

FEBRUARY 27, 1964 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

*Down Beat*

## ANNUAL COMPOSER ARRANGER ISSUE

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Jones ■ Randy Weston ■ Duke  
Ellington On Tour ■ A Trib-  
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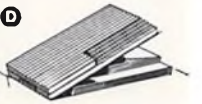
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Cover photograph by Lawrence Shustak

**THINGS TO COME:** The March 12 *Down Beat*, on sale at news vendors on Thursday, Feb. 27, will contain Gene Lees' description of the musical outlooks and working methods of three young, talented musicians: Gary McFarland, Antonio Carlos Jobim, and Lalo Schifrin. In addition to other feature articles, the March 12 *Down Beat* will include expanded news and record-review sections. A new feature will be added—reviews of the latest stage-band arrangements. Reserve your copy of the March 12 *Down Beat* now.

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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

### Dorsey Article Appreciated

This is to congratulate Leonard Feather for his objective appraisal of the Tommy Dorsey band's appearance at the Coconut Grove (*DB*, Jan. 16). It certainly told the story.

As a friend of both Tom and Jim Dorsey, it was only natural that I should develop a strong feeling toward the ghost bands which were fronted by Lee Castle, Sam Donahue, and Warren Covington. The fact that Tino Barzie decided to make Dallas the site of Frank Sinatra Jr.'s debut with the band can be traced to the feeling the Dorseys had for this city and the friendship we shared.

I traveled to Las Vegas several months after that memorable night in Dallas and was amazed at the progress in young Sinatra's singing style in that short period. He is the most mature 19-year-old I've ever met. He has the determination to make it, and he will. His dad explained it well when he said the big-band experience will prove invaluable. As for the Dorsey name, I, like Feather, hope it will be around for a long time.

Tony Zoppi  
Dallas, Texas

### Mares, Sweet Emma, and Southland

The two-star review of Sweet Emma Barrett's Southland album (*DB*, Jan. 2) prompts me to explain the aims of the Southland label—which I founded 10 years ago—in terms of the New Orleans jazz scene today.

New Orleans jazz is not and never was the narrow, hidebound music some critics suggest. It is not just the George Lewis Band, though that is part of it. It is not just Preservation Hall and Dixieland Hall and the so-called living legends, though these are parts of it too. And it is certainly not just Bourbon St.

New Orleans jazz is all these things and more. It is a broad scene, and Emma Barrett is very much a part of that scene. She is not a "great" jazz pianist; nor can she hold a candle to Bessie Smith as a blues singer. Emma is primarily an entertainer, as were Oscar (Papa) Celestin and the Original Tuxedo Orchestra. She is as much in demand at private parties as she is at the "kitty" halls, and as a representative of one element in the New Orleans jazz picture today she deserves a place in the Southland catalog.

Southland records' policy is to record not one, but all aspects of the New Orleans jazz panorama today. But this puts us at a disadvantage in some quarters. For example, there are a great many fine white musicians who are "living legends" in their own right—Chink Martin, Monk Hazel, Ray Burke, Armand Hug, Johnny Wiggs, and Pinky Vidacovich to name a few. Southland has often recorded them.

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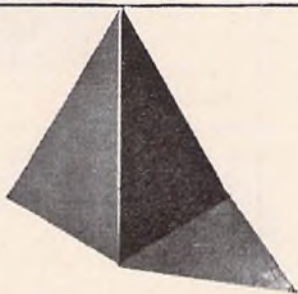
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But a certain cult of reviewers puts their music down as "white Dixieland," making those two words sound like "second rate."

Southland has also recorded such fine Negro artists as Louis Cottrell, Sam Dutray, Paul Barbarin, Tom Jefferson, and Frog Joseph. That same cult scorns their music unless they are playing with the primitive Negro artists who have found a home and fame in Preservation Hall.

Don't misunderstand me. I have the greatest respect for the George Lewis Band, which I recorded several years ago. Men like Lewis, Jim Robinson, George Guesnon, Emmanuel Sayles, and Joe Watkins are fine New Orleans musicians. But theirs is not the only "authentic" New Orleans style.

Lewis doesn't play like Johnny Dodds did or like Omer Simeon did (and Louis Cottrell does today). Does that make Dodds and the Creole clarinetists less "authentic"? Kid Ory and Georg Brunis have their own styles. They don't play the same vamp style trombone Jim Robinson does. But who can say their styles are less "authentic" New Orleans than Big Jim's? Certainly I can't, and I've spent a lifetime in New Orleans listening to its music.

New Orleans jazz is far broader and richer than many critics can comprehend. And Southland records will continue to document the whole New Orleans picture, including performers like Sweet Emma Barrett.

Joe Mares Jr.  
New Orleans, La.

## On The Well-Rounded Critic

In your magazine I recently have read various attacks against critic-poet LeRoi Jones, which, although possibly true in some cases, are extremely unfair. If one is to accuse Jones of being one-sided, then where is the companion criticism of John S. Wilson for his being prejudiced in the opposite direction?

It seems to me that the only critics who would thus escape attack are people like Don DeMicheal, Harvey Pekar, and especially Pete Welding (whose enthusiasm for Bunk Johnson's *Superior Jazz Band*, Thelonious Monk's *Monk's Dream*, and Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz* albums is equal).

My point in making these comparisons is that, although the best critics are those who are not biased toward a particular school, a magazine supposedly representing the complete jazz scene must have "spokesmen" like Jones and Wilson for the individual styles. Thus, with Leonard Feather's statement that "jazz critics are prejudiced down to the last man" in mind, I would like to compliment *Down Beat* on being the splendidly complete and fair magazine it is.

I laughed out loud when I read Bill Dixon's psychological analysis of Jones' motives in writing on jazz. Perhaps it would be just to analyze Dixon's motives in sending the letter (*Chords*, Jan. 2); does he perchance feel his trumpet playing inferior to the highly profound work of Don Cherry and is taking this opportunity to dig at his superior?

Larry Smith  
Cleveland, Ohio

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## NEW YORK

The jazz troops continue to pour overseas. **Duke Ellington's** royal army opens its tour of England on Feb. 15 at London Festival Hall. They will be in Britain until March 1. BBC-TV plans to produce a film during the tour to be shown to British audiences after the Ellington band has returned to the United States . . . Singer **Mark Murphy** just finished two weeks at Ronnie Scott's in London backed by a local rhythm section (**Stan Tracey**, piano; **Malcolm Cecil**, bass; **Ronnie Stephenson**, drums). Tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins** will play at Scott's in late February or early March . . . There is a strong possibility that **Louis Armstrong** will take his combo to England later this year. Trombonist **Russell (Big Chief) Moore** replaced **Trummy Young** with the group . . . In May the **Modern Jazz Quartet** will play a festival in Vienna, Austria, and in June in Bled, Yugoslavia. The MJQ will also play in Poland for the first time during this European visit.

Far Eastern travel is not being neglected either. Pianist **Roland Hanna** left for Japan on Feb. 7, and **Benny Goodman** departs on Feb. 20 for Nippon.

Meanwhile, **Thelonious Monk** left the Five Spot in January after a nine-month stay and in late February will tour in Europe for about a month. Exact plans were undeter-



MJQ

mined at presstime. Monk is expected back at the Five Spot at the end of May. His replacement at the Cooper Square club, **Charlie Mingus**, will remain in residence until the last week in March, when he, too, will take a group to Europe. At the Five Spot, Mingus opened with such men as reed players **Ken McIntyre** and **Jerome Richardson**, trumpeters **Tommy Turrentine** and **Snooky Young**, trombonist **Britt Woodman**, tubaist **Don Butterfield**, pianist **Jaki Byard**, and drummer **Dannie Richmond**. Opposite Mingus was vibist **Warren Chiasson's** trio with **Earl May**, bass, and **Charlie Persip**, drums. On the second night, Mingus switched to a quintet, retaining only his rhythm section mates and **Turrentine**, and adding **Illinois Jacquet** on tenor saxophone for a while.

The 14-inch snowstorm that hit New York in mid-January snowed **Horace Silver's** quintet out of its scheduled Monday night at the Village Gate. The week-end-only policy, which was in operation at **Art D'Lugoff's** cellar during January, continues until March when things will return to full time. Some of the weekend attractions have included folksinger-comedienne **Judy Henske**, Flamenco guitarist **Sabicas**, **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan**, and singer **Ethel Ennis**. Miss Ennis, who sang with the **Benny Goodman Band** at the Brussels World's Fair in Belgium in 1958, is now under the management of **Gerry Purcell** and recording for RCA Victor.

Pianist **Mary Lou Williams** has been doing half-hour air shots on ABC every Saturday night from the Hickory House, and **Duke Ellington's** orchestra was heard live from Basin Street East on WNEW in mid-January. Shades of yesterday! Ellington, with saxophonists **Johnny Hodges** and



MINGUS

(Continued on page 42)

*Thanks so much, readers and critics,  
for your generous approval in both polls.  
This is a real inspiration to us in 1964.*

*Love you madly,*

*Duke Ellington*



# JACK TEAGARDEN, 1905-1964



HERB SNITZER

The news spread quickly. Jack Teagarden, a man who had been one of the most important musicians in jazz, was dead, a victim of an old enemy, bronchial pneumonia. The trombonist, according to close associates, had been plagued with the respiratory ailment for years, and the varying and damp January weather that hit New Orleans, where his sextet had been playing the Dream Room, activated the chronic condition.

According to both his mother, Helen, and his sister, Mrs. Norma Friedlander, Teagarden had been advised repeatedly by his doctor to rest. "Music was everything to him," Mrs. Teagarden said sadly. "I knew he wouldn't take the rest. He couldn't quit."

Though he wouldn't take a complete rest, Teagarden was forced to cut short his New Orleans engagement because of his ill health. He entered Hotel Dieu, a New Orleans hospital, for examination a few days prior to his death, but he left the hospital and returned to his room at the Prince Monti Motel, where his body was found by a maid on Jan. 15.

His widow and business manager, Addie, flew to New Orleans from New York City to make funeral arrangements. There was a private wake before the body was flown to Los Angeles—where the Teagardens had lived for several years until they moved to Pompano Beach, Fla.—for burial in Forest Lawn Memorial Park on Jan. 20.

The gathering at the funeral was imposing. Among those attending in addition to Teagarden's family, were Ben Pollack, with whose band Teagarden broke into the big time; drummer Ray Bauduc, who played in the Pollack band with Teagarden and who worked in the trombonist's group several years

ago; Trummy Young, who eventually replaced Teagarden in the Louis Armstrong All-Stars; Barney Bigard, named by Teagarden as one of his favorite clarinetists and who worked with the trombonist in the Armstrong group; cornetist Muggsy Spanier, an old friend of Teagarden; trumpeter Don Goldie, who, until a year ago, was a key member of the trombonist's sextet; and Hoagy Carmichael, who, wearing a black derby, told reporters, "I put on the old derby today; I thought I'd get spruced up a bit for him."

Teagarden, born Aug. 20, 1905, in Vernon, Texas, gave his mother, a pianist and music teacher, much of the credit for his early interest in music. His first instrument was baritone horn, which he began playing when he was 7, but trombone gained his interest soon after.

In 1921 he joined pianist Peck Kelley's band in Houston, Texas, a band that also included Pee Wee Russell.

In recounting his career for *Down Beat* last year, Teagarden said of this period in his life, "Paul Whiteman came through Houston and offered me a job, and I went out to New York. But when I heard Benny Pollack's band, that knocked me out, and he offered me a job. . . ."

The trombonist accepted and played with the drummer-leader from 1928 to early 1933. While with the Pollack band, which included some of the outstanding jazzmen of the day, Teagarden made his first records.

In 1934 Teagarden joined the Paul Whiteman Orchestra and stayed until 1939. He credited his time with Whiteman as being good training, but there were times when the weight of the band evidently bored him. At one time during his tenure, the band was playing the Drake Hotel in Chicago. A friend met Teagarden at a restaurant after the job one night and asked how the trombonist felt. "Fine," was the reply. "I've just had a good night's sleep on the bandstand at the Drake."

After this period, however, Teagarden left and formed a large band, a move that was to bring him numerous financial headaches. At one point he filed for bankruptcy but managed to keep the band going, often with so many personnel changes, particularly during World War II, that he sometimes didn't know who would be in the group from one night to the next.

By late 1946 Teagarden gave up

his big band. He recalled his plight at that time: "All I had left was an equity in the band bus. . . . and the manager ran off to Mexico with the bus."

He formed a small band but was unsuccessful with it. In 1947 Louis Armstrong dissolved his big band and formed a group with Barney Bigard, pianist Dick Carey, bassist Arvell Shaw, and drummer Sid Catlett. The trumpeter asked his old friend Teagarden to join. The two had made a classic recording, *Knockin' a Jug*, in 1929, but they had not worked together in public. The trombonist accepted the offer and was a member of the Armstrong All-Stars until 1951, when he left to form his own group.

(The trombonist's death also brought the news from Armstrong and manager Joe Glaser that Teagarden was to rejoin Armstrong's group after fulfilling a number of bookings for his own sextet.)

The Teagarden sextet was much more successful than his big band, though there were times in the last year or so when work was scarce for it. In 1957 the group toured Europe, and the following year did an 18-week tour, under the auspices of the U.S. State Department, of 18 countries in Asia.

Teagarden's influence on the development of jazz trombone is immeasurable. Though a marvelous technician, Teagarden never used his facility for other than musical purposes, constructing flawless, flowing solos of impeccable taste. He was a musician, uncategorizable as to style, who loved playing more than anything else.

He summed up his musical philosophy once by saying, "I never did believe in looking back . . . like we got to copy this record or this style note for note. I try to play better tomorrow than I do today. It's the only way I could ever see it."

Among Jack Teagarden's pallbearers were friends Ray Bauduc and Barney Bigard



SIKERTZ

## Impressions of Big T, By Don DeMicheal

There was something about Jack Teagarden that made him unforgettable. Maybe it was dignity, I don't know. But there was something. Warmth, charm, courtliness . . . something. And no matter what kind of music they played, musicians had the highest respect for his ability. I never heard a musician knock Jack Teagarden.

A week before Jack died, I received a letter from clarinetist Bobby Jones, who had joined the Teagarden sextet in New Orleans on Christmas Eve. Jones, a friend of mine since high-school days, wrote of his elation at playing with such a musician as Teagarden. Jones, whose tastes in jazz run to the most modern, referred to the trombonist as Mr. Teagarden—"I still feel funny about calling him Jack," he said.

I first heard of him in 1934. I was 6. My mother had returned from a trip to Chicago and the World's Fair held there that year. She told my brother and me of the wonders she had seen. Though her account, not too detailed, of Sally Rand and fans intrigued us, she seemed at least as impressed at having seen and heard Teagarden, who played at the fair.

Mother was no jazz fan, but she seldom failed to bring up Jack's name whenever she talked about that trip, and when I became taken with jazz, her having had contact with such a great jazzman—even though only as a member of the audience—made her a very hip parent to me. She had actually seen a god!

In my last year or so in high school in Louisville, Ky., I began seeing and hearing a few of the gods myself. Among the first was Teagarden. He was struggling with his big band then, and they were booked for a week at a local ballroom. I was writing music reviews for a short-lived entertainment weekly (the fired-up, just-released veterans who ran the paper accepted free copy from anybody). I went to the ballroom, and, imbued with the impudence of adolescence that passes for nerve, I introduced myself as the local jazz critic. Teagarden, in that wonderfully warm, old-school way of his, feigned impression and invited me to a session he was going to that night.

At the afterhours club where the session took place, Jack played a few tunes with the leading home-town jazzmen (among them, incidentally, Bobby Jones) and then sat at a table, horn in hand, for a few drinks and some trombone talk with a couple of local trombonists while the session continued without him.

I was at the table next to theirs and brazenly eavesdropped. Jack was explaining to the others that it really wasn't necessary to depend so much on the slide, that the lip was the important thing in playing trombone. To demonstrate, he put his horn to his mouth, blew two beautiful choruses of whatever was being played on the stand—and never moved his slide. The two trombonists were obviously impressed.

The humanness of the man, his willingness to help others, his love of music

continually came out in such things as that demonstration.

I remember another demonstration of Teagarden's utter command of his instrument. This was on a more recent night when he, trumpeter Don Goldie, and I sat in a booth of the club his sextet was playing. The discussion turned to trombone playing, and to make a point, Jack took his horn—it never was far from him—and softly blew a few rapid, ascending chromatics as he extended his slide. When I expressed delight at his facility, he quietly said in that laze-along drawl that there were all sorts of tricks one could do—if one knew them. A grin creased his leathered face.

But despite his endearing qualities, he often seemed preoccupied, as if he were unaware of, or not particularly concerned with, what was going on at the moment.

Last spring, during the filming of a television jazz show, Marc Crawford and I got together Teagarden, Count Basie, and Maynard Ferguson for a discussion that later appeared in *Down Beat*. Jack was all co-operation, affable and talkative. He amused the rest of us with stories of the old days, but his comments about the present showed a certain degree of being out of touch. But that was part of him too.

The last time I saw him was at the Monterey Jazz Festival last September. There was a musical reunion of Jack, his brother Charlie, Pee Wee Russell, and Joe Sullivan. There also was a family reunion with the brothers' sister and mother. All knew Jack's health was not good. He had gone to a San Francisco hospital for a checkup immediately before the festival, and the doctors were concerned about his heart. The extra weight he was carrying didn't help matters. Nor had his return to drinking after years of being on the wagon. Still, the family reunion was a happy one, though someone—I think it was Jack—observed that it might be the last time they would all be together.

Jack was late for the rehearsal set up for his portions of the concerts, but when he arrived he was his usual relaxed, smiling self. After a quick embrace for Charlie, handshakes for Pee Wee and Joe, introductions to Gerry Mulligan and the bassist and drummer, there was a flurry of reminiscences among the four veterans. But Mulligan, with that great respect he has for older jazzmen, gently guided them into a rundown of the tunes.

At one point, someone asked Jack what solo order he wanted on a tune, and that preoccupation—or whatever it was—came out:

"Let's see. Pee Wee, you take the first one. And how about Charlie after that? OK. Then I'll take two. Then Joe for one. Then . . . then [he was looking at Gerry] . . . then, uh, the baritone player."

Mulligan, I'm sure, took no offense. Few could ever feel offended by the loving and lovable person that was Jack Teagarden.



Teagarden (4th from left) in 1925, a member of John Youngberg's Shreveport, La., band.



The trombonist's most famous association was with trumpeter Louis Armstrong, with whose sextet he was featured in the late 1940s.



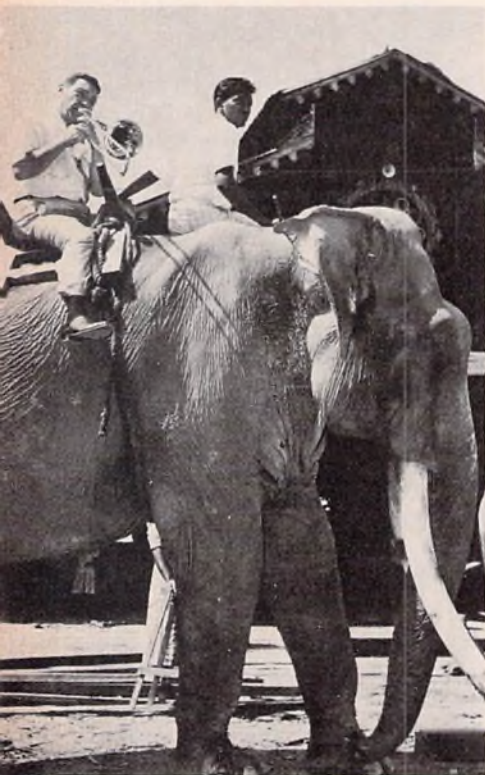


With Paul Whiteman's band at its Drake Hotel opening, the trombonist is seen at upper left.



