

OCTOBER 24, 1963

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

KEYBOARD ISSUE

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Art Tatum
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The Organ In Jazz

Readers Poll Ballot Inside





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THINGS TO COME: The Nov. 7 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Oct. 24, will contain, among other exciting features, an account of a recent Art Farmer-Jim Hall recording session by Martin Williams; and stimulating articles on New Star male vocalist Mark Murphy, avant-garde reed man Ken McIntyre, legendary trumpeter George Mitchell, and the second installment of Andre Previn's pithy commentary on jazz today. Don't miss it.

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Hot Wind From Texas

Doesn't the gentleman from California who wrote the letter in the Aug. 15 issue about Martin Williams' article on Gary Peacock realize that Martin is just playing that old critic's game of "climb on a wagon." Nothing new about that.

And LeRoi Jones' article in the same issue. . . . Is LeRoi really deserting his regiment? One really doubts it, as LeRoi seems as intent on wagon climbing and buck making as the next critic.

How come no articles on Ornette Coleman's studies with the eminent critic, Gunther Schuller? Perhaps soon a review of Ornette's pseudo-Viennese compositions, a la his professor.

What ever happened to Cecil Taylor? His wagon not fast enough?

Buell Neidlinger
Houston, Texas

More Lee Wiley Wanted

I have been going to write for some time now regarding one of the finest female voices in jazz. I am referring to Lee Wiley.

I have been interested in jazz for many years and have several records by her. I think she has been one of the most neglected singers down through the years as far as public recognition goes.

The point I want to make is that of all the records Lee Wiley has made, there are no LPs of hers currently available, which is quite difficult to believe in this day and age of all kinds of LPs flooding the market. I remember that she made several sides for the old Liberty Music Shop label in the '30s and also quite a few sides for Decca later on. In 1957 Victor released two LPs, both of which have been discontinued.

I read in the current issue of *Down Beat* that there is going to be a TV production this fall based on an incident in Miss Wiley's life. Let's hope it receives a large audience. Maybe with the help of this program some of the record companies will get on the ball and reissue some of the fine sides they have in their possession. And here's hoping we have some new records by this all-time jazz great.

Fred Cox
Oswego, N.Y.

Disagreement Over Mancini

I strongly disagree with John S. Wilson's review of *Uniquely Mancini* (DB, Aug. 1). In this review Wilson passes on one of Mancini's finest albums as holding to a "generally banal, broad common denominator of interest" and "from a jazz point of view, there is nothing here."

Additional terms in the vernacular of *Down Beat's* least-talented critics would have been in order, too, like "bland," "blatant," and "lacking in conception."

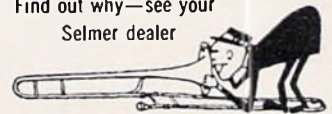
Throughout the album there are fine solos by Plas Johnson, Jimmie Rowles, Conte Candoli, and Ted Nash. They swing, and they're inspired. This album must have been months in the making, whereas many of the four-star combo albums reviewed within your pages are one-time studio re-

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cording sessions, and all have a marked similarity to one another.

Robert J. Weigman
Baltimore, Md.

Jones Hits The Spot . . .

Congratulations to LeRoi Jones on his most introspective analysis, *Jazz and the White Critic* (DB, Aug. 15). I believe it is a great contribution in the spectrum of jazz criticism and to the understanding of what constitutes the socio-cultural relationship of Negro and white to jazz.

One of the more important things expressed was Jones' explicit emphasis on the uniqueness of the Negro socio-cultural attitudes and their effect upon music as a medium of expression.

It is my opinion that observations and essays of this caliber will have a snowballing effect upon other jazz enthusiasts and writers, especially in these times of social unrest and the Negro's growing awareness of himself as a first-class citizen having the ability to make important cultural contributions to the world through jazz.

Collis H. Davis Jr.
Hampton, Va.

. . . But Misses The Mark

What really seems to bother LeRoi Jones (DB, Aug. 15) are the critical battles in the 1940s over bop, and the acceptance of all the "new things" since then. In that case, the fact that most of the jazz critics involved are white is incidental.

At the time bop appeared, some white critics accepted it and some didn't. Some white critics who accepted it were middle-brows and some were intellectuals (more or less); the same can be said of those who didn't accept bop. And the white critics who were propagandizing for bop always claimed it was important because it reflected the times, although I don't recall any who went as far as Jones in calling it "the exact registration of the social and cultural thinking of a whole generation of black Americans." Including the jazz-hating middle-class black Americans?

Despite Jones' complaints about the gaps and flaws in jazz criticism, there is nothing he has to say about the music that hasn't been said by some critic, probably white, before him. Or is he the first to recognize that bop was a reaction to the sterility of swing, and the newest "new thing" a reaction to the hard bop-funk-groove-soul camp? He does have some original ideas about jazz criticism as practiced by the early—perforce white—critics (e.g., that Crow Jim went hand in hand with the enforcement of white middle-class standards of excellence). In the old days the nicest thing you could say about a white jazz musician was that "his playing is very Negroid."

In his generous, liberating way, Jones assures us that we have to understand the attitudes that produced a particular jazz style, and that once we are aware of the emotional philosophy and social conditions, we are bound to accept the jazz he does. It couldn't be, of course, that we might recognize the conditions that bred a style and sympathize with a



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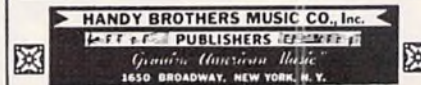
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musician's aspirations and still find the musical expression of his feelings, for one reason or another, cheap. The belief that there are elements in great music that transcend the here-and-now of its origins is, I suppose, impossibly petit-bourgeois.

Well, Jones may think he is calling for a bold new jazz criticism that cuts deeper than any before it. All I can see is an even more confining method than musicological criticism, which at least dignifies jazz by considering it as music, not propaganda.

At any rate, it's nice to see a critic as hip as LeRoi Jones reading the criticism of the '40s and '50s. I hope he understood the rest of it better than he did the long two-part article by Roger Pryor Dodge in the old *Record Changer*, out of which he wrenched two sentences. And I'm sorry Jones' reading has given him indigestion.

Jerome S. Shipman
Houston, Texas

Jazz Much Too Complex

When Sonny Stitt took the *Blindfold Test* recently (*DB*, Aug. 15), his remarks on several of the selections played for him were, I felt, very aptly put. He doesn't seem to go for some of the newer approaches being attempted in jazz today, and I agree with him there. To my ears much of this is unlistenable. Stitt thought some of it too complex for the average person.

I think when jazz gets so complicated that it has to be explained to be appreciated, it ceases to have any enjoyment for the listener. So many of the newer things are weird-sounding and make little sense. Modern jazz can be wonderfully stimulating when played by, to name just two, Stan Getz and Stitt. They swing tremendously and are uncomplicated to listen to. They never bore with over-long solos or cascades of notes that seem pointless. They have excellent taste and inject interesting ideas into their music. All of this is lacking in what some are trying to do with jazz today.

I, for one, will stick with Stitt and the older swinging jazz and leave these new things to those who are supposed to understand them.

Bill Halpin
Union, N.J.

Jackie Long Overdue

I was elated to find the article by Ira Gitler on Jackie McLean in the Sept. 12 *Down Beat*. Ever since purchasing my first McLean LP, I have been convinced that he is the best alto saxophonist in jazz today. McLean has a blistering, wide-open attack that never ceases to move me.

I have always felt he was terribly underrated by the listening public as well as the critics. Therefore, it was a pleasure to see him come into his own by winning the International Jazz Critics Poll and to receive the recognition due him in this article.

Many thanks to Gitler for his interesting profile of a very interesting and dynamic artist.

Dave Felcher
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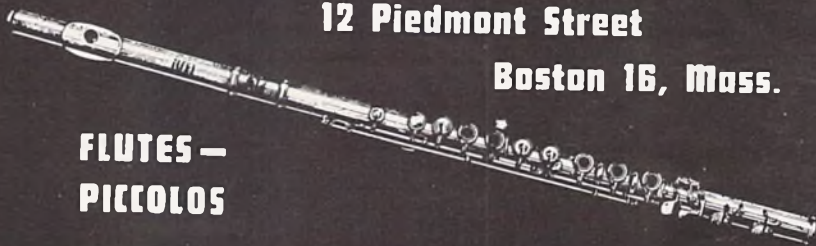
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IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

Recording with Art Farmer-Jim Hall

A Behind-the-Scenes Account by Martin Williams

**Mark Murphy • George Mitchell
Andre Previn • Ken McIntyre**

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NEW YORK

In early September former baseball star **Jackie Robinson's** Connecticut home was the scene of another benefit for CORE and the NAACP. On hand were the big bands of **Quincy Jones** and **Gerry Mulligan** and the groups of **Horace Silver**, **Herbie Mann**, and emcee **Billy Taylor**. CORE will take over the Five Spot for benefit jam sessions from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. on Oct. 20 and 27.

Lawyer **Abbe Niles**, noted blues expert who was perhaps best-known for his collaboration with the late **W. C. Handy** on the book *Treasury of the Blues* (he also wrote the introduction for Handy's autobiography *Father of the Blues*), died in the clubhouse of the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills during the national amateur tennis championships held in September. Niles, 68, had played tennis in the morning and was officiating as a linesman when he collapsed.

A prominent feature of the 1963 High Fidelity Music Show, held in September, was a live-vs.-stereo demonstration. Music written especially for the occasion by composer **Peter Phillips** was performed by a quartet under the leadership of alto saxophonist **Don Heckman**. With him were pianist **Don Friedman**, bassist **Barre Phillips**, and drummer **Joe Cocuzzo**. The live performance was contrasted with pre-recorded stereo tapes of the group,



MANN

and the audience was asked to determine which was which. The group also improvised against and with themselves by use of multitracking.

Marion Williams and the **Stars of Faith**, **Prof. Alex Bradford**, and the entire *Black Nativity* cast are set to embark on a nationwide tour. They open in Boston on Oct. 14 and will visit Philadelphia; Baltimore, Md.; New Haven, Conn.; Trenton, N.J.; Toronto, Ontario; Chicago; Cleveland, Ohio; Washington, D.C.; St. Louis, Mo.; Dallas, Texas; San Francisco; Los Angeles; Denver, Col.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Pittsburgh, Pa. The longest stay will be in Chicago, from Dec. 2 to Jan. 13.

Max Roach departs for a two-week tour of Japan on Oct. 15. With the drummer will be tenor man **Clifford Jordan**, pianist **Ronnie Mathews**, and bassist **Eddie Khan**. The same quartet, augmented by trumpeter **Richard Williams** and trombonist **Julian Priester**, joined forces with a 16-voice chorus under the direction of **Cole-ridge Perkinson** at the September Town Hall benefit for Angolan refugees. Singer **Abbey Lincoln** (Mrs. Roach) appeared with this ensemble, as well as doing a set of her own. Also on the program was the **Jackie McLean Quintet** (McLean, alto saxophone; **Grachan Moncur III**, trombone; **Bobby Hutcherson**, vibraharp; **Larry Ridley**, bass; **Clifford Jarvis**, drums) and actor-comedian **Godfrey Cambridge**.

Drummer **Pete LaRoca** has signed a year's contract with **Herb Pomeroy** and has moved to Boston to become part of Pomeroy's combo and big band at the Jazz Workshop, replacing **Alan Dawson** . . . **Ray Charles** toured Brazil in September. He also made TV appearances in Rio and Saõ

(Continued on page 43)



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ALTOIST PETE BROWN DIES IN NEW YORK

Alto saxophonist Pete Brown, 56, who had been in poor health in the last several years, and in and out of the hospital, died on the morning of Sept. 20 in Brooklyn of a kidney ailment. He had finished his last hospital seige about a month before he succumbed. Friends reported that he had been despondent over not being able to play due to a combination of ill health and public indifference.

Brown's last major appearance was at the Village Gate late last year with an all-star group including trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, guitarist Jim Hall, and pianist Friedrich Gulda during a benefit for the then injured drummer Walter Perkins.

Born James Ostend Brown in Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 9, 1906, the saxophonist studied piano and violin before switching to alto at 18. In 1927 he played in New York City with Banjo Bernie's orchestra and from that time became a vital part of the city's jazz scene. Brown played with Charlie Skeets from 1928-34 and later had his own combo at the Brittwood in Harlem. He played with trumpeter Frankie Newton in the original John Kirby combo in 1938 and in Newton's band at Kelly's Stable on 52nd Street.

Brown recorded with Newton, clarinetists Buster Bailey and Joe Marsala, tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, and under his own name. Perhaps the best-known examples of his hot, humorous, distinctively toned style are *Ocean Motion* and *Tempo Di Jump*. In the '50s he recorded LPs for the Bethlehem and Verve labels.

As an influence and catalyst Brown was effective in an unheralded way. He hired Dizzy Gillespie for a Decca date in Feb., 1942; he taught Cecil Payne clarinet and saxophone; he was an early inspiration for Paul Desmond.

Episcopal funeral services were arranged by Brown's only survivor, his son, Robert.

ON THE PROBLEM OF GETTING A HAIRCUT

During his stint at Chicago's London House, Dizzy Gillespie accidentally stepped into what turned out to be a minor cause celebre.

The trumpeter needed a haircut and asked at his Loop hotel where he could

find a nearby barber shop. He was directed to a shop around the corner. After waiting some time, he asked a barber when he could have his hair cut. The barber, white, answered that he could not. Gillespie asked if he meant he wouldn't cut his hair because he, Gillespie, was a Negro and received an affirmative answer.

The trumpeter left in disgust but returned a few minutes later with two friends to act as witnesses to the discrimination. Again he asked for a haircut and was told the shop was closing for the day.

A member of the Human Rights Commission, which had begun a cam-



GILLESPIE
First cut, then at last cut

paign to desegregate Chicago barber shops, called the trumpeter and got the story. Soon the owner of the shop called to apologize and gave Gillespie an appointment.

Gillespie kept his appointment and left Chicago well barbered and with the knowledge that he again had done his part to help break down racial discrimination.

MEMBERS JUMP SALTY AT MUSICIANS UNION

Another of the firecrackers manufactured at the June convention of the American Federation of Musicians has been lit. A federal court action has been filed seeking to prevent the federation and all its locals from putting into effect the 13-point resolution that includes the \$6-per-capita tax (*DB*, Aug. 15). Previous to this, New York City Local 802 dissidents filed a suit that challenged their local on the \$6 tax only.

The new complaint is signed by AFM members from all over the country in an effort to convince the court that there is a countrywide objection to the entire resolution. They object not only to the \$6 tax but also are concerned with the percentage increase in initiation fees. They say that if this is not stopped, some locals would be able to increase such fees as much as

\$40, all of which would go to the federation.

Also being questioned is the manner in which the resolution was adopted at the convention. The plaintiffs say the union's by-laws require that a resolution or measure of the type that was adopted be printed and distributed to delegates at the first session of a convention. They say that delegates should have received copies of the resolution on the first day of the convention (June 10) and not on the third day.

It is known that a number of AFM local officials have encouraged the filing of this suit in view of the manner in which the resolution was rushed through the convention in a midnight session.

Some members have said they fear that the increase in initiation fees, plus the \$6-a-member tax, would mean drop-outs and that these drop-outs then would work as nonunion musicians.

If implementing the resolution is not stopped, these members hold, additional problems will face the traveling musician and contribute to the further decline in jobs for the union musician.

Meanwhile, a group of leaders met in Minneapolis, Minn., and voted to form the Minnesota Orchestra Leaders Association. They also voted to support the leaders' associations in other states in the antitrust action against the AFM (*DB*, Aug. 1), the main complaint of the action being the leaders' contention that the AFM arbitrarily regiments the music business and that the orchestra leader, because he is in a minority, has no real voice in union matters affecting his business.

The leaders also object to the mandatory filing of the union form contract with all locals because it reveals to these locals the name of the client, the date of the event, the place of the engagement, and the amount of money that the traveling leader receives from the client. Their objection stems from the fact that officials of some locals are also orchestra leaders and thus can obtain information that can be used to underbid the traveling orchestra.

BERKLEE TO OFFER BACHELOR'S DEGREE

After 18 years of operation, during which it has equipped more than 1,900 graduates for careers in jazz and modern music, Boston's Berklee School of Music recently announced it now will offer students a full four-year program leading to Bachelor of Music degree. The degree program will begin in September, 1964.

The full academic accrediting makes Berklee the first school in the world to offer a complete degree program with concentration in jazz. Previously the school had awarded a diploma to students completing its curriculum.

Kenton Withdraws From Stage Band Camps

After an association lasting five years Stan Kenton announced recently that he was withdrawing his participation and the use of his name in the summer music education programs of the National Stage Band Camps headed by South Bend, Ind., businessman Kenneth Morris.

Formed to provide high school and college music students training in stage band and jazz playing techniques at summer camp-clinics on the campuses of several universities across the country, the camps were incorporated in 1958 as the National Stage Band Camp, Inc., a not-for-profit corporation, with Morris as the organization's chief trustee. Assisting him were Kenton, and music educators Dr. Eugene Hall, who serves as director, and Matt Betton, assistant director.

In an official notification sent to *Down Beat*, the famed orchestra leader stated: "I regret to inform you that as of August 30, 1963, because of the conflict having to do with the ethics and practices of the National Stage Band Camps, I find that my obligation to sincerity forces me to dissolve the relationship of the Stan Kenton Clinics and the National Stage Band Camps. From this date forward the Stan Kenton Clinics are no longer any part of the operation of the National Stage Band Camps."

Kenton stated in amplification of his decision:

"First of all, let me say that the operation of the staff under Dr. Hall and Matt Betton at the campus was as near perfect as anything can be. The regard in every particular for the students attending the clinics was first in every staff member's desires.

"My reasons for dissolving the relationship of the National Stage Band Camps and the Kenton Clinics are partially explained here.

"The camps were started five years ago by the four of us—Morris, Hall, Betton, and myself. It was a non-profit corporation in the state of Indiana. Morris would not allow us to be officers in the corporation, so we had no official vote as to any part of the administration of business nor were we able to ascertain the financial conditions of the camps. We never knew how the scholarship funds were used and had no part in their distribution.

"This year completed five years of this operation and every year for the last four we—Hall, Betton, and myself—have asked to see a complete, itemized financial statement. Each time we were put off for some reason or another.

"I continued throughout the five years to pay my own expenses while at the camps because I wanted this to be a 'giving' thing on my part—I believed so strongly in what we were achieving. This past year, for example, I paid out approximately \$3000 to have my own band at the campus because it meant so much to the students.

"It finally became my private duty to decide whether or not I would allow the Stan Kenton Clinics to continue under these circumstances. It was a dreadful decision to have to make, considering the magnificent staff we had organized together with the great good being done in music and having to balance all this against my objections to Morris' practices."

When informed of Kenton's statements, Kenneth Morris, chief trustee of the non-profit corporation, expressed



KENTON

"It finally became my private duty . . ."

surprise and dismay. "I'm chiefly concerned with what interpretation the student musicians might give this unfortunate set of circumstances," he said. "Certainly I can't understand Stan's charges at all."

"The administration of the camps," Morris stated, "has always been public and annual financial statements were always tendered the board of advisers, of which Stan had been a member since the very first year. In fact, Stan saw 1962's preliminary financial report at a meeting of the advisers last November in Manhattan, Kans. He looked it over, accepted it, and suggested that future reports be broken down in even greater detail, a suggestion that was agreed upon at that time."

In answering the band leader's charge that he was permitted no participation in the administration of the camps, Morris replied: "The camps were first incorporated in the early part of 1958 with myself, my lawyer, and my wife as trustees. After doing this we engaged our staff for the first camp, held that summer for one week. We approached Stan and he was delighted to partici-

pate in the camp, which we then advertised as the 'National Stage Band Camp, featuring the Stan Kenton Clinic.'

"It was our intention then that subsequent camps would feature other prominent band leaders as clinicians, but to our happy surprise Stan was so taken with the camp that he decided to return the following year, as he has done each succeeding one since.

"As chief trustee of the corporation it was strictly my decision to appoint a non-official advisory board to assist in policy formation, make suggestions, and help set up camp programs. The first year I appointed Stan, Gene Hall, and Matt Betton as a board of advisers to assist in these very things, and their appointments have been confirmed each year. In February of this year, in fact, I took the voluntary step of officially formalizing the group as a board of directors, exercising the same powers. The board's recommendations have always been followed, with the sole stipulation that in cases where the members could not agree I, as board chairman and chief trustee, would have the final say. There never has been any difficulty in this area.

"As to the administration of scholarships, this has for the most part been completely out of the hands of the camp administrators or staff members. The bulk of the scholarship funds come from donations by instrument concerns, show business personalities, and the like, and the majority of the scholarships have been awarded at the ten or 12 regional stage band festivals held at schools across the country. The festival judges are picked by the school festival organizers, and these judges are the ones who select the scholarship winners. Since the camp administration has so little to do with the scholarships, I fail to appreciate Stan's objections in this area.

"I would not want to minimize in any way Stan's contributions to the success of the camps and we certainly appreciate all he has done over the years. That goes without saying. It is true, as he says, that he has donated his time and services to the camps, as have a number of musicians serving on the staff.

"Since he tendered his resignation (at which time, by the way, he offered no explanation for his action) and made this public statement, I have attempted without success to contact him at least three times. He would not return my calls.

