

FEBRUARY 13, 1964 35c

# down beat

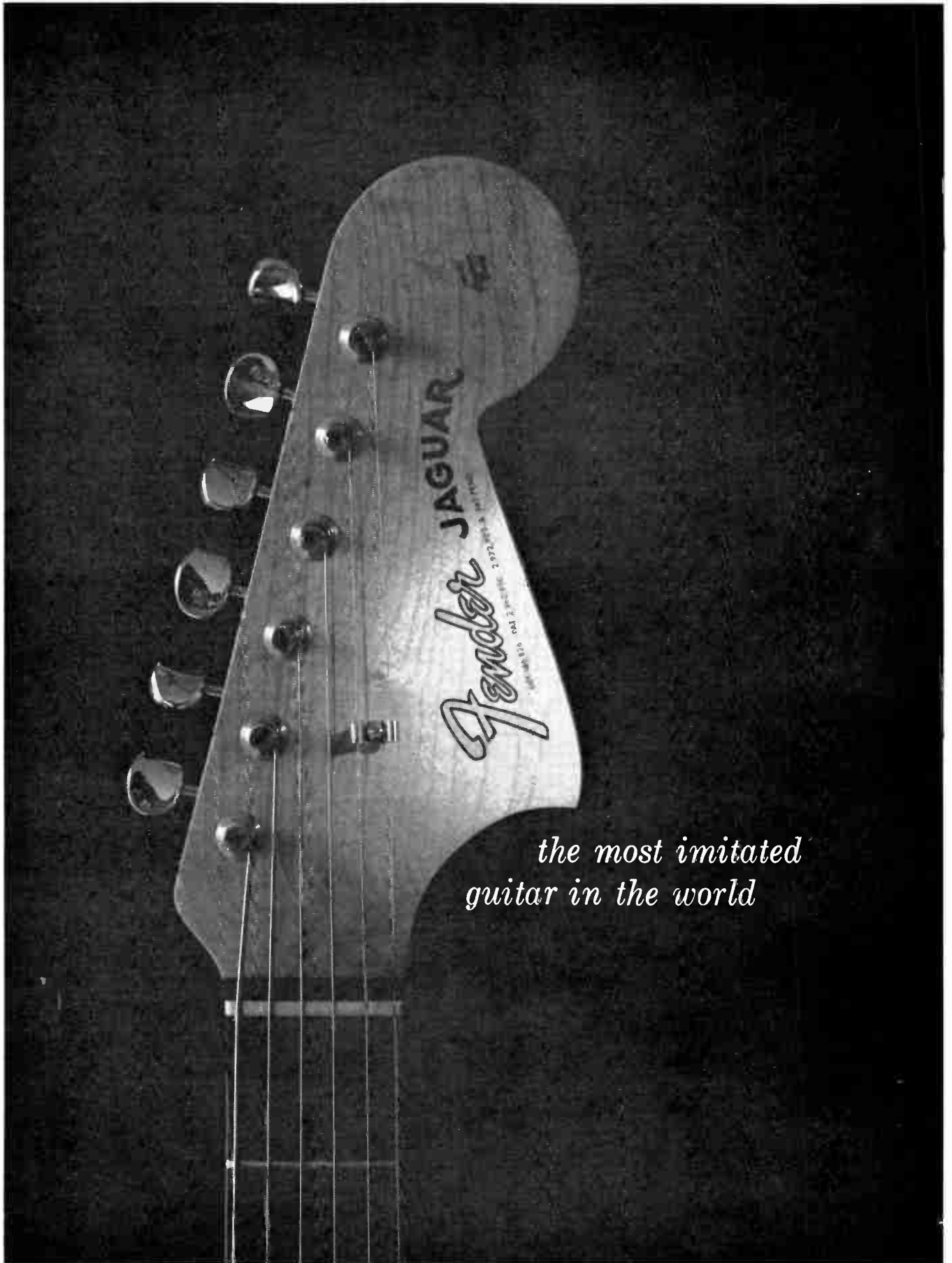
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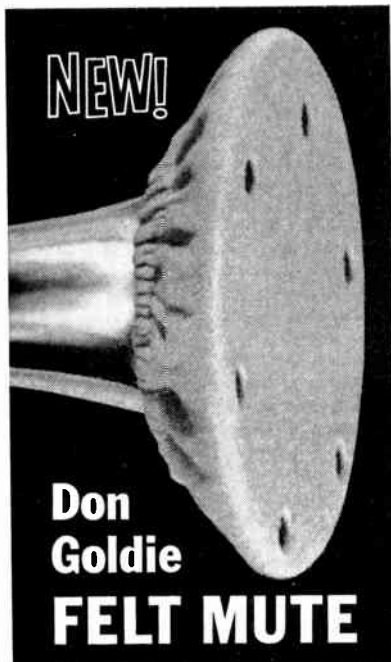
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Cover photograph of Big Joe Williams by Ray Flerlage

**THINGS TO COME:** The Feb. 27 *Down Beat* is devoted to composers and arrangers. In the spotlight will be two of jazz' most important composers, Thelonious Monk and Duke Ellington. Also featured are the underrated Randy Weston and Jimmy Jones. Leonard Feather subjects Stan Getz to a *Blindfold Test*, and the tenor saxophonist comes up with some surprising comments. Also included in the Feb. 27 *Down Beat* is a special *Up Beat* arrangement. The issue goes on sale at newsstands on Feb. 13; reserve your copy now.

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### Misguided Intellectuals

Critics and proponents of the avant garde are intellectuals; they have to be, in order to write, or think, as coherently as they do. No one can rationalize as well as an intellectual supplying reasons to justify his rationalization.

This is all a prelude to the point that it is possible to look for, and find, logical reasons justifying the most absurd nonsense, musical or otherwise.

A few years ago (before roots and soul), when a rock-and-roll saxophone player used honking and screaming effects on his horn, he was dismissed by the critic and the artistically aware as being totally nonmusical, crude, base, and an example of lack of taste.

Today, the avant-garde saxophonist, in the name of freedom, can make the same shrieks and honking effects, produce total cacophony, and be praised as a new-directionist, bursting the barriers of limiting musical restriction, etc. What fine rationalizing.

Don Schraier  
Long Beach, Calif.

### Reply To A Reply

Dan Morgenstern's reply (*DB*, Dec. 5) to my letter is interesting, especially in that he was the one who chose to answer the cryptics of my earlier letter. I would have preferred to draw out Martin Williams or LeRoi Jones. But perhaps Morgenstern's attempts at defense are better, because they bring more areas into the open.

One of the major problems faced by a music critic, it seems, is that of his "taste." Some excuse their lack of it by rationalizations concerning money. When critics appear on album liners or in certain magazines, they are sometimes not to be believed. This is an unfortunate situation, if you realize that these writings influence the greater part of the public. The record companies are absolutely responsible for this, and the critics are equally to blame. I know personally one major jazz critic who, faced with the necessity of earning a living for his family and finding himself faced with assignments to write on music not to his taste, chose to write on other topics, rather than betray his taste. Fortunately for him he has the mental capacity—evidently quite lacking in several of his colleagues—to do so.

A few other points. My letter was no diatribe. It was a set of responses to observations of written silliness. Cecil Taylor needs no critics. People will come to his music as they have to Monk's, and this in spite of his complete burial by the critics. After all, it was suggested to Brahms that he burn the pages of his *Fourth Symphony*. (This was a critic's idea.)

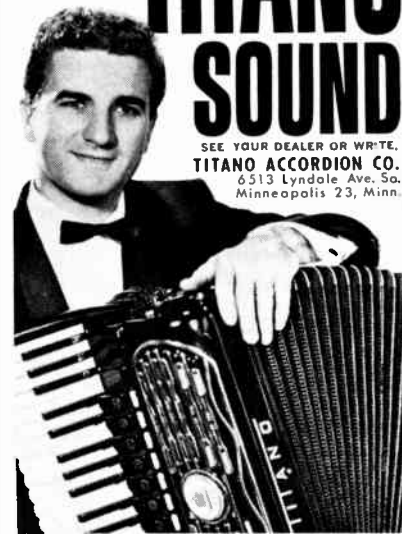
Lastly, let me say that I find myself in no corner. The fact that I no longer possess

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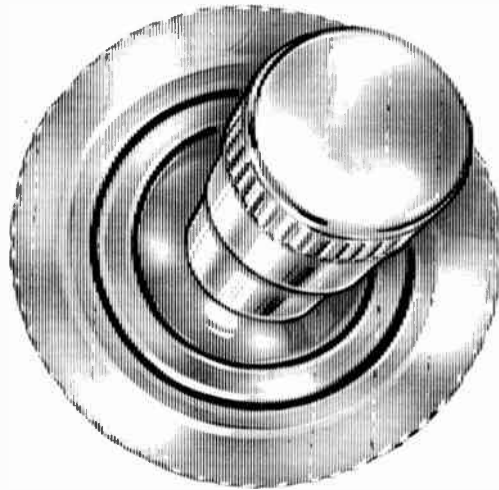


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a police license to perform in badly ventilated gin mills disturbs me not a whit. I do not miss it, and neither do I miss the effluvia which surrounds the whole rotten scene. I certainly would rather play symphonic warhorses, as I do here in Houston, than to indulge again in a six-month orgy of trivia at the Five Spot with Jimmy Giuffre.

Buell Neidlinger  
Houston, Texas

### Hong Kong Kudos

Thank you for the wonderful article on Filipino jazzmen in Hong Kong, in the Jan. 2 *Down Beat*. Filipinos long have been considered the foremost musicians in the Orient, from Japan to Thailand.

I have had the pleasure of reviewing America's own music for the San Francisco *News Call Bulletin* for the past year, and I can only say that jazz has given me a deeper understanding of Americans. I am relinquishing my post at the newspaper because I am returning to Manila. Thanks to your and Jack Lind's efforts, I shall have something to look forward to in my brief stopover in Hong Kong.

Bill Aspalton  
San Francisco, Calif.

### 'New Music' Not Music

I am writing this letter in protest to a movement within our beloved art form which is threatening to be its death.

Recently I heard a so-called jazz group which has received lots of attention from your magazine and also a 4½-star record review. This is the Bob James Trio. I not only wanted to ask "where's the melody?" but, more important, "where're the changes, and, above all, where's the time?"