From 1928 through 1933, Teagarden was a valued member of the all-star Ben Pollack band line-up, here pictured at Atlantic City's Park Central Hotel.

Rehearsing the ill-fated big band formed after leaving Whiteman.



In 1958 Teagarden acted as good-will ambassador for the United States on a State Department tour of 18 Asian countries.

**Louis Armstrong:** *I feel so bad—he and I were such good buddies, and we played together so long. We lost a great man, and we'll never get over it. He'll live forever. My man . . . miss him . . . God bless him.*

**Barrett Deems:** *He was the greatest guy in the world for me—wonderful—a sincere, sweet guy. In the four years I worked with Jack, I never had an argument with him, not even once. He was like a father to me. He always pushed everybody else in the group—never himself. And he wasn't a Dixieland trombonist. I could play any way I wanted behind him as long as it swung; and when he was riding he could swing in any way.*

**Joe Glaser:** *Jack Teagarden was definitely one of the nicest and sweetest guys in the music business. He was too good to be true.*

**Don Goldie:** *When I heard the news, I couldn't play, just couldn't play. I feel the greatest personal loss of a loved one, as will the world. There'll never be another.*

**Coleman Hawkins:** *He was one of the greatest characters I ever knew—altogether different. We got into the chittlin' thing together. And he always did play very pretty.*

**Earl Hines:** *He never had a bad word to say about anyone. He was a sweet-heart of a guy; there's not enough words to say how nice he was. The only harm he ever did was to himself; he was always helpful to everyone else. He was a guy who always took the second seat; he never did want to be out front, and you always had to push on him to make him come forward, you know. Jack's only interest was music. He didn't know anything about sports—baseball, football, and so on—and we used to talk quite often about that. He said his dad didn't allow them, always wanted him to work on steam engines and things of that sort. He'd sit in the dressing room and fool around with model steam engines and things like that when the rest of us would be up there looking at baseball games on TV. He also was wrapped up in getting the best intonation out of his horn; he was always tearing it apart and constantly fooling around with the mouthpiece.*

**J. J. Johnson:** *I always dug him as being one of the giants. I'm sorry I didn't get to hear him in person in his prime, although he always sounded good. Our paths didn't cross too often, but when we did meet, I found him to be a very, very warm person.*

**Santo Pecora:** *I first met Jack when I was playing at the Saenger Theater in*

*New Orleans around 1922, and Jack was working in the oil fields in St. Charles, La. He was just learning trombone, and he asked me to help him. He quit his job and decided to play music—he got some of his inspiration from me. I left town in 1925; then around 1929 musicians started talking about how great Jack Teagarden was. He had developed his own style. It was something different from what anybody in New Orleans ever played. Musicians in New Orleans and in the whole world were copying his style. He was the greatest.*

**Frank Rosolino:** *He had good taste and flexibility and just had the whole scene covered. I really admired him and wish I'd had the opportunity to have heard him more in person. His death was a great loss.*

**Pee Wee Russell:** *He was a complete master—absolutely no doubt about it. He owned it—that thing did his bidding. He took his time about things. His playing reflected that. It was no effort for him to play. His whole make-up was that way—easygoing.*

**Muggsy Spanier:** *I think he was one of the greatest musicians of our time and one of the finest gentlemen in the business, and I loved him. He was gentle and kind, and it told in what came out of that horn.*

**Ralph Sutton:** *Jack was my godfather in the music business. I feel about Jack Teagarden the same way I feel about Fats Waller and Art Tatum; my heart is always with them, and it will always be with Jack. I consider Jack the greatest trombonist I ever heard in my life.*

**Joe Sullivan:** *We arrived in New York just a month apart; he from the Southwest and Eddie Condon, Bud Freeman, Gene Krupa, myself, and the late Frank Teschemacher from Chicago. I was as close to Jack as anyone, I guess. He was a gentleman all the way through. He always thought good of his fellow man. That is one thing he taught me, and I think that over the years, especially the last couple of years, I've mellowed and that thought has always been with me. As a trombonist he was the best, barring no color, race lines, or I don't care what you call it; he was the best because he had the most free and easy style of playing, and he was most relaxed, and nothing seemed to ever bother him. He lived for music and that trombone. I hate the overused word "great," but when it comes to Jackson, the word applies.*

**Trummy Young:** *I regard Teagarden as one of the greatest of our time, not only as a great trombone player, but as a sweet guy. On his horn he had wonderful sound and wonderful control of his instrument. He was always one of my favorite trombone players.*

# WITH DUKE

Last Sept. 19 the Duke Ellington Orchestra began a scheduled 14½-week tour of the Middle East and southern Asia, sponsored by the U.S. State Department, with a concert in Damascus, Syria. Scheduled to return Dec. 15, the band's tour was canceled abruptly in Ankara, Turkey, because of the 30-day mourning period for the late President John F. Kennedy.

The personnel of the band for the tour was Ray Nance, Cat Anderson, Cootie Williams, Rolf Ericson, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Buster Cooper, Chuck Connors, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Ernie Shepard, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; and Ellington, piano.



Ceylonese floral welcome



Drum talk—India's Chatur Lal and Duke's Sam Woodyard

## ON TOUR

A report by  
Brian Bate

**D**UKE ELLINGTON's image is that of the man of polish and savoir-faire, of sophistication. He is a man of the world. But he is not a man jaded, for if he were, the undying works that have come from his pen—and have been faithfully reproduced by his orchestra—would not have continued in even flow through the years.

Ellington must be a man who, if not naive and easily impressed, is quickly impressed with the beauty of the unexpected. On his band's trip, there was a great plenty of the unexpected, for he and the orchestra traveled through Syria, Jordan, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Ceylon, Lebanon, Iran, and Iraq, with 4½ weeks in India, giving concerts in each of these countries.

The leader was voluble in describing experiences along the tour route.

"It's our world turned upside down, you know," he said. "I mean it's halfway around the world. . . . The snake charmers, the bats hanging from trees, the elephants and camels, the cobras, the lizards on the ceilings. . . . Another world! It's beautiful country, vast, romantic, exotic."

Impressed by the great variety of new experiences, Ellington said, "You name it—everything is there. The most fabulous art work, thousands of years old. The most unbelievable sunsets and sunrises—nothing like ours. In Bombay I saw a *completely* red sunset. All the way, to the top. Nothing but red—bang! Boy, it was too much."

From such vivid impressions one easily might expect a splurge of creative musical activity by Ellington. It is true that he is "trying to get a piece of music together to represent my recollections and reflections about the

tour and the lands we visited," but for the moment, Ellington said, he hasn't really had time to work at it properly.

"I've just been dipping into it now and then," he said, "as experiences return to me. But it's coming along in this way, and it should be ready pretty soon now, along with other things, perhaps—some people want to commission a ballet, some others want a concerto, that kind of thing."

The beauties of nature weren't the only ones the Ellington group found during the trip.

"Everywhere we went," Ellington said, "the embassies and consulates and various other people were always giving us big parties and dinners and things. I really enjoyed it. It was a ball."

The band, in addition to the places already mentioned, stayed a while in Kuwait, the oil-rich principality on the Persian Gulf, though it played no concert there.

"The American ambassador there," Ellington said, "gave a very nice reception for us, however. In fact, the ambassadors were wonderful to us all along the line. When I got the fever in New Delhi, India, I spent a week after I got out of the hospital convalescing in Roosevelt House at the U.S. Embassy as the guest of Mrs. Chester Bowles [wife of the ambassador]."

Ellington's illness in India was not the first for him on the tour. He had previously had dysentery in Syria.

"That was over in a day," he said. "And there's one thing that we found on the trip: if you get sick over there, the doctor right in that city is better able to handle the ailment than the greatest Occidental physician. It's a local germ; the disease has a specific character, and he knows it when he

sees it. Say you have dysentery. He sees it all the time. He gives you some pills, and immediately you start feeling better. If they bring you back here, perhaps no one has seen it before. It may be a disease from South America; they may not know what it is. They'll experiment with you for two or three months before they find out what the trouble is. And meanwhile, it gets worse all the time, going from something very minor to something that might be very serious."

On the subject of illnesses, Ellington explained why Ray Nance left the band in Amman, Jordan.

"Actually, Ray did not leave the band; the band left him," the leader said. "There were some rumors of Ray Nance having been sent home because of some supposed offensive behavior. This is not true. Ray Nance was sent home because he was sick."

Ellington said the trumpeter-violinist has a nervous condition that was aggravated by the change in going to the other side of the world. He added that Nance's loss "was a tremendous" one for the band.

"He is one of the greatest musicians in the world, with the most impeccable taste," Ellington said. "Ray is working around New York right now. I wanted him to come out to Cleveland [where the Ellington band played a three-week engagement recently], but he wouldn't come out; he won't leave New York. He wants to stay there until he gets himself together. We hope very much that he'll be back, but it all depends on him."

Herbie Jones replaced Nance in India, after a period in which the chair was filled by Patrick Blake, the New Delhi trumpeter and bandleader. Ellington had only praise for the musicianship of Blake.



The band performs for a rapt Indian audience



Ceylonese dancers entertain the band

"Pat fitted very well, fell right into place," he said. "He's a good musician. Of course, we didn't give him any solo responsibilities—you know how it is; certain people are identified with the sound of our band, and the people want to hear the sound that they know. It's hard to give the audience something new.

"I'll never forget when I was in Europe in 1950 and had to tear up a whole damned program," he said with a laugh. "They hadn't had records over there, and so they didn't know all the things we had been doing in the 10 years before that. The East is the same way, only many times multiplied. There are a few records over there, but they're pretty old."

Not everyone is so unhip, however. "For instance," Ellington reported, "in India, a friend of mine, the maharajah of Cooch Behar, keeps a standing order in London for all of our new records. He's been one of our patrons since 1933. He was a student at Cambridge then, and he cut school for two weeks to go to London to hear us at the Palladium."

**T**HE CONCERTS during the tour were altogether successful, both artistically and commercially (or diplomatically, in terms of the tour's objectives).

"The reviews were just wonderful," Ellington said. "And most of the concerts were sold out two or three hours after the tickets went on sale. Then the scalpers would take over."

In view of the enormous success of the concerts, the premature cancellation of the tour came as a surprise. Especially hard to take was the fact that the tour was canceled just after the arrival of a five-man camera crew from the Columbia Broadcasting Sys-

tem, scheduled to film the remainder of the trip for spring showing on *Twentieth Century*.

"That TV show would have been the biggest thing that could have happened to us," said Ellington ruefully but with no trace of rancor. "I just try to roll with the punch. My philosophy is that all things that happen happen for the best. There are times, you know, when the dice are running bad, and I think that if you interfere with the bad rolls, you also interfere with the good ones.

"But it's nothing to worry about. I guess maybe fate feels that I'm a little too young to be too popular or too rich."

His band's tour was canceled after President Kennedy's assassination while other State Department cultural exchange tours in progress then were not canceled.

Ellington said he had no information about the other trips. "It wouldn't have been right to go on," he said about his own tour. "Many of those countries observe a long mourning period in such cases, and they wouldn't have understood. At least, that was the recommendation of the ambassadors in the various countries in which we were scheduled to play."

"However," he continued, "you know that, to many people, 'jazz' is still a bad word; it connotes brothels and speakeasies and all that sort of thing. And I'm sure that everyone more or less felt that jazz is played in a spirit of festivity, so it wouldn't have been in accord with the time. There had been this unfortunate over-emphasis of the word 'jazz,' and everybody had this distorted image of the loudness and raucousness of the music."


For Ellington, therefore, what it

amounted to was that his tour was canceled because it was a jazz tour.

"We couldn't have continued under those conditions," he said, "For some people, jazz is just a *bad word*, baby, I'm sorry! Even though it's all the great individuals in its history that are important, it's still the word itself to most people. If it had been 'rock and roll,' it might have been more dignified. Or 'hootenanny,'" he said and laughed. "They might have been able to take that."

This misunderstanding of jazz, Ellington said, is paralleled by a misunderstanding of the American Negro. When he wrote the show *My People*, celebrating the progress and accomplishments, cultural and otherwise, of Negroes in the United States since the Emancipation Proclamation, for the Century of Negro Progress exposition last year, he gave the work a 26-word phrase as a subtitle.

"It may have sounded a bit pretentious, but there's a lot to be said," he explained. "You can't say it in one word. You can say it in two words, 'American Negro,' but if someone doesn't know the American Negro, they don't know what you're talking about. The *American Negro* is a different species. Nobody understands the American Negro."

Although it may be true that no one understands the American Negro, and no one understands jazz, the message of Duke Ellington, his integrated band, and its music broke through the barriers of language and cultural tradition nevertheless, reaching the minds and hearts of thousands in the Near East and southern Asia. The Ellington tour, shortened though it was, stands as a diplomatic, social, and artistic landmark for the United States and for jazz. 

# RANDY WESTON

One of jazz' most gifted  
composer-pianists relates his  
development and influences/By Ira Gitler

**A** MAN WHO LEADS a group in jazz can be expected to have some salty comment on the problems a leader faces in today's tough market. Pianist Randy Weston's reaction ran true to form: "I don't really care for the band-leader situation at all." But his reasons for feeling that way run a good deal deeper than the customary vexations of making a living in an economically hazardous business:

"I just think that my real gift for music is my composition, and this [leading a group] is a way of getting it across."

Perhaps this was only a bit of oversimplification from a man whose piano style has been described as "orchestral" by critics Pete Welding and Dan Morgenstern, and from a man who later admitted that his writing and playing were intertwined "because the more I play, the more ideas I get for writing."

The need for self-expression and the necessity for creating his own workshop, so to speak, were brought home to Weston when he and bassist Ahmed Abdul-Malik worked with local bands in their home ground of Brooklyn while in their late teens.

Often they heard things "another way" and interpreted them in their playing.

"For this we were called rebels," Weston said. "We used to catch hell. They thought we were far out. If you can't get a group to accept what you're doing, you have to get your own group. That's how it happened. But it's just an extension of the things that I write and the things I want to do."

"This is what the problem is, in a sense," he continued, "because sometimes I may want a trio sound, sometimes I may want a big band, sometimes a quartet, and I'm not particularly satisfied with any one size group, which in a way is a problem, but compositionwise it's a ball."

Weston is currently leading a quintet with Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Bill Woods, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums; and Big Black, conga drums. When he wants another horn, he usually calls on trumpeter Ray Copeland, another associate who harks back to the Brooklyn days. Last year, Weston also led an 11-piece group in one-nighters at the Village Gate and on a Colpix album that showcased the compositions inspired by his visits to Africa.

There was a time, in his youth, when the piano was an instrument of pain to Weston, who will be 38 on April 6. He came from a neighborhood where the parents thought music lessons were a good way to keep children out of trouble. His father, P. E. Weston, made him take up piano.

"All I wanted to do was go out in the street and play ball," Randy said. "After three years of classical study, my teacher gave up. I was setting the clock ahead, sneaking out the back door, getting beatings, you know. . . ."

When he was 14, Weston's interest in the piano was finally kindled. Al Harewood, a well-known drummer today, was a boyhood friend. "He wasn't playing drums then," Weston said, "but he knew two songs on the piano, and he taught me one of them. It was the first time I

played a melody that was familiar to me."

From then on, Weston played. He had begun listening to jazz a year or so before and already had his favorites: "Basie, Duke, Lil Green, Slim & Slam, Jimmie Lunceford—*Blues in the Night* had just come out. But for some reason I got hung up on Coleman Hawkins. *Body and Soul* really turned me around, and I found myself buying everything that Hawk recorded. *Body and Soul* influenced me so much that I played his solo, note for note, on the piano—exactly."

Weston started gigging around Brooklyn with Abdul-Malik, Copeland, tenor man Ray Abrams, and baritonist Cecil Payne, who then was playing alto.

In 1944 guitarist Huey Long (he later recorded with tenor saxophonist Eddie Davis and trumpeter Fats Navarro) hired him. They worked at George's on Seventh Ave. in the Village. This was Weston's first experience in night clubs. Shortly afterwards Weston was drafted. He wanted to be in a service band but wound up in the Signal Corps. However, with other Negro musicians in his outfit, he was able to play in off-duty hours.

While in the Army, Weston was able to keep up with what was current because he was stationed near New York and was a constant visitor to 52nd St. Coleman Hawkins was working at clubs on the street, and Weston's continuing love for Hawkins' playing led him in new directions. Previously, his influences had been Count Basie ("I played like Basie for a while"), Nat Cole, Art Tatum ("just out of sight, always excited me"), Duke Ellington ("but I didn't quite realize Ellington as a pianist at that time—I think it was more of the orchestra than himself as an individual pianist"), and Eddie Heywood ("he lived across the street, and I used to go over and hear him play; I was introduced to him through the classic Hawkins recording of *The Man I Love*").

When he went to hear Hawkins, he found Thelonious Monk playing piano with him. They did *'Round Midnight*, and it was Weston's first hearing of the song.

"I didn't think Monk was playing at all at the time," he said, "but I had such a respect for Hawk that I said, 'This guy must be saying something or Hawk wouldn't have him,' and I found myself going back."

Weston introduced himself to Monk, and when he was discharged from service in 1947, he went to Monk's house and listened to him play the piano for two or three hours at a time. What impressed Weston most about Monk's music was his "simplicity and unique sense of rhythm. He can say so much with so little. How he can quickly state a message. I've heard him do more things with one note that a lot of other pianists couldn't do with many, many notes.

"I felt that he was so heavily steeped in the basic blues, and yet he was able to create modern ideas. A unique and ideal combination."

Weston says the most important lesson he learned from Monk is what he calls an "ethnic connection with self-expression. You're taught to play a piano a certain way, and if you don't play it that way, it's not the correct way. Without saying a word, Monk taught me, 'Play what you feel although it may not be the way it's supposed to be.'"

Concurrent with his meetings with Monk, Weston studied the "correct" way at the Parkway Music Institute and managed his father's luncheonette. Drummer Max Roach lived nearby, and Weston was able to meet all the important figures of the bop movement. The luncheonette, which was open 24 hours a day, became a hangout for jazz lovers. Weston installed records by Monk, Charlie Parker, and Dizzy Gillespie on the jukebox and even had a jazz photo gallery in the back of the shop. All this pointed toward Weston's real feelings, but he didn't realize

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it. In looking back on this 1947-'49 period, he said, "It was a form of frustration because what I really wanted to do was play, but I wasn't quite aware of it at the time."

**A**FTER PLAYING SPORADICALLY, Weston went with Bull Moose Jackson's rhythm-and-blues band (Connie Kay was on drums) for about a year, touring in the South and West.

When he returned east, an event occurred that gave him impetus to devote himself fully to his music. Wanting to get away from New York, Weston took a job as a cook at Windsor Mountain School, which was located at Lenox, Mass., in the Berkshire Mountains. That summer in the early '50s, the school served as a camp for elderly refugees from central Europe.

"Almost all of them were artists," Weston said, "painters, musicians, singers. I used to play the piano in my off time, and one afternoon, three of these old ladies asked me to appear in the concert that the camp was giving. I was the only jazz musician on the program, and their reception was a great inspiration."

