

JANUARY 16, 1964

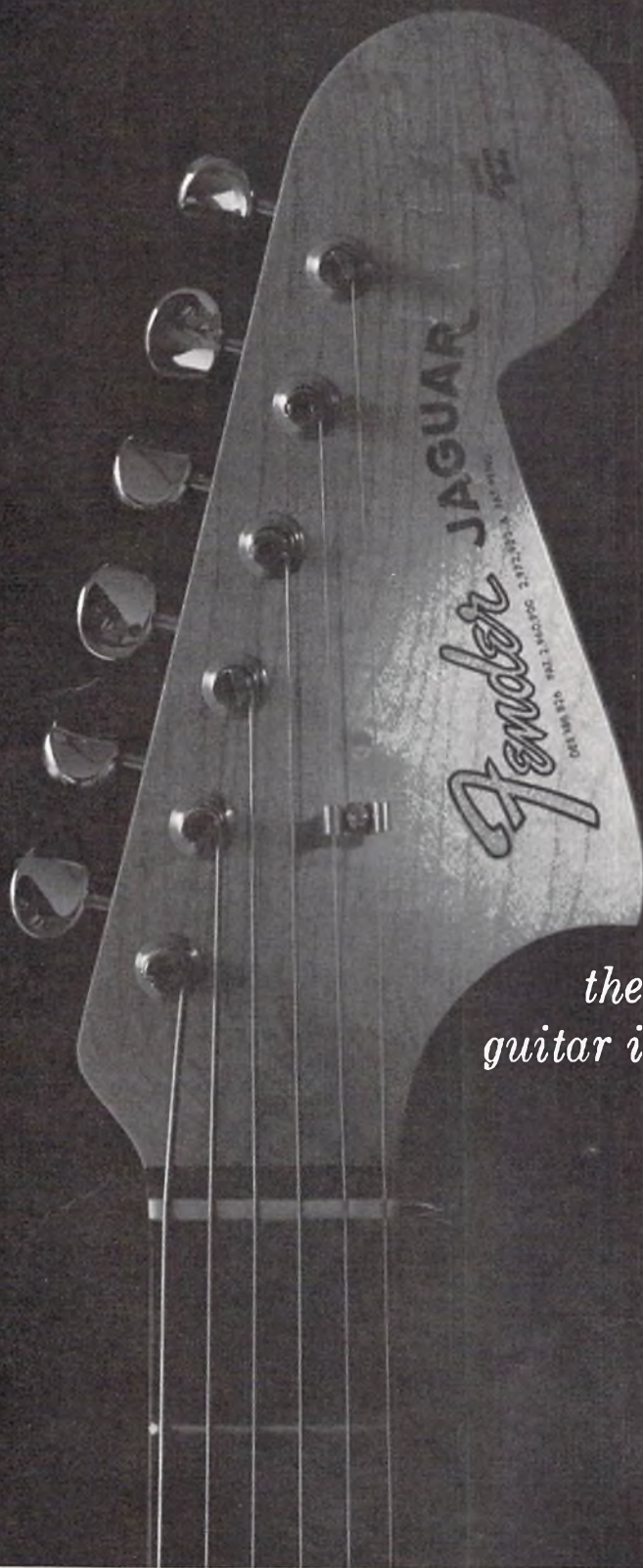
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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Features: Sam Donahue's Tommy Dorsey Band with Frank Sinatra Jr. Lurlean Hunter • Thelonious Monk's Drummer Frankie Dunlop • The Leningrad Jazz School





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THINGS TO COME: The Jan. 30 *Down Beat*, on sale at newsstands on Jan. 16, is the annual issue devoted to brass instruments and their players. The spotlight is on trumpeters Ruby Braff and Gene Shaw and trombonists J. C. Higginbotham and Roswell Rudd, who won the 1963 International Jazz Critics Poll award as trombonist most deserving of wider recognition. J. J. Johnson is the *Blindfold Test* subject.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Clarke Unreconstructed

Upon reading Kenny Clarke's comments in the Dec. 5 issue of *DB*, I could not help noticing an interesting paradox.

Clarke states that during the formative years of his career, when he and such greats as Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were experimenting with ideas that would one day revolutionize jazz, his music was not understood by established musicians, such as bandleader Teddy Hill. Yet later in the article, he severely criticizes today's young inventors who in reality are the Parkers and Gillespies of this era. In making such criticism, Clarke becomes the Teddy Hill of today.

Believe it or not, Mr. Clarke, there are many of us young people who dig the "new thing." We don't ask that you understand it; we only ask that you *quietly* tolerate it!

Tom Wilson
Cheney, Wash.

On Experiments And Conversations

One wonders at the incredible paths jazz has taken of late. In the name of freedom many have become submerged in musical (if we can call it that) anarchy, with chaos an all-too-frequent result.

Musical experimentation is fine and necessary for an art form to grow and mature, but any thinking person knows that experimentation is best conducted in the confines of the laboratory. A true and sincere artist rarely seeks to expose his work in an unfinished state and, until that work is finished, he will work in seclusion to its ultimate, yet often unattainable, perfection.

Bill Evans worked on an experiment and presented to us a finished work of extreme beauty. I refer of course to the *Conversations with Myself* album. It also reminds me of an album of several years back that came under severe criticism by many of those who now sing the praises of the Evans work. I refer to the album *Tristano*, which was criticized by many because Lennie Tristano had "tampered" with the tapes and overdubbed lines.

I cannot help but think of the results that might occur were Tristano, Monk, and a few other highly individualistic performers to record solo conversations with themselves.

Robert H. Barnes
Flushing, N.Y.

Corrections

In the interests of accuracy I thought I'd drop you this brief note. I refer specifically to the Nov. 21 issue.

In the article on Don Cherry by LeRoi Jones there occurs a natural error — the Cherry-Coleman gig was at the Cellar in Vancouver, B.C., Canada, not Vancouver, Wash., as reported. As a matter of fact, at least two of their sets were broadcast live on station CFUN in our town, and I had the pleasure of emceeing.

Secondly, *Songskrit* by John Tynan in this same issue states that Verve 6-4061, *Ella and Basie*, is "a first meeting on LP record for the singer and leader." At the moment of writing, I am listening to Clef 743, *Metronome All-Stars, 1956*, with a cover picture of Miss Fitzgerald and Count Basie. Included among the tracks are *April in Paris* by Miss Fitzgerald and the Basie band; *Every Day I Have the Blues*, which adds Basie singer Joe Williams to this lineup; and *Party Blues*, with the two singers supported by a small Basie unit.

May I say that your magazine has continued to improve in an adult-like fashion since I bought my first copy in 1937?

Bob Smith
Vancouver, British Columbia

First Things First

All this talk of its being the critic's job to understand and appreciate the "new thing" before trying to criticize it is beginning to disturb me. Surely the first job of the critic is—at least as regards record reviewing—to give the reader an idea of what he will experience when listening to the record.

The average reader is not going to spend a lot of time researching and understanding this idiom; simply, if he doesn't enjoy a record, he will steer clear of that type next time. The supporters of the new seem to like any record in that bag anyway, so there seems to be no need for them to have a critical preview.

Gregory Koster
Westbury, N.Y.

Reissues

In his excellent reviews of the Woody Herman and Jack Teagarden reissue sets on Columbia and Epic, Don DeMicheal stated that Columbia is the only major record company "in business for some time [that] has consistently recorded jazz of high caliber" or has acquired rights to such material from other sources.

It is true that Columbia has in its vaults (or rather, under copyright, since the majority of original master recordings have been irretrievably lost) a "wealth of jazz." But it is by no means a unique treasure. Columbia is, however, the sole major company with a jazz reissue program and policy, and in this Columbia is unique indeed.

My reason for writing, however, is that the credit due Columbia would not be so great were they the only jazz "haves" in the field.

The fact is that RCA Victor's jazz storehouse is bulging at the seams. Always the biggest company in the business, Victor was perhaps a bit slow in catching on to jazz (though they were first, with the ODJB in 1917), but once they got started, a world of jazz appeared on the label.

To pick some random examples there is the company's Bluebird catalog of blues recorded in the 1930s and early '40s, in-



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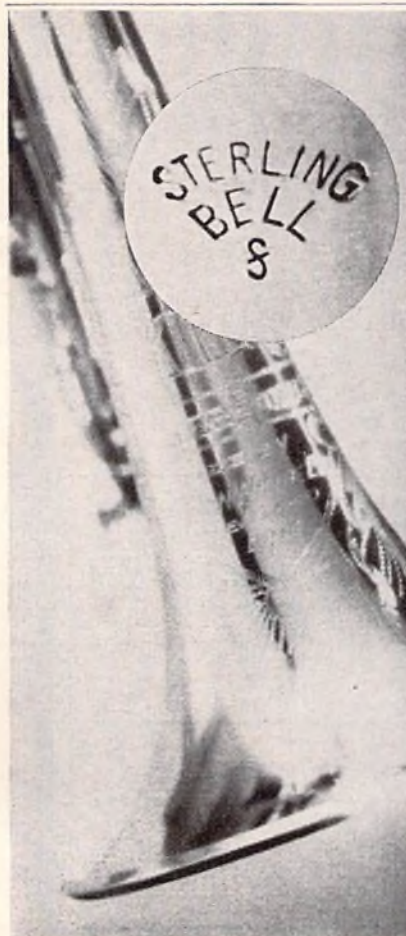
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comparably varied, includes hundreds of items. The early big bands are on Victor: Charlie Johnson (with Jimmy Harrison and Benny Carter), Alphonso Trent (a great band), Cecil Scott (with Dicky Wells and Bill Coleman), Luis Russell (under Red Allen's name and at its best), King Oliver (whose New York recordings are underestimated because little known), Fletcher Henderson, Benny Moten (Lips Page, Ben Webster, early and fabulous Count Basie), and the only recording by the legendary Fate Marable. . . .

Victor has early Duke and middle Duke and all kinds of Duke (some of which, one must admit, has been reissued—but without real planning) and small-group Duke; Victor has Louis Armstrong in his sensational 1932-33 period (to me, that beats the '20s); Victor has swing bands galore; it has virtually all of Fats Waller, practically all the best of which is not reissued; Victor has the fabulous washboard bands of the early depression days; it has Sidney Bechet at his best. . . . Victor has gilt-edged jazz galore.

What a shame that nothing is being done! In Europe, a healthy sampling of Victor stuff is periodically made available. Here, next to nothing, and much of that relative dross.

Then there's Decca—an upstart compared with Columbia and Victor, in business "only" since 1934. Decca's blues are something else; so is its Sepia Series. Decca has a gold mine of marvelous Armstrong from the '30s, of which it seemingly has no conception; it has vintage Basie (I understand a two-LP set is in the offing here), the best Lunceford, fantastic Tatum, great Chick Webb (not *one* LP issued—for shame!), the swinging Andy Kirk Band, the Savoy Sultans (a treat we are deprived of), Jay McShann with Charlie Parker, Hot Lips Page (a shamefully neglected artist), Roy Eldridge's first record (with Joe Marsala), Lester Young with Sam Price. . . . Pretty good for a late starter.

By failing to make available these treasures, RCA Victor, Decca, and, to a lesser degree, Mercury, with its access to the fine Keynote catalog, Savoy with its respectable accumulation of good things, and other established small labels with a jazz past, are contributing to a false image of jazz history and depriving jazz musicians and jazz listeners of potential sources of inspiration and understanding.

Sure, Victor's "Label X" reissues didn't sell—we are told. But when one of those 10-inch LPs turns up in an auction, \$10 is a low bid. No reissue will sell a million. But a good reissue will be salable for years to come.

It's unfortunate that NARAS didn't give Columbia a special award for its outstanding work in this field, but it indicates the level of awareness in the industry.

Meanwhile, priceless masters are decaying in the vaults, and only the dedicated collector has an inkling of the jazz past's true worth. The biggest joke is that these "shrewd businessmen" are throwing away found money along with their cultural responsibility.

Dan Morgenstern
 New York City

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NEW YORK

New York's jazz night-club scene has been a rapidly changing one recently. One club was lost, one was gained, and a third altered its policy. Bourbon Street was the casualty. A change in ownership resulted in a curtailment of jazz. Manager **Jack Bradley** (also known as a jazz photographer) left, and pianist **Dick Wellstood** and bassist **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, who had been the club's featured duo, have become part of Trombonist **Conrad Janis'** combo, which opened in **June Havoc's** Actors Studio Theater production of *Marathon '33*. The rest of the band in this "nonmusical" includes cornetist **Johnny Windhurst**, saxophonists-clarinetists **Eddie Barefield** and **Kenny Davern**, and trumpeter **Johnny Letman**.

The new club, the Gordian Knot, on York Ave. between 83rd and 84th streets, began auspiciously with tenor men **Zoot Sims** and **Al Cohn**. Pianist **Dave Frishberg**, bassist **Wyatt Ruther**, and drummer **Mousey Alexander** rounded out the group. Singer **Pat Scott** followed Sims-Cohn and, at presstime, trombonist **Benny Powell's** quintet was a near-future possibility.

The change of pace took place at the Village Vanguard. After three weeks of trumpeter **Miles Davis'** quintet and singer-pianist **Blossom Dearie**, the Vanguard brought in a show headlined by flutist **Herbie Mann** that included not



SIMS

only his regular group (pianist **Don Friedman**, guitarist **Attila Zoller**, vibist **Dave Pike**, congero **Patato Valdes**, bassist **Jack Six**, and drummer **Bobby Thomas**) but also had Latin drummer **Willie Bobo**, African drummer **Chief Bey** and the Royal Household (a girl dancer), and **Milo** and the Dance of Strength. When all this was not going on, there was dancing by the patrons to a variety of records, from **Trini Lopez** to **Joao Gilberto**. The dance floor is located in the middle of the club where choice tables once stood.

Composer-alto saxophonist **Don Heckman** wrote the music for two television programs seen by audiences during the holiday season. The first, *A Danish Fairy Tale*—based on the life of **Hans Christian Andersen**—was shown by CBS on Christmas night; the second, **Dylan Thomas' A Child's Christmas in Wales**, was aired on the National Educational Network. Neither score is jazz, but **Phil Woods** played clarinet on the latter.

Trumpeter **Don Cherry** and alto saxophonist **John Tchicai** of the **New York Contemporary Five** returned to New York from the group's European tour. Tenor man **Archie Shepp** remained in Copenhagen for an engagement as a single. While in Denmark, the group did a session for Storyville records of Copenhagen; a film, *Future One*, for **Nils Holt** of Orion Films; and a 2½-hour radio concert with **Roland Kirk**. The film is all about the group and contains shots of it playing at the Montmartre Club in Copenhagen. *Trio*, by **Bill Dixon**, is the music being played . . . Multireed man **Kirk**, whose European tour took in eight countries, was enconscened at the Village Gate through December.

Pianist-composer **Randy Weston** speaks at Manhattan's
(Continued on page 43)



CHERRY

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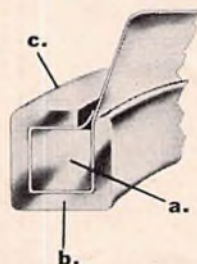
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MISS WASHINGTON
Body discovered by husband

DINAH WASHINGTON DIES SUDDENLY IN DETROIT

Dinah Washington, 39, was discovered dead by her husband, Detroit Lions halfback Dick (Night Train) Lane, in the early morning hours of Dec. 14 at their Detroit home. Although authorities said it would take two to three weeks to determine the cause of death, evidence pointed to an overdose of medicine found near the singer's body. According to Detroit senior police inspector Vincent Pier-sante, it was unknown where the singer got the medicine, since no pharmacy was indicated on the bottle.

Close friends of Miss Washington ruled out suicide because, according to them, Miss Washington had been in excellent spirits since her marriage last July to Lane, her seventh husband. They further pointed out that she had looked forward to having her two sons home for the Christmas-New Year's holidays and had planned a gala New Year's Eve pink champagne party. The sons, George Jenkins, 18, and Robert Grayson, 15, arrived in Detroit from their Boston, Mass., prep school the day before Miss Washington's death.

Miss Washington, sometimes billed as Queen of the Blues, was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., but was reared in Chicago. When she was 15, she won an amateur contest at Chicago's Regal Theater, and Ziggy Johnson, owner of the Flame Show Bar, gave her a job singing at his club. Later, Associated Booking Corp. head Joe Glaser heard her at Chicago's Garrick Grill and

recommended her to Lionel Hampton, whom she joined in 1943.

Miss Washington's real climb to fame, however, began at a December, 1943, recording session organized by Leonard Feather. On the date she made her well-known versions of *Salty Papa Blues* and *Evil Gal Blues*.

In 1946 she left Hampton and went out on her own. She became highly successful on records and at in-person engagements.

Memorial services for Miss Washington were held in Detroit on Dec. 16 at the New Bethel Church. The Rev. C. L. Franklin, father of singers Aretha and Erma Franklin, conducted the services. Miss Washington's body was then shipped to Chicago, where she was buried on Dec. 18, following funeral services at St. Luke's Baptist Church.

VOICE OF AMERICA ADDS NEW JAZZ SERIES

The U. S. Information Agency's Voice of America is producing a new 52-program series on jazz history for broadcast from its many stations throughout the world.

The programs, written by Washington's Tom Scanlan, *Down Beat* contributor and *Army Times* jazz columnist, are being translated into many languages. Few, if any, of the programs will be in English.

All music for the series is selected by Scanlan, who said that 35 of the half-hour programs already have been completed. "We are trying to make the series as accurate, as complete, and as exciting as possible," Scanlan said.

The series will begin on different dates in different areas of the world.

DON ELLIS TO PLAY CONCERT WITH BERNSTEIN

In four special performances this month of an avant-garde work, trumpeter Don Ellis is to appear at New York's Lincoln Center with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Leonard Bernstein.

Beginning Jan. 9 with an evening concert and continuing with two more evening concerts the 10th and 11th and a closing performance the afternoon of the 12th, Ellis will be featured instrumentalist in *Improvisation for Orchestra and Jazz Soloist* by Larry Austin.

Ellis previously was soloist in the work's performance at the First International Jazz Festival in Washington, D.C., in June, 1962.

Ellis now is studying at the University of California at Los Angeles; Austin is on the music faculty of the university at the Davis, Calif., campus.

LUIS RUSSELL, FORMER LEADER, DIES OF CANCER

Pianist-composer Luis Russell, 61, who was prominent as an orchestra leader in the 1920s and '30s, died of cancer on Dec. 11 at his home in New York City.

Since 1948, when he bought a candy store in Brooklyn, he had been a part-time musician. During this period, when he also owned a card, gift, and toy shop, he studied the Schillinger method of composing and classical piano, taught music, and played weekend club dates with his own group. In recent years, he had been chauffeur to the president of Yeshiva University.

Russell, born on Careening Cay, a small island near Bocas Del Toro, Panama, on Aug. 5, 1902, learned guitar, violin, and piano from his father, Alexander Russell, and by the time he was 15 was playing in theaters.

At 16, he played piano with a band in a Colon, Panama, night club. The next year, a \$3,000 prize in a lottery enabled him to move to the United States with his mother and sister. Settling in New Orleans, he became the house bandleader at Tom Anderson's cafe, and became associated with Louis Armstrong, clarinetists Albert



RUSSELL
Historic jazz figure

Nicholas and Barney Bigard, and drummer Paul Barbarin.

In 1924, Russell went to Chicago, where he played with the bands of Doc Cooke and King Oliver. Going to New York with Oliver in 1927, he soon began his own career as a leader at a club called the Nest. His band, which featured trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, trumpeter Louis Metcalf, reed man Omer Simeon, Bigard, and Barbarin, played at the Savoy and Roseland ballrooms and the Saratoga Club.

After touring with Armstrong in

1929. Russell appeared at Connie's Inn and the Arcadia Ballroom. Members of this band included trumpeter Red Allen, saxophonists Charlie Holmes and Teddy Hill, and bassist Pops Foster.

When Armstrong returned from a European tour, he took over Russell's band, and they toured together from 1935 to 1943. Then Russell reorganized and remained an active leader until 1948. Included was a long theater tour with heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis.

Russell is survived by his widow, a concert contralto known professionally as Carline Ray, who is a member of the Scola Cantorum, and their 8-year-old daughter, who sings in the Metropolitan Opera chorus.

JAZZ A LA CARTE HITS THE ROAD

In what he describes as a test of today's market for touring jazz concerts, producer Irving Granz sent his first Jazz a la Carte offering since 1960 on the road.

The star-studded package was set for

one-nighters in St. Louis, Mo.; Denver, Colo.; and Los Angeles and San Francisco, Calif. Granz said the lineup would include:

The Jimmy Smith Trio, singer Dakota Staton, the Wynton Kelly Trio with bassist Paul Chambers and drummer Jimmy Cobb; saxophonists Coleman Hawkins, Gerry Mulligan (as a single), Sonny Stitt, Zoot Sims, and Al Cohn; trombonist J. J. Johnson; and trumpeter Joe Newman.

If the show is a boxoffice success, there'll be another next year, Granz said.

UCLA CONCERTS SUCCEED; MORE PLANNED FOR FALL

Encouraged by the success of three jazz concerts during the fall (*DB*, Oct. 10), the fine arts committee of the University of California at Los Angeles announced it is already planning Jazz at UCLA 1964 for next autumn.

All three concerts were sellouts, according to the committee.

Opening the series Sept. 28 was the

Miles Davis group, followed by the Gerry Mulligan Quartet Oct. 26, and concluded by the John Coltrane group Nov. 23.

The Coltrane concert, it was learned, was the least well attended, a fact attributed to the national mourning following the assassination of President John F. Kennedy on Nov. 22. However, the concert had been sold out in advance, and some 1,200 persons of a capacity 1,800 audience showed up. Though late in arriving, Coltrane played as scheduled.

The success of the series, co-sponsored by the fine arts committee and the university's student cultural commission, came as something of a surprise to the sponsors, it was learned.

A Dizzy Gillespie concert held earlier in October in the university's Royce Hall, site of the following three events, lost \$850, according to a spokesman for the series. The Gillespie concert featured a 21-piece orchestra in a specially arranged performance of Lalo Schifrin's work, *Gillespiana*.

The Composers And The Union President

No issue symbolizes the decline of Hollywood motion-picture production more than so-called runaway movie making—the production of pictures in foreign countries with U.S. financing, in whole or in part, and employing foreign film workers. As emotional as it is controversial, such production as an issue has involved producers, directors, technicians, composers; even congressional legislators got into the act some two years ago with a full-dress investigation of the matter.

The latest fur to fly in the controversy was that of John Tranchitella, president of AFM Local 47, a union whose members are dependent to a large degree on Hollywood movie work.

The scoring abroad of supercolossal movie epics has become, in recent years, an increasingly irritating thorn in the sides of union officials and under-employed movie musicians alike. In a blistering editorial that appeared in the October issue of Local 47's publication, *Overture*, Tranchitella cut loose with a barrage of grapeshot at Hollywood composers he said will "score any place they can as long as it is NOT in Hollywood." Singled out for specific excoriation in an accompanying open letter to David Raksin, president of the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America, also printed on the front



TRANCHITELLA

Says insult added to L. A. musicians' injury

page, were guildsmen Dimitri Tiomkin and Miklos Rosza.