Let me say, before someone accuses me of being a reactionary philistine, that I am not musically ignorant. No, I am capable of understanding and deriving pleasure from the music of Milhaud and Poulenc and Stravinsky, as well as our own native Americans Walter Piston and Vincent Persichetti.

Bob James unfortunately does not fit into any of these categories. He started out to play a recognizable tune (using a lot of fashionable modal harmonies), but before long he and his drummer, Bob Pozar, were running around the stand throwing hardware inside the piano, blowing on toy whistles, and generally making fun of jazz and of their paying audience. Not only is this bad music but also bad manners, as evidenced by the fact that the greatest musicians stand still while they're playing and take care of business. I might also observe that Bird was content to play on the changes. The only member of James' band who seemed to be playing changes was the bassist, Ron Brooks.

Someone in the room told me that Pozar was a student of Philly Joe Jones for a while. I find it hard to believe that the greatest drummer in jazz would allow any student of his to perform such meaningless nonsense. At one point during a tune, Pozar picked up his snare drum and hollered into the snare port so that his voice was amplified by the drum. How far from jazz can this so-called jazz get?

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I can't understand why Quincy Jones and Mercury records wasted their time and money to record his group when there are so many real jazz bands starving through lack of recognition. I've heard that what James is doing is called "new music." I don't even think it's music at all.

I hope this letter will encourage other sincere fans and musicians to raise their voice against the destruction of jazz.

Earl Winegar  
New York City

### Baker's Back—Yes?

Obviously no one has observed the Readers Poll results closely enough to realize that Chet Baker is back. As goes the saying, "nobody knows you when you're down and out," no one knew of Baker from 1958 to mid-December, 1963. He had lived five years in European obscurity, without being recognized there or in America.

Baker was once the choice of both readers and critics as leading trumpeter, but due to American biases and social customs he was shunned. Anyone can make a mistake in his lifetime, but there is no need to push a person into obscurity because of it.

Even though Baker has not cut any recent records, his genius is evident on many of his sides which have been re-issued under names like *The Genius of Gerry Mulligan*.

In my opinion Baker was—and still is—the greatest trumpeter in the jazz mainstream today . . . and the most palatable. I would like to thank everyone, on his behalf, who voted for him. Now, possibly his resurgence will begin.

E. W. Ehrmann  
Shaker Heights, Ohio

### Cave Canem

I always have had a great deal of respect for Les Brown as the leader of a fine dance band that often played some good jazz. In addition, I thought Shorty Rogers an arranger who had made some fine contributions to modern music.

Thus, when I saw an album called *The Young Beat* by Brown and his band with arrangements by Shorty Rogers, I bought it. Upon playing it, I was made ill. Although there are no liner notes to warn an unwary jazz fan, the LP is strictly rock and roll, complete with the corny, twangy guitar. The album is worthless.

Never did I think that two such men would show such lack of integrity in an effort to make a fast buck. They do this just when radio stations are beginning to drop playing rock and roll to concentrate on decent music.

In doing this, they hurt music in general and their own reputations . . . and we, the buyers, have been shortchanged.

Charlotte Mulford  
Monroe, Conn.



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## NEW YORK

Jazz promoter **George Wein** is becoming increasingly experienced at living out of a suitcase. On Jan. 2 he left for Europe with the **Max Roach Quartet** (Roach, drums; **Clifford Jordan**, tenor saxophone; **Coleridge Perkinson**, piano; **Eddie Khan**, bass) and singer **Abbey Lincoln** (Mrs. Roach). The husband-wife team performed the *Freedom Now Suite* in Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France before returning to New York on Jan. 23. Meanwhile, Wein left Europe during the tour to join **Ray McKinley** and the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** for their five-week Japanese tour, which also began on Jan. 2.

On March 10, a third Wein-booked operation, built around drummers **Roach**, **Shelly Manne**, **Philly Joe Jones**, and **Roy Haynes**, will begin a three-week Japanese jaunt. Going over from the States with the drummers will be trumpeter **Howard McGhee** and bassist **Leroy Vinnegar**. Joining them in Japan will be pianist **Toshiko Mariano** and her husband, alto saxophonist **Charlie Mariano**. The drummers will perform in various units made up of these musicians and will do "battle" among themselves at different points in the course of each concert . . . McGhee played engagements in Columbus, Ohio, and Toronto, Ontario, during January. He said he plans to record for United Artists



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early in February and do four weeks in Denver, Colo., before leaving for Tokyo.

**Leon Thomas** is the new singer with **Count Basie** . . . Reed man **Charles Lloyd** has replaced **Yusef Lateef** in the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet**. Lateef will form his own group . . . **Panama Francis** is the drummer with **Conrad Janis'** Tailgate Jazz Band in the Broadway production *Marathon '33*. In addition to performing for the dancers during the course of the show, the band remains on stage after the curtain calls, to play one complete number that allows solo space for everyone. Many members of the audience remain standing in the aisles to hear the entire number.

And speaking of marathons, **Ndugu Ngoma** presented a Music Marathon at 20 Spruce St. on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day. Saxophonist **Louis Brown's** group with pianist **Larry Willis** played from 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; pianist **Randy Weston's** quintet worked until 5:30 a.m.; the **Nadi Qamar Ensemble** with reed man **Eric Dolphy** and dancers **Ilu** and **Ayinka** performed from 6 to 7 a.m.

Weston's quintet was at the Coronet in Brooklyn at the end of December and at the Gordian Knot during the first half of January. With him were **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Bill Wood**, bass; **Clifford Jarvis**, drums, and **Big Black**, conga drums. Prior to that, the upper-east-side club featured **Coleman Hawkins** for the holiday season. The tenor saxophonist's quartet included pianist **Paul Neves**, bassist **Major Holley**, and drummer **Eddie Locke**. Before Hawkins, the **Benny Powell Quintet** did a week at the Knot. With trombonist Powell were tenor man **Billy Mitchell**,

(Continued on page 42)



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February 13, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 4

## BASSIST ARTIE BERNSTEIN DIES IN CALIFORNIA

The bells that rang in the New Year had hardly faded to silence when death from cancer came to Artie Bernstein, bassist with the Benny Goodman orchestra during its heyday in the 1930s.

Bernstein, winner of *Down Beat's* Readers Poll as best on his instrument in 1943, died Jan. 4 at Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Los Angeles. He had been ill for about a year, a family spokesman said, and had been hospitalized for some three weeks prior to his death.

A native of Brooklyn, N.Y., Bernstein was a graduate of New York University Law School and practiced as an attorney before entering music professionally in 1930. He worked with the bands of Red Nichols and the Dorsey Brothers, and then joined Goodman in 1933.

Throughout the '30s Bernstein worked with the clarinetist and made many recordings with the Goodman band. In the early '40s he settled in Los Angeles and became active in studio work. Following World War II service he joined Warner Bros. studios as a staff musician. He remained active in studio work until last year, the spokesman said.

Bernstein, who would have been 55 on Feb. 4, is survived by his widow and two daughters.

## EUROPEAN TOUR OFFERED WINNERS OF OREAD FESTIVAL

Officials of the Oread Jazz Festival, to be held April 25 on the campus of the University of Kansas at Lawrence, have announced that the top honor for six or seven collegiate jazz musicians will be a summer tour, including performances, in Europe.

The trip is being sponsored by the People-to-People University Program. Competition for this prize and others is open to groups who play modern jazz and whose members are enrolled for six or more hours at an accredited college or university.

During the day of the festival, 15 groups, chosen from audition tapes, will compete. The judges—bandleader Woody Herman, jazz critic Martin Williams, Berklee School of Music

director Robert Share, Verve a&r man Creed Taylor, Kansas City Conservatory of Music instructors Matt Betton and George Salisbury—will select five ensembles to compete for first place among the festival participants.

A highlight of the festival will be the appearance of Herman's band in a program concluding the day's events. At this concert the five finalist groups also will play. The climactic event will be the announcement of the winners of the European trip, who may not necessarily be members of one ensemble, because the judges are given the leeway to select individuals who would play as a group in Europe.

Applicants can send audition tapes (not more than seven minutes long) through February. A \$2 fee for each member of the applying group must accompany the tape. For further details write to the Oread Jazz Festival, Student Union Activities, Kansas Memorial Union, Lawrence, Kan.

## A DEBT REPAID

One of the most dramatic demonstrations of jazz as an international music can be found in the story underlying how young Stanislaw Kalwinski of Poland became a student at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass.

In 1962 Kalwinski, a saxophonist and pianist, entered the annual competition for the music scholarships that *Down Beat* awards. After winning a \$500 prize, obtaining State Department clearance, and receiving a supplementary scholarship from the Kosciuszko Foundation, Kalwinski still was in need of sponsorship before he could make the trip to the United States.

Two men—Max Herches and Dr. Leon W. Wells—came forward on his behalf. During World War II, Kalwinski's father hid both men (and a number of others) under the floor of his barn until the Russians retook Lvov from the Germans.

Wells, who, after the war, came to the United States and received a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering, maintained close contact with the elder Kalwinski.

"When I heard that Stan had won a *Down Beat* scholarship, I was elated," Wells said. "The rest wasn't too difficult, although I imagine things looked more optimistic at this end. But everything worked out as we hoped."

As one of Kalwinski's sponsors, Wells is legally responsible for the young jazzman. He also provides him with ample funds to cover living expenses.

Young Kalwinski first met Wells, then a teenager, in 1944. The musician said, "I remember the tense atmosphere, and, of course, Dr. Wells and the others quite well."

Wells has recounted the terrifying days of his youth in his autobiography *The Janowska Road*. Janowska was the infamous Nazi concentration camp in Poland from which he made an escape that led to a friendship that has spanned 20 years and two continents.

Kalwinski is in the first of his four years at Berklee, a program that will lead him to what he hopes will be a successful career as an instrumentalist and arranger.

Most of his time is devoted to



KALWINSKI

Father's help leads to help for son

study and practice, though he still keeps his hand in mathematics (he holds a master's degree from Jagiellonian University in Krakow, Poland) by taking a few advanced courses at nearby Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and he relaxes with chess and cowboy movies. His favorite jazzmen are trumpeter Miles Davis and pianist Oscar Peterson.

Berklee is now trying to get permission from the State Department for Kalwinski to accept occasional professional engagements in order that he may broaden his knowledge and experience through association with American jazz musicians.

Comparing American and European jazz, Kalwinski said, "I think the supremacy of American jazz is evident, and I'm not expecting any change in the near future.