"In any event," Morris concluded, "the camps will be held next summer, the only change being in the official title, which will now be 'The National Stage Band Camps, Inc., presenting the Summer Jazz Clinics.'"

ON Nov. 17, 1926, at the Victor studios in Camden, N.J., a 22-year-old pianist named Fats Waller changed his name, for a couple of hours, back to Thomas Waller. There was reason for more dignified billing on the record label when *St. Louis Blues* and *Lenox Avenue Blues* were released: on this unprecedented occasion Waller had reverted to an instrument he often referred to as his first love, the pipe organ.

This was the beginning of the long, slowly developed first chapter in the history of jazz organ. The second, which was not to begin for a full decade, stemmed from the first use on records of the modern electronic organ. The third chapter was launched in 1950 when two tunes were cut for a single 78-rpm release by Bill Davis, who brought a comparatively modern sound to the electronic organ. The fourth and most productive chapter began, of course, with the arrival in 1956 of Jimmy Smith and the subsequent mass organization of ex-pianists (and of bars

vation at one stage or another.

The real reasons for the delay in the organ's acceptance were, first, the lack of accessibility of the instrument and the unusual expense involved in buying or renting one (this remained true even after the invention of the electronic version); second, the extraordinary demands placed on the performer.

Although virtually all jazz organists today are former pianists, the piano is a limited proving ground. Switching to organ, of course, involves many new elements: the use of multiple keyboards; of a vast variety of stops, endless combinations of which must be employed; and of the left foot, not merely to pay out the time, but also to play walking single-note lines on pedals that are arranged like the black and white notes on the keyboard, i.e. chromatically.

The use of the foot gives the most trouble. As Dick Hyman* says, "I know of no jazz or pop organist who can do the unbelievable things that Bach organ pieces call for. Playing foot pedals is the beginner's chief problem; continual

(eight feet), and the octave below (16 feet), the octave above (four feet), the octave above that (two feet), harmonics (5 1/3, 2 2/3, and others) that produce various fifth or third overtones. The sum total was a virtually infinite variety of tonal combinations. (The lengths listed in feet refer to the proportionate length of the pipes; these terms are still in use even though the actual pipes are not.)

The tones can be modified also by a built-in vibrato with several degrees of rapidity and waver, and there is now a universally used speaker, the Leslie, that rotates in separate woofer and tweeter units.

One new model of organ is, quite literally, something else. It has two speakers, one for each manual (keyboard), used separately or together, one a Leslie and one not, so that both types of speaker effect can be obtained together or alternately. In addition to a built-in reverberation, this new model has a "glide-pedal" that gives the player the fascinating and unique facilities for

The Organ In Jazz

By LEONARD
FEATHER

To the right:
Jimmy Smith
at Newport



and grills) from Portland, Ore., to Portland, Me.

To view this sequence of developments in correct perspective, one must admit *a priori* that the organ at first had no basic relationship to jazz and seemed like a complete outsider, a freak novelty. The fact of its extensive church use had less bearing on the matter than might have been expected, though Waller once tried to imply a link by recording pipe organ solo versions (in a predominantly reverent, only occasionally jazz-tinged manner) of a half-dozen Negro spirituals. (There was occasional use of organs on early Negro religious records, but the organ attributed to Fred Longshaw on some Bessie Smith 1925 sides was merely a harmonium.)

The lack of any strong association between the organ and traditional jazz does not seem as relevant when one takes into account the fact that at one time even the saxophones were regarded as outsiders, maverick horns brought in from the world of brass bands, and that just about every instrument introduced to jazz was a seemingly irrelevant inno-

practice and co-ordination are needed, akin to that between drummer's hand-and-foot relationship."

Obviously there is a great difference in technique involved in playing the various organ models now available to the beginner.

Pipe organs were originally just that, with air resonating in pipes, some open and some stopped, some with reeds, etc., and in the early days using bellows operated by a second person, until electrification arrived. After the early church use, pipe organs were adapted to theaters. They had many percussive instruments actually built in: xylophones, drums, cymbals, glockenspiels, celestes, even pianos, as well as a variety of sound effects.

The electronic organ changed all this. It was claimed that the electric models could synthesize any tone from nine drawbars, individually manipulating and controlling the primary tone

(* I am indebted to Dick Hyman for his assistance in the writing of the technical passages. L.G.F.)

actually dipping into a tone or bending a note.

The only jazz musician who has experimented extensively with this model is Hyman, but further work with it may well lead, it seems, to the first major post-Smith step in jazz organ.

The organ touch has to differ from the piano's, because the tone stops instantly on release of the key and furthermore is not affected by the strength with which the key is struck. The loud-soft pedal must be used, a more legato style must be developed, and there is no equivalent of the way a pianist uses the sustaining pedal, though some models can approximate the piano sustaining-pedal effect through optional use of reverberation.

UNFORTUNATELY THE TIME has not yet come when jazz can claim to have developed musicians who started as organists rather than as pianists. When that day arrives, a whole new perspective may open up; meanwhile, the field is crowded with organists many of whom have an adequate but im-

perfect technique, most of whom studied piano but were self-taught as organists.

Certainly Waller could have done much more for the organ had he been given the opportunity to study and play more often. On eight of the dozen tracks in the album listed in the discography on page 42, Waller played a Compton pipe organ. "I'll never forget sitting down at the console of that magnificent organ in the HMV studio on the outskirts of London," he said later. "It reminded me of that Wurlitzer grand I played at the Lincoln Theater in Harlem when I was a kid 16 years old. I had myself a ball that afternoon, and the records really came easy." In addition to the six spirituals,

were immediately apparent. The electronic organ obviously tended to facilitate an attack and genuine rhythmic pulsation such as could rarely be obtained from the mighty ones.

Waller recorded a number of tunes on the electronic model during the last four years of his life (he died in December, 1943), but almost all the best items have been cut out of the RCA Victor catalog; most, in fact, were never issued on LP at all. An album of electronic organ tracks featuring Waller and his 1940-42 groups (including, of course, *Jitterbug Waltz*) would be an appropriate release in these organ-oriented days. There were even one or two numbers on which he managed to swing

It was while he was working with Louis Jordan's Tympany Five as pianist (1945-8) that Bill Davis felt the urge to fill the gap left by the then complete lack of jazz organists. He woodshedded, spending much of 1949 perfecting a modern technique capable of bringing to the organ some of the then prevailing new ideas in jazz. He experimented with the recorded sound of the electronic instrument in two trial sides with Jordan's group, *Tamburitza Boogie* and *Lemonade Blues*, in 1949.

At that time Mercer Ellington was my partner in a company. Mercer records. Ellington's father was so enthusiastic when he first heard Davis that he took him to a recording studio where, with Johnny Collins on guitar and Jo Jones on drums, two tunes were recorded, *Make No Mistake* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*. Duke himself sat in on piano for *Things Ain't*. The record was released on a single 78 and later incorporated into a 10-inch LP, *New Stars, New Sounds*, which has long since been cut out.

The reaction to the initial release was unprecedented. Musicians were gassed by *Make No Mistake*, which combined all the elements of single-line bop improvisation with full-blooded chord effects and a surging beat. Not only was this the beginning of the modern era in jazz organ, it was also the start of an instrumentation that was to become standard in hundreds of combos: organ, guitar, and drums.

(To give the sides a little added impetus that would stress the startling nature of the sounds, "Wild" was added to Davis' name. Before long Wild Bill Davis had become a major name, too firmly established to change.)

At first there was considerable skepticism when Davis took his organ into night clubs and bars. "What are you trying to do, make a church out of this place?" was the usual question asked.

The impact of Davis enabled many others who for years had been dabbling with the organ to take it up as a full-time profession. Milt Buckner, known for years as pianist with Lionel Hampton, then as pianist and vibraharpist with his own big band in 1949-50, spent a couple more years back with Hampton and then organized his own trio in 1952, playing organ exclusively. The locked-hand or block-chord piano style, which he had played a major role in establishing during the early 1940s, could be transferred very logically to organ.

Bill Doggett, who succeeded Davis as pianist with Louis Jordan, ultimately followed the pattern of his predecessor, switching to organ and forming a trio. He was first heard as organist on some records with Ella Fitzgerald not



During the last years of his life Fats Waller (lower right) successfully employed the electronic organ on several of his recordings.

which he did as organ solos, Fats played organ on two other tracks (*Ain't Misbehavin'* and *Don't Try Your Jive on Me*) with a British combo. These tracks are possibly the only examples now extant of an organ teaming successfully with an improvising swing-era combo. (The 1935 *I Believe in Miracles*, cut with a sextet in this country, may still be obtainable in *The Real Fats Waller*, Camden 473.)

Waller, though he rarely played organ in public, was no novice, of course; he had an organ in his home and often sat at it for many hours playing spirituals, hymns, and Bach fugues. It is said that he once named the three greatest men in history as Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Johann Sebastian Bach, in that order.

Despite the problem of being weighed down by the somewhat bloated, diffuse sound so often produced on pipe organ—the kind that used to be boasted about in movie theater ads as “mighty”—Waller managed to make the monster swing. He had, as they say, the right touch, the light touch. Nevertheless, when he first tried out the electronic organ a couple of years later at a Chicago session waxed in January, 1940, the less cumbersome sound and the possibility of swinging more naturally

a big band from the organ.

Aside from his own performances, the only organ records of any moment during Waller's lifetime were a solitary 1939 side on pipe organ by Count Basie with his band, *Nobody Knows*, now unavailable; a remarkable session on which Lester Young played as a sideman with a pseudo-jazz organist, Glenn Hardman; and a series of Decca 78s that were more notable for the piano of Willie (The Lion) Smith than for the pioneering but corny electronic organ work of Milt Herth.

Basie's status as an admirer and informal student of Waller did not lead to any substantial use of the big box. Basie's organ records have been so infrequent that a Joe Williams set is listed in the discography, simply because it is the only available LP on which Basie plays organ (electronic) throughout. His style is so close to Waller's that the source of inspiration is immediately evident.

THOUGH THERE may have been a few obscure, nonrecording exceptions to the rule, the organ in jazz lay virtually dormant for several years after Waller's death. Among the few men to observe this situation, and to do something about it, was William Strethen Davis.



BILL DAVIS



BILL DOGGETT



SHIRLEY SCOTT

long after he had taken up the instrument in 1951.

A still later Jordan sideman, Jackie Davis, has been established for several years as one of the more popular organ trio leaders.

Credit should also be given to three musicians who were probably a little ahead of Bill Davis & Co. chronologically, though their particular styles did not have a comparatively massive impact and therefore passed relatively unnoticed. One was Bob Wyatt, who around 1948 was heard at the Royal Roost on Broadway working in a duo with pianist Billy Taylor. Wyatt impressed most listeners as a fine musician but not essentially a jazzman. He has recorded on the Forum label. Another was Doug Duke, best known for his home-built organ-cum-piano. Duke played with Lionel Hampton's band in 1950 and was heard in a few since-deleted Decca sides by Hampton and a quintet and in an LP on Regent records. Charlie Stewart, another organist who was ahead of his time, played at Wells' in New York about 15 years ago.

Although there were, as noted, unmistakable traces of the Gillespie-Parker influence in some of the improvisations of Bill Davis and his followers, the primary value of the new electronic organ sound they developed was in its ability to swing loud and long, with a tendency toward full, heavy-chorded passages and a feeling for strongly syncopated, extended riffing on the blues. Because of this, after the first shock had worn off, the purist jazz fans began to bypass the organists or to dismiss them as rhythm-and-blues performers. (The term rock and roll had not yet come into currency.) Doggett even won a *Cash Box* award later on as top r&b soloist.

WHILE BILL DAVIS, Doggett, and Jackie Davis were slowly but irrevocably organizing the bars and grills of America, the whole process was repeated in a new cycle.

A young pianist in Philadelphia, inspired in 1953 by Bill Davis, decided to change over to organ. It took Jimmy Smith a year or two of constant practice to build a technique and style that

were as far removed from Bill Davis' as Davis' had been from Waller's. Smith formed a trio in September, 1955, and was heard a few months later on a gig at the Cafe Bohemia in New York City.

If the first exposure to Davis had turned some musicians around, the reaction to Smith had them upside down. Because so many albums have gone over the counter since 1956, and because electronic organs of late have suffered from the overexposure that invariably leads to boredom among the critics, it is difficult to realize just how fantastic Smith sounded and how incredible his command of the instrument was and still remains.

Part of Smith's success lay in his extraordinary selection of stops. Not being an organist I can't go into technical details, but a comparison of his sounds with those of any on records made before 1956 will reveal that Smith had indeed developed new combinations that gave the instrument unheard-of tonal variety and color, greater rhythmic impact, and a broader range of dynamics and moods.

One of Smith's most effective devices was the extensive use of what would normally be called pedal-points, though manual-points would be a more appropriate term. One hand may hold a note or chord while the other embarks on a wild series of eighths or a jagged row of rhythmic punctuations of the kind that have led to the comparison of his lines with the urgency of a Morse code transmission.

The Morse-code analogy having been used to his detriment by some Smith detractors, it is important to point out that the harmonic and melodic value of Smith's work is at least as important and that the open secret of his phenomenal success has been a blend of accomplishments on all four levels—tonal, rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic.

The number of Smith-inspired organists probably runs into the hundreds. Yet the pattern established by admirers of Bill Davis has been repeated: the original excitement and enthusiasm shown by fellow musicians and critics has abated, to be replaced by a far broader, though less analytical, audience

of listeners who, in essence, are rhythm-and-blues fans, night-club or bar-and-grill patrons in search of a little excitement as a background for libation.

The post-Smith artists being too numerous to list in full, space permits only the singling out of a couple others who, in one way or another, have made a meaningful contribution to the history of jazz organ.

Outstanding among these is Shirley Scott, not only because she was the first girl to conquer the instrument, but because her work combines some of the most valuable elements of both the Bill Davis and Smith schools. Her early recordings with Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis in 1958 led critic John Tynan to hail her as "an outstanding jazz organist, modern yet rooted deep in the blues, and with ample technique to implement her wide-ranging imagination." Miss Scott's recordings with her own trio in the last couple of years have confirmed this early impression.

Duke Ellington, George Shearing, and many others who have heard him in Chicago swear by the gifts of Les Strand. Strand made an LP some years ago (no longer available) but has had little exposure in proportion to the degree of ability with which his patrons have credited him.

THE PRESENT STATE of the organ in jazz is anomalous. It is almost the only instrument that has suffered from being associated with a particular school of jazz. The reason for the qualifying "almost" is that just as the organ lately has been identified with rhythm-and-blues, the clarinet has suffered through its almost-exclusively psychological link with the swing era.

There is no logical reason for this situation. The strictly organ-ic quality of the early Waller and Basie efforts ultimately was shown to be replaceable by a harder-swinging, more vital sound. Similarly, there is no need to assume that the rhythm-and-blues funk of the present-day organist flanked by guitar and drums (frequently with a tenor saxophone replacing or supplementing the guitar) represents the last and only

(Continued on page 42)

TYNER TALK

John Coltrane's pianist discusses his musical background, beliefs and goals — as told to Stanley Dance

“We talk a lot about freedom in jazz, but there are underlying disciplines too. When you have the discipline of religion, as I have, I think you can meet the demands of music and function better. There are still a lot of pressures in musicians' lives, and it is easy to understand why some fall by the wayside. But you have to strengthen yourself to meet those pressures. You can't wait for them all to be removed from your environment.

There are reasons for the pressures and problems. People will usually think of God at a time of tragedy but not when everything is running smoothly. But most musicians believe in God, because most of them are very sensitive individuals. When I first started in music I never realized how sensitive music is, nor how sensitive we are.

My mother played a little piano, and she wanted us to take an interest in music. We had the choice between singing and piano lessons, so my brother and I both took piano. I wasn't too interested at first, but after a while I began to like it and devote most of my time to it. Although I didn't study the classics extensively, I think I had a pretty good foundation.

When I was about 16, I had my own jazz group. I had met another boy who had bought a set of drums, and then we added trombone, trumpet, and alto saxophone. The drummer, Garvin Masseaux, has been playing conga with Olatunji.

I was mainly influenced by records at that time, because there wasn't too much jazz on the radio. Bud Powell and his brother were living just around the corner from me in Philadelphia, but they didn't have a piano in their apartment, and Bud came to my mother's house to play. I wasn't familiar with his work and didn't know who he

was. It was hard to understand everything he was doing, but I liked it.

Judging from the records he made with Max Roach and Ray Brown, I think he had reached his prime then, and I learned quite a lot from him and his brother Richard. They were profound musicians, harmonically and in many other ways. Bud had so much taste and creative ability that I couldn't help learning from him.

He had worked opposite Art Tatum and had plenty of other opportunities to hear him, and Bud had been greatly influenced by Tatum. I know he had a lot of admiration for pianists who preceded Art, too, just as I have.

Tatum had really become a virtuoso. His music always sounded so neat and compact. I never thought of it as being arranged, but rather as the result of his tremendous knowledge of the instrument. Anything he could hear he could play.

After I graduated from high school, I worked days and played around home for a time. There were a lot of very good musicians in Philadelphia then and more clubs than there are now. I played with a lot of out-of-town musicians who were brought in as singles, and I worked in Calvin Massey's band around Philadelphia. Calvin had a nice band. He's a trumpet player, and he writes. Charlie Parker recorded his *Fiesta*.

I was about 17 when I first worked with John Coltrane. He had left Miles Davis for a period, and he was a close friend of Calvin Massey, who introduced me to him. I was working with Calvin at the Red Rooster, and John was going in there for a week. He asked us if we wanted to work with him.

After that, he would contact me whenever he came to Philly with Miles. I think he liked my playing, but we would also have long discussions on music, during which



TED WILLIAMS

he would sometimes sit down at the piano and play. He had a lot of ideas, and we were compatible. We saw eye to eye on so many things even at that time, and I could hear the direction he was going. I didn't know what it would be like, or how involved it would be, but I could hear something in his playing that was beautiful, and we enjoyed working together.

Benny Golson came to Philadelphia when I was about 20, and I played a concert with him. He asked me to go to San Francisco with him, where we would pick up a bassist and a drummer.

Then the Jazztet was formed, and that was very good experience for me. The original group consisted of Art Farmer, Curtis Fuller, Addison Farmer, Dave Bailey, Benny, and myself. It was a very musicianly band, and it had a lot of possibilities, but sometimes I felt there ought to have been more room allowed for improvisation. Eventually there was.

After about six months with the Jazztet, I got another call from John. He was forming his own group. I had a decision to make. I knew there was something with his group that I *wanted* to do, but yet the fellows in the Jazztet had been so nice to me, and they had helped me quite a bit, musically and otherwise, that I felt I owed something to them. I had to be honest with them and myself, and in the end I decided the best thing to do was to go where I could be really happy, where I could contribute more and really do some good. So I went with John.

I think I made the right move. I wasn't concerned then with whether or not John's group would be successful, for I feel that the majority of good listeners will always support good music.

I know a lot of good groups are formed and disappear, but usually they break up because of personal differences. If the guys conducted themselves right, thought more about producing good music, and generally took care of business, then I believe they would stay together longer. Music has to be the first interest. More dollars will come later.

It's important, too, for a group to be composed of men—real, true men—who will accept their responsibilities. I am proud to be part of an organization where each one is dedicated to the whole. And I really enjoy it.

People sometimes say our music is experimental, but all I can answer is that every time you sit down to play, it should be an experience. There are no barriers in our rhythm section. Everyone plays his personal concept, and nobody tells anyone else what to do. It is surprisingly spontaneous, and there's a lot of give and take, for we all listen carefully to one another. From playing together, you get to know one another so well musically that you can anticipate. We have an over-all different approach, and that is responsible for our original style. As compared with a lot of other groups, we feel differently about music. With us, whatever comes out—that's *it*, at that moment! We definitely believe in the value of the spontaneous.

So far as we are concerned, too, a lot depends on what John does. A rhythm section is supposed to support and inspire the soloist, and it is a very sensitive thing. How each one of us feels can determine so much, but when I come to solo I may be inspired by what John has played and by the support Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison are giving me. It's all too personal to analyze on paper, anymore than it's possible to say why one person likes chocolate and another cookies.

Sometimes, when John is soloing, I lay out completely.

Something important is involved here, I think. The pianist tends to play chords that the soloist knows are coming up next anyway. Normally, all the pianist does is try to give him a little extra push in the accompaniment and possibly to suggest some new ideas. When the piano isn't there, the soloist can concentrate purely on what he has in mind with fewer limitations or boundaries. Otherwise, what the pianist plays can attract his attention away from his original thought. So it is all a matter of giving the soloist more freedom to explore harmonically. Nevertheless, there is a foundation and a point of return. We all know where we are working from.

You can establish your feeling in music so that the public recognizes it, but you can also develop it within a recognizable framework. Sometimes people don't want to hear the development. They only want to hear it as it was in the primary stages. "He isn't playing the way he was," they'll say. "I don't understand what he is doing." But the roots are actually still there, and when the flower blooms the people may not accept it, though it's all part of the same thing. Then their acceptance will depend on their getting more familiarity.

That's why I think there should be more good jazz on the radio—and at times when the music can be exposed to a larger listening audience.