Tranchitella chided Raksin for including compositions by Tiomkin and Rosza in a recent guild concert. He expressed "resentment" both in his own behalf and in behalf of the Local 47 membership because, he wrote, "We American musicians are still stinging from the attacks made on our economic system and professional skill by Tiomkin and Rosza."

"Both," Tranchitella continued, "have said by word or deed, in effect, that running away to Europe to score films

is nothing more than a matter of 'economics.' Both have laughed at the attempts of American musicians and composers to halt such run-away production."

Hollywood instrumentalists, Tranchitella contended in his letter, were "insulted," presumably by being called upon to play the Tiomkin and Rosza works at the concert.

"Why not invite Messrs. Tiomkin and Rosza to pick up a 'quickie and cheapie' orchestra somewhere in Europe to perform their works?" the Local 47 president suggested.

No sooner had the editorial blast appeared than Tiomkin tartly notified the musicians union it would hear from his lawyer. Rosza and Raksin, however, replied in kind to Tranchitella.

"I can't recall," then wrote Tranchitella in a front page editorial in November's *Overture*, "when an editorial brought more immediate response than my discussion of last month concerning conductors who publicly state a preference for 'runaway' scoring. Most comments were favorable; some were not. . . . In the interest of fair play, we are reproducing, in full, letters from Miklos Rosza and David Raksin. . . . One final comment: If I have made any errors of fact in my discussion. . . I retract them and apologize. On the other hand, my feeling about foreign scoring still stands, 100 percent."

Clearly, Rosza felt retraction and apology were in order. Styling Tranchitella's editorial as an "unjust and venomous attack made upon me and

Mr. Tiomkin," the composer of the scores for *Spellbound* and many other films, said, "I would have thought that any responsible head of a union would ascertain before publishing them, the accuracy of statements such as those contained in that article. . . ."

Noting that Tranchitella's charges were intended for Local 47 readership, Rosza placed high value on the collective opinion of working musicians and declared he felt compelled to answer "the distorting, untrue, and vilifying remarks."

Rosza seized on the following statements by Tranchitella that he described as false:

". . . here we go, to save a buck for the dear old studio at the American musicians expense"; that the composers mentioned consider scoring overseas a "matter of economics"; that the same composers "laughed at the attempts of American musicians and composers to halt such runaway productions."

Rosza also noted that Tranchitella repeated the "attack upon us" in a letter to the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America. He then demanded the complete printing of his letter in *Overture*, with prominence equal to the union president's editorial and an apology for the opinions expressed.

"In no case," declared Rosza, "have I ever, as a matter of choice, scored a picture outside of this country; in each case where this was done, the producer was a foreign producer who was required by reason of subsidy or quota restrictions to record the music in the foreign country. In every case where it was at all possible, I have urged the producer to record the music in this country."

He conceded that the last five pictures for which he composed the music were made in Europe but added that he could hardly be held responsible for the producers' decisions to make them there.

In the cases of *Ben Hur* and *King of Kings*, Rosza pointed out that, while he was required by contract to compose the music for those films in the foreign countries where they were made, he successfully urged the producer to record it in Hollywood. As a result, said he, Hollywood musicians were paid about \$192,841. He noted further that on the occasion of the recording of the music for *King of Kings*, AFM studio representative Phil Fischer made a speech to the 80 musicians of the orchestra in which he thanked and congratulated Rosza for obtaining the work for them.

In three cases, said Rosza, the laws of Italy and Britain required that music written for pictures made in those



MIKLOS ROSZA

"... distorting, untrue, vilifying remarks."

countries also be recorded by Italian and British musicians there. These were the films *El Cid* (an Italian-Spanish co-production), *Sodom and Gomorrah* (Italian) and *The V.I.P.s* (British).

The composer asserted his pride in being chosen over foreign composers for this work and pointed out that if American composers so chosen rejected the work solely because pictures are made outside the United States, it would not result in more work for American musicians. As things stood, he pointed out, only four pictures for which he composed the music were recorded in Europe and that he has scored nearly 80 films in his career.

Rosza cited his compliance with AFM regulations relative to seeking permission from the union to record the *King of Kings* music for phonograph records; when such permission was refused—in the case of *Ben Hur*—he did not conduct the orchestra, he said.

"Nothing would make me happier," wrote Rosza, "than to have all my motion picture music recorded by Hollywood musicians; but the fact of the matter is that when a foreign producer makes a picture and desires my compositions, it would be ridiculous for me to turn down the engagement when doing so would not only hurt me but could not help my playing colleagues in any way."

Replying as president of CLGA, Raksin ascribed Tranchitella's editorial motivation to the anger and resentment at loss of jobs and income expressed to the union president by Local 47

members.

"No man," wrote Raksin, "who has ever endured the bitterness that comes like a plague to poison his life when his willingness to work to earn his family's bread is not reciprocated can ever turn his back on the trouble of another man.

"Society drives a hard bargain with the professional artist. He is a man who risks the learning years acquiring special skills in what he hopes to have correctly judged to be a field sufficiently 'useful' to provide him with a living as long as he is willing and able to live up to his side of the bargain.

"When by the remorseless evidence of unemployment he is told that he is no longer needed, his struggle to survive and to maintain self-respect is violent, and if he does not exercise great control, he may damage himself and others at this time. For anger must find an outlet, and few men stop to think whether they have directed their anger at the proper target."

Raksin pointed out that AFM contracts with motion-picture producers require that U.S.-made films be scored here too. Hence, he asked, can we fail to sympathize with the position of foreign musicians who wish a guarantee that films made in their respective countries give *them* employment?

He reminded Tranchitella that the AFM does not seek to enjoin American producers from scoring pictures made abroad in any country they choose since the federation realizes that many such films are made with funds earned through foreign exhibition that cannot be transferred to the United States. Raksin further cited Britain's Eady plan, an economic arrangement under which moviemakers are granted funds and special indulgences as encouragement to the motion-picture industry. The Eady plan specifically requires that money spent for music in such pictures be spent in the countries concerned.

Raksin stressed that the decision to make such films abroad rests solely with the production company. Parenthetically he added, "I have never heard of a composer being asked to make such a decision. Have you?"

Moreover, Raksin noted, a film that is produced in any foreign country automatically falls under the laws of that country so far as the aspects of its production are concerned. If the powerful AFM cannot stop this, asked the CLGA president, how can a composer?

"If an American composer," continued Raksin, "who has been approached to write a score for one of these films were to propose as a con-

(Continued on page 38)

Sam Donahue and the Pursuit of NOSTALGIA

By LEONARD FEATHER

nostalgia, n. (fr. Gr. nostos, a return home). Any wistful or excessively sentimental, sometimes morbid, yearning for return to or of some past period or irrecoverable condition.

—*Webster's New Collegiate*

JAZZ AND the various forms of music that cluster on its fringe can hardly be considered to have leaned heavily on nostalgia during their relatively brief history, for until recently they had not been around long enough to offer us anything about which we could become nostalgic.

Possibly the first overt manifestation of nostalgia of any consequence in jazz was the 1936 revival of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. In the mid-1940s a similar motivation led to the New Orleans revivalist movement.

Nostalgia got under way on a large scale in the 1950s. It has helped to keep Benny Goodman going through a decade or more of comebacks. It has been the driving force behind a series of ghost bands clinging to the Glenn Miller mystique. It has led to the recording of innumerable albums: Billy May Plays Jimmie Lunceford, Van Alexander Plays Savoy Ballroom, Later Glen Gray Plays Early Glen Gray. And, of course, it has been a strong ingredient in revivals of boogie woogie, of Bessie Smith blues songs, and of various other jazz manifestations of the 1920s and 1930s.

The accelerated success of the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra in recent months is the most striking illustration to date of the phenomenon best described as Packaged Nostalgia.

The band has had a curious career. Tommy Dorsey quit Jimmy and formed a band of his own in 1935. He led it with consistent success until 1953, when Jimmy, who had been suffering from the decline in the band business, gave up his own group to join Tommy's as nominal co-leader. After Tommy's unexpected death in

November, 1956, Jimmy took over as front man, but his health was declining rapidly, and he died in June, 1957.

Since then, there have been two posthumous Dorsey bands. One, fronted by Lee Castle, carries Jimmy's name. The other, bearing the T.D. banner, was led with moderate success by trombonist Warren Covington from February, 1958. Covington later turned back the library to the Dorsey estate, and a new Tommy Dorsey Orchestra was begun, with Sam Donahue as leader, in October, 1961.

An important figure in the new setup, at the operational end, was Tino Barzi, who originally joined Tommy as a member of the saxophone section but later gave up playing to become Tommy's manager and business partner. Barzi, once a bandleader in the New England area, now leases the Dorsey name from Tommy's estate.

Donahue's assumption of leadership has its logic. In addition to a background as a member of Tommy's band in 1951-'53, he has had past experience in the sometimes unrewarding job of taking over other leaders' ensembles. During his Navy years he assumed direction of Artie Shaw's band in 1944-'45. From 1954 he fronted the Billy May Orchestra on tour for 2½ years. He has also been associated with a number of superior bands of his own at various points in the last 30 years: specifically, 1933-'38, 1940-'42, and 1957-'59. He was a sideman with the bands of Gene Krupa, Harry James, and Benny Goodman in the gap between the first and second Donahue bands, and with Stan Kenton in 1960-'61.

Today he has the good fortune to be the head (or rather the subhead) of a Packaged Nostalgia organization that takes in not only the Good-Old-Tommy-Dorsey type of nostalgia but also a more general remembrance of anything pertaining to the era Dorsey represented (this justifies the presence of Helen Forrest, who sang with Tommy Dorsey for the same length

of time as Bessie Smith), and thirdly, a special How-Time-Passes, On-with-the-New-Generation nostalgia embodied in the appearance and sound of Frank Sinatra Jr.

The other two elements in the package are, of course, directly Dorsey-derived. The Pied Pipers, though changed in personnel, carry the name of a unit that enjoyed a unique reputation in the somewhat limited vocal-group-attached-to-the-name-band category. Charlie Shavers was with Dorsey from 1945 to '49; and again off and on until Tommy's death.

THIS POTENT CONCATENATION of elements drew a heavy crowd to the band's opening at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles. The embers of nostalgia glowed like Sweet Caporals.

The old-line bandleaders were out in large numbers, from Red Nichols and Les Brown on down.

Ray Anthony, glancing around at the mob of band-watchers, said, "I dare someone to bring back the band business!" Nelson Riddle, when the band tore into Sy Oliver's *Opus One*, reminded us: "I was in the trombone section of Tommy's band when he recorded this in November, 1944." Freddy Martin began to expound on the subject of a radio series he hopes to start that will feature interviews with orchestra leaders and vocalists of the early band days. Phil Harris, called onstage at the end of the show, made a long speech that ranged from reminiscence to gutty humor to genuinely touching sentiment.

Donahue joined the trumpet section for the *Opus One* opener. He has also taken to tripling on valve trombone (no solos) but remains basically a tenor saxophonist.

The first singer introduced was Jeannie Thomas, who for the last four months has been Mrs. Donahue. An attractive brunette, she is a capable band vocalist whose workout on this occasion was limited to two items, the old Jo Stafford-T.D. hit *Yes, Indeed* (in which it was impossible not to miss co-vocalist Sy Oliver) and



Leader Donahue



Vocalist Frank Sinatra Jr. (center) with the Pied Pipers

Got a Lot of Living to Do.

The Pied Pipers, who followed, were only one-fourth genuine Piper-mates, though their qualifications were irrefutable. Jeanne McManus, attractive and personable, was in Hal McIntyre's vocal group years ago. Clark Yocum is the sole remaining Piper; Lee Gotch was with the Sentimentalists, who replaced the Pipers with Dorsey, and Ralph Brewster was one of the original Modernaires. Their blend and style on *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; *Oh! Look at Me Now*; *Dream*; and *Chicago* recalled the old quartet effectively, though this type of group singing, no matter how well done, can hardly be as startlingly impressive as it was in the years of first impact.

The band next offered an example of early T.D. in *Song of India*, featuring trombonist Larry O'Brien, who came to this band equipped with a

thorough knowledge of all the important Dorsey solos. His musicianship is first class, and the performance of the band was spirited, though the rhythm section left something to be desired. The only misgiving one might have was that the carbon paper tended to smudge a little when O'Brien added a gliss here or a note there that T.D. would have left alone. Simplicity was a cornerstone of Dorsey's style, and if it is to be re-created and a certain mood evoked comparable with that of the original, then the closer one stays to the old concept the better.

Charlie Shavers, who does not regularly play in the brass section, came on as a feature attraction. His *Embraceable You* was the musical peak of the entire evening. Rarely has such a blend of melodic improvisation, sheer beauty and purity of tone, complete technical mastery, and linear continuity been heard in a solo of this kind. Shavers has mellowed with the years; instead of falling into the rut of self-imitation, he is today a greater artist than ever. His second number, *The Best Things in Life Are Free*, was a bit grandstandy but still impeccably played.

O'Brien and the band then played *Marie*. There was no vocal, but it was fascinating to observe Jack Leonard, who sang with the band in its original recording of the song in 1937, following the arrangement from a ringside seat. The trumpet passage, originally an improvised solo by Bunny Berigan, is now played with Berigan's line voiced for four trumpets. (Leonard today works in Hollywood in a nonvocal role for the Nat Cole office.)

Frank Sinatra Jr., who followed, has been handicapped by a flurry of publicity that is out of all proportion to his current role as a band vocalist. This obviously is not his fault; nor would it be fair to judge him by the standards of Frank Sr., either then or now.

Objectively considered simply as a band singer, he is a cut above average and shows great improvement, both in self-confidence and intonation, since his appearance a year ago in a guest shot at Disneyland. Sinatra, who will be 20 on Jan. 10, has something of the ease and grace one would expect; he has a tendency to pull back at times, as a result of which certain notes are lost, but on the whole he projects reasonably well and with a good deal more warmth than the average band singer. He was most effective on the opening *Without a Song* and on *Too Close for Comfort*. The Pied Pipers joined him for *I'll Never Smile Again*. The brass

section almost drowned him on *Rules of the Road*.

To separate one vocal set from another, an instrumental was played, *Body and Soul*, featuring Donahue on tenor.

Although he never pretended to be another Coleman Hawkins or a Bud Freeman, Donahue in the early days was always a capable and tasteful soloist. He probably still is, potentially, for his control of the instrument is excellent and his mastery of freak high notes is technically remarkable. But his gallery-courting gyrations toward the end of this number were not only tasteless but entirely unnecessary; the audience was with him, as it was with every artist on the program, and he did not need to blow down to it.

Helen Forrest has a new hair-do and a slightly gaudy new gown, but in other respects (including figure) she has changed less than one might reasonably expect since her days with the Artie Shaw and Harry James bands. Her delivery is somewhat more extrovert, but the sound and phrasing have remained basically what they always were: characteristics of a first-rate popular singer with no pretention to any identification with jazz singing. Her long set ranged from *Just One of Those Things* and *Lonesome Road* to several of her earlier hits such as *I Don't Want to Walk without You* and *I Had the Craziest Dream*.

The show concluded a little lamely with an announcement by Donahue. It would have seemed logical, since this was a stage production and not a dance-band set, to end with a number that could have brought all the participants together for a rousing finale. It might be added that the band as a whole was kept pretty much in the background throughout the entire show, though it did get a chance to play for dancing earlier in the evening.

SO MUCH FOR THE FACTS and credits directly involved with the Dorsey presentation. Of course, there was much more to it than that on opening night. A party was held in another room at the Ambassador Hotel at which photographers milled around the Sinatras *pere* and *fils*, the sister of Tommy and Jimmy was left in a corner rudely ignored by almost everyone, and a flock of Hollywood celebrities guzzled champagne and talked about the good and bad old and new days.

Frank Senior was in a buoyant mood. "I swear the kid's getting better all the time," he said. "But even

(Continued on page 39)

Monk's Drummer

frankie dunlop

By IRA GITLER

ONE OF THE ENDURING elements of jazz has been humor, although it has been conspicuously absent from some of jazz' latest developments. It has manifested itself both in the actual performances and in the way the jazz musician looks at life in general. Much of the humor of contemporary night-club comedians derives from the jazzman's point of view, as well exemplified by one of the funniest men alive, Dizzy Gillespie.

There is a new humorist emerging from the ranks who who really can be called a *jazz* comedian since his material is based on the musicians themselves and, in part, on the music. But before looking at that side of his talent, he should be considered in his primary role, that of musician. Frankie Dunlop has been Thelonious Monk's drummer since the end of 1960 and, as a result, a familiar figure to many who follow jazz, especially the habitués of New York City's Five Spot, where Monk was in residence for more than six consecutive months in the second half of 1963.

Dunlop had been with Monk before, but it was a brief stay. Monk had heard him play at sessions at Connie's in Harlem in 1957 and asked Dunlop to join the new group he was then taking into the old Five Spot.

Dunlop opened, along with John Coltrane on tenor saxophone and Wilbur Ware on bass, with Monk's group, but he didn't have sufficient time in on his Local 802 card and was replaced by Shadow Wilson. He felt dejected about this, because he "got a lot of spark from Monk's music" the first time he played with him. On rejoining him, he has found even more of an enthusiasm.

"The reason I have gotten so much out of Monk's conception," Dunlop said, "is because my conception has mainly been the same as his, as far as swinging. His conception of jazz is to swing as hard as you can. My main motive from my Buffalo [N.Y., his birthplace] days has been to swing. He has branded that in deeper.

"You don't have to be a flashy soloist. He wants you to be able to solo, but you don't have to do a lot of little gimmicks on your instrument. The main thing is to swing, and I think that is one of the reasons I have been with him as long as I have."

Of course, swinging is not all that Monk does, and this holds true for Dunlop. He also is a melodic drummer, with an individual style. While he is certainly not a pussy-footer, he does not hash the set either. It is more like a careful massage that he administers during solos as he shifts with graceful deliberation around the set.

Dunlop said he feels that drums are a melody instrument.

"Primarily it's a time instrument," he said, "but I look at it melodically. If I looked at it strictly as a time instrument, when I soloed I'd probably think in the vein of some tough rudiments, something you'd learn while going through the exercise book.

"I hear the melody. I sing a melody to myself, and I play it on the drums. If I didn't keep the melody in my mind. I'd wind up getting lost. I'd lose the meter."

To Dunlop, Philly Joe Jones is "just about the most

melodic drummer—there are very few. You can actually hear a tune."

It was in 1959, his second year with the Maynard Ferguson Band, that Dunlop developed his melodic style.

"When I went with Monk," he said, "I had a chance to work on it. Playing with him, you have all the freedom. He likes every musician who plays with him to be an individualist. You can't lean on him for the meter or the chords. By giving you that freedom, you can have a free mind to develop your own style. He doesn't cramp you. Half the time, with his arrangements, he's not playing anyhow. It's very open—a lot of strolling."

LIKE COUNTLESS MUSICIANS, Dunlop, who was 35 on Dec. 6, grew up with music all around him.

His father, William, was a guitarist who played in church. Helen, his older sister, played piano and sang Gospel songs; Boyd Lee, his older brother, played the piano (and now heads his own organ trio in New Brunswick, N.J.). When Frankie was 9 he began studying piano, but his real roots had been sunk into percussion a couple of years earlier. He and another 7-year-old had a tap-dance team that entertained at Police Athletic League functions and the like, and while he was in the Cub Scouts' marching band, he began fooling around with drums.

At 10, Frankie came under the tutelage of Johnny Roland, who has been the percussionist with the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra for the last 30 years. For his jazz, Frankie would sneak into Memorial Auditorium to hear the different bands.

He remembers a drummer with Eddie Durham named Kid Lips, who "used to have his tom-tom on a hinge. It would extend maybe about five feet out from his drums. He'd throw his mallet up, and it would hit the drum and bounce back." He especially liked Lionel Hampton's wild crew, and the house-rocking Cootie Williams Band that sounded a lot like Hampton's on its *House of Joy* number. Later, he cut school to hear Gene Krupa play *Leave Us Leap* at the local theater.

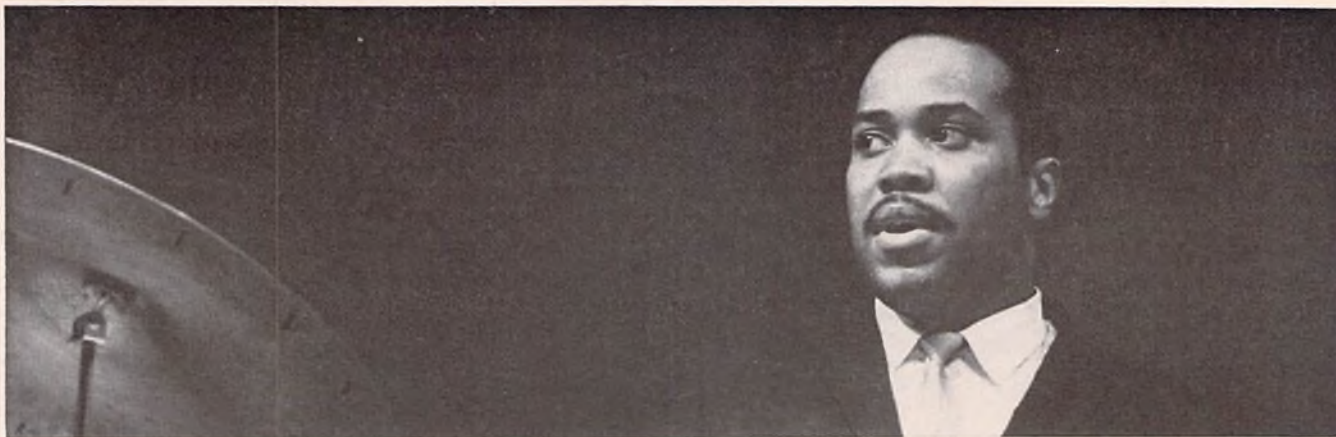
All this made young Dunlop dream of playing with a big band some day.

His first professional gig was with a big band at the annual Easter Ball in Memorial Auditorium. He was 16. It was a local band led by Mike Thompson. "He was one of the first fellows who got me started," Dunlop said, "as far as having strength—you know, guts—and really putting my whole body into the drum set."

Dunlop's next leader, tenor man George Clark (now with Cozy Cole), also took an interest in him and "helped pull the best out of me." The Clark unit played the big roadhouses and supper clubs in western New York and eastern Canada.

The young drummer's next stop was with Big Jay McNeely, who, in his most frenetic moments, used to play tenor saxophone while lying on his back. Dunlop recalled an incident at the Capitol Lounge in Chicago:

"The tempo is really blasting—really up tempo—and he leaves the stand—and his brother is right behind him on baritone—and walks out in the street—and we're still playing. It's a fast, honky blues thing, and were just 'bam,bam,bam'—nothing but noise because if he leaves, it's nothing but noise (it was nothing really but noise to a certain extent when he was there, so when he left. . . .) We did that for about a half-hour, and we're wondering—where is Big Jay, when here he comes back, and he's got the whole subway with him. He'd walked down in the subway, still blowing. People got off at State and Randolph just to see where this nut was going. And they didn't buy nothing. They just stood there, and the waiters couldn't even pass drinks to the regular customers."