"America makes a big impression. I'm grateful for the opportunity to study here."

## JAZZ ON THE FENCE AT CBS CONSTRUCTION

Fences have often been used as spaces for scrawling names, epithets, slogans, and maxims. Now the Columbia Broadcasting System has come up with a fence that communicates to the masses without any inscriptions. The CBS Talking Fence, at the site of the CBS Building, now under construction

on New York's Sixth Ave. in the lower 50s, is equipped with a battery of red telephones that sit on their cradles, inviting passers-by to pick them up.

At first, the subject matter was supplied by the CBS news department, and the large photographs above each phone indicated what historical event one could hear: inaugurations, floods, wars, and other such events.

Then Columbia records took over the fence, and the faces of musical personalities from Tony Bennett to Igor Stravinsky appeared.

For jazz fans there were Miles Davis and Dave Brubeck. There was a listening choice of *Bossa Nova U.S.A.* from Brubeck's *Jazz at Carnegie Hall* or *Seven Steps to Heaven* from Davis' album of the same name.

Some jazz buffs complained that the Davis selection was a wrong number; they felt that, considering the construction site, the trumpeter's *Dig* would have been more in the spirit of things.

### UNION PREXY: COMPOSERS TEMPEST TEETERS TO STAGE THREE

The furor between John V. Tranchitella, president of Local 47, AFM, and movie composers accused by the union executive of fostering so-called runaway picture making (*DB*, Jan. 16) moved into another stage.

Dimitri Tiomkin, one of the composers singled out by Tranchitella for public censure in Local 47's publication, *Overture*, hit back through his attorney, Martin Gang. The union printed the response on the first page of the publication.

Far from being acerbic, Gang's communication seemed designed to mollify all concerned while still insisting Tiomkin is and always has been as loyal and devoted to Hollywood and its people as Leo, the MGM lion.

Opening with the statement directed to Tranchitella that the union president had learned his accusations were "erroneous," Gang denied that his client ever made any "attack on our economic system or on the professional skill of our local musicians"—Tranchitella's own words.

Never in word or deed, insisted the lawyer, has Tiomkin declared "that running away to Europe to score films is nothing more than a matter of economics."

Moreover, Gang declared, Tiomkin never "laughed at the attempts of American musicians and composers to halt such run-away production," nor had the composer ever derided the union's "efforts in preserving work for American talents."

Gang went on to extoll his client as a composer who "for 34 years de-



TIOMKIN

Never, never—however . . .

voted his talent to composing and conducting music in Hollywood," thereby creating "an enormous amount of employment" for Hollywood musicians. The attorney cited a recent story in a Hollywood trade paper quoting Tiomkin as expressing faith and confidence in Hollywood's present and future as the motion picture capital of the world.

The attorney said he was sure AFM members who have worked with Tiomkin knew the union president was "misked" in the latter's blast at the composer.

Meanwhile, Tiomkin signed as general music director for all Samuel Bronston pictures (*DB*, Jan. 16). Bronston is headquartered in Madrid, Spain, and makes all his pictures overseas.

### USC COURSE TRAINS CRITICS

Jazz will not be frozen out of a new project for the training of music critics to be started this year at the University of Southern California.

USC's Project for the Training of Music Critics, announced by Norman Topping, USC president, will get under way with three small classes of "carefully screened aspirants" and a grant of nearly \$300,000 over a four-year period from the Rockefeller Foundation.

Trainees will enroll for a two-year program of study and apprenticeship supported by \$5,000-per-year fellowships.

The purpose of the project, according to the university, is to "contribute to the general improvement of music criticism throughout the United States." The trainees, it was stated, will "broaden their musical knowledge, sharpen their writing skills, and study the practical aspects of musical journalism in a series of seminars and classes during the first year at USC."

During the second year, the statement continued, the would-be critics will be "apprenticed to professionally established critics on some of the nation's largest newspapers, with practi-

cal writing responsibilities there or on a smaller newspaper nearby." The fellows then return to USC for a final month.

The project will begin next September, when the first class of five fellows enters the university; seven more will be accepted the next year; a third class of eight more will be enrolled in the fall of 1966.

Dean Raymond Kendall of USC's school of music, who will head the project, declared applicants for fellowships will need to be well advanced both in the fields of writing and music.

"They will have to be performers, composers, or music historians who are able to write, or writers who have sufficient background to love and understand the subtleties of public performance, are aware of the varieties and mutations of musical style, who know what appropriately may be said of such things as chamber music, solo song, opera, or symphonic fare," Dean Kendall said.

A university spokesman clarified the attitude toward jazz.

"If an applicant would come to us with a background of jazz criticism," the spokesman explained, "he would be considered just as the other aspirants will be. He would get general treatment with the others for a year; then he would be apprenticed to an established critic.

"We're not at all looking down our noses at jazz or jazz criticism."

Emphasizing that such applicants would need a background in both music and writing that would seem to imply years of practical experience in these fields, the spokesman declared:

"There are not going to be any fuzzy-checked kids in this program."

President Topping underlined the importance attached by the university to the forthcoming project.

"The critic," he said, "must be the responsive link between the artist and the public. Constructive and informed criticism is important to the development of the artist; knowledgeable interpretation is vital to the enjoyment of music by the public. A critic's enthusiasm is necessary to encourage cultural development in the community."

Joining Kendall in teaching the major critics' seminar will be Albert Goldberg, music critic for the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*. Kendall was music editor of the now-defunct Los Angeles *Mirror* from 1948 to 1962 and is now a music columnist for the Los Angeles *Times*.

They will be joined in teaching by faculty members from USC's school of music as well as from the university's department of fine arts and schools of philosophy and journalism.

# THE QUEEN IS DEAD

A tribute to Dinah Washington by Leonard Feather

**T**HE QUEEN IS DEAD. . . . The news was even harder to accept than the numbing report, five years ago, that Billie Holiday had died, for with Billie there was the knowledge of what she was doing to herself, of the inevitable path of destruction that had been set, of the cruel, lingering agony in the hospital. Dinah Washington's death was more unexpected, more shocking. Despite rumors, she was the last person on earth to think of suicide. She was vital, very much alive, and in love with life; her death seemed that much more incredible.

When she died, many of us thought back to the days when she was a chubby youngster, brash and confident; and then we recalled later days when, in the middle of a crash diet, she would be losing 25 pounds with the aid of pills, with virtually no sustenance from food, and without any thoughtful planning for her over-all health. At times she seemed unnaturally skinny; it was alarming to see this in one so plump normally, and there were carefully suppressed fears among her friends. Yet in the last few months she seemed happier and healthier than she had in several years.

The cliché "she had so much to live for" springs to mind. She had at last married a man with a substantial reputation of his own, Dick Lane, the Detroit Lions' accomplished defensive halfback. Her first husband had been a 17-year-old fellow student at Wendell Phillips High School in Chicago. The later husbands included musicians George Jenkins, Jimmy Cobb, and Eddie Chamblee, as well as an actor and a cabdriver. According to which paper one reads, there had been seven, eight, nine husbands. "I change husbands before they change me," she once said.

Though many called her a modern Bessie Smith, though she had made an album of Bessie's songs, Dinah was a more sophisticated singer; her diction was precise, almost emphatic, her voice higher pitched and more strident, her style more often laced with a bitter-sweet humor.

She was a master of the art of splitting syllables into several notes and of bringing effective dramatic meaning to the tritest of songs, which was a challenge Bessie never was required to meet. But, of course, Dinah had been, first, a child Gospel singer who played piano and sang in religious groups and was brought up in the same Chicago

church where her friends came to mourn her.

"When I was about 13 or 14," she once said during a *Blindfold Test*, "I used to sing in Gospel groups, and we used to have conventions where all the different groups would sing together. I remember coming to a national Gospel singers' convention in Brooklyn, and that was really something to hear. To me, Roberta Martin is the greatest. She started that fad of the Gospel sound on the piano. She taught me piano, and she had the group called the Martin Singers." (The Martins, along with Mahalia Jackson, Ella Fitzgerald, Brook Benton, and Lu Elliott, were at the funeral.)

Out of the religious background and her social environment came the blues.

When I first heard her, a teenage vocalist with Lionel Hampton's band, not long after booking agent Joe Glaser had changed her name from Ruth Jones, she was singing popular songs. But it did not take much imagination to perceive that she and the blues belonged together, so when Decca refused to record her with the band, the auspicious Keynote records session took place—first over Hampton's objections but then with his blessing as he joined us in the studio and sat in for two numbers.

Oddly enough, contrary to the implications of newspaper stories, it was not for Dinah that I originally wrote *Evil Gal* and *Salty Papa Blues*, though they and *Blowtop Blues* were to become her first record hits. (*Evil Gal* was originally *Evil Man*, on a 1940 Hot Lips Page date; *Salty Papa* was written for a Joe Marsala session about the same time.) But the rewritten female versions made the songs come alive when Dinah cut them, and I did add a couple of suitable new verses. Certainly there were enough traces of the evil gal in her, and enough salty papas in her life, to make these blues sound as if they had been tailored for the queen-to-be. (A month before she died, Dinah sent out press releases that she was working on an autobiography which she would call *Evil Gal*.)

Yet the traits that made Dinah the queen were not evilness or saltiness; they were a masterful vocal control, an innate sense of phrasing, and a don't-give-a-damn attitude that was translated from her life into her work.

She was never one to act the diplomat. The *Blindfold Test* comments included this remark about Chet Baker: "Is that a singer or just someone kidding? It sounded like he had a mouthful of mush." Of Chris Connor: "Well! When I'm hoarse, I sound bad enough, but *this*. . . !" Of Joni James: "Has she got a cold? I want to know, who could sound that bad? She sings out of



her nose. I'd like to compliment her on nothing." But she had warm words for Annie Ross and a bouquet for Ella Fitzgerald. "I've known Ella ever since she gave me a dress, when I started out with Lionel Hampton. Bless her heart. . . . I sure needed it. Five stars, and not because she gave me the dress."

Miss Washington had a loyal memory, as well as a sharp sense of the incongruous: the last time we met, seeing me walking into Basin Street West, she promptly announced: "Here's the man who wrote my first hits. . ." and after singing the first line of *Blowtop* added a spoken aside: ". . . and he's a white man!"