Another significant event in Weston's life happened that same summer. Windsor Mountain was two miles from Music Inn, and when Weston visited the inn, he met Marshall Stearns, who had instituted a jazz program for the first time there. Modern jazz was not represented, however, and Weston was asked to fill this gap. He sent for bassist Sam Gill and drummer Willie Jones, and the Randy Weston Trio was born.

This was the beginning of a summertime romance that found him returning to Lenox for eight straight years, dividing his playing time among Music Inn, the Avaloch, and Festival House, the latter two establishments located in the same area as Music Inn. "It was a paradise," Weston said. "For one, I would play all summer long. I made arrangements to take my children [Niles and Pamela] with me. And you could hear very fine music—the Boston Symphony, opera. . . ."

Weston also met a lot of people who were to become involved in his life: writer Langston Hughes, dancer Geoffrey Holder, and the late Bill Grauer, president of the then newly formed Riverside records. In 1954 Weston became Riverside's first modern-jazz recording artist with an album of Cole Porter songs. He also went to work for Riverside in the shipping department.

At Music Inn, Weston had also met MacBeth, a calypso singer. A quadrille MacBeth had written demonstrated to Weston that waltzes could swing, and he began writing in this time signature. Two of his best-known compositions, *Little Niles* and *Pam's Waltz*, are products of this period.

The release of his first album drew much critical acclaim, and in 1955 Weston won the new-star piano award in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll. He left the Riverside staff, formed his own group, and has been active as a leader ever since.

His musical similarity to Monk was evident at the time,



perhaps even more accentuated because no other pianist was so directly influenced by that rugged individualist. But as Weston's career progressed, it became more and more obvious that he was moving toward an absorption of Monk and an expression of his own, in his playing and writing. This he has now achieved.

His approach to writing is varied and contains no rigid rules.

"I don't have a formula of any kind," Weston said. He does most of his composing at the piano, but "sometimes I'll hear something—I just try to listen to as many kinds of music as possible. I get a lot of ideas like that. For example, being at Lenox, listening to classical music, I get ideas."

Another example of inspiration by Lenox is *Berkshire Blues*, a warm, ruminative blues. The piece was written at Music Inn in 1962.

"The Berkshires is a very beautiful place," Weston said. "If something strikes me very deeply, I try to submerge myself into it. Now, I've always wanted to write a piece about the Berkshires, an even much bigger work, because I spent so much time up there. Usually at night, I used to take a walk, and breathe the air, look at the trees, and just sort of get with the place itself. Somehow I get a musical message. This is the way it works with me. There's no definite plan. I don't know how it's going to happen. It's strictly feeling."

**S**OME OF WESTON'S best-known compositions are *Hi-Fly*, *Little Niles*, *Babe's Blues*, and *Where?* A testimony to their power is the frequency with which other jazzmen play them, especially the first two. Jon Hendricks

(Continued on page 36)

# JIMMY JONES

## PORTRAIT OF A PROFESSIONAL

By STANLEY DANCE

ONE OF THE MOST sought-after arrangers in New York today is Jimmy Jones. Among performers he has written for are Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, Lena Horne, Harry Belafonte, Wes Montgomery, Nancy Wilson, and Duke Ellington. Not so many years ago, he was one of the most sought-after pianists for jazz record dates, but though his ability at the keyboard remains undiminished, time now reduces his activity in that direction.

He regards the change in his position as an advancement. "In effect," he said, "it has taken me from labor to management. Writing is more on the executive side, where you put things together, and I like that. Playing the piano, you're just a prop for a setting."

Jones was born in Memphis, Tenn., in 1918 and reared in Chicago. Because everyone in his neighborhood seemed to have one, he first began to express himself musically on four-string guitar, but his mother played piano, and he switched to that instrument in his teens.

"The guitar influenced my piano harmonically," he said, "in thinking in terms of groups of notes rather than single lines. Of course, a lot of cats today are playing single-line stuff, too, but when I played guitar, it was more or less in a chord style like Wes Montgomery's."

"It was a Midwest type of thing, and Wes reminds me of the old days when I hear him play those full chords. That was the way I played, and I just transferred it to the piano. Looking back, I think if I had projected the single-note approach, which I could have done, it would have been more commercial, but once you get an established style, and identity, you hate to change it."

After high school and music college in Chicago, where he played in a junior-college orchestra, Jones went to Kentucky State College, where his first major was sociology and his second music.

"It was there I learned to write," he recalled, "by trial and error—where

it didn't make any difference if it sounded bad. The main thing in writing is to be able to hear it. I don't care what you put on paper; you've got to hear it played to know if you like it or not."

From the beginning, Jones insisted, his greatest inspiration was Ellington, and he had been encouraged in this by his parents, who took him to hear Ellington whenever he played Chicago.

"Earl Hines was the prominent pianist in the city at that time, and he was wonderful," Jones admitted, "but I always liked Duke better, for his orchestra as well as his piano. When Dave Brubeck once asked me who had influenced me most, I told him the Duke Ellington *Orchestra*. I tried to make the piano sound like it."

Playing in local dance groups, his career for a time ran parallel with John Levy's. He made his first records for the Session label with a sextet that included Levy on bass and Alvin Burroughs on drums, but it was when he joined Levy as a member of Stuff Smith's trio in 1943 that his fame spread beyond Chicago.

"Stuff had a good personality, and we had such a ball playing that people began to have fun just watching us have fun," he said. "On records we didn't have time to develop ideas, but in person we went much further in extensions."

The trio had a great success, but its unity was strained in New York by the excitements and stresses of 52nd St. and by the demands of freelance recording.

The first records made under Jones' own name, for H.R.S. in 1946, also marked his first association with members of the Ellington musical family, such as baritonist Harry Carney, trombonist Lawrence Brown, and altoist Otto Hardwicke. His writing for the date showed a strong Ellington influence. Of 52nd St. he remembered sitting in with Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Dizzy Gillespie, and Charlie Parker, but, despite the allure of that thoroughfare, he ended up in Cafe Society with drummer J. C. Heard's group in 1946-'47.

"Sarah Vaughan came down there, and I played the audition for Barney Josephson [Cafe Society owner] to hear her," he said. "Then I went with her as accompanist and became her musical director. I made this change from the straight jazz scene because it was more lucrative, not that I liked it any better. But it was the better end of the business, and today I guess I like them about the same."

"As years went by, I found I had the flexibility to switch back and forth from jazz to show business, and that's

what I worked hard on, so that I could meet any situation—playing, writing, or conducting.

"It would be about 1959, when I had rejoined Sarah, that I started studying again. I felt an urge to write, but because I also felt that some of the modern devices were getting by me, I went to New York University. My particular style of piano influenced my string writing. That big, lush album I did with Sarah was almost like amplifying my piano accompaniment for an orchestra of 30 pieces.

"I hadn't realized I was playing that much, contrapuntally."

The first time he heard any of his own writing for strings was on a Joe Williams album, with Ben Webster and Harry Edison. He had never written or conducted strings before, and he admits he was nervous. He didn't know what it was going to sound like, but he was pleasantly surprised.

"Once you can hear it," he continued, "you can keep developing. You're always a student. You never can say, 'This is exactly the way I want it,' because it doesn't come out like that."

"Perhaps the lack of acceptance of my piano forced me to widen my scope. It was a quiet style, but I didn't intend it to be that way. I wanted everybody to enjoy it, because the musician is where the art is, and the public is where the money is!

"Now that I've established an image, so far as the writing and conducting are concerned," Jones said, "I'm thinking seriously of doing more as a player, of bringing it all together with the piano."

FOR SEVERAL YEARS, Jones' main occupation has been recording in New York City, where the quality and variety of his work have won him the respect and admiration of the whole music profession. Something of his methods and ability to meet challenges emerges in his accounts of record dates with Harry Belafonte and Wes Montgomery.

"Harry runs a record date like Duke," Jones said, "and you could never relate it from hearing his music. Take that *Midnight Special* album, for example. I had a big orchestra: seven brass, five reeds, and a string section. Because Harry's image can be lost if he gets past two guitars, it took a lot of thinking, with all those trumpets and trombones, to avoid having him sound like the rest of the singers. But though he wants to keep that image, he had told me, 'Just write—overwrite if you want to!'"

"When we got in the studio, we'd



change everything around—letter A with Z—and he'd change his lyrics. He's a talent, and he works like Duke, with a similar production sense. He knows how to *produce* a track on a record rather than just having the arrangement played down. I've often heard a wonderful arrangement played by a wonderful band fail because it wasn't produced with a fresh, *single* guiding thought."

The string album he did with Wes Montgomery was one he says he liked. It was done with about 30 pieces, and Jones called Montgomery "the most amazing man you can see in a studio. I would take the score down once. He'd hear it and then play as though he had a solo perfectly written out. String players will give a bow tap when they're applauding a soloist. This guy had them doing it almost every take, and I've seldom seen them do that as long as I've been in the studios.

"They appreciated the amazing things he was doing with his left hand. There's a kinship, of course, between the violin and the guitar, and that was another challenge. 'How can you write string background for a string soloist?' one guy asked me. Wes was playing amplified guitar, and jazz, but there had to be a relationship as well as contrast."

**R**ECOGNITION OF Jones' gifts as pianist and writer is engraved on many a record, but his appointment last August as conductor for Ellington's show *My People* was another highlight in Jones' career.

It began in typically casual and oblique Ellington fashion at Basin Street East in New York City.

"I was just supposed to rehearse some singers," Jones explained, "but each day I was deeper into it, until all of a sudden I was in Chicago! I'm very happy I took it on, because it was a great experience, and the band was wonderful. I used to kid Duke about the band, and he'd laugh, but I think he liked it too. He said it had a different personality."

It is fairly well known that Ellington doesn't like to have everything written down but prefers a margin in which to work. As a corollary, Jones added:

"The way I see it, he has a thing completely sketched out in his mind. Then what he does is like a chain reaction. Here's a section, here's a section, and here's another, and in between he begins putting the connecting links.

"What makes it confusing to other people is that he knows where each section belongs, but to begin with

they're not necessarily in position. The amazing thing about Ellington is that he can think so fast on the spot and create so quickly. I watched Duke write once, and it was astonishing. When he knows what he wants and has got it in his mind, he can write awfully fast. His is a school in itself, one you have to go through to understand, and one he's developed over a period of years.

"Though he is highly respected, he would drive some of the more conservative guys nuts. 'This is wrong,' they'd say, or, 'That's wrong.' But it's not wrong, because it sounds good. I agree with him all the way, because if you're not careful, you can get so inhibited by study. I believe people with natural ability should play by ear first. Later, if they want technique, they can study, when they've molded their own character, instead of molding it out of a textbook. A bunch of rules can swamp your true self. I think Ellington has kept his beautifully.

"It's a form of study, anyway, to go by trial and error, to see what you like and don't like. He knew everything, every spot, every note in that show, despite the kind of aloof appearance he wore. He was completely aware at all times as to where this or that belonged—the lighting, the dancing, the music, the scores."


The performances of the show improved so much, Jones continued, that it got to the point where it was automatic, almost running on its own. After everything was weeded out, and the show-business logic was in order, it was really clicking. His job as conductor was not so much when the

show was going good, he said, but a matter of what to do in an emergency.

"I'd be looking in the wings to see if the other acts were there, so I'd know what to do if they were not," Jones said. "I could never sit back and relax. It was more a matter of holding the show together."

When it came time to record the cast album, there was a three-man team, Jones explained. Generally, Ellington stayed in the control booth; Jones conducted; Billy Strayhorn played piano. Sometimes, if Ellington wanted a particular feeling, he would come out and conduct—or conduct, seated, from the booth. Then Strayhorn would stay in the singers' booth with the singers, and Jones would play piano.

"Duke was pretty smart on me one time," Jones recalled. "There was an old-time piano there, the kind with tacks on the hammers, and Booty Wood, Harold Ashby, and I were jamming, just loosening up with Joe Benjamin and Louis Bellson. 'Oh, I want some of that!' Duke called. It was the same group that accompanied Jimmy Grissom on the record, with Booty playing plunger trombone that was really quite close to Tricky Sam Nanton. Booty has really got it together. It's a thing in itself—conversational, and a matter of the musician's personality. As for me, I went 'way back, to James J. Johnson and Fats Waller."

With that, one might almost say Jimmy Jones has attained his main objective: "To be flexible, to appreciate all facets of jazz and popular entertainment, and to be able to bring them together." 

JEFF LOWENTHAL/COURTESY CONTACT RECORDS



# THE ACCEPTANCE OF MONK

By LeRoi Jones

THE NOV. 25 cover of *Time* magazine was to be of Thelonious Monk. But when President John F. Kennedy was assassinated, another cover was quickly substituted. The Monk cover also was to be accompanied by a long, *Time*-style biography that would officially present Monk, at long last, to polite society.

One thinks immediately of another jazz musician so presented, Dave Brubeck, and even though it seems that Monk never could expect to receive the kind of "acceptance," and with it, the kind of money Brubeck makes because of his "canonization," it does not seem too extreme an optimism to predict the swelling of Monk's bank account as a result of such exposure, though now it is uncertain whether the cover will ever appear, despite the fact that *Time* people say it should appear in February sometime.

If it somehow doesn't appear, it will be a drag, I suppose, but the very fact of such a cover's scheduling does mean that Monk's fortunes are definitely still rising. The idea of seeing Thelonious Monk's face on a cover of *Time* would have seemed only a few years ago like a wild joke. As a matter of fact, seeing a dummy cover, as I did, one's first reaction is that someone is trying to put you on. I'm still not absolute sure they weren't.

What remains puzzling—though not completely so—are

the reasons for such a step by the Luceforce. What can it possibly mean? (Aw, man, it means they figure they got to be au courant, like everybody else.) One understands such treatment for a man like Brubeck, who could claim jazz fugues and U.S. college students to his credit, the wholesome cultural backdrop of which would certainly sit well with the *Time* editors who could thus project Brubeck into the homes of their readers as a genius of New Culture.

But even taking into consideration Monk's widening acceptance by jazz tastemakers, and even the passing of his name around a growing audience merely by his Columbia recordings, it is still a wondrous idea that people at *Time*, hence, a pretty good swath of that part of the population called "knowledgeable," will now have some idea they can connect with Thelonious.

And what, finally, does that mean? Has Monk finally been allowed onto the central dais of popular culture? If such is the case, one wonders why Miles Davis' picture was not put on that magazine's cover, since it is certain that after his last few Columbia efforts, Davis has definitely entered the larger marketplace. But Monk is Columbia property, too, and equally available through its record club and wide distribution setup—that is, his music is now open to the most casual of tastes. But then, so is Mozart's.



I don't think the truism that success is more difficult to handle than failure is entirely useless. Certainly almost everyone must have some example, and within the precincts of American jazz, of some artists or performer who, once he had made it safely to the "top," either stopped producing or began to imitate himself so dreadfully that his early records began to have more value than new records or in-person appearances. There are hosts of men like this, in all fields. It is one of this country's specialties.

So Monk, someone might think after taking a quick glance, has really been set up for something bad to happen to his playing. He came into the Five Spot for what turned out to be an eight-month stay. That fact alone could have turned off the creative force of some musicians; i.e., the boring grind such a long stint might turn out to be, perhaps especially under the constant hammer of slightly interested audiences, the presence of which, in any club, is one symbol of a club's success.

But Monk is much harder than any of these possible deductions from his art. He is an old man, in the sense of having facts at his disposal from which any pianist, or man, for that matter, might learn something.

*Down Beat*, in its *Music '64*, says that Bill Evans is the most influential pianist of the moment. I would suppose by that, *Down Beat* means in its editorial offices. Monk's influence permeates the whole of jazz by now, and certainly almost none of the younger wizards just beginning to unfold, and even flower, have completely escaped Monk's facts. Young musicians like Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, Ornette Coleman, Don Cherry, Eric Dolphy, and so many others acknowledge and constantly demonstrate their large debt to Monk. In fact, of all the bop greats, Monk's influence seems second now only to that of Charlie Parker among younger musicians.

Even though Monk should be considered a jazz master, having piled up his credits since the early days at Minton's and having contributed to the innovations that brought in the hard swing, it is only relatively recently that some kind of general recognition has come his way. Even though, for sure, there are still well-educated citizens who must think of Monk (*Time* or not) as incomprehensible.

He's always had a strong reputation among musicians, but perhaps his wider acceptance began during his stay at the old Five Spot in the late spring and summer of 1957, with that beautiful quartet consisting of tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, bassist Wilbur Ware, and drummer Shadow Wilson. Anyone who witnessed the transformation that playing with Monk sent John Coltrane through (opening night he was struggling with *all* the tunes) must understand the deepness and musical completeness that can come to a performer under the Monk influence. It is not too far out to say that, before the Monk job, Coltrane was a very hip saxophonist, but after that experience he had a chance to become a very great musician and a ubiquitous influence himself.

WHEN MONK OPENED at the new Five Spot, the owners said he would be there "as long as he wanted." Monk also selected a brand new piano to be used at the club, though now, after the long stay, there are hundreds of scratches, even gashes, on the wood just above the keys where Monk, slashing at the keys, banged the wood with his big ring or tore it with his finger nails.

"No one," said Joe Termini, co-owner with his brother, Iggy, of the Five Spot, "draws crowds as consistently as Monk." And it seemed very true during the months Monk has spent at the new, sleek version of the old Bowery jazz club.

Most evenings there was a crowd of some proportions sitting around the club, and the weekends were always

swinging and packed, the crowds stretching sometimes right onto the street. The crowds comprised college students—by the droves, especially during the holidays—seasoned listeners, hippies, many musicians, tourists, explorers, and a not so tiny ungroupish group of people immediately familiar to each other, if perhaps obscure to others: Monkfans. For certain, a great many who came and will come to see Monk come out of a healthy or unhealthy curiosity to see somebody "weird," as the mystique of this musician and his music, even as it has seeped down, distorted to a great extent by the cultural lag, into the more animated fringe of mainstream culture, has led them to believe.

Of course, many of Monk's actions can be said to be strange . . . they are, but they are all certainly his own. He is a singular figure, wearing a stingy-brim version of a Rex Harrison hat every night I saw him during the whole stretch of the date. All the old stories about Monk's coming hours late for a job and never being able to hold a gig have by now dissipated to a certain extent. Certainly an eight-month stand, just as the shorter one at the old Five Spot, ought to prove he can hold a job. And after a while Monk kept adjusting his employers and his audience to his entrance times, and while someone might have thought, if it was his first time in the Spot, that the music should have begun a little earlier, anyone who had been through those changes before and was used to the schedule knew that Monk never got there until around 11 p.m. But he was consistent about that.

Monk's most familiar routine at the Five Spot was to zoom in just around 11, head straight back towards the kitchen and into a back room where he got rid of his coat, and then walk quickly back out into the club and straight to the bar. Armed with a double bourbon "or something," he would march quickly to the bandstand and play an unaccompanied solo, something like *Crepescul with Nellie* or *Ruby, My Dear* or a very slow and beautiful *Don't Blame Me*, the last finished off most times with one of his best James P. Johnson tinkles.

After the solo, Monk would take the microphone and make an announcement (which surprised even the Monkfans, who by now have grown used to the pianist's close-mouthed demeanor on the stand). But the announcements, for the most part, were quite short—something like, "And now, Frankie Dunlop will play you some tubs." Then Monk would disappear into the alcove, and a few fans who had waited several hours to hear him would groan and have to wait a while longer until the rest of the program was finished.