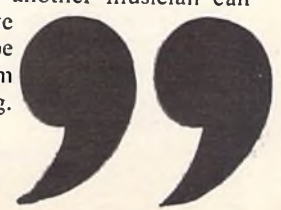
I've often contemplated that word "jazz." I believe early jazz came out of the churches, through the spirituals, which were a form of worship. Then there was the period of the blues, which were played in very different places. Back in those days "jazz" used to mean something else, and that's one of the reasons, I think, why many people still look down on it now. Yet I believe the music itself is one of the most beautiful art forms that exist, but the word used to describe it is just not good enough.

You are exposed to so much music today that you cannot always pinpoint influences. I know that when I used to listen to Max Roach's band I was impressed by the harmonies Richard Powell used to play and by his use of the sustaining pedal on chords. In fact, one of the strong points of his playing was his beautiful harmonic conception. I never copied what he did, but I certainly appreciated it.

I may find myself playing a phrase from another musician, but I never consciously copy. Guys ask me sometimes how I do this or do that, but I don't have any pre-conceived formula. You can almost subconsciously acquire technical devices, of course, like Richard Powell's way of sustaining chords.

One reason I have so much respect for the older pianists is that in their period there were so many different styles. There were many good musicians among them, and they knew their instrument, and it wasn't so much a matter of copying one another. Many of the younger musicians today involve themselves in a particular style instead of trying to learn the instrument, which I think is very important.

I'm not saying they don't know the instrument, but I think they make an error in trying to duplicate another style rather than try to play the way they feel about things. I've been told that at one time everyone was trying to play like Earl Hines. That could have been good, provided you didn't get hung up and limited to what he was able to do. I think another musician can show you the way, maybe inspire you, but I've never wanted to be an exact copy of anyone else. I'm 24, and I guess I'm still evolving. You can't rush maturity.



Portrait of a Legend: JOE ALBANY

by IRA GITLER

THE USE of the word "legendary" in describing pianist Joe Albany has become such a standard practice in jazz circles during the last 17 years that it has almost taken on the status of a given name.

A talent fleetingly revealed to a small audience through some short solos recorded with Lester Young in 1946 was the start of the legend, although it may have started among musicians a few years before. Jazz has had more than its share of legends—dead and living—and Albany's has been one of the most persistent in the undercurrent of the backwash of the 1940s.

From 1950 he had lived in California, working in small suburban clubs when he did work, but he was totally overlooked in the early part of the decade when the rest of the jazz world discovered the West Coast. One LP for Riverside (*The Right Combination*, taped in 1957) was the only recorded evidence of the legend since 1946.

The extramusical aspects of the legend were still there, however: descriptions of a weird, strange, far-out guy, substantiated by a photograph in *Metronome's* 1956 year-book, showing a wild-eyed, high-pompadoured Albany in the last row of a group picture taken of the participating musicians in a concert at the University of California at Los Angeles in the mid-'40s.

With all this in mind, one can be easily surprised on meeting Albany for the first time. It's difficult to prepare for meeting a legend. Everyone knows they exist only in the confines of their own unverifiable non-history. So when a slim, curly haired (without pompadour), self-effacing man introduces himself as Albany, the effect can be dumfounding.

Immediately one feels a paradox—that he has known Albany a long time, and yet, simultaneously, he is a stranger. The reason perhaps can be found in an attitude of the jazz fraternity that puts people, meeting for the first time, on a more intimate level than is usual. It is also the legend working. The feeling of confronting a stranger is reality.

That first meeting was in New York City's Half Note club last spring. At the second meeting, there were more realities. And the legend began to crumble. Unknown facts were brought to light, and the Joe Albany story took shape.

Born in Atlantic City, N.J., on Jan. 24, 1924, he has two sisters, one a pianist the other an opera singer. Joe was given an accordion as a child. His cousin was an

accordion teacher, and so Joe learned the instrument but says he didn't like it particularly at that time. The switch to piano was accomplished in high school.

"There was this gym band," he recalled. "They used to play during lunch hour—and they needed a piano player. They had this Cab Calloway tune, *Jim Jam Jumpin' Jive*—they had the 'stock' on it. I took the piano music and learned the left hand."

Albany's first contact with jazz was through records. When he was 15, fellow Atlantic City musicians Bob Kersey and Jay Lischin (a tenor saxophonist later known on the West Coast as Jay Corr e) played their records for him.

"I got to listen to Duke Ellington, Hawk's *Body and Soul*, and the Billie Holidays with Teddy Wilson," he remembered.

Albany's family moved to California when he was 17, but the next year they returned to Atlantic City. It was at this time that Albany played his first professional job—at a strip-tease joint. (Trombonist Willie Dennis also was in the band, according to Albany.)

Then the young pianist returned to California and became a fixture on Los Angeles' Central Ave. jazz scene. He met guitarist Teddy Bunn and worked with singer-drummer Leo Watson. He heard Art Tatum in person for the first time and met Lester Young.

"I remember Pres telling me the chords to *Sweet Lorraine*—the bridge," Albany said. "I didn't know it at the time. I was going mostly by ear, but it felt good."

Albany married while he was located in Los Angeles, and the couple went to New York City where he worked for a month with trumpeter Max Kaminsky at the Pied Piper. This was still in the '40s. According to the pianist, everything was going along fine "until my father came and yanked me out of town." Joe might have been married, but he was still a minor and had to accede to his father's wishes. But he soon made his escape, back to the ever-beckoning West Coast.

He stayed there about a year, he said, and then he went on the road with Benny Carter's band, the one that also included drummer Max Roach and trombonist J. J. Johnson.

"I got as far as Detroit," Albany said, "and Shadow Wilson got me with Georgie Auld's band. The band folded at the Tune Town Ballroom in St. Louis, and we were left to our own devices. This trumpet player and I made it back to New York."

Back in New York Albany met someone who was to have a profound impact on his conception of music. He describes the meeting as if it were in some way mystical: ". . . and then I saw this guy walking down the street, and I followed him, and I said, 'Who is it?' And he says, 'Charlie Parker.' I had already heard from J.J. and Max about Charlie Parker. So I introduced myself."

Albany soon was working with Parker and drummer Stan Levey. The three played Monday nights at the Famous Door around the end of 1944 or the beginning of 1945.

"There was no bass player," Albany said, referring to the Famous Door job. "Baby Laurence used to come in and dance. I had a hard time playing stop-time at that time for Baby."

The pianist rejoined another version of the Auld band in 1945 and again journeyed to—you guessed it—California. In May of that year, he recorded "an eight-bar, Basie-style solo on *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Stan Levey was with the band then too."

But Albany had his differences with Auld and left the band to join Boyd Raeburn's modernistic crew that included trombonist-arranger Johnny Mandel, tenor saxophonist Al Cohn, and vocalist David Allyn. He was with that band for a five-week period, after which he joined Charlie Parker's quintet at Los Angeles' Club Finale.

The job at the Finale was from 1 a.m. to 4 a.m., with an air shot on a local radio station. Albany said that one night on the air "Bird was singing at me like I wasn't comping right, so I did it every which way, and finally I did what I thought was backwards, comping out of time, and I still didn't please him, so I turned around and said, '— you, Bird,' and that was the end. He fired me. We made up after that and laughed about it."

The reconciliation didn't come soon enough, however, for Albany to participate in the Dial record date he had been scheduled to make with Parker, Miles Davis, and Lucky Thompson, the session that produced *Ornithology*, *Yardbird Suite*, *Moose the Mooche*, and *A Night in Tunisia*. Ross Russell, who produced the recordings, wrote years later, in *Jazz Review*: "I was always sorry Joe did not make the date. His replacement, Dodo Mamarosa, is a wonderful pianist, but Joe had something special."

Albany also was one of the few, at the time, to have absorbed the essential character of Parker's music. In the telling of the legend, Albany often is referred to as "Bird's second favorite pianist" of that time (Bud Powell is named as No. 1).

"I think I was integrated with Bird's phrasing," he said, "but when I met Bird, my biggest influences had been Pres and Count Basie. Of course, my first piano influence had been Teddy Wilson. Then I heard Tatum. I wanted to go that way but didn't have the chops. I just developed my chops since 1957. Up to then, I was just getting by on my accordion talent."

He tends to pass off his playing on the 1946 Lester Young date for *Aladdin* as nothing special. He explained that he was "down between styles at the time" but admits that it "did swing, so that was groovy."

Ross Russell said it more poetically perhaps when he wrote, "There's a 12-bar solo on *Lester's Behop Boogie*, a light, lacy thing laid on with a sure hand and lots-of-time, behind-the-beat phrasing. On *New Lester Leaps In*, the piano swings right out with a lyric solo that keeps building to a big convincing rhythmic period."

Albany returned to New York in 1947 and applied for a Local 802 card, but he left town within six months to make a southern tour with a traveling band. This, he said, turned out to be a mistake. Soon he was back in

California, where he remained, except for one short trip back to New York which "turned out badly"—until this year. Most of the time he lived in Los Angeles.

In the late '40s Albany was one of a group of young West Coast musicians who had been captivated by Charlie Parker in several ways. The others included saxophonists Joe Maini and Herb Geller, trombonist Jimmy Knepper, and pianist Russ Freeman.

"Joe Albany was a great influence," said drummer Roy Hall, who has been a close friend of Albany's since the time Parker introduced the two in the kitchen of Billy Berg's Los Angeles club. "Russ Freeman was playing like Nat Cole until he heard Joe." (Hall added that Freeman's referring to him as being dead in *Straight Talk from Russ Freeman* in the March 14 *Down Beat* was greatly exaggerated. The drummer also expressed distress at Freeman's not mentioning Albany in that article.)

Hall accompanied Albany on several cross-country jaunts and has played with him on innumerable occasions, the most recent being at a club in Greenwich Village. The drummer said he feels that Albany's playing is "a timeless thing—so good it's commercial," its main assets being "independence of hands, inside harmony, and his instinctive knowledge of intervals."

The 1957 Riverside date, with tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh and bassist Bob Whitlock, was an impromptu taping of a rehearsal the pianist had called before the group was to play a gig.

Again, Albany now apologizes for his performance: "It was a jam session. I had never played with Warne before. The engineer, Ralph Garretson, played some drums, but it didn't cook real hard at all, and anything I do I want it to cook."

Despite the leader's feelings about the record, his own contributions certainly are still worth hearing, particularly those on *Body and Soul*, *Angel Eyes*, and *All the Things You Are*. Unfortunately, the album is no longer available.

THE '50s in California were bleak for Albany. Personal problems picked up in the '40s continued to plague him and prevent him from realizing his potential. Divorced from his first wife, he had married again. When his second wife died, in 1959, he went to San Francisco. He stayed there through 1960, working briefly at the Pink Elephant.

"I didn't have a card there," he said, "and had to pay the traveling tax, and couldn't get started again. I'd written some tunes, and Anita O'Day recorded them."

In San Francisco Albany met his present wife, Sheila, a former ad agency copywriter and singer who also writes lyrics. They went back to Los Angeles but earlier this year decided to return to New York, the first time for Albany in 13 years.

"I was vegetating on the West Coast," he explained, "and besides your blood thinning, it seems like your hopes get thinner too—ambitions—desire to play."

In New York he has done a couple of cocktail-lounge jobs, a Monday night at the Five Spot with baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron, and several nights with Charlie Mingus' 10-piece band at the Village Gate.

Some solo-piano tapes he made in June and July support his claim that now "my left hand is a lot fuller, more agile." There are flashes of the Tatumesque, a general similarity to Bud Powell (after all, they both come from Parker), but, above all, it is Joe Albany.

In this day, his playing may seem dated to some of the current hippies, but it is, as Roy Hall said, "timeless."



speaking out: andre previn

PART I

By JOHN TYNAN

This is the first segment of a two-part interview with multi-talented Andre Previn; the second will appear in the Nov. 7 *Down Beat*.

THE SCOPE OF Andre Previn's remarkable career in music recently moved a friend to wisecrack wryly, "He's such a successful combination of talents, it's almost immoral."

"Andre," says David Raksin, a long-time friend of Previn, "is what everybody aspires to be in so many different departments he should be diluted and sold."

"There ought to be a society to prevent him from being so good."

Previn has been "so good" in so many diverse areas of music for so many years that it is a bit staggering to recall his age—34. As a pianist he has been publicly part of the jazz scene since 1945 when, at the age of 16, he made his first recordings for the Sunset label. Even then he was an accomplished classical pianist.

Fresh out of high school in Los Angeles, he signed his first contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures as a studio arranger. In 1948 that contract was torn up, and a new one set the youth as a staff composer-conductor at the studio, a post he was to fill for the next 12 years. When he left MGM to freelance in 1960, he bore with him an Oscar for his scoring of the picture *Gigi*, in addition to many nominations for the academy award.

In the interim, the Contemporary album of jazz interpretations of the music from *My Fair Lady*, with Shelly Manne on drums, Leroy Vinnegar on bass, and Previn on piano, became one of the hit records of 1957 and started the jazz-show-tune concept so widely emulated by others.

Currently, the only musical restrictions on Previn are those he imposes himself. He now records for Columbia records as a triple-threat pianist in jazz, popular, and classics. But these days he confines his popular and jazz pianistics to the recording studio. Whereas a few years ago he toured regularly on the jazz-club and concert circuit with Red Mitchell on bass and Frank Capp on drums, today he says he will never again play night clubs.

"Maybe I'm just getting foolish about this," he said, "but I don't like any kind of music where I compete with drink and food and talk."

"I don't remember who it was, there was a comic . . . one of the comedians who won't play clubs anymore was asked, 'Why do you absolutely refuse?' He said, 'Because I'm sick and tired of working for people called Rocky!'"

A more basic reason for Previn's eschewing club work, however, is this one:

"In the last couple of years I have been concentrating on conducting, which always was my first great love and which is more gratifying to me than anything."

Last season, for example, Previn made guest appearances as conductor in some 20 cities with their various symphony orchestras. Next season, which for him will begin toward the end of December when he completes the score of the movie version of *My Fair Lady* for Warner Bros., he is due to conduct some 40 concerts in 28 cities.

Previn confessed also to yet another, possibly more significant, reason for his virtual abandonment of jazz clubs and jazz concerts.

"I'm a little perturbed about what's going on in jazz anyway," he said with deliberation. "It has taken my interest away from it to a certain degree."

"There's such an incredible similarity in the players now. I really can't tell half of them apart anymore. Nor am I interested in wanting to keep them apart."

"I am so sick to death of the groove-funk-soul routine, I cannot tell you. When everybody applies the same set of cliches to every number, whether it's an original or an up tune or *Funny Valentine*, it all comes out the same way."

"And I'm so sick of it I've stopped going to clubs; with rare exceptions, I don't buy records. I think, curiously enough, that the people who are still recognizable and different are not the younger, newer ones but the older established ones. That's what I find so sad."

"I think it used to be that the young guys used to try and break away from a certain mold and have some kind of innovation in mind, even if ever so slight. But it seems to me that *all* trumpet players want to play like Miles and *all* pianists want to play like Bill Evans (which is not bad except that he is rather inimitable)."

"Now for instance, Bill Evans—don't misunderstand—is as far removed from that groove routine as any pianist I know, and I think that he is one of the all-time great pianists. The fact that he is influencing everybody is a rather good thing. But he is that rarity: he is a pianist who is so individual that when he does these things, they're marvelous; when 6,000,000 pianists do them, they don't come off. I wish people would realize that."

NOT ONE GIVEN to inhibited comment, Previn today admits there was a time when he chose to "talk in polite circles" and be "terribly diplomatic" about more controversial musical topics. One such subject about which he is given to unconfined polemic is the Ornette Coleman-John Coltrane-Eric Dolphy, et al., approach to contemporary jazz expression. His reasoning brooks little dispute: "These people cannot possibly dig anything I do by nature of what they play, and so I see no reason not to say exactly what I think."

"I happen to have a somewhat blind spot," he admitted, "about the Ornette Coleman school, which I am perfectly happy to admit is my fault. I can't be kind about it, because I loathe it."

Yet he is quick to acknowledge hearing Eric Dolphy on occasion do some "startling things" and to being an avid Coltrane admirer during the tenor man's term with the Miles Davis Quintet when, he said, "I thought he had the answer to tenor sax playing." Moreover, he disclaims expertise on the current playing of the "new thing" group and insists "I'm the wrong guy to ask" for an opinion.

"There are some areas of music," he said, "where I think I know something; I freely confess I don't know very much about this."

"But," he amended, "I have opinions based on a life of studying in music."

The decks thus cleared, Previn elaborated on his assessment of the musical philosophy practiced by the exponents of the "new thing."

"I find that kind of jazz," he declared, "to a greater extent than it should be, a self-indulgence. Because I get the feeling that they are after an ideal which I approve of but that the execution so far is escaping them."

"Now there's nothing wrong with that," he went on. "That happens with every innovation. But with the over-exposure of LPs, and the overadulation of the new set of hippies who go to clubs and who don't really know what they're hearing but they know who's playing, the equation now is: it's John Coltrane, ergo: it must be marvelous."

"They don't have the discrimination of people who understand jazz a little bit, which should include the fact that he may have an off night."

Previn pointed out that in many recorded performances



COLUMBIA RECORDS

of one number lasting, say, 25 minutes, one finds "three marvelous minutes."

"I just don't think," he said, "that that kind of experimentation should be public.

"I am all in favor of their doing it and trying it. (By the way, I don't want to make fun of them because I *know* they're serious, and I know what they're trying to do is laudable.) I just feel that when it's *so* experimental, well, work on it a while longer till you get it down.

"I don't like the self-indulgence of subjecting an audience to public practicing. You practice at home, and when you get it down, you go and play it."

"Now that," he said with a shrug, "is probably hopelessly old-fashioned by now.

"I said something like this a few months ago in one of the *Blindfold Tests*, and several indignant people wrote in to *Down Beat* and said, 'Well, that figures; that French moron.' But what interests me is that, for instance, there was a *Blindfold Test* with Ray Brown a couple of weeks ago, and he said exactly the same thing. . . .

"So I think it's probably just age. I was used to being The Kid for a long time. Well I'm 34. By jazz standards—it must be like racing drivers—I'm over the hill."

"All I know"—he grinned—"is that all the new kids are 16."

Serious again, he said, "I find the continual search for ugliness a disgrace. If this were a purely iconoclastic opinion, I wouldn't be so definite. But I've talked to too many musicians whom I admire and whom the jazz public in general admires, who agree with me.

"The fact that every note has to be a protest I think is a current social phenomenon and not a musical one. And I dislike the fact that if it isn't aggressive, it isn't jazz. That's why, for instance, I still really get a musical thrill and . . . however you want to put it . . . from Stan Getz' playing . . . and obviously from Bill Evans' . . . and from a great many people's who are at the moment a little demode."

Having raised the issue of protest manifested in music, Previn went on to note that all the arts reflect the social phenomena of the age—and to express his approval of this. Then, quickly reverting to strictly musical matters, he said he didn't want things necessarily to be "pretty." That was obvious, he said. And, he added, he thought there is a great deal of anger possible in jazz.

He went on to explain that he dislikes "any unilateral outlook on any kind of music." By way of illustration he offered the example of a musician "bound and determined"

to play nothing but lovely sounds. After a while, Previn said, he would resent that. But he noted it is this brand of "narrow-mindedness" that is evident to him in many contemporary jazz players. Previn hastened to note he was not singling out per se those "new thing" musicians already mentioned.

"I mean *anybody*," he emphasized.

Those musicians, he declared, who wall themselves into a narrow-minded closet are cheating themselves of an "enormous musical experience" by narrowing their straits of endeavor into so pinched a channel and into such a pygmy ambition that their ears are closed to all else.

He searched for an example and found it.

"As a pianist," he said, "I'm amazed at the fact that some of the fans, or audience, or whatever you want to call them, who go to hear Bill Evans . . . they're marvelous. Now let's get that straight. They're crazy about him; they appreciate him.

"Now, you say to one of them, 'You know who else is really a marvelous pianist? Oscar Peterson.' And they suddenly look at you as if you were a plumber who owned one record of Glen Gray. I find that kind of opinionated narrow-mindedness not only reprehensible but in a way pitiful. Because they're doing themselves out of a hell of a lot of enjoyment.

"I think if they could practice some kind of catholicity of taste, they would double their listening."

Then he added, "Unfortunately, I think that for the first time since I can remember, that applies not only to the audience but to the players."

REVERTING TO THE sociological relationship between jazz in its current state of disquiet and the revolution of American Negroes, he described as a "very valid argument" the contention that everything that is daring, everything that is adventuresome, new, and an innovation in jazz can be ascribed to this social protest, the protest of *Freedom Now!* He said he would "go along" with it but added that it is really not a musicological argument. Further, he noted that he is not equipped as a social historian to discuss it.

What he *was* discussing, he emphasized, was his own, personal assessment of the music emanating from the players at this time.

"The reasons behind the music," he said, "are important but in a way, in retrospect. I mean, this may well be a bridging period.

"This has happened in every art form in the world. And if this will eventually result in a certain *kind* of music, then that's fine."

And while the social struggle is going on, he observed, one can ascribe the musical developments concurrent with it to "any kind" of historical or social implication with the possibility that one may be correct.