Her inconsistencies extended to her racial attitudes, for despite the occasional outbursts of momentary prejudice, she really harbored hate for nobody and was capable of a rapport with anyone. Her pianists have included a white Viennese (Joe Zawinul) and a girl (Beryl Booker).

The troubles she landed in, with one club for making racial remarks, or with the wigmaker whose product she criticized from the stage and who threatened a lawsuit, or with the white pianist she cursed and refused to allow to work opposite her at Basin Street just before she died—all these were symptoms not of bigotry as much as insecurity and instability, of the fears that were, at base, a cause of her death, for they led to the drinking and the pills and the hunger strikes.

Those who knew her well enough to see her bright side, but were not in continuous enough touch to be plagued by the temperament and tantrums, genuinely loved her. Among them were Ruth Bowen, her good friend and business associate for many years; Joe Glaser, who not long ago had helped her buy a comfortable home for her mother in Chicago; and, of course, her teenaged sons.

Her quirks of temper had the paradoxical effect of making admirers out of the objects of her disaffection. No one had more fights with her at rec-

(Continued on page 41)

# VIEW OF THE

By GENE LEES

his work was a brilliant example of lucid and logical architecture. Which, of course, would not have helped my ears a bit.

There came a crisis. The orchestra commissioned an opera from Swiss composer Rolf Liebermann, who wrote that dreadful *Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra*. He chose to base the opera on Ferenc Moliere's comedy *The School for Wives*. Since nobody in Louisville whom I knew, including myself (but excluding my wife, who is French), had read Moliere, everybody was impressed. They were even more impressed when Liebermann arrived in Louisville for the rehearsals and performance. Within a day or two, he had impressed every local notable in sight. One in particular was the president of the orchestra society, who happened also to be managing editor of my paper. Anyone in town with cultural pretensions was mad about Liebermann's opera. They hadn't *heard* it yet, of course, but they were mad about it.

In the position I found myself, I tried desperately hard to like it when it opened. Try though I did, I thought it was pretty bad. Considering that my boss might take a dim view if my review didn't indicate I liked it, the best I could hope to do was damn it with faint praise. Perhaps that would get by. Alas, he went over the copy and removed every qualifying adjective, making the review into a milquetoast praise of the opera. (It was blasted a week or so later by New York critics.)

**H**EARING THIS OPERA helped solidify my feeling that most contemporary classical music is sterile, tedious, and pretentious. The Louisville experience also taught me that those who are hungry for the prestige of being known as serious composers will go to almost any lengths of seduction, polemic, and pretense to have their work accepted and that when it comes to the big hype, record-company press agents ain't got nothing on classical composers on the make.

This should explain my immunity to the blandishments of Gunther Schuller and John Lewis and all the others who have argued so eloquently for Third Stream music. Gunther Schuller is a nice guy, I keep being told. What has that got to do with music?

I was hardly the first man to conclude that today's classical music is sterile. Henry Pleasants expressed this view in his controversial book of a few years ago, *The Agony of Modern Music*. Prior to that, a similar view had been expressed by British conductor-composer-critic Constant Lambert in a brilliant book with a stupid title called *Music Ho!* (It's out of print but worth trying to find.) Friedrich Gulda, the Viennese concert pianist, had been blasted by jazzmen for saying something essentially similar (which indicates to me that they didn't understand [a] what Gulda was saying or [b] the tradition of classical music or [c] both).

Those of us who say that classical music is dead, or at best moribund, frequently are considered heretics and reactionaries. We're neither, however. All we're saying is that classical music was a product of its culture and its times—inherent, indigenous, natural. Times change. The symphony is not a natural medium for today's esthetic expression. Jazz has come much closer to being such a vehicle, though jazz is on the verge of blowing its big chance once and for all.



**A** GOOD MANY QUESTIONS about Third Stream music were raised by the Hunter College Orchestra U.S.A. concert last Nov. 29. And the concert answered some of the questions as well.

In order that a review of this 29-player co-operative organization, directed by Gunther Schuller and John Lewis, may be more lucid, some flashback may be helpful and appropriate.

From 1955 to 1958, I was music and drama editor of the *Louisville Times* and was required to review all Louisville Orchestra performances.

Louisville at that time was in the midst of an intense though essentially synthetic cultural ferment, and the orchestra, with the help of grants from the Rockefeller Foundation, was commissioning a great deal of new music.

During the winter months, the orchestra would perform one new work of symphonic size (if not scope) every week. The premiere performances of these works were given on Saturday afternoons. Only a handful of listeners would turn up. The orchestra was assured of an audience of at least two—myself and William Mootz, music critic of the *Courier-Journal*. Not even the local culture bugs who made so much noise about the orchestra were there, as a rule.

At first I was intimidated by the music, commissioned from composers throughout the United States and the world. I got little pleasure from it, despite the august names of its writers. I thought at first my lack of enjoyment was the result of my ignorance, plus an insensitivity to the finer things that I must never let the world discover. (This feeling is common in North America. Since then, I have seen audiences applaud bad and even fraudulent music simply because they were not sufficiently confident of the validity of their own responses to give it the boeing it deserved. Brow-beaten by artists, intellectuals, and newspaper critics, the average listener today is convinced he's a slob.)

The quantity of new music to which I was exposed eventually led me to this amazing—nay, revolutionary—conclusion: the reason most of it bored me was quite simple—it was extraordinarily dull. When it wasn't hopelessly derivative, it was often chaotic, though I am sure the composer in each case would have been able to prove (with slide rule, sextant, and plumb line) that

# THIRD STREAM

We have, then, been arguing for the validity of today's music, not urging yesterday's standards on today. Those who call us reactionary are actually the very ones who are trying to force old standards on us all.

Having expressed skepticism for Third Stream music, and for the work of Orchestra U.S.A., it has seemed as if I were opposing advances in jazz. This is not the case. I am objecting to transfusing the dead blood of classical music into the live and virile animal that jazz essentially is—and of wastefully transfusing the healthy blood of jazz into senile musical forms that are beyond saving. The old masterpieces live on; but no new masterpieces will be written in their idioms for the same reason that no great contemporary literature will be written in the style or structure of Dante or Chaucer. Would you have been inclined to consider this a serious essay if it had begun: "Now verily it came to pass on a rainy night in November of the Year of Our Lord 1963 . . ."? That's what a lot of Third Stream writing has sounded like to me. Or more precisely: "Now verily it came to pass, daddy-o, on a rainy night, like, in November. . . ."

ATTENDED ONE of the two concerts last year at Philharmonic Hall by Orchestra U.S.A. and found it a screaming bore, for reasons I trust I have made clear by this point—it was a pretentious presentation of long-winded emptiness.

Then came this second concert, at Hunter College. I liked it. It's taken me some time to figure out why. There are two principal reasons:

1. John Lewis, who wrote most of the music in the concert, is improving as an orchestrator, particularly in the handling of strings. Lewis' voicings in some of this music had a lightness and clarity, a luminosity, that was at variance with the writing in other works on the program. This puzzled me. At the intermission, altoist Paul Desmond, there as a listener, offered an observation on this: "Perhaps the works come from different periods in John's writing." A good explanation. I found that the newer works were better scored. *Natural Affection*, a piece Lewis wrote as part of the background for a William Inge play of last year, was a very pretty piece of music, light of purpose but very well done. I also liked, with reservations, *Silver*, written specifically for the participation of baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan as soloist.

2. Lewis' newer music seemed more related to the melodic tradition of Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Vincent Youmans, and the like. It was less quasi-European than other Lewis music, such as *Cortege*, from Lewis' score to *No Sun in Venice*, which was also on the program.

A piece of music can be deep in either of two ways: it can express deep emotions, or it can express emotions deeply. A man may express a shallow emotion deeply, and he may express a deep emotion shallowly. I'd much rather hear a light emotion well expressed than a great big one expressed fumblingly. (One has achieved a masterpiece when one expresses deep emotions deeply.) In this concert, I found Lewis expressing light emotions with considerable skill and depth. This, to me, is a great advance in his orchestral writing.

I was less impressed by the three orchestrations of works from the Modern Jazz Quartet repertoire—*England's Carol*, *Cortege*, and *The Queen's Fancy*. Lewis'

humor, so effective in a small group, becomes heavy when he has a full orchestra at his disposal. He does not, it seems, know how to use that hammer lightly. Or rather, he hasn't in the past. The quote from *Rule Britannia* in *The Queen's Fancy* is ponderous.

The program also featured two works by Miljenko Prohaska, leader of the Zagreb, Yugoslavia, radio orchestra. The first, *Concerto No. 2 for Orchestra*, struck me as overbusy. The second, *Intima*, was less difficult to get the hang of and, therefore, more enjoyable at the moment.


The second part of the program opened with an improvised quintet section. Participating were Lewis, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; and Connie Kay, drums, along with soloist Mulligan.

Everybody enjoyed it—players and audience alike. It didn't swing at first, despite prodigious efforts by Mulligan and Hall. But gradually it came together. Davis played some brilliantly facile and droll bass solos. Hall played a lovely unaccompanied version of *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*. Lewis played some delightfully terse, amusing, and lively piano on *I Should Care*.

Mulligan proved again that he is an extraordinarily adaptable soloist. Whether working with his quartet, his big band, or with the instrumentation of Orchestra U.S.A.—a sort of unconventional chamber-symphony setup—he has a shrewd judgment of how to fit himself into a musical context. Mulligan is really one of the great living jazzmen, and it is a shame he isn't harder on himself, that he doesn't put his huge talent to the tough tests it craves and needs.

I was reliably informed that Lewis blew his top at the orchestra during the rehearsal that immediately preceded the concert. He had a right. The orchestra's performance was neither clean nor particularly sensitive. Eric Dolphy's presence in the woodwind section, however, was a distinct asset. He added a quality of moaning bite to the section work and played some distinctly lovely flute solo passages.

Schuller conducted extremely well. He is an honest, sensitive, economical, no-nonsense conductor. He knew the scores well and communicated what he wanted with grace and clarity.

Maybe Orchestra U.S.A. is finding something like a direction. 



# dual brass

John Tynan details the formation of the Lou Blackburn-Freddy Hill Quintet

**I**T TAKES MORE than conviction and courage these days to begin a new modern-jazz group; one has to have an inordinate helping of good luck too.

No one, of course, can predict how Lady Luck will turn. Many a promising new jazz group, bursting with talent and fresh ideas, has foundered on the Lady's scowl. Many another, with less to offer artistically, has prospered on her unpredictable smile.