After Dunlop's unaccompanied drum solo, Monk would return to the stand, but only to say, "Butch Warren will play a bass solo," and, gesturing toward Warren, he would return to the alcove to walk back and forth, or dancing with the solo, add, "You got it!" Warren usually played *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise*.

Finally, Monk and the entire group would come onto the stand together—Dunlop, Warren, and tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse. Many nights, the first tune the group did jointly was *Sweet and Lovely*, which begins as a slow Monkish ballad, only to take wings behind Rouse's breathy swing and easy lyricism. Before the night was over, one was likely to hear that tune three or four times, but it never got wearing. An average set was likely to consist of four tunes—for example, *Rhythm-a-ning*, *Criss Cross*, *Blue Monk*, each set ending with *Epistrophe*.

But almost everything heard throughout any given evening was a Monk piece, except for the few standards like *Tea for Two*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and *Don't Blame Me*, all of which upon hearing seem immediately and permanently transformed into Monk originals. Mostly he played

tunes like *Misterioso*; *Straight, No Chaser*; *Off Minor*; *Well, You Needn't*; *I Mean You*; *Evidence*; and others of his own now well-known compositions.

**T**HE GROUP, by now, is very much a tightly connected musical unit. It has a unison sound that is unmistakable, and the ensemble playing usually is close to impeccable. Monk and Rouse were the soloists, though all the players took solos on almost each tune. Sometimes the other two players, Warren and Dunlop, did come up with striking solos, but most times the solo force had to be carried by Monk and Rouse. (Dunlop is a light, occasionally dazzling tap dancer of a drummer who barely seems to touch the skins. Warren is a young, very promising bass player who is still looking to find his way completely out of the Oscar Pettiford bag.)

Rouse's playing is almost artifact-like at times, sometimes detrimentally so, but when Monk was knifing through his polished dialogs with sharp, sometimes bizarre sounding chords—always right, though—then Rouse was stamped into making something really exciting, for all his insouciant elegance. One night on *Criss Cross* this happened, and Charlie went off into tenor saxophone heaven, he was tooting so hard.

But sometimes one wishes Monk's group wasn't so polished and impeccable, that he had some musicians with him willing to extend themselves a little further, to dig a little deeper into the music, to get out there somewhere near where Monk is and where his compositions always point to.

Monk's playing is still remarkable. The things he can do, and does do almost any night, even when he's loafing, are just out of sight. Even when he's just diddling around the keys looking for a chord to shake up somebody—the rest of his group most times—he makes singularly exciting music. Critics who talk about this pianist's "limited technical abilities" should really be read out of the club (or are there any left?). Monk can get around to any place on the piano he thinks he needs to be, and even for sheer piano-lesson brilliance, he can rattle off arpeggios and brilliant sizzling runs that ought to make even those hundred-finger pianists take a very long, serious look.

While the other musicians solo, Monk usually gets up from the piano and does his "number" behind the piano, occasionally taking a drink. The quick dips, half whirls, and deep pivoting jerks Monk gets into behind that piano are part of the music too. Many musicians have mentioned how they could get further into the music by watching Monk dance, following the jerks and starts, having dug that that was the emphasis Monk wanted on the tune. He would also skip out into the alcove behind the bandstand and continue the dance. From the bar, it was a pretty wiggly sight digging Monk stepping and spinning, moving back and forth just beyond the small entrance to the stand. You'd see only half a movement or so, and then he'd be gone off to the other side, out of sight.

One evening, after the last tune of the set, Monk leaped up from the bench, his hands held in the attitude he had assumed as he finished the number, and without changing that attitude (hands up and in front of him as he lifted them from the keys), he wheeled off the stand and did a long drawn out shuffle step from the stand completely around the back of the club. Everyone in the club stopped and followed him with their eyes, until he had half circled the entire club, bringing the semicircle to a stop right at

JOE ALPER



the center of the bar—and, without dropping his attitude or altering his motion, he called to the bartender, practically and logically, "Give me a drink." Somebody next to me said, to no one in particular, "Now, you get to that."

Monk goes on as he does, very often playing quite beautifully, and at least giving out piano lessons the rest of the time. (The last set of the evening he would usually get into the remarkable part of his skills, and for some reason, when the club was down to its last serious drinkers and serious listeners, he and the rest of the group—because they sensed the leader's feelings—would get way up and scare most of us.)

Monk is a success now, and there's no getting around it, nor should there be, because he's one person and musician who deserves it very much. He's paid more dues—real and mythological—than most musicians are ever faced with paying. As a matter of fact, even at the height of his success at the Five Spot, Monk had to go downtown one day to go through still more changes with the cabaret-card people, and the word was that the whole routine wasn't really necessary and that those worthies just took Monk through the thing because they could.

But Monk now is making his way into big-time America. He hasn't given his mind away on the way; he's still "out there" and showing no signs of becoming anything other than what he's been for quite a long time now.

# JAZZ BASICS

Part 2 of a continuing history of jazz on record/By Don DeMicheal and Pete Welding

VARIOUS ARTISTS, *New York—1922-1934* (Folkways FJ 2807)

New York City is left out of the jazz-came-up-the-river theory, but there was jazz activity in that city early in the music's history. The ODJB was a hit at Reisenweber's famous restaurant in 1917, giving impetus to the formation of such groups as the Memphis Five. Farther uptown than Columbus Circle, where Reisenweber's was located, men such as James P. Johnson had been playing ragtime-flavored jazz piano since the early years of the century, developing what is usually termed Harlem stride piano.

It was New York that drew Duke Ellington from Washington, D.C., in the early '20s, and it was New York that became the apple of nourishment for the Chicagoans in the late '20s. The city has been the main center of jazz development ever since.

This collection, the seventh in the Folkways series, is wide ranging, covering the distance from a 1922 *Sister Kate* by the Cotton Pickers (a group similar in concept and personnel to the Memphis Five), a 1923 James P. Johnson piano solo, and a 1925 performance of *Papa De-Da-Da* by Clarence Williams' Blue Five (with Armstrong and Bechet) through Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Miff Mole-Red Nichols, Fats Waller, and Beiderbecke, to Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, and Henry (Red) Allen.

The 1927 Mole-Nichols track, *Original Dixieland One-Step*, is an excellent example of what was sometimes called New York style, as opposed to the New Orleans and Chicago styles. It was a less roughhewn manner of playing than that attributed to the other two cities and was characterized by crispness and, to some, lack of emotion.

Teagarden's lazily etched tromboning is heard on several tracks—*Makin' Friends*, with a group from the 1929 Ben Pollack Band; *Basin Street Blues*, made the same year under the name of the Louisiana Rhythm Kings and including such stalwarts as cornetist Nichols, Pee Wee Russell, and Bud Freeman; *Junk Man*, a strange 1934 performance featuring, in addition to Teagarden's trombone, the harp of Casper Reardon; and the 1929 classic *Knockin' a Jug* by Louis Armstrong and containing some of Teagarden's and Armstrong's most expressive blues playing, plus very good Joe Sullivan piano and Eddie Lang guitar. Tea-

garden also is present on the Eddie Lang-Joe Venuti *Beale Street Blues*, cut in 1931, but he sings only. Goodman is featured along with Lang's guitar and Venuti's fiddle.

In addition to the Johnson solo record as an example of the Harlem style of piano playing, there is Waller's rollicking work on *Harlem Fuss*, made in 1929 with a hastily assembled quintet.

Allen's *It Should Be You*, also recorded in 1929, offers driving examples of extroverted playing by the trumpeter-leader and his confrere for many years, trombonist J. C. Higginbotham.

**Further recommendations:** The development of Harlem big bands is outlined under the names of Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson in this series, but for those interested in stride piano and Harlem small bands, James P. Johnson's *Father of the Stride Piano* (Columbia 1780) offers representative examples of both (Allen, Higginbotham, and tenorist Gene Sedric are among the small-group members). *Thesaurus of Classic Jazz* (Columbia C4L 18) is an almost definitive collection of performances by white musicians active in New York City during the '20s, though four LPs might be more than the casual listener may care to bother with.

## FLETCHER HENDERSON, *A Study in Frustration* (Columbia C4L-19)

Virtually the entire course of big-band jazz has been determined by two men, Fletcher Henderson and Don Redman. The former, an early '20s pianist with a wide range of musical experience, formed his first band in 1923; altoist Redman became the orchestra's chief arranger, a post he held until leaving in the late '20s to form his own group. The orchestral style the two developed became the dominant approach hewed to by just about every big jazz band that has succeeded them.

Basically, it consisted in formalizing the enlarged jazz group into sections: reeds, trumpets, trombones, and rhythm, and pitting the horn sections against each other in antiphonal interplay. Additionally, Henderson's band employed such devices as unison riffs behind its soloists, harmonized soli choruses, and was chiefly noted for its superb original compositions and special arrangements of standard

numbers in lieu of the stock orchestrations usually employed by the large orchestras of the day.

The band, moreover, was one of the most polished and sophisticated musical aggregations of the '20s. Henderson's musical standards were high, and he consistently employed only the most capable jazz musicians. As a result, a number of superb talents were on display in the band—among them, at various times, trumpeters Louis Armstrong, Tommy Ladnier, Joe Smith, Bobby Stark, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, and Emmett Berry; trombonists Charlie Green, Benny Morton, Jimmy Harrison, and Dickie Wells; and saxophonists Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Ben Webster, and Chu Berry—and further enlivened the band's supple, propulsive, and musically arresting recordings with excellent solo work.

The band started recording in 1923 and, from his joining in 1924 until he left in mid-1926, its most consistently brilliant solo voice was Armstrong, whose work is a prominent feature of just about every one of the band's recordings during his stay. Armstrong, fresh from the King Oliver group, was easily the outstanding jazz musician of the day, and his forceful, imaginative, and flaringly beautiful trumpet improvisations on such pieces as *Shanghai Shuffle*, *Copenhagen*, *Everybody Loves My Baby*, and *Sugar-foot Stomp* (a refurbished Redman version of the King Oliver *Dipper-mouth Blues*), among others in this collection, are set like perfect jewels in Redman's artful and appropriate settings.

Second only to Armstrong in solo capabilities and inventive daring was tenorist Hawkins, whose darting, explosive playing is also heard on most of the band's records for the 10 years he remained with it. Trombonist Charlie Green and trumpeter Joe Smith are two other solo talents whose work should be singled out for special mention during the band's early and middle years.

But to try to make mention of all the significant voices who played and recorded with Henderson is very much beside the point. Suffice it to say that through the band's heyday (until its dissolution in late 1934), it never wanted for strong, individual solo voices: many of the best jazzmen gravitated to the band, drawn by its

(Continued on page 39)

# record reviews

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

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

When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

## Jazz Composition Of The 1950s

### Various Artists

OUTSTANDING JAZZ COMPOSITIONS OF THE 20th CENTURY—Columbia C2L 31: *Jazz Suite for Brass*, by J. J. Johnson; *Three Little Feelings*, by John Lewis; *Pharaoh*, by Jimmy Giuffrè; *All About Rosie*, by George Russell; *Sounds of May*, by Teo Macero; *Avakianas Brasileiras*, by Bob Prince; *Swinging Goatsherd Blues*, by Teddy Charles; *Revelations (1st Movement)*, by Charlie Mingus; *Suspensions*, by Giuffrè; *On Green Mountain (Chaconne after Monteverdi)*, by Harold Shapero; *Idiom '59 (Paris I, II, III)*, by Duke Ellington; *All Set*, by Milton Babbitt; *Transformation*, by Gunther Schuller.

Rating: see below

This two-record set consists of reissues from three Columbia LPs—*Music for Brass* (1957), Duke Ellington's *Festival Session* (1959), and *Modern Jazz Center, Brandeis Jazz Festival* (1958). In addition, there are three individual pieces selected from the Columbia catalog.

Putting aside for the moment the question of musical value, one asks why these pieces were included under one cover. Ralph Gleason's liner notes speak at length about the Third Stream, continuing, "This album is a collection of some of the earliest and still some of the most successful attempts in this new direction. They are all . . . expeditions into unknown and uncharted fields."

A cursory look reveals, however, that this music has been lumped together for more obvious reasons: it is all recent, it is all good, and it is all the property of Columbia records.

We should be enough concerned with the dissemination of new music to be critical of even the slightest misplacement of emphasis. Perhaps it would have been better to title this collection *Outstanding Jazz Compositions from Columbia* and omit the essay on Third Stream.

For the sake of an attractive package it has clouded important musicological issues. When there is merchandising of this sort, the layman is the loser. He will buy such a package and read that the *Swinging Goatsherd Blues* by Teddy Charles is "the new music of synthesis," for instance, which is nonsense. Merchandising of this sort fogs the musical scene, and the offenders are hindering art. Those who are most deeply involved in making money from music are those least able to see their error. Indeed they are incensed by this sort of critical ado. The record buyers, however, should be sensitized to the problem as it exists. Critical vocabulary and musicological ideas should not be molded to take the shape of one record company's catalog.

Rather than give a detailed review of the music itself, it would be better to observe how time has treated this music and to remark the changes that have occurred in listening attitudes since the late '50s.

The *Music for Brass* album (the first three tracks of this present set) is still pleasant to hear, but after the many orchestral collaborations of the last decade (from Miles Davis and others) these pieces seem stiff and heavy. It is a musical fact of life that as the new becomes common, it seems to get slower too. Yet music can be good in slow motion, and despite its crawling pace, this music still coheres by virtue of its warmth and sentiment.

The harmonic style of these pieces is considered demode today. Johnson, Lewis, and Giuffrè, at that time, wrote in an idiom that used harmony as a web of pulsating colors melting into one another with varying frequency and intensity. Nowadays jazz harmony is becoming more linear, and the use of color-harmony is sinking into the past (as it already has in classical music). Even the most exotic works of turn-of-the-century orchestrators were more linear in their harmonic thought than these early Third Stream experimentalists.

Naivete in harmonic skill is one thing that has worked against the jazzman during the process of cross-pollination.

Giuffrè recently evolved a lean, harmonic vocabulary, severely linear and considerably more expressive. His *Pharaoh* is more interesting when one knows the subsequent chapter in his evolution. It is an early, legitimate attempt at the application of classical contrapuntal ideas to jazz.

The writing of Lewis is more closely allied to George Gershwin than to Charlie Parker, which has always struck me as odd. *Feelings* is a case in point.

The frequent solos of Miles Davis on these three tracks are the very essence of his lyrical self and sustain this music as could no other force. Trombonist J. J. Johnson solos briefly and effectively.

The Ellington set booms with the authoritative voice of the past. Ellington's recent music may sound to some quite dissonant, and in some other senses "modern," but its categorization as Third Stream is mysterious indeed. *Idiom '59* is the full ripe flower of Ellington's thought in the last decade and represents not a hybrid or classically oriented approach but the mature state of an individual mainstream style. Ellington's idiom has been true to itself forever, it seems, and these perfect little pieces show how it continues to strengthen under its own power.

I am always impressed, when hearing Ellington music for the first time, by its unique sense of proportion. As is true in Beethoven, the essence of the music is the dialectic between inevitability and surprise. The more Ellington's style matures, the more we get a sense of his freedom within it. It is that perfect sense of style that is necessarily missing from most other music

on these records.

Experimentation consists in the search for new elements of style. Thus it is that the Ellington music serves as a contrast and a model for the younger generation. As we are experiencing the search for a new stylistic language we hope that whatever its direction, it will discover an adulthood equally as fine.

Teo Macero's part-electronic concoction, *Sounds of May*, derives its interest from anachronism and other forms of improbability. Interest, however, is interest, and this piece is not badly put together if one listens not to the segments of the music but to their weird juxtapositions. Occasionally one is forced to listen to the content, and at times it is pretty banal (for example, an accordion solo that barely makes it as cocktail music).

It is doubtful whether there is any future for electronic manipulation in jazz, so this piece goes down as a historical curiosity. Parenthetically, though, jazz has influenced the philosophy as well as the content of electronic music.

Charles' *Goatsherd* is an inconspicuous little rifflike piece and right down-home. Amid all the artistic bravura that abounds on these discs, it sits as the pleasant, immediate, and easy music of us people.

*Avakianas Brasileiras*, written by Bob Prince in 1955, is a work for six brass, four saxophones, and rhythm section and makes an honest attempt at developmental, motific composition.

Its limited success results from the shallowness of the relationships and the heavy reliance on techniques of repetition: ostinato, trill, rhythmic permutation. Phil Woods plays a very forceful alto solo that, alas, has little to do with the piece. This points up a chronic discrepancy between composers and performers. It takes years, sometimes decades, in the history of classical music, for the performers to assimilate the new language of the composers. In the case of jazz, however, composers and performers must meet, or else there is no music. *Avakianas* is Third Stream in its first growing pains, and even these scant nine years later, one can look back and understand why certain ideas have been discarded and others retained.

The remaining six pieces are from the *Brandeis* album, which should be one of the basic records in any contemporary-jazz library. As a set they form a reasonable representation of the avant garde of six or seven years ago. The orchestra consists of four brass, four woodwinds, five rhythm, and a harp.

*Revelations* is the quintessence of Charlie Mingus. As his congregation faces into the violent Western sun, Mingus intones, "Oh, Yes, my lord, um hm," and everybody comes to him. His compositional thought

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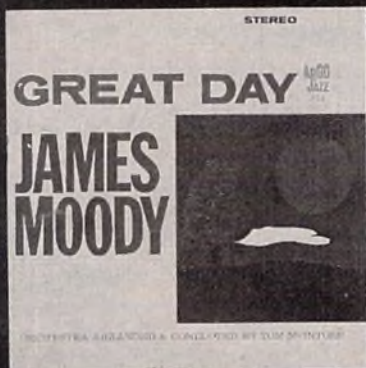
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is half-banal, half-transcendent, and this music reflects as well as any of his other works his supreme sense of the Divine God in Carnal Man. The last few years have indicated that the philosophical weight of Mingus is influencing the avant garde to a greater degree than the musical content of his works. Both are on perfect display here.

*Suspensions* is Jimmy Giuffre in the same bag as in *Pharaoh* but somewhat more evolved. The music is subtle, contrapuntal in a simple way, harmonically static, and boring. This aspect of the evolution of jazz succeeded in sterilizing its vital elements without replacing them with a new vitality.

I am especially aware of this by virtue of being one of the contributing offenders. There are few today who still compose in this spare style, and Giuffre in particular has taken strides toward a freer, more comprehensive language.

Neo-classic jazz (the interaction between 17th- and 18th-century music and jazz) never has been taken too seriously, but it has produced many delightful and often instructive experiments. *On Green Mountain* is one of the least good of these. The actual quote from Monteverdi (or the skillful imitation of one) just before the end puts all else to shame.

*All About Rosie* is ensemble composition at its finest. George Russell respects deeply the tradition that taught him, and his originality extends it without breaking from it. *Rosie* is not sensational; it is simply well made, and this sense of proportion reminds one of the Ellington pieces. The third of three short movements contains a Bill Evans solo guaranteed to slow your breathing. *Rosie* stands up today as a classic of the last decade's avant garde.

*Transformation* has an opening slow section that displays the Schuller craft and taste, but the subsequent improvised parts don't make it.

Ensemble improvisation of the sort Schuller envisions cannot succeed without that special ensemble consciousness and emotional commitment to the community of sound that is only now beginning to be understood in terms of the contemporary stylistic language.

