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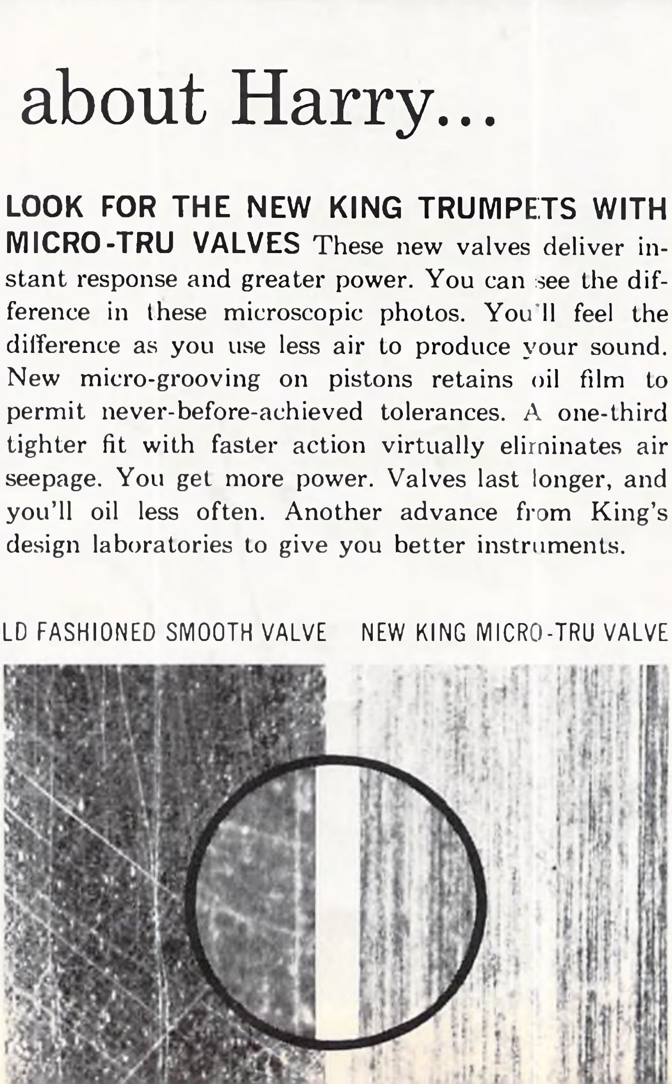

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Cover photograph by Francis Wolff, courtesy Blue Note records

THINGS TO COME: Recently three jazzmen of differing schools sat down with members of the **Down Beat** staff for a freewheeling discussion ranging from brass men's teeth falling out through problems of big bands to the youth movement in jazz—with the sidelight of a troop of Girl Scouts marching into the middle of the conversation. The jazzmen are Jack Teagarden, Count Basie, and Maynard Ferguson; the Girl Scouts are unknown—but don't fail to read the discussion in the July 4 **Down Beat**, which goes on sale at newsstands June 20.

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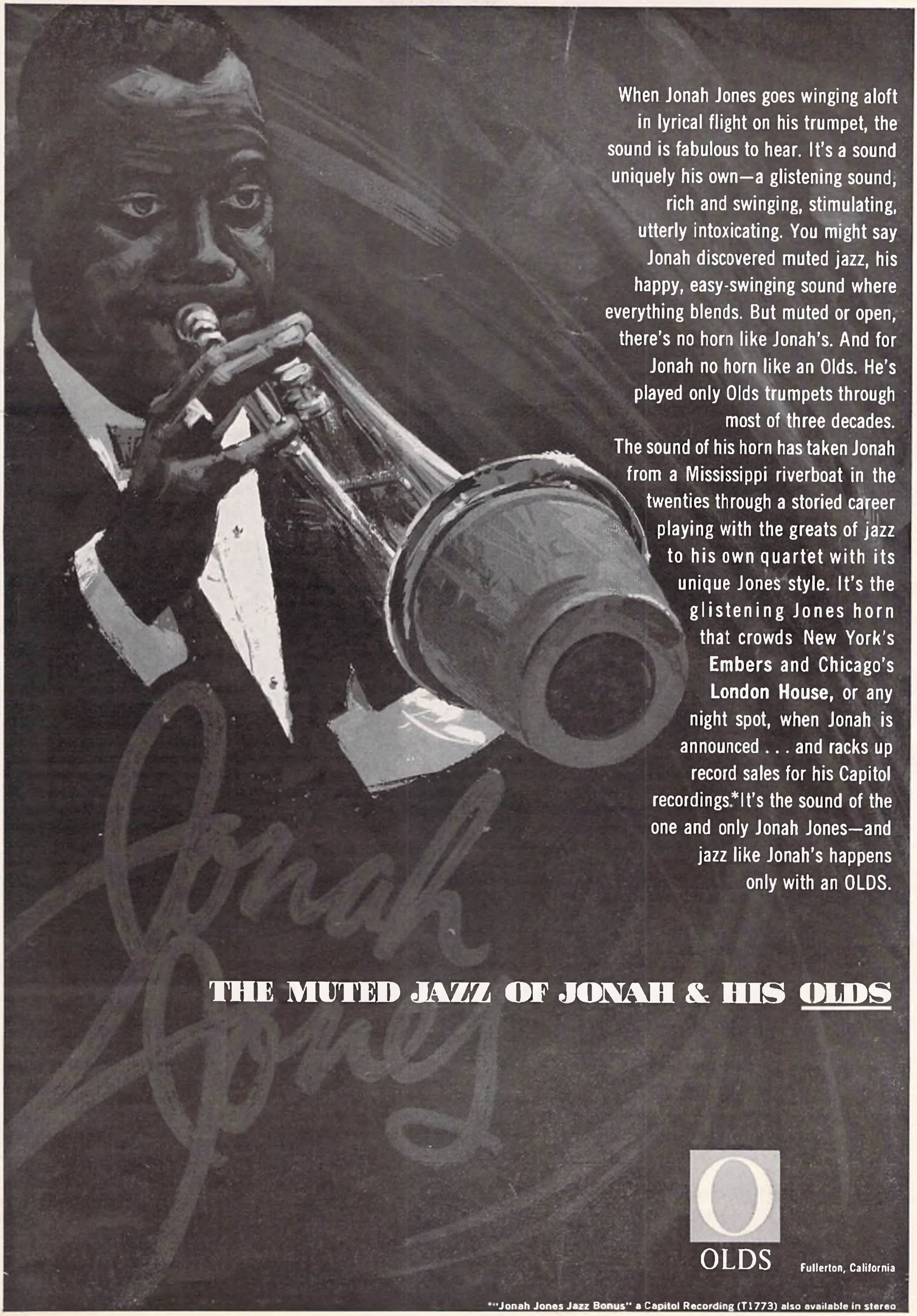

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QUINCY JONES

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McSiegel False Claimant!

Your May 9 issue contained a story by a Prof. McSiegel in which he states, "they stole my music." It is astonishing how people want to become famous, using even the meanest ways for that purpose. Such is the case of the professor. I believe he must have dreamed that he invented the bossa nova. His story seems like a fairy tale. Either he is a dreamer, or he is crazy. Bossa nova is Brazilian because it was born in Brazil, and it is universal because it was accepted by everyone—but the envious—throughout the world.

Bossa nova is not only a rhythm; it is a symbol of change. It represents a kind of renaissance in Brazilian culture. It is the musical representation of a people whose capacity for progress is recognized all over the world. Its manifestation is shown throughout the arts, industry, and other developments. Bossa nova is many things: it is the international prize winning film *The Promise Keeper;* the new architecture represented by Brasilia; the new Brazilian literature, already well known in Europe; the outstanding position held by Brazilian painting and arts in general. It is the soul of a new Brazil. Bossa nova is a feeling, not only a rhythm.

It may be true that Prof. McSiegel has discovered the rhythm of *Blame It on the Bossa Nova,* which is not Brazilian bossa nova at all.

Joao A. de C. Silva
Waco, Texas

Serious Charge By Chico . . .

Several issues ago in *Down Beat* (March 28), there was an interview with me, written by John Tynan. I did not get a chance to proofread the article before it went to press. To my disappointment, when the article came out it was completely out of context regarding the conversation Tynan and I had.

First of all, let me say that in all my years as a musician I have never really put another musician down, because I know just how hard it is for the jazz musician to get a chance to play today, let alone make a living.

In respect to the musicians I consider very talented—Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, Ramsey Lewis, the Three Sounds—there was no derogatory feeling whatsoever. I thought I was putting the emphasis on the young, unknown, talented musicians of this country, those who probably will never be heard or seen by the general public. I definitely believe the future of jazz will lie with these people.

I also was laboring under the impression that we were speaking of my quintet at the time, and I was trying to give my reasons for having young players such as Charles Lloyd, Gabor Szabo, Albert Stinson, and George Bohanon in the group. I think all these young fellows have a tremendous amount of talent, and so do a lot of other people. . . .

It was brought to my attention recently that several musicians I had mentioned were asked if they wanted to retaliate my supposed remarks before the article was ever printed. If this article was meant to have been a controversial issue, I am very sorry. That was not my intention. I am not copping out, but I feel that if the complete interview had been printed there might not have been so much controversy about really nothing. However, I would like my fellow musicians to know that there was no intention to smear them in any way. All I am doing—like any other scuffling player—is trying to make it. . . .

Incidentally, just like I can't put down my fellow musicians, I don't put down John Tynan for writing his interpretation of my views.

Chico Hamilton
New York City

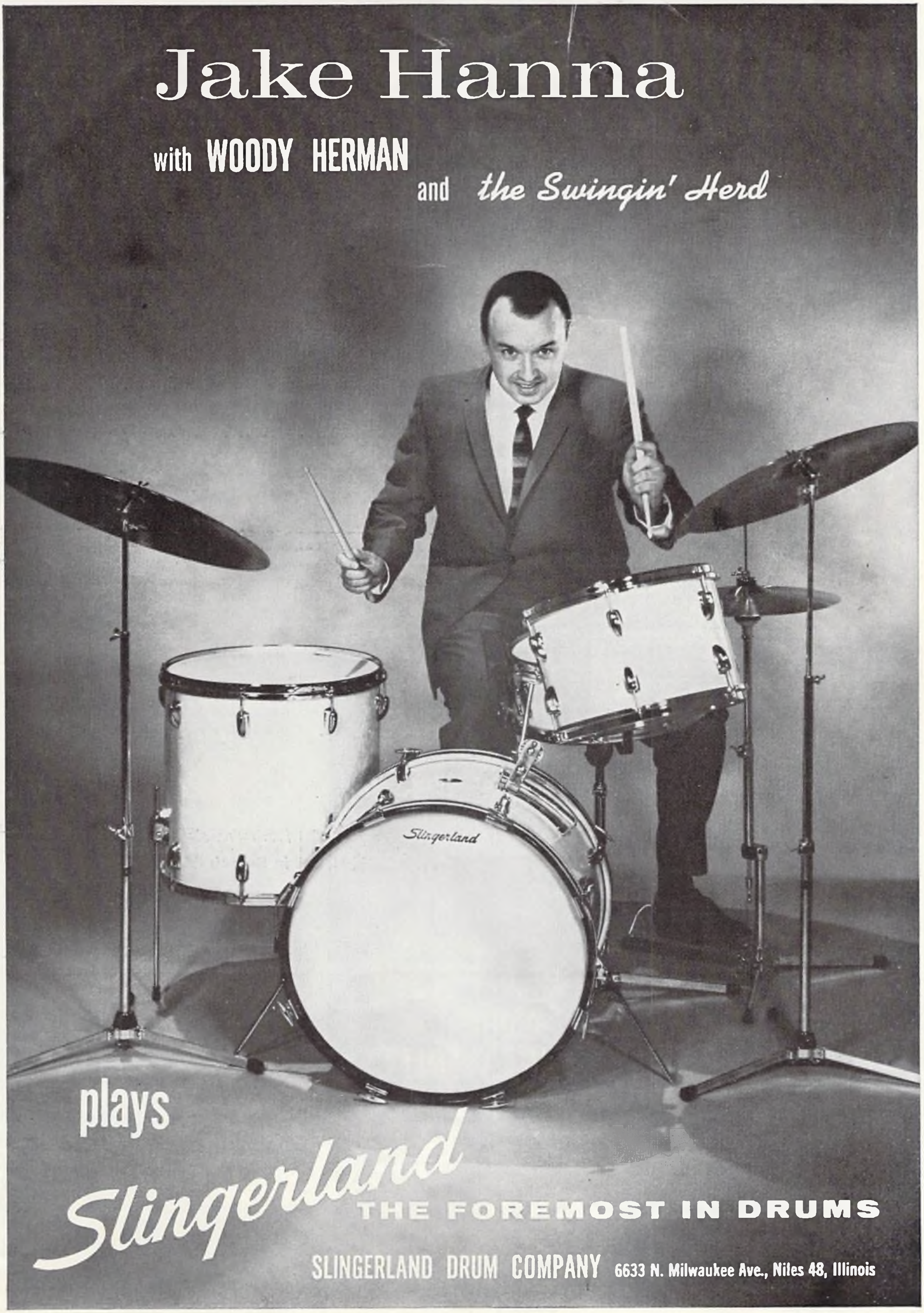
. . . And A Sharp Reply

Facts themselves, in any feature story, create the interest, implemented by the mechanics (skills, if you will) of crafting the facts into a cohesive, interesting unit of reading matter. In a magazine interview, basically the writer's first and prime responsibility is to the reader. An honest, good presentation of relevant material gives the reader precisely what he or she is entitled to in purchasing the magazine.

If the subject of a particular article is dissatisfied with the coverage given him, this is a highly subjective concern. Fortunately, the percentage is negligible of those who would circulate damaging lies to support their discontent—the kind, incidentally, who engage in concerted and relentless personal vendettas each time something accurate but inglorious is written about them. They sometimes carry the poison-pen/tainted-tongue routine to absurdity, importuning others to join. Childish but bothersome.

A drummer-leader about whom I'd written for the March 28 issue of *Down Beat* charges me with, among other things, quoting him "out of context." This person was fastidiously quoted by me—and plainly *in* context. When being interviewed, he stated his views freely, clearly, in thoughtful measure, and strictly for publication. His ideas were expressed with ease and conviction and with an always canny eye to impact. Having known the man for many years, my judgment is that at the time of the interview his attitude was a thoroughly sober, serious, and candid one. The man is a past master of the "put-on," but for the interview in question he was talking straight from the shoulder.

Far from "interpreting" this person's views (which would be an incredibly stupid and unprofessional thing for a writer of my background to do), I reported with candor and accuracy, making his story as manifest to the reader as the musician had made it to me. Moreover,



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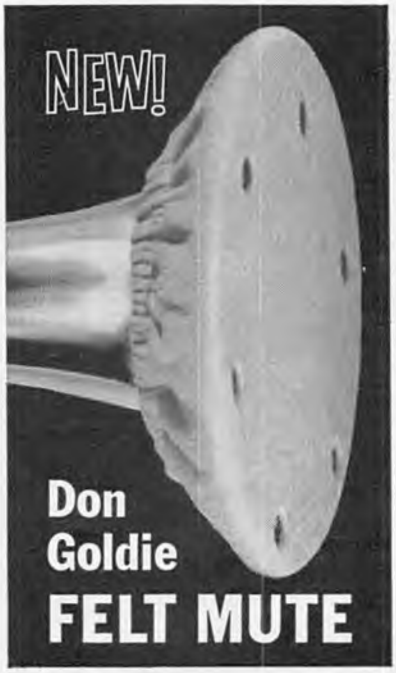

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since this drummer made significantly negative remarks about some important contemporary musicians, I asked him if those were his considered thoughts for publication. He unhesitantly affirmed that they were!

Evidently this musician, with an overly developed publicity sense, is draining a feature story to the last bittersweet drop, even if it means denying what he had originally said for publication. Opportunism of this order smells pretty bad. Where *Down Beat* is concerned, this foul smell is extremely rare, because fortunately the vast majority of musicians do respect a conscientious reporting job.

And it is untrue that any musician was asked by this magazine to comment on the article before it "was even printed."

John A. Tynan
Los Angeles

Wilson Vs. Wilson

I have just read John S. Wilson's review of Nancy Wilson's new album, *Broadway My Way* (*DB*, April 25).

A singer is another singer's severest critic. I am a singer. Della Reese, I feel, can't sing but she *can* communicate. Dinah Washington's genius is evident inasmuch as her voice is gone but she talks like crazy.

Nancy Wilson, on the other hand, is a singer's singer.

Evidently, Mr. Wilson didn't listen to the album as he should have. I find it her best work to date, and if he thinks the vocalist doesn't understand her material—such as *You Can Have Him; I'll Know; Joey;* or *As Long as He Needs Me* — he has no business reviewing singers.

This album is not a jazz masterpiece, so why review it as one? It is a pop record and should have been so reviewed. For what it is, it certainly is enjoyable to many, many people.

Butch Williams
Monterey, Calif.

Wilson stated that he did not review the album as a jazz record—there was no jazz rating given the album.

In Search Of Crowns

I keep reading about such things as a John Lee Hooker album for $1.49 on some label called Crown. My local record dealer knows nothing about this outfit, not even its address. It is not listed in the Schwann catalog, so I suppose it must be a subsidiary of some other company. Where is this outfit?

Incidentally, I like Welding's *Blues 'n' Folk* column and think you really ought to devote more space to the folk-blues category. How about a few feature articles on blues singers? If you're short on space, you might delete some of your more infantile humor—the March 14 *Blindfold Test* is a good example. It was hardly very imaginative.

Donald Lewis
Oberlin, Ohio

Crown is a large West Coast record firm with distribution—primarily rack-jobbed—nationally. If your local record dealer cannot supply the label's product, it may be ordered from any reliable mail-order record firm.

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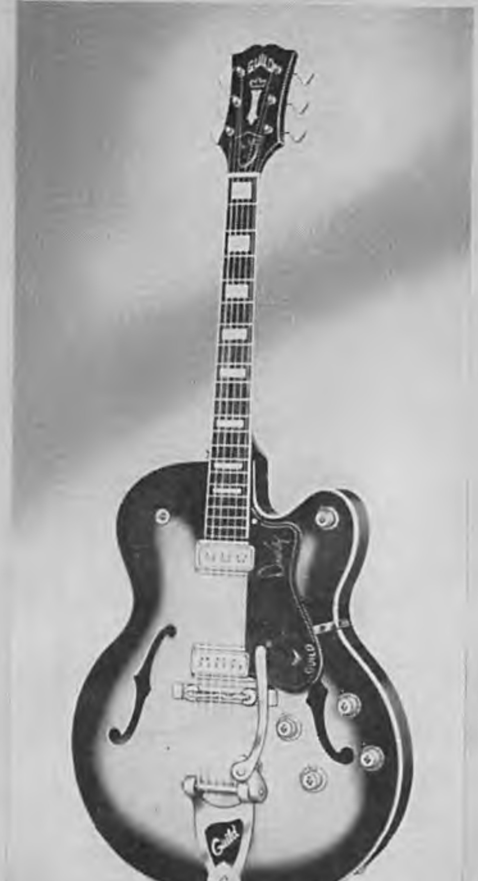

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NEW YORK

Former **Miles Davis** sidemen figure prominently in the news. Drummer **Jimmy Cobb,** who followed in the footsteps of pianist **Wynton Kelly** and bassist **Paul Chambers** in leaving Davis to rejoin his section-mates in Kelly's trio, is a now a full-fledged working member of the group. Kelly and Chambers, who had been working at the Fantasy Lounge in Brooklyn with drummer **Art Taylor** as the third man, did not follow **Shelly Manne** into San Francisco's Jazz Workshop, but instead went into New York's Village Vanguard for one week in May. The trio has signed with Shaw Artists and is being handled by **Jack Whittemore.** Meanwhile, another former Davis drummer, **Philly Joe Jones,** attended altoist **Jackie McLean's** Fraternal Clubhouse concert with Davis, who was there reportedly to scout McLean's talented young drummer, **Anthony Williams,** and possibly hire him as a replacement for Cobb. Jones, who had been using Kelly, Chambers, and another ex-Davisite, tenor man **Hank Mobley,** on occasional gigs, may take another group of his own to Barcelona, Spain, in June.

DAVIS

Thelonious Monk made his first trip to Japan on May 9, returning to the United States May 24. With him were tenor man **Charlie Rouse,** drummer **Frankie Dunlop,** and his new bassist, **Butch Warren.** Following Monk was **Count Basie,** who opened in Tokyo on May 27. Basie will remain in Japan until June 9.

Dizzy Gillespie will play the background for *The Cool World,* a film based on the **Warren Miller** novel of the same name. It will be shot in Harlem under the direction of **Shirley Clarke,** who also directed *The Connection. The Cool World* will be one of the U.S. entries in the Venice Film Festival.