In terms of luck alone, Lou Blackburn's burgeoning quintet is still in limbo. The former Lionel Hampton and Duke Ellington trombonist for almost two years has been deriving most of his income from Hollywood's motion-picture sound stages; jobs for the quintet are far from plentiful in an area where the jazz supply exceeds the demand, Greater Los Angeles.

But with the turn of the year, indications seemed to suggest a brighter tomorrow for this healthily swinging, unorthodox combination of jazz talent. First up in '64 came the quintet's initial out-of-town booking, at Basin Street in Denver, Colo. By February or March a German concert booker in Hamburg is expected to have completed plans for a European tour for the Blackburn group to last a minimum of 13 weeks, hopefully followed by a second 13 after a two-week vacation.

"After that," Blackburn said recently, "people will listen to us more."

Speaking in a rapid, precise manner, Blackburn recounted the group's fortunes since he organized it in November, 1962. For a while, he noted, it was heard in all the local Los Angeles clubs. Now, he added ruefully, it is difficult "to get a week in any club in town."

Still, by virtue of two albums released on the Imperial label (recently that company was acquired by Liberty records, but the Imperial brand remains on Blackburn's albums) the quintet is gaining some exposure. Of the first, *New Frontier*, the trombonist said candidly, "It would have been better if we had waited." This album was recorded on Jan. 25, 1963, a bare two months after the group's formation. The second LP, *Two-Note Samba*, speaks out eloquently for the group's distinctive personality, forged in the months following the making of the initial album.

Chief among its distinctive qualities was the playing of Freddy Hill, and Blackburn attributes to the 31-year-old trumpeter the original impetus for the group's formation.

"One night back in 1961," Blackburn recalled, "not long after I arrived in Los Angeles, I was playing with some fellows at the Rubaiyat Room in the Watkins Hotel. Freddy was one of them. Well, we seemed to get such a good blend with his trumpet and my trombone, he suggested we try to make it permanent. So we did."

Hill, a horn man little known outside Los Angeles' environs until now, began achieving some measure of professional recognition nearly five years ago. At 26 he was declared by a board of musician-judges to be the best trumpeter of the eighth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival held at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, Calif. At that time the Floridian from Jacksonville had behind him four years on a music scholarship at Florida A&M College, two years in the 36th U.S. Army Division Band, and a further two years after discharge as music teacher in the Jackson-

ville public-school system. Hill participated in the week-long jazz festival as a member of the winning group from Los Angeles State College, where he then was engaged in graduate study.

(Other members of this quintet to gain recognition and a measure of jazz fame in the ensuing years were reed man Gabe Baltazar, now alto saxophone soloist with the Stan Kenton Orchestra, and Marvin Jenkins, the quintet's leader, pianist, and flutist. Both were also 26 at the time.)

Blackburn and Hill are unreservedly enthusiastic about the current quintet's trumpet-trombone front line. Following Hill's suggestion to combine their horns, Blackburn sketched the melody of an original composition, *New Frontier*. "We ran it down together," he recalled, "and it sounded good."

From that point the pattern for their group was set. To date, the quintet's book consists entirely of compositions and arrangements by Blackburn and Hill, although only Blackburn's works have been recorded.

While there is much concentration in the writing for the horns on harmonic relationships, Blackburn said, the tonal qualities of unison scoring are by no means ignored, and, he said, he also likes the flexibility possible in the combination.

"I dig it," said the tall, slim Hill enthusiastically. "I dig the sound. You can do a lot of things with the combination. And you have much more flexibility in some instances than, say, with trumpet and tenor. You can get more fire if you want; or you can get a woodwindy sound using mutes if you like. We use a wide variety of mutes."

Blackburn is quick to point out that the trumpet-trombone combination is not necessarily his or Hill's innovation. He cites the album *Really Living*, recorded some time ago by J. J. Johnson and Nat Adderley, though he noted that he doesn't feel "that the combination was exploited as well as it could be by J. J. and Nat."

Hill added, "Working as we do, we can have a brass section or a woodwind section effect. I think the combination is unlimited, really."

"At times," Blackburn continued, "it's actually difficult to distinguish just who is playing trumpet and who's on trombone, because we frequently voice the horns octaves apart, switching back and forth."

**B**LACKBURN SAID he feels that musicians in the Los Angeles area are "heavier" academically than those playing on the eastern seaboard.

Certainly his own background is academically impressive. Born 37 years ago in the Pittsburgh suburb of Rankin, Pa., he originally studied and gained considerable proficiency on piano. During his final two years at Roosevelt College in Chicago, however, he fell under the spell of the early work of J. J. Johnson and other modernists of the period, and he switched to trombone.

Inducted into the Army in 1945, he served until discharged in 1947. After a taste of civilian life, in which the musical going was unpredictable at best, he re-enlisted for an indefinite hitch. Promoted to master sergeant, he served his final two Army years with the Seventh Army Symphony Orchestra, along with such musicians as motion-picture composer and French hornist David Amram, concertmaster



Stanley Plummer, and string bassist Frederic Dutton, now with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Prior to that he was stationed in Japan, organized his first jazz group in Yokohama, and presented the first U.S. jazz concert ever held in Hibya Hall, Tokyo's opera house.

Service with the Army symphony orchestra in Stuttgart, Germany, did not prevent Blackburn from organizing a touring jazz variety show with the snappy billing *Smart Affairs of '54* with which he played Army bases throughout the European command.

The troupe, consisting of five singers and a five-man instrumental group, included such jazzmen as vibist Walt Dickerson and pianist John Wright. One of the vocalists was Jesse Belvin, later in civilian life to attain considerable success in the commercial recording field before his death in a traffic accident.

But by 1956 M/Sgt. Blackburn had had it with the service. Some two years earlier, while on tour with the *Smart Affairs* troupe, he had met Lionel Hampton, who heard his playing and offered Blackburn a job as soon as his hitch was up. So, much to the envy of many a draftee, Blackburn exercised the prerogative of his rank and service and resigned from the Army.

Hampton was playing Atlantic City, N.J., when the freshly civilianized Blackburn showed up to claim his trombone chair. He was hired on the spot.

After 2½ years with the Hampton juggernaut, during which he returned to Europe twice, Blackburn quit and worked with a small group for a while. Then came an offer from Duke Ellington. Blackburn didn't toy with the idea. He remained with Ellington for almost a year, before deciding to settle in Los Angeles in January, 1961.

**T**HOUGH BLACKBURN has "worked at all the movie studios" and appears well established in that well-paid and musically demanding milieu, he confesses he is "not really interested" in this work. "I'd rather work with five pieces," he said.


The remaining three of the five pieces now are Horace Tapscott, piano; John Duke, bass; and Vernar Barlow, drums. Barlow is a 20-year-old recent arrival from Florida of whom Blackburn predicts, "He'll be heard from."

Tapscott and Duke are doubling musicians. The former played trombone in the Hampton band before forsaking slide for keyboard; Duke is an ex-trumpet player who has, according to Blackburn, become "a very fine bassist." There has been some switching to and fro on drums with the group on occasion.

Next to be recorded in an album, Blackburn said, is a new work of his, *The Afro-Eurasian Suite*. This consists of three distinct sections, or movements—*Newmto*, an Ashanti word meaning chant; *Yum Pihh*, a Siamese expression meaning lovable; and *Orient*. The last section, Blackburn explained, is a straight jazz piece in 6/8 and 4/4 and then 6/8 played against 2/4. The suite is already in the active book, according to the leader, and the quintet regularly features it in clubs.

While Blackburn notes that "the Imperial albums helped us get our foot in the door," he emphasizes that they are but a beginning.

"I feel," he said confidently, "that we have found ourselves now. This is what we really want to do: play good jazz."

If their luck stays bright, that is what Lou Blackburn and company will be doing from now on. 

ROBERT SKEETZ



# A NIGHT AT THE FIVE SPOT

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

**T**HE FIVE SPOT CAFE in New York City sits at the corner of Cooper Square and St. Mark's Place. The address may sound a bit elegant unless one knows that St. Mark's Place is an extension of Eighth St. into the east side and that Cooper Square is the name given a couple of blocks along Third Ave. at the point where Third Ave. ceases to be called the Bowery. All of which means that the Five Spot Cafe is at the upper reaches of New York's now dwindling skid-row area.

It was once a pretty sordid stretch of sidewalk, this Bowery, but since the city removed the Third Ave. elevated train tracks and let the sunshine in a few years ago, the street has been given something of a face-lift, or at least a wash-up, and the number of alcoholics who stagger along, panhandle in, or recline on its sidewalks has declined constantly.

This current paucity of winos along the Bowery is only one indication of fundamental changes taking place in the general area of the east side below 14th St. There are, for example, about six prospering off-Broadway theaters there. And some of the old pawn shops and secondhand clothing stores have disappeared, to be replaced by collectors' book shops, paperback-book stores, and even a music store.

Right across the street from the Five Spot, an old greasy-spoon lunch room has been transformed into one of those chi-chi hamburger palaces, the kind where the counter is made of unfinished wood and the menu reads "beefburgers, seventy cents."

The area was once the upper end of New York's lower east side. But now it is being called East Village. And that nominal aspect of its transformation is coming about because a little more than 10 years ago, the artists and writers and painters moved there from across town to escape the spiraling rents and the increasingly middle-brow atmosphere of Greenwich Village on the west side. The Five Spot owes its existence as a jazz club to these transplanted artists and the cultural interests they brought with them.

The current Five Spot Cafe is a fairly large room as New York jazz clubs go. One enters it under a neat sidewalk canopy, which reaches from the front door to the gutter. He walks through a short vestibule, with its hat-check booth to the right, and into a square, dimly lit room. The walls are painted a warm red, and the effect of contemporary decor is spoiled only by a couple of square columns in the center of the room that are encased in mirrors and look rather like surplus props from a 1936 Ruby Keeler musical.

A bar takes up almost the length of one wall on the right as one enters. To the left, at right angles to the bar, is a slightly raised platform, the club's bandstand. The wall behind the bandstand contains three archways leading to a kind of patio area where patrons are seated behind the musicians on crowded evenings.

**9:30 p.m.** The bar is full, although the relief group, the Roland Hanna Trio, is not due to start playing until 10 and Thelonious Monk's quartet not expected till 11. The bar looks familiar; it was moved from the original Five Spot, once a few blocks down the Bowery but now demolished for another of those grim, hazardous institutions known as modern housing.