This group didn't have it. I heard a more recent Chicago performance of this piece, incidentally, with saxophonist Eric Dolphy, and it came off much better. Today, with tenorist Archie Shepp and a few others around, these earliest attempts are beginning to sound like baby talk, and it is in this light that it is valuable to have them on record.

The most astonishing piece is Milton Babbitt's *All Set*. A highly organized piece, it requires more from the listener than any of the others and returns an experience different in kind.

It can be described as a buoyant exercise in the rigorous discipline of contemporary classical music, influenced to some degree by jazz meter, rhythm, and phrasing. Discovering the pattern of Babbitt's order is in its own way as encompassing as bathing in the simple beauty of Miles Davis' lines. Babbitt represents the other source of the Third Stream, one that has

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been considerably augmented in recent years. The issues raised by this music are so complex that many years must elapse before we will know its historical value.

As for a rating, this music is all so disparate that I must decline. (B.M.)

### Earl Bostic

**JAZZ AS I FEEL IT**—King 846: *Don't Do It, Please; Ten Out; Telstar Drive; A Taste of Fresh Air; Hunt and Peck; Fast Track; Apple Cake.*

Personnel: Bostic, alto saxophone; Richard Holmes, organ; Joe Pass, guitar; Herb Gordy or Jimmy Bond, bass; Shelly Manne or Charles Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

The liner notes contain an honest and straightforward statement by Bostic of his approach to playing, taken from a taped interview with Kurt Mohr.

"I like jazz," Bostic says. "I like to play it, but I feel it's up to the record people who handle my sessions to pick the material and decide what is best for me to record and release, since our main object is to sell records."

This explains Bostic's normal output. But it also puts this disc in a special class, since, apparently, this was a situation in which "the record people" indulged a whim of Bostic's to "play jazz the way I feel it." As Bostic says, he likes "simple, recurring melody patterns"—i.e., riffs.

This disc is a set of blues-based riffs that could go practically anywhere, depending on who is playing them. In Bostic's hands, they always have a strongly rhythmic propulsion, no matter what the tempo. The lines flow along very smoothly. Bostic has a tone on alto that is firm and well shaped. His playing ranges from a buoyant exultation to a fierce, rugged drive. He has practically all the requisites for a superb, middle-ground jazzman except the imagination to get himself out of the rut that years and years of playing "what is best for me" have placed him in.

He is, basically, a subdued squealer—not as blatant as Big Jay McNeely, for instance, nor as emancipated as Illinois Jacquet (in his temperate moments he has much of that looping fluency that is so characteristic of Jacquet).

Pass contributes some pleasant guitar solos to the set, and Holmes' organ appearances are calm and self-contained.

(J.S.W.)

### George Braith

**TWO SOULS IN ONE**—Blue Note 4148: *Mary Ann; Home Street; Poinciana; Mary Had a Little Lamb; Braith-a-Way.*

Personnel: Braith, soprano saxophone, strich; Grant Green, guitar; Billy Gardner, organ; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★ 1/2

Roland Kirk can now truly feel he has made it. He has a flatterer.

Braith, a slightly younger man (around 23), took up the two-horns-in-one challenge a couple of years after Kirk's first LP was taped. Braith's approach, though, is noticeably different in that the type of music he plays is much more basic, and the kind of two-horn voicings and movements called for are therefore less intricate.

Aside from the curiosity value of the stunt work, this is (like most sets nowadays involving organ with guitar and/or saxophone plus drums) an album aimed

mainly at the rhythm-and-blues rather than the jazz audience. *Home Street*, for instance, has what might be best termed Ray Charles chord changes, and everything is essentially simple.

Braith seems to be a promising musician, though it might be informative to hear him trying a more conventional horn such as curved alto or tenor. One main problem, which he will no doubt overcome, is that of intonation. *Mary Ann* consists of about eight minutes of C and F7, with the two-horn movements mostly in thirds. It must be admitted that thirds played out of tune, especially when a soprano is involved, are somewhat conspicuous.

Gardner and Green have a few interesting solo spots, though the material is less than challenging.

Despite its faults, this LP is not without interest and certainly not without promise. (L.G.F.)

### Paul Bryant

**SOMETHING'S HAPPENING**—Fantasy 3357, 8357: *Sister Lovie; Bye, Bye, Blackbird; Flutter; Is As; Jack's; Why Me?; The Masquerade Is Over.*

Personnel: Jules Broussard, alto saxophone; Plas Johnson, tenor saxophone; Bryant, organ; Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown, harmonica, guitar; Junius Simmons, guitar; Johnny Kirkwood, drums.

Rating: ★★

This album could serve as a prototype of the overproduction that is upsetting our value standards. A few years ago it would have rated at least three stars; in the context of today's plethora of organ-sax-guitar-drum albums, and of the advances being made in music on a more general level, it strikes the attentive ear as pleasant, well-played (the alto and tenor work is consistently good), and as lacking in faults as in outstanding virtues.

Bryant most often plays single-note or very simple chord passages, aiming at simplicity rather than excitement. The programming is thoughtless. After *Is As*, a blues in G, the first side closes with *Jack's*, a blues in G. Turn it over, and the second side opens with *Why Me?*—nine minutes of blues in G.

The harmonica makes a slight change of color on a couple of tracks, but the general atmosphere is basically not different from that of dozens of other LPs of this type released in the last year.

The unsigned notes contain some extraordinary statements, such as the claim that Wild Bill Davis got started "in the mid-'50s" (it was 1949) and "never made it big in the commercial world." How big is big? (L.G.F.)

### Ray Bryant

**GROOVE HOUSE**—Sue 1016: *Joey; Sweetest Sounds; Glissamba; My Reverie; Long Way from Home; Back Room; Chariot Swing; No. 2; Gravy Waltz; Bebop-Irishman.*

Personnel: Ray Bryant, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Tommy Bryant, bass; Bobby Donaldson or Panama Francis, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a set of effortless performances by Bryant. "Effortless" is used here in the basic sense—performances that have not involved much effort.

Bryant plays pleasantly and capably, touching on Gospel, funk, bossa nova, and other styles of the moment without leaving anything memorable behind him. There is an interesting idea on *Reverie* in his trickling romantically over double-time drum-

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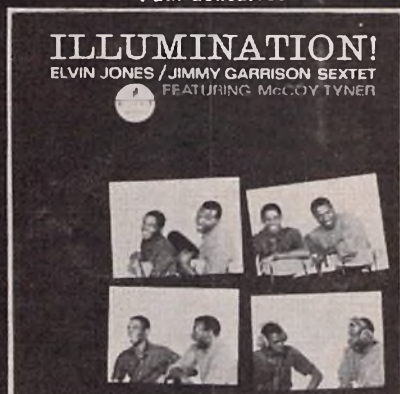
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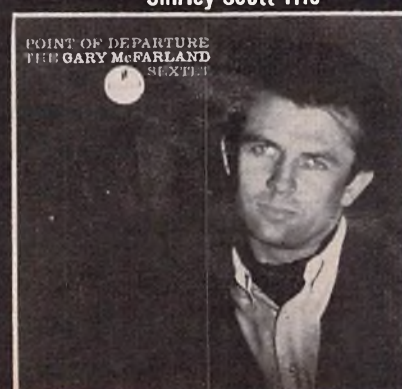
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ming, and he and Richardson whip up a little steam on *No. 2*.

But the basic problem is that there is really no reason for this record. Considering the cost of an LP, one really ought to get a little more than a few casual performances that are acceptable accompaniment to a couple bottles of beer. (J.S.W.)

## Two On Maynard

### Maynard Ferguson

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—Cameo 1066: *Groove; Country Boy; Blues for a Four-String Guitar; Whisper Not; We've Got a World That Swings; Chicago; Naked City Theme; New Hope; Antony and Cleopatra Theme; Come Blow Your Horn.*

Personnel: Ferguson, trumpet, flugelhorn, valve trombone; Dusan Goykovich, Nat Pavone, Harry Hall, trumpets, flugelhorns; Don Doane, Kenny Rupp, trombones; Lanny Morgan, Willie Maiden, Frank Vicari, Ronnie Cuber, saxophones; Mike Abene, piano; Linc Milliman, bass; Tony Inzolaco, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Ferguson's move to the Cameo label from Roulette is starting out in promising fashion.

This is his second release from Cameo, and, at least on the first side, it fulfills much of the promise that has been inherent in his band for several years. Using arrangements by Oliver Nelson, Bill Holman, and Willie Maiden, Ferguson has put together one side of generally sound, solid, big-band performances that avoid the clichés and exaggerations that plagued most of his records in the past (for that aspect of Ferguson, turn to the second side of this disc).

*Groove*, a Nelson original, opens the LP with a big, swinging attack in which Ferguson plays a solo that is as light, airy, and dancing as, all too often, his recorded solos have been heavy and obvious.

On *Country Boy*, a lazy rocker by Holman, he turns to valve trombone, which has been his safest instrument in the past. *Four-String* is a routine bit of Elmer Bernstein menace music, but Nelson has managed to fashion a strong arrangement around it.

*World* features Lanny Morgan on a driving alto solo. Mike Abene's arrangement of *Whisper*, the weakest spot on the side, does not jell in the ensemble passages, and Ferguson turns to his flashy manner in his solo.

The second side is marked by dull arrangements of dull pop themes and some screaming Ferguson, although there are moments of interest, such as a saxophone ensemble in the middle of Abene's otherwise unimaginative arrangement of *Chicago*.

The recorded sound is considerably better than Ferguson has received in recent years. (J.S.W.)

### Maynard Ferguson

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—Cameo 1066: *Groove; Country Boy; Blues for a Four-String Guitar; Whisper Not; We've Got a World That Swings; Chicago; Naked City Theme; New Hope; Antony and Cleopatra Theme; Come Blow Your Horn.*

Personnel: as above.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

This is a bag of mixed nuts, some tasty, others unpalatable. It is served up with

the usual Ferguson clamor: a big, barking sound with liberal portions of the maestro in high register.

The most appetizing numbers are the hard-charging swingers like *Groove*, *Hope*, and *Chicago*, the last a romping arrangement by Abene, who also cuts himself in for a solo chorus—a fleet, single-finger performance, developed simply, uncomplicated, and attractive. The rhythm section of Abene, Milliman, and the dextrous Inzolaco constitutes the motor that drives the band with a steady, insistent, and robust vigor.

In all, the soloists deserve much praise. Morgan, Vicari, and Goykovich are stand-outs, Morgan composing fluent, cohesive, warm-toned alto monologs on *Swings* and *Chicago*, Vicari doing the same on *Whisper* and *Hope*, which is a two-minute, 41-second soliloquy delivered in the best Zoot Sims style. A fine job.

*Chicago* and *Hope*, however, are the sole redeeming features of the second side. *City*, *Cleo*, and to lesser extent, *Horn*, repel the ear. The first is a syrupy performance by Ferguson that, in approach if not in sound, recalls Harry James in his molasses years. He makes no attempt to improvise; his rendition is a schmaltzy rehearsal of the melody.

*Cleo* opens with a come-to-my-harem type of flute figure followed by high-register repetition of the melody by Ferguson. He ends on a sort of give-the-public-what-they-want note: a shrill, piercing stab. Elsewhere, Ferguson is in good form.

Incidentally, the album jacket lists only



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the soloists. I got the full personnel from Abene, who said the personnel listed above is that which appears on all tunes, but with the following exceptions: *City* and *Cleo* were recorded at an earlier date when trumpeter Rick Kiefer and drummer Rufus Jones were with the band. Further, Roger Kellaway subbed for Abene on *Swings*, *Country Boy*, and *Blues*. (D.N.)

#### Dexter Gordon

OUR MAN IN PARIS—Blue Note 4146 and 84146; *Scrapple from the Apple*; *Willow*, *Weep for Me*; *Broadway*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *A Night in Tunisia*.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Bud Powell, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Kenny Clarke is something else. These sides provide solidly convincing evidence that the founder of modern drumming, in his 50th year, is still a major force and a peerless component in anyone's rhythm section.

Reunited with Klook on this occasion are two men as closely associated as he was with the 52nd St. bebop clique of the early '40s. Bud Powell, at 39, retains the same basic characteristics that marked his playing when he pioneered in this style; that the impact is not what it can be attributed less to the changes in Powell than to the vast difference in the music that has grown around him and the different perspective in which one therefore listens today to his relatively simple linear solos.

As for Gordon, at 40 he remains an exciting, loose, flowing soloist with a superb sense of time—usually that slightly-behind-the-beat time that became prevalent during the bop years—and a generally admirable technique. After the opening theme of *Scrapple*, he has about seven blowing choruses in which the ideas course forward with almost uninterrupted intensity. The qualifying "almost" is included because around the fifth chorus there are a comic bugle-call quote and a couple of octave-jump honks. *Broadway*, too, has a brief passage in which Gordon indulges in flatulent squeaks; presumably this is what the notes mean by "more venturesome and diversified use of pitch and texture as expressive devices." But Gordon does not need to show that he has listened to the tricks or devices of more recent arrivals; in his own bag he remains eminently capable of creating his own moods, and this is where he belongs.

Michelot remains a first-rate bassist and has a good solo on *Willow*.

The material chosen for this date was very predictable—three instrumental themes of the '40s and two standards of the '30s—but because of Gordon's power and the generally excellent teamwork of the rhythm section, this is a better-than-average blowing date. (L.G.F.)

#### Coleman Hawkins-Bud Powell-Oscar Pettiford-Kenny Clarke

ESSEN JAZZ FESTIVAL ALL-STARS—Fantasy 6015 and 86015: *All the Things You Are*; *Yesterdays*; *Stuffy*; *Shaw Nuff*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *John's Abbey*; *Salt Peanuts*; *Blues in the Closet*.

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Powell, piano; Pettiford, bass; Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★½

The first three titles, occupying the first side, feature Hawkins; the rest are trio

tracks. The German festival took place in 1960, according to the notes.

The whole thing might have been titled *Bebop Revisited*. Even though Hawkins was a prebopper, he was closely associated in the mid-'40s with most of the then revolutionaries. His work on the three tracks has all his perennial power and conviction. Except for one bad reed squeak (followed by his own cry of anguish), *Yesterdays* is a flawless example of the still-unique Hawkins ballad style. *Stuffy* is hampered by the unusually monotonous comping of Powell, who fails to give Hawkins any meaningful support.

Powell's lines on the trio side offer no surprises. What were dynamically original and astonishing statements in 1945 seem, at times, unthinking clichés in the 1960s. Pettiford, who does the announcing on this side, has a splendid solo vehicle in *Willow*. *Salt Peanuts*, inevitably, features a workout by Clarke, whose swinging support is half the strength of the whole album. *Closet*, the Pettiford blues line, has a long, inventive solo by him and some fairly convincing Powell work. (L.G.F.)

#### Jazz Crusaders

HEAT WAVE—Pacific Jazz 76: *On Broadway*; *Green-Back Dollar*; *Close Shave*; *Free Sample*; *Mr. Sandman*; *Heat Wave*; *Sassy*; *Theme from the L-Shaped Room (T-Shaped Twist)*; *Some Samba*; *Six March*; *Purple Onion*.

Personnel: Wayne Henderson, trombone; Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Joe Sample, piano; Bobby Haynes, bass; Stix Hooper, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

The march seems to be about as popular among musicians today as the critic. Yet its resurrection by the Crusaders as still another avenue of expression suggests one of the more enjoyable aspects of this album—its variety of time, not only from tune to tune but also occasionally within the same tune.

Hooper's *March* is not much more than a pleasant change of pace, a frame for blowing, but it indicates a desire on the part of these musicians to multiply the channels of communication. The waltz feeling of *Sandman* illustrates a different approach, with Henderson's full J. J. Johnsson-esque sound weaving a moody, lyric contrast to *March* and the other time patterns, including Latin, that make up this program.

*Samba* is a good example of a marriage of harmonious time feelings. Its Latin flavor dominates the piece, but at judicious spots in the introductory and closing bars the Crusaders slip in a soupçon of blatant 3/4—a pleasing contrast though not in any sense affected or phony.

It is difficult to fault anyone's playing here. All do well individually and in unison.

Sample is especially apt, occasionally trading regular for electric piano. The latter contributes a guitar effect to *March*, *Shave*, and *Room*, thereby affording a variety in sound texture too. The pianist seems at home in all tempos. His ideas flow as freely in fast stuff, such as *Wave*, as in slower, more delicate excursions, such as *Sandman*.

Felder seems to thrive on the fast tunes. *Heat* is a good example of how he can dominate a mile-a-minute pace without seeming to be in a frantic hurry. Aspects of his playing have been compared to

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Illinois Jacquet's and Sonny Stitt's, but his main bow here, at least as far as approach and direction are concerned, appears to be toward Sonny Rollins.

Haynes and Hooper constitute a strong rhythmic duo. Hooper is equally adept with stix and brushes. (D.N.)

### Nils Lindberg

TRISECTION—Capitol 10363. *Trisection; Day-Dreaming; Ars Gratia Artis; Joker.*

Personnel: Idrees Sulieman, Jan Allen, trumpets; Sven-Olof Walldoff, bass trumpet; Eje Thelin, trombone; Olle Holmqvist, tuba; Rolf Billberg, alto saxophone; Bertil Lofdahl, Harry Backlund, tenor saxophones; Erik Nilsson, baritone saxophone; Lindberg, piano; Sture Nordin, bass; Sture Kalin or Conny Svensson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Extended jazz composition has finally hit the previously unprepossessing Swedes, and, in these pieces by Lindberg, it has resulted in a strangely anachronistic group of performances.

The general underlying tone of all of them is the cool, withdrawn feeling of the Miles Davis nonet of 1948 and 1949. Within this framework, Lindberg writes with a nice feeling for melody, and there are pleasant solos by Billberg, a Desmond-like altoist, Backlund on tenor, Allen and Sulieman on trumpets, and Lindberg on piano. But there is little variety in Lindberg's development of the pieces, which, lacking excitement or emotional involvement, wind up seeming rather static.

Lindberg seems to be a product of the cool-jazz period as it was about a dozen years ago. In these performances, the cool idea seems to be no more lastingly viable now than it was then. (J.S.W.)

### Sonny Stitt-Jack McDuff

SOUL SHACK—Prestige 7297: *Sunday; Soul Shack; Love Nest; Hairy; For You; Shadows.*

Personnel: Sonny Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; Jack McDuff, organ; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Herb Lovelle, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

### Various Artists

SOUL SUMMIT, VOL. 2—Prestige 7275: *Love, I've Found You; But Not for Me; Too Marvelous for Words; If You Are But a Dream; Scram; Ballad for Baby; Cool, Cool Daddy.*

Personnel: Clark Terry, Hobart Dotson, trumpets; Oliver Nelson, alto saxophone; Gene Ammons, Red Holloway, George Barrow, tenor saxophones; Bob Aschon, baritone saxophone; Jack McDuff, organ; Richard Wyands or Patti Bown, piano; Eddie Diehl, guitar; George Duvivier or Wendell Marshall, bass; Bill English or Joe Dukes or Walter Perkins, drums; Etta Jones, vocals.

Rating: see below

On the *Soul Shack* set there is some very low-grade Stitt and some epileptic McDuff. This album seems to be another of those depressingly somber things that are supposed to pass for "soul." Just who is responsible for the resulting drollery is anybody's guess, for surely Stitt has fully exhibited in the past his grasp of the authentic smoldering medium.

