most provocative and stimulating recent jazz events in Chicago.

The music, at any rate, was greatly varied and of an extraordinarily high caliber.

The program was led off by the quintet of trumpeter Shaw, a thoughtful, deliberate player who shapes his solos with sen-

sitivity and logic. He possesses speed and facility but uses them with marked restraint, preferring to understate. His was the group's dominant voice, and the air of quiet, resolute intensity he dispelled was thrown into sharp relief by the lunging, bullying work of Tinsey—a full-toned, wide-open tenorist with that harsh-edged, dolorous sound currently so favored. Taylor, a pianist who sings out spare, lithe lines with a light springy feel to them, occasionally came up with a wry, epigrammatic statement, as on his solo on *Now's the Time*, a number that was further heightened by Shaw's bittersweet, poignant playing. The trumpeter's more humorous side came out on *What Is This Thing Called Love?* in which his capering solo was followed by the assertive Tinsey, who got lost in the changes before the end of his solo.

Certainly the most daringly experimental playing was that of the Daley trio. In three extended numbers, this group played with unflagging excitement, spurred by the jabbing, darting tenor of the leader, the phenomenal bass work of Thorne, and Russell's drumming. The trio is perhaps the city's foremost "new thing" group—and the three men make it work most of the time, though I found Thorne's composition *Helicon #1* ("What's a helicon?" Daley asked the bassist in an aside), which might be described as a tone poem for iconoclasts, rather disjunctive and pointless, though rhythmically exciting.

Parker's *Dexterity* had the tenor and bass stating the theme in unison, before the saxist explored the tune at length.

Daley is more a harmonic than melodic player, and on a piece like this, he was much more effective than on the Ornette Coleman blues, *Rambling*, that followed. Thorne is a stunning bassist—fleet, darting single-note lines alternated with plucked and strummed chords, moving octaves, and a knowing use of rests. He bears watching, as does this whole group.

In his four numbers pianist Marmarosa was a trifle disappointing. Not that he played badly, but just that nothing of any great moment took place in the course of his explorations. (I understand he played much better later in the evening.)

Hardly hampered by a pickup group that had some trouble keeping up with him, Kirk proved the hit of the evening. Kirk was well aware of the nature of the program and offered a number of tunes associated with Parker; his strich solos on a "Parker medley" (*Star Eyes*, *They Can't Take That Away from Me*, and a fantastically up-tempoed *Lover*) were eerily reminiscent of Bird's sound and phrasing without being at all imitative.

Elsewhere Kirk demonstrated for all to hear that he is very much his own man and a hell of a musician. His *Three for the Festival*, the theme of which employs all his horns, was a fine showcase for his flute, but the other flute piece, *Everything Happens to Me*, was somewhat marred by trouble with the rhythm section. His *Blues for Alice* (a Parker tune) was a powerfully driving performance that never once let up.

It was the best kind of tribute to Parker.
—Welding

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HOT BOX:

Benny Carter

By GEORGE HOEFER

Many-talented Benny Carter's influences have helped to carry jazz on the road of progress, a fact too rarely pointed out. Where other innovators have contributed a single, but important, development, Carter's amazing career has reached into every facet of the art.

Bennett Lester Carter was born on Aug. 8, 1907, in New York City and grew up on W. 63rd St. in the San Juan Hill section.

He first became fascinated with the cornet through the influence of his first cousin, Cuban Bennett; his boyhood neighbor Bubber Miley; and the early recordings of Bix Beiderbecke. Young Carter, who had studied a little piano with his mother and sister, bought himself an old cornet with \$33 he had saved working in a laundry. He tried for two days to get music out of the instrument but finally gave it up and took the horn back to the hockshop and exchanged it for a C-melody saxophone.

He had been told that saxophones were easier to play, and he had noted C-melody saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer's playing on records. A short time later he acquired a used alto.

Around 1923 the afterhours hangout for jazz musicians was Ed Small's Sugar Cane Club on upper Fifth Ave. It was there that they would gather to hear, and to sit in with, the late June Clark's band, featuring trombonist Jimmy Harrison. The Clark-Harrison duos were famous; cornetist Clark and trombonist Harrison modeled their playing together after the Oliver-Armstrong cornet duets.