According to the New York Fire Department's notice

posted on a back wall, the club's occupancy is limited to 223. There are about 35 persons now at the tables and more arriving. It is mostly a young crowd, the kind one would expect during a holiday weekend. The red walls are covered with posters and flyers for artists' showings and gallery openings and for jazz concerts dating back a year or so—just like the walls of the old Five Spot.

Across the room, a lone man sits in a corner table. A waiter, dressed in a neat, red jacket that almost matches the paint on the walls, says politely, "Sorry, sir, this is a table for four." The waiter looks like a college student on a part-time job, and he is.

A couple come in and are escorted to a table near the bandstand. She is wearing a mink, and he doesn't look old enough to have bought it for her.

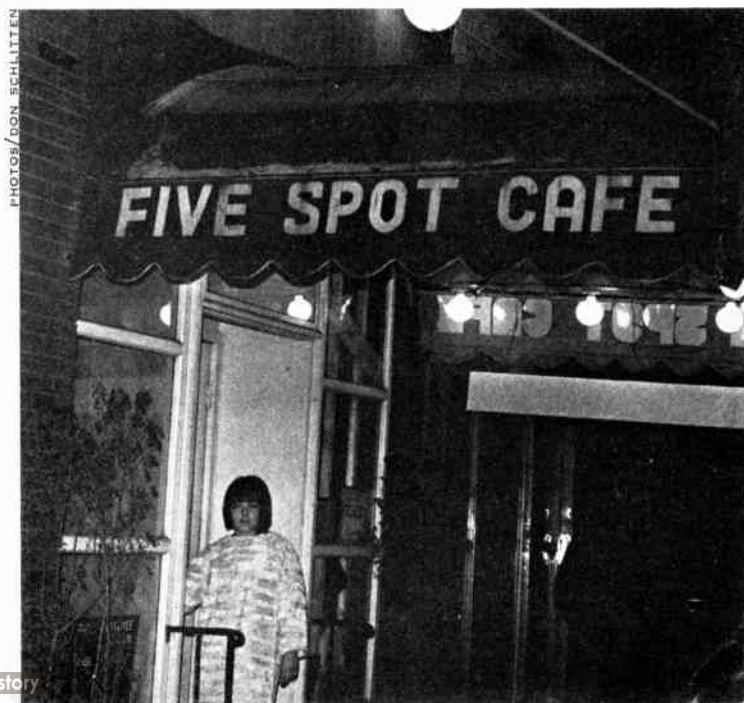
In the patio area, there is a jukebox. To judge from its listed contents the clientele's taste runs to the Marvellets, Brook Benton, Nina Simone, and (for goodness sake!) Moms Mabley. It isn't playing, however, but there is a piano LP being quietly piped through the house public-address system. The recorded pianist is heaping up currently hip block chords at a great rate.

It isn't very much like the old Five Spot. It is cleaner, neater, bigger, yet younger, more prosperous, and business-like but still very comfortable and easy as clubs go.

Behind the bar, Iggy Termini, a stocky, blond man of medium height, and co-proprietor with his brother Joe, is polishing glasses when he isn't filling them or checking some small account books he keeps back there. He and the bar itself are the familiar sights in a relatively unfamiliar atmosphere.

**T**HE ORIGINAL FIVE SPOT was a neighborhood bar and had been in the Termini family for more than 25 years. It was not particularly a Bowery bar, for there are many such that cater almost exclusively to the thick tastes and thin pockets of the skid-row clientele. When the Termini sons, Joe and Iggy, came out of the Army, the father Termini gradually turned the place over to them. They in turn found themselves getting as customers more and more of the Village expatriates who had moved into the neighborhood. These included sculptor David Smart and painter Herman Cherry, both of whom hounded the management to put in some live entertainment—specifically, some live jazz. The Terminis finally capitulated.

The honor of being among the first musicians to play jazz in the Five Spot belongs to the David Amram-George





Five Spot's Joe Termini (r) with promoter Jules Colomby



Pianist Monk during his first Five Spot stay in 1957; with him are John Coltrane and Shadow Wilson

Barrow group, to Cecil Taylor's quartet with Steve Lacy, to Randy Weston, and to Charlie Mingus. By that time, the future had clearly been decided, and this small east-side bar was a going New York jazz club.

It was rather a relaxed scene in those early days. There was no cover or minimum charge, relatively inexpensive beer, and a lot of attentive listening. Too much listening in a sense; in order to handle the increasing crowds, Joe and Iggy had to take on some help and made the mistake of hiring a few younger jazz fans and hippies to tend the customers at the tables. As a result, something like the following scene was played with minor variations several times a night:

*Customer:* "Waiter, could I have another. . . ."

*Waiter:* "Shush, man! Don't you dig—Jackie is soloing? Wait a minute!"

It soon became house policy to interview a prospective employe carefully, and if he admitted the slightest interest in jazz, he probably wouldn't get the job.

The Terminis soon went after the then-legendary Monk for the Five Spot. They finally got him, and it was Monk's extended stays at the club that had as much as anything else to do with his rediscovery by musicians and critics as a major jazzman. The most celebrated of the several Monk Five Spot gigs was the first, in the summer of 1957, with Monk, tenor saxophonist John Coltrane, bassist Wilbur Ware, and drummer Shadow Wilson, a group and an occasion important enough to have become fabled within six months of its existence. And it was at this point that Joe Termini would acknowledge, in one of his relatively guarded moments, "Well, we're in show business now."

And after the triumphs with Monk? Well, the second most celebrated booking was surely the first New York appearance of saxophonist Ornette Coleman (who was also something of a fixture for a while), and there was a return engagement for pianist Cecil Taylor too.

Meanwhile, the Terminis had temporarily branched out with a second and larger club, the Jazz Gallery, a promising but ill-fated enterprise a few blocks up and across town.

Then, Charlie Mingus was back to close the original Five Spot before the wrecking crews moved in to demolish it.

Iggy and Joe acquired a corner cafeteria and tobacco shop a few blocks up the street, redesigned it, and applied for a license to operate a cabaret. They didn't get it at first, and for a while it was touch and go at the new Five Spot with legally allowable pianists, without drummers, and with some weekend sessions. They took in Hsio Wen Shih, the son of a Chinese diplomat, the former publisher of *The Jazz Review*, writer on jazz, and architect by profession, as a part of the organization. Finally there came the license and an official opening with the current Thelonious Monk Quartet, an engagement which continued for seven months.

**9:55.** A male voice, young, drifts up from somewhere in the crowd that is drinking, chatting, and waiting for the music to start: ". . . swimming in the nude and that sort of thing, but they've clamped down on it." Roland Hanna, looking like a kindly but officious banker who is about to explain an overdraft to a befuddled dowager, enters the clubroom through the kitchen, crosses the floor to the area behind the bandstand (this patio area is the section that used to be the cigar store), and chats with his bass player, Ernie Farrell.

Behind the bar, Iggy says softly to an old customer, "This is a quiet place. I mean there're no problems." (He probably has in mind the Bowery drunks who used to wander into the old place and try for a handout before Joe could grab them and usher them out, thrusting them firmly among the crowd of fans that usually filled the sidewalk outside the club.)

A few feet down the bar, a young man who has been nursing a beer for about an hour says to his companion, "How about that rent strike in Harlem?"

**10:05.** Hanna moves out of the patio area, through an archway, and onto the bandstand. He sits down on the piano bench and warms up by running through the middle octaves of the keyboard. Farrell is in place. Drummer Al-

bert Heath also looks ready. They begin, and Hanna's banker's demeanor continues through the thick chords of his opening chorus of *On Green Dolphin Street*. The crowd continues to buzz and chat. But then Hanna is interpolating a phrase from *Solar* and wagging his head, and the banker is a forgotten person.

There is applause as the pianist segues into a bass solo, and it is followed by a sudden burst of irrelevant laughter from someone enjoying a private joke at the bar. A young man in a heavy, black turtle-neck sweater and olive-drab corduroys crosses the room earnestly searching for the men's room door, snapping his fingers as he goes.

Hanna's right hand travels up the keyboard, and the number is over. Scattered applause.

Through the front windows of the patio, a city bus visibly grinds down the side street. At the canopy, a lone panhandler approaches a couple of arriving jazz fans.

The place is filling up, and the late arrivals are not so young as the earlier crowd.

**10:20.** Heath, in a long drum solo, has the eyes and ears of the crowd. At the end of the bar, a middle-aged woman looks on admiringly, and as if she knew exactly what was happening. She has a copy of the *New Yorker* and a half-empty martini glass on the bar in front of her. To her right, her escort looks noncommittal.

**10:40.** Hanna, into a fast blues, laughs about the tempo during Farrell's long solo. At the front door a waiter takes down the rope for a couple in their late 30s and for four youngsters on a double date. The older couple ends up at the bar, and the foursome gets a table.

**10:50.** Frankie Dunlop and Butch Warren have arrived, but so far no Monk and no Charlie Rouse. Hanna finishes his set and announces into the mike that he is turning over the bandstand to "Mister high priest, Thelonious Monk." Shades of 1947 press agency! A waiter confides to a customer at a back table that Hanna tongue-tangled it into "the high beast of prebop" a few nights back.

Various beards, bulky sweaters, and Brooks Brothers suits begin shuffling around the room, table-hopping, men's-rooming, and telephoning, as silence follows Hanna's departure from the stand.

Nobody turns up the lights between sets, and the red walls smolder on the right and left, to the front and rear.

"Did you ever see Monk's drummer?" asks a fellow at the bar, loudly for some reason.

A woman at a back table giggles constantly.

"Yes, Germany and Japan were *allies* during the war—you mean you didn't *know* that?" says he to her at a table by one of the mirrored columns.

"Ya, but ze Americans zey. . . ." says she, a young, blond girl looking earnestly at her escort.

**11:20.** "Look out!" someone shouts to a waiter near the center of the room. Behind him the dark figure of Monk is rushing down an aisle between the tables, singular of purpose and unmistakable in his tweed hat and heavy tan jacket. He is quickly through the kitchen door at the back end of the club, headed for the dressing room beyond.