Young Audiences, an organization subsidized by the Ford Foundation and dedicated to bringing music into the public schools, held an audition before a large gathering of students at Manhattan's P.S. 64 on a Tuesday morning in early May. Jazzmen who participated in the explanation and musical demonstration included **Archie Shepp,** tenor saxophone; **Roswell Rudd,** trombone; and **Dennis Charles,** drums. **Russell Sanjek** of Broadcast Music, Inc., and critic **Martin Williams** attended the concert in advisory capacities. A favorable reaction by board of education officials could make the series a reality.

MONK

As part of general arts weekend festivals to be held at the New School for Social Research during June, jazz concerts are scheduled for 8 p.m. every Saturday in the school's garden. **Jules Colomby,** former president of Signal records, is producing the series, which will be moderated by the noted composer-pianist-teacher **Hall Overton.** Among the groups that will appear are **Thelonious Monk's, Horace Silver's,** and **Sonny Rollins',** although the order of their appearances had not been determined at press time. Definitely set were video tapings (one hour of each concert) by WNDT for viewing at later dates . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** dissolved for its

(Continued on page 44)

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June 20, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 14

DOWN BEAT HALL OF FAME SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS NAMED

After weeks of processing applications from all over the world and auditioning tape recordings submitted in support of those applications, judges for the 1963 *Down Beat* Hall of Fame scholarship competition have announced the winners. Awards totaling $4,400 in the form of full and partial scholarships to the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., have been granted to 12 student musicians.

As in previous Hall of Fame competitions, scholarships have been awarded in two divisions—junior, for those student musicians under 20 years of age; senior, for those 20 and older. Also, as has been the case in the five prior years the awards have been given, applications were received from all over the world—stressing once again the growth of jazz internationalism—though only one of the 1963 winners, 26-year-old Yugoslavian pianist-arranger Joze Privsek, hails from outside the North American continent.

The awarding of this year's scholarships brings the total of student musicians aided by the Hall of Fame program to 53 and the total value of the grants to more than $20,000.

1963 Hall of Fame winners are:

JUNIOR DIVISION

$950 Full Scholarship — John F. Phillips Jr., 17, Taylors, S.C., trumpet-tenor saxophone.

$500 Partial Scholarships — Steve Cox, 19, Grifton, N.C., trombone; Roland Ligart, 18, Greenville, N.C., trumpet.

$250 Partial Scholarships — Hyman Biber, 17, Norwich, Conn., piano-composition; Barry Hart, 17, Montreal, Canada, drums; Richard Kane, 18, College Park, Md., tenor saxophone; Barry Ross, 19, Euclid, Ohio, trombone; John Scully, 18, Westfield, N.J., piano; Ernest J. Watts Jr., 17, Wilmington, Del., alto saxophone.

SENIOR DIVISION

$950 Full Scholarship — James Mates, 22, U.S. Navy, Pacific Fleet, San Francisco, Calif., trombone-piano-arranger.

$500 Partial Scholarships — William Evans III, 22, Atlanta, Ga., baritone saxophone, arranger; Joze Privsek, 26, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, piano-arranger.

TOO MUCH WORK— NO VACATION FOR LOUIS

Trumpet veteran Louis Armstrong's announced intention to take a long vacation (*DB,* Feb. 14) has been revised—once again.

Reminded during his two-night engagement at the Hotel Claremont in Oakland, Calif., of his January pronouncement in San Francisco, Armstrong said he still plans a vacation, when his contracts permit. The trouble is, as his wife, Lucille, pointed out, Armstrong has "one or two" engagements contracted last year for July, the month of August in Las Vegas, and "a few other" jobs later this year.

"If we can get a week or two off this summer, I'll be thankful," she said.

SYNANON QUINTET COMPLETES UNUSUAL TOUR

Back from a May tour of Oregon colleges (*DB,* June 6), the members of a most unusual jazz quintet could count a musical-sociological job well done.

The tour was the first of its kind for Sounds of Synanon, the modern-jazz group composed of former narcotics addicts and residents of Synanon House at Santa Monica, Calif., headquarters of the rehabilitation foundation which name it bears.

PASS
Musical-sociological job well done

In four concert and dance dates (at Eastern Oregon College in La Grande May 17, Reed College in Portland May 18, Oregon College of Education in Monmouth May 23, and the University of Oregon in Eugene May 24) the members of the Sounds carried their jazz message to students and faculties alike. At Eastern Oregon the group took part in a "poetry and jazz festival."

Daytimes the group members—Joe Pass, guitar; Dave Allen, trumpet; Greg Dykes, valve trombone; Arnold Ross, piano; and Al Mannion, drums—shifted into another gear as they lectured and conducted symposiums on narcotics addiction in sociology, psychology, and criminology classes on the various campuses.

Said agent Jack Hampton, whose office booked the tour: "We ran into absolutely no opposition from any of the colleges in arranging the tour. They welcomed the opportunity to hear the group musically and verbally. In fact, we have other dates pending at major campuses in the fall. There is a great deal of interest in the Sounds in the college field."

PARKER MEMORIAL FUND SET UP BY JAZZ ARTS SOCIETY

The Jazz Arts Society has embarked on a project to "perpetuate the name and genius of Charlie Parker and at the same time help create a climate of acceptance for the jazz musician."

The society has established the Charlie Parker Memorial Fund with a threefold purpose. First, there is to be an annual Charlie Parker Award that will grant a sum of money to a musician or composer. Second, the fund will "bring to the public the still unpublished body of Charlie Parker's works." The third is to be an effort to maintain and expand the New York School of Jazz, which is run by the Jazz Arts Society. This school gives free musical instruction to underprivileged children.

The committee of musicians interested in the fund, according to the society, is headed by Dizzy Gillespie and includes Sonny Rollins, Kenny Dorham, and Jackie McLean.

Trumpeter Dorham's quintet, featuring tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson, was one of the four groups participating in the fund's first money-raising activity, a concert at the Carnegie International Endowment Center on June 3. Also on the program were the Freddie Redd Quintet, the Ted Curson Quartet, and the New York School of Jazz Ensemble, a big band made up of students.

GETZ AND KENTON WIN NARAS JAZZ AWARDS

Although records featuring Stan Getz were nominated in eight categories of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences' annual Grammy awards derby, he won only one—best soloist small group, jazz—for his *Desafinado* recording with Charlie Byrd. *Desafinado* also was among the contenders for record of the year but lost to Tony Bennett's *I Left My Heart in San Francisco.*

Among 1962 recordings by big jazz bands nominated, Stan Kenton's *Adventures in Jazz* won out over such

LPs as *Carnegie Hall Concert* by Dizzy Gillespie, *Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall,* and *First Time!* by the combined orchestras of Duke Ellington and Count Basie.

The best original jazz composition in 1962, according to NARAS members, was Vince Guaraldi's *Cast Your Fate to the Winds,* which was chosen first over *Desmond Blue* by Paul Desmond, *Focus* by Eddie Sauter, *Quintessence* by Quincy Jones, *Tijuana Moods* by Charlie Mingus, and *Tunisian Fantasy* by Lalo Schifrin. Henry Mancini's *Sounds of Hatari* also was nominated in this category, and though this Mancini composition did not win an award, his *Baby Elephant Walk* was chosen best instrumental arrangement of the year.

Ella Fitzgerald's *Ella Swings Brightly with Nelson Riddle* won a Grammy as best female solo vocal performance.

The top album of the year, other than classical, was comedian Vaughn Meader's *The First Family,* and the song of the year was *What Kind of Fool Am I?* by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley.

MUCH SUMMER MUSIC AT DISNEYLAND

This year's summer throngs streaming through Disneyland's turnstiles will be greeted by the most extensive—and expensive—array of live musical talent in the history of the southern California playground.

The dollar outlay, Disneyland spokesmen said, for name bands and musical attractions of various kinds will soar to an estimated $265,000, and possibly more. This marks an increase of some $25,000 over last year's budget for music, much of it jazz.

The season began with a five-band bang.

For its second annual Cavalcade of Big Bands June 1 the park booked the organizations of Les Brown, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Charlie Barnet, and a Disneyland resident crew, the Elliott Brothers Band. From 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. on opening night the big five played for patrons at as many dance locations throughout the park. For the occasion, admission was set at $4.95 advance and $5.50 at the gates.

Other bands due during summer months include those of Count Basie (June 28-July 4), Tex Beneke with Paula Kelley, Ray Eberle, and the Modernaires (July 22-27), and Harry James (Aug. 27-Sept. 1).

Closing the season Sept. 27-28 will be an inundation of Dixieland with Louis Armstrong, the Dukes of Dixieland, and trumpeter Teddy Buckner already set. Pete Fountain's group may fly in from New Orleans as a late addition to the two-beat fiesta.

While the visiting bands come and go, resident bands and groups hold the Disneyland fort until the fall. These include the Elliott Brothers, Johnny St. Cyr's and Harvey Brooks' Young Men from New Orleans, the Strawhatters' two-beat combo, Kay Bell and the Spacemen, the Dapper Dan Quartet, the Gonzalez Trio, the Royal Tahitians, and the Firehouse Five Plus Two (on weekends).

In the vocal department, two singing groups—the Yachtsmen Quartet and the gospelizing Gertrude Ward Singers—will perform at the park all summer.

Clearly there is something musical for everybody, and Disneyland patrons are expected to prove, as they did last year, that they are willing to pay for it.

Editorial

DANGER: BUREAUCRATS AT WORK

The successful use of jazz by the United States government has been noted by *Down Beat* several times—in greatest detail in a two-part article titled *Jazz in Government* (*DB* Jan. 17, 31). This article outlined the triumphs of jazz groups sent by the State Department in that bureau's cultural presentations program and described how the program operated. At the time the article was being written, a committee, formed at the request of Undersecretary of State Lucius D. Battle, was reviewing the program and its administration.

Almost at the time the article appeared in print, the State Department announced that the committee had finished its study and had recommended that the management of the program be put under direct State Department control instead of under the administration of the American National Theater and Academy, which had administered the program since its inception in 1954.

The department implemented the committee's suggestions.

One of the committee's strongest recommendations was the formation of an advisory committee on the arts, which was to be made up of "highly respected, knowledgeable, and statesmenlike individuals from the world of the arts." This was done.

The members of this advisory committee are Peter Mennin, president of the Juilliard School of Music; Nina Vance, of the Alley Theater in Houston, Texas; Lou Christianson, of the San Francisco Ballet; Werner Lawson, chairman of Howard University's music department; and Roy Larson, chairman of the executive committee of Time, Inc. It is expected that George Szell, Cleveland Symphony Orchestra conductor, and sculptor Ted Rosak will be named to the committee too. Glenn G. Wolfe is the cultural presentations program's director; he and Battle also are members of the advisory committee.

This magazine wrote Battle in February urging that a jazz artist, respected and admired by all in the field, be named to the committee. If this proved infeasible, we suggested that someone familiar with jazz be appointed. A month later came a note from Battle saying that the committee positions had been determined but that our suggestion that adequate jazz representation in the program be maintained would be carefully considered.

We waited for the announcement of future cultural presentations tours, feeling confident that jazz would be used perhaps more than it had been in the past. After all, in the last year, there had been three highly successful—successful for this country's prestige overseas—jazz tours by Benny Goodman, the Paul Winter Sextet, and Cozy Cole.

Finally the announcement of 1963-64 tours has been made. There is to be one—repeat, one—tour by a jazz group: Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, scheduled to tour the Near East and South Asia in the fall of this year.

Now, it is quite pleasing that jazz' major composer and his orchestra have been selected to represent this country overseas—Ellington, if anyone, is deserving of the greatest respect. But why is there only one tour? Why was the leader of a well-known, and excellent, jazz group—a leader who offered to tour in remote places for scale because he felt he could do something for his country—why were this man's services spurned? One source has it that the State Department feared that his nickname—a corruption of "cannibal"—was too warlike. Silly? Perhaps, but Washington bureaucrats are ever fearful of what others might think of them.

And instead of a Cozy Cole being sent to Africa, the State Department has decided what the Africans really want are a string quartet and a string ensemble, since two groups of this sort are scheduled to tour that continent this year and next.

Perhaps we grow too caustic. Perhaps we should not complain because only Ellington, in the jazz world, is to tour for our country. But it would seem that, in light of the excellent job done for the United States by jazz in the past, nothing fails like success.

don ellis' jazz happenings

By BILL COSS

As has been done within the ranks of avant-garde classical composers—such as John Cage and Lamont Young—trumpeter Don Ellis is presenting "happenings" as a part of his performance.

A "happening" might be described as a "theater piece." Its critics might liken it to some sort of psychodrama. But at its best, it represents an acting out of all the things that the playing of jazz represents to a particular person and/or group of musicians—something that is only partly represented perhaps in the noted grimaces of some soloists. It also may represent the thinking and feeling he has done during the day in relationship to what he has been playing.

It can come down to the performer's doing things in addition to his playing that may seem silly. Whether it is, of course, is a matter of the viewer's as against the performer's judgment.

Ellis discovered, during a recent trip to Sweden, that feelings are at best mixed, and at least one club manager found "happenings" horrendous and produced a situation in which Swedish newspapers dubbed the successful Ellis engagement as a "Scandal Success."

Ellis, with local musicians — Lars Werner, piano; Curt Lindgren, bass; Jim Carlsson, drums — played at a jazz restaurant in Stockholm, Gyllene Cirkeln, where they mixed straight playing with combinations of "jazz happenings."

They carried on this way for the first two nights. On the third day, Abbe Johannsson, who manages the restaurant and is, in addition, the chairman of the Union of Swedish Jazz Clubs, called Ellis at his hotel to tell him that no more "happenings" could happen. Johannsson, according to Ellis, said a "happening" was entertainment and thus would be taxable under the entertainment tax. Ellis told him to invite government officials to the club, "but Abbe said it was useless and told me too that I was damaging the piano."

"So I asked him," Ellis continued, "to come into the club that night, and we would give a demonstration. He didn't appear at first, but a general manager of the firm that handles the club was there. He told me that they had to object to our using sticks and brushes on the piano, to pouring salt into it, etc.

"But we did a demonstration for him. By that time Abbe had arrived. I made a speech in front, praising the club and the musicians, but pointing out that no one could expect modern jazz musicians to play in the fashion of Diz and Bird—that style is as old to us today as was Dixie to them. So, I explained, we couldn't play in their style. I mentioned that jazz was an expression of freedom, that you can't have restrictions. Then I mentioned to the audience about the hassel I was having with management and that I refused to compromise and that I had to leave the decision up to the bosses, but still I felt that it should be done in front of the audience. So I invited Abbe to come up on the stage. He did, and, speaking only in Swedish, he told me essentially that if I played music, I could stay."

As the Associated Press wire service reported it, Johannsson said, "Stop pouring salt in the grand piano, stop playing cards on the stage, stop banging on the grand-piano lid, stop throwing drumsticks around—or you'll be fired."

The general manager of the club overruled any objections, and Ellis played there for 15 days with good business, possibly because newspaper coverage was very strong.

One paper stated that waiters were having nervous breakdowns and dropping their trays. Ellis said he checked that out and found that it was not so. He said, however, that he believes "the average Swede still thinks of jazz as a freak thing. The waiters, I found, were more in favor of traditional music than anything else, and most of them were strongly against modern jazz."

"But let me tell you about the 'happenings,' " Ellis continued. "We have the feeling that everything you do during a performance is part of it. It's all part of the thing. That includes the way we walk on stand, our faces, the way we hold ourselves. It also includes the things we do during the playing. We had a thing, for example, called *Solos*. We began, each of us playing solos without accompaniment, then we went into duets, then into an improvised ensemble. So, one time, the pianist, at the end of his solo leapt up and poured salt into the piano as part of his solo.

"Other times people were crawling around under the piano, or the pianist might stand there, just stand there with a paint brush, painting at the piano, then using the brush on the strings. That was a solo. That is part of a 'happening.'

NILS EDSTROM

Ellis (second from right) and Swedish cohorts: a happening called **The Death**

"I'll tell you one thing that happened from it—it could be a possible way for pianists who are having troubles with night-club pianos. One night, shortly after the scene with the owners, we played a thing called, I think, *The Death*. Actually, we didn't play at all. It lasted six minutes. We just stood around the piano. A couple things happened, but we didn't really play.

"It was fascinating to hear the audience play a composition. First there was noise, then it quieted, then you could hear people asking each other what was going on; everything was a tension and release of sound and interest. It was fascinating.

"Anyway, we came back the next night, and they had tuned the piano—it had been badly out of tune—and one of the waiters explained to us with apologies that it should have been done before, but, he said, 'We didn't realize it until we saw you mourning the piano'."

Pee Wee Russell: The Gambling Kind

By BILL COSS

ANY JAZZ MUSICIAN who lives long enough suffers the curious occupational and psychological hazard of losing favor with critics and audience. Duke Ellington, the late Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins, Dizzy Gillespie, to name just a few, have all so suffered. But by equally strange chance, if the jazz musician can live a few years past this stage, he most likely will regain first the critics and then his audience.

Pee Wee Russell is the latest in the list of eminent returnees, although he neither lost nor returned to any outstanding popularity, only to an adequate evaluation of his place as one of the most unusual musicians who ever lived.

His re-emergence began in the late 1950s with a television program—*The Sound of Jazz*—and a concert at Music Inn in Lenox, Mass., in both of which he was paired with modern clarinetist Jimmy Giuffre. His ability to play so-called modern music stunned listeners who had always imagined him to be something loosely described as a Chicago-style musician. Then followed new appreciations of him written by such as Nat Hentoff and Whitney Balliett. Most recently, featured in a quartet heard in person (*DB*, Dec. 20, 1962) and on a Columbia album (*New Groove*), he has further confounded the people who categorize, playing music by Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane, making no concessions to anyone or anything except the demands of music of whatever kind.

Actually, it is not so surprising that Russell's abilities have confused listeners. From the beginning he has been misunderstood and, sometimes, humorously dismissed.

Even those who admired him most were apt to categorize him. Not a one avoids emphasizing, as did Hughes Panassie in *Guide to Jazz*, that "a representative of the Chicago school, he plays with a pronounced 'growl' and a peculiar plaintive accent."

Barry Ulanov wrote in his *A History of Jazz in America* that Russell was, among many others, an imitator of Jimmie Noone, a constant part of Eddie Condon's "two-beat repertory company," a company "always featuring the wry squeaks and sometimes amusing departures from pitch of Pee Wee Russell's clarinet."

That faint praise became even closer to damning in Leonard Feather's *The Book of Jazz*. "Pee Wee Russell," he wrote, "is the clarinetist most closely identified with what has been called the 'dirty' tone. His smeared notes, glissandi, choked-up effects, sometimes producing a sound that was half B-flat and half saliva, had much in common with 'Tesch' [the late clarinetist Frank Teschemacher]. This capricious spirit and odd phrasing, which at times resembled the stammering of a woman scared by a ghost, compensated for whatever may have been his technical problems. Russell is still wailing today [1957] in the same sweet-and-sour manner."

German critic Joachim Berendt, aware of the recent developments in Russell's associations, continues the emphasis on Russell's Chicago style, naming him with Teschemacher and Jimmy Dorsey as the three most important clarinetists of that style. But then he goes on to write in his *The New Jazz Book* that Russell prefers to play in the lower registers and "plays with a vibrato and way of phrasing which, in terms of clarinet playing, place him in the same relationship to Lester Young and Jimmy Giuffre as Bix Beiderbecke seems to have had to Chet Baker."

Though that comes closest to describing a musician who cuts across some eras of jazz, it still categorizes, and friends of Russell the complete musician could hardly help to complain.

One such friend, writer George Frazier, avoided the whole problem in a piece he once wrote for Hearst Publications, writing of jazz as one music, not divisable into many parts. Among the many things jazz is, he wrote, "is Pee Wee Russell's clarinet."

"He is no virtuoso," Frazier continued, "and his tone is breathy and squeaky, but you forget these shortcomings when you hear the bliss and the sadness and the compassion and the humility that are there in the pattern of the notes he plays . . . no matter how many times you hear him, he is always superb. He closes his eyes and there seems to be torture written in the lines of his face, but the music that comes out of his clarinet is beautiful. It is music for the ages. . . ."

All this, of course, is without asking Pee Wee Russell what he has to say for himself. But, then, no one expects him to say anything for himself. That's part of the Russell legend. Too often described as eccentric, chaotic, inarticulate, or simply balmy—and even a combination of these things—Russell is not supposed to be able to express himself coherently and is, in fact, often depicted as some kind of jazz clown.

"Nonsense," said his wife of 22 years, Mary, who sounds like June Allyson and has a dark-haired, more mature resemblance to that same actress. "Nonsense," she repeated. "Pee Wee's just a normal, healthy, maladjusted American male."