Carter became a hanger-on at Small's and was later to tell Belgian jazz critic Robert Goffin, "The biggest thrill I ever had in jazz was the first night I heard Jimmy Harrison at Small's in 1923." Carter went on to credit Harrison with being the prime reason he turned his main interest from classical saxophone playing to the field of jazz. The two men became close friends, and Carter taught Harrison the mechanics of music.

Young Carter got the opportunity to join Clark's band in 1924. At first, Carter was an adept, but undistinguished, sideman. Bandleader Teddy Hill has recalled how he had heard Carter progress "from a squeaky beginner to a master musician."

Early in 1925, Carter, along with

Harrison, Tommy Ladnier, guitarist Clarence Holiday (Billie's father), and drummer Walter Johnson, joined baritone saxophonist Bill Fowler's dance orchestra for an engagement at the Strand Roof—it was Carter's first big-band job.

Carter thinks it was that year (1925) that he made his first recording, "with some singer for Perry Bradford, but I've no idea whether it was released."

After playing a Palace Theater date with Billy Page's Broadway Syncopators, the saxophonist rejoined Clark, who had obtained a job at Isiah Jackson's gambling house during the August, 1925, racing season at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. It was Carter's first job in music outside New York City.

Clark opened after Labor Day at Small's new place, the Paradise, on Seventh Ave. at 135th, but Carter had decided to study theology at Wilberforce University in Xenia, Ohio. Before he got around to registering, he became involved with the college dance band under the leadership of Horace Henderson. He found himself on the road with Henderson's Wilberforce Collegians instead of in the classroom.

Back in Manhattan in April, 1926, Carter was included in the formation of an augmented Duke Ellington Orchestra to play at Ciro's on Broadway. Ellington added Harrison, Carter, Prince Robinson, tenor saxophonist George Thomas, and trumpeter Harry Cooper. According to Carter it was a "lousy" idea, and the group was fired after two weeks.

Carter followed this experience with sideman stints with Elmer Snowden's band at the Bamville Club in 1927 and with Charlie Johnson's band at Small's Paradise. He recorded on three sides for Victor, playing alto saxophone with Charlie Johnson's Paradise Ten in January, 1928.

Later in '28, Carter replaced Don Pasquall on alto saxophone with the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra. By this time he was beginning to be recognized as a good arranger and took over the arranging chores with Henderson that had been handled by Don Redman.

Carter arranged the first two sides on which he recorded with Henderson in December, 1928. The tunes were *Come On, Baby* and *Easy Money* with a vocal chorus sung by Carter for good measure. He recently re-arranged *Money* for the Count Basie Band.

A few months later Carter was embarked upon another phase of his career when he organized a band of his own. It was one of the bands selected to play the opening night of New York's Alhambra Ballroom on Sept. 13, 1929. There were five bands on the program—Carter and Luis Russell from Har-

lem, Zach Whyte's band from Cincinnati, the Missourians out of Chicago, and Johnson's Happy Pals from Richmond, Va.

Carter next recorded and played with McKinney's Cotton Pickers in November, 1929. About this time he began to concentrate more on arranging and recording than on performing regularly with a band. He worked intermittently with Fletcher Henderson, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Chick Webb, Willie Bryant, Mezz Mezzrow, and others.

He tried again in 1932 to organize and keep a band of his own working but couldn't. Some of the men in early Carter bands included Teddy Wilson, Sid Catlett, flute soloist Wayman Carver, Eddie Heywood Jr., Tyree Glenn, Vic Dickenson, Dickie Wells, Cozy Cole, and Jimmy Hamilton.

Carter took up trumpet in 1932, and when he went to Europe in 1935, he joined Willie Lewis' band in Paris as a brass man. The following year he worked as the staff arranger for Henry Hall's BBC dance band in London, and in 1937 he led a band at a Dutch summer resort made up of musicians from all over the world. Before returning to the United States in 1938, Carter joined Coleman Hawkins and two French saxophonists in Paris to make the first recordings for the new French Swing label.