**11:27.** Monk comes through the kitchen doors and moves toward the stand, a little more slowly this time but no less purposefully. He is hardly in front of the piano before he is playing *Don't Blame Me* solo. A burst of hard applause covers his opening notes, but almost immediately the room is silent. He plays with unrelenting and uncompromising emotion, and there is simply nothing to do but listen. Then a sudden, hard succession of clusters of tones in the bass. What did he *do*? Ah, anyway Monk is still growing. The second chorus begins with wild, sardonic trills, played partly with the inside fingers of the right hand while his outside fingers carry the melody notes. An unexpected alignment of 10 notes ends the piece abruptly.

"Thank you. . . ." He taps the microphone and then

slaps it lightly with three fingers. Is it on? "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. . . ." A deep voice, followed by more tapping. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and good evening to you. Now Butch Warren will play a bass solo for you." Monk goes hurriedly off the stand with a couple of right and left lunging movements that seem to contradict each other but which end him up on the patio behind the bandstand.

Warren plays a cleanly articulated *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*. As he begins, Charlie Rouse arrives and ducks quickly behind the bandstand. Monk paces erratically.

"And now Frankie Dunlop will warm up with a number."

About two minutes later, Monk and Warren are back on the bandstand, and Monk offers his brittle, out-of-tempo opening chorus to *I'm Getting Sentimental over You*. Just before the bridge, Monk leans to his left and looks under the piano, almost as if the next notes were down there somewhere. Then a break takes them into tempo for the second chorus, with tenor saxophonist Rouse walking onto the bandstand as he plays, and Monk really working behind him with a clipped distillation of the melody in support.

Halfway through the chorus, Monk gets up, leaving his instrument to undertake his swaying, shuffling dance. Half the crowd seems to be nodding knowingly about his eccentricity. But a few in the audience seem to realize that, besides giving the group a change of texture and sound by laying out, Monk is conducting. His movements are encouraging drummer Dunlop and Warren, particularly, to hear, not just the obvious beat, but the accent and space *around* the one-two-three-four, the rhythms that Monk is so interested in.

Warren solos, and Monk and Rouse leave the stand. Then Dunlop is there alone. He articulates the four eight-bar divisions of the piece very clearly on his drums for two choruses. The group reassembles. Anybody who can't dig the music will probably like the show.

Monk's well-known bass figure leads him to a fast *Epitaphy*, his theme. They give it a full performance. Monk accompanies Rouse with accents that are dazzling, although he isn't playing so demandingly of his theme. Then he signals musically for Rouse to come back for the out chorus.

**Midnight.** The piece ends; the set is over. Monk leads the way off the stand, and for a moment the piano sits empty, bathed in an amber spotlight.

At the door, two couples arrive and ask, "When will Monk be on again?"

"He should be back in an hour. Roland Hanna will be on in a few minutes."

"You wanna wait? You wanna go in now or come back?"

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Mose Allison plays the Five Spot



# BIG JOE

An account of the life and times of country blues singer Big Joe Williams/By Pete Welding



PHOTOS BY RAY FLERLAGE

**M**OST DAYS he can be found sitting alone in the grimy clutter of the back room of Chicago's Jazz Record Mart, his thick, gnarled fingers running idly over the strings of a small, much-scarred guitar, occasionally singing quietly to himself the words to a country blues many years older than he. The whining, astringent, near-vocal guitar lines and thick-crooned verses are lost in the jumble of sound from the front of the shop. Few customers notice him.

Big Joe Williams, one of the most emotionally potent and persuasive practitioners of the harsh, stinging, acidulous country blues of tradition, one of the most personal performers in an idiom that places premium on individual creation, has fallen on hard days. He sleeps on a folding cot in the basement of the record shop, acting as night watchman in exchange for sleeping room. He hasn't much money. Aside from sporadic appearances at folk festivals and at such folk music-oriented coffeehouses as Chicago's

Fickle Pickle—from which engagements he earns very little—Big Joe does not work much. There just isn't any work for him. Every so often when he can scout up a friend with an automobile, he will visit friends in the nearby country to play for hand-outs and free drinks at house parties and dances. He lives from hand to mouth.

The so-called blues revival that has accompanied the burgeoning interest in American folk music during the last few years—and which has resulted in a certain measure of recognition for the 65-year-old Mississippi-born singer as one of the foremost country blues men—has meant little to him in terms of work opportunities. He has recorded a half-dozen LPs. He has played a handful of festivals and folk-music concerts. He has appeared at several of the coffee houses on both coasts over the past few years. He recently returned from a European concert tour, part of a blues package that included Muddy Waters, Lonnie John-

son, Victoria Spivey, and other blues performers. (The show was well received everywhere it played in England and on the continent; little, however, was said of Williams' role in its success. His offstage prima donna antics did little to endear him to those with whom he worked and with whom he came in contact. Big Joe can be a difficult, nasty, and obtuse man—as those who know him well can attest—and this doubtless turned many European fans and critics against a man they were prepared to like.) Much of the money the singer-guitarist earned for participating in the tour was depleted by heavy dental bills on his return to this country. Aside from a gleaming new set of dentures, Big Joe has little to show for his European jaunt.

Since his return in November, Big Joe has had very few engagements—he appeared at the Grinnell College Folk Music Festival in Grinnell, Iowa, and will appear in support of young singer Mary Ross in a program of archaic

Negro religious songs during the three-day University of Chicago Folk Music Festival Jan. 31 through Feb. 2. A similar appearance at the University of Iowa is now in the planning stage.

Big Joe's plight, however, is not uncommon. Blues men of his generation can look forward to little. In a certain sense, the blues have passed them by—the young singers and musicians who have captured the imagination of Negro audiences play in a hard, sleek, flashy style that is poles away from the music of Williams and his coevals. The new blues—call it rhythm and blues, rock and roll, or what have you—are ground out according to formula; they are superficially exciting but as a rule empty of meaning; they can offer little of the emotional involvement, intensity, or personal identification of the older blues forms in which the singers shouted out with the urgency that comes only from deep feeling and who more often than not were relating in their songs real experiences that had befallen them.

Big Joe could not sing the new-styled blues even if he wanted to: he is unequipped technically, emotionally—and, in fact, in every way—to accommodate his fierce, proud, unrelenting individuality to its faceless banality.

"Big Joe," wrote Martin Williams perceptively, "sings now as he did in the '20s and '30s—he has not changed his style, his approach, his speed, or his repertory one bit, and he is a powerful, moving, humorous, forceful blues man. Big Joe is his own man, and I doubt if he could be anything else or that it would ever occur to him to try."

**J**OE LEE WILLIAMS was born in Crawford, Miss., in the heart of the steamy delta bottomlands, on Oct. 16, 1899, the oldest ("and prettiest one too," added Joe, a twisted grin splitting his dark, seamed face) of 14 children born to his tenant-farming parents.

His father was always involved in farming or sawmill work, mostly the former. In Joe's earliest years his father worked on the land of a Mr. Stewart, who lived in Crawford. Joe recalled that his father farmed "200 or 300 acres, grew mostly cotton, corn, peas, potatoes, and peanuts—things like that."

"I only started one crop," he reminisced. "I ran off with a guitar when I was about 5 or 6. I never really helped my father with the farm work at all."

Raised in a musical family (his grandfather, Bert Logan, played accordion, and his grandmother, Eliza Logan, was a fine songster who sang

only religious songs, "one of the best singers in the Pleasant Grove church"), Joe was early possessed by music. He produced his first musical sounds when he was only 4 by beating a gallon water bucket, altering the sound by pressing his finger along the side of the bucket. He could make notes this way and play simple songs. He used to steal out of the house at night to play his bucket at back-country dances.

"That was when I was about 4 or 5 years old," he recalled. "I made an old guitar from baling wire. I stretched it upside the wall. Like, I'd go to your house and take two spools—like the spools sewing thread be on—and I'd put one spool down at the bottom of the wall, one at the top, and when I want to make different tones, I just roll that spool. So that's how I got my tune.

"I'd take a staple . . . put it on each end of the wire and nail it to the wall with your hammer. I'd take a bottle neck . . . I could play most anything on that. On each end of it was a big chunk of wood right below the spool. Roll the spool to change the tones. You could make it talk . . . talk back to you with that bottle. You see, you had a bottle neck, or even a whole bottle, it's just like playing Hawaiian guitar. Whatever you sang, you could play. That's what you call making your own tunes."

Using this rude instrument, the youthful Williams could play such pieces as *Candy Man*, *Tailor Made*, and *Shake It, Babe*. Many of these pieces, and the way of playing them, he learned from an older singer-guitarist, Clem Ellis, who lived nearby.

"He used to play them things on a real guitar," Joe said. "So I caught them tunes from him. We used to go around to them country suppers to play for dances like *Steal Your Partners*—sort of like square dancing, I guess.

"They used to have them every Saturday night, sometimes twice a week. In the fall of the year—when they got to picking the cotton, getting that seed money—boy, oh, boy, they will have a time, I tell you! Have them during the summer but not so often; they'd have picnics then instead."

Sometimes small groups of up to four or five musicians would entertain at the dances and picnics; more often, however, only one man would provide the musical impetus for the dancers.

"I used to play for five or six hundred by myself," the singer stated proudly. "Had me way up in the woods for the shade; have the ball game out in the pasture there. Had a great big platform built. I'm up there

where the women can't get to me. All they could do is throw their handkerchiefs and snuff boxes up there; couldn't get up there themselves.

"But they could hear me. I could holler—back then. You could hear me five or six miles. Wasn't no electric—anything like that. Just natural guitar. I had a little guitar made out of maple; that was a wonderful thing. You could hear that on a moonlight night—still night—every bit of eight miles. You know, music rings at night . . . things are more still at night. And it sounds wonderful, and you hear the owls hollering. You get lonesome walking through one of them little paths through the woods pretty close to your gal's house. You hit that old guitar every once in a while, and you hear her say, 'I know that's my baby coming. That's Poor Joe.' Used to call me Poor Joe then.

"I had a gal back there then, and I was trying to make myself feel sorry for myself when she quit me. So I went to singing like that on that record about 'Poor Joe walking down Highway 49.' I was in great love with that gal once. She's here in Chicago, but I haven't saw her. That was Malvina—the one I made that *Highway 49* about. I made that record way back, and I was in deep love with her, so I just went to hollering, 'Malvina, my sweet woman, don't pay poor Joe no mind.' That's where I get that name from."

**W**HEN WILLIAMS was about 11 or 12 he made a guitar from a cigar box. Using a plank for the neck, he got some guitar tuning pegs to put on it. He had four at first. For strings he used either baling wire, which came in different thicknesses, or broom wire.