DON SCHLITEN

Even in this uninspiring surrounding, Dunlop, as he has done wherever he has played, managed to learn something. One afternoon in Philadelphia, while everyone else was off watching the Phillies play baseball, McNeely, who also dabbled in drums, took him down in the cellar of the club where they were working and showed him "how to get the snap into the backbeat."

Before he entered the Army in 1950, Dunlop made his first record date, with Canadian altoist Moe Koffman for Main Stem, a short-lived label run by a New York record shop of the same name. One of the titles, *Bop Lop*, was Dunlop's tune. In the Army, he played with a marching unit that "led the guys out on the drill field in basic training," sort of full cycle back to the Cub Scouts.

"It helped me keep my chops up," Dunlop said. "I also played brushes on magazines at the service club."

While with an anti-aircraft outfit in Korea, Dunlop joined the Seven Dukes of Rhythm, a special-services group. When he was discharged in 1953, he went home to Buffalo, where he led his own band, of which he said, "It was versatile—we played a little of everything. I did some scat singing."

After playing with saxist Skippy Williams' band, he went to New York City with a calypso group to work at Cafe Society Downtown. The late Wade Legge, who was also from Buffalo, was playing piano with Charlie Mingus and recommended Dunlop to Mingus, who used him on the *Tijuana Moods* LP. The short stint with Monk followed. Then Sonny Rollins hired him for his pianoless trio.

Six months with Rollins ended when the group appeared at Birdland opposite Maynard Ferguson's band in the summer of 1958. Ferguson, whom Dunlop had known casually from sessions when the trumpeter had a band at Crystal Beach in Ontario, Canada, years before, was in the process of changing drummers. The fellows in the band liked Dunlop, and he joined the band. During his stay with Ferguson, Dunlop got married. When his wife became pregnant, he left the band in January, 1960.

The experience he received with Rollins and Ferguson was invaluable to Dunlop, he said.

"I developed a lot of technique playing fast tempos and not having the piano to help me.

"I also got a lot of knowledge out of Maynard's band. It meant a lot to my reading skill, and the discipline of following a leader—the dynamics that he wanted the band to play."

After his child was born, Dunlop went on the road again, this time to Las Vegas, Nev., as part of a two-drummer experiment in the Duke Ellington organization.

"They wanted to get a good swinging beat," said Dunlop, "but they wanted to keep the drummer they had, for the dynamics. He was a very good technician." This was Jimmy Johnson, who like all Ellington drummers since

Louis Bellson, made use of two bass drums. "After Bellson," Dunlop said, "it was a sound that became embedded in Duke's mind."

Though Dunlop hardly was displeased with his several months with Ellington, he had expected to be the only drummer and finally went to Ellington and told him he wasn't happy. Ellington, described by Dunlop as "a very understanding person," arranged for the drummer to join singer Lena Horne. Half a year with the singer followed. From there it was back to New York and Monk.

IN HIS THREE YEARS with Monk, which have included European and Japanese trips, Dunlop, in addition to developing as a musician, has found time to explore his comic talents: mimicry and pantomime. The former started in grade school when he imitated the teachers and the principal. His classmates egged him on, and the end result often included a visit to school by his parents.

In his teens Dunlop entertained at parties, with the people in his neighborhood as the subjects. At this point, he was doing more with his body than with his voice. In the Army he took off on sergeants and lieutenants.

To anyone who has seen and heard him at the various benefits, Dunlop is a hilarious, sometimes devastating mimic. His repertoire includes Miles Davis, Monk, Pee Wee Marquette (Birdland's announcer), Sonny Rollins, Gigi Gryce, Sonny Red, Charlie Mingus, Lou Donaldson, George Wein, Sonny Stitt, Buddy Rich, Chico Hamilton, Lena Horne, Duke Ellington, Maynard Ferguson, and Gov. Ross Barnett of Mississippi. He also does a bit on how musicians greet each other.

The pantomime is done in partnership with dancer-model Maletta Davis. The body movements are matched to the contours of the soloists on the records.

"It's what we think the musicians are saying, interpreted through motion," said Dunlop. Some of their selections are Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis on *Hollerin' and Screamin'*, J.J. Johnson on *Tea Pot*, Fats Navarro on *Barry's Bop*, Art Farmer on *Farmer's Market*, and Horace Silver on *Cookin' at the Continental*.

Eventually, Dunlop would like to incorporate his non-musical talents with his drumming. This would mean his own group, but that is not near at hand. As he said: "Music is still the important thing, and I love Monk's music so much."

One thing that impressed Dunlop while he was in Japan was "the way the people can imitate American singers. I heard a singer do *What'd I Say?* just like Ray Charles. In between sets, I met him, and he couldn't speak a word of English. I bet an American couldn't even begin to try to imitate a Japanese singer."

Don't bet on it if the American's name is Frankie Dunlop.



The Quiet, Happy Life Of Lurlean Hunter

By BARBARA GARDNER

QUIET THOUGH THE NEWS is kept, one of the most all-around successful vocalists of the day is Lurlean Hunter. If you offer that observation to someone, you may expect it to provoke a laugh in your face, coupled with an imposing list of prominent vocalists who are acknowledged stars and who are much better known than the unassuming singer from Chicago.

It's true enough that there are probably a dozen warblers who are more recognized than Miss Hunter. But what is the stick by which success can be measured? Artistic performance? Longevity? Money? Public acceptance? Critical acclaim? By any rule one chooses to thumb, he will find Lurlean Hunter miles ahead of most of the pack. And the curiosity of it all is that she maintains this lead at an easy gallop that does not tax her emotions or her energies.

The "How to Be a Success in Show Biz" manual never would recommend that a Lurlean Hunter become a singer by profession; further, the manual never would be able to explain, nor could it recognize, her success today.

To begin with, what she has mostly is talent; to complicate this, she is a likeable, emotionally well-rounded, sound human being.

She had no visions when she was a child that she would someday be a star. She has no burning ambition even today to become a world-renowned celebrity. There is no family history of discord. She never struggled to overcome obstacles to become a singer. No one ever objected; in fact, the world has almost beaten a path to her door.

When she was a teenager, a friend overheard her singing around the house for her own amusement and coaxed her to sing at an event his club was arranging. From that social, she went on to sing at others. When she was graduated from Englewood High School in Chicago, she approached her mother about singing for a living. Her mother said, "Fine."

The young Miss Hunter didn't even have to look for a job. Local musicians Nate Jones and Henderson Smith interceded for her, and she walked right into a two-year appearance at Chicago's Club DeLisa. The year was 1944, and ever since, she has done nothing but sing for a living, something almost unique since most musicians and singers usually have to augment music income by working in offices, kitchens, hotels, schools, and the old reliable post office.

"Sometimes it is frightening," Miss Hunter admits, "when I think all I can do is sing. I'm totally un-equipped to do anything else."

If one considers vocal training as equipment, she

was not even equipped with that.

"I've never had any training or background in singing before I started working professionally," she said. "Years after I had been singing, I studied diction from Carolyn Gilbert, who used to be the pianist on the *Dave Garroway Show* when it came out of Chicago. But that is the extent of my training."

She can't even muster up a relative who sang or played in the church choir.

"There are no musicians in my family, and I can't play any instrument," she said. "As a matter of fact, I can't even read music."

The careless ease with which she tosses her limitations about is disarming. In a time when everyone



seems hell-bent on self-glorification, it is almost embarrassing to hear a perfectly honest person casually pour forth her shortcomings. This is particularly true in light of the fact that she is considered the ultimate performer—a singer's singer.

This distinction implies near perfection in vocal styling, technique, and delivery; and true enough, these qualities are blended into a captivating combination in Miss Hunter. She has imagination; a rich, throaty tone; excellent breath control; and fine diction.

She is a lyrical singer. The words and message of the song are more important to her than the technical maneuvers she can negotiate with the melody. She treats the music almost as it is written, altering a line only when it gives the desired shading to the lyric.

Musicians work well and willingly with Miss Hunter and regard her, not as another horn, but as a superior voice, one that is true, flawless, and predictable. She carries the melody straight ahead with fidelity, enabling the musicians to create improvised patterns and frames unheard of, with the voice that is bending and twisting

the melody at will.

Her greatest forte is simplicity of delivery and credibility. When she sings a song, the lyrics live and become clairvoyantly meaningful.

"I like to pick a tune apart," Miss Hunter said in explaining her selection and treatment of material. "If it's a ballad, I like to look at the story—what it's trying to say. If I decide I like it, then I work with it and try to do it the way the writer wanted it done—say what he's trying to say."

Here again she differs from many of her kind by placing emphasis on the songwriter's intent. ("Personal expression," screams the manual of success. "Personal expression. Songwriter and befuddled accompanists be hanged—the singer must say what is *inside*.")

"Well, if I don't feel the song in the first place, I don't do it," Miss Hunter said simply. "And if it says something to me, there's no need to change it."

SUCH SENSITIVITY certainly should be reserved for significant expressions of lofty messages. Perhaps so, but Miss Hunter also has turned her tone, styling, diction, technique, and all to the delivery of short messages about cigarets, flour mixes, hair preparations, chewing gum, and beer. She has a lucrative career going in singing commercials. Domestic and uncomplicated as she claims to be, the business-minded young woman entered the commercial field a decade ago after some persuasion but with foresight and deliberation.

"Well, actually that's where the money is," she said frankly. "I always make a residual-type deal, you understand, and every time the commercial is used, well, I get my little check, and they sort of add up, you know."

This career also came looking for her. Ten years ago, Nat Cole was working the old Chez Paree in Chicago. Some friends of Miss Hunter's went to see him and were seated, coincidentally, with representatives of North Advertising, Inc.

During the course of the evening, the group talked of singing commercials. The next day, the agency called Miss Hunter. She reluctantly agreed to think about the offer to sing a commercial. She had never considered singing jingles as a career, and she promptly filed the suggestion under "things to think about sometime." Finally, after several overtures from the agency, she agreed to work on the commercials. That was the beginning. Since that time she has sung for Wrigley's, avowed for Alpine, touted for Toni, among dozens of sponsors. Her artistry has emerged unscathed.

"I like commercials," she said. "I don't feel bad about doing them. If you listen to them, lots of times you'll find they have cute little melodies. The good ones are fun to do."

For an outsider looking in, many of them ought to be fun to watch, for usually, Miss Hunter said, she walks into the studio and is promptly handed a sheet of music—which she can't read. Fortunately, she has a fine sense of musical recall ("big ears"). While the band runs the tune down, she both learns the jingle and picks up the tune by ear. When the band is ready to record the commercial, she is ready to sing and "reads" her part flawlessly.

THERE IS NOTHING spectacular about the singer. She is attractive, but it is her warmth and vitality, rather than her physical features, that radiate beauty. Onstage she resembles more a garden-club president than worldly performer. She exudes natural charm.

She is an only child and was born 35 years ago in Clarksdale, Miss., but don't try to make anything out of her southern beginning. Her mother, Mrs. Bessie Hunter, packed up and moved to Chicago when her daughter was a month old.

Lurlean is married to white industrialist Gregg Tischler, but it is useless to try to milk that also. Whatever unrevealed hassels there may be in their marriage are of the universal lot, indistinguishable from those in other marriages.

"My friends, who are mostly Negroes, accepted Gregg because he's such a likable guy," Lurlean said. "His friends, who are mostly white, accepted me, and there's no problem on that score."

The couple live in Chicago's south-shore section with their 20-month-old daughter, Seann, and Miss Hunter's 8-year-old son, Tab.

"I wanted a name that was short and different, so I picked Tab—I know and like the movie star, but there is no real connection there," she maintained.

She moves quietly and inconspicuously around Chicago. When she has time at all to think about her position in the community, she considers herself a working wife and mother. She enjoys the advantage of coming and going as she pleases without the bothersome annoyances of being a celebrity.

"Really, I have no problem about my personal life at all, because I'm not that well known," she said. "I can come and go as I like, and nobody'll know anything about it unless I tell somebody."

There is nothing within her screaming for public recognition, even among her core of family friends. She seldom goes out in public unless she's working a night club and stops after work somewhere. She watches television, and her socializing is primarily restricted to parties at home or at friends' homes.

"We don't get out much, and when I'm off, we just play with the kids or something," she said. "Sometimes we go visiting, and I watch the card games. I don't play cards, so I'm usually the one who has to serve the drinks."

It is one of the circulated tales in the entertainment business that Miss Hunter's reluctance to put all this behind her and leave Chicago is the reason she is not a more heralded artist. While show-biz people are clucking their tongues and wagging their heads, Miss Hunter goes on enjoying her "plight."

"I'm not much of a traveler," she admitted. "About three weeks away from home is my limit. I really would rather be with the family. After all, if I'm going to try to be a mother, I might as well try to be a good one. And that means I have to be around. All I would need is to go away and come home and the kids didn't know me."

Consequently, she remains in Chicago, devoting her primary energies toward being a wife and mother yet managing to fit a successful career neatly around her home life.

She has a large and faithful following in the Windy

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THE LENINGRAD JAZZ SCHOOL

and the problems of teaching jazz in Russia

By YURI VIKHARIEFF

Translated by Joel Picheny

IN HIS *The Story of Jazz* Marshall Stearns recalls the following incident: "In reply to the sweet old lady's question, 'What is jazz, Mr. Waller?', the late and great Fats is supposed to have sighed, 'Madam, if you don't know by now, don't mess with it!'" This remark has been attributed as well, in one form or another, to many other early jazz musicians.

It is possible they were right, those pioneers of jazz. What they played they played in large part by intuition and could offer little explanation for.

In the years that have passed, the extent to which jazz has developed is surprising. The jazz musician today not only knows how to read music but usually knows theory and harmony, too, and is at home in the latest achievements of contemporary music. All this, it is clear, demands much training and knowledge; consequently, the question of music education is becoming the No. 1 problem for jazz today.

This is of particular concern to Soviet jazz, which until recently dragged out a miserable existence, living on banal tunes and dance pieces of doubtful origin. And if, amid such monotony, talented jazz musicians appeared from time to time, bringing fresh and original ideas, this was in no way owing to academic training but was exclusively their own contribution.

Among Russian classical musicians the opinion that jazz represents an infringement of music esthetics has been widely held for decades. Therefore, the majority of professors and, consequently, students of the conservatory consider jazz with hostility. One alumnus of the Leningrad Conservatory, who afterwards became an outstanding jazz pianist, recalls that "the conservatory not only did not encourage, but in every way impeded, my interest in jazz and in so doing hampered my musical development. For all that I know today I am obligated most of all to myself."

Clearly, there could be no hope that beginning jazz musicians would receive their education in traditional musical institutions. All the same, many of them entered the conservatory and other music schools full of the brightest hopes, only to leave soon in the firm conviction that they would gain much more by self-education. So it was with the trumpeter German Lukjanoff, so it was

with alto saxophonist Gennady Golstein and with many others.

There was thus a necessity for something else, for a school of a completely new type.

The new jazz school, which opened in summer, 1962, in Leningrad, has turned out to be exactly what was needed. Need one mention with what enthusiasm the news of its opening was received? It is enough to say that hundreds of letters and applications for entrance flooded the school from all parts of the Soviet Union.

Of course, there were skeptics who doubted that the seemingly insuperable difficulties would be overcome—and, frankly, there were many such difficulties. In the first place, there was no experience to go on; no teaching methodology had been worked out for such a school. It turned out to be very hard to enlist teachers. The director of the school, Pavel Nitzman, sought them among those who had an academic musical education—and who were not prejudiced against jazz—as well as from among jazz musicians who had sufficient experience for teaching.

Matters were complicated still further, since the wages of the teachers were extremely low. In fact, they were supposed to teach gratis. Nonetheless, a teaching staff was created. Members were V. Feyertag, who was co-author with Valery Mysovsky of the book *Jazz*; the pianist Kukhalev; the pianist D. Goloshchokin; A. Schak, a trumpeter from Joseph Vinestain's band; the tenor saxophonist S. Tchevychelov; and V. Model, an alumnus of the conservatory, among others. It was for these men to work out a methodology and to perform the difficult task of educating future Soviet jazz musicians.

It turned out that the students, too, belonged to two large groups.

Some already had formal education but knew no jazz and were unable to play it. Others, on the contrary, had already achieved success in improvisation but were unacquainted with even the fundamentals of musical theory.

Further, there was no permanent location for studies. There were no instruments, textbooks, or recordings, and there was no sheet music. In effect, there was nothing except the enthusiasm of the teachers and the students.

But in spite of all this and the fact that the tuition fee was quite high—10 rubles (about \$11) a month—the



Leading altoist
Gennady Golstein

Pianist Tejmuras Kukhalev



students numbered some 200 people. And this was only a small percentage of those who entered the competition and passed the entrance examination. (*Translator's note:* This fee must be considered in the context of generally cost-free Soviet education, much of which is accompanied by a stipend for the student. A monthly salary of 100 rubles is average in the USSR for a young worker and goes for food and material goods. For 10 percent of such a salary to go for education is uncommon.)

What kind of program did the entering students find?

The course of instruction covers three years. Study is concurrent with a job; that is, most students work by day and study at the school in the evening. The program is divided into two parts. One includes general music education required of all students—music theory, harmony, and the history of jazz and music. The second part includes individual studies with instrumentalists and arrangers. This is the basis of the academic program.

In addition, there are certain other aspects of study. For example, several groups for experimentation have been formed in which students can try out their abilities and ideas, in which they can explore. Another teaching technique is wide-ranging discussions of various problems and aspects of jazz. This is probably the most interesting method because it forces each student to think, to take a stand in respect to the problems.

The school arranges meetings with musicians and orchestras who happen to come to Leningrad. Unfortunately, the school's international ties are still limited, but it has hopes that in the future they will widen and grow stronger.

THE SCHOOL OF JAZZ now has entered its second year. For the time being it is hard to foresee the future. There are still many difficulties, many unresolved problems, but the fact that in spite of all impediments the school exists, gives much hope.

Its establishment—and the great interest in it demonstrated by the number of students who were willing to make sacrifices to get in—is especially hopeful now because for a long time jazz in the Soviet Union was quite neglected. Its tentative emergence from time to time has

prompted angry explosions. At these times the same old "discussion" appeared in print, resulting in the proclamation: "We are not against jazz but for good jazz!"

Just what was meant by "good jazz" remained unclear.

During the last year or so, however, jazz has become somewhat fashionable. So many articles and speeches have been published in response to this development that it has been impossible to keep track of them all. Nevertheless, one can single out among the flood of reproach and censure the basic current that runs like a red thread through all the articles and speeches. The main accusation leveled is that of imitation, of copying U.S. jazz. Perhaps composer Dmitri Kabalevsky voiced this opinion more straightforwardly than others when he wrote of Vinestain's band:

"Where is Joseph Vinestain's band seeking its material? It is not difficult to answer this question: in imported jazz records, on tapes with recordings of American jazz. I was once in a jazz club in San Francisco with D. Shostakovich. Julian Adderley's band, a group quite popular in the United States, was performing. This is the ideal of the Leningrad jazz band! Indeed, in the Leningrad group there is nothing original, nothing of its own! Everything is taken over, imported."

The saddest thing is that it is difficult to deny this. There is a great deal of truth in it, although perhaps it is not Vinestain's orchestra that is at fault. If in the playing of altoist Golstein is heard the inspiration of Charlie Parker, if Constan Nosov has chosen Miles Davis as his model, then this is only because so far there are no Russian Parkers or Davises from whom jazz might be learned.

Can there be anything objectionable in learning from those who are pioneers in this area? Learning and not imitating, that is. Indeed, in his own time Glinka learned the art of opera from the Italians and afterward wrote *Ivan Susanin*, an impressively Russian opera. Take any area of science and culture—in each one we see the same thing: an exchange of experience, an exchange of accumulated knowledge. The progress of world science and culture is founded precisely on this sort of exchange.

We learn from others, and others learn from us. No one considers this wrong, because it is all directed and



Joseph Vinestain
and orchestra

subordinated to a single, noble aim—progress.

Jazz is a young art form, and for us it is especially so. That is why we must study at first with those who know more than we, with the intention of later creating something of our own, something Russian.

But here arises a second question: Might it not be impossible to create a Soviet jazz upon a national, Russian foundation? This question is logical and natural, for at first glance, jazz is utterly foreign to Russian culture, as it is, incidentally, to any other national tradition, save that of the United States. Yes, that is so; still. . . .

Jazz has ceased to be the folk music of the Negro people, having been transformed into one of the universal forms of art. Those who now assert that only Negroes are capable of performing jazz contradict themselves, for if this were true, jazz automatically would cease to be an art form and become, instead, part of a particular folk culture and, therefore, not really deserving to be the subject of so many scholarly studies, discussions, and surveys. But the clock cannot be turned back. History has already shown the viability of jazz as a form of art and now poses the question of creating national schools of jazz.

Indeed, listening to their playing, one now can recognize—although not yet infallibly—what nation certain musicians come from. If we speak of jazz in the wider sense, then it would seem that it is not difficult to distinguish, let us say, the Czech bands of Karl Vlackh or Karel Krautgartner from the English band of Ted Heath, who in turn is different from his American colleagues. Gil Evans, with his *Sketches of Spain*, has brilliantly shown that Spanish music can be extremely receptive to jazz, and Yusef Lateef has worked with some success synthesizing jazz with Oriental music.

Even the most alien forms can adapt to new soil and give birth to interesting hybrids. Take the waltz, with its specific rhythmic design, with the characteristic melodic structure of the famous Viennese waltzes. They, also, were quite foreign to Russian music. But the waltz turned out to be an extremely viable musical form and, therefore, was able to take root in Russian music. This process went on for many years before the waltz became

an organic part of our music, before the wonderful, truly Russian waltzes were written, which Strauss himself might have envied.

Jazz has even more in common with Russian music than the waltz had.

Think of improvisation, the most important element of jazz. Is it not present in the folk music of the Russian people? Recall the complicated cadenzas on the concertina or accordion. Recall those rich, free, filigree variations of Russian balalaika players. Recall, finally, the *chastushki*, which were born as collective improvisation: one line is given by one person, the second by another, and so forth. As a result, a fully developed musical-verbal art form emerges.

Chastushki—this is the Russian blues. It is one of the basic forms of the Russian folk-song art and, exactly like the blues, is built upon a simple, regularly recurring harmonic and melodic base, the harmonic design remaining more or less unchanged while the melodic figures vary together with the words. This is where our jazz musicians should draw their inspiration.

The element of swing is present to some degree in Russian folk-dance music. In Russian *pareplyasy*, a Russian folk-dance form in which the participants compete in turns, showing their skill and inventiveness, the accompaniment always heightens the tension, inspiring the soloist. Isn't this the same thing that excites the jazz soloist to invent more and more complicated and inspired improvisations?

But jazz, like the Russian *chastushki*, is not only a quick, bold *pareplyasy* of notes; jazz reflects all the feelings and moods of man. And if one turns to melodiousness, lyricism, and melancholy, then a jazz musician can find a mass of material in the beautiful, broadly intoned Russian songs.