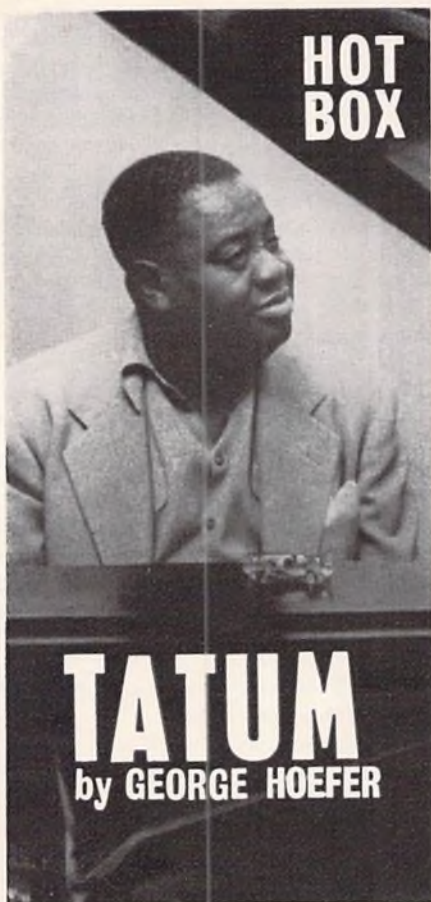
"But," he said pointedly, "that has nothing to do with the notes that are coming out.

"It has to do with the attitude that produces the notes but not with the resultant notes. And I can't take a historian's point of view. That's a whole different argument. Now we can go on that, and I'll have opinions and so forth. But I'm only speaking now of that which you hear, not of that which you think *produces* what you hear.

"Let's take a really idiotic comparison now—and I know this is idiotic from in front. Suppose you go to hear somebody, and he's having a terribly bad night and he's playing very badly. And you're disappointed. Now somebody says, 'It's a ghastly thing, but he's having terrible trouble at home, so he's upset.' Fine. Now I know the reason why the music was bad, but that hasn't made the music *good*.

"That's an oversimplification and a kind of nonsensical simile, but I was exaggerating to make the point."

(To be continued in the next issue.)



ART TATUM, whose artistry is still with us on many great recordings, left an intangible legacy of considerable importance to the musical growth of jazz: a strong inspirational quality of constantly striving to improve his performances.

It was not possible to categorize Tatum under any of the so-called schools of jazz. As Leonard Feather once wrote, "Every style of keyboard jazz was at his command."

His prodigious technique, as well as the originality of his harmonic variations, put him in a class by himself. Pianist Mary Lou Williams once commented while listening to Tatum, "He does everything the other pianists try to do—and can't."

Tatum's career spanned a quarter century, during which he enjoyed at least moderate financial success—his trio made \$1,000 a week on 52nd St. in 1945—but failed to attain much in public acclaim.

In 1954 Dave Brubeck paid tribute to Tatum, saying, "Harmonically, rhythmically, and melodically—Tatum continues to influence the structure of modern jazz." Nat (King) Cole, the same year, said, "I don't know of any piano player today, especially the modern ones, whose playing isn't in some way derived from the things that Tatum has already played."

Tatum was a musician's musician. He

was the first jazz pianist to concentrate on developing his technique along the lines of the classical concert pianist in order to widen his scope. He quoted freely from everything he had heard in the wide field of general music.

As early as 1935 it was written in *Down Beat*:

"Tatum never uses manuscripts. He works out chords and experiments with the melody in the privacy of his room. When his arrangement of a melody is complete, he has mastered every conceivable chord relationship, and the theme has been so masterfully interwoven into intricate rhythmic passages that it is breathtaking."

A result of Tatum's indefatigable application to his piano—he preferred to play in afterhours spots where he had no worries about time limitations or audience reaction—was such that Teddy Wilson was able to say, "Nobody in jazz even remotely has the keyboard facility of Art Tatum, and he is rivaled by only a very small handful of classical players."

Tatum's influence and inspirational impact was not confined to piano players; the impetus of the Tatum approach to his instrument was also apparent in many of the younger jazz musicians who played horns and reeds.

In speaking of the changes taking place during the early 1940s, George (Scoops) Carry, an alto saxophonist with the 1943 Earl Hines Band, told John Steiner of Chicago (in a taped interview published in Stanley Dance's *Jazz Era—the Forties*, London, 1962): "Many of us had broken from simplicity and smoothness, but in this movement the leader was Tatum. He, I think, changed everyone who came in contact with him."

"I worked with Art in a small band at the Three Deuces in Chicago around 1935. Before that I was thinking in terms of Hodges and Carter, but Tatum changed me right from the start. I'd try to do on the saxophone what he was doing on the piano. I couldn't do it, but the attempt changed me all around."

PIANIST TATUM was born and reared in Toledo, Ohio; his birth date was Oct. 13, 1910. He took up the study of the violin in 1923 and was the only musician in his family. The following year he switched to piano and studied with Overton G. Rainey. In spite of his handicap—complete blindness in one eye and 25 percent vision in the other—he progressed rapidly. His local teacher was training him for a career as a concert pianist, but he became jazz-influenced by hearing records by James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Earl Hines. He also remembered listen-

ing to Lee Sims, as well as Waller, on the radio.

By the late '20s he was playing in local clubs and had racked up three years' experience playing over WSPD in Toledo and WWJ in Detroit.

He went to New York City for the first time in 1930 to work as an accompanist for vocalist Adelaide Hall. The first Tatum recordings were cut in 1932 with Miss Hall.

Also during these early years, New York musicians had their initial opportunity to hear the pianist, at the old Onyx Club on 52nd St. during the days when it was still a speakeasy. One of these listeners has recalled Tatum played rags, one-steps, excerpts from the classics, and standard tunes, as well as frequent snatches of stride piano in the Waller-James P. Johnson manner.

After recording his first solo records for Brunswick in March, 1933, Tatum drifted back to the Midwest, as the depression continued to slow activity in New York.

Sam Beers, owner of Chicago's Three Deuces, heard the pianist at an alley joint, the Greasy Spoon, in Cleveland, Ohio, and hired him to open at the Deuces during September, 1935. He played upstairs behind the bar and later was the leader of a jump band in the basement. Here again, Tatum's unusual complex playing style, made up of scintillating melodic embellishments, extended arpeggios, and striking rhythmic contrasts, became a focal point attracting professionals from all branches of music.

From Chicago Tatum went to California, where in November, 1936, he appeared on Bing Crosby's radio show and became a favorite at Hollywood parties given by celebrities.

After a year on the West Coast, he returned to Chicago for six months before again trying the big time in New York—this time it was the Famous Door on 52nd St., where he alternated with Louis Prima's band.

In 1938 Tatum went to London, England, where he played at Ciro's and on the British Broadcasting Co. network. English listeners also were impressed by his virile two-handed playing, his use of classical techniques, and his unique improvisations.

Up until 1943 Tatum worked almost exclusively as a soloist. As George Shearing once stated, "Tatum's technique is so satisfactory within itself that he can do as a soloist what it takes most other pianists to do with a rhythm section."

Tatum formed his first trio in California in January, 1943, with bassist Slam Stewart and guitarist Tiny Grimes

(Continued on page 39)

OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

All of a sudden jazz is as popular as undated milk cartons. Cannonball has a hit. Illinois Jacquet has a hit. Jimmy Smith has a hit.

Charlie Byrd, Herbie Mann, and Stan Getz just got off hits, and about the only thing keeping Mingus from having a hit is that he might hit back.

After listening to some of these classics, I'm suddenly convinced everybody in jazz (yes, Virginia, even Ornette) can have a hit. All they have to do is follow what I affectionately refer to as

GEORGE CRATER'S GROOVY HOME RECIPE FOR AN INSTANT TOP 40 JAZZ HIT

- 1 cup hand-me-down funk
- 1¼ tsps. dehydrated bossa nova beats
- 3 tablespoons cliched improvisations
- ½ cup clamoring maracas, cowbells
- 1 overworked arrangement
- 2 lbs. out-of-work bongo player
- ¼ ounce original melody line

Mix overworked arrangement and original melody line; add clamoring maracas and cowbells; blend. Cook at moderate temperature for first eight bars, stirring constantly.

Add bongo player and stir till thick. Gradually add funk and bossa nova beats; heat over very high flame for next 16 bars.

Fold in cliched improvisations; cook till mixture becomes very heavy.

Pour hot mixture into 1 cool jazz night-club mold; chill till firm or about 2 minutes, 45 seconds.

For best results sprinkle generously with large bits of grunts, groans, "yeahs," and applause before serving.

If mixture needs more seasoning, add 4 cups of inane lyrics; makes 500,000 servings.

FORTY THINGS I'D DO IF I WERE EDITOR OF *DOWN BEAT*

1. Envy Hugh Hefner.
2. Make John S. Wilson cut an LP and assign it to Jimmy Smith to review.
3. Ordain Les McCann.
4. Send Don Ellis a toy for Christmas.
5. Baptize Lawrence Welk.
6. Forget that I'd ever heard of bossa nova.
7. Marry Gloria Lynne.
8. Stop going to jazz festivals and let them come to me.
9. Ostracize Ornette Coleman.

10. Start a string of *Down Beat* clubs featuring waitresses dressed as eighth notes.
11. immortalize Gimp Lymphly.
12. Hire six foxy young chicks to massage my aching head continuously.
13. Exile Dakota Staton.
14. Hire six more foxy young chicks to relieve the first six for coffee breaks.
15. Forgive the Brothers Candoli.
16. Buy Coltrane a tenor with a built-in alarm clock.
17. Ignore the Three Sounds.
18. Ghost-write all the articles in *Down Beat* and keep all that scratch to myself.
19. Bring back King Pleasure.
20. Publish seminude photos of John Lewis' beard.
21. Tolerate Dave Brubeck.
22. Become Whitey Mitchell's agent and land him the lead in the film version of *Out of My Head*.
23. Expatriate Martial Solal.
24. Use my influence to get Prof. McSiegel added to the faculty at Juilliard.
25. Enshrine Junior Mance.
26. Reassure all my readers that Jack Sheldon is not a "new thing" vocalist.
27. Locate Blind Orange Adams.
28. Try to convince all my readers that Jack Sheldon isn't even an "old thing" vocalist.
29. Appreciate Etta Jones.
30. Sell copies of the magazine door to door and eliminate the middleman.
31. Preserve Barbra Streisand.
32. Take 2,000 gallons of luminous paint, go to the governor's mansion in every state in the Deep South, and scribble BIRD LIVES! all over the facades.
33. Forget the Hi-Lo's.
34. Eradicate such archaic musician's jargon as dig, man, cool, groovy, and baby and substitute them with phrim, glutz, screg, vaxel, and drunjy.
35. Quarantine the MJQ.
36. Erect statues of Gerry Mulligan in front of every Howard Johnson's in the country.
37. Adopt Nancy Wilson.
38. Coax Yusef Lateef to sign affidavits swearing he's not a genie.
39. Praise Wynton Kelly.
40. Entice the a&r man at Hipsville to record *The Jazz Soul of Madison Square Garden Dressing Rooms* featuring vocalist Cassius Clay backed by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.
41. Learn how to count.



record reviews

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEWS

Bill Evans

CONVERSATIONS WITH MYSELF—Verve 8526: *Round Midnight*; *How About You?*; *Theme from Spartacus*; *Blue Monk*; *Stella by Starlight*; *Hey, There*; *N.Y.C.'s No Lark*; *Just You, Just Me*.

Personnel: Evans, first piano; Evans, second piano; Evans, third piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This puts me in the position occasionally encountered by *Blindfold Test* subjects who say, "The maximum rating is five stars? Give it six!" For if Evans by himself is a five-star artist, as he so often has been in the past, Evans in triplicate, with the use of overdubbing, is a joy unique in the history of music.

The first temptation, on listening very carefully, is to embark on a long track-by-track, chord-by-chord analysis. For there is so much to be said about what Evans has accomplished here that it could extend to many pages of the kind of documentation a Billy Taylor or an Andre Hodeir could handle so well. But in the present space it is better to touch simply on some of the special virtues of the album as a whole and to leave the details and close inspection to the listener.

In the first place, Evans has used a gimmick as a premise but has made it work logically. There are innumerable passages that gain immeasurably from the presence of a second and third pianist, and especially from the fact that both the latter gentlemen are identical in touch, harmonic sensitivity, and subtlety with the first pianist.

Compositionally, the most astonishing performance is Evans' own *N.Y.C.'s No Lark* (an anagram of Sonny Clark, though stylistically there is no perceptible resemblance). Its somber sensitivity and thick, unpredictable chordal texture (Evans is a master of surprise) are the chief characteristics of what is, without exaggeration, a masterpiece of mood evocation.

In an essentially different bag is *Blue Monk*, which in some respects is the most challenging track of the set, since it puts the gimmick on the same level as that of the familiar social party ploy—two or more pianists playing the blues. But multiple-piano blues, even as Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn have often played it for friends, pierces a new dimension when each track is superimposed by the same artist, and with some awareness of the music on which the superimposition is being effected.

Despite the experimental and basically reflective nature of the album, there are many light moments. *Just You* is perhaps closer than the others to conventionality; *How About You?* and *Hey, There* have a few delightfully humorous touches, sometimes in the form of quotes.

It is important, by the way, to adjust

your stereo channels very carefully, as a slight imbalance can ruin the impact of all three parts, so carefully is the interweaving effected. And if you only have monaural equipment, rather than hear it at that disadvantage or miss out on it altogether, you would be well advised to buy the stereo version even if you have to buy a stereo player just for this album only. (Or listen to it at a stereo-equipped friend's place.)

The absence of a bassist, it need hardly be added, is an advantage, never a handicap for Evans, under these circumstances.

For additional comments it would be best to refer you to the admirably sympathetic liner notes by Gene Lees (and to Evans' own typically articulate additional notes).

Everyone involved in this project, from producer Creed Taylor to photographer Roy DeCarava, deserves five stars for his role. Since the six-star rating for Evans is forbidden, I'll save the extra star and add it to any future Evans LP that happens to rate four or less. But in the light of his present level of creativity it seems improbable that such a situation will ever arise. (L.G.F.)

Thelonious Monk

TWO HOURS WITH THELONIOUS—Riverside 460/461: *Epistrophy*; *I Mean You*; *Jackie-ing (No. 1)*; *Body and Soul*; *Off Minor*; *April in Paris*; *Rhythm-a-ning (No. 1)*; *I'm Getting Sentimental over You*; *Jackie-ing (No. 2)*; *Straight, No Chaser*; *Bemsha Swing*; *Just a Gigolo*; *Hackensack*; *Well, You Needn't*; *San Francisco Holiday*; *Rhythm-a-ning (No. 2)*; *Crepuscule with Nellie*; *Epistrophy*.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; John Ore, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

CRISS-CROSS—Columbia 2038: *Hackensack*; *Tea for Two*; *Criss-Cross*; *Eronel*; *Rhythm-a-ning*; *Don't Blame Me*; *Think of One*; *Crepuscule with Nellie*.

Personnel: same as above.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Comparisons, it has been said, are odious. But sometimes they are in order and quite instructive. What we have here is the contrast of two albums by the same personnel, done two years apart in different contexts. In three instances the material coincides, making for further comparison.

The Riverside is a two-LP set, described on the cover as a "limited edition." It is made up of concert performances taped in Paris and Milan, Italy, during Monk's European tour in the spring of 1961.

When one deals with a giant like Monk, anything he does is important. In this case, however, he falls below his usual high mark. The reasons are several.

First of all, there is too much sameness of formula: theme-tenor solo-piano solo-bass solo-drums solo-theme is the format for a majority of selections. Since there are an awful lot of numbers in a two-volume set, this pattern can get a bit wearing. Three solo performances by Monk break this up, but not enough. Actually, it is

not just the pattern that shapes the outcome of the album, for if everyone had played brilliantly, it would have overcome the stricture.

Monk, to me, always plays with such wit and unerring time that he is a consistent joy to hear. A good example of dextrously rhythmic Monk is his solo on *Hackensack*—his version of *Lady, Be Good*. He also is especially effective on *Sentimental*.

Rouse does not fare so well. When he is good, he is very good—the raw power he displays on the opening *Epistrophy* and the vigor of *I Mean You* and *Hackensack*, for examples. When he is bad, he can be repetitively monotonous, as on *Jackie-ing (No. 2)*. On *Sentimental* he starts well, but before long his pet paste-on, double-time run recurs again and again. Coupled with his "hinky-dinky-doo" phrase that crops up on *Minor* and *Needn't*, among other places, its delivery by rote can be quite distracting.

Perhaps what gives the package most of its tedium, however, are the solos by Ore. In the rhythm section he is fine (although the recording balance does not do either him or Dunlop justice), but his solos consist of just playing the time. This is a gross waste of time.

Dunlop, on the other hand, is a melodic player who talks with his drums. He has especially good solos on *Rhythm-a-ning (No. 1)*, *Hackensack*, and *Needn't*. On the last, Ore breaks up the time a little and strums some during his own solo but still does not say anything.

Monk's three unaccompanied performances vary in length and satisfaction. *Body and Soul*, softer and more introspective than the version in his first Columbia album (*Monk's Dream*), is very good, but *Gigolo* is not up to his original Prestige recording. Likewise, the abbreviated *Paris* is far from his early Blue Note rendition. One wants him to go on, but it ends abruptly after one chorus.

Don't get the idea that the Riverside set is a bad album. If it had been properly edited, one excellent album could have been gleaned. It ends very strongly with *Holiday* (an intriguing tune, first done by Monk in his Riverside *Black Hawk* album but wrongly titled *Worry Later*); a happy, swinging, resilient-beat *Rhythm-a-ning (No. 2)*; the tenderly beautiful *Crepuscule*; and the closing theme, *Epistrophy*. All four have one thing in common: they do not ramble, thanks to the absence of bass and drum solos.

The Columbia set, done this year in a studio, reveals a more tightly knit group, as one might expect. These performances are crisp, clean, and to the point. Yet they do not suffer any loss of fire or happy feeling. They are at the other end of the pole from the Riversides in that there are no bass or drum solos. The closest

to one is the effective introductory statements by Dunlop and Ore to Monk's trio outing on *Tea*. Both rhythm men provide solid support throughout the album, and the clear, well-balanced recording shows them off to good advantage.

Rouse's very personal style has become leaner in the years with Monk. His solos on *Criss-Cross* and *Eronel* (the first time Monk has recorded these since he did them for Blue Note in 1951) show his awareness of Monk's rhythmic contours. Even when he trots out his clichés on *Hackensack*, he soon leaves them behind as he shifts into high gear.

Monk is sharp and brilliant on *Hackensack* and has a fine solo on *Think*. He does not fall down in the other selections either. *Tea* is wry harmonization of that standard, and *Blame* is in his warm, ruminative, unaccompanied ballad style.

Crepuscle is held in loving hands as the fragile piece of beauty it is, and the Columbia *Rhythm-a-ning* perhaps points up the difference between the two sets: it is precise and concise. (I.G.)

INSTRUMENTAL

Laurindo Almeida

IT'S A BOSSA NOVA WORLD—Capitol 1946: *Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport*; *I Will Follow Him*; *Sukiyaki*; *Say Wonderful Things*; *Miserlou*; *Song of the Islands*; *Danke Schoen*; *Till Then*; *Lisbon Antiqua*; *More*; *Rio Bonito*; *Hava Nagila*.

Personnel: Don Fagerquist, trumpet; Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; Justin Gordon, flute; Jimmie Rowles, piano, organ; Almeida, unamplified guitar, cavaquinho; Howard Roberts, amplified guitar; Max Bennett, bass; Shelly Manne, Vic Feldman, Chico Guerrero, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★

Considering the talent involved on this disc, the results are undistinguished. Playing a batch of pop tunes—most of them quite ordinary—with a suggestion of bossa nova, in routine arrangements involving heavy, static ensembles and with sketchy, uninspired solos does not make a very worthy LP.

Cooper is the only musician who consistently emerges brightly from the basic murk, though Almeida has a few moments. The rest of the group has practically nothing of interest to say. (J.S.W.)

Georgie Auld

GEORGE AULD PLAYS THE WINNERS—Philips 600-096: *It's a Good Day*; *You're Faded*; *Taking a Chance on Love*; *I'm Shooting High*; *Seven Come Eleven*; *You Are My Lucky Star*; *Taps Miller*; *What's New?*; *Out of Nowhere*; *I Found a Million Dollar Baby*.

Personnel: Frank Rosolino, trombone; Auld, tenor saxophone; Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This reconstruction of Auld's quintet of a dozen years ago (with Vinnegar in for Max Bennett and Lewis for Tiny Kahn) is a delightfully and unpretentiously swinging group.

Auld still retains much of the airy, propulsive sound of Lester Young on up-tempo numbers, his phrasing lean and direct with the sort of wobbling hesitation that was characteristic of Young. On ballads, he uses a deliberate, breathy style that puts him somewhere between the Young and Ben Webster ballad approaches.