When the musician with "my nine lives," as Carter described himself, came back to New York, he found the swing fad in full flight.

From 1939 through 1944, Carter prolifically recorded with his own bands, and the results accounted for a set of recordings that rank as more satisfying than, and musically superior to, most sides released in the swing idiom during that period. In his arrangements and in his playing style he substituted sensitiveness for sheer drive. He was one of the first jazz musicians to make an effort to limit his vibrato and inflections, a mode of performing that has become characteristic of modern jazz.

By the time the bop revolution was well under way, Carter was considered a dean of jazz, with bands that could be called jazz workshops.

Two years ago, Leonard Feather, writing in *Down Beat*, summed up his article on Carter: "Benny represents all the things one should look for in jazz: lyricism, emotion, extraordinary technical facility, beauty of sound, perfection of intonation and execution—all the qualities that are most woefully lacking in some of the new run-before-you-walk pseudo-experimentalists."

Through the years the Carter influence has been one of jazz' finest assets.

GB

ALTO *from page 21*

gest that he is one of the few prominent players of the '40s and '50s to have been influenced by the revolutionary changes now taking place in jazz.

Like Pepper, there are other players whose music is not easy to categorize, but who, although inspired by Parker, also draw inspiration from a variety of other sources. John LaPorta, a fine altoist and clarinetist, exhibits traces of Konitz and Benny Carter in what is essentially a Parker style. Gigi Gryce, John Handy, and Leo Wright all have post-Parker styles that are, nevertheless, not directly derivative. They are similar

to players like Marshall Royal, Russell Procope, and the Woody Herman of the '40s, in that they have made personal syntheses of the dominant instrumental styles of the time.

It was perhaps natural that the next great instrumental development after the work of Parker should appear, at first, to be a total negation of Parker's music. Complex harmonic variations, superimposed polyrhythms that extend over and beyond bar lines, but always in reference to the basic meter, a clearly intoned instrumental utterance based on a blues tonality—all these are a basic part of the vocabulary that the post-Parker altoists have used in the years

following Bird's great creative work of the middle and late '40s.

When Ornette Coleman appeared in the late '50s, he was almost universally considered to be instrumentally inept, harmonically naive, and rhythmically confused. None of these accusations are true. Just as Parker developed an instrumental style that was reflective of his musical thoughts, so has Coleman—in a natural and spontaneous way—developed an instrumental vocabulary that suits his own musical expression.

Coleman does not force his instrument to play in equal-tempered piano pitch. He plays it in the natural pitch of the instrument because this is the way his ear directs him. Undoubtedly he discovered very early in his playing career that the alto has a tonal flexibility rivaled only by the trombone (and, of course, the string bass) among jazz instruments. This has led him to a genuinely vocal style of instrumental utterance not unlike that of the early blues singers. Coupled with his superb melodic sense it reveals an attachment to the root sources of jazz that has rarely been equaled. The elements of his instrumental technique—the great sense of tonal coloration, the use of the instrument's natural harmonics, a playing range that reaches from the very top to the absolute bottom of the instrument—are all a reflection of the emphasis he places upon free personal expression and the spontaneous act of creativity.

The instrumental innovations first wrought by Coleman have been expanded to a considerable degree by the superb woodwind craftsman, Eric Dolphy. Even more than Coleman, Dolphy has concerned himself with the technical vocabulary not only of the alto, but of the bass clarinet and flute as well. Like Coleman, Dolphy's music is having a profound effect upon younger musicians. Along with tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, these three will probably exert the most far-reaching influence upon the playing styles of saxophonists for the next decade. Already a few young players — Andy White, James Lyons, and Sonny Simmons are examples — suggest by their playing that the Parker influence is no longer dominant among young players and that they will, instead, draw inspiration from influences like Coleman, Dolphy, and Coltrane.

There can be little doubt that, with the appearance of Parker, the alto saxophone became a major influence upon the development of jazz. Its importance in the bop era was largely due to the fact that the movement's primary creative force — Charlie Parker — was an altoist. Its position in the future hierarchy of jazz instruments will depend upon the ability and originality of its players.