THE QUESTION of a Soviet School of jazz is not new. Back in 1958, when the first jazz club of our country was organized in Leningrad, one of the points on its program included this statement: "The club poses as one of its most important tasks the crea-



Bassist Adolph Sakunovsky



Pianist-critic
Yuri Vikhariesh (dark
glasses) and his quartet

tion of a Soviet school of jazz.”

All the ensembles of the club worked in this direction, although one may challenge the type of experiments they conducted. They took the road of least resistance, simply choosing those Russian folk melodies or songs of Russian composers that offered convenient material for jazz improvisation (it is understandable that the version of *Katyusha* by a Dixieland band, for example, called forth smirks and censure). Of all these ensembles the most successful was Aric Liscovich's quintet. The instrumentation was impressive in its freshness and novelty—the French horn and the violin are not often used in jazz. But this was not all; it was a professional group in the best sense of the word. Almost all its members were students of the conservatory and had accumulated much experience in classical music.

Jazz is an art form that cannot be sundered from life, from life experience, an art that, to a degree greater than in any other art, reflects the individual tastes and qualities of the performer, that life baggage he has accumulated up until the very moment of performance.

In symphonic music the performer is only the interpreter of the composer's will; in jazz, he is the creator. That is why the life experience and musical experience of the musician will inevitably be reflected in his music. That is why the experience that Russian musicians received in the conservatory has and will become such an organic part of their music.

In the time that has passed since 1958, Soviet jazz has not remained in one place; it has taken a colossal step forward—toward becoming a national school of music. The first person who comes to mind in this connection is the Moscow trumpeter and composer, Andrey Towmosjan.

Towmosjan went further than the Leningraders. He went by another road (and, to me, a more correct one). Instead of jazzifying Russian songs as the Leningraders had done, he decided to write special jazz compositions, using as his basis Russian motifs, intonations, and, most important, the Russian spirit, if one may use the expression.

He was brilliantly successful in *Lord Novgorod the Great*, a piece very Russian in spirit and mood. It was an indisputable success. Even at the full assembly of Com-

posers of the Federated Russian Republic, where jazz as a whole was subjected to harsh criticism, this piece was noted as a successful uniting of elements of Russian music with jazz. However, one of the participants in the assembly rightly noticed that while in the piece itself one senses the Russian spirit—hears the chime of church bells and the broad Russian melodiousness and the characteristic Russian intonation—afterward, as soon as the improvisation begins, all this disappears.

Perhaps the person who made the analysis was an ignoramus in jazz, but he certainly did not lack insight. He noticed that which often slips by jazz experts.

Russian music provides an excellent basis for jazz improvisation, but we must find a way of improvising that is truly Russian. That is the task.

Something, happily, has already been done in this direction. The guitar of Nikolay Gromin (and isn't there much of the balalaika in it?) sounds Russian, and his improvisations are based on Russian intonations. But it all remains jazz and jazz of the highest sort.

In this regard, the opinion of an outside observer may be particularly valuable because it is unprejudiced. Don Ellis, the American jazz trumpeter, exclaimed after listening to Gromin's playing at the 1962 Warsaw jazz festival: "Guitar . . . wild, wild notes. . . . Use of all kinds of pedal effects and blue notes. I can truthfully say I never heard anything like this before. . . . Like a country blues player who studied with Prokofiev." Ellis unexpectedly opened our eyes to what we ourselves often do not see. Yes, precisely, Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Shostakovich—it is from such as these that we must learn not only music but the Russian spirit as well.

In light of this, we must admit that the reproaches made to us are just. The only justification possible is the fact that we are still schoolboys in jazz and we must study, study, and again study. We must learn from the great pioneers of jazz, those who transformed this folk art into a powerful means of universal expression. But this does not mean that we must go along the beaten path and refrain from trying new ideas. We must seek our own paths, difficult and uncharted, which will lead us firmly into the world of this art. It is with this hope that the Leningrad School of Jazz was founded.





Chuck Wayne's

By IRA GITLER Modern Jazz Banjo

A LONG-FORGOTTEN MEMBER of the instrumental family has returned from jazz limbo. The banjo, which demonstrates its clear cousinship to the guitar, is now being played in modern jazz guitar style by one of the best guitarists in the business, Chuck Wayne.

"Of course," Wayne concedes, "it may be unusual to see a jazzman playing a swinging banjo chorus on, say, *What's New?*, but after all, we see thousands of folk-music types playing them too. So you can sense a movement is on the way."

Wayne is best known as one of the original cast in George Shearing's Quintet (1949-'52) and the Woody Herman Herd of the mid-'40s, though he also played with many other groups. Besides leading his own at various times, he's appeared with the Phil Moore Four and the Barbara Carroll group, accompanied singer Tony Bennett for nearly four years, put in a lot of staff time at CBS (including *The Garry Moore Show*, working with such jazzmen as Hank Jones, Hal McKusick, Jimmy Nottingham, Wayne Andre, Sonny Igoo), and earned some solid credits in composing (he wrote and played the theme music for 1957's *Orpheus Descending*).

"Look, I'm first of all a guitarist," Wayne said, "but I see no reason why the banjo can't be a front-line instrument." One nearby barstander at The Most, a plush Second Ave. club in New York City where Wayne had appeared for several months, muttered, "It's the craziest thing to see this guy pop up with that thing and play lines that remind me of Charlie Christian in 1939."

Wayne's banjo does reflect his ap-

preciation of Christian, and he admits it but adds that he was influenced by Andres Segovia too.

"In fact, a lot of people don't realize that I can play banjo, mandolin, and especially concert guitar," he said.

Wayne is collaborating with the New York jazz disc jockey Mort Fega in the production of an LP titled *Tapestry*. In this instance, Wayne is concentrating on banjo and is particularly proud, he said, of one of his own compositions, *Askaterina*.

The album is expected out early in 1964, but no one was promising this. One critic who has heard it, said, "It's a gas and will surprise a lot of people—pleasantly."

Wayne is well aware that the banjo has been out of fashion for many years with jazz aficionados.

"Yeah, everybody immediately thinks about Eddie Peabody and Elmer Snowden and a bunch of plunkety-plunk guys," he said, "even though there's such a strong historical background for the banjo in the annals of jazz."

There's no question about that. Leonard Feather's *Book of Jazz* notes that "ragtime itself was a tributary of the early flow of banjo music." In fact (or theory), the piano was used to substitute for two banjos in ragtime.

The banjo is far from dead, as Wayne is proving in modern jazz. Even *Variety* has proclaimed, "There's a banjo boom in the offing." Of course, its concern was with the musical fad among teenagers who are interested primarily in the folk scene.

"But that doesn't bother me," Wayne said. "In fact, it helps me because of what you might call a built-in acceptance."

This enables Wayne to get away with his own approach to modern jazz. His single-string attack is hornlike, and some listeners may have said they can hear bits of Charlie Parker in the playing.

"I found this six-string banjo down on the lower east side," Wayne said, "and got intrigued about playing it as a break from my normal routine of guitar. You know, my wife paints, so I try to paint as many sound colors as I can, and I find the banjo allows an additional dimension. I use a pick because you can move so much faster than with finger style. People tell me every now and then that the banjo contributes kind of a Near East feeling to what we're doing, and that's another reason why I like it."

"My early musical experiences have helped me in a sort of cumulative way to create this current scene. For example, when I went into Woody's band in 1946, I couldn't even read—and neither could some of the other guys. But Woody was so fantastic that his Herd became like a school for us. And when I was accompanying Tony Bennett, he gave me so much freedom that I could find opportunities to do orchestrations and even conduct."

Wayne's schedule is a grueling one. He works on *The Garry Moore Show* nearly all day, grabs a quick shower, an even quicker dinner, and then races over to the club where he plays to "some unearthly hour."

"But I'll tell you one thing: it's great because I'm always picking up new concepts and approaches," he said.

No. 6 Duke Ellington-Mahalia Jackson
BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE—Duke Ellington Orch. with Mahalia Jackson. Columbia CL 1162; Part I, Part II, Part III, *Come Sunday*; *Come Sunday Interlude*; *23rd Psalm*.

No. 7 Count Basie
DANCE ALONG WITH BASIE—Roulette 52036; *It Had to Be You*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *Can't We Be Friends?*; *Misty*; *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*; *How Am I to Know*; *Easy Living*; *Fools Rush In*; *Secret Love*; *Give Me the Simple Life*.

No. 13 Hall of Fame
 Prepared exclusively for Down Beat. Featuring Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Charlie Parker, Oscar Peterson, Gene Krupa, Stan Getz, Lester Young, Max Roach, Roy Eldridge and Art Tatum take the spotlight in this tremendous galaxy of America's finest jazz artists.

No. 15 Jazz Poll Winners
 Columbia CL 1610
 Personnel: Les Brown, Dave Brubeck, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Don Elliott, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, The Hi-Lo's, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Gerry Mulligan, Art Van Damme, Paul Desmond.

No. 23 Frank Sinatra
RING-A-DING-DING!—Reprise 1001: *Ring-a-Ding-Ding*; *Let's Fall in Love*; *Be Careful, It's My Heart*; *A Fine Romance*; *A Foggy Day*; *In the Still of the Night*; *The Coffee Song*; *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*; *Let's Face the Music and Dance*; *You'd Be So Easy to Love*; *You and the Night and the Music*; *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*.
 Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; orchestra directed by Johnny Mandel.

No. 28 Stan Getz
FOCUS—Verve 8412: *I'm Late*; *I'm Late*; *Her*; *Pau*; *I Remember When*; *Night Rider*; *Once Upon a Time*; *A Summer Afternoon*.
 Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Hershey Kay, conductor; Roy Haynes, drums; Gerald Tarack, first violin; Alan Martin, second violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Bruce Rogers, cello; others unidentified.

No. 31 Gerry Mulligan
GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Verve 8396: *Blueport*; *Body and Soul*; *Black Nightgown*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Lady Chatterley's Mother*; *Let My People Be*.

No. 38 Oscar Peterson
WEST SIDE STORY—Verve 6-8454: *Something's Coming*; *Somewhere*; *Jet Song*; *Tonight*; *Maria*; *I Feel Pretty*; *Reprise*.
 Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Edmond Thiépen, drums.

No. 41 Sonny Rollins
THE BRIDGE—Victor 2527: *Without a Song*; *Where Are You? John S.*; *The Bridge*; *God Bless the Child*; *You Do Something to Me*.
 Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jom Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley or H. T. Saunders, drums.

No. 45 Armstrong-Brubeck-McRae-LHR
THE REAL AMBASSADORS—Columbia 5850: *Everybody's Comin'*; *Cultural Exchange*; *Good Reviews*; *Remember Who You Are*; *My One Bad Habit*; *Summer Song*; *King For A Day*; *Blow, Satchmo*; *The Real Ambassador*; *In the Lurch*; *One Moment Worth Years*; *They Say I Look Like God*; *Since Love Had It's Way*; *I Didn't Know Until You Told Me*; *Swing Bells*; *Blow Satchmo/Finale*.

No. 46 Laurindo Almedia-Bud Shank
BRAZILLIANCE—World-Pacific 1412: *Atabaque*; *Amor Flamenco*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Acerate Mas*; *Tera Seca*; *Speak Low*; *Inquietacao*; *Baa-Too-Kee*; *Carinosa*; *Tocata*; *Hazardous*; *Nono Noctambulism*; *Blue Baito*.
 Personnel: Almedia, guitar; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Garry Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

No. 47 Stan Getz-Gary McFarland
BIG BAND BOSSA NOVA—Verve 8494: *Manha De Carnival*; *Balanco No Samba*; *Melan-colico*; *Entre Amigos*; *Chega De Saudade*; *Noite Triste*; *Samba De Uma Nota So*; *Bim Bom*.

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

No. 48 Shelly Manne
2-3-4—Impulse 20: *Take the A Train*; *The Sicks of Us*; *Slowly*; *Lean on Me*; *Cherokee*; *Me and Some Drums*.
 Personnel: Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, piano; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Costa, piano, vibra-harp; George Duvivier, bass; Manne, drums.

No. 50 Bunk Johnson
BUNK JOHNSON AND HIS SUPERIOR JAZZ BAND—Good Time Jazz 12048: *Panama*; *Down by the Riverside*; *Storyville Blues*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor*; *Weary Blues*; *Moose March*; *Bunk's Blues*; *Yes, Lord*; *I'm Crippled*; *Bunk Johnson Talking Records*.
 Personnel: Johnson, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Walter Decou, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Austin Young, bass; Ernest Rogers, drums.

No. 51 Dexter Gordon
GO!—Blue Note 4112: *Cheese Cake*; *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry*; *Second Balcony Jump*; *Love for Sale*; *Where Are You?*; *Three O'Clock in the Morning*.
 Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Sonny Clark, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

No. 52 Ellington-Mingus-Roach
MONEY JUNGLE—United Artists 14017: *Money Jungle*; *African Flower*; *Very Special*; *Warm Valley*; *Wig Wise*; *Caravan*; *Solitude*.
 Personnel: Ellington, piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; Max Roach, drums.

No. 53 Art Farmer
LISTEN TO ART FARMER AND THE ORCHESTRA—Mercury 20766: *Street of Dreams*; *Rain Check*; *Rue Prevail*; *The Sweetest Sounds*; *My Romance*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Naima*; *Ruby*.
 Personnel: Farmer, trumpet or flugelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Unidentified Orchestra, including trombones, trumpets, French horns, harp.

No. 54 Leadbelly
LEADBELLY—Capitol 1821: *Good Night, Irene*; *Grasshoppers in My Pillow*; *The Eagle Rocks*; *Rock Island Line*; *Ella Speed*; *Blackwater Blues*; *Take This Hammer*; *Tell Me, Baby*; *Eagle Rock Rag*; *Western Plain*; *Sweet Mary Blues*; *On a Christmas Day*.
 Personnel: Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly), guitar, piano, vocals; Paul Mason Howard, zither.

No. 55 Thelonious Monk
MONK'S DREAM—Columbia 1965: *Monk's Dream*; *Body and Soul*; *Bright Mississippi*; *Five Spot Blues*; *Bolivar Blues*; *Just a Gigolo*; *Bye-Ya*; *Sweet and Lovely*.
 Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; John Ore, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

No. 57 Pee Wee Russell
NEW GROOVE—Columbia 1985: *My Mother's Eyes*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Red Planet*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *Moten Swing*; *'Round Midnight*; *Good Bait*; *Old Folks*; *Taps Miller*.
 Personnel: Marshall Brown, valve trombone, bass trumpet; Russell, clarinet; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.



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

Milt Buckner

THE NEW WORLD OF MILT BUCKNER — Bethlehem 6072: *Misty*; *All Blues*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *Fever*; *Why Don't You Do Right?*; *Moon River*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Pick Yourself Up*; *Kansas City*; *Take Five*.

Personnel: Buckner, organ; Gene Redd, vibraharp; Bill Willis, bass; Phil Paul, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Buckner, who must have been alarmed at the number of organ-saxophone-guitar-drums albums flooding the stores, deserves an extra star if only for having hit on a less hackneyed instrumentation. Aside from this, he plays tastefully throughout, swinging hard when it's required.

His treatments of familiar material, too, tend away from the trite: *Moon River*, for instance, is played in long meter, and *Fly Me to the Moon*, also normally a waltz, is taken in four. He also shows some harmonic thoughtfulness on Miles Davis' *All Blues*. The only objectionable track is *San Francisco*, which gets too much of a churchy sound at times and goes into one of those repeat-the-finales a la Basie's *April in Paris*, a long-tired gambit.

Redd doesn't appear to have unlimited technique, but within his prescribed boundaries he offers some viable moments, notably on *Fever*. Paul and Willis are dependable and generally unobtrusive time-keepers, the latter playing an introductory melody role on *Pick Yourself Up*.

The programing could have been improved. *Fever*, an F-minor blues type of thing, is followed by *Why Don't You Do Right?*, an F-minor blues type of thing.

There are no great surprises here; indeed, until somebody like Thelonious Monk or Bill Evans takes it up, I doubt that there will be any organ surprises. Nevertheless, this is one of the more agreeable organ-led sets of recent months.

Note to Paul Desmond: your *Take Five* is credited to a Mr. W. Gannon and a different publisher. Better straighten out these cats! (L.G.F.)

Horace Diaz

DIXIELAND BOSSA NOVA—Epic 24067 and 26067: *Clarinet Marmalade*; *I've Found a New Baby*; *Bugle Call Rag*; *Royal Garden Blues*; *Fascinating Rhythm*; *High Society*; *That's A Plenty*; *Twelfth Street Rag*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Muskrat Ramble*; *Midnight in Moscow*; *The Jazz Me Blues*.

Personnel: unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★

Despite its relaxed, good-natured approach, this disc must represent the final dead-end of the exploitation of both Dixieland and bossa nova.

The first time around, the idea of playing Dixieland standards over the bossa nova rhythm is slightly amusing. But after that it becomes monotonous, since Diaz' use of Dixieland is solidly in the customary rut, and the bossa nova element is laid on with a heavy and unrelenting hand.

There's a tenor saxophonist with Diaz who plays like a slightly roughed-up Eddie Miller and brings occasional suggestions

of life to the proceedings. But otherwise about all that can be said for this record is that it will probably discourage any further attempts to graft Dixieland onto bossa nova (or vice versa.) (J.S.W.)

Eric Dolphy

CONVERSATIONS—FM 308: *Jitterbug Waltz*; *Music Mator*; *Alone Together*; *Love Me*.

Personnel: Track 1—Woody Shaw Jr., trumpet; Dolphy, flute; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Eddie Kahn, bass; J. C. Moses, drums. Track 2—Clifford Jordan, soprano saxophone; Huey Simmons, alto saxophone; Dolphy, bass clarinet; Richard Davis, bass; Moses, drums. Track 3—Dolphy, bass clarinet; Davis, bass. Track 4—Dolphy, alto saxophone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Dolphy's style is exciting and unique, yet it must be kept in mind that his greatest assets stem from the manner of his playing, not from the originality of its musical content. This disc is a case in point.

Dolphy has been identified with the "new thing," and this seems to be in error. Dolphy is the old thing but stated with the hollering pugnacity of the newer



school. In fact, if one is hunting contradictions, he can find them between the relatively traditional content and the uninhibited, impulsive style of his work. Yet Dolphy is such a strong personality that his music, with certain lamentable exceptions, transcends this contradiction.

One lamentable exception is *Matador*, which leads through dull harmony (I to V, then V again to I) and dull melodic lines stated with hysterical wit and vigor. Likewise is *Love Me*. Dolphy bolts up and down the alto like a man possessed, as if to exorcise the old clichés.

Jitterbug, however, contains a long flute solo by Dolphy that is more rewarding on each rehearing, and that is, to me, the last word in all the piles of "magic flute" literature. There is also an excellent bass solo by Kahn on this track.

Far and away the best piece is *Alone*,

13½ minutes long and worth the record. It is an intimate conversation between bassist Davis and Dolphy, who plays bass clarinet.

One learns more and more to follow not the two parts but the dialectic the parts create between themselves. It is this dialectic, this third thing, that goes beyond either of the two things, goes beyond their mere sum, and makes One Thing. This One Thing more and more becomes the focus of jazz, more and more becomes the focus of our human-rights-oriented lives, more and more becomes a way of living. There it is, easily recognizable, easily assimilated, in the form of this recorded performance. If only Dolphy could have sustained this transcendence throughout two sides of a record. . . . However, Truth first appears in glimpses only.

There is little doubt, judging from this disc, that Dolphy will continue to squawk his way to higher levels of musical expression, and his forthcoming albums are awaited with anticipation. (B.M.)

Duke Ellington

PIANO IN THE FOREGROUND—Columbia 2029 and 8829: *I Can't Get Started*; *Cong-Cong*; *Body and Soul*; *Blues for Jerry*; *Fontainebleau Forest*; *Summertime*; *It's Had to Be Forgotten*; *A Hundred Dreams Ago*; *So*; *Yearning for Love*; *Springtime in Africa*.

Personnel: Ellington, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Several years ago, Ellington made a set of piano solos for Capitol that were, for the most part, ad lib improvisations in the studio. It was a pleasant set that showed the Duke drifting along in a reflective, impressionist-induced mood.

Then, in January, 1962, Ellington made his first concert appearance as a solo pianist in New York City. He played the first half of the concert unaccompanied, focusing (if memory can be trusted) on some of his less frequently heard compositions, including such a rarity as *Blue Belles of Harlem*. In the second half he was joined by Bell and Woodyard, and he seemed so glad to get out of the spotlight that he practically turned the program over to his bassist and drummer.

This recording apparently was made about the time of that concert (it has obviously been in Columbia's files for almost two years), and though it involves the same three musicians who played in Ellington's self-effacing second half at the concert, the balance between them is far more logical in this instance.

Ellington is always in the foreground, although Bell moves up with him very effectively from time to time. And Woodyard stays properly in the background except on *Summertime*, in which he engages in some odd hammering that seems unrelated even to the strange and fitful things that Ellington himself is doing.

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This is a rather odd disc — never as good as the best parts of the concert, not as consistent as the old Capitol but more varied. There are two good and presumably new Ellington tunes — *Bad*, a light and engagingly bouncy riff, and *So*, a haunting, yearning piece with a bitter-sweet afterhours quality. The lush, romantic Ellington appears in *Forest*, *Dreams*, and *Africa*, also originals. He plays the two standards, *Started and Body*, in a fairly straight but characteristically Ellington fashion and rides easily on Bell's bass most of the way through *Cong-Go* and *Jerry*.

It is a distinctly low-pressure set that reaches no heights but stays on an attractive level most of the way. (J.S.W.)

Clare Fischer

EXTENSION—Pacific Jazz 77: *Ornithardy*; *Quiet Dawn*; *Bittersweet*; *Igor*; *Extension*; *Solette*; *Passacaglia*; *Canto Africano*.

Personnel: Gil Falco, Bobby Knight, trombones; Vince De Rosa, Richard Perissi, Fred Teuber, French horns; John Lowe, Sam Most, Don Shelton, Ben Kantor, Louis Ciotti, Gary Foster, Jerry Coker, Jack Nimitz, Bud Shank, woodwinds, reeds; Larry Bunker, vibraharp, drums; Clare Fischer, piano, organ, lujohn, alto saxophone; Tommy Johnson, tuba; Bob West, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

A suggestion of Gil Evans hovers around the edges of Fischer's writing, but it is never strong enough to imply that Fischer is following in Evans' wake. Fischer shows in these pieces that he is definitely out on his own. He is no mere sketcher of backgrounds for soloists in this set. The emphasis is on ensemble writing (although there are several solo spots for Coker on tenor saxophone and one for Shelton on alto saxophone) and on the imaginative individuality that has become characteristic of Fischer. He ranges from a gentle balladic quality in *Dawn* through the spiky ensembles of *Igor* to a pulsing percussion pastiche on *Africano*.