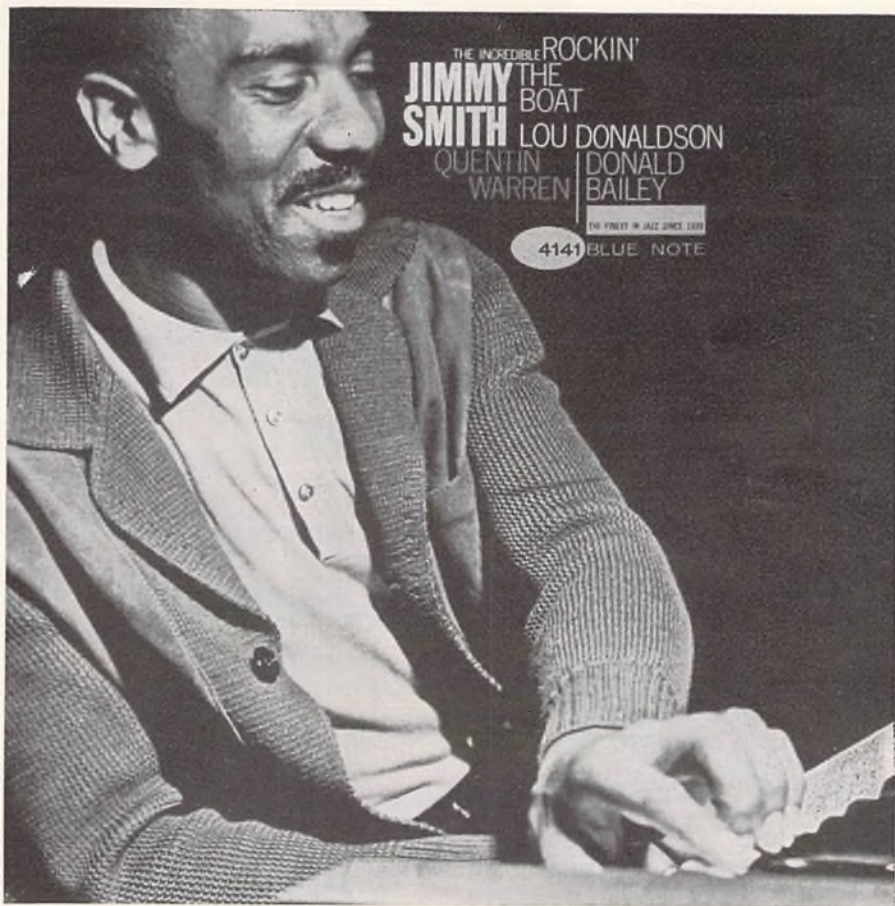
Rosolino serves mostly as a sounding board against which Auld can bounce his lines; he fulfills this function imaginatively.

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Levy is a strong soloist when the opportunity allows and heads a rhythm section that carries Auld and Rosolino along beautifully.

This is warm, uncomplicated playing that flows along in the strongest currents of mainstream jazz. (J.S.W.)

Count Basie

L'I, OI' GROOVEMAKER — Verve 6-8549: *L'I' OI' Groovemaker; Pleasingly Plump; Boody Rumble; Belly Roll; Count 'Em; Nasty Magnus; Dum Dum; Lullabye for Jolie; Kansas City Wrinkles.*

Personnel: Snooky Young, Fip Ricard, Al Aarons, George Cohn, Don Rader, trumpets; Henry Coker, Grover C. Mitchell, Benny Powell, Urbie Green, trombones; Eric Dixon, Marshall Royal, Charlie Fowlkes, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Buddy Catlett, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Basie's band faces the dual handicaps of the new fad for arrangers to disavow writing in terms of sections and the tendency of listeners, as soon as they hear something beyond the early Basie blues bag, to scream, "That's not Basie!"

Quincy Jones, who wrote the album's arrangements, has overcome both handicaps; the first, by showing that there is still life and validity in the reed-brass-rhythm formula; the second, by writing material that takes the band away from the 1940 cliches and yet retains an essential simplicity that is, as Prof. McSiegel used to say, the basic basis of Basie.

The title tune is an up blues with Basie playing Fats Wallerish thumbtack piano. *Plump*, originally written as a jingle for Nestle's Quik, has some elegant and beguiling ensemble sounds and is a typically

airy Jones melody. *Rumble* tends too much toward Gospel cliches, particularly the staccato eighth note on one, followed by two quarters. *Belly Roll*, a minor blues, is well written and played but could have swung more with lighter, subtler percussion. The familiar and delightful *Count 'Em*, a slow blues in F, sounds better than ever with the sax-unison theme played quite slow and with excellent solos by Rader and Powell.

The second side opens with a moderato blues dedicated to disc jockey Johnny Magnus, with impressive work by Dixon and some of Jones' powerhouse buildup scoring. Though one of the reed-section passages has Dukish overtones, it's first-class Quincy and top-grade Basie throughout. *Dum Dum* is dumb—a potboiler with a couple of passages that recall the old Woody Herman *Northwest Passage* and with brief solos by Wess, Foster, and Dixon in which nobody has time to dig in.

The lullaby for Jones' daughter is a pretty framework for some melodious Royal alto and lovely, subdued muted brass writing. The only fault is sluggish rhythm; the tempo sags a little. The long closing blues, though largely a collection of familiar figures, leaves big holes for solos by Royal (playing funky New Orleans-style clarinet), the admirable Catlett, Young, and Coker. Basie again plays thumbtack piano; this sounds more groovy than gimmicky.

Special credit should go to Stanley Dance for liner notes that are analytical yet helpfully factual. (L.G.F.)

Don Friedman

FLASHBACK—Riverside 463: *Alone Together; Ballade in C-Sharp Minor; Wait till You See Her; News Blues; Ochre; How Deep Is the Ocean; Flashback.*

Personnel: Friedman, piano; Dick Kniss, bass; Dick Berk, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Friedman's program is made up of five relatively traditional jazz piano performances ("traditional" in the sense that they fit in with such contemporary jazz styles as that of Bill Evans) and two pieces, *Ochre* and *Flashback*, that have little apparent relationship to jazz.

The latter are, in the broad sense, modern music, compounded of keyboard flurries plus raps, rattles, and tinkles from drummer Berk and sonorous bowed passages by Kniss. They are fascinating as displays of Friedman's piano technique, for he gets a marvelously full sound from the instrument, and his dexterity, especially on *Flashback*, is awesome.

The other pieces are rolling, flowing, relatively colorless performances which are occasionally brightened when Friedman rouses himself to some positive statements but which also bear the burden of Berk's insensitive and relentless cymbal whacking. (J.S.W.)

Roy Haynes

CRACKLIN'—New Jazz 8286: *Scoochie; Durian; Sketch of Melba; Honeydew; Under Paris Skies; Bad News Blues.*

Personnel: Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album goes down smoothly. In a quartet blowing session, a great deal

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of responsibility rests upon the two main soloists, and both come through here very well. Ervin hasn't received much publicity, but he's certainly one of the better tenor players in jazz, and Mathews seems to improve with each recorded appearance.

The first side has three interesting originals.

Scoochie (by Ervin) is a 64-bar, up-tempo theme that makes a fine vehicle for improvisation. Ervin digs into the beat to play a violently compelling solo, and Mathews keeps things hot with an exciting spot featuring crisp and lucid single-note line work. Part of the reason for the track's success is the fiery rhythm section. Haynes applies the pressure all the time, and Ridley is a rock, making good use of pedal point.

Mathews' charming *Dorian* is taken at a gentle gait. The pianist is also the star soloist, employing everything from delicate single-note lines to lush chords. Ridley follows Mathews with a lyrical improvisation.

Sketch of Melba was written by Randy Weston for trombonist-arranger Melba Liston. Ervin states this beautiful theme with the sensitivity it deserves; Mathews plays thoughtfully, with luminous touch.

Honeydew is about as close as the group comes to the nitty gritty. This rhythm-and-bluesy track contains the least interesting solos—a hackneyed theme often leads to dull improvisation.

Ervin plays powerfully on *Paris Skies*, but Mathews steals the show with a

brilliantly constructed spot. He sets off his lines very well with the left hand. Near the end of the solo, he reaches strong chordal climaxes in which hints of the theme are heard. He then gradually diminishes the intensity of his playing, making a smooth transition into the final melody statement.

Ridley opens the improvising on *News* with a well-organized solo. Mathews cooks nicely, finishing his solo with Red Garland-like chords. Ervin follows him with some intense blowing, sparked again by Haynes' accents. Contrast the subdued way Haynes accompanies Mathews here with his volatile playing under Ervin. He is an extremely sensitive and versatile section drummer. (H. P.)

Jack McDuff

LIVE!—Prestige 7274: *Rock Candy; It Ain't Necessarily So; Sanctified Samba; Whistle While You Work; A Real Goodun; Undecided.*

Personnel: Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; McDuff, organ; George Benson, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is a typical, agreeable, in-person session cut at a Chicago club, with capable solos by all concerned.

The first track is a moderato blues with no surprises; the second is more interesting, with McDuff showing an Ahmad Jamal-like daintiness and understatement. The samba is a trite alliance between Brazilian rhythm and some of the more obvious soul clichés, notably the quarter rest-quarter-eighth-quarter-eighth variety.

Whistle is a tune that for some reason has been attracting jazzmen from Artie Shaw to Paul Horn—why? It has as much

melodic originality as the diatonic scale. The use of cute high-register effects relegates this track almost to the novelty category. *Goodun* is a good blues with pleasant guitar-tenor blending, but *Undecided* is unexciting.

This type of LP is well suited to the same audiences for whom so many organists play in bars all over the country. In saying this I'm not putting them down; I simply mean that they are no more aimed at elaborate examination and analysis than *Mary Worth* is aimed at the art galleries. (L.G.F.)

Joe Pass

CATCH ME!—Pacific Jazz 73: *Falling in Love with Love; Summertime; Mood Indigo; Catch Me; Just Friends; Walkin' Up; But Beautiful; No Cover; No Minimum; You Stepped Out of a Dream.*

Personnel: Clare Fischer, piano, organ; Pass, guitar; Albert Stinson or Ralph Pena, bass; Colin Bailey or Larry Bunker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There is a naggingly evocative sound in Pass' playing on some of the moderately up-tempo selections in this set—*Falling in Love, Catch Me, Just Friends, You Stepped*—which eventually identifies itself as the sound of Charlie Christian on the recordings Jerry Newman made at Minton's in 1941. Pass has this same easy, relaxed, intensely swinging flow.

Yet, as Pass shows in the course of these selections, he has a lot more to offer—his dark-toned development of *Mood Indigo*, the afterhours ease of *No Cover*, his skillful use of unamplified guitar on *But Beautiful* and his strikingly original development of this overdone theme, and his perceptive extension and



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bending of notes on *Summertime*.

Fischer is a very important contributor to the group, staying out of Pass' way when the guitar gets winging but taking a strong stance at other times—in delightful piano-and-guitar unison passages on *Walkin' Up*, lending atmosphere to *No Cover*, and adding fresh, invigorating solo spots to *Summertime* and *Mood Indigo*.

Both Pass and Fischer are refreshing voices on the contemporary jazz scene, and in this meeting each manages to implement the best qualities of the other. (J.S.W.)

Ralph Sharon

MODERN INNOVATIONS ON COUNTRY AND WESTERN THEMES—Gordy 903: *A Faded Summer Love*; *Just Recuse*; *San Antonio Rose*; *Jole Blon*; *Alabama Jubilee*; *Black Mountain Rag*; *Night Prowler*; *Lady Bird*; *Seasons of My Heart*; *Waltz of the Angels*; *I'm Sorry for You, My Friend*; *You Win Again*.

Personnel: Sharon, piano; others unidentified; Rolena Carter Chorale, vocals.

Rating: see below

Perhaps this record's most arresting feature is its cover, which pictures a young woman wearing a black evening gown, white fox stole, Al Capone fedora, and Roy Rogers six-gun. It is pretty hard to get past that. I suppose if one were a fetishist, he never would. Fortunately, the product inside is worth the try. Sharon has created a pleasant diversion from the swirling, stormy eddies of the main stream of jazz.

Here we find him, a rather sophisticated and polished player, stacking himself alongside a crew of country-and-western musicians to play country-and-western music. The result is not incongruity, as some might expect, but a rather amiable blend of jazz and folk that will shock no one and please many.

From a jazz viewpoint, there is little to talk about here. Only *Rose* shows any real inspiration. Yet the others are presented so tastefully, so unpretentiously, and so sincerely that all are worth hearing if only for the unusual wedding of sounds.

As regards the rating, I would like to split my vote: for the hard-core buff, two stars; for the more general listener, three. The album is diggable as a change of pace.

Incidentally, Tony Bennett, whom Sharon has accompanied for many years, states in the notes that each supporting musician is "a well-known and highly respected artist in this country-and-western field." If so, why aren't their names mentioned on the jacket? (D.N.)

Clark Terry

MORE—Cameo 1064: *More*; *Hobo Flats*; *This Is All I Ask*; *Gravy Waltz*; *Sid's Mark*; *The Good Life*; *Anthony and Cleopatra Theme*; *Meditation*; *The Lights across the River*; *Blues Fr'Ell*.
Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Roger Kellaway, piano; Gene Bertonecini, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Kai Winding

MORE—Verve 8551: *More*; *Hero*; *Gravy Waltz*; *China Nights*; *Surf Bird*; *Pipeline*; *Sukiyaki*; *Soul Surfin'*; *Tube Walk*; *Spinner*; *Hearse Ride*; *Comin' Home, Baby*.

Personnel: Winding, trombone; Paul Griffin, electric piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: see below

Confuse these two albums at your peril. The Terry venture affords solid listening pleasure. The Winding, speaking from a jazz viewpoint, should be shunned.

Since both albums make use of the same title tune (the theme from the film *Mondo Cane*) plus *Waltz*, a comparison of treatment will indicate the more suitable choice for the jazz collector.

Terry's approach to *More* is straightforward and unaffected. The leader states the line with Webster insinuating a quiet, breathy tenor support. There is only one solo—by Terry—a short but lyrical fluegelhorn investigation of the melody. The piece is not a gripping performance, but it does offer genuine musical satisfaction.

Winding, on the other hand, posts a version that will tug the heartstrings of soap-opera votaries. The featured instrument, I am informed by Burrell, is an onduline. With its organlike tones, the musician in charge fashions the sound that each weeknight at 6:15 told all of us *Myrt and Marge* fans that new adventures were at hand.

There is, moreover, no attempt at improvisation. The entire two minutes consist simply of a recitation of the melody, first by the onduline, then briefly by guitar. That is it. Winding blows not a solo note.

His *Waltz* does offer some blowing, but the listener is quickly informed that the musicians are not to be overburdened. The entire piece lasts only one minute, 42 seconds, and in that time there are three (count 'em) solos by three instruments, including Winding's trombone and Griffin's piano. This gives each soloist a few seconds in which to stretch out.

Arranger-star Winding takes the shortest space (eight seconds by my watch) and allows Griffin a full 20 seconds. Creatively, then, it is a rather dead performance. There is more grave than gravy in Winding's *Waltz*.

Such truncated presentation unfortunately afflicts every tune on this album. The numbers run an average of two minutes, 21 seconds, the longest by far being three minutes, 50 seconds. It is obvious that little improvisational development could be attempted under the circumstances.

Terry's *Waltz*, however, is given enough time (five seconds short of four minutes) for the musicians involved to assert their talents.

Kellaway, who has gigged frequently in New York City of late with the Terry-Bob Brookmeyer and Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintets, comes off well here, as he does throughout. Equipped with a pair of strong hands and dancing time, he adds a forceful melodic and rhythmic voice to the group. He contributes a very well-played solo to *Blues*, which is in many ways the most satisfying tune on the date. His work tends to favor high-register trilling, but it is not sufficiently recurrent to infect his playing with monotony.

Terry is the soul of ease and grace, whether exploring the tender insides of Sacha Distel's *Good Life* or charging into the more rugged territory of his own *Blues*.

Webster handles his chores with his

VOTE!

See page 36

customary taste and potency. He and the rhythm section turn in a nifty job on the ballad *Ask*. In fact, Crow, Bailey, and Bertoncini (who submits engaging solos to *Meditation* and *Mark*) are commendable throughout. In all, a pleasurable set, though the arrangements are a bit on the commercial side.

The *Winding* album is entirely commercial. Judging by the gee-whiz notes, most of its titles originated in the jargon of surfing devotees, the majority of whom, it appears, are to be found on the Pacific shores. The music as a whole may be great background for making love in the sand, but there seems to me little nutriment for the jazz appetite here; hence the absence of a rating. Burrell, for whose talents this agent has the utmost regard, sounds little like himself. (D.N.)

Paul Winter

NEW JAZZ ON CAMPUS—Columbia 2064: *Cupbearers*; *Childhood's End*; *Ally*; *Quem Quizer*; *Encontrar O Amor*; *Marilia*; *The Sheriff*; *With Malice toward None*; *All Members*.

Personnel: Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Winter, alto and soprano saxophones; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

It is becoming increasingly evident that Winter is going to be one of the major figures in jazz in the '60s.

At first, it seemed that his greatest asset might be his promotional abilities. But, while these have not diminished, he has also held together and developed a group that is making really fresh contributions to jazz.

The most impressive aspects of this LP are the way in which the Winter sextet manages to be exploratory without being self-consciously avant garde and how it plays hard-driving jazz without delivering itself to the monotony of endless solos—that is, how it has found its own way, a way that is not a copy of anybody else and which relates honestly to the basic core of jazz.

This is not to say that it can't backslide into routine performances. *Cupbearers* and *Members* show that it is capable of sounding like any ordinary group, though *Members* is rescued by an exciting trumpet, alto, and baritone trio that explodes in the last half.

Otherwise, Winter and his group make constant and inventive use of the fact that there are six men in the ensemble. Solos are part of the whole and not simply long, spotlighted interludes. One is not primarily conscious of the soloists as individuals (none has a self-identifying style) but as elements in the over-all performance. Yet each contributes strongly in his solo spots—Winter is an extremely fluent altoist and turns with stunning effect to the soprano saxophone on *Malice*; Cameron's baritone brings flowing, rugged strength to the group; Bernhardt is an evocative pianist; and Whitsell has developed into a strong and certain trumpeter.

The material by Bernhardt, Tom McIntosh, and Gil Melle is treated with the imagination and sensitivity that are the distinguishing hallmarks of the group.

Winter's first two Columbia albums were bright with promise. This one begins the fulfillment of that promise. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By HARVEY PEKAR

Although more jazz reissues make it to the market every day, it's maddening that many aren't as historically or esthetically important as the hundreds of recorded performances gathering dust in the vaults of some of the major companies. Decca, for example, is sitting on sides by Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Fletcher Henderson, and Benny Carter, to name only a few.

However, Decca has released some of the recordings Lionel Hampton made in the early and middle 1940s. The album is called *Hamp's Golden Favorites* (73296). Some of these "favorites" are trivial novelties like *Hey! Ba-Ba-Re-Bop*, *Hamp's Boogie Woogie*, and *New Central Avenue Breakdown*.

There is some good material such as *Flyin' Home* (recorded in 1942), featuring Illinois Jacquet's celebrated tenor saxophone solo. Jacquet's playing sounds strongly influenced by Herschel Evans.

Air Mail Special, *Rockin' in Rhythm*, and *Red Top* date from several years later and are arranged in a heavy, passe fashion but have fairly good Hampton solos.

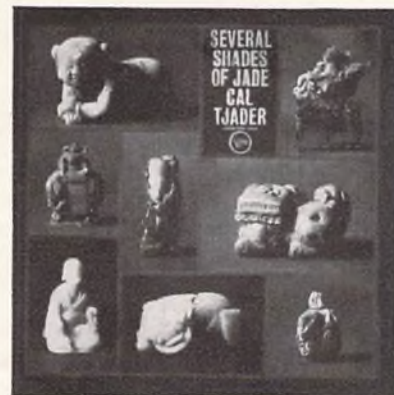
Midnight Sun, a Hampton composition, is another big-band selection. There's little improvisation on this version, with Hampton featured most of the way, cushioned by rich-textured ensemble voicing. *Blow Top Blues* is from 1945 and features a fine Dinah Washington vocal; her approach was less strident at that time. Arnett Cobb plays well here, also showing a Herschel Evans influence. *How High the Moon?* is tightly arranged and taken at a medium-slow tempo. Milt Buckner uses locked-hand chords in some ensemble passages. He's given credit for being among the first to use this type of voicing, which was popularized by George Shearing a few years later.

Prestige is a smaller company than Decca, of course, but has a much better reissue program. It recently has re-released two very good Coleman Hawkins albums of the late '50s, *Coleman Hawkins—Soul* (Swingville 2038) and *Hawk Eyes* (Swingville 2039).

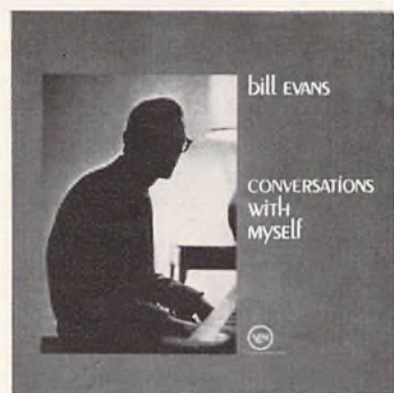
Soul features Hawkins with a rhythm section of Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ray Bryant, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; and Osie Johnson, drums. A feature of Hawkins' work over the last five years or so has been his emphasis on a raw emotional style. Here, *Soul Blues* and Burrell's compositions, *Sunday Mornin'* and *Groovin'*, have a strong down-home feeling. Hawkins' playing on these tracks is fierce; he chews up the changes, using a relentless, hard-toned attack.