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Up Beat Section:

INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

In understanding the technique of counterpoint it often helps to single out the element of rhythm and discuss it without reference to melody or harmony.

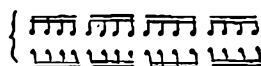
Discussing jazz counterpoint this way brings some interesting problems to the fore, especially in respect to syncopation.

Let's take a passage of solid classical counterpoint and consider only its rhythmic aspect:

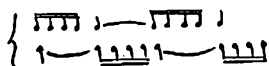


This four-part passage (from the end of the F-minor fugue in *Book I* of *The Well-Tempered Clavier*) contains four rhythmic ideas, none of which obscures its neighbors. The skill lies in variety. Just as parallel intervals obscure the independence of contrapuntal melodies, parallel rhythms destroy the independence between two rhythmic thoughts.

Simple rhythmic alternation is the solution to simple rhythmic parallelism:



This is not as contrapuntally effective as:

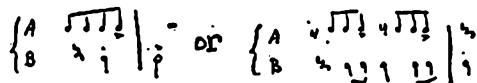


Contrapuntal interest can be sustained for long periods by the use of two or three simple rhythms in alternation. Even brief examination of Bach fugues uncover uses of this technique that are immediately applicable to jazz.

Sometimes rhythmic parallelism is desired. Short passages, such as the parallel 16th notes above, tend to de-emphasize the rhythm and focus attention on the contrary movement of the parts. This is often good contrast, but when used

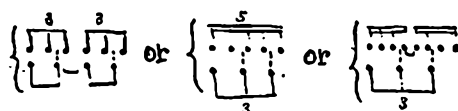
too often or carried too far, it becomes contrary to the idea of good counterpoint.

Jazz syncopation presents a special problem. As far as I know, no rules (i.e. areas of common agreement) have been expressed concerning syncopated, contrapuntal jazz rhythms; every composer is on his own. A rule of thumb, however: if the feel of the syncopation is lost in any of the parts because of rhythmic intrusion by another part, then something is wrong. The answer to the problem almost always lies in simplification. Beware of opposites like:



In each case, A, the syncopated line, may be all right with B, but it is best to remember that there is a cross-purpose implied in the combination, and care must be exercised.

Another technique that requires care and a sensitive ear is the combination of less-common rhythms such as triplets, quintuplets, and septuplets. These combinations should not be attempted until the composer figures out precisely where the beats fall in relation to one another. Following are some typical examples. Note that jazz phrasing will slightly alter the mathematical "correctness" of these rhythmic figures:



Generally, in writing jazz counterpoint, it is best not to allow the rhythms to become too busy, but to keep the lines rhythmically varied. And don't be afraid to use rests and sustained notes.

Remember that other rhythms may be going on in the music—for instance, in the bass or in the percussion.

The broadest aspect of rhythmic motion, harmonic rhythm, is quite arbitrary in the Bach figures. That is, the harmonic rhythm meanders through each piece like a river, with a general but winding and unpredictable direction. Quite the opposite is true in less contrapuntal music. Accompanied tunes are greatly shaped by the force of their harmonies. Why should music lose its dependence on harmonic rhythm when it becomes more and more contrapuntal? This seems to be a basic musical question. I do not know if the answers are yet clear.



JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The following letter was received in response to this column:

"Here at the University of Massachusetts some students are forming a jazz workshop and would like to know how other colleges are running their workshops. We at the workshop would appreciate any information or suggestions with which you could help us."

The actual mechanics of college jazz labs or workshops are as varied as the colleges themselves with regard to rehearsal times and schedules, the type of music played, ways of acquiring music, and methods of recruiting personnel. Some rehearse once a week; others rehearse daily. Some use published arrangements, others only special arrangements. Some limit personnel to members of a particular curriculum; others open it to all, even noncollegians.

In general, however, jazz labs are

divided into two categories — curricular and noncurricular.