The legend snorted in appreciation. (Not the least of the proofs of his togetherness is his delight in the perceptive, sometimes waspish, intelligence of his wife.) He is equally appreciative of other conversational twists, as he has shown to be of changes in music. Wry, shy guy he is, but there is nothing limited about his intellect. If he has at times shown a reluctance to speak, it is because he has discovered the world to be frequently as square as it is round. So scratch that part of the legend. It in no way resembles the true story, the legend that really is, the one that begins like this:

Charles Ellsworth Russell was born 57 years ago on March 27, 1906, in St. Louis, Mo. He studied privately (ultimately piano, violin, and clarinet) in St. Louis and Muskogee, Okla., at the Western Military Academy and the University of Missouri. He made his professional debut in St. Louis, went to Mexico for a year's study with Herbert Berger, then to the West Coast, and finally back to his native city for more study with Berger.

True to any legend abuilding, he was an early associate of the legend's legend—the elusive Texas pianist Peck Kelley—and the equally early great, clarinetist Leon Rappolo.

In the middle 1920s he went to Chicago and played with nearly anyone you could name from that era and place, recording first in 1927 with Red Nichols on *Feeln' No Pain.*

Perhaps it is significant that he, someone outside of Chicago, went there during the time the Chicago style was developing and found his most hireable times with Chicagoans when the age of swing was at its strong beginning (the middle '30s). It's significant because he belonged really to neither group, Chicago nor swing, but was a familiar of both.

During the '30s and '40s, Russell was most often found in New York City, usually playing with groups led by singer Red McKenzie, guitarist Eddie Condon, trumpeters Max Kaminsky and Bobby Hackett, et al., and, especially in the later years of that period, with singer Lee Wiley, trombonist Miff Mole, cornetist Wild Bill Davison, and trombonist Georg Brunis.

And that has been his life since then, more or less, until the advent of the duets with Jimmy Giuffre, the new appreciations by the relatively new jazz critics, and the founding of his new quartet with Marshall Brown.

TO ALL EXTENTS and everybody's purposes, he was a Dixieland musician, Chicago-style — excellent and unusual, sure; but, still and all, a Dixieland clarinetist.

Nonsense, say I.

Nonsense, says his wife Mary: "The Dixielanders didn't like him because he couldn't play *High Society.*"

Nonsense, says Pee Wee: "I never did play Dixieland."

Marshall Brown, trombonist-arranger for the Russell quartet, joined us about this time and heard that remark.

"Pee Wee," he said, "was always beyond the style. He always played his own way. He never played the expected kind of thing. He was never really accepted as one of them, but the musicians still liked him."

Mary said, "He told me right from the beginning that he was a gambling kind of musician."

"Sure," Pee Wee said with a smile. "Why not *really* try something? I say, let's try it."

Then Marshall and Pee Wee began to talk together. It sounded somewhat as they sound on record—Brown demanding and Russell being Mr. Eloquent. Off record, however, Pee Wee stops—he's learned through life not to be bothered. Brown explained what Russell is all about:

"Pee Wee," he said, "is like the problem posed to aeronautical engineers. In terms of the density of the body of the bumble bee, and taking into consideration the wings of him, it is impossible for the bumble bee to fly. But, the instructors will then tell you, the bumble bee does not know any of this, so it flies. So does Pee Wee, who is not supposed to be able to fly in this area."

Russell finds that charming, but he is a practical man, and he was inclined to tell me how this *modern* quartet came about. So, with asides by Marshall Brown, Mrs. Russell, and me, a rather free-form conversation proceeded much like this:

Marshall: "I called him up one day—just on a whim—to ask him if he'd like to form a quartet."

Pee Wee: "He just happened to pick the right day. I was despondent about what I was playing. . . ."

Marshall: "I had an idea for a sound, but I had no idea whether he would show up."

Mary: "Nonsense, he's the most disciplined guy I know."

Marshall: "At the time I approached him, he wanted a new challenge."

Mary: "Marshall had asked me to come up too, so I literally drove Pee Wee out of the house. He came home that night tired and not too happy."

Pee Wee: ". . . I felt I wasn't doing anything. I could read a newspaper while I was playing a chorus. You get stagnant. You stand still. You get old before your time. I have nothing against Dixieland—not that I ever played it—but there's just no challenge. How many records can you make of *Sugar*?"

Marshall: "So in the spring of 1962, after Pee Wee said he'd join, I looked for two other musicians. I knew Pee Wee was a modern musician, but he had just never had the chance to play modern. I knew I had to find musicians who couldn't play in the old manner, otherwise we would revert to that. For example, a drummer like Kenny Clarke can play in any style. But I wanted young musicians who never played anything but modern. We found them in bassist Russell George and drummer Ron Lundberg."

Pee Wee: "At first Marshall wouldn't let us hear the tapes he was making. It was very frustrating. Then finally he did and we could all see the possibilities. We knew this was it, whatever it could turn out to be."

Marshall: "As you know, I'm an educator, and in true John Dewey fashion I worked first in familiar territory with familiar instrumentation and familiar tunes. It was a question of conditioning most of us. Gradually, we began to feel comfortable *just playing,* and I began to write arrangements.

"Actually, I had had most of these ideas for some time, such as the way we use our three horns [Brown generally employs the bass as a horn]. We don't have a rhythm section as such. It's not the idea of a pianoless rhythm section. Pee Wee maybe is our rhythm section. But often we don't really have rhythm. For example, on *My Mother's Eyes* on our record, nobody is playing rhythm most of the time. It's almost like classical vocal writing."

Pee Wee: "Marshall certainly brought out things in me. It was strange. When he would correct me, I would say to myself, now why did he have to tell me that? I knew that already."

Marshall: "The only struggle was to get him to phrase right in ensembles. How could he have trouble with solos? But he was responsive to a kind of retraining. Practically no one his age would be. The fact of the matter is that he did know all of this before, but he just hadn't used it before. You know, even a lot of young guys would put down a 12-tone row, but I showed Pee Wee John Coltrane's *Red Planet,* and he dug in like it was his music."

Mary: "You've come a long way from *Muskrat Ramble.*"

Pee Wee: "The more you explore—and I flatter myself that I can hear it—the more it excites me."

Marshall: "The thing that surprises me is that we've been able to work together with one another. After all, I didn't come up with him like George Wettling and Eddie Condon did."

Coss: "Obviously, they didn't come up with him."

Marshall: "We're recent friends."

Mary: "No, recent enemies."

Pee Wee: "Well, it's a matter of form and content. . . ."

Marshall: "Pee Wee can adjust, whereas his contemporaries can't. He has no set way of playing. He doesn't have musical arthritis."

Coss: "Well, you've said that he has great content. That's what should determine form anyway. So, given the content, he ought to be able to adjust his form."

Pee Wee: "We fight sometimes."

Marshall: "Well, Pee Wee is a product of all generations. He's really timeless. But much of the final product is compromise, many times after fights. Sometimes I feel like a dentist."

Mary: "Pee Wee wants to kill him."

Pee Wee: "I haven't taken so many orders since military

(Continued on page 38)

Meet The Jazz Crusaders

By JOHN TYNAN

HOOPER

SAMPLE

HENDERSON

FELDER

Rare is the modern jazz group these days that breaks out of the West Coast pale to make a national name for itself.

Since the first Chico Hamilton Quintet—the one that pioneered the cello-in-jazz sound—only one new *group* has made the break: the Jazz Crusaders. The quintet, composed of four youthful, displaced Texans and a Californian bassist, is finding growing acceptance in the country's jazz clubs. Yet the group remains based in Los Angeles.

Lest fans of Les McCann rise in outrage at a seemingly intended slight of omission, Nesbert (Sticks) Hooper, drummer-leader of the Crusaders, recently clarified the point.

"Actually," said Hooper, a quiet man of 24, married and father of one daughter, "we're the first group to break out of the coast since Les McCann. But Les projects basically a solo appeal. Now, Chico projected a *group* appeal —just as we do."

In any event, the Crusaders now are booked well into the months ahead. And their Pacific Jazz albums—*Freedom Sound, Lookin' Ahead,* and *The Jazz Crusaders at the Lighthouse*—have built a following throughout the country, enhanced by their personal appearances. Last year a single of theirs, *The Young Rabbits,* assumed hit proportions; since then the curve has been steadily climbing.

Hooper, the group's spokesman, tells a tale of dues-paying and determination that is hard to beat in jazz lore. The story is compounded of group loyalty, repeated frustration in a musical wasteland, gritty adaptability by the members to the exigencies of making a living and supporting their families, and, above all, faith that they would someday make a mark in jazz.

The crusade began in Houston, Texas, about 10 years ago. Drummer Hooper then was 15; so was Joe Sample, the pianist. The junior partners at the time were Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone, 13, and Wayne Henderson, trombone, 14. Despite their tender years, however, they were already a playing unit. The band then also included Hubert Laws, an aspiring reed and guitar player, now a scholarship student at the Juilliard School of Music in New York City.

There was a bassist too. Hooper shrugged and commented sadly, "We lost him permanently to rock and roll." On past recordings, Jimmy Bond and Vic Gaskin held down the bass corner of the group; now Bobby Haynes is the regular bass player with the Crusaders.

Hooper's first group, the Swingsters, was born in 1953. The friends stuck together through Texas Southern University in Houston. Then, in 1958, they felt ready to take flight into the outside world of jazz.

By now the band was known as the Modern Jazz Sextet. The members were ambitious. They wanted to record, to establish themselves. Hooper said they were lured to Los Angeles in the summer of '58 by the hope of "a possible record date." Extending the invitation was a man identified by the drummer only as "a promoter and clubowner" he is too polite to name at this juncture.

"The record date never came off," Hooper shrugged, "and I haven't even met this individual to this day, though he's quite a bigwig."

Then as now, a new, unknown jazz group of very young musicians had rough going in the Los Angeles-Hollywood aread. It was Scuffle City.

But the group attracted some attention through the efforts of Howard Lucraft, then promoting a series of weekly specialty nights at a Hollywood club under the aegis of the Jazz International project (a worthwhile endeavor whose potential was never realized and which since has died). The Jazz Crusaders played several JI nights and won a few enthusiasts.

The Modern Jazz Sextet could not, however, survive in jazz. The work just wasn't there; rock-and-roll gangs dominated the profusion of suburban clubs and saloons and, to coin a phrase, the young Texans couldn't get arrested.

"At that time," Hooper recalled, "the initials on our music stands read N.H. —my name. So the group became the Nite Hawks. We built an act, a rock-and-roll act with a singer, Micki Lynn, and we did well in Hollywood."

Hooper began to look further afield for better work, albeit *out* of jazz. He was, after all, a realist.

"I came on the name Maurice Duke, an agent, and persuaded him to hear us," he said. "He liked the act and got us to the New Frontier in Las Vegas for 4½ months in the lounge. At the time, we featured a Hammond organ in the band." This, too, was not to last.

"We got drug with the rock and roll," he said, "and the jazz fever came back."

It was back to Los Angeles for the band, but this time they had some money, hard-won Vegas coin, in their pockets. They weren't desperate.

"Immediately," Hooper said, "we called Dick Bock [president of Pacific Jazz records]." Bock was not unaware of the Crusaders' jazz potential. He had heard them at the Jazz International sessions and, in the meantime, had been subjected to constant cajoling to record them by Los Angeles tenorist Curtis Amy, a fellow Texan and ardent booster of the quintet.

"Bock dug the group," Hooper said, "but he didn't dig the organ—which we were gassed by." In a trice they found themselves in a recording studio. *Freedom Sound* was the result.

It was a sound beginning. The bread cast upon the waters was beginning to return to them as even better bread. Work was still scarce in Los Angeles, but Hooper began to book the group himself wherever he could find a taker for their brand of virile, yeasty Texas jazz.

What was—and is—this Texas brand of modern jazz?

According to Bock, "Basically it merely means that a vibrant group of young jazzmen are putting to work, in jazz, a country blues heritage of their native state second to none in production of grass roots of American music."

Critic Richard B. Hadlock termed their work, "The full cry of youth with the wisdom of long working experience.

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HOT BOX

THE FIRST BOP COMBO

By GEORGE HOEFER

The first bebop-oriented jazz group organized for commercial gain was put together by trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and bassist Oscar Pettiford in January, 1944. It was booked by the William Morris agency to play at the Onyx Club on New York City's 52nd St.

Initially, co-leaders Gillespie and Pettiford used Don Byas, tenor saxophone; George Wallington, piano; and Max Roach, drums. Before the two leaders split up in March, Albert (Budd) Johnson had replaced Byas, and Clyde Hart was on piano in place of Wallington.

Up to the time the group opened, the music style—soon to be termed rebop, bebop, and finally bop—had been played only in Harlem's afterhours places, such as Minton's and Monroe's, or in isolated improvised choruses in the big bands that included Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Howard McGhee, and other innovators. As discussed in the April 25 *Hot Box,* there had been a good deal of experimentation with new ideas in the Earl Hines Band of 1943.

The first working bop group actually grew out of a jump combo that had played at the Onyx in December, 1943. This group featured tenor saxophonist Lester Young with Gillespie, Pettiford, and pianist Thelonious Monk.

Young suddenly rejoined the Count Basie Band, replacing Byas, who in turn went to the Onyx. Gillespie and Pettiford, the latter a new star who had come to prominence in the 1943 Charlie Barnet aggregation, were both interested in the playing styles of two young New York musicians—drummer Roach, who had hung around Kenny Clarke at Minton's, and pianist Wallington (born Giorgio Figlia in Palermo, Sicily), who at 19 was beginning to develop a style that was to be strikingly close to that of Bud Powell. In early 1944 Wallington had not yet been exposed to the Powell techniques, for Powell was then imbedded in Cootie Williams' big band.

Tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson has recalled, in relation to Wallington: "After a month or two of going to Gillespie's house every day, George learned what chords to use."

Other attractions at the Onyx during the bop combo's run included Billie Holiday, the trio of guitarist Al Casey, and pianist Toy Wilson. Gillespie, whose experience backing Sarah Vaughan in the Hines band inspired him to play backgrounds for vocalists, frequently backed Miss Holiday with the group's rhythm section.

According to Leonard Feather in his 1949 book *Inside Bebop,* the two leaders each earned $75 a week, Byas got $60, and the remaining two musicians made scale—about $50.

Byas, an Oklahoma-born musician with experience in the big bands of Don Redman, Lucky Millinder, Andy Kirk, and Basie, was essentially a swing man, and when a possibility came up for him to join Duke Ellington's band (it never materialized), he left the Onyx group.

Johnson has said, "The night Byas left the band I came down to the club with my horn. The place had closed, and we stayed and rehearsed until early morning. Nothing was written down; every night they'd teach me some of the tunes, all by ear."

Inside Bebop lists some of the tunes that were performed by this first organized bop group. Pettiford — who was pursuing techniques pioneered by Jimmy Blanton and had drawn the attention of his fellow musicians through his bass duets with Chubby Jackson in the Barnet band—had a number featuring Roach that he called *Max Is Making Wax* (later recorded by Pettiford on the Manor label as *Something for You*). He featured his bass work on *Bass Face,* which in revised form later became *One-Bass Hit,* which spotlighted bassist Ray Brown on a Gillespie big-band recording.

Gillespie and Byas in the 1940s

Gillespie continued to feature his melodic variation on *Whispering* as an out chorus. He had been using it since late 1941, when he played on 52nd St. with Benny Carter's Sextet. In 1945, the phrase having become a bebop signature, it was recorded by Gillespie as *Groovin' High.*

Another identifying characteristic of Gillespie's playing at this time was his use of an octave-jump riff, and sometimes instead of playing the octave jump, he would sing, "Salt peanuts, salt peanuts." This also was later recorded by the trumpeter for Guild.

Many of the rhythmic ideas developing around this time included a staccato two-note phrase that sounded like the syllables "rebop," and the term soon began to be applied to identify the latest modern sounds.

Budd Johnson helped to develop the unison style that was to be characteristic of the new music. He and Pettiford urged Gillespie to write down some of the themes he was playing so that the two horns might play them together.

When the group's initial engagement at the Onyx was over in early March, Pettiford and Gillespie decided to separate. The bassist retained the job at the Onyx and brought in Joe Guy, Johnny Hartzfield, Joe Springer, and Harold West to replace Gillespie, Johnson, Hart, and Roach. Pianist Hart, a swing veteran with experience in Jap Allen's Southwest territory band and the 1934 McKinney's Cotton Pickers, often had been on the scene at Minton's and was developing into one of the finest pianists of the modern school. He had replaced Wallington at about the time the first bebop recordings were made in February, 1944.

Gillespie took his group across the street to the Yacht Club to alternate with Trummy Young's jump band. Singer Billy Eckstine (billed as X-Tine) was working at the Yacht Club as a single, and Gillespie again performed behind the vocalist, as well as playing instrumentals. Roach soon left and was replaced by Jackie Mills, while Leonard Gaskin was on bass.

The Yacht Club engagement was short-lived. The club was shuttered because of the 20 percent cabaret tax and in May was sold to new owners, who reopened it as the Downbeat Club.

Gillespie joined the John Kirby Band at the Aquarium for a short spell but

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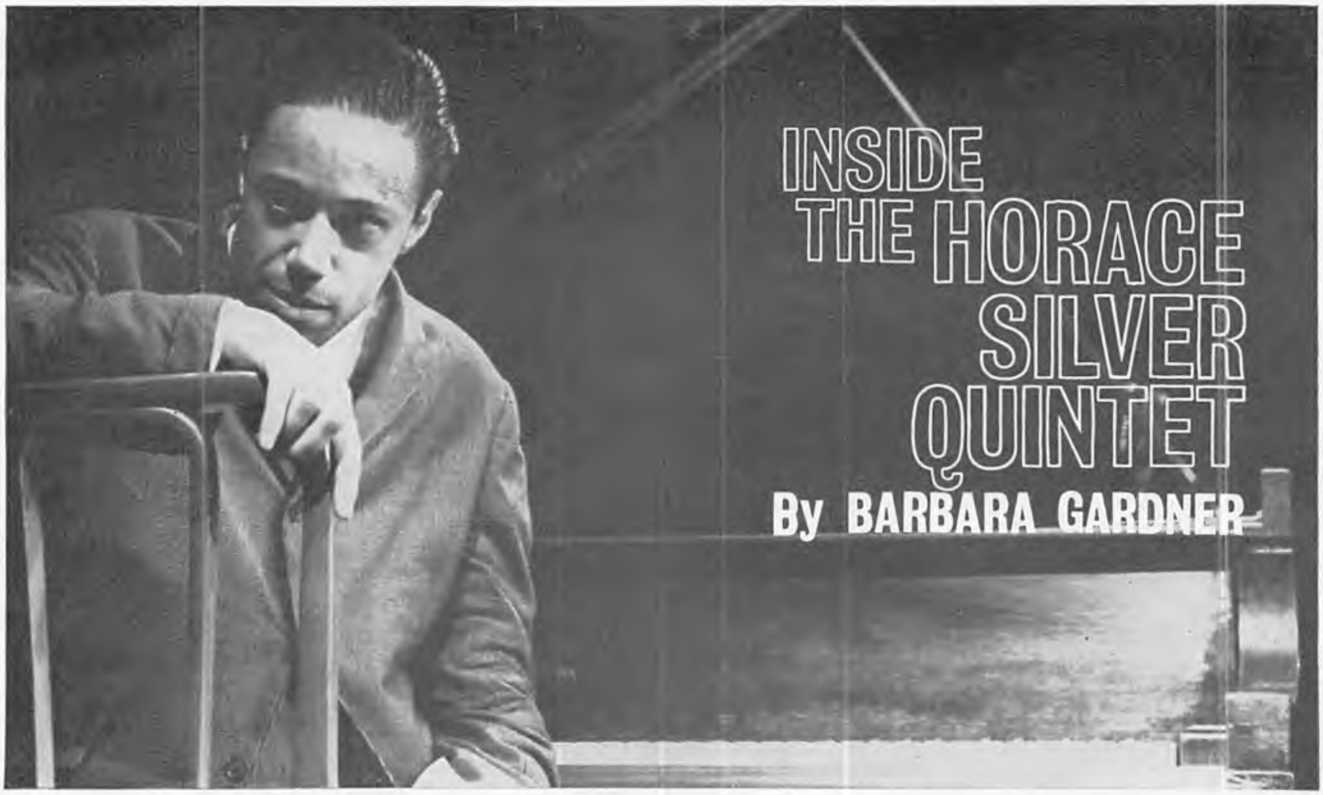
INSIDE THE HORACE SILVER QUINTET

By BARBARA GARDNER



LEE E. TANNER

NICE GUYS just don't make it in this business. Everybody knows that. The sweet cat finishes last. The world is just waiting to shoot him through the grease. Sure, everybody knows that. Everybody, that is, except a 34-year-old pianist named Horace Ward Martin Tavares Silver, who seems to be holding onto the merry-go-round's gold ring.

It isn't as if he hasn't been told. And certainly experience should have taught him something.

When he was a youngster of 12, back home in Norwalk, Conn., he fell in love with an older woman of 14 who liked to play the piano. So, being a nice guy, he began taking lessons to create a mutual interest.