One of the high points of the album is his brilliant rendition of *Until the Real Thing Comes Along*. As on some of his other outstanding ballad performances, he is rhapsodic and plays complex lines. Almost as good a selection, in its way, is the

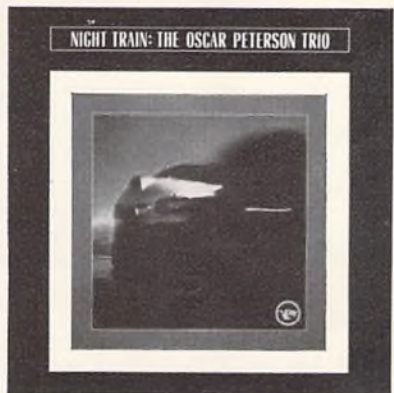
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up-tempo *Sweetnin'*. Hawkins has a violently jumping solo, a stream of ideas pouring from his horn.

On the face of it, *Greensleeves* would seem to be the most unusual title on the album, but little is made of it. The melody is followed closely, making for pleasant, but hardly memorable, listening. *I Hadn't Anyone 'til You* finds Hawkins blowing in an urbane, good-humored manner.

Burrell is in good form; his solos are nicely structured and executed with vigor and precision. Bryant's work isn't profound, but his Gospel-influenced *Soul Blues* spot is enjoyable, and he plays infectiously on *Groovin'* and *Sweetnin'*.

The *Hawk Eyes* album retains Bryant and Johnson but replaces Marshall with George Duvivier, Burrell with Tiny Grimes, and adds Charlie Shavers on trumpet. Hawkins is in even better form.

The tenorist has *La Rosita* to himself and plays lyrically in a fairly subdued manner and with a relatively soft tone. *Hawk Eyes*, the romping title tune, is highlighted by the invigorating work of Hawkins and Grimes, and Bryant's energetic comping is a great help. The slow-tempoed *C'mon In* finds Hawkins at his most imaginative, piling one rich phrase on another. Bryant's solo is also noteworthy. *Stealin' the Bean*, a medium-fast blues, contains intelligently constructed solo work by Hawkins. (I wonder if those who think his excellent blues playing is a recent phenomenon have considered that he recorded relatively few blues in the '30s and '40s. This may account for the fact that not too many of his great performances were on blues.)

Shavers' first two choruses on *Bean* are good, but too much of his work is marred by tasteless upper-register work.

The Imperial label also has a fine reissue series. *Jazz Festival, Vol. 2* (9238) is an anthology containing some excellent tracks.

Altoist Art Pepper is represented by three selections made in 1956. He leads a quintet including Jack Sheldon, trumpet, and Russ Freeman, piano. Their music was more vigorous and original than most material from the West Coast at that time. The up-tempo *Pepper Returns* is based on *Lover, Come Back to Me* and has some Gerry Mulliganesque contrapuntal playing by Pepper and Sheldon. Pepper has a darting solo, and Sheldon blows buoyantly. Sheldon's conception is derivative, though; he sounds like a fleshier-toned Chet Baker.

Angel Wings bounces along at a medium-fast clip with Pepper taking a relaxed, well-sustained spot. Freeman distinguishes himself on *Funny Blues* with an excellent, if atypically dissonant, solo. Pepper plays intensely here, phrasing in a relatively staccato manner and exhibiting a forceful attack.

The most important tracks in the album are by Lester Young, however. *Lester's Be-Bop* (it was originally released as *Lester's Be-Bop Boogie*) was recorded in 1946. Young contributes some effortlessly swinging but powerful work, and pianist Joe Albany takes an exquisite solo. *Just Coolin'* is based on *The Sheik of Araby*

and was made late in 1947. The track contains driving Young and tasteful trumpet playing by Shorty McConnell.

Billie Holiday, supported by a small combo, is heard on *Blue, Turning Gray over You* and the lovely Bob Carter-Herb Ellis-John Frigo composition, *Detour Ahead*. Her wonderfully sincere version of the latter is a classic.

Another important Imperial release is Illinois Jacquet's *Flying Home* (9184). These sides date from the middle and late 1940s and remind that Jacquet can be a fine jazzman when he doesn't give himself over to tasteless effects.

Flying Home—in two parts—was recorded with an octet in 1945. The first part has Jacquet restating the solo he played on the Hampton record. In the second part there is Dickie Wells-like trombone by Henry Coker, Sir Charles Thompson making like Count Basie, and a powerful solo by Jacquet.

You Left Me All Alone, cut about a year later, is a Jacquet ballad and finds him in a romantic mood backed by a big band. *Jivin' with Jack the Bellboy*, which was made at the same date, has a brilliant solo by Fats Navarro (who used the pseudonym Slim Romero), brief appearances by Dickie Wells and Leo Parker, and good Jacquet playing, which is marred at the end by honking and screaming. The tenor saxophonist is the only soloist on *For Europeans Only*, a fine bop big-band arrangement that Tadd Dameron had at least some hand in writing. Again Jacquet opens promisingly but falls into the tasteless exhibition bag.

Another big-band title is *Big Dog* by Bill Doggett, an undistinguished powerhouse arrangement on which Jacquet never gets very far off the ground.

The second side of the album opens with the 1947 tunes *Blow, Illinois, Blow* and *Illinois Blows the Blues*. This is getting monotonous, but, as with several sides previously described, they begin with Jacquet blowing in a relaxed fashion and building intelligently but then degenerating.

The next two tracks, *It's Wild* and *Goofin' Off*, have some of Jacquet's best work. *Wild* is an up-tempo tune on which he displays good technique, making the tempo well, with interesting melodic lines, and stalling infrequently. On *Goofin' Off* he blows some soulful blues.

For Truly and *Destination Moon* are performed by a medium-size group. I don't know the personnel of these two tracks, but I'm almost sure that it's J. J. Johnson who takes the magnificent trombone solo on *Truly*. He uses a phrase from *Comin' through the Rye* effectively as a sendoff. Jacquet's playing here is excellent, showing a strong bop influence. He has a fair solo on *Moon*, a simple riff tune.

Sonny Criss, an able alto player who never received the attention he merited, is featured on *Criss Cross* (Imperial 9205). He's a veteran of the bop era and a contemporary of Dexter Gordon and Howard McGhee. Charlie Parker's influence on him is apparent, but he has an identifiable personal style. His tone is unusual—not as hard as Parker's and Sonny Stitt's but harder than West Coast altoists like Bud Shank.

This album was made several years ago and has Criss playing 12 standards backed by rhythm. He has a unique, fast vibrato and is capable of plaintive ballad work, e.g. *Willow, Weep for Me; Easy Living; and Blue Prelude*. However, it's at fast tempos that he excels. He has excellent technique, is relaxed yet forceful, and doesn't stall (though he has a tendency to overuse several pet figures). Dig *Alabama Bound, Sunday, Sweet Georgia Brown, and I Get a Kick out of You* for nonstop swinging. Sonny Clark contributes some driving, nicely sustained piano spots, and there is a happy vibraharp solo on *Kick*.

The Best of Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis (Bethlehem 6069) does have some of the better recorded Davis performances, though not necessarily his best.

The album was originally released by King records several years ago. The rhythm section included organist Shirley Scott (other members aren't identified). Davis' playing swings irresistibly and is not as repetitive as it has been on other sets. Part of the reason may be the choice of material; *Lady Bird, Out of Nowhere, All the Things You Are*, and several of the other tunes have excellent chord changes. Davis' playing at and above medium tempo has good continuity. His romantic, Ben Websterish ballad approach is heard to good advantage on *Too Beautiful*.

Miss Scott generally solos and comps in a subdued and easy-to-take manner. She plays overtentimentally, though, on her feature *Ebb Tide*.

Another Bethlehem LP is Herbie Mann's *The Epitome of Jazz* (6067). The material was taken from several albums, the first of which was recorded in December, 1954. This was before Mann's ethnic period. Despite (or maybe because of) this, he is in very good form.

The only uninteresting tracks are ones cut with him backed by a string orchestra. Russ Garcia's arrangements for this group are pallid, and Mann doesn't get a chance to blow much.

Other tracks feature small combos that include Joe Puma or Benny Weeks, guitar. On some Sam Most joins Mann on flute. All the men play with a deft and lyrical touch. The guitar-flute combination is an attractive one.

Among the 14 compositions are several pretty originals by Mann and a number of standards, including *Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, Why Do I Love You?, It Might as Well Be Spring, and Love Is a Simple Thing*.

Mann's more recent interest in ethnic music is reflected on *St. Thomas* (United Artists 15022). The tunes on the first side—*St. Thomas, Sorimao, and Jungle Fantasy*—reflect an Afro-Cuban influence.

Vibist Johnny Rae distinguishes himself on all three with imaginative, long-lined work, but Mann plays well only on Sonny Rollins' *St. Thomas* (on which the improvising is done in straight swinging meter). *Sudan*, a pretty, balladic Mann original, is the high point of the second side. Mann and Rae play soulful solos here. *Bedouin*, a Middle Eastern theme, and *Guinean* have melodically trite Mann spots. He runs through a stock of simple figures and doesn't build anything. [EJ]

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Those who disapprove of most of what has been going on in music since Brahms sometimes get pretty peeved with the modern composer. Why doesn't he pull himself together, they ask, and start writing masterpieces, the way they did back in the golden age?

To these irate Colonel Blimps, every new development can be traced to some composer's personal perversity or unhappy home life or political leanings. Chances are, however, that simple cause-and-effect thinking cannot explain much in music, any more than in any other department of existence.

The more one examines changes in musical styles, the more the suspicion arises that individual composers, no matter how much they may preen themselves on their path-breaking, do what they do because it is ordained by forces they have little understanding of. In a very real sense, it is true to say that if Wagner had not composed *Tristan and Isolde*, someone else would have. Given the artistic milieu in Europe early in this century, it is also plain that if Schoenberg had not evolved the 12-tone system, someone else would have come around to that too. There was, in fact, at least one composer and theorist who insisted for many years that he formulated the system before the man who is now regarded as the law-giving Moses of dodecaphony.

The breakdown in classical tonality, sometimes said to have come into focus with *Tristan*, really cannot be pinpointed, of course. Something was in the air, and others besides Wagner knew or suspected that the old ways were wearing out. Between, roughly, *Tristan* and the beginning of the first World War, the chromaticism that is so evident in Wagner chipped away at the diatonic system, until by the time of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* in 1912 the need for a new organization to replace the old, discarded sonorities was urgent. Rhythm had undergone a similar revolution, culminating in Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* in 1913. To a musician, it has never seemed odd that a war broke out at this point in history: one has only to listen to know that something was eating away at society.

Is it necessary to add that many of the musical works from this disaster-pregnant era strike us, nevertheless, as marvelous works of art? Whatever else we know about periods of social disorder, we know that they do not inhibit creative genius.

There are a number of excellent opportunities on records for studying the great Schoenberg pieces of this time, and now Robert Shaw and his chorale and orchestra have illuminated one of the lesser known works, *Friede auf Erden*, a choral piece written in 1907, when Schoenberg's music

was reaching its final stages of complexity within traditional tonal bounds. It is ironic and probably not without significance that his *Op. 13* is a setting of a poem by Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, *Peace on Earth*, which is nothing less than a clairvoyant plea to mankind to avoid "deeds of blood and hateful striving, deeds of rapine, pillage, slaughter [that] have defiled the souls of men."

Friede auf Erden, with its perilously balanced harmonies and its chromatically moving polyphony, is enormously difficult to sing, and only a group of perfect-pitchers such as Shaw has under his baton could clarify the lines so beautifully. Not the least of the wonders of this performance is the intelligibility of the words.

The recording, *Robert Shaw Chorale on Tour* (RCA Victor 2676), also contains another work, by Charles Ives, that further buttresses one's suspicions that composers actually have less control over their development than we are sometimes led to imagine. The *Three Harvest Home Chorales* of Ives parallel in almost every respect Schoenberg's *Friede auf Erden*, and yet the Ives pieces were performed as early as 1900 in New York City—at least seven years before the Schoenberg choral work. Ives, at the time an organist in a Presbyterian church, was only obliquely under the influence of the European musical forces that were pushing Schoenberg toward his break with tonality, but his triptych shows him to have been even farther along the same road.

Much more contemporary sounding than the Schoenberg piece, the Ives also moves contrapuntally and chromatically, giving the impression of being built on a quicksand of shifting tonalities. Shaw's group presents the chorales with the brass-and-organ orchestration specified by the composer and only bogs down slightly in the strangely opaque polyphony of the final chorale.

There are complete texts with this valuable record, which also includes three psalms from Mozart's *Vesperae Solennes de Confessore* and Ravel's *Trois Chansons*.

Among the most interesting of other current records is Mercury's 50248, on which Antal Dorati conducts the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra in his own *Symphony* (1957) and *Nocturne and Capriccio for Oboe and String Quartet*, which dates back to his student days under Zoltan Kodaly in Budapest.

The student piece is delightful proof that the conductor was a highly promising composer. The symphony sounds at every step of the way along its five movements as if it is first-class, but somehow it fails to hold together in spite of impeccable orchestration and thoughtful working out of good ideas. The tone is reminiscent of Bartok and Kodaly, but there are subtleties—including 12-tone gestures—that mark this as a mid-century piece.

The effect of hearing the symphony is to make one curious about what else Dorati may have in his desk drawer. Except for Mahler, this century is woefully weak in first-rank conductors who also rate high as composers. And Mahler, be it noted, went mad trying to combine the two professions.

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See page 36



**BUDDY
DeFRANCO**

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Almost four years ago, at Ben Pollack's restaurant on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, Calif., Buddy DeFranco and Tommy Gumina made their first joint appearance.

The partnership began by accident. DeFranco needed a pianist for a gig. Frank DeVito, who was set to play the date on drums, asked him whether he could use an accordionist instead.

"My immediate reaction," DeFranco recalled, "was 'Not on your life!' But then Frank convinced me that this was no ordinary accordion player and that he could break down any prejudice I might have against the instrument. How right he was!"

About the same time, DeFranco made a guest appearance on a date with Les Brown's band at the Decca studios. He talked to a&r man Sonny Burke about doing a date of his own. Burke suggested that since Gumina was already under contract, it would be logical for them to tape an LP together, which they did.

Since then there have been two more albums, both on Mercury, and many public appearances. Instead of doing two separate *Blindfold Tests* with DeFranco and Gumina, I interviewed them as a team and broke the results into two parts, the first of which follows. Neither received any information about the records played.



**TOMMY
GUMINA**

THE RECORDS

1. Curtis Amy-Dupree Bolton. *Katanga* (from *Katanga!*, Pacific Jazz). Bolton, trumpet; Amy, tenor saxophone; Jack Wilson, piano.

Buddy: I didn't get a chance to hear the tenor player, so I don't know who he was. I don't think it was Clifford Brown—it was almost as clean—although I don't think I ever heard Clifford play this particular tune. But it was not quite as precise as he played.

I like the conception very much. Whole thing has a good, swinging feel. My only comment would be that the ensemble work is not as clean as I *compulsively* would like to hear it.

Tommy: I agree with Buddy, liked it very much. Reminded me a little bit of Clifford Brown with Max Roach. . . . Saxophone player I believe was Harold Land. . . . Only thing is, when I listen to tenor and trumpet together, they always bug me, because it sounds like New Year's Eve, when people get their horns about five minutes to 12 and start tootin'. It's just the octave-apart intonation that bothered me a lot. But this is a marvelous feeling, and I would give it four stars.

Buddy: I go along with that. The piano player was very facile and a good pianist, so I'd give it four stars too.

2. Oliver Nelson. *Full Nelson* (from *Full Nelson*, Verve). Nelson, alto saxophone.

Tommy: I don't know who the band is. The ensemble was very sloppy. I enjoyed the more or less polyrhythmic bass line in the back—kind of a relief to get away from a straight 4/4 in a big band—and, of course, it was primarily in the soul bag, but I don't understand why, with the tapping what it is today, you have to allow a record to come out with so many obvious goofs in it. The artist I don't know, but

for a rating I would say 2½ stars.

Buddy: I don't agree. . . . It's a little more, harmonically, than the basic soul bag, and there's more feeling. . . . I don't know—I would take a wild guess and say it was Ernie Wilkins' band, although I've heard Ernie Wilkins' band play a lot cleaner than this—on that I would agree with Tommy—although today clean isn't always an asset—can be a detriment!

I liked the tenor. Could have been Harold Land. I would go a little better than 2½, for the idea and predominantly for the tenor solo, which I think was very, very good: 3½.

3. Harry James. *Monday Date* (from *Double Dixie*, MGM). James, trumpet; Eddie Miller, tenor saxophone; Buddy Rich, drums.

Tommy: I'm almost positive that's Harry James. About a year ago they were in town and did a Dixieland album and called in some Dixieland personnel from out here on the coast. That was Buddy Rich on the drums. . . . Sounded like Eddie Miller on saxophone.

I remember when they did this date, everyone was quite excited about it. It was fairly authentic for a big band. I'm not a real Dixieland fan. . . .

Buddy: It has a lot of spirit, which I like. Buddy can sure influence a band—he's a fantastic drummer. So that would help. And if they did call in guys like Eddie Miller, who play in that particular area, it would probably help the band to feel that way.

But on the basis of feeling alone, I'm not too crazy about the end result, I began playing *Muskrat Ramble* and a few other things when I was 10, and it kind of wore off a little bit. But the spirit of the thing is good. . . .

Tommy: What impressed me—they've

been primarily using Ernie Wilkins' charts, with the Count Basie-type band. Harry's been using this for the last couple of years, and then to go into this—when Harry's been trying to play more modern and then to go back to this—I think it's quite a feat.

Buddy: I would give it 3½; almost give it four, for that enthusiasm that's in there.

Tommy: I would give it four. I admire Harry James very much. The man can do just about anything. And Buddy Rich is one of my favorite drummers.

4. Thelonious Monk. *Rhythm-a-ning* (from *Two Hours with Thelonious*, Riverside). Monk, piano; Charlie Rouse tenor saxophone.

Tommy: The applause was impressive. I liked the tenor solo—it was quite impressive. Don't forget, here we go again, everything's relative.

Buddy: Well, it was an outdoor job. That's the toughest thing in the world. I've been involved in some of those festival things, and concerts in a big hall, with a dead stage. . . . So on that basis, I could see where they had a problem.

Sounded like they were really having a rough time trying to make it. So on that basis, three stars. If it were done in the studio, under the best conditions, I would not give it three stars.

I would venture to say it might be Monk, although I don't remember Monk doing that much playing—consistent playing—as far as the pattern.

Tommy: That sounded like something Monk would do, and Charlie Rouse on tenor. All I can say is, Monk writes some beautiful tunes. When it comes to being a piano player, I'll see you later. I can't buy it. He's contributed a lot to modern music, for sure, but . . . to me, I would give it two stars.



(To be continued in the next issue)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

MOSE ALLISON

Purple Onion, Hollywood

Personnel: Allison, piano, vocals; Herbie Lewis, bass; Chuck Carter, drums.

That swingin' southern country boy, Mose Allison, is an unusual attraction in jazz. While he is indubitably of jazz, much of his charm and intrinsic appeal lies in a personality projection of the blues and other songs he sings that is non-Negro in orientation, in contradistinction to the vast majority of other performers in the same general idiom.

When he slurs into *I Live Like I Love*, and *I Love Like I Live*, a medium-tempoed bit of personal philosophy, he is predominantly in a country groove on the vocal, and a non-Negro groove at that. But when he sails off into the piano solo, it's all jazz, not a bit of country in it. This is the duality of Mose Allison; it is what sets him apart.

In Lewis and Carter, two young musicians of impressive individual talent and a perfect rhythm duo behind the leader, Allison has faultless backing.

Lewis is a growing bass soloist and a time player of the first rank. In solos his sound is still a little thin, but this will most certainly be rectified by time; he's still quite young. But a rhythmic bassist—yes! And he shows an already developed sense of form in his solos. His journeys at times suggested an almost Moussorgskian depth and feeling for bass lines, as though he were adapting some of the great Russian's orchestral concepts to jazz bass.

Drummer Carter, who sits on his stool with the imperturbability of a church elder, plays with excellent time and good, intelligent taste in the running commentary to Allison's piano with his left hand, highlighted by a driving urgency with the right hand on the top cymbal.

When he hurls himself into a solo on an up-tempo number, he displays a savagely aggressive attack.

Allison's tasteful, economical piano style limns every set. Sometimes he will take off on a rolling solo, two-handed and passionate, whirling into long passages of exposition while bass and drums lay out. In times like these he will discard economy for a wild eloquence that becomes almost hypnotic.

Some of Allison's other vocals reflect his essentially country personality. *Sittin' Here on No. 9* is one such song, wherein he comments wearily, "I'm goin' be here for the rest of my life. . . ." Or the slow, rocking blues *They Always Told Me There'd Be Days Like This* with its basic blues vocal stanzas followed by an aptly laconic piano solo.

Above all, there is the essential characteristic of this trio: a relentless, driving energy.

The club itself, recently reopened to jazz by Johnny Coyle and Sid Bernstein, is located in the middle of Hollywood on

a prominent Sunset Blvd. corner. Redecorated, it is ideal for jazz: low-ceilinged and warmly colored in dark reds and earth tones, the walls are hung with many murals. There is even an active, burning fireplace in one corner. —Tynan

JOE GORDON

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood

Personnel: Gordon, trumpet; Jeff Lasky, tenor saxophone; Chauncy Locke, piano; Mark Proctor, bass; Donald Dean, drums.