He is at his best here on *Hairy* and *Shadows*, where he plays alto. Overlooking the "lifts" and cliches, these two tunes swing right along with some true finger-popping quality. However, they cannot carry the album, nor can they carry the heavy McDuff. The remaining tenor numbers are plodding and dull. At best, Stitt is merely competently running scales.

Out of the incredible *Summit* mishmash, the principals emerge with varying degrees of proficiency. Ammons, by far the most impressive, turns in a fine perform-

ance of warm, uncomplicated blowing. McDuff, who is heard only on two tunes, his own compositions *Scram* and *Ballad*, is fair on the former and adequate on the latter. Miss Jones takes last place for the three tunes she warbles through, *Love, Dream*, and *Cool Daddy*.

The varying instrumental combinations here are too numerous to recount. The tightest moments occur on *Scram*, which further complicates rating this bash, since Ammons does not appear on it. *Love* fairly falls apart despite the pressure of such genuinely good artists as Nelson and Terry; but then this is a tune on which Miss Jones whines her insides out on the lyrics.

Now if perhaps Terry and Nelson had teamed with Ammons . . . but then the drummer would have been English, and he definitely doesn't measure up to Perkins on this set . . . and Perkins is buried behind the Jones vocals. So maybe Miss Jones could have done better in front of McDuff . . . but then Miss Bown would have been eliminated, and she does have some good moments.

A most confusing session containing some good artists in poor or incompatible settings. (B.G.)

### Johnny (Hammond) Smith

MR. WONDERFUL—Riverside 466: *Blues for De-De; Mr. Wonderful; Cyra; Lamber's Lodge; Love Letters; Blues on Sunday; Departure; Opus 2.*

Personnel: Sonny Williams, trumpet; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Smith, organ; Eddie McFadden, guitar; Leo Stevens, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Smith is to be commended for at least making an attempt to get out of the too-customary organ combo bag by carrying a two-horn group. Both his horn men are capable. Williams plays fluently with an occasional suggestion of Clifford Brown, though his sound could be stronger. Person is reminiscent of some of the big-toned tenors of the early 1950s.

Smith has an agile pair of hands and a fast-moving foot, even if the leveling nature of the instrument makes it difficult for him to convey any startlingly unexpected thoughts.

Actually, this album displays him more effectively as a composer. Six of the eight tracks are originals. Some are conventional but adequate point-of-departure instrumentals; others are attractive, notably the pretty *Cyra*. There is a strong air of Neal Hefti's *Cute* to *Lamber's Lodge*. (L.G.F.)

### Kai Winding

KAI WINDING—Verve 8536: *Get Lost; Only in America; Hey, Girl; The Lonely One; Theme from "Mr. Novak"; Washington Square; The Ice Cream Man; Mockingbird; China Surf; Burning Sand; Far Out East; Oltre l'Amor.*

Personnel: Winding, trombone; Garry Sherman, organ; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

Against twangy guitar, bass guitar, organ, and heavy beat, Winding sets up a huge and meaty trombone ensemble sound and some glittering trumpets that give a batch of monotonous pop tunes a lot more polish and luster than they are worth.

This is an exemplary instance of a beautifully turned commercial job. The sound is big, the playing is clean and full-bodied, but from a jazz point of view it is hack work, albeit excellent hacking of its kind. (J.S.W.)

# SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

## Ernestine Anderson

There is nothing particularly new in *The New Sound of Ernestine Anderson* (Sue 1015) except a higher level of artistic maturity dramatically evident in this singer's work. Miss Anderson continues to evolve and grow. At the present time, she possesses one of the warmest, most intriguing singing styles around.

Her first album on the Sue label is a joyous thing. The band executes Bert Keyes' sensitive and driving arrangements with an admirable gusto equal only to the singer's built-in swing and carefully cultivated ability for selling a song. Unfortunately, none of the instrumentalists is identified in songwriter Sydney Shaw's notes. The rhythm section, in particular, deserves plaudits.

The selections are culled from a mixed bag.

Among the best tracks are two songs from the Broadway stage now regarded by more discriminating singers as standards—Frank Loesser's *I Believe in You* and the Cy Coleman-Carolyn Leigh gem *The Best Is Yet to Come*. Miss Anderson opens the second side with this duo and embarks on such free swinging, yet tasteful, interpretations of the songs that one is instantly captured.

Other songs vary from agreeable novelty (*Out of My Continental Mind*, *Evil Spelled Backwards Means Live*) to lugubrious balladry (John Lewis' *One Never Knows*); but in every case, Miss Anderson is in thrilling form, combining her personal brand of vocal warmth with an infectious musical personality strongly underlaid with jazz feeling.

For the rest, the songs are new, not so new, and weathered. There are *You Deserve the Best*, *If I Love Again*, *Keep an Eye on Love*, *Quiet Nights*, *You're Not the Guy for Me*, *Will I Find My Love Today?*, and *One Heartache Ago*. Miss Anderson does all full justice in this happy set.

## Clancy Hayes

Warmth and swing are two words that best seem to fit Hayes. In *Swingin' Minstrel* (Good Time Jazz 12050) both qualities are evident throughout every measure as this veteran of domestic jazz wars struts his stuff, backed by two sympathetic little groups that complement ideally the singer's free-grooving, sawdust-on-the-floor style.

On the first side the sidemen, in addition to Hayes playing guitar, banjo, and drums, consist of Bill Napier, clarinet; Ralph Sutton, piano; and Bob Short, tuba. Hayes is accompanied on the reverse side by Pud Brown, clarinet; Jess Stacy, piano; Short, tuba; and Shelly Manne, drums.

Hayes romps happily through a selection of well-chosen songs. They are *When You and I Were Young*, *Maggie Blues*, *Willie the Weeper*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Limehouse*

*Blues*, *Wolverine Blues*, *You Took Advantage of Me*, *Dancing Fool*, *After You've Gone*, *Oceana Roll*, *Waitin' for the Evening Mail*, and *Ain't She Sweet?*

This album is dramatic refutation of musical prejudice. What Hayes has to offer transcends jazz cliques and biases. His singing should appeal to all hearts, for he sings out of the fullness of his own.

## Jo Stafford

Just as *Sinatra's Sinatra* presented for the record, as it were, the Thin Singer's best-known songs through the years re-recorded by himself, another top popular vocalist and onetime colleague of Sinatra in the Tommy Dorsey Band, Jo Stafford,

is now similarly represented in the newly released *The Hits of Jo Stafford* (Capitol 1921).

Miss Stafford is still a singer's singer, as they say, and these re-creations of her most successful records are most welcome—and not merely for nostalgic reasons, either.

In order of performance, and with Miss Stafford's husband, Paul Weston, conducting his own superb arrangements, the songs are *You Belong to Me*, *Shrimp Boats*, *Yesterdays*, *Make Love to Me*, *Georgia on My Mind*, *Jambalaya*, *Come Rain or Come Shine*, *No Other Love*, *Day by Day*, *The Gentleman Is a Dope*, *I'll Be Seeing You*, and *The Trolley Song*.

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# BLINDFOLD TEST



By LEONARD FEATHER

Two momentous years have elapsed since the day (Feb. 13, 1962, in Washington, D.C.) when Stan Getz recorded the album that, to use his own words, "is going to put my children through college."

The success of *Jazz Samba* put Getz in a curious position. It was as if a golfer, after working hard for many years to reduce his handicap and win a tournament, suddenly found himself a jai-alai champion.

Understandably, Getz has accepted the bossa nova identification and has recorded follow-up albums of Brazilian music; but just as understandably, he does not wish to wind up with a permanent, exclusive identification with a form of music so far from the straight-ahead swinging jazz that was the foundation of his over-all musical achievement. In recent appearances he has played only an occasional bossa nova.

Getz has only twice before taken the *Blindfold Test*; there was a very early one in *Metronome* and one in the July 11, 1956, *Down Beat*. Records 1 and 6 are by big-band alma maters, and 7 is by his 1948-'49 Herman Herd colleagues. He received no information about the records played.

## THE RECORDS

1. Woody Herman. *Sister Sadie* (from *Woody Herman*—1963, Philips). Herman, clarinet; Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Jake Hanna, drums; Horace Silver, composer.

Pretty run-of-the-mill record; not much content in the arrangement. The drummer kept that off-beat going all the way through. I don't know who it was on tenor; sounds like Eddie Davis, but if it was really Sal, then usually Sal plays more interestingly than that. It's Horace Silver's tune—isn't it *Filthy McNasty*? They're playing it much too fast.

I guess, for the brass section, I'll give it a star.

2. Tubby Hayes. *You for Me* (from *Tubby the Tenor*, Epic). Hayes, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; B. Haymes, composer.

Uh, it's sort of good. Started out to be a very interesting record. . . . The tenor player is very well equipped, technically. The rhythm section has nice life to it.

The only criticism I can come up with is that there's too much of the same dynamic level; it just goes on and on, with tenor all the way through. It's a pretty good tune, whoever wrote it. Give it three stars. Liked the rhythm section very much.

3. Laurindo Almeida. *O Barquinho* (from *Ole Bossa Noval*, Capitol). Jimmie Rowles, organ; Almeida, guitar; Max Bennett, bass; Shelly Manne, Chico Guerrero, Milt Holland, percussion.

That bossa nova rhythm section sounded very good. I don't know what was different about any of it, except for that organ in there. . . . The tempo was a little too fast for this tune. A lot of people have a tendency to play this bossa nova rhythm too fast. It should be played relaxed; a person shouldn't try to swing so hard on this, because it swings itself.

For the rhythm section. . . give it two stars. Nobody particularly stood out.

4. Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins. *Just Friends* (from *Sonny Meets Hawk*, RCA Victor). Rollins, Hawkins, tenor saxophones.

Well! There's two tenor players on that,

but they sound like they're playing with different bands. Don't know who they are. At one point one of them sounded a little like Hawk, but I wouldn't want to insult the great Hawk. It sounds like a couple of high-school players.

I have no rating for that record. No stars. It's not my dish of trifle.

5. Lester Young. *Something to Remember You By* (from *Just Jazz!*, Imperial). Young, tenor saxophone; Gene DiNovi, piano; Chuck Wayne, guitar; Curly Russell, bass; Tiny Kahn, drums. Recorded in New York, November, 1947.

That's my man Lester. Sounds like a European rhythm section. . . . It was probably made towards the end of his life. It was really not very good, for such a genius as Lester.

Lester's great period was, of course, the Basie period. They went together like peaches and cream. That band had class.

But this. . . . I don't even think I want to rate it, because he's one of my very favorite musicians in all the world, and he's not playing the way I know he can play.

6. Stan Kenton. *March to Polaris* (from *Adventure in Time*, Capitol). Don Menza, tenor saxophone; Gabe Baltazar, alto saxophone; Kenton, piano, leader; Johnny Richards, composer-arranger.

That's a good band. Good sounds. There's a French horn player in there that's marvelous. Nice piece of music, interesting to listen to. The sax players, the tenor and the alto, were very good, especially the alto.

The rhythmic concept was very good. It's a nice show piece for a big band. It might be Kenton, or a Lalo Schifrin composition. . . . Give that four stars.

7. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims. *Improvisation for Unaccompanied Saxophones* (from *You 'n' Me*, Mercury). Cohn, Sims, tenor saxophones.

Al and Zoot! Those two fellows can do no wrong, as far as I'm concerned. Sort of a cute little idea, just playing like that, the two of them. Sort of a novelty thing, but I would have liked to have heard a

drummer, or some rhythm, because they both can swing so nice.

But for what it is, and because they're inimitable, give it four stars.

8. John Coltrane. *Miles' Mode* (from *Coltrane*, Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

That's a good record. Coltrane and his rhythm section. Elvin's a wonderful drummer. . . so wide and loose. And the bass player gets a lovely sound. That Coltrane, he's a wonderful player.

The tune didn't move me too much. It's all built around one chord change and just goes on and on. Very monotonous. No matter how many substitutions they find for the chord, you still have that feeling of sameness.

*Feather*: Do you think that's true of all these modal compositions?

*Getz*: It all depends on the line—the melody line. This seems like an attempt at being ultramodern. I like to listen to it. . . sometimes. Three stars.

## Afterthoughts By Getz

Sal Nistico is really a wonderful player.

I heard a good tenor player in Gothenburg, Sweden—Eric Nordstrom. He didn't get to play many jazz jobs, so he didn't get much chance to really play, but he's good.

*Feather*: If the success you've had with bossa nova had happened instead with something like *Focus*, would it have pleased you even more?

*Getz*: Oh, sure. *Focus* got snowed under because it was released just before *Jazz Samba*, but now I understand *Focus* is a steady seller.

*Feather*: I hear you're doing a movie with Eddie Sauter.

*Getz*: It's the story of a comedian who has problems, and he's in love with this girl, who saves him. Eddie and I are going to do the score. I possibly may appear in it too. The saxophone is supposed to portray an essential part of this picture, inasmuch as it represents the mind of the comedian.

VERVE RECORDS PHOTO

# STAN GETZ



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# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

## John Coltrane-Cecil Taylor- Art Blakey

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center,  
New York City

Personnel: John Coltrane Quartet with Eric Dolphy—Coltrane, tenor, soprano saxophones; Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Cecil Taylor Jazz Unit—Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Taylor, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Sonny Murray, drums. Art Blakey Jazz Messengers—Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Art Blakey, drums; Wellington Blakey, vocal.

There was a lot of good music at this New Year's Eve concert, and it set right all night through the long parties that followed. Unfortunately, the hall was only half-filled, which was odd considering the amount of talent offered; tickets, however, were scaled mighty high. (The lowest-priced seat was well above \$3. But Lincoln Center is a drag generally when it comes to its prices.) That's part of the reason why the hall wasn't filled, because I'm sure many of the people who like Coltrane and Taylor just don't have that kind of money. But, too, the concert wasn't too well publicized.

Anyway, half-full or not, almost all the musicians involved played hard, and at least two-thirds of the evening was actually inspirational. Coltrane's regular quartet, augmented by alto saxophonist-bass clarinetist-flutist Eric Dolphy, began the strangely organized program. I say strangely organized because I wonder why Coltrane's group came first and the Messengers last, with the Taylor unit sandwiched in between. As it turned out—pretty much as I had expected—the Blakey group proved a distinct anticlimax after the vision-producing music that preceded it.

Coltrane and company, even though they went through what by now must be their standard concert repertoire (which includes the soprano treatment of *My Favorite Things*), still managed to get up on a couple of tunes—especially on their last tune of the evening, *Impressions*. Coltrane started squatting and tooting on this number and got into that hysterically exciting thing he can do with such singular expressiveness. He can still do magical things with his horn, or rather, horns, because half the numbers were done with the soprano (though I, for one, would still rather hear this fantastic tenor player play tenor). Dolphy also played a very wild alto solo—in fact, I think it was probably the most completely satisfying effort of his I've ever heard. He sounded so much better than he has on recent recordings. And Garrison is one of the strongest and most swinging bass players on the scene today.

One beautiful thing about the Coltrane group is that it sounds like its members

have been playing together for a while: they really sound like a group. But I'm always amazed at hearing drummer Elvin Jones play his solos straight through any tune. I mean, no matter what the group is playing, Jones sounds as if he's soloing, but he's got his playing together so well that he almost never interferes with what anyone else is doing; he just provides a constant driving solo voice. Even on a ballad like *Alabama*, which had the rest of the group slow and subdued, Elvin was bombing and rolling on the sidetrack like a beautiful war picture.

The Taylor unit maintained, and even surpassed, the high tension excitement that Coltrane's last solo provided. Stringing most of his compositions end to end, with no appreciable pause between them, Taylor almost beat the massive Steinway into submission. Sometimes, when he was railing swiftly and percussively up and down the keys, he actually beat on the wood of the instrument, and his intent was so completely musical that it seemed like another instrument had been added to the group.

And Taylor, as I have said many times, is a magnificent soloist. He rages and strikes the piano with a very useful malice, his hands sometimes seeming to move almost completely independently of each other. The rapid staccato of his attack transforms the piano into a percussion instrument of the highest order. Many of his chords are struck as much for a rhythmic insistence as for a harmonic one. But the instrument sings and roars and screams. One cannot help but be moved.

Lyons and Ayler played very lovely unison passages on Taylor's *In Fields*, *Octagonal Skirt*, and *Fancy Panis*. Lyons has now gotten pretty much away from his heavy Bird orientation and is beginning, I think, to make his own music on the horn. He has the same sweet stridency that Parker had but is making it over into something for himself.

Ayler, on the other hand, just recently out of Cleveland, is already playing himself completely, and the music he is trying to get together is among the most exciting—even frightening—music I have ever heard. He uses, I am told, a thick plastic reed and blows with a great deal of pressure. The sound is fantastic. It leaps at you, actually assails you, and the tenorist never lets up for a second. The timbre of his horn is so broad and gritty it sometimes sounds like an electronic foghorn. But he swings and swings, and when he gets his consonants together (as A. B. Spellman suggested), then everybody playing tenor had better watch out.

The rest of the Taylor group played hard too. Bassist Grimes is known, even among the hippies, as one of the best young bassists around, if only for his strong, even beat. But he is stretching out much further than mere time-keeping. Drummer Murray, too, has all but deserted the metronome business in favor of an intensely personal expression. He has even started using metal knitting needles in an effort to get a more singular sound. No one should have missed this group.

The last group on the bill, as I said, was a letdown compared with what had already been heard. Blakey's soul formula,

if one has heard it a few times, is not very interesting, even though he's got two young musicians playing with him, Shorter and Hubbard, who should have been important. As it is now, however, both men play as if they have forgotten what honest emotion is like. Shorter's tunes, which are really very good and full of all kinds of exciting musical possibilities, were transformed into banal Messenger specials. And each of the soloists was as formal as any marching band in his attempts at expression.

Blakey, however, is still Blakey, and even if he's not trying to do anything really startling, he can still beat the hell out of those drums.

His cousin, Wellington Blakey, stood in with the band as a vocalist on two numbers. One of them was *Old Black Magic*. Someone asked me if the tune was symbolic. I couldn't say. —LeRoi Jones

## Thelonious Monk

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center  
New York City

Personnel: Thad Jones, cornet; Nick Travis, trumpet; Eddie Bert, trombone; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet, clarinet; Monk, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

If there had been a Philharmonic Hall at 64th and Broadway 30 years ago, Monk would have grown up in its shadow. Monk, by now, casts a pretty substantial shadow himself. By remaining in residence on W. 63rd St. these many years, this mohammed was ready when the mountain came to him. It was only a two-block walk for him to visit the mountain. With him, he brought nine other musicians, including the members of his regular quartet.

This was the first appearance of Monk's orchestra since early in 1959. There were only three returnees from that Town Hall concert: Woods, Rouse, and Bert. A fourth, unseen, yet well represented, was arranger Hall Overton.

Four years ago, the sound emphasis was on a brassy bottom with French horn and tuba in the ensemble. This time clarinets and soprano saxophone were utilized along with muted brass for a different texture and quality. Again, Overton translated Monk for the band context. Many of the arranged passages were replete with figures that Monk uses pianistically when accompanying soloists.

The orchestra played the first and third segments of the concert, while the middle section was given over to a Monk solo and two quartet selections. In the first set, the ensemble's sound did not come over too well. Dunlop, although he was not playing louder than normal, seemed to be carrying the lead. Jones' solos were barely audible. It would be easy to blame those infamous Philharmonic Hall acoustics (and surely they are still far from blameless), but it seemed more like poor microphone placement was the culprit. Columbia was recording the proceedings, and this may have had something to do with it. In any event, the quartet's sound was all right, and the second orchestra set was in much



better acoustical balance.