In the curricular programs there has been formal acceptance of jazz and a performing program of jazz by the school authorities. In these programs credit is usually given for participation. Many consider this the ideal setup, and it seems to be becoming more and more the trend across the country. In these programs there is a faculty director, which results in better organization, better prestige, and fewer personal and personnel problems.

Schools that have included jazz in this manner usually have, or intend to have as soon as feasible, credit courses in jazz theory, improvisation, arranging, and history. A couple of representative schools in this category would be the Berklee School of Music, Indiana University, and North Texas State University.

In the non- or extracurricular programs, there usually is an attitude of mere toleration on the part of school

officials. These programs often are under the guidance of the music department, with a faculty member or graduate assistant as director. Their work with the jazz band is usually a labor of love. In other cases, the jazz lab can be under the sponsorship of a fraternity or merely a private organization of students under student leadership.

Normally in such situations no credit is given for participation and no theoretical courses are offered. These programs are usually characterized by a great desire to play jazz on the part of the students, coupled with little organization or advancement and lots of problems. A good analogy here would be the bickering, sloppiness, static level of a pick-up athletic game by members of a dorm as opposed to the well-trained, smoothly operated, always improving school-sponsored and coached team.

Which is best? The answer is not so obvious as might first appear. All things being equal, theoretically more could,

(Continued on page 44)

APATHY / by Yusef Lateef

Yusef Lateef, rapidly gaining wide attention with his work on tenor saxophone, flute, and oboe with the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, is not only an outstanding instrumentalist but an excellent arranger-composer too, as can be seen in his original score of his composition Apathy, reproduced on this and the next page.

The arrangement, a D-minor blues written for two trumpets, trombone, baritone saxophone, flute, bassoon, and rhythm section, should be played at a medium bounce with special attention given the half-note triplets. The trumpet solo at B indicates the general solo section and need not be limited to 12 bars played by the second trumpet.

Lateef recorded this arrangement of Apathy in his album The Centaur and the Phoenix, Riverside 337. The score is printed with Lateef's permission.

FLUTE

TPT I

TPT II

BONE

BAR I

BASSOON

DRUMS

BASS

PIANO

FLUTE

TPT I

TPT II

BONE

BAR I

BASSOON

DRUMS

BASS

PIANO

Solo Break

FLUTE

TPT I

TPT II

BONE

BAR I

BASSOON

DRUMS

BASS

PIANO

FLUTE

TPT I

TPT II

BONE

BAR I

BASSOON

DRUMS

BASS

PIANO

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CAMPUS JAZZ from page 39

should, and has been accomplished by the curricular program. However, in practice, more jazz often has been produced by the noncurricular program.

The curricular can become excessively educative and then will not attract the better, professional-quality college student musician. The courses may be taken merely for credit.

It actually boils down to a facet of the presently rampant controversy between the conservatory- or professionally orientated music facilities and the educationally orientated ones. The solution, in the thinking of many, is that the whole truth rests on neither side but in elements of both. Professional standards must be kept up, the students must be musically equipped, and at the same time educational techniques must be presented and mastered.

AD LIB from page 12

ing April and May, has hopes for a major part in the Sam Katzman movie *Bossa Nova*, has added bassist **Chuck Israels**, and opens in Europe with a hotel date in San Remo, Italy, July 8-Aug. 31, then to Poland for 10 days of concerts . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** is touring too. After a Village Gate engagement that lasts until June 2, he plays the New York *Daily News* Jazz Festival at Madison Square Garden on June 14 and then goes to Gino's in St. Louis from June 19-29.

The latest group of students from the Jackie McLean Jazz Workshop to play a Sunday afternoon at the Five Spot was made up of **Arthur Simmons**, trombone; **Halry Hall**, trumpet; **Cary Cooper**, baritone saxophone; **James Hunter**, piano; **Gerry Jemmott**, bass; **Bill Cobham**, drums . . . On May 25 there will be the third annual Northern New York Stage Band Festival at the Salmon River Central School, Fort Covington, N.Y. The Walt Whitman High School Stage Band of South Huntington, L.I., directed by **Clem DeRosa**, will be featured. In addition, the festival, sponsored by the school's band parents association, will present other school bands in competition.