Fischer is a writer who uses both heart and head — he aims at emotions, but in doing this, he deploys his skills with great craft. Coker gets the bulk of the solo space and makes good use of it. There is an airy, flowing quality in his playing that derives from Lester Young but apparently has been siphoned through Stan Getz. It fits in perfectly with the moods and settings that Fischer has created in this unusually consistent group of compositions. (J.S.W.)

Jimmy Forrest

ALL THE GIN IS GONE—Delmark 404: *All the Gin Is Gone*; *Laura*; *Myra*; *Caravan*; *What's New?*; *Sunkenfoal*.

Personnel: Forrest, tenor saxophone; Harold Mahern, piano; Grant Green, guitar; Gene Ramey, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Three streams of jazz unite in Forrest's playing: the Lester Young approach, hop, and the husky-toned Southwestern tenor style exemplified by Herschel Evans and Illinois Jacquet. At or near his best, Forrest plays very well—as he certainly does on this album.

Forrest appears in several settings. *What's New?* is the only selection taken at a slow tempo, and although his playing here is emotional, he gives the impression of holding something in reserve. He displays good control in the upper register and occasionally uses a very fast vibrato.

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BLUE NOTE

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Laura is played at bounce tempo. On it and *Caravan* Forrest rides easily on the beat, building well; in fact, most of his solos swing smoothly and vigorously. He may not have startlingly fresh melodic ideas, but neither does he fall back on clichés or excessive repetition.

Though not usually identified with mainstream music like this, Jones nevertheless comes through brilliantly. He often pushes the soloists hard but also shows that he is capable of playing with restraint. His brushwork is heard to particularly good advantage on *Caravan*.

Mabern, a relatively unsung pianist, may surprise many with his performance. He extracts a full, warm sonority from his instrument, and his fingering is quite graceful. His *Laura* solo is a gem of rhythmic subtlety. He uses long, complex phrases on the up-tempo tunes, yet his work retains an aura of calm.

Also agreeable is Green's virile and economical playing. He takes a particularly well-paced solo on *Sunkenfoal*. (H.P.)

Erroll Garner

A NEW KIND OF LOVE—Mercury 20859 and 60859: *You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me*; *Louise*; *Fashion Interlude*; *Steve's Song*; *Paris Mist*; *Bossa Nova*; *Mimi*; *Theme from "A New Kind of Love"*; *In the Park in Patee*; *Paris Mist*; *The Tease*.

Personnel: Garner, piano; unidentified orchestra.
Rating: see below

It is very difficult to know how to apportion the credit here.

First we learn from the album notes that Garner wrote original music for the film. A few paragraphs down we are told that "the Garner themes were adapted and orchestrated by veteran Hollywood composer-conductor Leith Stevens" and, furthermore, that "exhilarating results" were derived from Pete Rugolo's developments of the orchestrations of *Mimi* and *In the Park in Patee*, that "Jimmy Haskell orchestrated *The Tease*," and that Nathan Van Cleave "imaginatively orchestrated" (my italics) the other seven tracks.

In sum, the matter of where composition, adaptation, imagination, and orchestration began and left off among various parties is left a little less than crystal clear.

To compound the confusion, two different versions are heard for two of the themes. *Fashion Interlude*, which involved Garner, Stevens, and Van Cleave, is the same theme as *The Tease*, which passed under the pens of Garner, Stevens, and Haskell.

Fortunately, everyone concerned deserves to share in the credit, for the result is one of the more consistently listenable albums of movie music. It is also, doubtless, the first movie-music LP with grunts and groans by the composer.

Garner's most attractive theme is *Steve's Song*, a beguiling melody very skillfully adapted, or arranged, or orchestrated. *Theme from "A New Kind of Love,"* though not likely to establish itself as another *Misty*, is a typically pleasant Garner melody. *Paris Mist* is a minor theme slightly reminiscent of *I Love You Much Too Much*.

Unhindered by the presence of four violas, four cellos, harp, six reeds-and-woodwinds, trumpet, four trombones, three

percussions, etc., Garner romps through the standards and the originals with his own miraculously personal impact. Even *Park in Patee*, a song that sounds as though a 6-year-old could have written it, emerges as a melodically valid performance for which Stevens and Rugolo must share in the bows.

There are a couple of other soloists, poorly balanced and so lacking in presence that it's impossible to be sure who they are. The notes not only fail to identify them (along with the rest of the personnel) but also describe the *Fashion Interlude* as a waltz, which it isn't.

Critical evaluations aside, the brand of music represented by this album is precisely the same as that heard in, say, the Andre Previn sets with strings and many other jazz-soloist-with-pop-setting LPs. Since these are generally not even reviewed, let alone rated, in *Down Beat*, it would be unfair to attempt a rating in this instance. (L.G.F.)

(Editor's note: The type of album Feather refers to is seldom received by *Down Beat* for review.)

Al Grey

HAVING A BALL—Argo 718: *Deep Fried*; *One Day I'll Show You*; *Something's Got a Hold on Me*; *I Don't Want to Cry*; *Stand by Me*; *Boss Tina*; *Kinky Dink*; *Stone Crazy*.

Personnel: Dave Burns, trumpet; Grey, trombone; Hugh Lawson, piano; Calvin Newborn, guitar; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraphone; Herman Wright, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This album is more for dancing than for listening. Most tracks are modified rock and roll with a choppy beat that doesn't help the soloists much.

Grey plays well on the straight-swinging *Boss Tina* and *Deep* and improvises exuberantly on *Hold*. His tone is big and fat, and his lines—though relatively simple on the first two tunes—hang together nicely. He growls a lot on the album but unimpressively for the most part. The techniques he employs in this type of playing are commonplace, and he isn't especially subtle in his use of them.

The sidemen have little solo space. Burns, the fine bop veteran, and Hutcherson play capably, but Newborn is disappointing. His tone has an unattractive, almost metallic, quality, and his ideas are stale. But then, this isn't the kind of date that inspires jazzmen to great heights. (H.P.)

Bobby Gordon

OLD SOUTH: NEW SOUND—Dot 3426 and 25426: *Gentle Annie*; *Oh! Susanna*; *Beautiful Dreamer*; *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*; *My Old Kentucky Home*; *Suwanee River*; *Nelly Bly*; *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground*; *We Are Coming*; *Father Abraham*; *Old Black Joe*; *Ellen Bayne*; *Camptown Races*.

Personnel: Bernie Privin, trumpet; Gordon, clarinet; Herbert Dawson, saxophones, flute; George Oekner, Harry Urbout, Harry Katzman, Isadore Zir, violins; Julius Ehrenwerth, viola; Mac Ceppos, cello; Andy Ackers, piano; Charles Macey, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Mickey Sheen, drums; Joseph Darmanin, conductor.

Rating: ★

Joe Marsala was a clarinetist prominent in New York between 1935 and 1945. His liquid tone, his Jimmie Noone-inspired warmth and fluency of style made him the most underrated clarinetist of the swing era.

Gordon, a young protege of Marsala, clearly has developed a style that has

much in common with that of his mentor. For this he gets the one star; the rest is starless darkness.

Not only are these 19th-century songs barren of contemporary melodic interest, but Darmanin's arrangements are so utterly lacking in imagination, interesting voicings or structural innovation that Gordon is left powerless to pull any embers out of this dead fire. "New sound" indeed! The sounds here are as new as the Confederacy's war cries and just about as sure of survival.

If Gordon is serious about staying in music, he would be well advised to organize either a regular Dixieland band or, better, the kind of semimodern combo Marsala's fans found so attractive when Joe led it at the Hickory House two decades ago. It is impossible to conceive of a market anywhere for the dreary setting in which these sides have placed Gordon. (L.G.F.)

Tommy Gwaltney

GREAT JAZZ—Laurel 163011: *Caricac*; *Satin Doll*; *Shi-me-shu-wahble*; *Judy*; *Heat Wave*; *Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year*; *The Golden Striker*; *Air Mail Special*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Softly*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*; *I Hear Music*; *I Go for That*; *That's A Plenty*.

Personnel: Gwaltney, clarinet, vibraphone; John Eaton, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

Though this trio of Washington, D.C. jazzmen includes in its repertoire such compositions as *The Golden Striker* and *Satin Doll*, the three seldom go beyond a swing style in their soloing. A nod at modernity is made with an occasional altered chord, but that's about the extent of it. The lack of modernity is certainly not a negative criticism and has nothing to do with the rating, but the aura of mechanical and stiff playing, particularly by the leader, detracts from the generally attractive, crisply airy feeling of the album.

This lightness sometimes becomes too feathery, though, as on *Doll*, when both vibes and piano play together in the upper octaves, with nothing but Jordan's unamplified guitar serving as an anchor. This is not to suggest that a bass should be added, because the trio's instrumentation is among its attractions. But care should be given to how the instruments are voiced. There is less of this lack of bottom on the older tunes—such as *Shi-me* and *Air Mail*, in which Eaton plays fuller piano, occasionally dropping into a stride style. He also gets this Harlem piano feeling on *Striker*—somewhat in the manner Oscar Peterson did on his recording of that John Lewis tune.

The best track, to my ears, is *Music*. On this, Gwaltney's vibes playing shows more invention than is evident on the other vibes tracks, which find him getting over his instrument neatly and quickly but playing without much warmth. His clarinet work on *Shi-me*, *Basin*, and *A Plenty* is derivative; at times he sounds like Pee Wee Russell, at others like Albert Nicholas or Tony Parenti. *Sonny* and *Spring* are pleasant, but Muzak-ish, clarinet-piano duets.

There also are a couple of vocals, *Judy* and *I Go*, by an anonymous singer (I suspect Jordan) that could easily have been dispensed with.

Special mention should be made of

Jordan's rhythm work, which is quite well done, an echo of an almost-lost art. He has a few short chorded solos, but there is not enough of his solo work to say just how inventive a musician he is.

In fact, all the tracks are brief; perhaps if there had been more room allowed for the men to stretch out, the performances might have been more interesting. (D.DeM.)

Red Holt

LOOK OUT!! LOOK OUT!! Argo 696: *Look Out, No. 3; Little Liza Jane; My Favorite Things; Red Sails in the Sunset; Drum Drunk; Soul Mist; Ghost Riders; Stella by Starlight; Sanctified Indian; I Cover the Waterfront; Tonight; Look Out, No. 1.*

Personnel: Floyd Marvin, trombone; Wallace Burton, alto saxophone; Ramsey Lewis, piano; Roland Faulkner, guitar; Eldee Young, bass; Holt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is the first session as leader for Holt, a long-time member of Ramsey Lewis' trio. The Lewis trio is here intact, augmented on *Riders* by trombonist Marvin, and on the other tracks (excluding the two drum-and-bass *Look Out* tracks) by Burton and Faulkner.

The result is pleasant and listenable, and there is good variety in the pacing of the tunes. Marvin, who plays refreshingly in an old-style way, plays an almost barrel-house trombone on *Riders*. Faulkner has *Mist* to himself and plays with a strong flavor of blues.

Saxophonist Burton shows a great deal of promise. His flawless intonation and the instinctive good taste of his phrasing are apparent in every solo he takes, and

he gets a thick, warm sound on his horn. At this time, his playing is completely derivative (Charlie Parker and Art Pepper), but this is the way it should be at this stage of development. He solos well on *Sails*, *Stella*, and *Waterfront*, and his choice of notes on the bridge passage of his solo on *Indian* gives a good inkling of his abilities.

Holt plays with good swing and drive throughout, though there are times (*Favorite Things*) when his drumming becomes overbearing. Young and Lewis both provide good support. (G.M.F.)

Freddie Hubbard

HUB-TONES—Blue Note 4115: *You're My Everything; Prophet Jennings; Hub-Tones; Lament for Booker; For Spee's Sake.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Herbie Hancock, piano; Reggy Workman, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

This LP may evoke mixed reaction from those who have been following Hubbard's development, wondering when he will realize his great potential as a soloist. His originals here indicate, however, that he is already a composer to be reckoned with; all of them are of more than ordinary interest.

Prophet—a pretty melody stated by flute and muted trumpet—is composed of an asymmetrical pattern of phrase lengths; it is so well resolved that there is no hint of unevenness. *Booker* is a beautiful ballad dedicated to the late Booker Little, and *Sake* is a blues that makes good use of held notes.

Hubbard's improvising, however, is inconsistent: his main problem still is lack of restraint. His *Everything* and *Sake* solos are marred by tasteless screaming; on the latter, which is taken at a fast tempo, Hubbard sounds overfrantic—he plays loudly, and his tone takes on an unattractive edginess.

However, his up-tempo blues work on *Hub-Tones* should give his fans a pleasurable glow. He paces himself sensibly, and his harmonic daring pays off in a number of highly original ideas. Consciously or not, he seems to be inspired by John Coltrane. He's also quite inventive on *Prophet*, and the use of a mute automatically places some restraint on him.

He states the *Booker* theme with much warmth, but here again his improvised spot is poorly sustained.

Spaulding's alto playing, as annotator Joe Goldberg observes, seems to have been influenced by Coltrane. His phrasing is sinuous, though he doesn't appear to have the overpowering drive of some other contemporary altoists. At times his playing is quite spare—as on *Sake*, on which he uses held notes often. He has a lovely flute solo on *Prophet*.

Hancock does a fine job of resolving his ideas; his solos have very good continuity. He swings forcefully when the occasion calls for it and has a good introspective solo on *Lament*. Unfortunately, his touch is often irritatingly metallic.

Workman drives resolutely in the section and has a good solo on *Sake*. (H.P.)

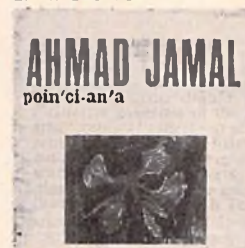
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Jan Johansson

SWEDEN NONSTOP—Dot 25416; *Prisma*; *She's Funny That Way*; *Rebus*; *Skobonka*; *De Salde Sina Hemman*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *Bla Vit*.

Personnel: Johansson, piano; Gunnar Johnson, bass; Ingvar Callmar, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Sweden, which 14 years ago surprised the world with pianist Bengt Hallberg, has produced a new generation of forward-looking talents, the most important among whom may well be a bearded young pianist named Jan Johansson.

Johansson has his own chord voicings, his own articulation, his own linear concepts. He has doubtless listened to Bud Powell, Bill Evans, and others in between; yet in his firm but gentle manner he makes statements that are essentially original.

There are two extraordinary unaccompanied piano tracks. On one, *Skobonka*, the left hand merely murmurs one or two notes to the bar—mainly tonics and dominants—while the right indulges in a series of single-note linear flights intriguing enough to compensate for this lack of foundation. The other, *Willow*, is inclined more toward the Art Tatum solo tradition and has many moments of stunning blues-rooted beauty.

Rebus is a most unusual original, which, for the first two or three 12-bar stanzas, seems like a vamp-till-ready until one gradually realizes that Johansson was ready from Bar 1. There are long, single-note patterns centered for the most part below middle C, unpretentious and understated, yet fascinating from start to finish.

Bla Vit is a slowish blues in which Johansson's harmonic imagination is illustrated in the full, rich, maturely modern chording.

Johnson and Callmar provide thoroughly capable backing, but they never intrude; this is essentially a one-man show. Every track in the set is of special interest in one way or another. The LP, nominated in Sweden as the best jazz recording of 1961, may well qualify as one of the best U.S. releases this year. (L.G.F.)

Stan Kenton

ADVENTURES IN BLUES—Capitol 1985; *Reuben's Blues*; *Dragonwyck*; *Blue Ghost*; *Exit Stage Left*; *Night at the Gold Nugget*; *Formula SK-32*; *Aphrodisia*; *Fitz*; *The Blues Story*.

Personnel: Dulton Smith, Marv Stamm, Bob Behrendt, Bob Rolfe, Norman Baltazar, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Dee Barton, Newell (Bud) Parker, Dave Wheeler, Jim Amlotte, trombones; Dwight Carver, Keith LaMotte, Ray Starling, Carl Saunders, Gene Roland, mellophoniums; Gabe Baltazar, Buddy Arnold, Paul Renzi, Allan Beutler, Joel Kaye, Roland, reeds; Kenton, piano; Pat Senatore, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Kenton takes a back seat on this date to his long-time sideman, Gene Roland. Roland has written all the arrangements and is the chief soloist, his boss appearing prominently only on *Ghost*. The label credits the arranger with the composition of all the tunes, too, though the lead-off tune is actually a steal of that old folk song *Reuben, Reuben*.

Reuben illustrates the primary flaw of this recording: the rigidity and predictability of the music, as if every phrase were slide-ruled carefully beforehand, aside from the solos, not a single note left to

chance. For instance, Roland uses the device on *Reuben* of a two-beat tattoo to punctuate the end of the first eight bars of the melody. It is very effective at first but the novelty wears thin after six times and the formula is always the same: eight bars, boom-boom, then four bars out. Roland's soprano saxophone interlude is the only break in the orchestral scoring. More generally, the pieces do not have much of a blues feeling.

Yet the music is pretty, in the best sense of the word. If Roland does not allow much room for individual freedom, he has nevertheless written some lovely melodies whose moods his arrangements sustain with great effectiveness.

Aphrodisia, *Dragonwyck*, and *Ghost* are particularly rich performances. *Ghost* features a Kenton solo that is startlingly suggestive of Dave Brubeck, reminiscent especially of Brubeck's work on *Audrey* and *Makin' Time* of a few years back. To continue what is perhaps a strained analogy, Roland himself sounds like a soprano Paul Desmond, even to some of his phrasing. He, like Desmond, plays with a distinctive liquid lyricism.

Despite Roland's contemporary approach to his own instrument, his orchestral thinking seems rooted essentially in the 1940s (note particularly *Stage Left*, *Formula*, *Fitz*). The sound of the instruments is, of course, in the modern mode, but the section voicings seem to stem mainly from the postwar era.

Three other soloists make brief appearances: trumpeter Stamm and trombonists Barton and Fitzpatrick, to whom Roland dedicated *Fitz*. All acquit themselves well. (D.N.)

Barney Kessel

BARNEY KESSEL'S SWINGIN' PARTY AT CONTEMPORARY—Contemporary 7613; *Bluesology*; *Lover Man*; *Joy Spring*; *Now's the Time*; *Miss Memphis*; *New Rhumba*.

Personnel: Marvin Jenkins, piano, flute; Kessel, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

After 3½ years in the vaults, this belated release offers a needed reminder that Kessel is one of the great guitarists of our time.

He swings relentlessly throughout. His linear solos are the dominant factor, but there are a couple of superb chorded solos also, notably on *Lover Man* and the later passages of his long workout on *Now's the Time*. The latter, interestingly translated into the minor mode, includes a brief passage of Charlie Parker's original solo transcribed by Kessel.

Jenkins' attractive flute work unfortunately is heard only on one track, *Lover Man*. His piano generally swings, but some of the chorded solo stretches have a tendency to become diffuse and florid. This style, in fact, seems more conventional than it appeared to be in 1960.

Peacock at that time was willing to walk steadily in four during the ensembles and behind the other solos, but his own choruses are almost as remarkable as his more recent work. He is heard to advantage on both the blues tracks, *Bluesology* and *Time*.

Lundberg is a good timekeeper, but his solo on *Bluesology* is unnecessary and too long. This rhythm section worked

with Kessel as an organized unit for nine months, so the group feeling is generally good.

The thin slivers of applause after solos really don't do anything except remind us that this wasn't a very big party. But it was clearly a happy one. (L.G.F.)

Roland Kirk

ROLAND KIRK MEETS THE BENNY GOLSON ORCHESTRA—Mercury 20844 and 60844: *Ecclusiastics; By Myself; A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; Roland Speaks; Variation on a Theme; I've Got Your Number; Between the Fourth and Fifth Step; April Morning; Get in the Basement; Abstract Improvisation.*

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, flute, whistle; Harold Mabern, piano; Abdullah Ruffik or Richard Davis, bass; Sonny Brown or Albert Heath, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The first side — full blooded, five-star stuff — is a brilliant expansion of the remarkable talents of Roland Kirk. Here he is taken from his customary quartet surroundings and placed in the context of an orchestra (size and instrumentation undisclosed) playing extremely apposite arrangements by Benny Golson.

The opportunities to use Kirk's highly individual sound ideas and his virtuoso skills as a soloist, with the possibilities for accenting and coloration made possible by the presence of something more than a rhythm section, open a whole new world to Kirk. And what a fascinating world it can be, judging by the five samples heard here.

Charlie Mingus' *Ecclusiastics* is given a tremendously exciting interpretation that cuts Mingus' own version. Kirk, who has played with Mingus, shows that he is an ideal interpreter of Mingus' ideas, something that Mingus has often indicated that he needs.

On *Nightingale*, Kirk shows the force and vigor of his ballad style on manzello; he soars and sings on strich on *Speaks*; and the things he does with flute on *Myself* are unbelievable.

As always, however, the important thing about Kirk's performances is that he is not depending on the novelty aspect to carry them — he is a really vital jazz voice no matter what instrument he plays, how he plays it, or what tunes he applies it to.

The second side is played by Kirk's quartet, an interesting and provocative set insofar as Kirk's playing is concerned but somewhat of a let-down after the heady experiences provided by first side. (J.S.W.)

Meade Lux Lewis

BOOGIE WOOGIE HOUSE PARTY — Philips 200-044 and 600-004: *Lux's Boogie; When the Saints Go Shufflin' In; When Johnny Comes Marching Home; Yancy Special; Camptown Races; Glendale Glide; Celeste Boogie; Yancy's Pride; St. Louis Blues; Honky-Tonk Train; Georgia Camp Meeting; Beartrap Stomp.*

Personnel: Robert Smith, tenor saxophone; Lewis, piano; Sonny Kenner, Bill Riley, Jeff Kaplan, guitars; Chuck Hamilton, bass; Albert Barbee, Leslie Milton, drums; Joe Liggins Jr., conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Lewis, now 57, still plays with the wonderful rhythmic, driving quality that marked his playing in the '30s, and he still plays his unique syncopated style and uses exciting tone clusters to accent his rhythmic and melodic motifs. But this session, unfortunately, was considerably overgimmicked, even in light of today's

propensity for recorded gimmickry.

The "big new" group that producer Robert Blackwell has assigned Lewis to work with has not one, not two, but three guitars and three percussionists, in addition to bass and tenor saxophone. They all tend to obscure Lewis' playing, which is so percussive that it actually needs no drummer and is so bass-rich that a bass player simply gets in the way.

Some of the numbers are trite—e.g., the pianist's version of *Saints*, when *Johnny Comes Marching Home*, *Camptown Races*, and *Georgia Camp Meeting*. He demonstrates, however, on *Lux's Boogie* and *Yancy Special* that he has plenty of fine, strong playing left in him.

The producers could have done the listener a great service had they recorded Lewis' piano on one of the two stereo channels and put the accompaniment on the other; this way, all the distractions could have been tuned out. (E.H.)

Ramsey Lewis

BAREFOOT SUNDAY BLUES—Argo 723: *Lonely Avenue; Don't Even Kick It Around; Salute to Ray Charles; Barefoot Sunday Blues; Island Blues; I Spend My Life; Act Like You Mean It; Sarah Jane; The Train Won't Wait; Come On, Baby.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass, cello; Christopher White, bass; Red Holt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Young continues to show what a direct, forceful bassist he is in his support of Lewis' piano, and he lets us have a glimpse of his solo work, this time on the cello, but still pizzicato, in driving passages on *Avenue* and *Act*.