The orchestra started roughly on *Bye-ya*. Its smoothness on the out chorus made the sloppy beginning more pointed. After that, the players got better and better with *I Mean You* and *Evidence* in the first portion and *Light Blue*, *Oska T.*, and *Four in One* in the second. (*Epistrophy*, Monk's theme, was presented, without solos, at the end of each of the three parts of the concert.) The second time around, the orchestra was looser, as any band is at a club on its second set. *Oska T.*, Monk's new piece, has a nursery-rhyme quality in its simple, repetitive line; but with that, it also has the Monkian touch that raises the simple out of the commonplace.

The climax of the evening was reached in *Four in One*, a melody as irrepressible as Monk's dancing. (Monk did his own brand of stutter steps and elbow thrusts all over the spacious stage. He seemed to be as at home as if he were at the Five Spot. I only wish he had done some more comping for the soloists.)

As he had done previously (1959) with *Little Rootie Tootie*, Overton scored Monk's piano solo from the original version of *Four in One* for the entire band, and it carried it off brilliantly.

The solos were divided among Woods, Jones, Rouse, Monk, Warren, and Dunlop. Woods swung hard throughout, adding to this swing a sense of construction that gave all his efforts shape as well as lyric passion.

Jones, when he could be heard well, as in the second half, was melodic in a highly personal way, alternating the delicate and the powerful with the touch of a real artist.

Rouse was not as consistent as the others, but when he hit a groove, as on *Four in One* and *Evidence*, he was exhilarating. He also achieved a deep blues mood on *Mysterioso* in the quartet set that was especially compelling. He was loose on the marvelously intricate *Played Twice* (the other quartet number) but trotted out his favorite clichés.

Monk's unaccompanied solo was *Darkness on the Delta*, a song from the 1930s, into which he liberally injected quotes from *Sweet and Lovely* and *When It's Sleepy Time Down South*.

In general, his solos were those angular beauties that have come to be expected of him, but in the second orchestra set, he played with a fervor that had him finding new combinations that were sometimes so subtle it took a while to realize how startling they were.

Warren was hard to hear in the first third; in the last portion, he and Monk got into their Ellington-Blanton attitude on *Light Blue*. Dunlop's solo on *I Mean You* sounded as if it were coming from the bottom of a rain barrel, but he *played!* And he had Monk dancing in front of him on *Four in One*.

To hear Monk's invigorating, thought-provoking themes is always a delight. The ensemble made it more so. One hopes that there will be more opportunities for this group to perform and expand its scope. For instance, why keep a fine soloist like Lacy under wraps?  
—Ira Gitler

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has written lyrics to all four.

His interest in Eastern and African music has strongly manifested itself in his work as well. *Little Niles* is an example of skillful weaving of Eastern strains in a modern-jazz melody, and Weston's welding of African and American elements has produced many of his recent works. In the 1950s, he composed the *Bantu Suite*, which he used to perform with his trio. After visiting Africa in 1961, he wrote a larger work, *Uhuru Afrika (Freedom Africa)*, which incorporated *Bantu* as its third movement. This was recorded for Roulette. After a second African trip in 1963, Weston recorded the Colpix album already mentioned. This contains different types of African music, plus four Weston originals inspired by African music.

Weston's first African trip was sponsored by the American Society of African Culture, an organization made up of prominent Negro writers, scholars, artists, and musicians. The American delegation that went to Lagos, Nigeria, included writer Hughes, bandleader Lionel Hampton, dancers Holder and Al Minns and Leon James, and singer Nina Simone. Booker Ervin and drummer Clarence Stroman were with Weston.

"The American and African counterparts in each art form got together," Weston said, "and we saw similarities." He played with three or four African drummers and collected tapes.

"I became more aware of African culture, West Indian culture, even more aware of the culture of the American Negro—the very basic blues," he said. "I'm very anxious to learn more about

rhythms, and they've got the key to the rhythms.

"My mother is from Virginia; my father is from Panama. As a child I grew up listening to Negro spirituals on mom's side. I listened to a lot of West Indian calypso on Pop's side. So when I went over there, I heard both in their raw form. I heard the basic rhythms that I recognized from the calypso music, and I heard some of the singing and hand-clapping that I heard in the churches on mom's side."

Weston called this visit "a tremendous lesson and emotional experience." He said, "African music, sculpture, painting, and writing should be shown more and seen more."

"A lot of misunderstanding," he said, referring to racial prejudice, "stems from lack of education, lack of people realizing that here is a place that has contributed much to the world."

In 1963 Weston returned to Lagos with artist Elton Fax for a 12-day visit. He found that interest in jazz had grown. Where there had been one jazz disc jockey in 1961, there now were six. His hopes, he said, are for an exchange of professionals and students between Africa and the United States. He would like to apply for a grant to study over there.

"Eight or 10 days is frustrating," he said. "I've just barely scratched the surface. You really have to live with it to see the way they make the instruments, play them, the rhythms, plus the meanings, because everything *means* something. It's actually opened up a tremendous area for me in music, and it makes music much more universal, which it should be, and it gives us so much folk music to work from."

Weston, who is a percussive pianist, has become fascinated by the rhythms of his conga player, Big Black, who is from Nassau in the Bahamas, and plans to study with him. He also has not forgotten the Nigerian drummers who offered to teach him.

"It's so vast," he said, talking about the area of rhythm, "and there is room for so much more in my work. My dream is to go around the world and pick up all the folk music I can, particularly the Eastern rhythms, and then write compositions based on the music I would collect."

**W**ESTON IS NOT ALL DREAMER by any means. He is concerned with bringing up his two children and also with how to keep his group working. The second, of course, has a bearing on the first. This gentle giant (he stands 6 feet, 7 inches) is a good father. Through *Niles*, who is in junior high school, Weston has started swimming and playing basketball. The latter had always been repugnant to him—it was forced

on him in his youth because of his height. Now he occasionally plays the game at the Hudson Guild Settlement House with drummer Roy Brooks, bassist Bill Woods, trumpeter Ted Curson, and saxophonist Ira Jackson, in addition to working out with his son every week.

The matter of working as a jazz musician is not so lighthearted an affair. Weston faces it with some misgivings but with determination.


"Most of us don't realize how important music is, itself," he said. "God forbid, but I wish sometimes that all music would just stop for about 15 minutes—just completely stop, records, everything. We all take music for granted. I know I do sometimes, and I'm a musician."

"It's very sad that if there are four or five clubs in the city, and if a musician can't work in any of these clubs, that means he's not successful, that means he doesn't exist. This is the scale of measurement that has taken place. There's not enough emphasis put on the music itself, so, there, if Joe Blow can't work at the Village Gate or if he can't get a gig at Birdland, there should be some place else for him to play—community places: public schools, high schools, churches, playgrounds—so a musician can feel he's important, that he has something to say."

Since Weston was in the middle of an engagement at the Gordian Knot, this could not be construed as sour grapes. It is true that his group, like many others, has not worked much recently in terms of club appearances, but he has tried to follow his idea of finding "new areas to take the music to" by playing series of session-parties for Ndugu Ngoma (a social organization whose name means "musical brothers") at 20 Spruce St. He says there should be low-priced jazz concerts for children. When *Niles* was still in grade school, Randy took his group there, and the youngsters responded enthusiastically.

"Music is tied up in the clubs," Weston said, "and the music is much greater than the clubs—this is what is strangling the music."

He is not too happy with working conditions in clubs either, though he described the Gordian Knot as a warm, relaxed room. "When a musician worked at a club, he always could get a free meal," Weston observed. "It was like part of the gig. Today you're lucky if you get a discount on a drink. But I can't put all the weight on the clubowners, because if jazz has to depend on the clubs to exist, we might as well forget it."

"Musicians," he added, "have a responsibility to present their art to the people." 

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## JAZZ BASICS from page 23

reputation as the finest, hardest swinging, and musically most arresting big jazz unit in the country.

This impressive four-LP set (64 selections in all) covers the band's entire career and gives an accurate, well-rounded portrayal of its accomplishments. In addition to the recordings up until December, 1934, when Henderson disbanded and joined Benny Goodman as staff arranger, the set also contains some fine numbers by the resuscitated Henderson band of 1936 through '38.

**Further recommendations:** Among the foremost exponents of the Henderson orchestral approach was Jimmie Lunceford, whose excellent band utilized an even more sleek and polished (and hence more popular) version of the Henderson big-band formula.

Hewing a sort of middle fine between popular music (reflected in its repertoire) and out-and-out jazz, the Lunceford band was perhaps the outstanding Negro successor to the original Henderson unit. It, too, was blessed with a number of fine soloists, chief among them trumpeter Sy Oliver (who later abandoned his horn in favor of arranging, a result of the experience he gained in this area with the Lunceford unit), alto saxophonist Willie Smith (whose graceful, airy improvisations decorate many of the band's finer recordings), tenorist Joe Thomas, and drummer Jimmy Crawford.

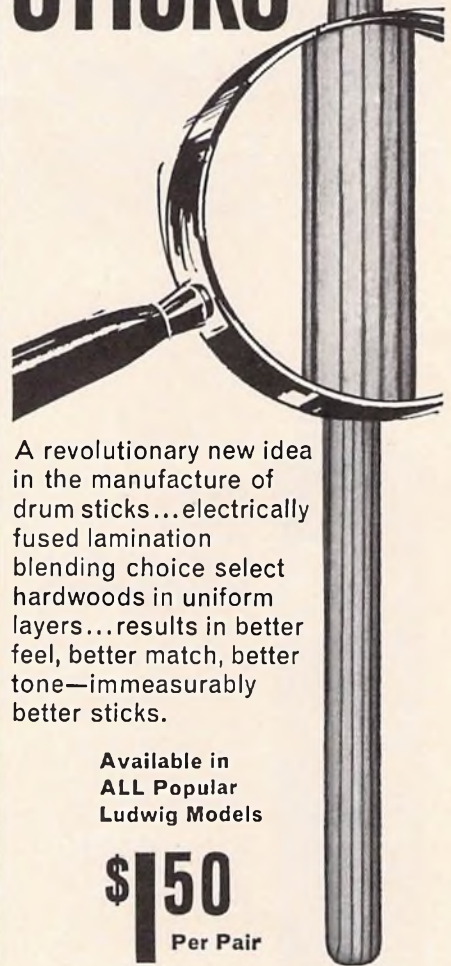
Unfortunately, none of the band's best records are available, but a very fine, representative sampling of its talents, *Jimmie Lunceford and His Orchestra* (Decca 8050), occasionally shows up in record shops and is highly recommended.

Folkways' *Jazz, Vol. 8* (2808) is given over to a survey of big bands before 1935 and is a fine, representative sampler. Of the disc's 14 tracks, four are by the Henderson band, but only two duplicate selections in the recommended set. Among the other selections and groups are *Kansas City Breakdown* and *Moten Swing* by Bennie Moten's Kansas City Orchestra; Charlie Johnson's 1928 *The Boy in the Boat*; Luis Russell's 1930 *Saragoga Shout*; *Four or Five Times* by McKinney's Cotton Pickers; *Six or Seven Times* by the Little Chocolate Dandies, an offshoot of the Henderson band; Ben Pollack's *Buy, Buy for Baby*; *Beale Street Blues* by the Charleston Chasers (and arranged by trombonist Glenn Miller in 1931); and Lunceford's 1930 recording of *In Dat Mornin'*.

(To be continued in the next issue.)

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## INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

"It's formless." This is the criticism most often leveled at new art. It derives from the inability, among critics, to grasp new artistic forms as they develop.

The term "form" and its partner, "content," are frequently used in writing about music, yet their meanings seem to fluctuate with each writer. Part of the analytical fuzziness surrounding these terms is due to their peculiar dependence on one another. The concept of form is difficult (impossible?) to envision rationally without the concept of content.

This discussion will attempt to offer new intellectual tools with which to consider the relation.

The most present danger is the word-trap. As Alan Watts points out in *The Joyous Cosmology*, words, or terms, are *terminals*, that is, end points along the continuum of our ideas. We tend to think in opposites—big-small, light-dark—and words solidify the ends of these opposites. But there is no law that says reality conforms to our perception of it. And there are many aspects of reality that do not correspond with our process of verbalizing them.

The ideas that "form" and "content" designate are fluid. Their interdependence is also fluid. If we attach to these fluid ideas concrete words, we tend to immobilize our ability to manipulate them, and this is the danger of verbalization, the word-trap inherent in language.

Let's examine certain (nonmusical) examples of the form-content relation.

In the case of a pitcher full of water, form and content are well differentiated. The form is the shape of the pitcher, and the content is the water. If you stir the content, the form stays the same.

Now think of a dozen marbles lying in the shape of a triangle. If the content (marbles) is stirred, the form (triangle) is altered.

Now, consider the form-content relation of an electron. The form is the electron form, the content an electron.

When form and content become so related, as in an electron, that any change in one is a change of equal magnitude in the other, it is difficult (impossible?) to distinguish them. In some music, form and content are seen to be identical.

A minuet is like the pitcher of water;

it has a concrete shape that can contain things. The "things" are elements of the composer's style (hence minuets are generally highly stylized). They are relatively easy to compose.

Early blues contained this same easy relationship and were improvised according to it. The form is something to rely upon, once it has been established, and the content is shaped to fit it.

The sonatas of Mozart involve a more complex relation between form and content. Mozart could extend a compelling phrase beyond the prescribed length, thereby bending the form beyond comfortable limits, creating a musical tug of war. On one side are the expectations of the pre-established form, on the other the demands of the musical material.

This tug of war became the central character in the dramatic sonatas of Beethoven. In some of these, the content made such demands upon the form, and the distortions became so gross, that form and content seem to be creating each other as they go along.

Subsequent developments in classical music harnessed the energy that the form-content struggle created and brought about a constantly evolving stylistic language.

Contemporary classical music is not contained like water in a pitcher. Every piece of contemporary music invites the listener to discover the form as the content is revealed. Sometimes the shape the form makes is so complicated that it is difficult (impossible?) to find any pattern at all except for the detailed shape described by the actual notes or sounds themselves. In this extreme case, form and content are identical.

This extreme case has become the goal of all goals for many contemporary composers. In the past the aim was the perfect *union* of form and content. Today we see the possibility of the perfect *unity* of form and content.

The "new thing" in jazz presents a particularly challenging aspect of the new esthetic that the idea of form-content-unity has made possible. Jazz is (to most) a musical event between human beings—more specifically, between human beings who are exploring to its profoundest essence the limits of the living moment, of the *now*. Associated with this mutual, total exploration is a sense of joy new to art in this century—and perhaps in history.

The forces that have made possible this marriage between esthetic fulfillment (form-content-unity) and social fulfillment (the shared joy of the present) are the forces guiding the "new thing" along its evolutionary path.

# JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

The University of Nevada Stage Band continues to work under the guidance of the university's director of bands, Dr. John Carrico, and under the direction of Gene Isaeff, brass instructor on the Reno campus. As in past years, the band will sponsor a high-school stage-band festival on March 21. The 20 participating bands from four western states will benefit from the clinic work of trumpeter Doc Severinson.

The 22-piece band made its football debut earlier this year at the Nevada-California game by playing Stan Kenton's *Rueben's Blues*, Ernie Wilkins' *The Up-Town*, and Johnny Richards' *March of the Cyclops*. The band also tours extensively and will be the guest group at the San Francisco bay area stage-band tournament in March.

One unusual feature of the band is the inclusion of four co-eds in the band personnel. Solo roles are being handled this year by Al Gottlieb on trumpet, Jim Dukey on alto saxophone, Harry Massoth on trombone, and Lawney Hallack on tenor saxophone.

North Texas lab bands under the direction of Leon Breeden presented their annual fall concert in December. The four student bands at the school participated.

On Feb. 1 the Sam Houston State Teachers College at Huntsville sponsored its seventh annual stage-band festival. Guests for the festival were Jimmy Giuffre and Eddie Galvan.



The Houstonians played a concert featuring Giuffre's compositions, from *Four Brothers* to his Third Stream style. Numbers performed included *Affinity*, *Quest*, *Motion-Eterne*, *Fine*, and *Passage to the Veil*. Also featured was an arrangement by leader Harley Rex of Giuffre's *Pesky Serpent*. Giuffre served as conductor, performer, and lecturer for the festival.

Dennis Dotson, outstanding trumpeter of the festival last year, is playing lead trumpet with the Houstonians.

Recently the Houstonians completed a three-day tour of Texas schools. On Feb. 21 they appeared as the guest band at the Brownwood Festival, the oldest stage-band festival in the nation and played a concert for the members of the 40 competing high-school stage bands.

The band rehearses daily—for credit—and all 21 members, including French horn and tuba players, are on full-tuition scholarships at the college.

The University of Illinois Jazz Band unveiled a new dance book at a recent campus dance. Featured with the band was vocalist Chrys Prevost. Arrangements were furnished by Ernie Taylor, Jim Knapp, Ernie Bastin, Tom Camp, Lance Strickland, and Kim Richmond. Richmond is a former band member now playing lead alto saxophone with the Airmen of Note. Plans are being formulated for a high-school stage-band festival this spring, but dates and clinicians are not available at this time.

The January issue of *Music Journal* contained a provocative article against stage bands by Hubert P. Henderson, doctor of musicology and director of bands at the University of Maryland.

Involved among the doctor's objections are statements such as: "... dance music, by reason of the limitations imposed by a regular beat and stereotyped forms, is inferior esthetically to much other music."

"The performance of dance music by young instrumentalists can be detrimental to proper musical development because the niceties of technique and nuance are usually of little concern."

"The instrumentation of the dance band is so standardized and so musically primitive that participants become immune to the complexities and subtleties of music, regardless of the performing medium."

"The director who promotes the stage band to public acceptance may find that he has promoted his concert band out of existence."

"Let us rid the schools of this noisome nonsense and stop its interference with the real goals of education."

Interesting statements.



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# SERENITY

One of the West Coast's leading jazz bassists, Ralph Pena, organized a nonet in 1963. The group's library includes *Serenity*, an original Pena composition, the score of which begins below. It is a 32-bar work consisting of two 12-bar sections and an eight-bar section.

The tempo should be medium fast to fast. The blowing portions

used are at Letter A (twice) and then Letter C (once).

Instrumental backgrounds for either tenor or piano soloist—two of which are included—occur only at the final eight bars of each solo (Letter C). The final chord after the final ensemble chorus should be held.

**A** FAST

TRPT  
FLUTE  
BONE  
TUBA  
ALTO  
TENOR  
BASS  
DRUMS  
PIANO

**B**

TR  
FL  
Bo  
Tu  
AL  
TE  
BA  
DR  
PI

**C**

TR  
FL  
Bo  
Tu  
AL  
TE  
BA  
DR  
PI

# DIPITY

Pena, 36, is a native of Jarbidge, Nev. After studying at Sacramento and San Francisco State Teachers' colleges, he settled in Los Angeles where he played with groups led by Art Pepper, Vido Musso, and Cal Tjader. In 1951-'52 he was a member of Billy May's big band; then he worked with Barney Kessel, Stan Getz, Charlie Barnet,

and Shorty Rogers through 1956.

The bassist was a member of the first Jimmy Giuffre experimental quartet in 1955. He also worked with Giuffre at Music Inn at Lennox, Mass., in 1956-'57. From 1956 to '59 the bassist worked with Buddy DeFranco, among others.