GERMANY

The German Federation of Jazz announced recently that the German Jazz Salon Berlin, an important jazz festival alternating every other year with Frankfurt's German Jazz Festival, will not be held this year. The Jazz Salon was one of three West German festivals, and one of the most important events in German jazz.

Thelonious Monk began his recent German tour with a sellout concert in the major auditorium at Hamburg University. Visits to Frankfurt, Munich,

In arriving at a solution for a college or group of students who wish to form a jazz workshop, many problems must be considered. While I think we must admit that the curricular approach is better in the over-all picture, it is not always practicable because of schedules or administrative attitude. The demands on the average music student's time must be considered, as must the range of abilities and experience in the average music school. And even if these pose no special problems, the answer—even in the more or less ideal situation—will depend on one's philosophy of college jazz. In turn, this philosophy must be based upon one's general philosophy of what a university and its aims should be.

(The problems of the music education-directed vs. the professional orientated approaches will be discussed further in the next issue.)

Berlin and Duesseldorf followed . . . In Baden-Baden recently the **Fletcher Henderson**-style **Charleston Hot Peppers** big band participated in a radio broadcast supervised by **Joachim E. Berendt** and aired over the Southwestern German Radio Network. **Siegfried Schmidt-Joos**, of Radio Network Bremen, provided the written commentary. The latter network broadcast a concert program by visiting Americans, singer **Jeanne Lee** and pianist **Ran Blake**, who are making their first appearances in Europe. German critics who have heard the pair are talking about "the beginning of a new wave of jazz singing."

BOSTON

Bassist **Jerry Edwards** is now at the Sandbar in Revere with **Harry Ferullo** on piano . . . The West Peabody club, Lennie's, recently brought in **John LaPorta**, **Sonny Stitt**, **Lenny Johnson**, and **Benny Golson** to work with the house rhythm section, consisting of **Alan Dawson**, drums; **Larry Richardson**, bass; and **Ray Santisi**, piano . . . Connolly's, closed by a fire late last year, has reopened, with **Joe Bucci**, **Lawrence Brown**, **Johnny Hodges**, **Sonny Stitt**, **Howard McGhee**, **Sir Charles Thompson**, and most recently, local organist **George Pearson** among the attractions . . . **Illinois Jacquet** and latterly **Jimmy Tyler** have been holding forth at the Shanty Lounge. Prior to that, **Paul Landon**'s group, which featured guitarist **Thornel Schwartz**, played the club.

DALLAS

Woody Herman and **Paul Guerrero** have announced plans to present a new summer jazz clinic to be based at the Texas Christian University campus in Fort Worth. Dean of the camp will be **Dr. William Lee**, music department head at Sam Houston State College. The camp is admittedly modeled after

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the Stan Kenton camps and will have an equally able faculty, although only **Buddy DeFranco** and **Don Jacoby** definitely are set as teachers so far. Reportedly, **Duke Ellington** and **Count Basie**, as well as Herman, have donated copies of all their arrangements to the school. If the camp succeeds, plans call for a tour of campuses nationally in future years.

The longest-lived jazz event in Dallas—the Sunday *Cool Session*, held for eight years at the American Woodmen's Center—has moved to LouAnn's and is still held on Sundays. The session is frequently an all-star event; a recent one included **James Clay**, **David Newman**, **Leroy Cooper**, and **Dee Barton**.

CHICAGO

That jazz artists with wide and diverse followings pack halls was never clearer than on a recent weekend in Chicago. **Ray Charles**, with an excellent big band that included such men as saxophonist **Hank Crawford**, trumpeters **Phil Guilbeau** and **John Hunt**, and trombonist **Julian Priester**, sold out the 5,200-seat Aric Crown Theater in McCormick Place twice that weekend—Friday and Sunday nights. According to the singer's astute manager, **Jeff Brown**, who plays an integral role in Charles' success, 3,000 of the seats were sold for \$5, the concerts' top price. That same Sunday, in the afternoon, **Erroll Garner** came within 100 seats of selling out Orchestra Hall.