Not only did he never get the girl but when he got to high school he also discovered that piano lessons weren't offered as part of the curriculum, so he had to take tenor saxophone lessons in order to get in the school band. He didn't protest but studied the saxophone diligently in music class and used his gym periods and lunch hours to sneak into the auditorium to practice piano.

That bit of co-operation netted him less than two years in the tenor chair, and when the baritone saxophonist graduated during Silver's sophomore year, the band director prevailed on the band's nicest guy to play baritone —by taking away his tenor altogether.

While in high school, Silver also was playing piano on weekends with a trio at the Sundown Club in Hartford, Conn. Following his graduation from high school, he continued playing dates near Hartford. In 1951 Stan Getz was guest star at a session at which Silver led the rhythm section, and the tenorist hired all three of them.

"I certainly am glad that happened," Silver said. "I might have still had cold feet and still been in Hartford. Competition was so rough in New York, and I was scared."

After a year on the road with Getz, a very nervous, insecure Silver settled in New York City to wait out his Local 802 card. During this period, Silver, still awestruck by the proximity of his jazz idols, went from club to club on weekends listening to the giants and playing their 78-rpm records at home on his windup phonograph.

After a few months, the big break came. Tenor saxophonist Bo McCann, playing in a small club, heard the unknown pianist and recommended him to Art Blakey, who hired him as soon as he heard him play. Silver not only got a chance to play with the drummer's band, but Blakey allowed him to write for the group too.

"This was really the first chance I had to write for a bigger group," Silver remembered. "I was scared to death and came in with my two little arangements. I had no idea Art would use them."

But Blakey used his material, and soon New York jazzmen were aware of the 23-year-old musician, who looked like he should be in school but who was playing funky piano and writing soulful tunes.

A Cannonball Adderley remark succinctly categorizes the New York opinion of Silver at that time:

"How can a cat look one way and then play so funky?"

SILVER WAS not robust looking—5 feet 10 inches tall, he didn't weigh more than 150 pounds. His small-boned features and slight stoop added to his appearance of fragility. But his handshake was firm, and strength twinkled in his eye. He was a man whose strength ran deep.

The pianist worked with the Blakey organization until mid-1952, at which time he left to work as pianist with several jazz titans, such as Coleman Hawkins, Oscar Pettiford, and Lester Young.

In 1955 the first Horace Silver Quintet was formed. If there still remained any doubts about his motivating power, a session of listening to his hard-driving, breathtaking quintet quickly dispelled them. For the group was merely an extension of Horace Silver—and like the good guy, it was a good group.

Just as the character and personality of an individual is formed through interaction with other people, the mood and tone of the Silver group was formed through interaction of the five individual members.

The major problem in the begining was stabilizing the group; but the pianist reflected on the situation philosophically:

"Well, it taught me one thing—that nobody is indispensable. It was rough, but I made it. And there was never any hard feelings when the cats split. I just couldn't pay much bread in the beginning."

This attitude contributed even more to the widely spreading opinion that Brother Horace was a "beautiful cat." For almost two years the quintet escaped heavyweight critical analysis. By 1958, however, his reputation was well established among the musicians and listeners who were becoming enamoured of a new "school of music," soon to be known as Soul music.

Jazz writers began looking through their thesauri for new ways of saying "he's a nice guy and what he's playing is exciting and all, but I'm not sure it is really creative and original."

For a time, there was a furor raging as to what was really "soul" and what was just plain "stole." Groups sprung up under the soul banner, flourished briefly, and faded away. By the end of 1961, it was evident that "soul" as a movement had been corrupted, suffocated, and killed. When the dust had settled, one group stood as sound and firm as the good earth—the one belonging to the nice guy, dubbed the "father-apparent" of the style—the Horace Silver Quintet.

But Silver was being damned with faint praise.

Barry Ulanov categorized him as an "individualist of skill in constructing figures of his own devising as well as those of other musicians; one of the most distinguished of the post-boppers."

In describing the funky style as a regression, Martin Williams, in 1958, credited Silver with directing the movement and went on to say, "Piano styles, including Silver's, soon tended to degenerate into disconnected interpolative four-bar fragments."

"Limited," suggested some writers; "sameness," others maintained.

Nor was criticism his only hindrance: Silver has had his share of frightening physical ailments.

Upon being examined for the Army, he was found to have a curved spine. Until then he had dismissed an occasional troublesome backache as merely a nuisance. Even though he was classified 4F because of the ailment, he attached little significance to it until about 18 months later when pain and loss of nerve control struck with alarming severity. This condition was treated and temporarily brought under control. Subsequently, a sprained wrist and rheumatism almost spelled the loss of the use of his hands.

Throughout his career, rumors of some hovering, disabling ailment have buzzed 'round Silver. He has adopted a tolerant attitude about it, however.

"No, I don't mind talking about it," he said. "Actually, it's a bore that people are interested. And when I had that problem with my hands in 1960, well, it was pretty frightening, even to me. Fortunately I found a doctor who could cool me out, and I'm straight now."

And so rumors of illness notwithstanding, Silver continues to work 46 to 50 weeks a year, making two albums a year, maintaining a group with few changes of personnel, apparently unaware that, according to most good-guy-bad-guy theories, he absolutely should not be making it. In this period of a shrinking jazz market, the Horace Silver Quintet is working steadily in this country and preparing for a European tour in September.

SINCE ITS INCEPTION in 1955, the Silver quintet has never substantially altered its style or concept. While it is accurate to state that the Silver approach is blues-based and is made up of surging, driving undertones best described as "funky," it would be erroneous to suggest that Silver is a limited musician.

As a composer, he has demonstrated that he can be melodic, tender, polyrhythmic—and, even, exotic. As a pianist, he has a proclivity toward the blues, and this underscores all his playing. But he is, at the same time, a two-fisted pianist and attacks his instrument with a vigor tempered with thorough musical knowledge.

There is no mistaking the ownership of the group. It is a Horace Silver unit from first to last note. It reflects the leader's driving, smoking intensity, but each member contributes to that unit-feel.

This is neither an incidental nor accidental factor. The many empty hours on the road are spent in band rehearsals and practice. It is here that a group democracy operates.

"Usually I bring in the new material—something I've written," Silver said. "Or sometimes one of the guys will bring in something, and I tell them primarily what I want. I always give them the freedom to elaborate on the basic idea. We try all the ideas and suggestions and finally come up with something that we all dig—you know, something where everybody can say something musically and still keep the same feeling."

Seldom is a tune put into the book as it is first written—or for that matter, as it was originally conceived.

"Writing is strange," Silver suggested. "When you're really trying to sit down and do something, nothing happens most of the time, but you can be just fooling around and hit a chord, and it'll start something that can turn out to be pretty nice."

Rehearsals are not haphazard, run-through occurrences. The quintet members are expected to attend regularly, to arrive promptly, and to settle down to work immediately. Rehearsals are as exacting as a classroom theory hour. Each member, including Silver, is like a student-teacher; they all try experiments with and instruct each other. But it does become the task of the leader to tie the lesson together for the benefit of the group.

In performance, the group is a supreme example of disciplined abandonent in music. While each soloist is permitted blowing room, he is constantly aware of the full, fast-paced arrangement moving with him, and usually he works effectively within it. As with any creative art, however, this technique is not 100 percent guaranteed.

"Some nights we just don't have it," Silver admitted. "Looks like no matter what we do, it just won't come out the way we know it should. Then on other nights, seems like everything we try comes out solid. Maybe the people—the audience—has something to do with it. You know, I like soulful joints; the people seem to let go and enjoy the music. And you can kind of get a groove going."

If the group members learn the material well enough and if luck is with them, they are able to reproduce this groove on a record.

Silver plans far ahead for his recording sessions. He cuts two albums of original material a year. He said he feels that two is enough:

"If I'm lucky, we're busy working and traveling, so I really don't have time to write anymore than that. And when you stop and think that what you put on records is *it*, you want to be sure it's the best you can do."

WHETHER THIS BEST occurs as a result of deliberate planning by Silver or by instinctive and unconscious kinship of spirit among the members is debatable. It is true that the bulk of the raw material that makes up the group's repertory consists of original Silver tunes; but the leader does not believe he deserves all the credit.

"No, this is the best band I've ever had," he said of his present group. "The cats all have a similar feeling toward music, and they're versatile. That's really the secret. You have to have versatile cats to play the kind of music we play."

The average age of the musicians is 30, and they have a combined group tenure of 27 years. Each man leads his own private life, but there is an over-all guiding principle.

"Everybody in my band is a clean liver," Silver explained. "And this is necessary to make it in this band."

The only other necessary qualification, Silver said, is the ability to feel and contribute to the togetherness that is representative of the unit.

FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE

Tenorist Junior Cook and trumpeter Blue Mitchell

In a recent interview the members say there is a mutual educational benefit derived by working together. Though each is reluctant to talk about his own particular contribution, he is eager to relate his musical growth since working with Silver.

Tenor saxophonist Junior Cook, 28, said he has become proficient with several reed instruments, including the flute and clarinet.

One of the least-appreciated trumpet players in jazz is Blue Mitchell, 33, who has been the brass section of the Silver unit for more than four years, having replaced Donald Byrd, who had taken over from Art Farmer.

Mitchell writes as well as plays. An indication of the compatibility of the Silver group is the philosophical attitude Mitchell takes concerning his tunes: "I don't write, as such, for our group. Horace writes almost everything for the group; but I have written some things for my own date on another label. Working with Horace has been very valuable to me in both my writing and playing."

Drummer Roy Brooks, 24, came to the group when Louis Hayes left to join Cannonball Adderley in 1959.

Silver at first was reluctant to hire Brooks, who had just come to New York from Detroit, but Hayes recommended him so strongly that Silver relented—without even hearing him play. Brooks quickly dispelled any qualms by pushing the unit with fiery playing. With the exception of about seven months in 1962, when he was ill (John Harris Jr. replaced him), Brooks has been with the band 3½ years.

A small, reserved man, Brooks does not boast but is justifiably aware of his contribution to the group.

"I guess I help to contribute to the togetherness we have," he said. "And we do have a togetherness that few groups have. We have been playing together for a long time now."

Like the other members of the group, Brooks composes. His tenure with the Silver unit, he said, has broadened his musical scope.

"I feel that musically I have grown a lot since I came with the group," the drummer stated. "I am learning more each day about putting *my* ideas across musically to the public. That's not always easy for a drummer—especially if you have to worry about helping to keep everything else moving along."

One musical characteristic each member talked about was the growing ability each has to play meaningful passages within an arrangement and its confines.

"Junior and Blue work so tight," Silver commented, "they sometimes sound like one instrument, and that's the close feeling you need . . . and Gene [Taylor, bassist, who was not present at the interview] is right in the music with us with that beat. Of course, Roy is kicking all of us right in the behind and we got to move to stay in front of him, so we just keep together and go."

THERE IS NOTHING obvious or contrived about the group's togetherness. The members do not work at maintaining it; there is simply an esprit de corps that welds individual to group. Each musician is considered an excellent technician and a driving expressionist in his own right—yet the group has no real star. In a sense, not even Silver can be so considered: the sound and feeling that have come to be identified with him are the result of writing, instrumentation, and performance.

His impact on the musical taste of the world jazz population is felt most keenly in Japan, where he has toured twice, building a bridge of communication directly to the people, despite the differences in languages.

"I would like to spend more time playing in places throughout the world where we have never been before," Silver said. "I am not sure that I deserve the worldwide public acceptance which I am enjoying currently. I do know that all of us in the group try hard. It is co-operation that means the difference, and I am very lucky to have these cats with me."

As to why his group has survived and prospered after the passing of the funk era, it might be because Silver recognizes allegiance to no school or movement. His music survives because he survives. And his music is his personal expression stated as honestly and artfully as he is able to state it.

To deny the best efforts of Horace Silver is, in essence, to deny the expression of musical truth.

So, you see, nice guys do not necessarily finish last. Often, when they are talented nice guys, they simply last and last and last. db

☆ ☆ ☆ OUT OF MY HEAD ☆ ☆ ☆

George Crater, In Response To Numerous Reader Requests, Provides Biographies Of The Zoot Finster Octet Members

Since my review of Zoot Finster's *At Sun Valley* appeared recently in *Down Beat,* I've been getting mail asking for photographs, life histories, blood types, addresses, and so on, of the members of the group.

But because the group is camera-shy and I'm militantly protesting the increase in postal rates, readers will have to settle for digging the bits of information about them I have gathered here. Ordinarily I'd try to cop out of something like this ("you know how it is, man—the cat doesn't want his business in the street") but since you ask. . . .

RUDELL BENGE: Started blowing baritone saxophone when he was 2 and had to stand on cigar boxes to reach saxophone reed; switched to mandolin when 2½ after cigar boxes caved in and upper lip was caught on neck-strap key; switched to zither at 10 to get roots; at 17 switched to switchblade and was heard on recording of *Blues Wail from the County Jail;* switched to guitar at 24 and joined Jazz Invaders but left group when they decided to gig at Bay of Pigs; freelanced for year and a half as an overworked piston ring before joining Finster. LPs as leader: *On a Benge,* Hipsville 1102.

HUMPHREY NURTUREWURST: First gained nationwide recognition at age 10 when his music instructor convinced him to pose in a "help send this boy to camp" poster. At 13 he was a protege of Barry Miles. At 18 he joined Woody Herman's legendary Herd that featured Stan Getz, Max Roach, Thornel Schwartz, Ann Landers, Izzy Goldberg, Andre Previn, Conte Candoli, Daddy-O Daylie, Richie Kamuca, Yma Sumac, Art Davis, Bob Brookmeyer, Chuck Walton, Richard Burton, Lamont Cranston, Frank Strozier, Cy Touff, Abe Most, Tutti Camaratta, and Sammy Davis Sr. After three months, he left Herman (lack of solo space) and met Finster at a Greenwich Village taffy pull. The two of them hit it off immediately and have stuck together ever since.

MILT ORP: Born in Romania, studied vibraharp until 20, and then changed to marimba. Later moved to Transylvania, where he met famed composer Bela Clot. Helped co-author with Clot such Hungarian jazz standards as *Artery in Rhythm, A Bite in Tunisia,* and *Take the A Vein.* Moved to United States in 1960 and studied marimba at the Hobart Crump School for Wayward Staffs and Stiffs. Joined Finster last summer in time for Fire Island Jazz Festival.

STICKS BERKLEE: Graduated magna cum laude from Benedict Arnold University with a B.A. in journalism. Started writing liner notes on cough-drop boxes after graduation. Began on drums after he wrote "how are ya fixed for blades?" on a Smith Bros. box, and company was sued by Gillette. First big-time gig with Morris Crain's society orchestra. Left Crain early last year after an argument over mixing with the patrons between sets. Later married the Duchess of Velstobourg, an avid jazz buff, who, by surrendering half the royalties to her newly invented homogenized, no cholesterol moustache wax, was able to land him a job with Finster.

STRIMP GRECH: Began playing cello in 1914. A smooth technique featuring a fleeting pizzacato helped him land a gig in New York with the Salvation Army. On the advice of Jean Simmons he left the group and joined the East Bayonne Philharmonic Orchestra, for which he became the first cellist to receive the award usually reserved for banjoists and guitarists, the Strummy. Retired in 1923 to live on the royalties of his never-to-be-forgotten hit *One-Note Charleston.* Brought out of retirement last summer by Finster at the urging of noted jazz historian Arnold Horde.

MILES COSNAT: Direct descendent of the fabled Connecticut vagrant Mooch Cosnat. After learning trumpet in the spring of 1950, he began working days in a Madison Ave. advertising agency and nights in the house band at Birdland. He soon became known around town as "the man with the gray flannel mute." Cosnat first met Finster in 1955 while the latter was picketing a razed pawnshop. After teaming with Finster, he became famous for his upper-register lyricism and his forearm tattoo of Big Maybelle. Put down his horn in 1959 to write jazz backgrounds for Hollywood newsreels and television test patterns before rejoining Finster last year.

GIMP LYMPHLY: Born Garnett Mash Lymphly in Kentucky, the most memorable event of his childhood was that of watching revenue agents smash his father's still. It was then he coined the phrase "flatted fifths." At the age of 24 he bought a secondhand gorkaphone at an Edsel parts rummage sale. Upon mastering the complicated fingering of the unwieldly horn, he was committed to a Stan Kenton Clinic as the result of chronic complaints by unhip friends and neighbors. After numerous treatments there, he decided to go on to bigger and better things and obtained a master's degree in music from a box of Cracker Jack. Unable to land a musical job, he went to work in a razor-blade factory near Duluth, Minn., where he was discovered by miscellaneous instrumentalist Cameron Lindsay Jr. Lindsay ultimately recommended him to Finster, and the rest is history.

ZOOT FINSTER: Leader or co-leader of some of the most dynamic jazz groups of the last 20 years. Because of his on-the-scene-off-the-scene shennanigans, his early life is a mystery. However, this much is known: in 1944 he became the first jazz musician to do a solo performance at the Hollywood Bowl, a bowling alley in Hollywood, Fla.; in 1951 he was the innovator of Gulf Coast Jazz while gigging part time as an itinerant Texas beachcomber; in 1954 he traded his tenor saxophone to Sid Caesar for a wallet-size photo of Imogene Coca; in 1959 he appeared on the back cover of *Down Beat;* in 1961, accompanied by 100 flaxen-haired tots with yo-yos, he recorded his first album for Hipsville, *Zoot Finster and Strings.*

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 initialed by the writers.

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

INSTRUMENTAL

Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt

DIG HIM!—Argo 697: *Red Sails in the Sunset; But Not for Me; A Pair of Red Pants; We'll Be Together Again; A Mess; New Blues Up and Down; My Foolish Heart; Headin' West; Autumn Leaves; Time on My Hands.*

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; John Huston, piano; Charles Williams, bass; George Brown, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Here is one of the better Stitt-Ammons collaborations on record.

Lester Young has influenced the tenor styles of both men strongly, but they differ in some respects. For example, Stitt uses the upper register more, and his lines are generally more complex; Ammons has a heavier sonority. Perhaps the high point of the album is *New Blues*, an up-tempo tune on which both men swing with great vigor. (Near the end of the track the wailing and screaming gets almost too frantic.)

Autumn Leaves, taken at a bounce tempo, has deeply felt solos by both men. Stitt is particularly passionate.

As for individual highlights, Stitt plays a strong solo on *Sunset* and contributes some fine alto playing to *Heart*. Ammon's big, warm sound and straightforward approach serve him well on the ballads. His *Not for Me* solo has fine momentum, and he also builds well on *Mess*. (H.P.)

Eddie Baccus

FEEL REAL—Smash 27029: *Feel Real; Out of Nowhere; Stranger on the Shore; Blues at Dawn; A Breath in the Wind; Flight 464; Phoebe; In a Minor Groove.*

Personnel: Baccus, organ; Mose Fowler, guitar; George Cook or Charles Crosby, drums; Theoshis Tannis (Roland Kirk), flute.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This album introduces Baccus as a "sensational jazz organist." The word "sensational" means little in a society that constantly resorts to superlatives in the attempt to sell a product. It takes its place nowadays alongside "colossal," "stupendous," and all the other hyperbolic terms that Hollywood and similar mercantile enterprises have overused to characterize talents in whom they have a computable financial stake.

Baccus in this debut recording shows little of the sensational in the true sense of that word, but he does prove himself a more astute and original performer than many of his fellow jazz organists.

Liner-note writer Edith Kirk declares that Baccus does not "fall victim to the funky cliches, histrionics, or chomping sounds which have been run into the well-known ground by many organists." By and large, this is true. *Feel*, for example, is a charging, churning, head-shaking swinger that Baccus develops primarily through single-note lines rather than the huge, muddy gobs of chords favored by most organ practitioners. His work on *Nowhere*, *464*, and *Groove* are equally deft and exhilarating.

Yet Baccus turns to the trick bag on *Breath* and falls into sentimentality on *Phoebe*. *Breath* features sound effects which, presumably, are meant to simulate breaths in the wind. In my view, these mechanical exhalations are gratuitous and only break the mood and continuity of the piece. Kirk's flute offers some relief from the general ennui, but, over-all, the performance arouses little response.

Dawn is a long (eight minutes) blues, interesting in spots but monotonous for the most part. Fowler provides much of the appeal on this track. It is the only tune on which he is given any room to stretch out. He plays a disarmingly simple line, free from pretension and completely to the point. Elsewhere, he functions mainly as rhythm guitar; Baccus is the whole bottle of wine on this date. Indeed, with that huge sound as the dominant tonality, Fowler is felt more often than heard. It is unfortunate that he wasn't allowed more solo time.

Cook and Crosby share third position in the trio, and both provide fine support. Since I am not familiar with their work, I cannot report which of them plays on what tune. (D.N.)