This is almost entirely a blues album, and Lewis, as is his wont, skates across the surface of the music, displaying his crisp style, but never digging in to any real depth. He is an excellent musician, equipped with more-than-adequate technique, but he fails to be a convincing jazzman. *Train* is his best effort, for, driven along by Holt and Young, he builds on figures that recall the old honky-tonk-train pianists.

Much of the rest is blues with borrowed funk and soul mannerisms, played with his usual heavy-handed sense of rhythmic dramatics. (G.M.E.)

Phineas Newborn Jr.

THE GREAT JAZZ PIANO OF PHINEAS NEWBORN JR.—Contemporary 7611: *Celia; This Here; Domingo; Prelude to a Kiss; Well, You Needn't; Theme for Basic; New Blues; Way Out West; Four.*

Personnel: Newborn, piano; Leroy Vinnegar or Sam Jones, bass; Milt Turner or Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Newborn is the greatest living jazz pianist. It is necessary to establish this opinion in order to make evident the personal prejudice that greeted the arrival of his latest record.

If the results this time fall ever so slightly below the five-star level, it is only because at the later session (the first side) Newborn was not entirely in optimum form and probably was not completely comfortable with his Vinnegar-Turner rhythm section (*Needn't* slows down). But even on this side there are moments of tremendous excitement. It is exhausting merely to listen to the coda of *This Here*.

Bud Powell's *Celia* and Benny Golson's

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Domingo are admirable vehicles for Newborn's incredible fusion of emotional impact and technical virtuosity. *Prelude to a Kiss* is stated a bit too literally. (There is a major goof in Lester Koenig's otherwise fine notes: Billy Strayburn had no part in composing *Kiss*; Duke Ellington wrote it a year before he met Strayhorn.)

The second side, with Jones and Hayes, is just about flawless.

Basie does indeed sound like a typical Neal Hefti-styled opus for the Count Basie Band. Sonny Rollins' *Out West* is moder-



ate Newborn at his best, but the unforgettable tracks are *New Blues*, an exquisite extension of a 16-bar theme, and Miles Davis' *Four*. Between them one can draw a perfect picture of the two most impressive aspects of Newborn—the slow, inspired blues for which the word soul might have been invented, and the reckless up-tempo excursion for which his incredible two-hand unison lines are superlatively equipped.

Vinnygar has a long, melodically interesting solo on *Needn't*; Jones and Hayes are consistently with each other, and with Newborn, throughout the second side. Turner, a fine drummer, seems less than completely at ease, but neither rhythm section ever obtrudes to the point of interference. (L.G.F.)

Shirley Scott

SATIN DOLL—Prestige 7283: *Satin Doll*; *It Don't Mean a Thing*; *C Jam Blues*; *Perdido*; *Mood Indigo*; *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*; *Solitude*.

Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; George Tucker, bass; Mack Simpkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

One would expect that the combination of the organist and Duke Ellington's music would provide a rewarding experience because Miss Scott is normally a vibrant and exciting instrumentalist. Not so on this outing. Miss Scott's performances here are disappointing.

With the exception of *Perdido*, which she plays with her customary vivacity, the tunes unfold rather sluggishly, as if this were a date the organist owed Prestige and just had to get rid of.

Indigo, for example, is less representative of Ellington than of those anonymous recitalists who introduced the radio soap operas of yore. More of the same textural goo is available on *Solitude*, which creeps slowly and uninspired along the length of its track.

C Jam would seem an excellent vehicle for Miss Scott's lively talents, but this, too, suffers from a rigid and unimaginative presentation, though it certainly is far more musically interesting than either *Indigo* or *Solitude*.

Were it not for Tucker, this album would be even less successful than it is. But the presence of his big sound and

inventive fingers lends the record several genuinely satisfying moments. (D.N.)

Ben Tucker

BABY, YOU SHOULD KNOW IT—Ava 27: *Ramblin' Rover*; *Don't You Know?*; *Liebesträum*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *One for the Woolfer*; *Heartaches*; *Baby, You Should Know It*; *Capricious*; *The Message*.

Personnel: Larry Bunker, vibraharp; Victor Feldman, piano; Ray Crawford, Tommy Tedesco, guitars; Tucker, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums; Carlos Valdez, Raphael Lemos, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The liner notes proclaim this a "commercial album, no apology intended." Judged in these terms, it is a successful effort, presuming that "commercial" in this sense means that the pattern of a previous success (*Comin' Home, Baby*) written by Tucker forms the basis for most of the performances and that the lack of apology means that, within this restriction, the playing is valid jazz. For those who are more concerned with whether it is good jazz than whether it is commercial, however, the set is of only moderate interest.

Individual by individual, this is a good group, but the members have relatively little opportunity to develop anything. Tucker keeps the rhythm section in a steady groove, and Feldman and Bunker turn in brief but serviceable solos. A guitarist, presumably Crawford, is the only soloist who manages to rise above the circumstances and hold the listener's attention from one number to the next.

The record's over-all approach, however, is so cut and dried that even though these capable and amiable musicians take direct aim at the intended goal, the final result is far from startling.

Possibly when the producers made their unapologetic claim to commercialism, they had in mind its skimpiness in terms of playing time: The second side lasts for only 12 minutes and four seconds. (J.S.W.)

Clark Terry

TREAD YE LIGHTLY — Cameo 1071: *Georgia*; *Free and Oozy*; *Misty*; *Sapphire Blue*; *Sweet Juke*; *Lilies of the Field*; *Tread Ye Lightly*; *Freedom Blues*.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Seldon Powell, tenor and baritone saxophones, flute; Buddy Lucas, harmonica, tenor saxophone; Homer Fields, piano; Gene Bertoneini, guitar; Major Holley, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; Willie Rodriguez, Al Epstein, conga.

Rating: ★ ★

It would be impossible, I'd like to believe, for Clark Terry to make a bad record. If he keeps trying though, along the lines indicated here, the impossible may yet happen.

There is some admirable blowing in various spots, mainly on the first side, but things start going rapidly downhill at a title called *Sweet Juke*. Or is this the title? This is what the label and listing call it, but the notes refer to a number called *East Side Drive* that is nowhere else to be found. The instrumentation includes kazoo, jew's harp, flute, and rattle; the notes say, "This tune requires no explanation," which is hardly true. A much fuller explanation is required; like, for instance, why did Clark not record it under a pseudonym if he had to do it at all? (The notes, incidentally, are likely to break this season's record for errors of grammar, punctuation, and spelling.)

The second side is a mish-mash of blues funk, and out-and-out rock and roll, especially on the harmonica-ridden *Lilies*. Come back home, Clark; all is forgiven. (L.G.F.)

Stanley Turrentine

NEVER LET ME GO—Blue Note 4129: *Trouble*; *God Bless the Child*; *Sara's Dance*; *Without a Song*; *Major's Minor*; *Never Let Me Go*; *You'll Never Get Away from Me*.

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Major Holley or Sam Jones, bass; Al Harewood or Clarence Johnson, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This album is as much a delight for the things it does not do as for the ones it does. It does not profess to be daring or original, and it is not. It makes no startling revelations and will shock no one. It is merely a highly professional date on which the two principals get together with three other musicians, and they all swing "pretty good."

That getting together is something deserving of commendation in itself. Each musician complements the efforts of the others, and they fuse into a cohesive, pleasant unit that pours life and vibrance into the date.

Turrentine never has been a successful rebel reed, and on this date he is content to hit a calm, competent groove and stay there. Miss Scott is admirable in her ability to control her titanic instrument and prevent its interference with the loping, happy mood of the album.

Special thanks should go to whoever kept Barretto under wraps for the most of the date. He is not as intrusive here as he has been on a number of other blowing dates. (B. G.)

Various Artists

JAZZ COMMITTEE FOR LATIN AMERICAN AFFAIRS—FM 403: *Red Door*; *Lover Man*; *Ismaaa*; *It's All Right with Me*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Wee Dot*.

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, tenor saxophones; Herbie Mann, flute; Ahmad Abdul-Malik; oud; Ronnie Ball, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; Ray Muntilla, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This committee is a group that went to Brazil with Willis Conover as its chairman. Part of a hearing it conducted in Rio de Janeiro is reported on this LP.

The chairman confines his remarks to the liner notes, and the members of the committee show a definite commitment toward swinging. This is particularly noticeable on the opening *Door*, which is sent flying by Sims' initial solo and is sustained further by Cohn and Ball and by some Sims-Cohn interplay.

After this, things settle into a less stimulating groove though Abdul-Malik perks up the interest level a bit with his pulsing oud work on *Ismaaa*. Fuller plays a woody French horn-like solo on this number, and Dorham builds a potentially good solo on *Leaves* that is cut short as it starts to become effective.

Dot, which the committee used as its concert opener, gets back into the driving tempo of *Door*, but as it runs to almost 13½ minutes with solo space for each committeeman despite a general paucity of ideas, it scarcely merits all this space. The chairman might have rapped his gavel on this one. (J.S.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By IRA GITLER

It has become a common practice for record companies to revitalize their catalogs by reissuing and repackaging. Usually it is done in single LP issues, spaced far apart. Recently, however, Jubilee records reactivated a whole portion of its catalog by bloc-releasing 10 jazz albums on their new subsidiary, Josie.

Ranging from trios to a big band, these albums represent a cross section of attitudes in the modern mainstream from the late '50s on. Breaking it down even further, six of the albums are generally bop-oriented.

Perhaps the best of these is one that Jubilee did not originally record but acquired from the catalog of the short-lived Ad Lib company—*Jackie McLean Quintet* (Josie 3503), with McLean, alto saxophone; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Mal Waldron, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Ronald Tucker, drums.

Originally taped in 1956, this is a particularly flowing, buoyant display of blowing by the two horn men. McLean, then 24, is a soaring bird—and not as close to Bird as some made him out to be at that time. Byrd's touch is light but firm in the manner of Miles Davis during that period, but he is not so much the imitator as to ruin the enjoyment of his lithe choruses.

The rhythm section melds well together. Watkins is dead now, and Tucker was never heard from after this first recording. Waldron displays his brand of spare, jagged piano. His *Mood Melody* and McLean's *Little Melonae* are attractive themes, especially so the latter.

A later date, *Jackie McLean Sextet* (3507), finds a more strident McLean, but

one who is still very emotionally affecting. However, here his colleagues (Webster Young, cornet; Ray Draper, tuba; Gil Coggin, piano; George Tucker, bass; Larry Ritchie, drums) are not up to his level, and the material is inferior to that of the quintet session. Where *Blue Doll*, in the first album, has grace and feeling, *Millie's Pad*, a blues on the sextet date, plods. Draper's tuba is the guilty horn here; his execution does not come up to his ideas.

The tubaist plays better in his own set (3504) but is outdone by tenor saxophonist John Coltrane (Ritchie is again the drummer; John Maher is on piano; Spanky DeBrest plays bass).

Draper is most effective when playing backgrounds for Coltrane's melody statements. The unison on Sonny Rollins' *Doxy* and *Oleo* is not smooth by any means, and though Coltrane solos well on these numbers, his over-all contribution to the date is not top-level Coltrane. With the tempo down on *Angel Eyes*, Draper's conception comes across better than on the other tracks.

A group that falls below its usual standard (of that time, the late '50s) is *Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers with Sabu* (3501). The Messengers in that period were, besides drummer-leader Blakey, tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin, trumpeter Bill Hardman, pianist Sam Dockery, and bassist DeBrest. Congero Sabu Martinez was added for this recording.

Griffin plays some energizing choruses throughout, but none is particularly distinguished for its intellectual content. Hardman, a fine trumpeter today, still had a long way to go when this recording was made. Dockery was a little too close, too often, to Horace Silver for comfort.

The Latin *Sakeena* and Charlie Shavers' *Dawn on the Desert* suffer from length. Both are climaxed by Blakey-Sabu duets that do not come up to their original combination on *Message from Kenya* and *Nothing but the Soul* for Blue Note.

Gigi Gryce-Donald Byrd (3500) is a good, solid small-band set. While Byrd is not in the sparkling form that he shows with the McLean quintet, the well-constructed Gryce originals and the over-all performance of the group (Gryce, alto saxophone; Byrd, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums) make it a pleasing record.

Jones, as usual, is impeccable—one of the consistently fine jazz pianists. Noteworthy Gryce lines are *Blue Lights* and *Batland*.

A sleeper is *Herb Geller* (3502) by a sextet with Geller, alto saxophone; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Lou Levy, piano; Ray Brown, bass; and Lawrence Marable, drums. All solo at a high level. The originals by Geller are good launching pads for the soloists, and the choice of other tunes (Fats Waller's *Jitterbug Waltz*, Bud Powell's *The Fruit*, Harold Arlen's *Here's What I'm Here For*) is astute.

Geller, now playing in Germany, is another of the players who came from Charlie Parker. He had something personal to say in Bird's language.

Next issue, the other Josies.



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MOSE ALLISON

'I really don't think about bossa nova—because I've been hearing that rhythm all along. There's a certain type of blues that's been utilizing that rhythm for years. I just always call it Latin blues.'



BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

In a scene beleaguered by opportunists trying to hop a bandwagon, pseudo-Gospel merchants, and quasi-folkniks who will hop on any streetcar if their desire is for a fast buck, Mose Allison stands out as an exception to the faddist rule.

Years before the various current manifestations of the back-to-the-roots movement began to take hold, Allison was singing and playing piano (occasionally trumpet) in a style that reflected no trend, no attempt to emulate anything or anyone, but merely his own very striking personality.

A native of Tippecanoe, Miss., he has been in and around New York City for some seven years now. Working with his own trio, he shows the effect of such early influences as Sonny Boy Williamson, Tampa Red, and John Lee Hooker; yet when he plays in a modern group, his style is completely adaptable to the setting, as he demonstrated during his membership in the groups of Stan Getz, Gerry Mulligan, and Al Cohn and Zoot Sims.

The records played for Allison reflect such fads as soul music, Gospel, modernized blues, and bossa nova, plus one example (No. 2) of an artist strongly reminiscent of Allison himself. Allison received no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. George Russell. *Zigzag* (from *The Outer View*, Riverside).

I don't know whether that was some of the junior members of the avant garde or whether that was some of the senior members of The Establishment burlesquing the junior members! I would say that, as jazz, it was completely inconsequential.

None of the solos really gets off the ground. It was just like they were just kidding around, and the arrangement was the same thing. . . . Sort of a burlesque of *It's Time to Shine*. I wouldn't rate it as a jazz performance.

2. Jimmy Drew. *Willie Jean* (from *Indigo*, Decca). Drew, piano, vocal.

I heard some mention of this person, I think. . . . I like it. . . . It's pretty good. It sustains the mood, and the intervals are pretty accurate. It's like in the Muddy Waters tradition—sort of sophisticated version.

I don't really know who it is, but I heard somebody say there was a guy who supposedly sounded a little like me, but I never heard him before. At certain levels, he does sound a little like me. . . . I don't say this is a conscious attempt, even. Three stars, I guess.

3. Shorty Rogers. *Climbing to Heaven* (from *Gospel Mission*, Capitol).

That sounds like Cecil B. De Mille in Mississippi! It's all right; it has a certain force. It wasn't anything as far as serious musical development or expression goes, but it was all right. I'd say 2½ stars.

It represents something, I guess; it's sort of like a symphonic version of the *Lolita* song. . . . Gospel, yes, sure it's synthetic, but it did capture some of that drive, some of the essence. Even if it was synthetic, it represents to me a certain basic rhythmical force that is underlying most of the music in this country today.

4. Bill Jackson. *Blues in the Morning* (from *Long Steel Rail*, Testament). Jackson, guitar, vocal.

I didn't get much out of that. This type of thing has more sociological and historical significance than it does musical. . . . He didn't impress me as being particularly talented as a guitarist or as a singer either. But he's probably one of these myths—for my own personal taste, however, I'd have to say one star.

5. Les McCann. *Get That Soul* (from *The Gospel Truth*, Pacific Jazz). McCann, piano.

I liked that—it had a nice, primal, circulatory-type swing that it sustained throughout. Although you can do more, harmonically, with that same rhythmical base, still I think they kept it going pretty good. I'd give it three stars. I have no idea who it was.

6. Horace Silver. *Nineteen Bars* (from *Silver's Serenade*, Blue Note). Silver, piano, composer; Roy Brooks, drums.

I assume that's Horace, and I like it very much. It was integrated rhythmically and harmonically—had the drive and the force. All the soloists played well. It's one of the consistently best bands, I think, going.

I like this type of music. It's a natural way for jazz to go. I would say four stars, maybe 4½. It has all the musical qualities, like good playing and so forth, as well as the visceral drive, which is so important.

Very good drummer. . . . Wasn't much of a composition, but it had an aura about it. . . . That's another thing I like about it—the composition wasn't the main thing, which I don't think it should be in jazz. I think the composition should just be something to jump off from, which is what it was.

7. Jimmy Rushing. *Trouble in Mind* (from *Five Feet of Soul*, Colpix). Rushing, vocal; Al Cohn, arranger.

That's a case of a good singer transcending a dumb arrangement! The arrangement was one of those prefabricated-type things, overplayed. I like Jimmy Rushing, I would give it four stars

for him, but I didn't like the background too much.

Another thing I would like to say is I'm sorry he left off the last verse, which gives this song its true meaning. Which is: "I'm going to lay my head on some lonesome railroad track, and when I hear that whistle blowin', you know I'm goin' to jump right back!"


8. Marian McPartland. *Green Dolphin Street* (from *Bossa Nova + Soul*, Time). Miss McPartland, piano; Dave Bailey, drums.

Pretty stereotyped—I didn't really enjoy it that much. Some of the things were so gimmicky. In the first place, I didn't like this rhythm that the drummer kept going, bossa nova, if that's what it was. . . . I call that conga rhythm. It was just a conglomeration of clichés. . . . lounge piano playing.

It might be a very good player, but it sounded a little too studied; and that's not a blanket condemnation, because that happened to most people in their early record dates. I know I can hardly bear to listen to my own!

9. Lalo Schifrin-Bob Brookmeyer. *Just One of Those Things* (from *Samba Para Dos*, Verve). Brookmeyer, trombone; Schifrin, piano.

I liked that—it was well done. I like Bobby—he sounded good on that. Only thing I didn't understand about that record was the piano player; he was a bit overagitated, and it got a little startling when he went into his spiral there for a minute. . . . It was a little rushed-up, overanxious; he gave it about three times as many notes as were really needed for that part. I would give it three stars.

I really don't think about bossa nova—don't notice whether something is called bossa nova—because I've been hearing that rhythm all along. There's a certain type of blues that's been utilizing that rhythm for years. I just always call it Latin blues. Lot of these blues fans down South have always played this beat, or similar enough so it doesn't matter. 

BOOK REVIEWS

SO FAIR A HOUSE: THE STORY OF SYNANON, by Daniel Casriel, M.D. Published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 224 pp., \$4.95.

Best stories, it is said, are simplest told. This book is a prime example.

For some five years now the Synanon story has indeed been one of the best extant; moreover, it is a serial that keeps getting better, installment after installment. Thus far, since Synanon first attracted national attention after an article in this magazine in January, 1961, the telling of the story has been the work of reporters from various media, and of necessity the tale had to be told piecemeal because the human drama was still unfolding.

It is, of course, still being enacted. For the first time, however, the complete story to date unfolds in book form. *So Fair a House* is an important book not merely because of the conquest of drug addiction it describes but also because of the basic Synanon approach it tells of and what this approach can offer to psychiatry in terms of treatment for character disorders generally.

Casriel, a practicing psychiatric analyst in New York City and a consultant to the probation department of the New York State Supreme Court in Kings County, lived at Synanon House in Santa Monica, Calif., for several weeks in order to study firsthand the successful rehabilitation of drug addicts there.

As a result, he not only completed his scientific mission, but he also emerged with the whole story of this unique organization.

Casriel writes simply and well. He deftly sets down the story, bolstering sets of facts with human portraiture. Charles E. (Chuck) Dederich, Synanon's founder, is a necessarily central character, colorful and brilliant, authoritarian and understanding — the complete, all-wise, unchallenged "father figure."

Dederich's story alone makes a fascinating chapter in itself, told in the man's own words. As Dederich continues, telling of Synanon's origins and early efforts to wean addicts from drugs, a dynamic builds in the narrative that climaxes in a series of first-person case histories revealed by Synanon residents.

The case histories are probably the most moving sections in the book. Stripped to bare honesty, these unadorned horror stories at times are chilling.

The reader's attention never lags. In all the case histories a central causative factor in the subjects' addiction stands out: their home environments bred the disturbances that turned them to drugs.

Alcoholic parents in these cases are common; the children became mere pawns to the drunkenness surrounding them and victims to the brutality frequently going hand in hand with it.

Dederich is ever impatient with statistics. "The only facts we count," he says, "are days—*drug-free days*. We have 150 ex-addicts *free to leave at any time*, making 150 drug-free days every day. There is no other agency, public or private, able to duplicate that."

Casriel, however, provides a detailed, thoroughly comprehensive record of individual Synanon residents that should satisfy the most statistic-happy reader. At a glance, one may check both the addictive and rehabilitative records of any of the 100 residents; ethnic and religious identification, even marital status

and educational background are included.

The author has also written sections on the history and causes of drug addiction and its link to depressed social conditions, among other factors; on the addict as a criminal; on the role of the pusher.

"The pusher," Casriel writes, "has achieved a good deal of criminal notoriety, and much propaganda has been directed to eliminating this source of supply. Actually, the drug habit is usually spread from user to user and only rarely initiated by the pusher with nothing but a mercenary motivation. Many addicts become peddlers in order to supply their own need for drugs. Thus, the elimination of the pusher would contribute little to controlling the spread of the abuse to new persons, nor would it in any way



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DRUMMERS

—Stanley Spector writes: “The major fallacy of hipsterism is in the assumption—deny the intellect and you will get closer to the emotions. Eventually every drummer must ask questions: Why do I sound good one night and terrible the next? Why can't I play what I can feel and hear? How can I develop a personal style of playing? The moment you ask such questions, the moment you attempt to find answers, at that moment you are automatically involved in an intellectual process. In this area your emotions cannot save you. On the other hand, in the emotional area your intellect cannot save you. All I believe is that neither area is all important. Both areas must be observed, recognized, respected, and brought to a fine point of balance.” Some drummers have found this kind of balance in their study with

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decrease the supply of susceptible persons.”

Casriel points out that drug addiction is not itself a disease but a manifestation of underlying emotional disturbances.

“If significant progress is to be made against the problem of drug addiction,” he concludes, “it must also be recognized that the abuse of drugs is not an illness to which *any* member of society can succumb. It is the sickness of a susceptible person with the prerequisite personality disorder. Such a person is prevented by his inadequacies from being a normal member of society, and these feelings of inadequacy would be manifest, if not in addiction, then in some other social or antisocial behavior problem.”