Handwritten musical score for the first system of "DIPITY". The score is written for a 12-piece band, with parts for Trumpet (TR), Flute (FL), Bop (Bo), Tenor Saxophone (Tu), Alto Saxophone (AL), Tenor Saxophone (TE), Bass (BA), Drums (DR), and Piano (PI). The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns and dynamics. The bass part includes a "Fill" and a "B7(b9)" chord. The piano part includes a "Fill" and a "B7(b9)" chord. The score ends with a "FING" marking.

Handwritten musical score for the second system of "DIPITY". The score is written for a 12-piece band, with parts for Trumpet (TR), Flute (FL), Bop (Bo), Tenor Saxophone (Tu), Alto Saxophone (AL), Tenor Saxophone (TE), Bass (BA), Drums (DR), and Piano (PI). The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns and dynamics. The bass part includes a "Fill" and a "B7(b9)" chord. The piano part includes a "Fill" and a "B7(b9)" chord. The score ends with a "FING" marking.

Handwritten musical score for the third system of "DIPITY". The score is written for a 12-piece band, with parts for Trumpet (TR), Flute (FL), Bop (Bo), Tenor Saxophone (Tu), Alto Saxophone (AL), Tenor Saxophone (TE), Bass (BA), Drums (DR), and Piano (PI). The music is in 4/4 time and features a variety of rhythmic patterns and dynamics. The bass part includes a "Fill" and a "B7(b9)" chord. The piano part includes a "Fill" and a "B7(b9)" chord. The score ends with a "FING" marking.

## AD LIB *from page 10*

Harry Carney, bassist Ernie Shepherd, and drummer Sam Woodyard, also appeared on NBC-TV's *Today Show* . . . Pianist Randy Weston's quartet and dancers Al Minns and Leon James were seen on ABC-TV's *Discovery*. The show was called *It's an Old Twist: How Our Dances Came to Be* . . . Marian McPartland is scheduled for the Feb. 13 *Tonight* show.

The Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band was at Birdland for almost the entire month of January. The baritone saxophonist led a band that deserved the title "all-star" if one ever did. The personnel consisted of Thad Jones, cornet; Clark Terry, Nick Travis, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Willie Dennis, trombone; Alan Raph, bass trombone; Bob Donovan, alto saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Tony Ferina, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Bill Crow, bass; and Mel Lewis, drums.

During Mulligan's stay, three groups played a week apiece opposite him. Bass trombonist Benny Powell had tenor

saxophonist Booker Ervin, pianist Pat Rebillot, bassist Bill Wood, and drummer Grady Tate in his quintet. When Ervin and Wood left to fill two weeks with their regular leader, Randy Weston, at the Gordian Knot, Powell got Frank Haynes to come in on tenor. Powell was also an early-in-the-evening-set substitute for Raph in the Mulligan band and continued to pinch hit in this manner even after his own group had closed. Its replacement was saxophonist Pony Poindexter's quartet with Jane Getz, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; and Marvin Patillo, drums. After Birdland, the Poindexter group left on a road trip (two weeks each in Rochester and Buffalo, N.Y.; one week each in Toronto and Boston) that will return them to New York in March to record for Prestige. The third group was led by vibist Vera Auer with Ted Curson on trumpet, Harold Mabern on piano, Bob Cunningham on bass, and Al Foster on drums.

Curson and tenor saxophonist Bill Barron played a Sunday afternoon session for Alan Grant at Birdland. Grant and club manager Oscar Goodstein have installed a teenage section in the

back, where the underagers can drink malteds and eat sandwiches. The musical accent has been placed on youth too. Young groups to appear recently included the Brothers Unlimited from Great Neck, N.Y.; drummer Barry Miles' new quintet; and a combo from the New York School of Jazz featuring alto saxophonist Rene McLean, son of alto saxophonist Jackie McLean. Among the older (chronologically) but unknown organizations there was the 17-piece band of Wingy McKinney, which spotlighted some Jimmie Lunceford arrangements.

The Village Vanguard continued its discotheque (dancing to records) policy but also had live entertainment, with singer Betty Carter and pianist Roger Kellaway's trio . . . Baritone saxophonist Jay Cameron replaced Larry Rivers in the Upper Bohemia Six . . . Singers Oscar Brown Jr. and Nancy Wilson worked at the Waldorf-Astoria . . . Arranger Johnny Mandel visited New York briefly before flying to Paris for two weeks to do the film score for *The Americanization of Emily* . . . Tenor saxophonist King Curtis and his band did a week at the Apollo Theater along with singer La Verne Baker . . . New York University's division of general education includes among its spring courses *Listening to Jazz*, taught by Rudi Blesh . . . Phil Leshin, former bassist with Buddy Rich, has opened a publicity office. His first client is Lionel Hampton . . . Tenor saxophonist Hal Singer is at the Palm Cafe on 125th St. four nights a week.

RECORD NOTES: New York disc jockey Mort Fega has started his own record company, Focus. The first release, to be distributed by Atlantic records, features guitarist-banjoist Chuck Wayne. The album is called *Tapestry*.

Guitarist Sal Salvador has signed with Roulette. His big band will do the first in a series of albums shortly . . . Pianist Marian McPartland recorded with strings for Sesac Transcriptions . . . Saxophonist Sonny Stitt taped for Prestige with pianist Ronnie Mathews, bassist Leonard Gaskin, drummer Herbie Lovelle, and Latin percussion.

### TORONTO

Roland Kirk, accompanied by Horace Parlan, piano; Michael Fleming, bass; and Sonny Brown, drums, played a week's engagement at the Friar's Tavern, where he was followed by the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet . . . Trumpeter Buck Clayton completed a month's engagement at the Colonial. Reed man Rudy Rutherford played with the Clayton band until the arrival of tenorist Buddy Tate, who completed the engagement with singer Olive Brown, pianist Jimmy Green, bassist Tommy Potter, and

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drummer **Jackie Williams**.

Williams stayed on for another two weeks in February to join pianist **Red Richards'** Saints and Sinners (**Herman Autrey**, trumpet; **Vic Dickenson**, trombone; and **Buster Bailey**, clarinet) at the Colonial, where trombonist **Wilbur De-Paris'** band and trumpeter **Jonah Jones'** Quartet were booked to follow. Singer **Teri Thornton** brought in huge crowds for her initial appearance early in the new year at the Town Tavern. Trumpeter **Howard McGhee**, singer **Frank D'Rone**, trumpeter **Clark Terry**, and **Jack Jones** appeared in January and February . . . **Jackie Davis** returned to the Park Plaza for a month's engagement.

### BOSTON

The late **Dinah Washington's** two sons returned to school at Cranwell Prep in Lenox, Mass., after the Christmas holidays . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** played a concert at Kresge Auditorium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on Jan. 10 . . . Organist **Phil Porter**, forced to take a two-week layoff because of blood poisoning, has left trumpeter **Howard McGhee** to start his own group. The nucleus for the group will be **Ernie Farrell**, guitar, and **Bobby Ward**, drums. Porter's first United Artists' album, featuring **Harold Ousley**, tenor saxophone; **Kenny Burrell**, guitar; **Paul Chambers**, bass; and **Art Taylor**, drums, will be released in March.

Pianist **Sabby Lewis** plans to re-create his Fitch Bandwagon octet (1940-'41) for a Newport Jazz Festival appearance this summer. Lewis' ex-sidemen, tenorist **Paul Gonsalves**, trumpeter **Cat Anderson**, and saxophonist **Sonny Stitt**, also may join him for a proposed European tour later in the year . . . Organist **Joe Bucci** with his drummer **Joe Riddick** are scheduled to record their second album for Capitol in March . . . The **Warren Covington** and **Maynard Ferguson** bands played here earlier this month . . . Organist **Bill Callan** with **Morris Dow**, guitar, and **Willie Davis**, drums, played a recent date at Connolly's Star Dust Room . . . Altoist **Jimmy Mosher's** newly formed group, the **Octet**, is rehearsing **John LaPorta** and **Mike Gibbs** original compositions for an appearance at the Newport festival. The group is composed of **Andy Bowen**, drums; **Tony Eria**, bass; **Sadao Watanabe**, baritone saxophone; **Jimmy Derba**, tenor saxophone; **John Scott**, trumpet; **Mark Levine**, trombone; **Mosher**; and **Hal Galper**, piano.

### CLEVELAND

**Red Richards'** Saints and Sinners, at the Theatrical Grill over New Year's, was an all-star mainstream group featuring trombonist **Vic Dickenson**, clari-

netist **Buster Bailey**, trumpeter **Herman Autrey**, pianist **Richards**, bassist **Vince Evans**, and drummer **Jo Jones**. **Bob McKee** is drummer and leader for the house band, which often adds vocalist **Nancy Ray** . . . Local Dixieland fans can enjoy the style every weekend at the Monticello Lounge at 2590 Noble Rd., where drummer **Ted Paskert** and pianist **George Quittner** have long led their traditional band. **Herb Sommers**, trombone, and **Sam Finger**, clarinet, are in the front line.

The Corner Tavern brought the organ back onto the stage during the recent engagement of the **Wynton Kelly Trio** and the **Three Sounds**. Pianist **Kelly** joined the **Sounds'** pianist-turned-organist **Gene Harris** and drummer **Bill Dowdy** for several enjoyable blues sets during the week. **Kelly's** drummer, **Jimmy Cobb**, also captivated both musicians and audiences with his tasteful, "melodic" solos . . . **Bill Gidney** has an excellent opportunity to demonstrate his jazz talents and unusual vocals on his solo-piano gig at La Porte Rouge on Lee Rd. in Cleveland Heights . . . **Bill Faragher** recently sold his club, **Faragher's**, in Cleveland Heights, to **Rudy** and **Jean Schaffer**. The new owners plan to continue the policy of presenting top folk musicians and singers.

### CHICAGO

The Sutherland Lounge, shuttered for several months, was scheduled to reopen Jan. 31 with singer **Joe Williams** and the **Junior Mance Trio**. The club, however, is not to be a jazz room. Plans at presstime called for comedy acts and a line of dancing girls to augment the star attraction. The club hopes to have **Billy Daniels** follow **Williams** on Feb. 13 for two weeks and then **Della Reese** for the two-week period after **Daniels**. **Al Williams**, of the dancing **Step Brothers**, operates the club.

The recent success commercially of the **Ralph Marterie Band** at the Hotel Maryland's Celebrity Room has led to the adoption of a regular big-band policy. The most recent attraction was the good, clean **Si Zentner Band**. Negotiations are going on with several top names as follow-up attractions. **Don Jeris** has been leading the Monday night band there . . . **Bobby Gordon** played opposite the newly re-formed **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Quintet** during its final two weeks at the Gate of Horn. In **Gordon's** group were **Chink Hester**, piano; **Bob Sundstrom**, banjo; **Mike Walbridge**, tuba; and **Wayne Jones**, drums . . . On the **Sari S** riverboat anchored on the Chicago River, trombonist **Jim Beebe** used trumpeter **Bobby Lewis** for the ailing **Marty Marsala**.

Jazz promoter **Joe Segal**, after a winter layoff, planned to re-enter the week-

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## JAZZ

## RECORD REVIEWS

Vol. VIII

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ly session scene late in January with a resumption of his Monday night sets at the Gate of Horn. The first group featured was the **John Young Trio** (Young, piano; **Sam Kidd**, bass; and **Phil Thomas**, drums), plus **Bunky Green**, alto saxophone. Segal also is planning his ninth **Charlie Parker Memorial Concert**, held every March 12. Negotiations with **Dizzy Gillespie** for his appearance at the event are in progress.

**Jan Scobey**, widow of trumpeter **Bob**, opened at the Paris Lounge on Jan. 26 for four weeks. Mrs. Scobey, who sings many of the songs associated with her late husband, formed a band for the engagement. The personnel is made up of **Dick Oakley**, trumpet; **Al Wynn**, trombone; **Jug Berger**, clarinet; **Jan Rasbury**, piano; **Eddie Davis**, bass, banjo; and **Brad More** and **Don DeMicheal** alternating on drums . . . Trumpeter **Nappy Trotter** is back at the Velvet Swing . . . **Roland Kirk** follows **John Coltrane** at McKie's. Coltrane closes Feb. 16 . . . Organist **Jimmy McGriff** closes at the Top of the Town on the 16th also. He followed a two-week-er by the **Three Sounds**.

**Georg Brunis** led a quintet at the Jam Session on Friday and Saturdays during December and January. He probably will be back at the club after his return from his annual trip to his home town, New Orleans, for the Mardi Gras . . . Trumpeter **Jack Sheldon** will open as a comedian at Mr. Kelly's on Feb. 17. He is booked for three weeks and will work opposite the **Serendipity Singers**.

## LOS ANGELES

The **Red Norvo Quintet** opened at the posh Rimrocks Restaurant in Palm Springs, inaugurating a new music policy there . . . **Gene Hammett**, a former arranger for **Vaughn Monroe** and Hollywood movie studios, died here recently. Hammett, a sufferer from emphysema, was 53 . . . **Jack Wilson's** quartet got a West Coast network break on CBS-TV's *Panorama Pacific* morning show Jan. 17 . . . Drummer **J. C. Heard** formed a quintet here, consisting of guitarist **Joe Pass**, tenorist **Bill Perkins** (who now is a full-time recording engineer), pianist **Phil Moore Jr.**, and bassist **Al McKibbon**. The group played its first job at the Lighthouse.


The unpredictable **Buddy Rich** did it again. Booked with his own group at the Thunderbird Lounge in Las Vegas, Nev., for 16 weeks in '64 (*DB*, Feb. 13), the drummer rejoined the **Harry James Band** during the gig at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Nev. James signed him to a year's contract during the course of which Rich will tour with the band in Japan starting April 5. What happens to the 16 weeks at the Thunderbird? What happens to Rich's sidemen? C'est la vie.

Due in at the Lighthouse the next couple of Sundays are the quintets of **Cal Tjader** (Feb. 16) and **Paul Horn** (Feb. 23). **Howard Rumsey's** policy of hiring name and/or established groups for Sabbath afternoons and evenings continues at the Hermosa Beach spot . . . A&R man **Dave Axelrod** joined Capitol records as a full-time staff man.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Representatives of orchestra leaders, sidemen, and AFM Local 6 were scheduled to begin discussions in late January concerning the leaders' proposal for changes in hiring procedures on casual engagements (*DB*, Jan. 30).

Unable to obtain what he considered a suitable S.F. location for a new jazz club, **Guido Cacianti**, a co-owner of the defunct Black Hawk, said he plans to set up operations in Sacramento, the state capital. Cacianti was seeking a site on lower Broadway, which has become San Francisco's entertainment center. The Sacramento area has more than 1,000,000 population and no full-time jazz club, according to Cacianti. He and his wife, **Elynore**, whose duties as the Black Hawk's admission cashier made her known to scores of jazzmen, have sold their suburban home in Ross, Calif., and will live on their ranch near Lodi, about 45 miles from Sacramento.

Bassist **Al McKibbon** and pianist **Lonnie Hewitt** are back with the **Cal Tjader Quintet**. The combo, with guitarist **Bola Sette** sitting in for a few tunes, played a concert-dance at the Sheraton-Palace Grand Ballroom, alternating with vibist **Jack Taylor's** septet, which featured tenorist **Harold Wylie** and trombonist **Bob Collins** . . . **Slim Gaillard** continues in the Monkey Room lounge of the Safari Room in San Jose; **Sarah Vaughan** played the main room early this month . . . **Woody Herman's** band played four nights at Tin Pan Alley in Redwood City before opening here. 



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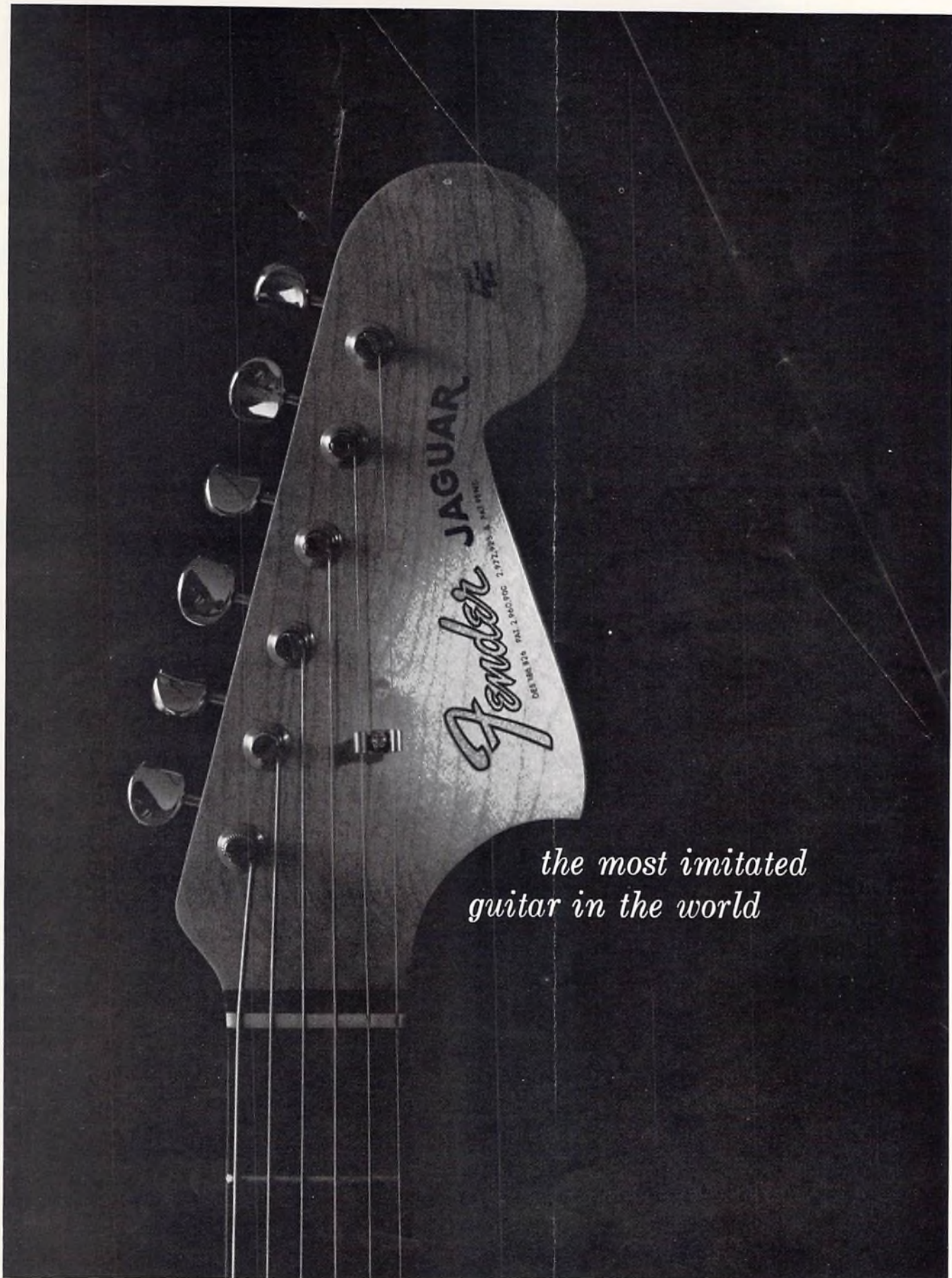
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