Elek Bacsik

JAZZ GUITARIST—Philips 600-079: *Blue Rondo a la Turk; Angel Eyes; God Child; Take Five; Willow, Weep for Me; Opus de Funk; My Old Flame; On Green Dolphin Street; Nuages; Milestones.*

Personnel: Bacsik, guitar; Pierre Michelot or Michel Gaudry, bass; Kenny Clarke or Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Bacsik is hailed on the cover of this LP as "the world's greatest jazz guitarist." Nonsense.

This sort of exaggerated promotion is unfair to Bacsik. He is a very good guitarist. He plays strong, clean, single-string lines. But he is an electrical electric guitarist. That is, his sound is hard and cold and might be the product of an astutely punched IBM card. The warm-blooded human being behind the guitar is rarely made evident.

He is well ahead of the mechanical marvels that infested U.S. guitar jazz in the '50s, those clangorous single-string virtuosi who made the guitar one of the great bores of jazz, but he is still far behind the new generation of guitarists—Jim Hall, Charlie Byrd, Bola Sete, and such rediscovered charmers from the acoustical days as Carl Kress—who have emerged from that dismal period. (J.S.W.)

Maynard Ferguson

THE NEW SOUNDS OF MAYNARD FERGUSON—Cameo 1046: *Take the A Train; Bossa Nova de Funk; Gravy Waltz; Cherokee; I'm Getting Sentimental over You; One O'Clock Jump; At the Sound of the Trumpet; Maine Bone; Watermelon Man; Danny Boy.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, valve trombone; Rick Kiefer, Dusan Goykovitch, Nat Pavone, trumpets; Don Doane, Kenny Rupp, trombones; Lanny Morgan, Willie Maiden, Frank Vivari, Ronnie Cuber, reeds; Mike Abene, piano; Lino Milliman, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Ferguson has led one of the finest big jazz bands for several years now, but the excitement engendered by the group in person rarely has been captured in the recording studios. This LP, unfortunately, is not an exception. True, there is musical heat on this album, but there is that missing spark, that extra push, which is almost always present at the band's in-person performances.

This album's arrangements and program are less ambitious than other Ferguson recorded efforts, but this is more a blessing than a drawback, since some of the extended pieces the band has recorded border on the pretentious. This playing to the galleries occurs only once on this release—a melodramatic and, at times, heavy reading of *Danny Boy*. The other arrangements come off much better, with more emphasis on musical values than crowd-pleasing ones.

To me, the best track is *One O'Clock*, arranged by Don Sebesky and containing outstanding solos. Sebesky writes particularly well for saxes, as evidenced by the section's soli following a brilliant, off-the-wall piano solo by Abene. Tenorist Vivari also solos well on this track, displaying an ability to swing in the manner of Zoot Sims. Ferguson plays two very good solos, the first a driving, thrashing one on valve trombone, the second a soaring one over the full band.

Sebesky also scored *A Train*, and again he has written deftly for the saxes. In fact, the sax section plays extremely well throughout the album, executing difficult passages expertly. (The section work of baritonist Cuber is worthy of particular note, as are his hard-swinging solos on *Gravy* and *Sound*, the first being especially fiery.)

Maiden arranged *Sound*, *Funk*, and *Gravy*, the first and third brass-rich, Basieish scores. *Funk* is a medium-tempoed original that is quite well done, showing Maiden's gift for composition as well as for voicing instruments.

Maiden and Vivari split a chorus on *Funk*, but neither gets much going especially when compared with the introspective, melodic trumpet solo by Ferguson that follows.

Maiden, in fact, emerges as a far more exciting arranger than tenor saxophonist on this record: his solos, particularly those on the nonballad tracks, lack spirit—or so it strikes my ears. His playing on *Danny* and *Sentimental*, though, is better in keeping with the subdued nature of the compositions.

Speaking of *Danny* and *Sentimental*, the notes fail to say who arranged them. *Sentimental* is perhaps the finest arrange-

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ment of the album; the closing chorus is very much in the Ralph Burns vein, and that one portion is enough to take the arranging cake.

Pianist Abene scored *Cherokee* and *Maine Bone*, neither arrangement being very original. *Cherokee* is basically an up-tempoed excursion for Morgan's alto: he flies through the changes with great speed, but little of importance happens—Morgan sounds like a modern-day Jimmy Dorsey on this track.

Herbie Hancock's *Watermelon* has Latin percussionists added, as does *Funk*, but it is not clear from the notes who these percussionists are; it is merely written that "Latin purity is injected . . . [by] Willie Rodriquez and his friends. . . ." *Watermelon*, by the way, is quite sloppily played, as if it were not adequately rehearsed. (D.DeM.)

Chico Hamilton

PASSIN' THRU—Impulse 29: *Passin' Thru; The Second Time Around; El Toro; Transfusion; Lady Gabor; Lonesome Child.*

Personnel: Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; George Bohanon, trombone; Gabor Szabo, guitar; Al Stinson, bass; Hamilton, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Any way you look at it, Hamilton has in his present quintet a remarkable little jazz band. Reflecting the ideas and creative energies of its leader and saxophonist Lloyd, the group goes after—and gets—a compelling and unique ensemble sound.

Not only the sound but also the approach is an uncommon one today. Eschewing both the starched formality of a Modern Jazz Quartet and the "every tub on its own bottom" philosophy of a Miles Davis unit, Hamilton and company achieve a loose feeling of spontaneity within the framework of carefully drawn scores. There is never any question about this music being jazz; yet neither is there any doubt that these jazzmen have worked hard to bring composition order and multilinear depth to their music.

Among recent groups, only a few, such as Charlie Mingus' and Sonny Rollins', have reached anything like this kind of *blowing* collectively. A better parallel would be the King Oliver band of 1923-24, although Oliver's musicians were more significant as stylists than are Hamilton's.

Like Oliver, Hamilton and Lloyd stress the role of each improviser as a contributor to the impact of the band as a whole, without one iota of any man's musical individuality becoming lost in the process.

As soloists, these are jazzmen of considerable promise. Lloyd is clearly the outstanding player, despite the fact that he has not yet developed a completely personal style. Lloyd's gritty cries, occasionally touching the outer edges of hysteria, suggest the influence of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane, but his straight-ahead improvisations are closer to Rollins in spirit.

Szabo and Bohanon are individualists worth keeping an eye on. Both show skill in ensemble playing and are, in fact, generally more impressive here as bandsmen rather than as soloists.

Hamilton's drumming never has sounded better. He is forceful but not overbearing, inventive but never unsupportive.

The originals are by Lloyd and Szabo. The title tune sounds like a mixture of samba, calypso, and high life—with a dash of Ornette Coleman for good measure. *Lady* is a hypnotic piece, not unlike *My Favorite Things*, that sustains a 6/4 time feeling.

With a little more development of individual solo styles, this should be a frighteningly good band. (R.B.H.)

Stan Getz-Luis Bonfa

JAZZ SAMBA ENCORE—Verve 8523: *Sambalero So Dance Samba; Insensatez; O Morri Nao Tem Vez; Samba de Duas Notas; Menina Flor; Mania de Maria; Saudade Vem Correndo; Um Abraco No Getz; Ebony Samba.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Bonfa, guitar; Antonio C. Jobim, guitar, piano; George Duvivier, Tommy Williams, or Don Payne, bass; Paulo Ferrera, Jose Carlos, or Dave Bailey, drums; Marie Toledo, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

You reach a point, as you may have discovered, when one bossa nova (and I'm speaking of the good ones) sounds like another.

Those bossa novas that are simply blatant exaggerations are easily dismissed. But the good ones, taken one at a time, are not. Yet two LP sides of good bossa novas—which is what this disc consists of—can, on top of all the bossa nova that has preceded it, become a surfeit.

That is why this album must be approached from two points of view. If you have never heard bossa nova before, you will find a great deal of charm and excitement in this set. However, if you have been following the bossa nova fad over the last eight months, this group of performances, even though they rank well above the norm of what you have heard, has arrived at a time when we are getting too much of a good thing.

Give producer Creed Taylor high marks for doing an imaginative follow-up of a success, Getz' *Jazz Samba* with guitarist Charlie Byrd. Instead of taking the normal course of doing more of the same, Taylor has replaced Byrd with a different and quite individual guitarist, Bonfa, whose position as a composer is emphasized by the fact that seven of the 10 selections are his compositions.

Then Taylor has added a new ingredient—Miss Toledo, a singer who projects a wonderfully warm and winning sexuality. Getz, back at the old stand, plays in a singing melodious style that is, at the very least, disarming and occasionally—as in *Um Abraco No Getz*—rises to stirring heights.

If this had been one of the early entries in the bossa nova fad, it could be hailed as something wonderful. At this point, it has to fight what Cole Porter has categorized as "that old ennui." Ten years from now it is possible it will sound far better. (J.S.W.)

Pete Jolly

LITTLE BIRD—Ava 22: *Little Bird; Three-Four-Five; Never, Never Land; Alone Together; To Kill a Mockingbird; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most; My Favorite Things; Toot, Toot Tootsie; Falling In Love with Love.*

Personnel: Jolly, piano; Howard Roberts, guitar; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Larry Bunker, drums; Kenny Hume, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

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handed piano playing. Here is a pianist who is not only in command of his instrument but who also has something personal and positive to say on it. Jolly is, in effect, the answer to those who feel that virtuosity is enough. He has that, but he also has the creativity to do something with it. He swings, he is melodious, he has spirit and feeling and humor. And he has been well recorded.

He gets a little gaudy at times, and at least one of the tunes he has chosen is plain dull (*Never*). But these are picky complaints about a set that is far above the routine of piano discs that keep turning up week after week. (J.S.W.)

Medieval Jazz Quartet

THE MEDIEVAL JAZZ QUARTET PLUS THREE—Classic Editions 1050: *How High the Moon; September Song; Chloe; Nature Boy; Lady, Be Good; You Are Too Beautiful; Mood Indigo; Autumn Leaves.*

Personnel: Bob Dorough, tenor recorder, vocals; Lanoue Davenport, alto, tenor, bass recorders, sopranino, tenor krummhorn; Martha Bixler, soprano, alto, tenor recorders, alto krummhorn; Shellye Gruskin, alto, tenor, bass recorders, baroque flute; Al Schackman, guitar, bouzoukee; George Duvivier, bass; Paul Motian, percussion; Irving Kratka, finger cymbals.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The idea behind this set is an entertaining notion—to play jazz and pop tunes with a quartet made up of four recorders (plus rhythm) using a mixture of an elementary jazz approach and 18th century devices.

Unfortunately, it is little more than an entertaining notion. To hear the group swing into *How High the Moon* with an archaic sound and a modern swing is genuinely amusing. But after a chorus or so the joke begins to wear thin. *Moon* seems to go on for an unconscionably long time, and when it is finally finished, the joke has turned from thin to tiresome. And there is still the rest of the LP to go.

Taken in highly selective sips, one can find some measure of off-beat charm on this record. But it might much better have been boiled down to a single—and without Dorough's coy vocals. (J.S.W.)

Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN '63 / THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND—Verve 8515: *Little Rock Getaway; Ballad; Big City Life; Big City Blues; My Kinda Love; Pretty Little Gypsy; Bridgehampton South; Bridgehampton Strut.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Nick Travis, Doc Severinsen, Don Ferrara, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone, piano; Willie Dennis, Tony Studd, trombones; Gene Quill, alto saxophone, clarinet; Eddie Caine, alto saxophone, flute; Jim Reider, tenor saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, clarinet; Jim Hall, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It's another of the unfortunate conditions in jazz that a band of this caliber cannot exist on a full-time basis. In 1963 it hasn't even been together on a part-time basis, but in December, 1962, this album was taped in four connective dates.

Its great appeal comes from the variety of original material, the way it is programed and, most importantly, played. The band breathes as one in a convincing demonstration of rapport and esprit de corps. Mulligan's clarinet debut is a welcome bonus.

The bulk of the arrangements are by Brookmeyer (*Life, Blues*) and Gary McFarland (*Gypsy, South, Strut*). No arranger credits are given for *Love*, a lazy-like rendition that contains a warm Mulligan-Brookmeyer duet; Joe Sullivan's *Getaway;* or Mulligan's *Ballad*. It is safe to assume that the leader did the arrangement for the last named, a touching piece with a Claude Thornhillish sound in places. When originally done in Mulligan's tentet album on Capitol, it was called *A Ballad*.

On his own arrangements, Brookmeyer is effectively featured at the piano. (Mulligan is listed as pianist in the liner notes but does not appear in this role.) On *Life* he states the moody theme with the help of Caine's flute and gets into a short, bluesy section in his solo; on *Blues* he and Hall set a mood for Mulligan's Pres-styled clarinet before the theme enters. There are some Jimmie Lunceford touches before Hall's typically earthy solo. After a lusty ensemble passage, Terry really heats things up a la Roy Eldridge.

Mulligan's other clarinet appearance is on *Gypsy*, on which he gets a drier, classical sound, evoking a pastoral feeling. McFarland has written a short, effective brassy climax that prefaces Mulligan's final exposition of the beautiful melody.

South is Dukish in places, with solos by a sweet-toned Terry and a solid, direct Mulligan.

There are also some Ellingtonlike brass figures before Terry's solo on *Getaway*, which also includes a Reider solo that sounds very much like one by Zoot Sims. This is both good and bad.

Strut is an intriguing theme, featuring rough-and-ready Dennis and brilliant, driving Quill clarinet, much like his alto in style but with a sound all its own.

Credit Crow and Johnson with excellent support. It's not hard to hear why Count Basie hasn't sounded quite the same since Gus left. (I.G.)

Barney Kessel

KESSEL / JAZZ: CONTEMPORARY LATIN RHYTHMS!—Reprise 6073. *Blues in the Night; Days of Wine and Roses; Latin Dance #1; Lady Bird; One-Note Samba; The Peanut Vendor; Quizas, Quizas, Quizas; Every Time I Hear This Song; Love; Twilight in Acapulco.*

Personnel: Conte Candoli, trumpet; Paul Horn, alto saxophone, flute; Kessel, Al Hendrickson, Bill Pitman, guitars; Victor Feldman, vibraharp; Emil Richards, marimba; Keith Mitchell, bass; Stan Levey, drums; Frank Capp, Edward Talamantes, Francisco Aguabella, various percussion instruments.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Kessel has participated on a variety of recording dates since moving to the West Coast several years ago, but some of the sessions have not shown his playing to best advantage.

This is a commercial session, the selling point being the Latin rhythms; some of the tunes aren't particularly good vehicles for jazz improvisation, and the arrangements are innocuous.

Understandably then, Kessel's playing isn't always up to par here. However, he does take one solo that is good enough to recommend the album to his admirers. This is on Tadd Dameron's classic *Lady Bird*. Here, he takes off as if jet propelled and eats up the changes without stalling for a second. He also plays well on *Song*, and his solo on *Peanut Vendor* is vigorous—if lacking in melodic substance.

Candoli, who has become a symbol of what can happen to a fine young jazzman when he is in a creatively stultifying atmosphere for a period of years, plays blandly and impersonally. (H.P.)

Oscar Peterson

AFFINITY—Verve 8516: *Waltz for Debbie; Tangerine; Gravy Waltz; This Could Be the Start of Something; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; Six and Four; I'm a Fool to Want You; Yours Is My Heart Alone.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

For one of the most edifying *group* experiences in jazz currently, one need only turn to the Peterson trio. Annotator Norman Granz' statement that the trio members "genuinely inter-relate to each other in such a manner that each member's talents are sublimated to the group's profit as a whole" is well taken, and this album serves as a perfect example of the sensitivity and fullness of rapport the trio can attain—as on *Gravy,* where Brown's bass line is everything (and more) one might ask of it; *Baubles; Six;* and *Yours.*

The trio's most telling virtues reside in its arrangements, however, which are models of taste and originality. The theme statements and recapitulations of *Debbie, Tangerine, Start,* and *Baubles,* for examples, make wonderful use of color, shading, time changes, and rests—exploiting, in short, just about the full expressive potential that may be had from the combination of piano, bass, and drums. And here is where that superb group interaction takes place. The improvisations that follow, for all their bubbling excitement, rarely attain the subtlety and variety of the arranged materials. This, however, is more tribute to the high order of the arrangements than to any great failing in the extemporized passages. (Perhaps this kind of rapport is unattainable to the same degree in improvised music.) The disparity does exist, though, and the gap between the arranged and blowing sections is a wide one.

The vitality and thrusting force of Peterson's playing aside, the pianist does have a tendency to a kind of cliche playing, where instead of developing an idea—as on *Six*—he will merely toy with it, or—as on *Yours*—skitter blithely across the surface rather than attempt to mine beneath it. And remember, whether his own cliches or general property, they still are cliches.

Brown has a number of fine solos, especially on *Debbie,* where he begins his thoughtful, well-paced improvisation with an effective quote from *Can't Help Loving That Man of Mine.*

Affinity is a representative album by the trio, with both the strengths (high degree of polish, a lilting drive, and a collective brilliance) and weaknesses (pattern playing, singleness of mood, little emotional commitment) implicit in its approach. I find a kind of brightness and brittleness to the group's work—a forced smile, if you will—that's due almost entirely to the leader's piano. All the selections, no matter what the mood of the individual tunes, emerge with the same bouncy, exuberant quality. They're all given about the same treatment, each number sounding much like the preceding; there is little emotional or dynamic variety.

As usual, though, the musicianship is impeccable throughout, and the album makes for quite pleasant listening. (P.W.)

Django Reinhardt

THE IMMORTAL DJANGO REINHARDT GUITAR—Reprise 6075: *Ol' Man River; I Love You; Crepuscule; Swing Time in Springtime; Louise; I Love You for Sentimental Reasons; Songe d'automne; Swing Guitars; R-Vingt-Six; Sweet Chorus; Just One of Those Things; Django's Dream; Feerie; Stockholm.*

Personnel: Django Reinhardt, guitar; Stephane Grappelly, violin, or Hubert Rostaing, clarinet; Eugene Vees, guitar; Joseph Reinhardt, guitar, or Andre Jourdan, drums; Fred Ermelin or Emmanuel Soudieux, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This disc forcefully reminds us of the great loss to jazz occasioned by Reinhardt's death.

The Belgian gypsy's playing in this album is to be recommended on several counts: its glowing, unaffected beauty; uncloying romanticism tinged with melancholy; soaring lyricism; strong, supple swing. His guitar lines have the coursing limpidity of a mountain freshet and the same air of crystalline brilliance to them. At his best, his solos have a flowing grace and lithe delicacy that are breathtaking; at their least effective or unoriginal—as on *Swing Time* or *Stockholm*—there is still the guitarist's remarkable rhythmic sense and easy swing to redeem them.

Of the 14 selections in this album, four find him in the company of his old sidekick of the exemplary Quintet of the Hot Club of France, violinist Grappelly. These four pieces—*Ol' Man River, I Love You, Swing Guitars,* and *R-Vingt-Six*—also employ the original quintet formula of two rhythm guitars and bass behind the two soloists. The swing is strong.

They are by all odds the most satisfying performances of the album, for Grappelly's slashing, muscularly lovely playing provided Reinhardt a far more stimulating foil than did Rostaing's attractive clarinet, heard on the other numbers. The guitarist and violinist worked superbly together; one can almost feel the electricity that charges back and forth in their playing, as each goads the other into fresh flights of musical fancy, new feats of daring.

Django has a remarkably powerful solo on *River;* after a rather faltering start, he builds at top speed a stunning improvisation notable for its wondrously subtle rhythmic displacement, unflagging inventiveness (doubly impressive at the tempo), and a blistering swing all the way through. Grappelly's jabbing, almost savage solo grows out of it with such inevitability that it seems a perfect continuation. The two build to a shattering climax, the excitement of their interplay on the final chorus almost a palpable thing. This number is easily the high spot of the album, with the relentless momentum and sparkling joint invention of *Swing Guitars* a close second. *I Love You* and *R-Vingt-Six* are not far behind them, either.

The 10 remaining selections, recorded shortly before his death in 1953, have Django on electric guitar, with Rostaing and a more conventional rhythm section (guitar, bass, drums). Quite frankly, I much prefer the more luminous sound Reinhardt draws from the acoustic guitar he employed on the four Grappelly tracks, but that's a question of personal preference. The clarinetist plays with commendable warmth and sensitivity, but not even the best of the 10—the driving *Things* and the hauntingly lovely *Dream*—approach the bristling intensity of the collaboration

ENCORE!

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with Grappelly. At their best, they merely come close. (P.W.)

Ira Sullivan

BIRD LIVES!—Vee Jay 3033: *Klactoveedesedstene; In Other Words; Highlights of Shaw 'Nuff; Perhaps; Love Letters; Highlights of Mohawk.*

Personnel: Sullivan, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Nicky Hill, tenor saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano; Don Garrett, bass; Dorel Anderson or Wilbur Campbell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This tribute to Charlie Parker was recorded March 12, 1962, at Chicago's Birdhouse. Sullivan's Chicago Jazz Quintet did well that night, as these grooves attest.