For the literal, there are certain discrepancies attendant to this review. In the first place, Gordon normally leads a quartet; secondly, his steady pianist is Dolo Coker, replaced by Locke this evening at the Manne-Hole; finally, the tenor man was just sitting in.

But there are sitters-in and sitters-in, and in this case the presence of Lasky made a whale of a difference in more ways than one. More on Jeff Lasky in a moment.

Gordon, for all his tragic record of personal problems in recent years, today is playing probably the best modern trumpet on the West Coast.

He stands out among contemporary trumpeters in that his sound is, so to speak, of the "old school"—big, solid, round-toned, lots of body to it. But the ideas he offers are as new as the next moment. Add to that the fact that Gordon is as hard a swinger as one may ever hear. He is, in short, just about the ideal modern trumpeter, a player who, had not the fates decreed otherwise, would have been accorded hosannas long ago.

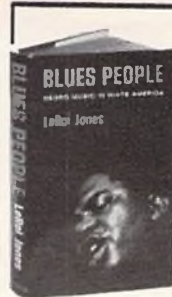
In the rhythm team, drummer Dean is the more spectacular because he is so young and so good. Not that bassist Proctor doesn't hold his own; he does more—he is the anchor and the stabilizer.

But Dean, who has worked with most of California's heavyweights during the last two years, provides undeniable fireworks. He is a drummer of truly modern conception, always driving and always inventive. It is true that there are times when he tends to get carried away with the sense of his own power, but this hopefully will diminish with time and acquired wisdom.

Pianist Locke on the night of review played creditably, if without rafter-shaking results. At least once he appeared to be in some doubt about chord changes, but he soloed with spirit and imagination. Coker, the usual occupant of the piano bench, is a more confident soloist and appears to be a more original musical thinker.

Tenorist Lasky, the sitter-in, is probably one of the most exciting young jazz discoveries in recent years, years which have not at all been barren in this respect. But Lasky stands out.

He exhibits an astounding maturity of conception for such a young man. In John Coltrane's *Mister P.C.* he burned into his solo like a volcano; in *Oleo* he was a tornado, displaying an amazing absorption of modern jazz lore established before he was born as well as an individuality of ideas remarkable in one so young. Lasky is 18 years old. —Tynan



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FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

A bit of excitement was aroused recently when a couple of self-appointed censors helped boost sales of a scholarly book by attacking it as unfit for library use. The book is *The Dictionary of American Slang*, compiled by Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner.

One aspect of the book has been ignored. As a general reference work, no matter how the censors feel about its use of many terms that are taboo in polite society, it is an invaluable source. But from the jazz standpoint it is a disaster.

There is a hint of this even on the dust jacket, in which various subjects are paired off: "Baseball & Football," "Horsing & Gambling," etc., and then, "Jazz & Sex."

Inside, things get darker by the minute. Clearly, the editors, instead of associating with persons who use the jazz terms in conversation, have taken the easy way out, turning to second-hand sources and relying on written reports of others.

Worst of all, they have turned most often, it seems, to sources in which the use of jazz terms was a gimmick apparently designed for comedy and/or shock value. One was a book by Stephen Longstreet called *The Real Jazz Old and New*, of which a *Down Beat* reviewer (Gilbert M. Erskine) observed, "Nowhere does he [Long-

street] add to the body of knowledge on jazz." To turn to Longstreet for accurate interpretation of jazz slang is akin to compiling a dictionary of 18th-century English with the aid of Jimmy Durante.

Another major source was a 1957 newspaper article by Elliot Horne called (the very title makes one cringe) *For Cool Cats and Far-Out Chicks*.

As if that weren't enough, there was frequent recourse to the book *Satchmo—My Life in New Orleans*, which, because an innocent editor butchered Louis Armstrong's colorful and authentic writing style almost beyond recognition, was a distorting mirror even when it was published almost 10 years ago.

The *Dictionary* results are incredible.

Omitted are "funk" and "funky" in all their jazz connotations, "soul" and "soul music" and "soul food" and the rest, "head" for head arrangement, "comp" as a verb, etc. Also missing are all three terms for the middle eight bars of the chorus (release, bridge, channel). A combo is listed as "usually three or four members"; "walk" in the bass player's sense is unlisted.

On the other hand, there are whole paragraphs on terms that either have long been obsolete or were never in use at all except as synthetics coined by radio script writers in the 1930s: gate, lick, send, sender, agony pipe (that's supposed to mean clarinet), slush

pump, and even definitions of hepster (sic) and hipcat (sic). Vein, we are told, is the word for a double bass.


The occasional attempts to become technical are especially pathetic.

The paragraph on blues, which completely omits W. C. Handy but quotes from Longstreet and from a book on Jelly Roll Morton, states that blues is allegedly the mood of certain songs "combined with the melancholy theme and mood of lost or rejected love expressed in diminished 13ths, 5ths and 3ds usu. played in a slow tempo." Nothing about the 12-bar structure, nothing about the differentiation between vocal and instrumental blues.

In addition to the many confused definitions, there are others that sound like pure fiction, such as the alleged adjective "mezz," which is supposed to mean "sincere, excellent" and to have been used because of Mezz Mezzrow's "refusal to submit to commercial standards. . . ."

Even more fantastic is the definition of Crow Jimism, described as "a strong psychological attraction to Negroes" followed by some explanation about "a guilt attitude arising from deep-rooted Negrophobia or the operations of a politician who courts Negro votes for personal gain."

I have saved the biggest blooper of all for the last. "Jive," we learn from Wentworth and Flexner, "replaced jazz to some extent c. 1938-45, linguistically as well as musically."

I guess I must have been asleep during those seven years. 

DOWN BEAT'S 28th Annual Readers Poll

☆☆☆☆☆ VOTING INSTRUCTIONS ☆☆☆☆☆

The 28th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll is under way. For the next several weeks—until midnight, Nov. 3—*Down Beat* readers will have an opportunity to support their favorite jazz musicians.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, pre-addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, print your choice in each category in the space provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Letters and other post cards will not be accepted as ballots.

1. Vote only once.
2. Vote early. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Sunday, Nov. 3.
3. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names.
4. In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the jazz performer who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. This does *not* mean living persons cannot be voted for. Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke

Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Bix Beiderbecke, Miles Davis, and Jelly Roll Morton.

5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.

6. In the *Miscellaneous Instrument* category there can be more than one winner. The instrumentalist who amasses the greatest number of votes will, of course, be declared winner on his instrument. But those who play other miscellaneous instruments can also win: **if a musician receives at least 15 percent of the total vote in the category, he will be declared winner on his instrument.** For example, if there are 10,000 votes cast in the Miscellaneous Instrument category, an organist, say, with 1,500 or more votes will win also, provided there are no other organists with a greater number of votes.

Note: a miscellaneous instrument is an instrument not having a category of its own. Two exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category) and cornet (votes for cornetists should be cast in the trumpet category).

7. Vote for only one person in each category.

TATUM

(later replaced by Everett Barksdale) and for the next decade usually appeared in clubs with this group, though he continued to make solo records.

Some critics wrote that the bass and guitar "merely chased him." Others praised the interplay between the piano and the other two instruments. One wrote: "... the trio is as great collectively as its leader is singly. There is a welding of ideas, a blending of the instruments' tone colors, and an understanding between the three men that few jazz trios have ever equaled."

Tatum died of uremic poisoning in Los Angeles on Nov. 4, 1956, and in a *Down Beat* tribute, writer-pianist John Mehegan noted, "In the beginning, there was Louis... then Art... then Bird."



EARLY TATUM DISCOGRAPHY

- New York City, March 21, 1933
 Tatum, solo piano.
 TEA FOR TWO (13162)
Brunswick 6553
 ST. LOUIS BLUES (13163)
Brunswick 6543
 TIGER RAG (13164)
Brunswick 6543
 SOPHISTICATED LADY (13165)
Brunswick 6553, Epic LP 16000
 Aug. 22, 1934
 MOON GLOW (38387)Decca 115,
 Brunswick LP 54004, Decca LP 8715
 EMALINE (38390)Decca 155,
 Alb. 585, LP 8715
 COCKTAILS FOR TWO (38392) Decca 156,
 Brunswick LP 54004, Decca LP 8715
 Oct. 9, 1934
 AFTER YOU'VE GONE (38426) Decca 468,
 Brunswick LP 54004
 Hollywood, Feb. 26, 1937
 Art Tatum and His Swingsters—Lloyd
 Reese, trumpet; Marshall Royal, clarinet;
 Tatum, piano; Bill Perkins, guitar; Joe
 Bailey, bass; Oscar Bradley, drums.
 I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM
 (DLA 757)Decca 1198
 New York City, Nov. 29, 1937
 Tatum, solo piano.
 GONE WITH THE WIND (62822)
Decca 1603, Brunswick LP 54004
 STORMY WEATHER (62823)
Decca 1603, Brunswick LP 54004
 Hollywood, April 12, 1939
 TEA FOR TWO (DLA 1759)
Decca 2456, Brunswick LP 54004
 DEEP PURPLE (DLA 1760)
Decca 2456, Brunswick LP 54004
 Feb. 22, 1940
 ELEGIE (DLA 1936)
Decca 18049, Alb. 585, LP 8715
 HUMORESQUE (DLA 1937)
Decca 18049, Alb. 585, LP 8715
 SWEET LORRAINE (DLA 1938)
Decca 18050, Alb. 585, LP 8715
 GET HAPPY (DLA 1939)
Decca 18050, Alb. 585, LP 8715
 LULLABY OF THE LEAVES (DLA 1940)
Decca 18051, Alb. 585, LP 8715

- TIGER RAG (DLA 1941)
Decca 18051, Alb. 585, LP 8715
 July 26, 1940
 ST. LOUIS BLUES (DLA 2068)
Decca 8550, Brunswick LP 54004
 BEGIN THE BEGUINE (DLA 2069)
Decca 8502, Brunswick LP 54004
 ROSETTA (DLA 2070)
Decca 8502, Brunswick LP 54004
 INDIANA (DLA 2071)
Decca 8550, LP DL 8715
 New York City, Jan. 21, 1941
 Art Tatum and His Band—Joe Thomas,
 trumpet; Ed Hall, clarinet; Tatum, piano;
 John Collins, guitar; Billy Taylor, bass;
 Eddie Dougherty, drums; Joe Turner,
 vocals.
 WEE BABY BLUES (68605) ..Decca 8526,

- 48062, Brunswick LP 58038
 STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY (68606)
Decca 8536, Brunswick LP 58038
 LAST GOODBYE BLUES (68607)
Decca 8536, Brunswick LP 58038
 BATTERY BOUNCE (68608)
Decca 8526, Brunswick LP 58038
 June 13, 1941
 Same except Hall out, Oscar Moore,
 Yank Porter replace Collins and Dougherty,
 respectively.
 LUCILLE (69356).....Decca 8577
 ROCK ME, MAMA (69357)
Decca 8577
 CORINNE, CORINNA (69358)
Decca 8563, 48062
 LONESOME GRAVEYARD BLUES (69359)
Decca 8563

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NATIVE LAND

By Curtis Amy

Curtis Amy is better known for his tenor saxophone work than for his writing, but he, like most other jazzmen, shows a flair for composition. On this and the opposite page is his original score for **Native Land**, a composition based on a G-minor mode. It is played in a medium tempo, and though it is written in 6/8, Amy said the rhythmic feeling should be 12/8. "It's designed to get that African feeling," the tenorist said. "I wanted it to be as creative as possible, and this was something I was able to create on." A group led by Amy performs **Native Land**, which is published by West Coast Music (ASCAP), on the saxophonist's latest LP, **Katanga!** (Pacific Jazz 70).

1

Soprano
Trumpet
Guitar
Piano
Bass
Drums

2 A

Soprano
Trumpet
Guitar
Piano
Bass
Drums

3

Soprano
Trumpet
Guitar
Piano
Bass
Drums

4

Soprano
Trumpet
Guitar
Piano
Bass
Drums

NATIVE LAND

By Curtis Amy

5

Sop.

Trp.

Guitar

Piano

Bass

Drum

Continue Pattern

7

Sop.

Trp.

Guitar

Piano

Bass

Drum

Solo

Solo

Solo

Play G minor Mode

Play G minor Mode

Play Freedom

D.S. ^{1^o} _{2^o}

6

Sop.

Trp.

Guitar

Piano

Bass

Drum

Continue Pattern

8

Sop.

Trp.

Guitar

Piano

Bass

Drum

CODA

Continue Pattern

To End

context for the organ.

What has been accomplished to date, despite the staggering impression made not so long ago when Jimmy Smith arrived on the scene, is only a small segment of what could and probably will be achieved in due course. There is no reason why all organists should play in the currently accepted styles, no reason why so many organists should be former not-very-successful pianists who took up the instrument for strictly commercial purposes, no reason why the potential of the organ should not be drawn out to its fullest extent through its adoption by musicians in the "new thing" or atonal movement.

Greater over-all musicianship—that is to say, complete and correct technical command of the organ's seemingly insuperable difficulties, combined with a thorough harmonic sense and a feeling for the newer movements in contemporary jazz—can lift the organ to a plateau on which it will no longer be rejected by critics as a novelty or condemned as a funk machine.

There is also, it seems, no reason why a conflict should exist between organists and bass players. It would be fascinating to conduct a survey of how many bassists have lost work in

the past seven years as a result of the organ craze. (On the other hand, an even larger number of guitarists and tenor saxophonists should be thankful for its arrival, since a tremendous amount of employment was created for them.) The theory seems to be that the bassist's notes at best will merely duplicate or at worst conflict with what the organist's left foot is doing.

If the organist has not developed an adequate pedal technique, it is possible to play the bass notes on the keyboard, though this has the effect of confining the soloist to one hand. On the other hand—or rather on the other foot—if a bass player is present, it is possible to use the foot pedals in a different way, for punctuations or the bottoms of chords, much the way a tuba is sometimes incorporated nowadays into a band that already has a string bass player to take care of the normal bass role.

The situation concerning the relationship between bassist and organist was brought sharply into focus for some a few months ago during the taping of a Vi Redd album for Atlantic. The LP was cut in two sessions, one in New York, the other in Hollywood. On the first session, Ben Tucker was provided with bass parts by organist Hyman; the bassist seemed perfectly


at ease, and the rhythm section benefited from it. On the other date, Leroy Vinnegar was on bass, and the organ was played by a very talented young woman named Jennell Hawkins; but this was a more informal session with little or no written music, and at one point Vinnegar complained of feeling redundant.

The solution was simple: if the organist and bassist understand and follow each other, they can complement rather than interfere.

The future of jazz organ may well lie not only in its use by musicians of the most avant-garde inclinations but also by its incorporation into larger units in which it will not have such an overpowering effect. As the dominant voice in a trio or quartet, it can easily get to be a bore. As a comparatively little fish in a big orchestral pond, it can be used with greater discretion. Even though there was nothing startlingly different in what Richard Holmes played on his LP with the Gerald Wilson Band (see discography), the album is important just for this reason.

Instead of its present status as a sound that is merely pleasing, or at best stimulating, but without much musical food for serious thought, the organ eventually can develop into one of the major voices in modern jazz.

Musicians will enter the scene who have played organ, and nothing else, from childhood. Serious composers will arise whose ideas have been created and expressed through this extraordinarily capacious medium. Critical apathy or opposition will subside as young organists, quite possibly taking advantage of new models' glissandos and other innovations, begin to show the new directions opening up.

It may not happen in the next couple of years, but there should be a better than 50-50 chance of such developments before another generation rolls around. One need only examine the enormous strides made from Waller to Smith. If all this could happen between the early 1940s and the late 1950s, the big wave of the future may be closer than we think. 

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6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor:
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 Editor: Don DeMicheal, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60606
 Managing editor: none

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SELECTED ORGAN DISCOGRAPHY

Pipe organ: *Fats Waller in London* (Capitol T 10258)

Electronic organ: Count Basie-Joe Williams, *Memories Ad Lib* (Roulette 52021); Wild Bill Davis, *Flying High* (Everest 1052); Dick Hyman-Mary Mayo, *Moon Gas* (MGM 4119); Jimmy Smith, *Crazy Baby* (Blue Note 84030); Jackie Davis, *Easy Does It!* (Warner Bros. 1492); Shirley Scott, *Shirley's Sounds* (Prestige 7195); Gerald Wilson-Richard Holmes, *You Better Believe It!* (Pacific Jazz 34)

Paulo . . . **Clara Ward** will be in the musical version of **Langston Hughes' Tambourines to Glory**, scheduled for Broadway . . . Arranger **Robert Farnon** will score **Sarah Vaughan's** next album, to be recorded in Denmark.

Woody Herman played at the new Montreal jazz club, the Metropole, which opened with the **Slide Hampton Band**. Herman then played a return engagement at the Wagon Wheel in Peabody, Mass., before returning to New York for his Basin Street East engagement. **Nick Brignola** replaced **Frank Hittner** on baritone saxophone.

Among the avant garde works performed by pianist **David Tudor** and cellist **Charlotte Moorman** in their Judson Hall concert was **Ornette Coleman's City Minds and Country Hearts**. Coleman is reportedly preparing a work for flutist **Prince Lasha**, who now is under the aegis of Coleman's representative **Bernard Stollman**.

Horace Silver's 35th birthday was celebrated at a party given for him by Blue Note records at the Playboy Club. The pianist received an award from the Schaefer Brewing Co. . . . The Central Plaza Saturday night sessions were revived in September after a summer hiatus. Trombonist **Jimmy Archey**, pianist **Hank Duncan**, drummer **Panama Francis**, cornetist **Wild Bill Davison**, and trumpeter **Louis Metcalf** were featured at the reopening. Also on the Dixie scene: pianist **Cliff Jackson** continues at Jimmy Ryan's. From Thursday through Saturday, he is joined by **Tony Parenti**, clarinet, and **Zutty Singleton**, drums. Mondays through Wednesdays, Parenti plays with pianist **Bob Hammer** in drummer **Les DeMerle's** trio at **Barbara Kelly's Hat and Cane** on E. 46th St.

Pee Wee Russell taped a pilot film for Canadian TV. The clarinetist played a week at the Village Vanguard, and another at the Tic Toc in Boston before his appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival. With Russell during the Village Vanguard engagement were **Marshall Brown**, valve trombone, bass trumpet; **Bob Hammer**, piano; **Joe Six**, bass; and **Ron Bedford**, drums.

Kossuth Hall on E. 69th St. was the scene of a concert featuring singer **Victoria Spivey** before she departed for Europe. Promoter **Bob Messinger's** series at the same hall, slated to start on Sept. 15 with clarinetist **Jimmy Giuffre** and lecturer **Martin Williams**, did not begin until Sept. 22 with tenor man **Bud Freeman** backed by guitarists **George Barnes** and **Carl Kress**. (Barnes and Kress have been a recent duo at the Sulky in Westbury.) Giuffre and Williams appeared on the 29th, and dancer **Baby Laurence** (backed by the

Charlie Persip Quartet) was moved back a week to Oct. 7. An "all-star" concert, with the likes of trumpeter **Joe Newman**, alto man **Gene Quill**, pianist **Jimmy Jones**, bassist **Art Davis**, and drummer **Osie Johnson**, will be the Oct. 13 feature.

Bassist **Slam Stewart** is part of the **Scott Murray Trio** at the Open End on the east side. Pianist **Duke Jordan** was at the same club recently . . . **Maynard Ferguson** drummer **Rufus Jones** had his own group at Count Basie's with **Joe Henderson** on tenor saxophone. More recently, guitarist **Wes Montgomery** (with organist **Mel Rhine** and drummer **George Brown**) was at the uptown club . . . Organist-accordionist-pianist-vocalist **Joe Mooney** made his first New York club appearance in 11 years when he did four weeks at The Most. Guitarist **Kenny Burrell** opened at the club on Sept. 30 for an indefinite period, replacing singer-guitarist **Eddie Hazell** . . . Trombonist **J. C. Higginbotham** is part of the **Monroe Trio**, appearing at the Nag's Head Inn on E. 34th St. on Friday and Saturday nights. Monroe is on drums and **Hank Edmonds** at the piano . . . Singer **Billie Poole** is at the Page 3.

Drummer **Philly Joe Jones' sextet** didn't last long at Jazzland. Jones said the club wanted him to play rock and roll so he departed after two nights. Pianist **Walter Bishop**, with **Ernie Farrow** on bass and **Frank Gant** on drums, finished out the week. Bishop, Farrow, and drummer **Richie Goldberg** (**Al Harewood** did some subbing for him) were the rhythm section for **Sonny Stitt's Village Vanguard** two-week stay. Stitt was in rare form on both tenor and alto saxophones . . . Drummer **Clifford Jarvis** and tenor saxophonist **Farrell Sanders** co-led a quintet at the Speakeasy on Bleecker St. with **John Ore**, bass; **Clifford Thornton**, trumpet; and **Bert Eckoff**, piano . . . Tenor man **Benny Golson** did a week at the Cornet in Brooklyn in late September.

FRANCE

Bud Powell's chronicle of misfortune continues. He now is seriously ill, suffering from tuberculosis in both lungs. Paris musicians hope to organize a benefit for the pianist to help pay hospitalization costs. On a brighter side of things, the half-hour documentary, *The Amazing Bud Powell*, was filmed

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before Powell became ill. Jamacian novelist **Lebert Bethure** filmed the show in Paris. It portrays Powell and his wife, **Buttercup**, working and relaxing.