This is precisely why the Synanon program works; it is aimed not merely at removing an addict from the drug but in rehabilitating his entire view of living or in providing a *raison d'être* where none outside heroin may have existed before.

Today there are three branches of the Synanon Foundation headquarters in addition to Santa Monica—in Reno, Nev.; in Westport, Conn.; and in San Diego, Calif. The minimum length of time an addict must spend in one of these establishments to effect a “cure” of his addiction problem is put at two years.

But the work only begins when the addict has “kicked cold turkey” at one of these houses and becomes “detoxified” of the heroin in his system. From that point on he is taken apart by the other residents and put together again.

Casriel provides transcripts of “synanons,” a sort of group therapy with the psychological gloves off and no holds barred. Discipline at Synanon is tough, but it is a mental discipline founded on the ever-present reality that the door is never shut, and any resident is free to leave at any time. But the unrehabilitated addict knows from bitter experience what lies in wait on the street. The choice is his to make. Some have taken the exit before full rehabilitation has been accomplished. Rare is the known case where the outcome has been good.

“I am convinced,” Casriel writes, “that the Synanon approach offers the only breakthrough to date in the treatment of the drug addict. . . .” —John Tynan

THE JOSH WHITE SONG BOOK, text by Robert Shelton; musical transcriptions by Walter Raim. Published by Quadrangle Books, 192 pp., \$6.95 (hard cover), \$2.95 (paperback).

Serious students and fans of folk music will find this handsomely produced songbook of slight value. The simple fact of the matter is that over the more than three decades of White's career, his music—which it must be admitted, is solidly rooted in the broad tradition of southern Negro folk music—and its performance have become increasingly sleek, histrionic, and overrefined, almost to the point of having completely lost touch with the music's tap-

roots. White's current eminence as one of the foremost cabaret entertainers (who merely happens to employ Negro folk songs as the main vehicles of his performance) has been earned at the expense of the music, which has at his hands become so contrived, artificial, and mannered as to be distorted almost beyond recognition.

Robert Shelton's readable recounting of White's life—told in a 36-page biographical preface—details the singer's progress from 8-year-old boy leading blind singers through the rural South (it was from these singers that White learned much of his repertoire and how to play the guitar) to darling of what used to be called cafe society. And in that progression (or regression, depending on one's point of view) is recounted the gradual refinement and polishing of the musical delivery with which the singer is identified in the public mind.

It relates the development of a folk singer into a sophisticated entertainer, a purveyor of folk music much like such other popular artists as Harry Belafonte and Odetta. The irony in White's case is that the man was that *rara avis*—the real folk singer—in the first place but gradually eased himself up by his bootstraps into the posturing, theatrical entertainer he has become. But, then, that's what White apparently wanted, and who can deny him that right? It was his decision.

There is no gainsaying the important impact White had on the public in the early and middle '40s, the period of his greatest popularity, and this is no attempt to minimize his achievement in focusing attention on a number of great problems (chief among them, Jim Crow) that needed righting. His important recordings—like the *Chain Gang* and *Southern Exposure* albums—as well as his use of this kind of material in his night-club performances did much to make the American public conscious of the system of social injustice that was eating at the core of the nation's democratic processes.

Shelton's preface makes for interesting reading and is done with just the same touch of breathless histrionics that animates his subject's performances. All in all, it is a mildly intriguing examination into the socio-cultural phenomenon that was and is Josh White. That we don't learn a great deal about folk music in the process is readily understandable, considering the man and his music.

The bulk of the book is made up of transcriptions for piano and guitar of 57 songs the singer has been identified with over the years; the songs have been very capably transcribed by Walter Raim and are printed in a large, easy-to-read format. Handsome illustrations by Stu Gross further enhance the work.

Whether it's a sign of progress or not, the same sort of young radicals who would have been White's primary audience in the early '40s now, 20 years later, turn their backs on the singer and his repertoire, being more interested in a more or less ethnically pure kind of folk song in terms of both repertoire and delivery. Such a wide range of song materials as this book spans is to their minds a *priori* evidence of White's failure to remain true to the music of tradition. —Pete Welding

THE BYSTANDER

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

When singer Edith Piaf died in Paris a couple of months ago, French journalists turned immediately to one of the country's leading intellectuals, the late Jean Cocteau, for a statement. Cocteau spoke feelingly of her talents and of France's loss at her death, but it was not the first time that he had praised her. Nor was Cocteau the only French man of arts and letters who had spoken of her talents and thereby added to her stature in the eyes of her countrymen and the world.

I confess I thought immediately of the sad and harassed death of Billie Holiday.

Miss Piaf was a touching performer. She was, as others have said better than I can, the wounded sparrow of Paris, who lived her life in the pain and loneliness to which she was born, unwanted, on a Paris sidewalk. And she made her personal pain a part of her art in a way that could reach out and touch the well-heeled patrons in a chic New York Club as well as the down-at-the-heels drinkers in the sort of Paris bistro where she started.

Miss Holiday lived her life with her wounds open. Yet for all the real emotion in her songs, there was a detachment beyond self-pity and an irony that sometimes brought her very close to profundity.

She treated her feelings with such a delicate respect and used them with such an innate skill that she could transmute the most trifling love song into a candidate for immortality. And, for a while at least, she had some of the same sort of supper-club audience that attended Miss Piaf.

Yet beyond her emotional attributes as a performer, Miss Holiday was also a splendid natural musician; she could transform a banal melody by changing it slightly or by improvising one of her own. For those who have heard her *Yesterdays* or *These Foolish Things*, these pieces simply no longer exist in their original form but only in hers.

In this musical sense, Billie Holiday was gifted beyond any popular singer one knows of, which is to say that in this sense, she was a great jazz artist.

Yet who spoke at Miss Holiday's death? Indeed, what a sense of shock one would have felt if any major American intellectual had spoken.

The jazz journalists spoke, of course. And the man who collaborated on her autobiography. And a right-wing journalist who has been associated with jazz.

It was because Miss Holiday was a

Negro that she went without eulogies, you may say. Or it was because of her drug addiction. Perhaps. But frankly I doubt it. For it would be hard to imagine any major intellectual in our country speaking of our best jazz artists. Louis Armstrong may get praise some day, but will it be meaningful praise from a major critic? And could one hope that Duke Ellington will get his due as one the greatest musicians—composer, orchestrator, leader—that this country has produced? And who spoke for Charlie Parker?

Periodically, our major critics discover popular artists — they knew

Charlie Chaplin in the 1920s, the Marx brothers and Krazy Kat in the '30s. And Edmund Wilson was recently enthusiastic about Mike Nichols and Elaine May. (Make no mistake: we have a handful of first-rate critics of all the arts, even, by now, of the movies.) But one cannot feel secure that, say, Fred Astaire will get his due. Or Jimmy Durante.

And what of jazz? Bessie Smith gained some words on her death, some of it of rather transparent political motivation. But who spoke of Bix Beiderbecke? Lester Young? Dave Tough? Sid Catlett?

And who spoke of Billie Holiday?

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COMPOSERS from page 13

dition of his accepting the assignment that it must be recorded in the United States, the door would not have closed behind him before the producer would be offering the job to a European composer.

"Can you and our playing colleagues not see that, whether or not the American composer does the score, there is not one hour of work in this scheme of things for the American playing musician? And if we are to accept the unhappy fact that, no matter what, U.S. musicians will *not* gain employment from this film, will it improve matters if a U.S. composer, a U.S. orchestrator, and probably a U.S. music cutter are asked to deny themselves employment as well?"

In a reiteration, Raksin declared as facts that as long as producers make films abroad, they will very likely score them in a foreign country. Equally probably, he said, they will use European composers. And this, Raksin pointed out, is easy to understand when one realizes that for a recent Italian-made picture with a budget of \$4,500,000, the composer was paid \$800 for his score.

"In our country," he declared, "the copying bill would have been four times that.

"If, in spite of this enormous disparity, such a producer wishes to employ an American composer, along with whatever assistants that composer may require, what shall that composer do?"

"He knows that by making his acceptance contingent upon recording the film in the United States he is in effect giving up, not 'a quick buck,' but a living; you must be aware that there are not many films around to score. If the composer thinks that there is a chance that by making an issue of recording in the United States he can bring the work here, he is duty-bound to try, and many of us have, as you are aware, and with some success. In today's buyer's market this is a large risk, but our men have been willing to take it, and to forego the easy out that 'if I don't do it, someone else will.'"

Asked Raksin in conclusion: "But what of the man who knows the die is cast and that in *any* case the film must be recorded in the country in which it was made and that his refusal, far from accomplishing anything positive, will only have put himself and a couple of colleagues out of a job? This is a question which the man who vents his wrath upon his composer friends, and who—I believe—has chosen the wrong target, must be prepared to answer."

CTB

DORSEY from page 15

the way he has of not always being quite sure what to do with his hands, the little touches of uncertainty—I like that. He's not overconfident. I've seen him work with this band three times, and I know he's going to make it. He needs time; but working with a big band is the greatest experience in the world for him."

A few minutes later Nancy Sinatra, Frank Senior's former wife, whose parental pride was no less evident than Frank's, said, "I wish it was next year, though. He could do with another year under his belt."

A more objective visitor, a well-known handleader, commented, "Compared with the Crosby boys—well, there just *isn't* any comparison. This kid is a real inherent talent."

Charlie Shavers went over to say hello to Tommy and Jimmy's mother, Mrs. Theresa Dorsey.


"You know," the trumpeter said, "when Mom used to come to hear the band at the Statler Hotel, I'd take her along to 52nd St. afterwards to listen to Art Tatum. We were real buddies. I'm going to need a real big handkerchief tonight."

Mrs. Dorsey was asked how she liked the band.

"Well now, it's not bad," said the spry 89-year-old, who for 45 years had followed the careers of her two world-renowned sons until she lost them within seven months of each other. "Sure, they play all right, but it isn't the same as if. . . ." Without finishing the sentence she leaned over and cried quietly.

So it's 1964, and Tommy's name is still up there in bright lights, and the brass section still has some of that old Dorsey bite; but I'm sure Mom wasn't the only one that night who wished he could turn back the clock.

Is Webster right? Are we wistful or excessively sentimental, even morbid? Was the condition that was sought that night indeed "irrecoverable"? The answer probably is a firm yes-and-no, for while part of the reaction undoubtedly was due to pure nostalgic sentiment, there was in a Sy Oliver arrangement, a Shavers solo, and even in many of the songs sung in the course of the show, a certain timeless element that genuinely transcended the often false values of sentimentality.

The Dorsey show does not claim to be great jazz, or great art of any kind; essentially it is popular musical entertainment with a substantial interlacing of good music. Hopefully it will be around for a long time. 

LURLEAN from page 19

City. She enjoys the kind of loyalty that enables her to remain in the same club for two years. Aside from the Club DeLisa, she managed this feat also at Chicago's Cloister Inn. Unlike many singers, she likes to work night clubs and finds the audiences stimulating and challenging, she says. Next to night clubs, she would prefer to work the hotel circuit, playing in the main rooms or the cocktail bars.

Meanwhile, good things keep happening to her right in Chicago. Recently, while working an International Trade Fair engagement, she was approached by Columbia Broadcasting System representatives to become a regular performer on one of the network's morning musical shows, *The Music Wagon*. She chose to think it over and referred them to her agent. The network persisted, taken aback by her cool reception to the offer, and she eventually agreed to sign for a 13-week run. She was an unqualified success with the listeners. Her contract was renewed recently.


For a performer who is reportedly not making it, she keeps incredibly busy. Her day begins early because she must be in the studio prior to the 7:15 a.m. show time. She does a second segment of the same program at 9:15. When this is over, she has rehearsal for the next day's show.

She is out of the studio by 1 p.m. Then come the commercials, which take up a few hours, after which she scoots home to be with the family before the children's bedtime.

When she has a night-club engagement, she is out of the house by 9 p.m., busy until at least 2 a.m., home to bed, and up again before 6. So it goes with the singer who is wasting away in her home town.

There may be people near the Straits of Magellan who never hear Lurlean Hunter sing; she probably will not have a million-seller album. Critic Leonard Feather once called her the original "hard-luck girl of LPs." All the same, there are some fans in Chicago and traveling entertainers who will hear her over and over again; and across the nation, unmindful television watchers will hum her melodies and drink the beer she anonymously sings about while she remains the contented also-ran of female vocalists.

She added one important detail when asked if there was anything significant she hadn't mentioned:

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BRASS ISSUE

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Recently, by chance, I came across a book called *David Ewen Introduces Modern Music*, published in 1962.

The author is saluted on the dust jacket as "the most widely read living writer on music. . . . Since 1931 there has hardly been a year when one of his books on music was not on the lists. . . . He is, as *Time* once said of him, 'music's interpreter to the American people.'"

I, too, have great respect for Ewen. His knowledge is formidable; his biographical books on men like George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, and Richard Rodgers are invaluable reference sources.

But Ewen, like Achilles, has a vulnerable heel, and it is about this heel in the body of his works that I should like to speak—constructively, I hope.

The very title *David Ewen Introduces Modern Music* would seem to connote, ipso facto, long sections devoted to the development of jazz, the nature of syncopation, the art of improvisation, and the contributions of men like Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, Louis Armstrong, Coleman Hawkins, Gil Evans, Bill Evans, John Lewis, and others to the literature and shaping of 20th-century music.

With high hopes, I turned to "Jazz" in the index and looked for the foregoing names.

I found that not one of the names was given even a single reference in the entire volume. For Ewen, it would seem, they do not exist in modern music. And under "Jazz" I found nine references, which turned out to be the following:

Mention of Satie's use of jazz. Reference to Ravel's "experiments with the blues idiom" and with "American popular jazz styles." Similar references to Darius Milhaud, to Ernst Krenek's opera *Johnny Spielt Auf!* ("Zeitkunst in a jazz idiom"), to Kurt Weill (" . . . music consisted of jazz episodes. . . ."), to Aaron Copland's piano concerto ("jazz rhythms and blues melodies predominate. . . ."), and finally, in one 16-page chapter entitled "The Popularists," a weird farrago of references to ragtime and blues as the two early jazz forms, an implication that Claude Debussy's *Gollivog's Cakewalk* is jazz, and an endless examination of Gershwin, whose "serious artistic purpose firmly estab-

lished jazz as an idiom deserving concert treatment."

The chapter ends with two pages on other "serious" composers who used jazz: Georges Auric, Paul Hindemith, Constant Lambert, Morton Gould, and by some strange accident, in a single paragraph at the end, Gunther Schuller (presumably because he came from the correct side of the fence).

It seems unbelievable that in this day and age such a distinguished authority can be so utterly out of touch with the realistic of modern music, can ignore totally the dozens of composers and performers who by now have found substantial acceptance among many of their classical colleagues.

Ewen's thinking is 40 years out of date, as he could easily have found out by spending a few hours with Schuller, for instance. He keeps jazz in a mentally segregated area that only grants it respectability when it is eviscerated and imitated by "respectable" European or European-oriented composers.

The disturbing aspect of all this, of course, is the very respect in which Ewen is held and the wide exposure given to his books. If this kind of an introduction to "modern music" were



all a young student had to rely on, the work that all the rest of us have been doing for the last two or three decades would be in vain. It is as alarming to think of this author as "music's interpreter to the American people" as it is to contemplate *Time*, creator of that phrase, as politics' or society's interpreter.

It can only be hoped that if Ewen is beyond redemption, another generation of music experts may be coming to the front who do not share his evident conviction that jazz is a slab of raw meat, fit for only a dog to eat until some classical chef cooks all the natural flavor out of it.

AD LIB from page 10

Public School 175 on African music as part of a forum on Africa and world affairs sponsored by the Afro Arts Cultural Center for the in-service course for teachers of the board of education. On Jan. 4 he takes his quartet, and jazz dancers **Al Mimms** and **Leon James** to the Kodak plant in Rochester, N.Y., for a concert: *The History of Jazz in Music and Dance*.

Former **Woody Herman** saxophonist **Bobby Jones** joined trombonist **Jack Teagarden's** group on Christmas Eve at the Dream Room in New Orleans, La. Jones is playing clarinet, the instrument with which he started in jazz . . . Pianist **Al Haig** has joined the quintet of clarinetist **Jerry Wald**. The group was in Las Vegas, Nev., for Christmas . . . The Cork 'n' Bib in Westbury has been a haven for drummers recently. The groups of **Art Blakey**, **Gene Krupa**, and **Cozy Cole** appeared on successive weekends. The **Dukes of Dixieland** were in over Thanksgiving . . . Bassist **Teddy Smith** and drummer **Joe Chambers** replaced **Richard Davis** and **Jerry Tomlinson** in the Upper Bohemia Six. The **Amram-Barrow** Quartet is now playing opposite the Six at the Five Spot on Monday evenings. Amram is composer-French hornist **David**; Barrow is saxophonist **George**.

The Songs of Harold Arlen will be shown by CBS on its *20th Century* program on Jan. 19. Besides Arlen, **Johnny Mercer**, **Yip Harburg**, **Ira Gershwin**, **Ted Koehler**, and Mr. and Mrs. **Andre Previn** will appear in filmed interviews concerning the composer.

Harmonica player-guitarist **Toots Thielemans**, formerly with the **George Shearing** Quintet, has something of a hit single for ABC-Paramount. Called *Bluesette*, it features Thielemans playing guitar and whistling and is a combination of blues and musette music. Thielemans is currently playing harmonica as part of the background music for the *Jimmy Dean Show* on ABC-TV.

The **Max Roach** Quartet returned from a successful tour of Japan (the group already has been invited back for later this year) and opened at the Coronet in Brooklyn last month. With the drummer were **Clifford Jordan**, tenor saxophone; **Ronnie Mathews**, piano; and **Eddie Khan**, bass. **Mal Waldron** and then **Coleridge Perkinson** succeeded Mathews . . . Tenor man **Joe Farrell**, trumpeter **Richard Williams**, and alto man **Charles McPherson** were featured at **Alan Grant's** last Sunday afternoon session at the Half Note. The rhythm section consisted of **Barry Harris**, piano; **Herman Wright**, bass;

and **Al Heath**, drums. Pianist **Paul Bley** sat in. Grant moved the sessions to Birdland in early December. Meanwhile at the Five Spot, **Jules Colomby** presented **Jackie McLean**, **Eric Dolphy**, and **Roy Haynes** on successive Sundays. Haynes had altoist **Frank Strozier**, pianist **Paul Neves**, and bassist **Larry Ridley** with him. Young pianist **Larry Willis** leads the alternate trio for these afternoon sessions. **Midge Pike** is on bass; **Henry Jenkins** is the drummer.

Composer **Tadd Dameron**, recently signed by United Artists records as an a&r man, suffered a recurrence of heart trouble and will be confined to Roosevelt Hospital until February.

RECORD NOTES: Tenor man **Booker Ervin** taped a date for Prestige with **Jaki Byard**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Alan Dawson**, drums . . . **Milt Jackson** was recorded "live" at the Village Gate by Riverside. With Jackson were **Jimmy Heath**, tenor saxophone; **Hank Jones**, piano; **Bob Cranshaw**, bass; and **Al Heath**, drums . . . Pianist **Dave McKenna**, currently working at Eddie Condon's with clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko**, trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, et al., did his own album for Sir records . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson** signed a contract with Dauntless records. The Curson-Bill Barron quintet recently taped an album for this Audio-Fidelity subsidiary with **Kenny Bar-**

ron, piano; **Ronnie Boykins**, bass; and **Dick Berk**, drums.

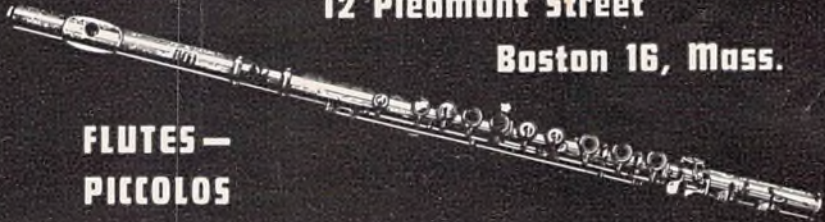
Dave Pell, for the last year an independent producer for Liberty records, joined the company as a full-time a&r man as part of the company reshuffling following its purchase by **Al Bennett** (its president) and associates from Avnet Electronics. **Don Blocker** is the new a&r director of the label . . . Due this month from Capitol is a first album by Swedish pianist **Nils Lindberg** backed by an all-Swedish jazz group. And on the February release lists are albums by **Billy Taylor**, *Right Here, Right Now*, with arrangements for big bands by **Oliver Nelson**, and a new **Django Reinhardt** set made during World War II sans the fiddle of **Stephane Grapelly**.

New albums upcoming from Pacific Jazz consist of an LP featuring **Paul Chambers**, **Les McCann**, and **Joe Pass**. On some of the tracks guitarist Pass lays out. McCann also cut a Pacific LP with the **Jazz Crusaders**.

EUROPE

Czechoslovakian Jazz 1962, an album representing the best recordings of Czech jazzmen, has been released. On it appear the **Karol Krautgartner** and **Karl Vlach** big bands, as well as the **S&H Quartet**, the **Havlik Sextet**, the **Prague Dixieland Band**, and the **Rudolf Rockl Trio**. The outstanding contribution is

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the performance by the S&H Quartet of a composition of vibraharpist **Velebný** called *Family Chronic*.

Pianist **Friedrich Gulda** will form his own combo this March and then plans to tour Europe and South America in concerts and club dates . . . The Newport Jazz Festival was the theme of several broadcasts on both German and Swiss radio . . . In Hamburg, Germany, a special radio program was given over to four discoveries of 1963 — pianist **Bob James**, trumpeter **Gene Shaw**, and singers **Mark Murphy** and **Sheila Jordan**.

The biggest surprise of the Grand Gala du Disque contest held at the Concert Hall in Amsterdam, Holland, was the unannounced appearance of singer **Sarah Vaughan**, accompanied by organist **Douglas Duke**. The winner in the field of Dutch jazz was the **Jan Morks Quintet** (a **Benny Goodman** type of combo). Though he was not present to accept it, **Duke Ellington** received an Edison award in the foreign-jazz category. During the long evening telecast of the event, there appeared such other stars as **Marlene Dietrich**, **Trini Lopez**, the **Dutch Swing College Band**, and comedian **Wim Sonneveld**.

On the occasion of its fifth anniversary, the Rotterdam Jazz Club organized a show in which nearly all prominent Dutch jazz musicians, such as **Pim Jacobs** and **Rita Reys**, took part . . . The experimental 18-piece big band of **Theophilus Taldick** played for the Haarlem Jazz Club "De Slof" recently. The outstanding soloist was vibraharpist **Carl Schulze** . . . Dutch pianist **Jack van Poll** and his trio again won first prize at the German Amateur Jazz Festival at Duesseldorf as best combo.