The music, with the exception of *Words* and *Letters*, has the distinct advantage of sounding nostalgic and up to date at the same time. The five men manage to evoke the feeling of the Parker groups of the '40s with the sound and techniques of today. Given the memorial nature of the concert, this is a salutary achievement, since Bird is remembered not only by the occasion itself but also in the way the tunes are played.

Every man on the date gets a chance to offer his solo wares, and all acquit themselves honorably, particularly Garrett and Campbell.

Garrett is one of the strong men on this album as far as creativity. His potent bass can be heard throughout, sounding clearly through the other instruments yet in no sense interfering with their play. His intro to *Words*, on which he plays second fiddle to the soloing Hill, sensitively utilizes the "guitar" approach employed so effectively by many of the more imaginative bassists today. On this track, Hill combines a sort of Getzian romantic conception with the "hard" sound of the Coltraneites. It strikes the ear as odd but good-odd.

Garrett's *Mohawk* solo is a peach, carried through by a harmonious marriage of imagination and technique. If the bulk of his work is of this caliber, he is patently a bassist of the first rank.

Campbell, who follows Garrett to the solo spotlight on *Mohawk*, proves that his sticks need not apologize to the bassist's fingers. Drum solos, despite their thunder, usually send me sleepybye; but Campbell's unflagging sense of continuity and variety kept my interest to the last knock. Anderson, the drummer on three of the six tunes, gives a fine account of himself on *Klacto*.

Both *Mohawk* and *Shaw 'Nuff* are "highlights" excerpted from the tunes as they were originally performed at the Birdhouse. The first consists largely of the Garrett and Campbell solos plus ensemble play which, as in *Klacto*, strongly recalls the Parker quintets of yore. *'Nuff* is little more than a teaser, albeit a satisfactory one. It features Christian in a two minute-plus piano solo that whets the appetite for the more that never comes. The churning, rapid-fire comments of Christian build the listener to a peak of interest only to be let down by a quick trailoff and silence.

Leader Sullivan's main solo lick is on *Letters*. He comes on via fluegelhorn, which seems now to be the official alter instrument of the trumpet fraternity. There are moments when his control seems to falter, but he digs considerable tenderness from the ballad. Garrett again emerges with laurels. (D.N.)

VOCAL

Teri Thornton

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT—Dauntless 6306: *Somewhere in the Night; I've Got Your Number; There's a Boat That's Leavin' Soon for New York; Lonely One; You've Got to Have Heart; Stormy Weather; I Believe in You; Mood Indigo; Quizas, Quizas, Quizas; I've Got the World on a String; Clap Yo' Hands; Serenade in Blue.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Larry Wilcox, conductor; Miss Thornton, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There really must be something in the Detroit air. Miss Thornton is yet another native of the Motor City possessed of striking musical talent. In her case, the talent is a large one, indeed; with this album she emerges as one of the best of popular singers.

These days one may feel a bit self-conscious in making such a statement. The fact is that there is now almost a plethora of top-flight female pop singers—most of them jazz-oriented, as is Miss Thornton—who have made their several marks in the business during the last half-decade or so. There are, for examples, Pat Thomas, Betty Carter, Aretha Franklin, and Ruth Price; that is hardly the full list.

This takes nothing from Miss Thornton's gift. On the contrary, it bespeaks a minor miracle in the music business today—genuinely good, worthwhile talent can gain exposure on recordings. Further, it tends to disprove a frequent assertion that this country's young singers (Miss Thornton was born in 1936) have had their taste and talents stultified by all the years of rock-and-roll trash.

For this album, Miss Thornton is fortunate in having chosen for the title song one of the best ballads of the day, a song ironically given reason for being by a television program, *Naked City*, the theme of which is the melody by Billy May. And Milt Raskin's lyric complements the poignant melody to the fullest.

There is full-bodied contralto depth in Miss Thornton's voice and a sound that can only be said to be reminiscent of a combination of Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae—an impressive parlay on anybody's turntable. Moreover, Miss Thornton is unafraid to use the power of her voice—to use it but also to control it.

Her selections here are, at times, surprising. For example, how many singers now choose to take on *Stormy Weather*? And at a time when the show-bizzed-to-distraction *You've Got to Have Heart* appears confined to television musical specials, arranger Wilcox saves the day with a surprisingly apposite cha-cha-cha beat, of all things. But it works.

The singer sticks her neck out a bit by undertaking to lead off the second side with the Frank Loesser reaffirmation *I Believe in You*. This song was recently (and to these ears, electrifyingly) cut by Sarah Vaughan. The question is not whether Miss Thornton's version is better but, rather, that she does such a convincing job of it.

Other left-field, as it were, selections include an utterly relaxed *Indigo;* a fresh-sounding *Quizas*, thanks again to the singer-arranger alliance; the hoary *Clap Yo' Hands*, for which this listener cannot make an allowance in the choice; and the closing *Serenade in Blue*.

All in all, this is an auspicious album by a singer surely destined for great things. (J.A.T.)

Nina Simone

NINA'S CHOICE—Colpix 443; *Trouble in Mind; Memphis in June; Cotton-Eyed Joe; Work Song; Forbidden Fruit; Little Liza Jane; Rags and Old Iron; You Can Have Him; Just Say I Love Him.*

Personnel: Miss Simone, vocals, piano; other personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Nina's Choice—as the title indicates, a compilation of tunes from Miss Simone's previous Colpix albums—only occasionally manages to live up to its name.

Miss Simone is, I feel, a consummate ballad interpreter, capable of infusing this kind of song with dramatic intensity, making it an intimate experience of great power and warmth. Her Town Hall concert recording of *You Can Have Him* included here is such a performance, a wonderfully shaped and moving example of her balladic art at its most effective. It is easily the best performance in this set and is a far superior rendition of the tune than Nancy Wilson's recent coy, mannered hit version. Yet, despite Miss Simone's superiority with this form, it and the mazurka-like *Just Say I Love Him* (an attractive minor mood, folkish number that is marred by an overlong treatment, inapposite humming, and a tedious guitar solo) are the only two ballads included in the album.

The remaining tracks are more or less in the folk bag that Miss Simone likes to dip into (and even *Memphis* is accorded this kind of treatment). They are not nearly so compelling as *You Can Have Him*, though they do occasionally ignite when all is going well, as happens on *Liza Jane*. The selections range from a rather dreary *Trouble in Mind*, recorded at a Newport festival and hampered by sodden rhythm; a *Forbidden Fruit* that is overcute; a very pleasant *Memphis* that shows off well the warm adenoidal quality of her voice; a deliberately paced, rich, and throaty *Cotton-Eyed Joe;* pieces like *Work Song* and *Rags and Old Iron*, energized by her feeling for drama; and the antiphonal *Little Liza Jane*, which mounts in intensity due to her strongly rhythmic phrasing.

Despite the fact that some of these selections are location recordings, the excitement and spiraling intensity that mark Miss Simone's in-person performances are rarely captured. And it's a shame that her strong point—her superbly expressive ballad singing—was minimized in this album. Add to this the ragged quality of her accompaniments (most often electric guitar, bass, and drums in addition to her piano), poor recording balance (most of the instruments, and this includes her piano, sound as though they were recorded at some distance from her voice) and the over-all impact of this album is considerably weakened. (P.W.)

OLD WINE, NEW BOTTLES

Of the major record companies, those that have been in business for some time, only Columbia has consistently recorded jazz of high caliber, and what the company itself did not record back in the '20s and '30s, it had the good fortune—or dumb luck—of acquiring during the depression. The wealth of jazz available on Columbia, or its subsidiary Epic, is staggering. There are sets available by Louis Armstrong from the late '20s (his finest period), Bix Beiderbecke (90 percent of the really valuable Bix), Bessie Smith (Columbia has access to all her recorded output), the white New Yorkers, blues singers Robert Johnson and LeRoy Carr, James P. Johnson, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Lester Young with Count Basie . . . staggering. And there is more to come: Frank Driggs, who put together several of the aforementioned sets, is planning two three-LP sets of vintage Duke Ellington material, the first to be released this fall, the second in spring, 1964.

Most recently, the company has released *Woody Herman, the Thundering Herds* (Columbia C3L 25) and *King of the Blues Trombone — Jack Teagarden* (Epic 6044). Both are three-record albums, with extensive notes, discographical data, and several photographs included in each set's handsome booklet. There are 45 tracks in the Herman album and 48 in the Teagarden.

The Herman set is drawn from material recorded from February, 1945, to December, 1947. All but the last eight tracks are by the so-called first Herd, which at various times included such men as trombonist Bill Harris, trumpeters Pete and Conte Candoli, Sonny Berman, Shorty Rogers, and Neil Hefti; tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips; vibraharpists Margie Hyams and Red Norvo; pianists Ralph Burns, Tony Aless, and Jimmy Rowles; bassists Chubby Jackson and Joe Mondragon; guitarists Billy Bauer and Chuck Wayne; drummers Dave Tough and Don Lamond; and vocalists, in addition to Herman, Frances Wayne and Mary Ann McCall. The arrangements were almost exclusively by Burns and Hefti. It was one of the most exciting bands ever.

Herman, of course, had had a band previous to this first Herd—does anybody remember the "Band That Plays the Blues"?—but it was not until he assembled this band that he really began to make a deep impression on musicians and public alike, his earlier hit *Woodchoppers' Ball* aside. And it probably was the inclusion of Harris that made the difference, since Phillips (called Joe Flip in 1944) and the nonpareil rhythm section of Burns, Bauer, Jackson, and Tough were already with the band before it switched from Decca to Columbia in 1945. But, then, Jackson also must be given credit as one of the band's driving forces; he sometimes gave the appearance of being more a cheerleader than a bassist. Of course, Tough cannot be left out when one is considering why this band, particularly in 1945, was as exciting as it was.

Whatever the reason for this first Herd's excellence, it certainly was ready to take on the world when it went into the studio for its first records with Columbia. In fact, judging by the evidence in this set, the band reached a peak in the first three sessions (February and March, 1945) that it would never attain again. It came close—but the drive and enthusiasm, the invention, the magnificence of these first sessions seemed just beyond reach.

On those three dates, Herman and his men recorded *Apple Honey, Laura, Caldonia, Goosey Gander, I Wonder, A Kiss Goodnight* (which has beautiful Berman trumpet), *Northwest Passage, Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe* (Miss Wayne's best vocal), and *I've Got the World on a String*. All are included in this present set.

What makes these tracks so memorable—well, most of them—are the rhythm section (most particularly Tough and the way he had of driving the whole band with those cymbals), the brass section that still jumps out of the record and hits the listener like a tidal wave (what brass section ever pulled off a thing like the *Caldonia* unison passage that moved Igor Stravinsky to compose a concerto for the band?), the solos of Phillips and Harris (Phillips' work has not worn quite as well as Harris', whose gruffly humorous trombone playing is as moving today as it was in 1945).

Actually Herman's band was a synthesis of all that was good in the bands of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Jimmie Lunceford—this from the pens of Burns and Hefti, who also learned their lessons, evidently, from Eddie Sauter, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, and Stravinsky. And then there were the head arrangements that evolved on the stand.

But the band also had characteristics of its own that made it readily identifiable, one of the most noticeable being the way the sections attacked eight notes staccato, finally giving way to legato passages. And, of course, as time went on Burns developed into one of the excellent jazz arrangers, which gave the band added distinction.

Tracks included from later sessions by the first Herd that come closest to capturing the looseness and spirit of the first three dates are *The Good Earth, Bijou* (one of Burns' finest scores, featuring Harris in a solo that manages to run from pathos to satire to something approaching giddiness), *Blowing Up a Storm* (the brass section struts gloriously in the out chorus), *Your Father's Mustache* (a joyous, jagged Berman solo, a rollicking one by Harris, and Buddy Rich obviously having a ball sitting in for Tough are high points), *Wild Root* (the last chorus is similar to *Storm's*, both having been arranged by Hefti), *Let It Snow* (which has a rich, dissonant introduction, written by Hefti, and a warm, tasteful Berman solo), *Sidewalks of Cuba* (witty Berman), *Panacea* (rough, cutting blues playing by Harris), *Everywhere*

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(lovely Harris ballad work), *With Someone New* (Burns' introduction, as played by him and the saxes, to the tender tenor of Phillips is one of the finest musical moments in the album, as is a short reed passage near the end, a passage so unexpected one's ears are twisted halfway around), and the three-part *Summer Sequence* (a successful attempt by Burns at extended composition, particularly successful when compared with his rather tedious *Lady McGowan's Dream*, also included in the album)—which is about everything else in the set recorded by the 1945-46 band.

Also in this set are eight small-band tracks made in 1946 in two sessions, one in Chicago, and the other in Los Angeles. The ones made in Chicago with Herman, Berman, Rogers, Harris, Phillips, Norvo, Rowles, Bauer, Jackson, and Lamond are better organized and arranged than those made later in California.

The Chicago tracks are *Steps* (a quite Ellingtonish arrangement by Rogers which features very good Herman clarinet played in the manner of Barney Bigard), *Igor* (named for Stravinsky by composers Norvo and Rogers, the arrangement, nonetheless, is closer to John Kirby than Stravinsky), *Nero's Conception* (preaching Harris and silk-smooth Phillips solos), *Pam* (a Bauer ballad featuring creamy Herman alto and touching Berman trumpet), *Fan It* (a fast blues notable for Norvo's excellent solo, Berman's odd-note chorus, a hurrying-along Harris, and a duet by Phillips' tenor and Lamond's brushes), and *Lost Weekend* (which caught the spirit of the big band's head arrangements).

Someday, Sweetheart and *I Surrender, Dear* are the two tunes included from the later small-group date and have Wayne and Mondragon in place of Bauer and Jackson, who had left the band in the meantime. And while these two tracks do not have the scoring of the first session as a bonus factor, there is some meaty solo work by Norvo (*Surrender* is his specialty), Berman, Harris, and Wayne.

The last session by the first Herd was held in December, 1946. Almost a year went by before there was another Herman band session, a year in which Herman broke up the band, seemingly was to follow a singing career, got the band itch again, and formed a band made up for the most part of young, unknown musicians but with some of the first Herd's veterans included also. The second Herd was to become the Four Brothers band, the group that was built around the sax section made up of Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward, and Serge Chaloff. But at the time of the recordings included in this set, Sam Marowitz was the lead altoist and Steward played third alto, making it a conventional five-man section. The permanent three-tenor-baritone set up was to come later.

Though this band's most notable records were made for Capitol, there were enough made for Columbia, and included here, to show that Herman had done it again. There is material from five sessions, four of them within a nine-day period in December, 1947, and it is on these tracks that a spirit closest to the February-March, 1945, sessions emerges, most notably on the fourth part of *Summer Sequence*, which has very nice Getz work, and was later to become *Early Autumn; Keen and Peachy*, a Rogers-Burns arrangement using *Fine and Dandy's* chords that left room for a lovely Getz solo and moved Lamond to some of his most kicking drumming behind a roaring brass section; *The Goof and I*, which has a very good Chaloff baritone solo; *I've Got News for You*, a blues arranged by Rogers and featuring, in addition to the leader's vocal, the sax section playing a chorus of Charlie Parker's *Dark Shadows* solo and some more driving drum work by Lamond; and the precursor of things to come, Jimmy Giuffre's *Four Brothers*, on

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which Marowitz laid out and Steward switched from alto to tenor, the four men producing that light, lacy section sound and chasing each other in solo and in a you're-it ending.

It is a fitting final track to a generally excellent collection, one which I heartily recommend.

The Teagarden set is made up material recorded from 1928-40, with the exceptions of '35 and a period from April, 1936, to April, 1939—years when Teagarden evidently made no records now available to Columbia.

Few of the tracks were made with Teagarden as leader, but on the majority of the material he is the main attraction, whether singing or playing. This is particularly true in the case of the early records, some of which are unbearably corny at times, though when Jimmy McPartland and Benny Goodman are also present (the three were members of Ben Pollack's orchestra at the time and were in the New York studios quite often in the late '20s and early '30s), he gets some help.

Baby, made in 1928 by Jimmy McHugh's Bostonians and included here, is a good example of how Teagarden perks up a record. The performance is dull, bland, and corny (even with McPartland and Goodman on the date) until Teagarden takes a series of dark-toned breaks—then one can understand the effect he must have had on musicians when he first came to New York.

Like Lester Young, Teagarden evidently came to his first recordings fully developed—his style, except for a few trills he now employs, was basically what one hears today: melodic, well-constructed, symmetrical improvisation, quite vocal in timbre. And like Louis Armstrong, Teagarden never, it would seem, played a corny note in his life.

Not all the tracks are outstanding, of course, but there are several noteworthy: *Bugle Call Rag* and *Dirty Dog* by the Whoopee Makers (1929). The former has some hot, clipped trombone work; the latter, a slow blues, contains a classic Teagarden solo, dark, brooding, climactic—much in the manner of Armstrong's blues solos of the late '20s. There's also some feelingful cornet work by McPartland on *Dog* before Teagarden's vocal.

Freshman Hop by Jack Pettis (1929). Excellent Goodman clarinet and some Bix-like cornet by Bill Moore as well as a fluttery Teagarden solo are points of interest.

Diga Diga Doo by Goody and his Good Timers (1928). A vocal in the style of the times is worth a chuckle, but it is Teagarden's white hot, superb solo that makes it all worthwhile.

Sweet and Hot by Pen Pollack (1931). This is a more flowing performance than others of the same and previous times because a string bass is used instead of tuba. Goodman gets off an expert and sparkling solo, much as he did with his own band in the swing years and does today.

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Teagarden's leadership or as the Cloverdale Country Club Orchestra (1931). Fats Waller's piano and voice add hilarity to what sounds like a freewheeling session. In addition, there are some fiery trombone passages and good solos by trumpeters Sterling Bose and Charlie Teagarden.

Texas Tea Party by Benny Goodman (1933). This was an all-star date of the time, but this performance (there were other, less successful sides cut at the date included in this album) was obviously a head-arrangement affair. There is a fine Teagarden vocal (with beautiful Goodman backing during the second chorus) and outstanding Teagarden trombone, but the last ensemble, though it has a great deal of spirit, almost falls apart. It should be noted that two sides cut about the same time (it may have been the same date) with basically the same group, *Basin Street Blues* and *Beale Street Blues*, both of which have excellent Teagarden work and are several cuts above some of the tracks in this album, are not included.

A Hundred Years from Today recorded under Teagarden's leadership (1933). Tea's laze-along vocal and commanding trombone make this an essential item.

As Long as I Live and *Moonglow* by Benny Goodman (1934). These are the two outstanding tracks of the early material included in this set. There is some Earl Hines-like Teddy Wilson piano on these two takes, but the finest moments come when Goodman and Teagarden solo. It is interesting how Goodman always managed to structure things so that there was a rolling rhythm behind his solos, immediately grabbing the listener's attention with the change of texture. Teagarden's trombone work on *Moonglow* is outstanding; in the first 16 bars it's as if he were yawning and stretching as he plays over the ensemble, and he seems to embrace the bridge.

'S Wonderful and *I'm an Old Cowhand* by Frankie Trumbauer (1936). The ensemble passages on the first title sound like a burlesque theater pit band, but there are some fine solos by Trumbauer and Charlie Teagarden (they tumble over each other in a chase chorus), guitarist Carl Kress (he swivel-hips his way into a chorded solo), and Big Tea (whose tongue-in-cheek break leads into an airy improvisation). Artie Shaw sounds as if he's putting everybody on during his clarinet solo. The second title is notable mainly for Jack's ability to fool around with the melody, yet never lose it.

TEAGARDEN
Symmetrical improvisation

Muddy River Blues by Teagarden's own band (1939). When Teagarden left Paul Whiteman in 1939, he formed his first band. It was a good one, and this track is the best of seven by his band in this album. This track features some expressive trombone and vocal work by the leader as well as some good clarinet playing by Ernie Caceres.

Muskrat Ramble, 47th and State, After Awhile, and *Shim-me-sha-wabble* by Bud Freeman (1940). These are the final tracks in the album, and easily the best all-around performances. The personnel, in addition to Teagarden and Freeman, was made up of Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Dave Bowman, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Mort Stuhlmaker, bass; and Dave Tough, drums. This session was one of the finest Chicago-revisited dates of the time. What makes the tracks included here particularly interesting, besides the excellent soloing and the drumming of Tough, is that three of the four tracks are unissued masters (only *Muskrat* is so noted in the discography). The only one of the four that is from the master originally issued is *47th*. The second masters are every bit as good as the originals.

With these two collections, Columbia—and Frank Driggs, who produced the Herman set, along with John Hammond and Richard DuPage, who, with Driggs, coproduced the Teagarden — should take another bow for two more jobs well done.