Several Chicago jazzmen were showcased in a Music Week presentation at the main library early this month. The one-hour program, titled *40 Years of Jazz in Chicago*, spotlighted three groups: one led by clarinetist **Frank Chace**, and including trumpeter **Johnny Mendel** and guitarist **Marty Grosz**, played Chicago-style jazz of the '20s; another co-led by pianist **Stu Katz** and tenorist **Everett Hoffman** and including altoist **Bunky Green** performed jazz of the '40s and '50s; a third group, **Joe Daley's** trio, displayed their experimentation with the "new thing." A similar program was presented at Washington High School on May 7 and will be repeated at South Shore High School on May 31. All three concerts were paid for from the Recording Trust Funds and were designed with the co-operation of **Rudy Nashan**, vice president of AFM Local 10.

LOS ANGELES

Memories of the rebellious Musicians Guild of America returned recently when tuba player **George Boujie** filed suit in Los Angeles Superior Court against **Herman Kenin**, president of the American Federation of Musicians, and **John Tranchitella**, president of AFM Local 47. Boujie demanded \$185,691 in damages from Kenin and Tranchitella on his claim of wrongful expulsion from

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the union Nov. 9, 1959, for crossing a Local 47 picket line outside the Hollywood Bowl. Boujje, then a member of both AFM and MGA, said that as a result of his expulsion, he could not get a job, despite numerous appeals, until Oct. 18, 1961, when he was reinstated in the AFM.

Ray Linn, top band and studio trumpeter for two decades and more recently personal manager of Barney Kessel, has joined J. F. Freeman & Co., Inc., investment brokers, as an account executive . . . And speaking of new endeavors for musicians, Dale Nicholls, former trombonist with many top name

bands and movie studios, now heads his own real-estate brokerage in Palmdale, Calif. Nicholls played in the bands of Freddy Slack, Will Osborne, Hal McIntyre, and Charlie Barnet and on many top radio shows during the 1940s.

Frank Evans, who was the host on the recently demised L.A. jazz TV series *Frankly Jazz*, is talking foreign syndication deals for video tapes of the program with Simon Braham from Denmark and Australia's Sam Baker . . . The bands of Lionel Hampton, Les Brown, and three other leaders yet to be selected will be featured in Disneyland's Cavalcade of Bands, due June 1 . . . Gene Russell's Jazz Couriers are now regulars at the Blue Beet in Newport Beach three nights a week, plus Sunday sessions from 4 to 10 p.m. Personnel is Julius Brooks, tenor saxophone; Bill Pickins, bass; Carl Burnett, drums; and Russell, piano. Trumpeter Freddy Hill may join the group soon. Russell's wife had a baby girl, Nica, March 30.

SAN FRANCISCO

Prospects for the sixth annual Monterey Jazz Festival, to be held next Sept. 20-22, were brightened with announcement that John Lewis will be active as music consultant. Although he has filled this post since 1959, the Modern Jazz Quartet pianist-music director did not participate in the last two years' festivals because of overseas commitments. Minus a firm hand to guide its musical production, the '62 festival fell sharply below the standard of its predecessors. Taking another leaf from Newport—the daddy of 'em all—the Monterey festival is staging its first folk festival, May 17-19. According to the Monterey Peninsula *Herald*, the decision to hold a folk festival was made after a survey by the community's tourist bureau disclosed there was no major attraction to draw visitors to the area in the spring. After the tourist bureau settled on the folknik extravaganza, it was decided to produce it under the aegis of the MJF. Businessman Sam Karas, vice president of the MJF board, is chairman of the folk-festival committee, and Jimmy Lyons, the San Francisco disc jockey, is general manager, as he is of the jazz festival.

A touch of New York has been implanted here with opening of a new night club, McGowan's West. Owners are Bertha and Jim McGowan, whose Greenwich Village restaurant, Off-Broadway, had many jazzmen among its patrons. Manager of the local club is Harold Johnson, who opened New York's Cafe Society Downtown in 1938 and closed it in '51, and then spent several years in Taos, N.M., before moving to Los Angeles and, now, San Francisco.

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