Donald Byrd and the **Pim Jacobs Quartet** toured many Dutch clubs . . . The **John Coltrane** show at the Concert Hall in Amsterdam, Holland, was very successful . . . **Roland Kirk** has made a successful tour throughout Europe. In The Netherlands he and **Dexter Gordon** appeared at The Hague, Amsterdam, and Amersfoort, where they also appeared on television. In Bologna, Italy, Kirk appeared with **Johnny Griffin** and a European rhythm section made up of pianist **George Gruntz**, bassist **Guy Pedersen**, and drummer **Daniel Humair**.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY

A radio program dedicated to **Charlie Parker** and the Minton's generation was broadcast in Montevideo; the program, *Profiles in Jazz*, was directed by disc jockey **Carlos Mir** . . . The United States Information Service presents a radio program on Sundays, *El sonido del Jazz (The Sound of Jazz)* . . . **Francisco Manosa** and his Modern Jazz Sextet appeared on television on Saturdays dur-

ing November and December. **Jorge Fattoruso**, 15, is still playing drums with the combo.

The club **Pena de Jazz** has changed locations and begun a new policy based on European clubs. It presented the **Paul Winter Sextet** in its 1962 tour . . . Trombonist **Pedro Linale**, a young musician from Fray Bentos, was discovered at the National Jazz Contest, organized by the **Pena de Jazz**.

Dave Brubeck's Time Out has been released by a local company. It is the first Brubeck record to appear here.

TORONTO

The Friar's Tavern has been taking over some of the city's jazz patronage by employing well-known names. Most recently, **Coleman Hawkins**, fronting the **Jimmy Dale Trio**, appeared;



Amanda Ambrose, **Jackie & Roy**, **Oscar Peterson**, and **Lennie Tristano** are booked for January.

Meanwhile, the Colonial Tavern has been thriving with the presence of cornetist **Wild Bill Davison**, starring with the **Salt City Six**, who have signed a contract with the Hilton hotel chain, which started with a month's booking in Columbus, Ohio, beginning New Year's Eve. On that night, trumpeter **Buck Clayton's** band opened a month's engagement at the Colonial.

Featured recently at the Town Tavern were **The Group**, **Eddie Hazell**, and **Johnny Hartman**. At the First Floor Club **Horace Silver's** quintet recently appeared . . . **John Lee Hooker** was back at the Establishment for a busy two weeks.

Don Thompson, along with partners, has formed a record company called **Dash**. Their first effort resulted in a single featuring the Thompson quintet on *Early Autumn* and *If I Had My Way* . . . A 19-piece band, directed by **Bert Niosi**, recorded an album of arrange-

ments written by the late **Jack Kane**. The LP, for broadcast purposes only, will be distributed across the country by the Canadian Talent Library.

CLEVELAND

The Corner Tavern, its massive expansion project nearly completed, reopened Dec. 2 featuring singers **Lloyd Price** and a big band led by trombonist **Slide Hampton**. After the finishing touches of redecoration, the "official" grand opening on Dec. 16 featured the rhythm-and-blues groups of **Jimmy McGriff** and **Sarah McLawlor-Richard Otto**. Over the holiday fortnight, the club planned to begin its full-scale name-jazz policy with the trios of **Wynton Kelly** and **Kenny Burrell** and the **Three Sounds**. Owner **Donald King** and manager **Breaux Palmer** named **Count Basie** as one of the acts expected early in the new year.

Meanwhile, the new Leo's Casino continued its own name policy with such stars as **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** in mid-December and **Lou Rawls** at Christmas. Plans for March include hiring vocalists **Nancy Wilson** and **Gloria Lynne** on successive weeks . . . The building housing the Jazz Temple was bought by the Cuyahoga County Welfare Commission. Reports were that the club, a name-jazz showplace that had been dark for some time, would reopen in a new, even larger location near the Cleveland Arena.

Joe Alexander, after many weeks of demonstrating his tenor saxophone artistry at the Club 100, left for an engagement at the Cabana Lounge in Cincinnati. Tenor saxophonist **Joe Burrell** brought his group back to Cleveland to replace Alexander at the Club 100 during January . . . **Nat Fitzgerald's** combo at the Esquire, which features drummer **Lester Sykes**, has rapidly become a popular nucleus for jam sessions. Recent sitters-in: **Ronnie Browning**, drummer with the **Bud Wattle - Rick Kiefer Quartet**; **Jerry DeDad**, who returned from a stint with **Ralph Marterie**; tenor saxophonist **Edward Jackson**, newly arrived from Toledo, Ohio; guitarist **Frank DeCaro**, home after a six-month service hitch; and talented trumpeter **Lawrence Jackson**, who revisited town after several months of gigging and recording in New York.

CHICAGO

Cadillac Bob, a colorful clubowner, booked the **Horace Silver Quintet** into his Top of the Town on E. 82nd St. during the holiday season. The **Three Boss Men** played the nights off during

the Silver group's run. The Boss Men left Robin's Nest last month to work weekends at the Skyway Lounge, just west of the Dan Ryan Expressway on 75th St. The **Bobby Buster** organ trio took the Boss Men's place at Robin's. Bobby's brother, organist **Eddie**, filled in a week at McKie's previous to **Art Farmer's** opening and then returned to his regular gig at the Moroccan Village on Cottage Grove Ave.

The groups featured at the recent jazz concert at Chicago's Arts Festival were handed a surprise when they finished the performance. They received warm applause but very, very cold checks for their efforts.

The **Eddie Higgins Trio**, with bassist **Richard Evans** and drummer **Marshall Thompson** opened recently at Maxim's de Paris . . . Pianist-singer **Shirley Horn** played an engagement at the Sheraton-O'Hare motor lounge last month . . . Pianist **John Wright** and his trio continue at the New Pioneer Lounge on E. 71st St. . . **Art Blakey** played a week in Gary, Ind. following his successful two weeks at McKie's.

The Olde East End opened in December. Trumpeter **Gene Shaw**, who is the club's music director, heads a quintet plus vocalist on weekends. Included in his group are tenorist **Jay Peters**, pianist **Ken Chaney**, bassist **Sidney Robinson**, and drummer **Bernard Martin**. **Betty Anders** is the vocalist. Altoist **Bunky Green** was scheduled to lead a group on Mondays and Wednesdays, and **Tom Hilliard's** octet was set to play Sunday afternoon concerts at the club, which is located at 71st and Stony Island Ave.


LOS ANGELES

Although most of the bookings are on a last-minute basis, with very little prior notice to the public, the jazz clubs on Adams Blvd. keep bringing 'em in, as does the Purple Onion and Shelly's Manne-Hole in Hollywood. Similarly, both the Adams and Metro theaters plow steadily along with their after-hours events featuring betimes the big bands of **Gerald Wilson** and **Onzy Matthews**. Business all over is up and down, with even the big names drawing audiences only from fair to middling.

Dave Nelson took over as house booker at the Metro Theater and is planning to extend the jazz concerts to Sundays and midnight Friday and Saturday shows . . . **Dominic Frontiere**, now executive director and music head of Daystar Productions (the *Outer Limits* television series), was named music director for ABC-TV's substitute for the defunct *Jerry Lewis Show* retitled *Saturday Night at the Palace* . . . After his local TV music show, which lasted through most of last year, **Ray Anthony** moved back into nightclub work, this time with no fewer than four attractive "Bookends"; previously he had worked with only two young women. The new quartet consists of **Vikki Carr**, **Carol Connors**, **Diane Vargo**, and **Lori Mattis**, all of whom will sing and generally look fetching onstand. Girl pianist **Kellie Greene** will work with the five male sidemen in the supporting group. The new Anthony show opened last month at Mexico City's Terrazzo Casino, following up

with Nevada lounge dates.

FILM FLAM: From now on **Dimitri Tiomkin** will be general music director of all **Samuel Bronston** pictures, it was announced. Tiomkin just completed scoring and conducting Bronston's *Fall of the Roman Empire*. He already had scored *55 Days at Peking* for the producer; next he turns to *Circus World*. In Bronston's production plans are *The French Revolution* and *Paris 1900*, so it looks like a steady gig for the composer . . . **Billy Wilder's** new picture, tentatively titled *Dazzling Hour*, will have a title song with music by **George Gershwin** and a lyric by brother **Ira**. The title of the film, to star **Kim Novak**, will be changed ultimately to match **Ira Gershwin's** new song title . . . **John** (you-know-him-better-as-**Johnny**) **Green** will be music director for the 36th annual Oscar awards next April 13. (The composer recently decided to use publicly the more formal **John**.) **Green**, who has four Oscars to his credit and 11 nominations, previously handled the awards music in the years 1945, '48, '51, '56, and '61. Once again this year the awards ceremonies will be televised by ABC-TV from Santa Monica's **John F. Kennedy Memorial Auditorium** . . . **Jimmy McHugh** is composing a musical memorial to the late President Kennedy that is to be recorded this month.

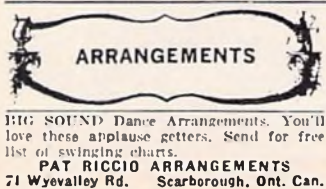
New executive board members of the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America elected recently are **Hugo Friedhofer**, **Harold Spina**, and **Johnny T. Williams**. 



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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; *tm*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

NEW YORK

Birdland: Gerry Mulligan, 1/2-22. Allan Grant, Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Black Horse Inn (Huntington, N.Y.): Joe London-Dan Tucci, *wknds*.
Bourbon Street: Dick Wellstood, *tm*.
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Richard Wyands, George Joyner, *tm*.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, *tm*.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, *wknds*.
Eighth Wonder: Danny Barker, *tm*.
Embers: Jonah Jones to 2/1.
Five Spot: Thelonious Monk, *tm*. Upper Bohemia Six, Dave Amram-George Barrow, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Garden City Bowl: Johnny Blowers, *wknds*.
Half Note: Zoot Sims-Al Cohn to 1/12.
Hickory House: Howard Reynolds, *tm*.
Metropole: Louis Bellson, 1/2-15.
The Most: Jorge Morel, Joe Mooney, *tm*.
Playboy: Walter Norris, Jimmy Lyon, Ross Tompkins, Bucky Pizzarelli, *tm*.
Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, *tm*.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *tm*.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, *tm*. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat. Marshall Brown, *wknds*.
Six Steps Down (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, *tm*.
Village Gate: *unk*.
Village Vanguard: *unk*.
Wells': *unk*.

TORONTO

Colonial Theater: Buck Clayton, Olive Brown, through January.
First Floor Club: modern jazz groups, *wknds*.
Friar's Tavern: Lennie Tristano 1/6-11.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 1/6-11.
Rob McConnell, 1/13-18. Pot Riccio, 1/20-25.
Town Tavern: Teri Thornton, 1/6-18.

PHILADELPHIA

Capri: DeLloyd McKay, *tm*.
Columbus (Trenton): Tony Spalr, *tm*.
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., *tm*.
Dante's: Bernard Peiffer, *tm*.
Golden Horse Inn: Whoopee Makers, *tm*.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, *hb*.
Latin Casino: Sammy Davis Jr., 1/11-2/2.
Pep's: Cannonball Adderley, 1/20-25.
Picasso: Johnnie Walker, *tm*.
Playmate: Del Shields, *tm*.
Red Hill Inn: *unk*.
Showboat: *unk*.
Sportsman's Lounge: Billy Root, *tm*.
Zelmar: Jimmy Oliver, *tm*.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: Joe Rinaldi, *hb*.
Bohemian Tavern: *unk*.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Linda Cordry, *tm*.
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Crescent Restaurant: Dick Bailey, *hb*.
Eden Roc: Bill Harris, Mon.-Thur. Buck Hill, Fri.-Sat. Donna Jewell, Mon.-Sat.
French Quarter: Eddie Phyle, Ann Read, *tm*.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, *tm*.

NEW ORLEANS

Absinthe House: Fats Pichon, *tm*.
Blue Note: Ellis Marsalis, afterhours, Fri., Sat.
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tm*.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, *tm*.
500 Club: Leon Prima, *tm*.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tm*.
King's Room: Lavergne Smith, *tm*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *tm*. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenascal, Snooks Eaglin, *hb*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, *tm*.
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, *tm*.
Blue-Top: Dave Venn, *hb*.
Dark Side: Quartette Tres Bien, *tm*. Ron Ruff, Sat. sessions.
Fallen Angel: Nick Nicholas-Herschel Harris, *hb*.
Gino's: Tommy Strode, *tm*.

Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: Clay's Dixie Wildcats, *tm*.
Islander: Don Cunningham, *tm*.
Natchez Queen: Trebor Tichenor, *tm*.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, *tm*.
Playboy Club: Murray Jackman, Jackie Graham, *hb*.
Puppet Pub: Phil Cappello, *tm*.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, *tm*.
Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Steeplechase: Ralph Sutton, *tm*.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, *tm*.
Upstream: Gale Belle, *wknds*.
Yacht Club: Courtney Goodman, *wknds*.
Zodiac: Sal Ferrante, *hb*.

CLEVELAND

Algiers: Angel Sanchez, Tue. Leon Stevenson-Tranquils, Fri.-Sun.
Brothers: Bobby Brack, Bobby Bryan, *wknds*.
La Cave: Bob Gibson to 1/4. Hootenanny, Tue.
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Leodis Harris, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Burrell to 1/19.
Commodore Hotel: various folk groups. Hootenanny, Thur.
Corner Tavern: Three Sounds, Wynton Kelly, to 1/5.
Esquire: Nat Fitzgerald-Lester Sykes, *tm*. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Faragher's: Oscar Brand to 1/4. New Wine Singers, 1/6-11 (tentatively).
Golden Key Club: Fats Heard, *hb*.
Harvey's Hideaway: Jim Orlando to 1/12.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson-Edward Mitchell, *tm*.
Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sun.
Melba: *unk*.
The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, *wknds*.
Safari (North Royalton): Gigolos, *wknds*.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, *hb*. Tops Cardone, *wknds*.
Squeeze Room: Sky-Hy Trio, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Tangiers: *unk*.
Theatrical: Saints and Sinners to 1/4. Wilbur DeParis, 1/6-18.
Toast of the Town: Alma Smith, Thur.-Sun.
Tropicana (Akron): Jimmy Boyd, *tm*.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lizzi Doyle, *tm*.
Baker's Keyboard: Dick Drew to 1/3.
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, *tm*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet, *tm*.
French Leave: Bernie Peacock, *tm*.
Golden Lion: George Primo, *tm*.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun.
Momo's: Ralph Jay, Jack Pierson, *tm*.
Odum's Cave: Bill Hyde, *tm*.
Surf Side: Juniper Berry Six, *tm*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *tm*.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: *unk*.
Crystal Palace: *unk*.
Fifth Clubs: sessions, Mon., Wed.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *tm*.
Happy Medium: Joe Burton, *tm*.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *tm*. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Ramsey Lewis to 1/5. Cy Coleman, 1/7-26. J. J. Johnson, 1/27-2/15.
McKie's: Hank Marr to 1/5.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hb*.
Moroccan Village: Eddie Buster, *tm*.
New Pioneer Lounge: John Wright, *tm*.
Old East End: Gene Shaw, *wknds*.
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): Salty Dogs, *wknds*. Mike Walbridge, Wed.
Pepper's: Muddy Waters, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, *hb*.
Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Thurs., Fri.
Robin's Nest: Bobby Buster, *tm*.
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, *wknds*.
Skyway Lounge: Three Boss Men, *tm*.
Yardbird Suite: Jodie Christian, *tm*.

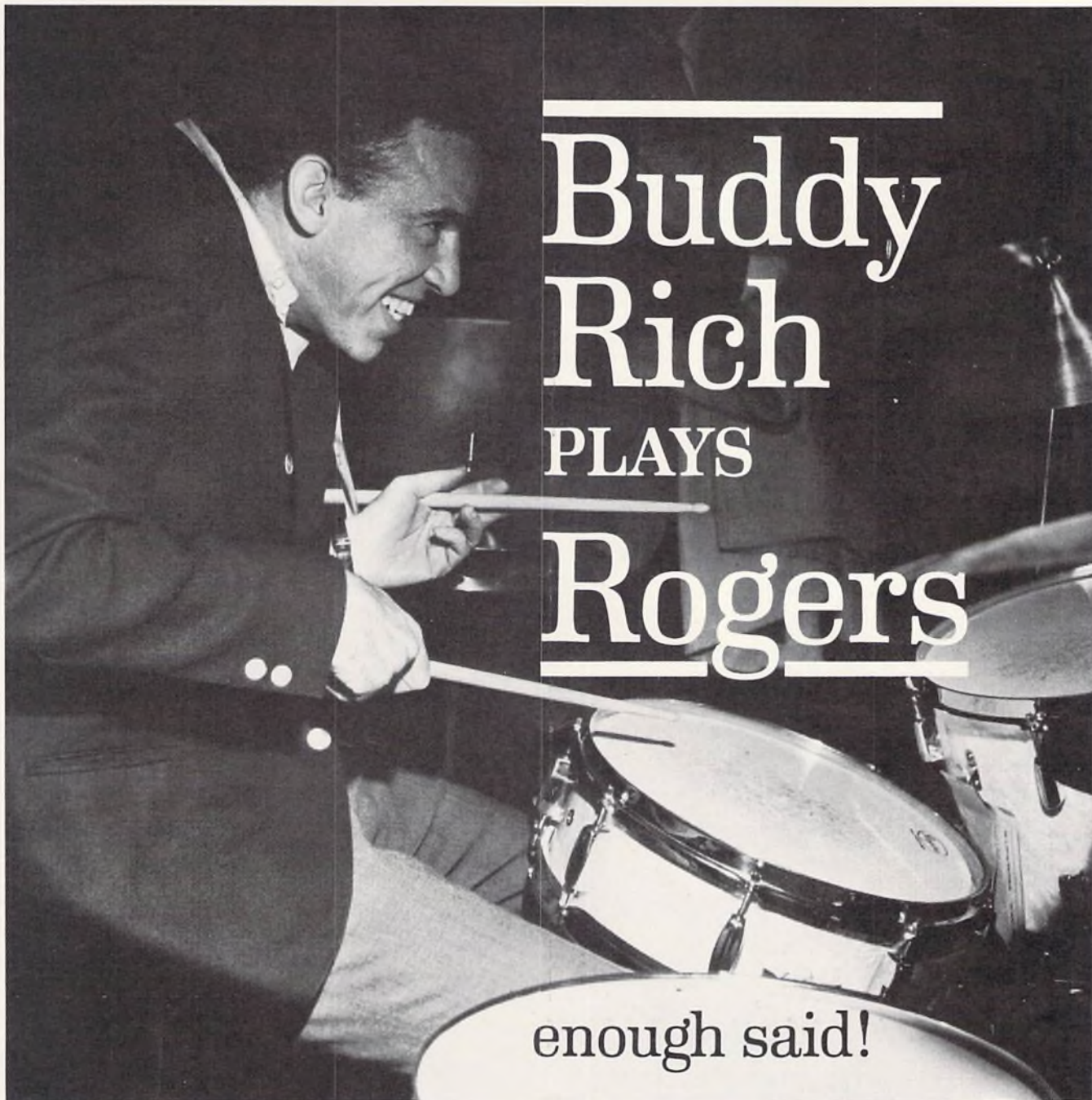


LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Hal People, Nappy Lamare, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, *tm*.
Blueport Lounge: Bill Beau, Bobby Robinson, *tm*.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.
Crescendo: Dick Gregory, Joe & Eddie, 1/3-19.
Mills Bros., 1/23-2/2.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, *hb*.
Golden Gate (Redondo Beach): Wellman Braud, Kenny Whitson, Fri.-Sat. Johnny Lucas, Sun.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, *wknds*.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *tm*.
Holiday Inn Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarneri, *tm*.
Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Ray Brewer's Tailgate Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy, *tm*.
Intermission Room: William Green, Tricky Lofton, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, *tm*.
It Club: *unk*.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, *tm*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.
Marty's: Charles Kynard, *tm*.
Mr. Adams: Richard (Groove) Holmes, Thorne Schwartz, *tm*.
Mr. Konton's: Les McCann, Ltd., to April.
Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Bisso, Sat.
Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): Ted Shafer, Thur.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page 7, *hb*.
Palms (Fullerton): Tommy Hearn, Sammy Lee, Mon.-Sat.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, *tm*.
Purple Onion: *unk*.
Quali Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue.
Reuben Wilson, Al Barte, Wed.-Thur. Kittie Doswell, *wknds*.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Paul Brown, Ray Bauduc, *tm*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Charlie Ross, Thur.-Mon.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, *tm*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, *wknds*. Various groups, Mon.-Thur. Art Farmer, 1/14-22. Charlie Byrd, 1/26-2/9.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer, *tm*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, *tm*.
Storyville West (Culver City): Joyce Collins, *tm*.
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Greater Balboa Jazz Band, Wed.-Sat.
The Keg & I (Redondo Beach): Kid Kenwood, Fri.-Sat.
Toho's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, *tm*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *hb*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, *tm*.
Bit of England (Burlingame): Dave Hoffman, *tm*.
Club Morocco: James Brown, *tm*.
Club Unique: Cuz Cousineau, Sun. sessions.
Coffee Don's: Gerry Olds, afterhours.
Congo Room: Earle Vann, *tm*.
Crossroads (Oakland): Earl Hines, *tm*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, *tm*.
Embers (Redwood City): Rusty Carlisle-Del Reys, *tm*.
Esther's Orbit Room (Oakland): Harry (Daddy-O) Gibson, *tm*.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola, alternate Sun.
Gold Rush (San Mateo): sessions, Sun.
Harbor Club (Belmont): Super Moreno, *wknds*.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Lee Charlton, *hb*.
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, Don Washington, *tm*.
Jazz Workshop: Art Farmer to 1/12. Jimmy Witherspoon - Hampton Hawes, 1/14-1/26.
Richard (Groove) Holmes, 1/28-2/9. Art Blakey, 2/25-3/8. Jackie McLean, 3/10-22.
Jimbo's Pop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours.
Kellogg's (Walnut Creek): Trevor Koehler, *wknds*.
Mesa (San Bruno): George Lee, *wknds*.
Miramar (Half Moon Bay): Jimmy Ware, *wknds*.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, *tm*.
Playpen: Merle Saunders, *tm*.
Ronnie's Souville: Ed Kelly, afterhours.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: The Hi-Tones, *tm*.
Sugar Hill: Charlie Byrd, 2/14-3/5.
The Beach: Chris Ibanez-Jerry Goode, *tm*.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Bernie Kahn-Con Hall, *hb*. Afterhours sessions, *wknds*.
Tonic Room (Sunnyvale): Bill Ervin, *hb*.
Trident (Sausalito): Flip Nunes to 2/5. Bobby Dorough, 2/7-3/4. Joe Sullivan, Sundays.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Jack Taylor, Wed.-Thur. Buddy Montgomery, *wknds*.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Shelly Robblins, *tm*.

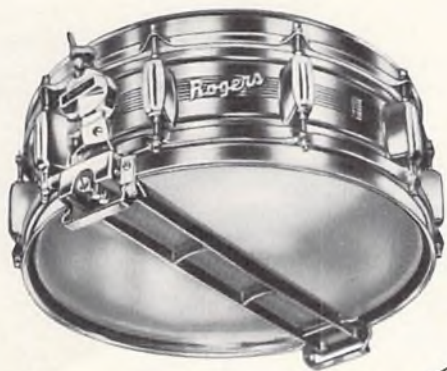


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