—*DeMicheal*

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BLINDFOLD®TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

A little more than four years ago the Three Sounds, a group organized in 1956 in South Bend, Ind., hit New York City for its first booking there. Soon afterward, the trio made its recording debut for Blue Note.

Today, some eight or nine LPs later, the Sounds can look back at the development, and forward to the continuation, of a successful career. Despite an instrumentation that is the roughest on which to build an individual combo sound, they have established themselves not as a piano-bass-drums trio but rather, to quote a George Hoefer review of one of their early albums, as a unit "so cohesively integrated that it sounds like an instrument with different voices being played by one man." The one man consists of Gene Harris, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; and Bill Dowdy, drums.

Recently, they underwent a collective *Blindfold Test.* They consulted with one another during the playing of the records, but no information was given to them about the selections.

SIMPKINS

HARRIS

DOWDY

THE THREE SOUNDS

THE RECORDS

1. Les McCann. *Bernie's Tune* (from *On Time,* World Pacific). McCann, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Harris: That was Les McCann. As far as the guitarist, it could be Jim Hall, although there's a boy here in California who plays very well. Les has a very nice attack on the piano; he's very sensitive. I would give it three stars.

Simpkins: The rhythm section was tight, but nothing exceptional. They played very well together—the whole thing swung very well.

Dowdy: I couldn't identify anybody, but the guitar player sounded a little like Wes Montgomery. It's a real nice record.

2. Duke Ellington. *B Sharp Blues* (from *The Duke Plays Ellington,* Capitol). Ellington, piano; Butch Ballard, drums; Wendell Marshall, bass. Recorded, 1953.

Dowdy: It sounds like one of the older fellows playing. I liked it as a whole, but the recording is kind of shallow. The drummer is very smooth—he didn't get in the way—but he could have been recorded a little better. The bass player sounded a little stiff. 2½ stars.

Simpkins: At first I thought it might be Monk, but I'll take a chance on Duke—only I've never heard him without the big band.

Harris: I agree about Duke. At first I thought it was either Herbie Nichols or Randy Weston, but it wasn't quite enough piano.

3. Don Friedman. *Sea's Breeze* (from *Circle Waltz,* Riverside). Friedman, piano; Pete LaRoca, drums; Chuck Israels, bass.

Dowdy: I didn't feel any groove from this. The pianist's technique was good, but the whole thing was kind of cluttered. The drummer seemed to interfere. The bassist doesn't play the kind of bass that I like. Two stars on the technique of the pianist.

Harris: This type of recording leaves me cold. It doesn't have any warmth, no sense of direction. They don't seem to be going anywhere.

Simpkins: Some interesting syncopation, but as a whole I just don't dig it.

4. Gil Evans. *Pots* (from *Into the Hot,* Impulse). Cecil Taylor, piano, composer; Henry Grimes, bass.

Simpkins: I would guess Charlie Mingus. Whoever did the arranging did a wonderful job. This has a sense of direction, and it reminds me of life, because it's colored very good. It's really a very moody thing. Enjoyed it all very much, the harmonic concept too. Four stars.

Dowdy: I agree with Gene. . . . Dynamically it was very good too. Even if you didn't completely understand what was being played, you could feel the change in the mood.

Harris: Even with all the syncopation going on, they were still all together. Might be George Russell.

5. Billy Strayhorn. *Something to Live For* (from *The Peaceful Side,* United Artists). Strayhorn, piano; Michel Goudreti, bass.

Simpkins: Very relaxing type of piano, a nostalgic type of playing . . . more or less mood music It's a beautiful song—two stars.

Harris: The pianist didn't do anything to make you want to know who it is. He just played. I think he likes Art Tatum a lot. 1½ stars, at the most.

Dowdy: I like the record just for a relaxing tune. Might have been Don Shirley. I'll give it two, three stars.

6. Junior Mance. *Out South* (from *Happy Time,* Jazzland). Mance, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Dowdy: Very good musicians. I think it's the sort of tune that would be enjoyed more in person than on records, because of the different breaks, different solos. I think the drummer is influenced by Roy Haynes. The piano player might be Ray Bryant. 3½ stars.

Simpkins: I like the whole group. The bass player just killed me. It all swung. Three stars at least.

Harris: First I thought the pianist was Andre Previn, because he likes to do these little cute ditties, but it must be Junior Mance. Very good trio record. I would give that 3½, maybe even four.

7. Phineas Newborn Jr. *Daahoud* (from *A World of Piano,* Contemporary). Newborn, piano; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Paul Chambers, bass.

Harris: I'll give this 2,000 stars! This is the greatest thing that ever happened to jazz—the greatest pianist playing today—Phineas Newborn. In every respect he's tremendous: he has a left hand and a right hand, a left foot and a right foot. There aren't many jazz pianists playing today that use their foot pedals in the right way. He is just beautiful. A wonderful jazz musician.

Dowdy: I'd like to give it 5,000, but we can only give it five. I believe the bass player is Paul Chambers. He is solid as a rock. Anything he chooses to do, whether solo or in section, it's beautiful.

Simpkins: I'll raise them a million! This record is out of sight. This is one of my favorites. I think Philly Joe Jones is one of the greatest drummers in the world and will be for a long time.

Harris: In closing, I'd like to say that this album is a great example of what good, honest musicians can do with just the ability to play. This is just a makeshift trio that got together for a record date with no rehearsals—none of that jive—just the idea of playing, and it came out great. When you have the ability to play, you can compose as you play. This is a fantastic album.

THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

"Do you hear those plaintive sounds?" I once heard a man admonish during a lecture on jazz. "They are the blue notes, and they come from Africa."

Do they? We are very used to hearing that they do, and most books on jazz will tell us that the blue notes do come Africa. But do they?

They certainly *might* come from Africa, and in American jazz they probably do. But I doubt if anybody could actually prove that they do. And they certainly don't *have* to have come from Africa. They could have come from a lot of places—or even nowhere.

The trouble is that such notes or such sounds, or something so much like them as to be indistinguishable, are found in almost every popular or folk music in the world. But they are not found in European concert music and in its more immediate popular offshoots.

That is, by nature people apparently do not sing or play "true" pitches. Unless they have been heavily exposed to the European system and influenced by it, they are likely to bend and twist for emotion almost every sound they emit.

When the piano—or rather not the piano itself, but its well-tempered keyboard ancestors—was tuned, and the European music system thereby standardized, it was tuned according to a mathematical-musical theory (which theory, incidentally, neither mathematicians nor musicians any longer subscribe to literally). That theory included only tempered whole and half tones. But there is obviously strong reason to believe that Europeans sang differently, just as people in every other culture did and still do.

Jazz musicians have played "off" pitches—more recently they have even expanded their use—through all the stages and styles of the music, performing them on instruments not really designed to reproduce them.

I know a classicist—a rather unsophisticated man whose idea of jazz may very well be limited to *Rhapsody in Blue* and the Gershwin piano "Preludes"—who says categorically that "blue notes are the minor third and minor seventh." But they are not.

There are even several standard books and essays on jazz that explain rather airily that the blues scale is a diatonic scale with mobile third and seventh steps. But in jazz it ain't so. The blue notes *can* come almost anywhere—or at least they do in practice, whatever the theory says. By the 1920s, for instance, the fifth was not uncommonly a blue note in some instrumental jazz styles, just about as common as the third and seventh.

Whence is the difficulty and the confusion? The culprit is the piano. And, basically, the problem goes back to the time when musicians began to write down and regularize versions of the folk blues. (It happens that there are scattered examples of flatted thirds and sevenths in some later ragtime scores, but these amount to hints of the problem that blues writers had to face more directly.)

They heard singers and players making plaintive, "irregular" sounds and wanted to include them in written and instrumental blues. But they were basically turning out piano scores in European notation, and those plaintive sounds don't exist on the piano or in the European system. So they (that is, the writers and, probably before them, the blues pianists themselves) more or less discovered they could imitate those sounds, or at least sparingly suggest their quality, by using a flat at the third and seventh notes of the scale—and later the fifth, as well.

The result probably had enormous positive effect on jazz scoring and orchestration—in something of the same way that the tempered keyboard had enormous esthetic effect on European music.

But in jazz that effect, we may be thankful, was not absolute. And the more sophisticated instrumentalists continued to hear the "folk" blues singers "bending" other notes and continued to imitate them directly in their own playing. They still do. Today more than ever among the more advanced younger players.

So it can be said that, at least by origin, a blue note is not really a flatted third, fifth, or seventh.

It also has been said that a blue note is actually a quarter tone, a note that lies between the whole and half tones of the piano. That is perhaps getting a little closer to the matter, but it still isn't exactly so.

It could be said that an instrumental blue note is an imitation of the way people sing (or play), people who either have not been exposed to the European system or not been wholly influenced by it. Mankind apparently does not naturally sing "notes"; one might say a person sings in "musical contours" (I am grateful to Mait Edey for that phrase) determined by emotion and feeling. And what would be called a "note" in the European system is a bent, turned, quavered sound that may center on a whole or half tone or center on what would be a quarter tone—or center at some point we may not exactly determine.

(It is easy to sing a blue note, and one can be made on a European brass or reed instrument by an adjustment of the mouth or tongue, or on a stringed instrument by stopping the string a little off the place where it is supposed to be stopped. Or if one is more legit about it, he can just do what the piano does and flat a tempered, unbent third, fifth, or seventh.)

Thus, the most elementary blues singers may accompany themselves on guitar by simply running "blue notes" in the general area of pitch in which they are singing, and they may sing "blue notes" all over the place in the course of a single blues verse.

True, in blues and jazz these notes do seem to gravitate especially to the third, fifth, and seventh notes of the scale. And one beautiful thing is that unless he is following piano practice exactly, almost every singer or player will inflect, bend, or quaver his blue notes in an especially individual or personal way.

The pianist? Well, he can't play in the cracks, which, as we say, is where blue notes *might* be if there were any blue notes on the piano. Modern pianists do have some other devices besides the minors, however, and one can reach inside the piano and make sounds directly on the strings; Paul Bley does. But I guess it would be a little hard on an upright.

On the other hand, there are a few pianos now in existence that are built to produce quarter tones as well as the tempered scale. What's more, some of the more advanced classicists are now turning hopefully to electronic machines that produce quarter, eighth, and, for all I know, 16th tones. To anyone involved with jazz, it is perhaps a funny spectacle. db

HOT BOX *from page 19*

was soon replaced by trumpeter Emmett Berry, whose swing style didn't scare Kirby. Then in June, Gillespie became the music director of the new Billy Eckstine Orchestra.

Tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, sympathetic and friendly toward the efforts of the boppers to bring something new to jazz, was performing on 52nd St. at Kelly's Stables in February, 1944. He obtained a record date that was to present quite a few "firsts."

Frank (Professor Jazz) Vallade of the Rainbow Music Shop on W. 125th St. in Harlem decided to start a record company and selected Hawkins to assemble a group to make the first sides for the new Apollo label. There was a commercial aspect to the enterprise; the label's owners wanted to get a new version of Hawkins playing *Body and Soul* on the market. The original 35-cent Bluebird was out of the catalog and unavailable, but no other firm dared infringe on RCA Victor's rights to the Hawkins recording. Apollo got around it by recording a very similar version of the tune and calling it *Rainbow Mist* (it sold for $1.05). It caused a stir, but history does not record any lawsuits.

Besides *Mist*, the date also included a Hawkins interpretation of Jerome Kern's *Yesterdays* and a Hawkins original, *Feeling Zero*. The additional three tunes recorded included Gillespie's *Woody'n You* (named for Woody Herman but never recorded by him), Budd Johnson's *Bu-Dee-Daht*, and a blues head arrangement, *Disorder at the Border*. These last three constitute the first bebop ensembles put on commercial recordings.

The details of the date, which required two separate nights to complete, are found in the accompanying discography. db

EARLY BOP DISCOGRAPHY

New York City, Feb. 16, 1944

Coleman Hawkins and His Orchestra—Dizzy Gillespie, Vic Coulsen, Ed Vanderveer, trumpets; Leonard Lowry, Leo Parker, alto saxophones; Hawkins, Don Byas, Ray Abramson, tenor saxophones; Budd Johnson, baritone saxophone; Clyde Hart, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Max Roach, drums.

WOODY'N YOU? (R1000)
.................Apollo 751, LP 101
BU-DEE-DAHT (R1001)
.................Apollo 752, LP 101
YESTERDAYS (R1002)
.................Apollo 752, LP 101

Feb. 22, 1944

Same personnel as above.

DISORDER AT THE BORDER (R1003)
.................Apollo 753, LP 101
FEELING ZERO (R1004)
.................Apollo 753, LP 101
RAINBOW MIST (R1005)
.................Apollo 751, LP 101

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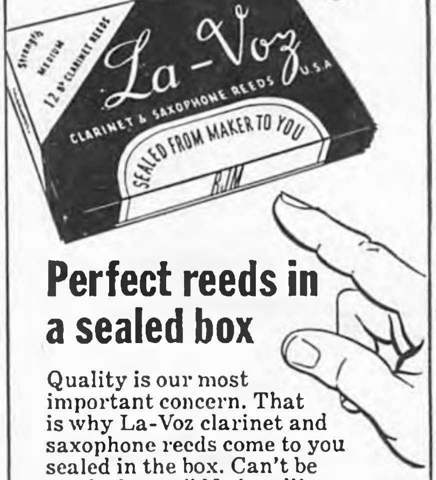

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PEE WEE *from page 17*

school."

Marshall: "But the only important thing is how it works out."

It has worked out well so far in a disappointingly limited number of nightclub appearances, on one Columbia album and another yet to be released. It will probably take time before this quartet is understood for itself and hired as often as it should be. There continues, and will continue to be, confusion in people's minds about this clarinetist, long accepted as a mainstay of old jazz, now essaying modern jazz, but really only proving he is a mainstay of jazz whatever age and ages are involved.

His music-making is unquestionable. His shyness is compounded of a desire to protect himself from the unbearable and an admirable reluctance to waste time on irrelevant people or things. As wife Mary put it parenthetically: "After 22 year of marriage, he doesn't hang around with musicians anymore—only with me."

I found it charmingly significant that on their kitchen table were two ash trays embossed with night-club names—one from Eddie Condon's and one from Birdland. But the music he plays is more significant.

I know I have met an unusual man as a result of this interview; a man who describes his frequent dilemma with characteristic but perceptive gentleness:

"Most people who say that they merely want to find a place for someone or something mean they want to find a drawer to put you in."

And I found a man who likes to sit in kitchens "because they're close to everything that's important." And I found his wife, who gracefully alternates between lion-keeper and lioness.

It may be for those reasons that I find this concluding story so particularly apt. Before I left, the Russells took me through the apartment and out onto the terrace that rims the living-room of their attractive, new, co-operative apartment. The view was exciting. Through a forest of buildings showed the arteries of light that mean big city, and towering over it all was the lighted eminence of the Empire State Building. "Isn't that marvelous?" asked Mary. "Where else in New York could a man go out in his front yard and see that sight?"

"Yeah," said Russell. "How about that!"

Yes, how about that? That, I think, signifies the simplicity, the wonder, the timelessness, and the joy that is represented in Pee Wee Russell's playing, and, perhaps, explains the reason the man is younger than he must sometimes feel.

CRUSADERS *from page 18*

. . . This is what jazzmen call a 'hard' band, in which each musician gives his all to every performance. The result is a rushing, vociferous spiral of sound that forever threatens to soar beyond the limits of control, but somehow never does. Tempering this ferocity of musical outlook is a deep vein of affability that seems to characterize the Crusaders' collective and individual playing styles."

When Los Angeles booker Bob Leonard entered the picture, working prospects for the Crusaders began looking up in a national way. A job at the Sutherland Lounge in Chicago broadened their horizons.

"You know," said Hooper with candor, "when we opened in Chicago nobody mentioned the West Coast scene. We were surprised—and very relieved."

Their relief was a mite unwarranted. Nobody who heard the group's jazz message could possibly associate it with a previous era, when "West Coast" was synonymous with understatement and involved musical intricacy. Texas, after all, is Texas.

Although Hooper says "we've got so far to go before we start stretching out," the aspiration is already evident in the writing of the individual members of the group. "Everybody writes," Hooper said. "And everything is really original."

Of the instrumentalists, he said in part, "Joe [Sample] is hooked on Oscar Peterson and Phineas Newborn. He says they're the only two piano players in the business.

"Wilton [Felder] likes Coltrane and Golson and Oliver Nelson mainly.

"Wayne [Henderson] is for J. J. Johnson."

And of his own preferences, Hooper stated simply, "I only dig Frank Butler. . . . Man, nobody sounds like him."

The Jazz Crusaders may be unique among jazz groups in that they actually had a publican-fan of theirs purchase a night club for them to play in. Some two years ago, Hooper recalled, Harry Lieberman, a Los Angeles clubowner, bought the Zebra Lounge in the predominantly Negro south side of the city and gave the band members a percentage of the business.

"We got the crowds in there," said Hooper, "but they weren't drinking. They would just sit and sip. Then, too, the whites wouldn't make it to that area.

"But," he commented in an afterthought, "it's a strange thing—most of our audience is white. I can't account for that."

Perhaps the supporters of the Texas brand of modern jazz cross lines undreamed of in Hooper's philosophy. Could be.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEO. WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

One of the finalists at the Collegiate Jazz Festival this year was the big band from Roosevelt University in Chicago. This band is the first fruit of the Chicago Institute of Jazz Studies, which is just taking final shape. The purposes and means of this organization have been unanimously endorsed by Mayor Daley's Committee for the Economic and Cultural Development of Chicago. The aim of the institute is to grant a degree in commercial music through the Chicago Musical College, the music department at Roosevelt. The institute is a part of the music department.

Currently, there are two big bands in rehearsal. The "A" band is under the leadership of S. Lane Emery, a noted Chicago pianist and director of the institute. The "B" band is being directed by Neal Dunlap, long-time promoter of youth jazz bands in the Chicago area and assistant director of the institute.

The dean of Chicago Musical College, Joseph Creanza, is wholeheartedly behind the program, and plans are now being made to include the following course of study for university credit in the fall: lab band, commercial arranging, modern piano improvising, and keyboard harmony. Eventually, courses will be added to cover a complete four-year program leading to a degree in commercial music.

The "A" band presented its first home concert May 15 at Roosevelt University. Soloists with the group include Richard Corpolongo, tenor saxophone; Allan Porth, alto saxophone; Lennie Morrison, trumpet; Frank Tesinski, who was named best instrumentalist and outstanding trombone soloist at the Collegiate Jazz Festival; and Dick Reynolds, piano.

Northwestern University's Jazz Workshop presented its annual concert at Cahn Auditorium in Evanston, Ill., on May 17. Featured were compositions by Jim DePasquale and arrangements by Ed Imhoff.

Millikin University's Jazz Band of Decatur, Ill., served as clinic band for the first stage-band festival held in Springfield, Ill., on May 11. The Quincy College Collegians, under the leadership of Hugh Soebbing, performed J. J. Johnson's *Poem for Brass* and *Two Fanfares* by John Lewis as part of its annual concert May 19.

The audience at a recent jazz concert by North Texas State Lab Band in Denton, Texas, overflowed the hall, and the entire crowd stayed until the end of the more than three-hour concert to give the band and featured guests, Johnny Richards and Maynard Ferguson, a standing ovation.

Ferguson was featured as soloist in some of his recorded arrangements—*Maria, Knarf, Four,* and *Ole.* Richards conducted some selections from the Stan Kenton *Adventures in Time* album—*Commencement, March to Polaris, Artemis,* and *Apollo and Apercu*—in addition to *Ofo* from his own *Rites of Diablo* album. Don Gililland was featured as guitar soloist on the program.

On the high-school stage-band contest scene, the North Texas band, under the direction of Leon Breedon, served as clinic band for the 12th annual Brownwood, Texas, Festival in which 38 high-school bands participated. Along with Breedon the judging at the festival was handled by Buddy DeFranco, Dr. W. F. Lee of Sam Houston State Teachers College, and Phil Manning of the University of Texas.

The Olympic College State Band Festival had the college band for clinic use. It was led by Ralph Mutchler. Judges at this fourth annual festival included Tony Rulli of the H. & A. Selmer Co.; Bob Wessberg, a vibist from Chicago; Bob Seibert of KSM Publishing Co.; and Caleb Standafer from Oregon.