A new Vogue LP features recordings made by **Django Reinhardt** in Brussels in 1948 . . . **Count Basie**, **Roland Kirk**, **Frank Sinatra**, and **Ray Charles** are expected to give concerts in Paris during the winter season . . . A U.S. State Department tour of Africa in January is expected to feature a group made up of **Nat Davis**, **Kenny Drew**, **Jimmy Gourley**, **Jimmy Woode**, and **Kenny Clarke**—all Paris residents.

TORONTO

Nat Cole did sellout business with his revue at the O'Keefe Center . . . Cornetist **Muggsy Spanier**, with trombonist **Georg Brunis** and drummer **George Wettling** were drawing late-night crowds at the Colonial Tavern, which followed up with a four-week engagement by trumpeter **Phil Napoleon** and his crew . . . **Teddy Wilson**, **Joe Williams**, and **Bobby Hackett** are booked to follow **Jimmy Witherspoon** at the Town Tavern, which recently saw the departure of manager **Sam Berger**, the man who began the club's jazz policy seven years ago. The club now is managed by **Cory Diftlaviano**, who says the Town will continue to bring in top artists as well as musicians who have never played there before. A recent performer was **Slide Hampton**, who brought along tenor man **Joe Farrell**, drummer **Vinnie Rigerio**, bassist **Teddy Smith**, and guitarist **Eddie Dell**.

Wade Legge, 29-year-old Buffalo, N.Y., pianist, who at one time performed with **Charlie Parker**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Lionel Hampton**, died in August in Buffalo, where he recently appeared at the Boulevard Mall Jazz Festival.

BOSTON

Jazz is prospering here after summer doldrums. The new home of the **Herb Pomeroy Sextet**, the Jazz Workshop, opened under fortunate circumstances. Heavy press notices beforehand brought turnaway crowds. Hosted by **Varty Haroutunian**, sometime saxist with Pomeroy, the medium-sized room seats 175.

It was feared that the career of pianist **Sabby Lewis**, long-time musical fixture here, was finished when his car overturned on a rain-slick expressway last year. Lewis broke his left ring finger in six places and had to have the digit pinned and wired. However, Lewis, out of whose band **Sonny Stitt**, **Paul Gonsalves**, and **Cat Anderson** were spawned in the early '40s, made a fast recovery. He's now playing at the No. 3 Lounge . . . The \$64,000 *Ques-*

tion's jazz expert, the Rev. **Alvin Kershaw**, emceed the Arts Festival's Jazz on the Commons this year . . . Local organists are branching out. **Joe Bucci** is due for a Birdland date this fall, and **Phil Porter**, **Howard McGhee's** "find," went out with McGhee and drummer **Candy Finch** for several midwest bookings.

PHILADELPHIA

The music tents took the jazz play away from the night clubs over the summer. **St. John Terrell**, who pioneered the jazz-in-the-round policy, had such a successful season at the Lambertville (N. J.) Music Circus with the likes of **Dave Brubeck** (twice), **Maynard Ferguson**, **Stan Kenton**, **George Shearing**, and other big names that he extended the Monday night sessions into September. **Dizzy Gillespie** and the **Modern Jazz Quartet** were featured in the late-summer dates. Terrell had some competition from the Barn Arts Center, 30 miles to the south at Riverside, N.J., which booked name groups Sunday nights. The center, actually a converted barn, booked many of the same groups as Terrell, plus the shouting **Woody Herman** crew (twice), **Lionel Hampton**, and **Carmen McRae** (twice). The center continues to operate into the fall.

Clark Terry was featured at a Sept. 24 community-sponsored concert at suburban Fairless Hills in Bucks County. Also featured was the big band of **Art Romanis** (ex-Benny Goodman sideman) and **Don Smith's** Pennsbury High School Stage Band. The Pennsbury band capped a busy summer with an appearance on the *Tonight* television show. Earlier, the youngsters played at the Newport Jazz Festival and at Lambertville and the Barn Arts Center. Featured at both New Jersey summer spots was 15-year-old Trenton pianist **Kirk Nurock**, who made such an impression at **Stan Kenton's** University of Connecticut band clinic that he won a scholarship to Kenton's Michigan State University clinic.

WASHINGTON

The **Tommy Gwaltney Trio** ended a long engagement at the French Quarter and opened at the Showboat Lounge in early September. Thus, between sets by the **Charlie Byrd Trio**, Showboat customers now can hear the impressive combination of Gwaltney, vibraharp, clarinet; **Steve Jordan**, guitar, vocals; and **John Eaton**, piano. The addition of the Gwaltney group came as pianist **John Malachi** left the Showboat after many months of handling the intermission sets with much skill. Replacing the Gwaltney trio at the French Quarter in Georgetown is the **Van Perry Trio**, composed of pianist **Spence Payne**,

drummer **Ricardo Griffith**, and bassist **Perry**.

Guitarist **Bill Harris** heads a trio at the new Place on the Hill in the Dodge House. (The Hill in the title is Capitol Hill.) **Harry Wheeler** on piano and **Gus Simms** on bass round out the group that plays for dancing and also backs the club's featured performer, singer **Ilene Day**, the Howard University graduate who won a beauty contest in Europe a few years ago . . . The Dixieland Lounge at the Charles Hotel closed this summer after many years of jazz on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights . . . The Bohemian Caverns has brought in a number of prominent modern jazzmen recently, including **John Coltrane**, **Wynton Kelly**, and **Jackie McLean** . . . **Lena Horne** received a tremendous ovation after her one-word performance in the morning "entertainment" portion of the Freedom March on Washington. Miss Horne didn't sing—she just yelled "Freedom!"

CLEVELAND

Trumpeter **Bill Hardman** recently returned home for a two-week stay at the Corner Tavern with the **Lou Donaldson Quartet**, which also includes organist **John Patton** and drummer **Ben Dixon**. Since moving to New York, Hardman has also played with the quintet of **Art Blakey Jr.** The Saturday matinee sessions at the Corner Tavern have been highly successful.

Reed man **Dave O'Rourke** turned his group at the Tangiers over to drummer **Leon Stevenson** in order to form a quartet with tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander**. The group includes **Matthew (Chink) Stevenson**, bass, and drummer **Fats Heard**, who left **Carmen McRae** recently after nine months with the vocalist. The quartet has an eight-week contract at the Castaway Lounge.

CHICAGO

One of Chicago's leading jazz clubs, the Sutherland Lounge, closed its doors last month. The club had been foundering in bad-business waters for several months, despite periodic up-surges such as the recent **Nancy Wilson** engagement. At presstime there were rumors that possible buyers were showing interest in taking over the south-side club, but nothing was confirmed. Singer **Josie Falbo** and the **Ramsey Lewis Trio** were the last acts booked at the club . . . It is probable that Bourbon Street on Rush St. will discontinue its Dixie policy. **Art Hodes'** band closes there this month.

The charge made by a member calling for another election at AFM Local 10 because of alleged misconduct of the December, 1962, election that saw **James Petrillo** lose to **Barney Richards** was dismissed by the U.S. Labor Dept.

as unfounded . . . A club with a different approach to presenting talent, Yardbird Suite, featured the **Jody Christian** Trio during September. The club, located at 349 E. Garfield Blvd., is open only one night a week, Tuesday. With pianist Christian was **Bill Yancey**, bass, and **Bucky Taylor**, drums. Future plans, according to the management, call for the presentation of folk artists, drama, ballad singers, and "other artists who reflect the variety of talent and interest in Chicago." . . . Clarinetist **Frank Chace** has been leading a quartet at Paul's Roast Round in suburban Villa Park on Wednesday nights. The style is "hot" Chicago.

LOS ANGELES

Coleman Hawkins flew out for a quick stand at the Hideaway where he worked with a local rhythm section. He was also set for an appearance on the *Steve Allen Show* . . . **Jack Eglash**, for some years a special assistant to the president of Las Vegas, Nev., musicians union, resigned to take over management of **Bill Putnam's** United Recording studios in the gambling town.

Stanley Wilson, music director of Revue Productions, signed a young Belgian pianist he claims is as good as **Martial Solal**. His name is **Maurice**

Van Der, and he was discovered by **Wilson** and **Benny Carter** in Paris last March. He will record for Wilson's own company soon.

The **Onzy Matthews** Band cut "the first four-minute pop single" for Capitol, *Tobacco Road*, backed with *Blues for a Four-String Guitar*. Matthews' crew began a series of afterhours concerts at the Adams West Theater on Saturdays and Sundays. The band did sellout business. The second concert also featured singer **Lou Rawls**, the **Jazz Crusaders**, and **Les McCann**, Ltd. The afterhours sessions at the Metro Theater also continue.

The New Orleans Jazz Club of California paraded Britain's **Kenny Ball** and His Jazzmen into the Pasadena Civic Auditorium recently. Also taking part were musicians joined in a two-beat band with probably the longest name in jazz history: **Alton Purnell's** New Orleans & California Jazz Club All-Stars — APNOJCJA-S for short **Roy Brewer's** Tailgate Ramblers also were featured. Proceeds went to the jazz club's musicians emergency fund and its New Orleans Jazz Museum sponsor fund.

SAN FRANCISCO

After two weekends at the *Trois Couleurs* in Berkeley, vibist **Buddy**

Montgomery's new quartet took off for an eastern trip that began with an engagement in Indianapolis, Ind. Pianist **Flip Nunez**, bassist **Billy Cayou**, and drummer **Jimmy Lovelace** are other members of the combo.

Bay-area jazz musicians, **Miles Davis'** rhythm section, and tenorist **George Coleman** planned to participate in a benefit concert for drummer **William (Smiley) Winters**, who underwent emergency surgery for a bleeding stomach ulcer recently. Winters, who has 10 children, was told by doctors he could not resume work for several months. A professional musician for more than 20 years, Winters has played with such as **Dinah Washington**, **Frank Haynes**, and **Sonny Stitt**, as well as at countless bay-area clubs.

Pianist **Sonny Donaldson**, who came here with **James Moody's** octet a couple of years ago and remained, is heading back to New York City. **Ed Kelly** has replaced him as pianist with the house trio at *Ronnie's Soulville* . . . At *Jimbo's Bop City*, another afterhours club, pianist **Norman Williams** has taken over for the touring **Flip Nunez** . . . Also on the move is **Joe Batista (DB)**, Oct. 10) who, unable to come up with a jazz-related gig here, headed for New York's *Village Gate*.

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Absinthe House: **Herman Chittison**, *t/n*.
Barbara Kelly's Hat & Cane: **Les DeMerle, Tony Parenti, Bob Hammer**, Mon.-Wed.
Birdland: **John Coltrane** to 10/16. **Horace Silver, Terry Gibbs**, 10/17-30.
Bourbon Street: **Dick Wellstood**, *t/n*.
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Cork 'n' Bib: jazz, wknds.
Embers: **Dorothy Donegan** to 10/19. **Vince Guaraldi**, 10/21-11/2. **Jonah Jones**, 11/4-12/14.
Five Spot: **Thelonious Monk**, *t/n*.
Garden City Bowl: **Johnny Blowers**, wknds.
Half Note: **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims**, 10/15-27. **Alan Grant** sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Hickory House: **Howard Reynolds**, *t/n*.
Kossuth Hall: jazz concerts, Sun.
Metropole: **Dukes of Dixieland**, 10/11-31.
Most: **Kenny Burrell**, *t/n*.
Page 3: **Billie Poole**, *t/n*.
Playboy: **Walter Norris, Jimmy Lyon, Ross Tompkins, Bucky Pizzarelli**, *t/n*.
Purple Manor: **Tiny Grimes**, *t/n*.
Jimmy Ryan's: **Cliff Jackson**, *t/n*. **Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton**, Thur.-Sat.
Sulky (Westbury): **George Barnes, Carl Kress**, *t/n*.
Village Gate: **Mongo Santamaria** to 10/20.
Village Vanguard: **Bill Evans**, *t/n*.

BOSTON

Basin Street South: **Count Basie**, 10/13-15. **Joe Williams**, 10/28-11/4.
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): **Frank Levine**, *t/n*.
Gilded Cage: **Bullmoose Jackson**, *t/n*.
Jazz Workshop: **Herb Pomeroy**, *hb*.
Lennie's Turnpike (West Peabody): **Sir Charles Thompson** to 10/13.
Number Three Lounge: **Sabhy Lewis-Preston Sandiford, hb. Jones Bros.**, *t/n*.
Shanty Lounge: **Johnny (Hammond) Smith**, *t/n*.
Stage Door (Lynn): **Alex Ciren**, *hb*.
Tic Toc: **Emmy Johnson**, *hb*.
Wagon Wheels (West Peabody): **Larry Valentine**, Tue.-Wed. Art Demos, Thur.-Sat. **Stan Kenton**, 10/22-23.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: **Oscar Peterson** to 10/20.
Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina, 10/21-27.
Club Stadium: name jazz groups. **George Benson**, *hb*.
Cork & Embers: **Jack Brokensha**, *t/n*.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *t/n*.
Elmwood Casino (Windsor): **Earl Grant** to 10/19. **Frank Sinatra Jr.-Sam Donahue**, 10/21-26.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob Pozar**, *t/n*.
Frederick's (Garden City): **Vince Mance, Nick Flore, Gene Stewart**, *t/n*.
Grand Bar: **Jimmy Smith** to 10/20. **Count Basie**, 10/25-11/3.
Kitten Club: **Charles Rowland**, *t/n*.
Menjo's West: **Mel Ball**, *t/n*.
Minor Key: **Mark Murphy**, 10/15-20. **Miles Davis**, 10/22-27.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. **Jimmy Wilkins**, Mon.
Nite Lite: **Chuck Robinett**, *t/n*.
Shaffy's Little Club: **George Primo**, *t/n*.
Surf Side: **Juniper Berry 6**, *t/n*.
Trent's: **Terry Pollard**, *t/n*.
Un-Stabled: **Marcus Belgrave, George Bohanon**, Thur. **Sam Sanders**, afterhours, wknds.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Art Hodes** to 10/26.
Fifth Jacks: sessions, Mon., Wed.
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *t/n*.
Hungry Eye: **Judy Roberts**, *t/n*.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *t/n*. **Dave Remington**, Thur.
Le Bistro: **Anita O'Day** to 11/4.
London House: **George Shearing** to 10/13. **Jonah Jones**, 10/15-11/3. **Terry Gibbs**, 11/26-12/15.
Ramsey Lewis, 12/17-1/5. **Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt**, *hbs*.
Mister Kelly's: **Jackie & Roy** to 10/27. **Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo**, *hbs*.
New Pioneer Lounge: **John Wright**, Fri.-Mon.
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): **Salty Dogs**, wknds.
Pepper's: **Muddy Waters**, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Playboy: **Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello**, *hbs*.
Robin's Nest: **Three Boss Men**, *t/n*.
Silvio's: **Howling Wolf**, wknds.

LOS ANGELES

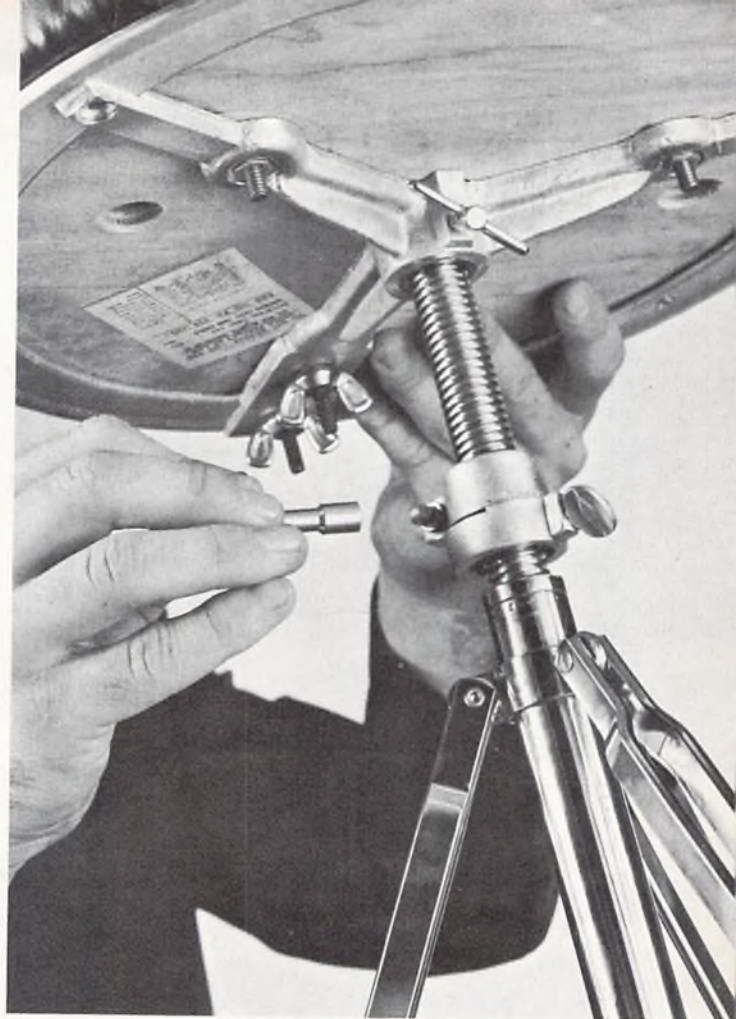
Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.

Barefoot Room (Laguna): **Mark Davidson, Eddy Elston, Rags Martinson**, Fri.-Sun. Sessions, Sun., 3-10 p.m.
Basin Street West: **Joe Comfort**, *hb*.
Beverly Cavern: **Hal Peppie, Nappy Lamare**, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): **Gus Bivona**, *t/n*.
Bourbon Street: Gospel singers, *t/n*.
Crescendo: **Nancy Wilson**, *t/n*.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): **Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers**, Fri.-Sat.
Gay Cantina (Inglewood): **Leonard Bechet**, wknds.
Gazzarri's: **Victor Feldman**, *t/n*.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): **Johnny Catron**, *t/n*.
Handlebar: **Wally Holmes**, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: **Johnny Lucas**, wknds.
Holiday Motor Lodge: **Dusty Rhodes**, Thur.-Sun.
Hideaway Supper Club: *unk*.
Huddle (Covina): **Teddy Buckner**, *t/n*.
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): **Alton Purnell**, Tue.-Thur; **New Orleans Jazz Band**, Fri.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: **Johnny Guarnieri**, *t/n*.
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): **Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy**, *t/n*.
Impromptu Bowl (Sierra Madre): **Chuck Gardner, Rick Bystrum**, Thur.-Sun.
Intermission Room: **Curtis Amy**, *t/n*.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbow-Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *t/n*.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*.
Losers: **Ruth Olay** to 10/29.
Marineland Restaurant: **Red Nichols** to 10/20.
Marty's: **William Green, Tony Bazely**, *t/n*.
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): **Ray Bisso**, Sat.
Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): **Ted Shafer**, Thur.
Mr. Adams: **Charles Kynard, Ray Crawford, Leroy Henderson**, *t/n*.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Pate Cavanaugh**, *t/n*.
Pal's Fireside Inn (San Bernardino): **Alton Purnell**, *t/n*.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez**, *t/n*.
Cameo Playhouse: **Ralph Pena**, afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): **Pete Bealman**, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): **Laverne Gillette**, *t/n*.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): **Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc**, *t/n*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis, Al McKibbin, Roy Ayers, Jack Wilson**, *t/n*.
Reuben's (Newport): **Edgar Hayes**, *t/n*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Cannonball Adderley**, 10/24-11/3.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer**, *t/n*.
Sid's Blue Beet (Newport Beach): **Gene Russell**, Thur.-Sat. Sessions, Sun., 4-10 p.m.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Store Theater: **Jay Migliori**, afterhours concerts, Thur.-Sat., Mon.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, *t/n*.
Tender House (Burbank): **Joyce Collins**, *t/n*.
The Keg & I: (Redondo Beach): **Kid Kenwood**, Fri.-Sat.
Toho's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): **Buddy Vincent**, *t/n*.
Waikiki: **Gene Russell**, Mon.-Thur.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *t/n*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Bit of England (Burlingame): **Dave Hoffman**, *t/n*.
Celebrity Supper Club: **Wilbur Stump**, *t/n*.
Club Unique: **Cuz Cousineau**, sessions, Sun.
Coffee Don's: **Gerry Olds**, afterhours.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes**, *t/n*.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *t/n*.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): **John Coppola-Fred Merzy**, alternate Sun.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): **Lee Charlton**, *hb*.
Jazz Workshop: **Wynton Kelly** to 10/13. **Gerry Mulligan**, 10/22-11/3. **Cannonball Adderley**, 11/5-24. **John Coltrane**, 11/26-12/3.
Jimbo's Pop City: **Norman Williams**, afterhours.
Kellogg's (Walnut Creek): **Trevor Koehler**, wknds.
Off Broadway: **Al Plank**, *hb*.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *t/n*.
Ronnie's Souville: **Ed Kelly**, afterhours.
Sugar Hill: **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** to 10/12. **Mose Allison**, 10/14-11/23. **Charlie Byrd**, 11/25-12/14.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *t/n*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): **Willie Francis-Art Fletcher**, Wed., Thur., Sun. **Red Rodney**, Fri., Sat. **Bill Erickson**, afterhours, Fri., Sat.
Twelve Adler Place: **Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins**, *t/n*.





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