The musical group causing the most excitement on the Fargo campus of North Dakota State University during the last year seems to have been the

(Continued on page 44)

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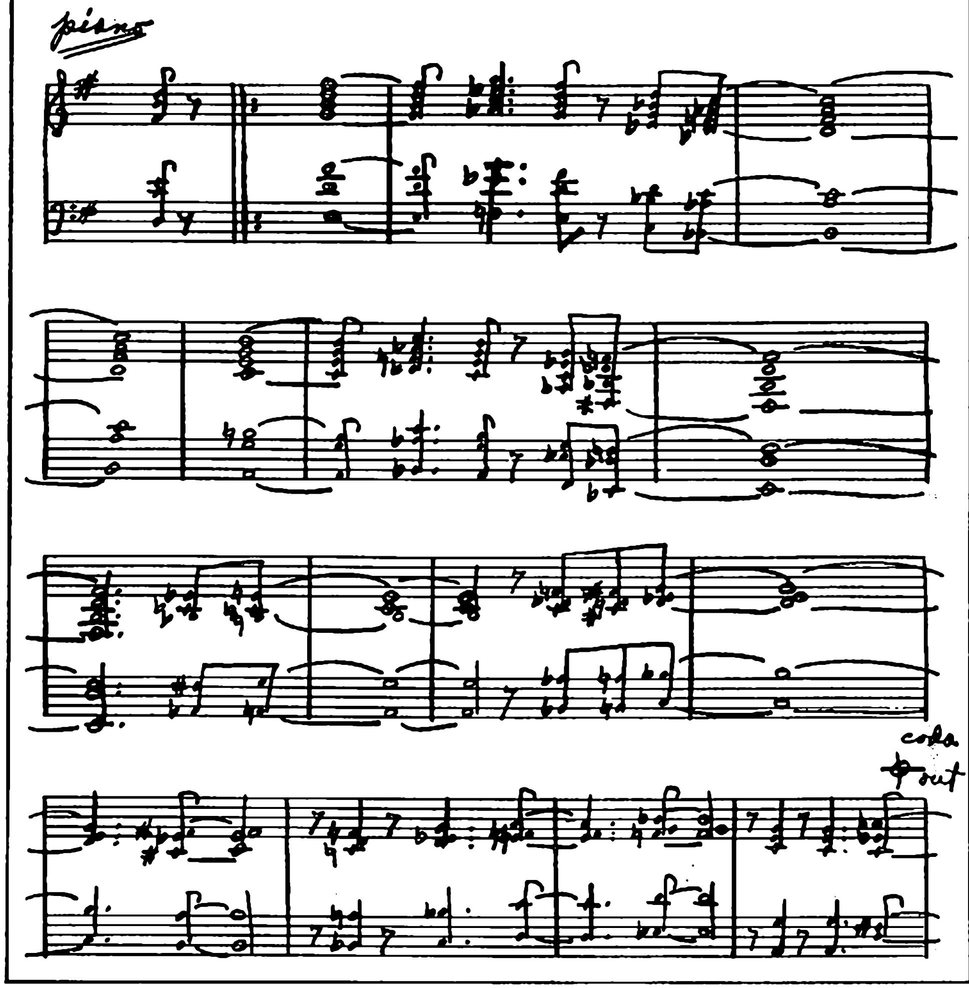
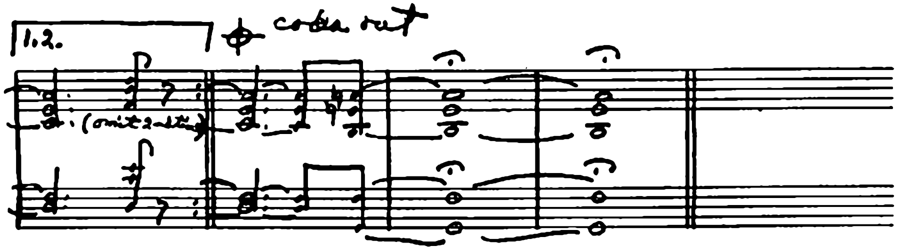
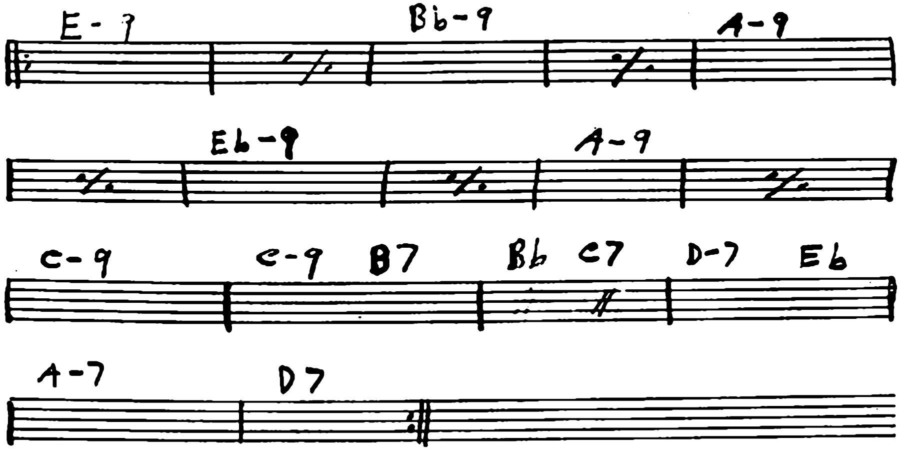
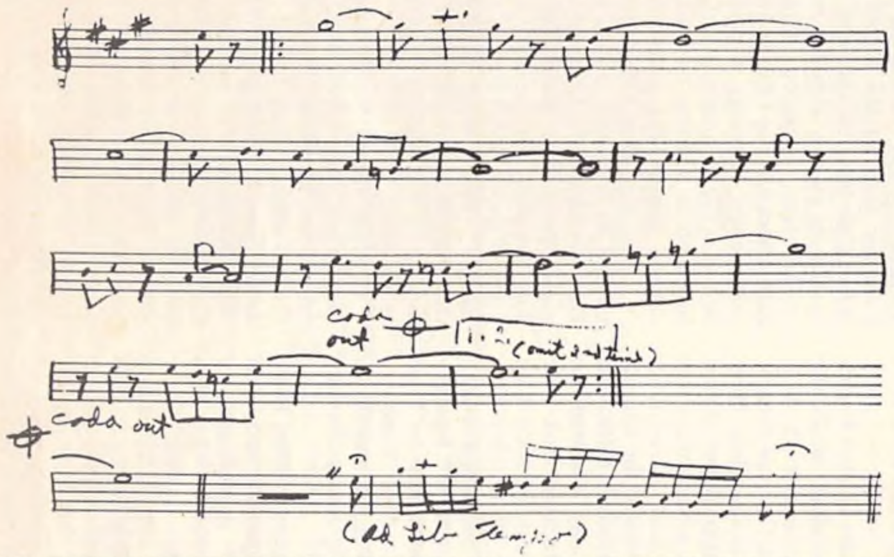




piano chords for solos



Trumpet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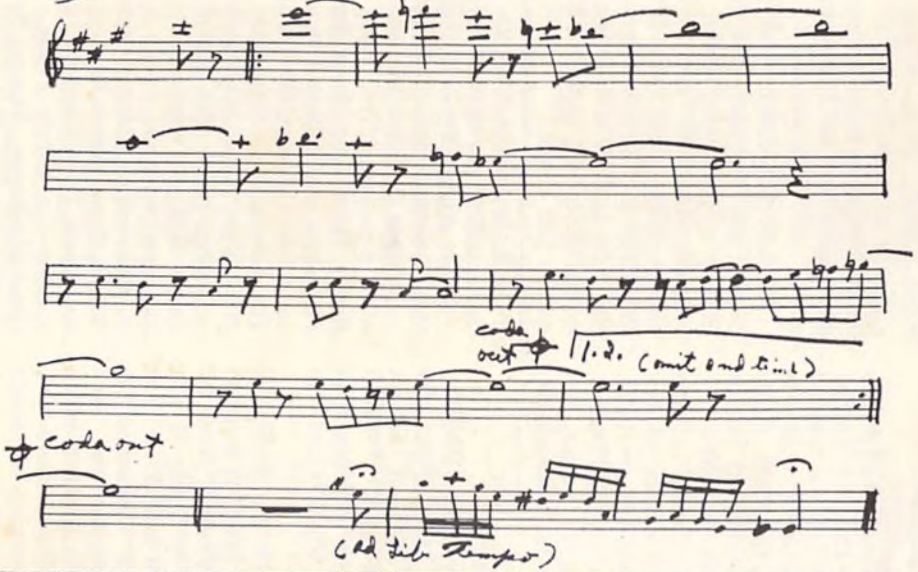
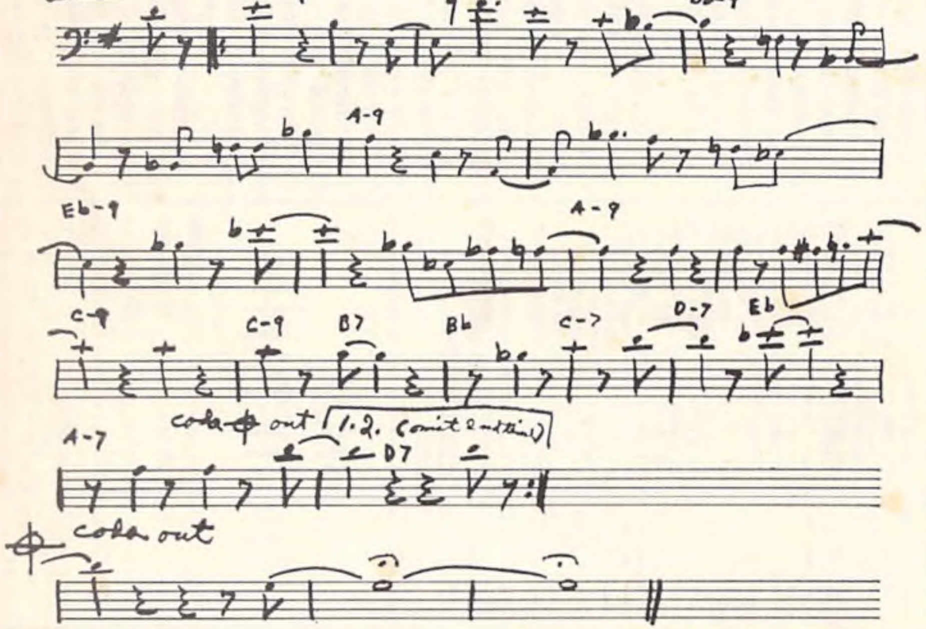
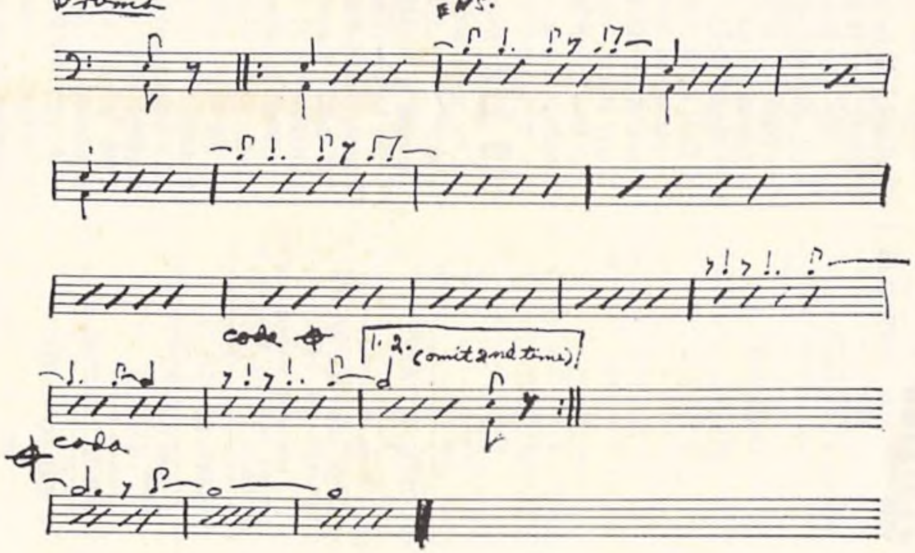

coda out
1.2. (omit 2nd time)
coda out
(Ad Lib Tempo)

Bass


E-9
Bb-9
A-9
Eb-9
A-9
C-9
C-9
B7
Bb
C-7
D-7
Eb
coda out
1.2. (omit 2nd time)
A-7
D7
coda out

Drums


ENS.
coda
1.2. (omit 2nd time)
coda

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a dilemma with a sudden upsurge in jazz rooms here. He's currently occupied with acts for the It Club, Basin Street West, Del Mar's Town Market, and a new L.A. room, the Moroccan, located on Western and scheduled to open soon. He also books acts for Hideaway Supper Club. Leonard has signed the **Victor Feldman** Trio at the Scene from Dec. 1 through April, 1964 . . . **Bill Putnam** opened a branch of United Recording in Las Vegas, Nev. . . . The Swing, Inc., teenage bands have extended their operations to Las Vegas with a youthful aggregation now established in the gambling town.

Ollie Mitchell's octet recently played the Casino Ballroom in Avalon on Santa Catalina Island for the Buccaneer Days celebration. Mitchell chartered a 40-foot boat to ferry the band there and back to the mainland. The engine failed only five feet from the Avalon dock. After the gig, the boat—and the band aboard it—had to be towed back in the early-morning hours.

Bill Stumpp replaced **Irving Goodman** on trumpet with **Johnny Lane's** Dixieland band at Jim's Roaring '20s in Downey. Lane is now into his second year at the spot . . . The **Page Cavanaugh** group, now known as the **Page Seven,** and singer **Kiki Paige** have taken over as owners of the new Page Cavanaugh's on Ventura Blvd. in the San Fernando Valley. Besides Cavanaugh and Miss Paige, the other musician-owners are **Lew McCreary,** trombone; **Bob Jung,** saxophones; **Jack Sperling,** drums; **John Pisano,** guitar; and **Don Bagley,** bass. The new premises formerly was the Four Jokers Club.

Andre Previn's trio made a recent appearance before the annual convention of the California chapter of the National Association of Postmasters. Well, that's one way to get your mail delivered on time . . . Latest among the two-beat fan clubs here is the New Orleans Jazz Club of California in Orange County. Meetings are held the first Sunday afternoon of each month at Moose Hall off the Santa Ana Freeway at Katella. Memberships are $5 a year for laymen; $2 a year for musicians.

Musicians Wives, Inc., has launched its second Indian relief drive to help a Navajo tribe in Chillichinbite, Ariz. **Mrs. Melvina Scavinia** of 17466 Sherman Way in Van Nuys is accepting donations of food, clothing, and furniture.

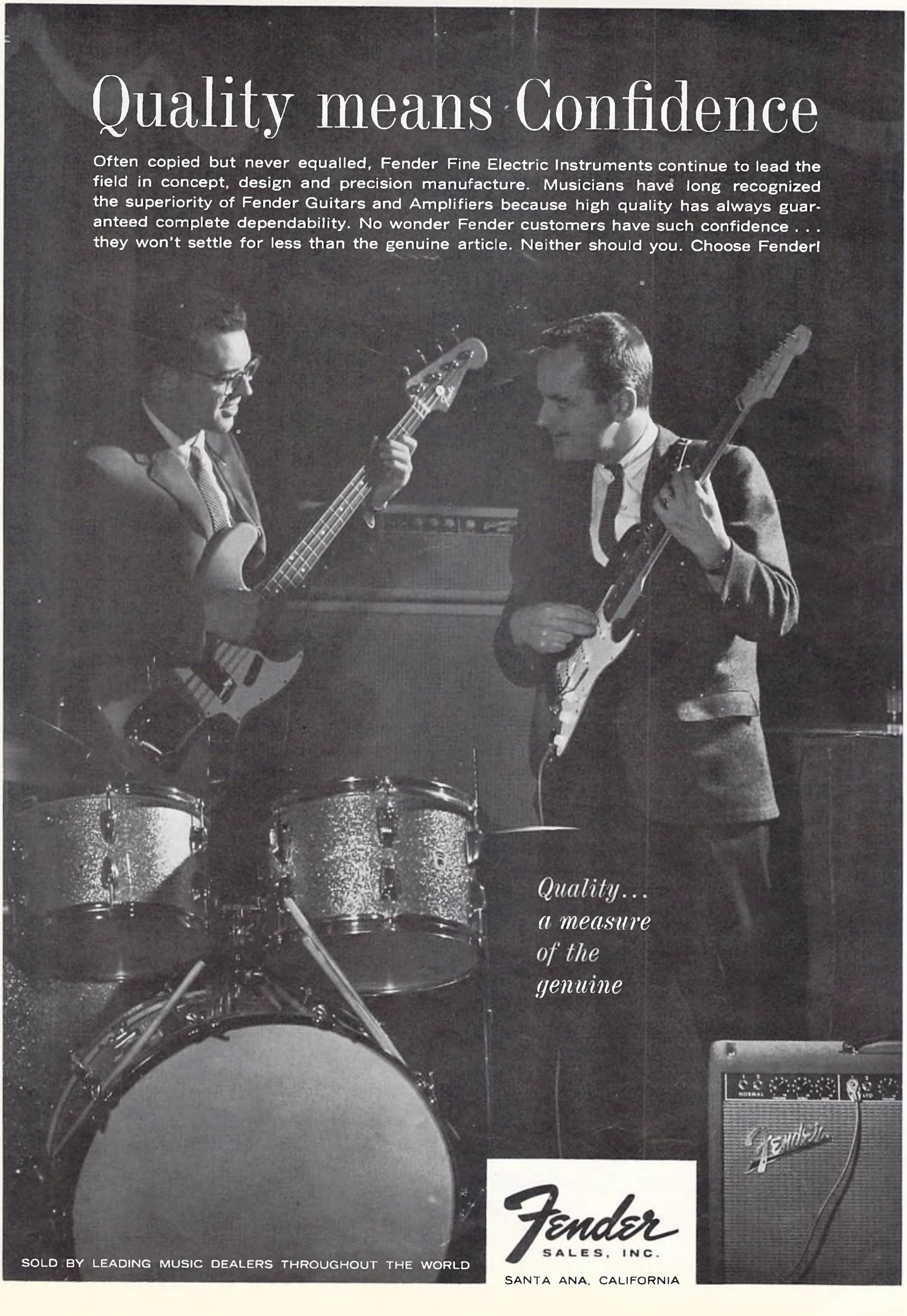
WE FOUND: **Ish Kabibble** (real name **Merwyn Bogue**), who now is entertainment director at a resort in Breezy Point, Minn., owned by former **Kay Kyser** singer **Ginny Simms** and her husband. Ish was top funny man and trumpeter with Kyser in the '30s.

SAN FRANCISCO

Clubowners, as well as musicians, have their headaches. When arrangements for a two-week engagement of the **Wynton Kelly-Paul Chambers-Jimmy Cobb** trio came unglued a few nights before the scheduled opening, Jazz Workshop owner **Art Auerbach** tried to get **Red Garland** as a replacement. On opening night, Auerbach said, Garland phoned from New York to report he was ill. Brought in to fill *this* gap was the **Louis Ware** Quintet, a local combo that has been working the club's Monday sessions. Ware, a former Cincinnati trumpeter, has as associates tenorist **Musa Kaleem** and pianist **Sonny Donaldson,** both former members of the **James Moody** Octet but now local residents, and bassist **Terry Hillard** and drummer **Eddie Moore** of San Francisco. **Sonny Stitt** was slated to come up from Los Angeles to fill the Workshop's second open week before **Sonny Rollins'** scheduled booking, May 21-June 2.

May 16, was **"Turk Murphy** Day" in San Francisco, so proclaimed by Mayor **George Christopher** in honor of the trombonist's 32 years in music and his many contributions of his talent to civic and charitable causes. Though he won't be 48 until December, Murphy has been in the musicians union since he was 15 and had been playing in the Williams, Calif., town band before that. Murphy first came to national attention in 1940 as one of the members of the **Lu Watters** Band that set off the traditional-jazz revival, which began here.

Begun in 1961 by two leading undergraduate lights, **John Burks** and **Dave Browning,** as a one-night "State of Jazz" program, the San Francisco State College Contemporary Arts Festival in its third flowering has grown to include graphic art, poetry, prose, dance, and drama from the bay area. This year the music included Saturday and Sunday afternoon concerts. The former included the **Turk Murphy** Band, singer **Mary Stallings,** altoist **John Handy's** quartet (**Nico Bunick,** piano; **Billy Cayou,** bass; **Benny Barth,** drums) and the **Vince Guaraldi** Trio (**Fred Marshall,** bass; **Jerry Granelli,** drums). Big bands were featured on the Sunday afternoon program and came from San Mateo College, San Francisco State College, San Jose State College, Mount Diablo College, and South San Francisco High School. There also was a sextet from San Jose College, a semi-pro Dixieland combo from Martin County, and a modern jazz quintet, led by tenorist **Denver Bill Perkins,** with **Red Rodney,** trumpet; **Al Plank,** piano; **Al Obidzinski,** bass; **Benny Barth,** drums. db



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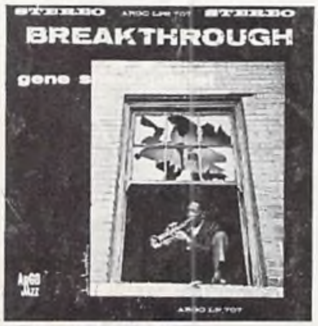
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