The way of playing it just came to him, he said. "That just came to me all at once," he explained. "I had that in my head some way or another. Just had music in my head. Nobody never did learn me—not one chord.

"I started off in what you call natural [i.e., standard guitar tuning, EADGBE] and I played natural about nine or 10 years. Finally, this tuning here [the open-G tuning in which the guitarist ordinarily plays, DGDGBD] come to me . . . what I'm playing in now. Call it Spanish tuning."

Williams got his first real guitar when he was about 15.

"I had a 12-string guitar before I got a six," he said. "Got it in Mobile, Ala. A friend of mine loaned me the guitar, and I kept a-goin' with it. He couldn't play it no ways, so he gave it to me; I was playing it so good.

"When I was 10 or 12 years old, I had been all around the country—Mobile, Biloxi, Grand Bay, Ala.;

Pensacola, Fla.”

The teenaged wanderer supported himself by dancing and by playing his guitar.

“I made it with that guitar,” he said. “I just wish I had half the money I made with that cigar-box guitar then. That was the drawing card. You wouldn’t see nothing like that back in those days. When I stopped in a town or at a storefront, turpentine camp, boy, you couldn’t see me—white and colored were all around me. Nickels and dimes. The women would get nickels out of their snuff boxes or tied up in their handkerchiefs and was chunking them at me. Playing blues, blues, blues. If I couldn’t get no money from playing blues, then I would find some old people and drop in one of those old hymns—according to what kind of town I was in.

“I got lots of old spirituals from my grandmother and my grandfather. Most of my blues came to me—my own songs, like *Baby, Please Don’t Go*; *Highway 49*; *Piney Woods Blues* . . . all that come to me.

“There was a place down there in Mecca, Miss., called Piney Woods. I used to have a woman down there called Pearl Binyon. I got tangled up with her, and another guy was giving me trouble with her, and so I just made that:

*Gonna pack my suitcase and  
move back to the Piney Woods,*

*‘Cause I got a woman down there,  
boys, don’t mean Poor Joe no good.*

“So that’s how that come about.

“My first song was *Blues Jumped a Rabbit*:

*Well, the blues jumped a rabbit;  
run him one solid mile,*

*Well, they run him so far till he  
cried just like a child.*

“I got to thinking . . . a guy took my woman once and carried her away, and I didn’t know which way. I was just rambling through the country with my guitar, just playing, thinking maybe I’d run into him. While I was doing that, all them things came into me in that song.

“It’s just like in hunting . . . a dog hunting a rabbit. When the dog finds the rabbit, he points him, and the other dogs jump him. Run him a solid mile but he never catch him. So that’s the same way about this woman. I trailed this woman, and I never catch up with her no more. I was the hound right behind her. The other dog had been gone and I never could catch him either.”

The singer recalled making his first record—billed as Poor Joe Williams—in New Orleans about 1921. Walking along the street he was approached by a woman who ran a music store on

Canal St. She asked him if he could play the guitar he was carrying. After hearing him play in the store, she took him into a back room where there was a recording machine. Williams said he sang two numbers that day, *Stack o’ Dollars* and *Blues Jumped a Rabbit*, for which he was paid \$100. The recordings, he said, were made for the Starr Piano Co., located in Birmingham, Ala., but there is no record of their release.

The singer did record two selections, *I Want It Awful Bad* and *Mr. Devil Blues*, accompanied by harmonica player George (Bullet) Williams in Memphis in September, 1929, for the Vocalion label. A little more than a year later he went to Grafton, Wis., to record a half-dozen numbers for the Paramount label; the label credit, for some inexplicable reason, listed him as King Solomon Hill, “Blind Lemon’s Buddy.”

Williams earned little from his recordings, and during this period he



supported himself by playing on sidewalks, at storefronts, country suppers, and picnics.

“I’d walk 20 miles to a picnic,” he said. “I’d leave three or four days ahead of time walking to get there in time.

“I had one route I really liked to travel, and that was down around Mobile, Meridian, Election Mill, Sugar Lock, and on into Alabama. I’d hit all them turpentine camps down there. They’d have oxen pulling them two-wheeled carts dipping that turpentine. Boy, they’d have a wonderful time on Saturdays in those camps. When somebody like me went through there it was like the President coming there. They’d come from all over—they hear talk of a man coming there with a guitar. They’d get real rough on Saturday night.

“Women? You could stir them with a stick. Came from town, everywhere, hear them holler, ‘Child, I’m going out to the turpentine camp tonight; ain’t nothing but money out there.’ Oh, man, they’re going to meet that

payday. Those fellows back then, they didn’t have much brains; they’d work all year and give a woman all their money . . . specially if she’s a nice-looking woman. They’d outbid the other one, you know.

“Dance? Big buck barefoot some of them was. Get out there and dance, pull their shoes off—dirt’d be all over their legs and feet, they didn’t mind that. Have a big box of snuff. Boy, boy, they’d have a time . . . tater custard, pie, and fish—all that kind of stuff.”

For a while Joe led a small band (jug, washboard, one-string violin, bass, and himself on guitar) around Tuscaloosa, Ala. The group, he recalled, would play at roadhouses and for university students’ picnics. Jaybird Coleman, the singer-harmonica player, often joined him for these engagements.

Off and on during the years, Williams has provided entertainment in brothels.

“I used to play in lots of them,” he said. “The first one I played in was in Election Mill, Miss. Me and Little Brother Montgomery and Kid Washington. I was about 16. Kid Washington used to go to New Orleans to get musicians to play in the house. He would also go to Birmingham or Texas to get both girls and musicians to work.

“I played in several sporting houses in Mobile and New Orleans. The real big one I played in once was in Detroit on Hastings St. years ago. I played for lots of sporting houses in St. Louis. They featured entertainment in the houses—for different people coming to see the girls. While they were making their choice, they’d give them a good show.

“They didn’t have no stage or anything. You’d be playing in the hall or just in a room there. The landlady’d bring the girls out in the hall; the guys would be standing around, and you’d play the music, and they’d do their acts. They’d dance and twist around to show off the guy what they had.

“They had little bands that would play there. Pinetop [Smith], he used to entertain there too—all kinds of little bands. Ludella Miller . . . she started around them kind of places.

“The house would pay you, and the people coming in too. In fact, you’d make more off the customers coming in there. Sometimes guys would be drunk, they’d be likely to chunk you \$50 or \$100. Out for a good time. Big-shot guys. Society men, rich men—they wouldn’t want it known—have a big party and wouldn’t think anything about money.”

(Continued on page 40)

# JAZZ BASICS

By DON DeMICHEAL and PETE WELDING

Of the thousands of jazz LPs available, we have chosen 53 that we feel present a true picture of the music's development and of its major figures. In selecting the albums, we attempted to find ones that were representative of styles or of major artists. In a few cases, the record by a certain artist or school finally decided on was not as good musically as others by the same man or school, but it was felt that the album chosen would either give a more rounded view of the man or would offer the listener a variety that would have been unobtainable except by listing a number of records from the same school.

The first installment of the exhaustive study begins below; the remaining portions of the survey will be published in subsequent issues.

We arbitrarily excluded representations of the various jazz singing styles, though there are three albums by vocalists included in order to establish a point of departure (the blues listing) or because the artist was of unignorable stature and the accompaniment was of high order and a good cross section of a style (the Billie Holiday listing).

After each listing there are further recommendations for the particular artist or style. This is meant to help guide those who are more interested in one phase of jazz than they are in the others.

Albums are listed in generally a chronological-developmental order.—*The authors*

## VARIOUS ARTISTS, *The Country Blues* (Folkways RBF 1)

### BESSIE SMITH, *The Bessie Smith Story, Vol. 1* (Columbia 855)

Of all forms of American Negro folk music, the one most closely related to instrumental jazz is the secular blues. Of somewhat uncertain ancestry and antiquity, the blues were evolved in the rural South by scores of anonymous folk bards who developed the predominantly 12-bar, three-line blues form into an expressive vehicle of singular power and dramatic intensity.

The blues were, moreover, the most determinedly individual of all American Negro folk musics, and it was in this form that the so-called "blue tonality" (a certain tonal ambiguity primarily in the third and seventh steps of the scale), the use of melisma, etc., reached their most widespread use, ultimately being translated to jazz by instrumentalists bent on imitating the vocal inflections of the blues singers. (These characteristic tonal devices were likewise present in other Negro vocal musics as well.)

Author-historian Samuel Charters has assembled in the Folkways LP an anthology of blues singers that brings together some of the more persuasive, emotionally potent workers in the rougher country blues traditions (Blind Lemon Jefferson, Blind Willie Johnson, Peg Leg Howell, Tommy McClennan, Bukka White, the magnificent Robert Johnson, and Sleepy John Estes) and some exponents of the more sophisticated urban blues (Lonnie Johnson, Leroy Carr, Big Bill Broonzy, Washboard Sam). The selections are uniformly good, and the whole set offers a glimpse of the force, imagistic power, and emotional depth this relatively simple form is capable

of spanning.

No less powerfully expressive were the dramatic female blues singers like Bessie Smith, easily the greatest in a long line of blues interpreters whose roots lay in the traveling medicine shows that plied the rural South in the early days of jazz and whose vocal style was perhaps as much indebted to the emerging instrumental style and the minstrel traditions as it was to the cruder spontaneities of the country blues.

Bessie Smith, with her rich, full-throated voice and emotion-packed delivery, stands head and shoulders above her contemporaries, as the Columbia set's dozen selections, made in 1923 and '25 eloquently attest.

On eight of the tunes she has a perfect complement in Louis Armstrong's jabbing, explosive cornet, and on three of these, Charlie (Big) Green's smearing, vocal trombone provides further foil and comment.

**Further recommendations:** The blues revival of recent years has resulted in the issuance of a number of excellent blues reissues as well as a spate of new recordings of older blues performers. Among the best reissues are Robert Johnson, *King of the Delta Blues Singers* (Columbia 1654); Blind Lemon Jefferson, *Folk Blues* (Riverside 125); *The Story of Blind Willie Johnson* (Folkways 3585); Huddie Ledbetter, *Leadbelly's Best* (Capitol 1821); *Great Blues Singers* (Riverside 121), an anthology of such female blues performers as Ma Rainey, Ida Cox, Chippie Hill, Trixie Smith, and others; Leroy Carr, *Blues before Sunrise* (Columbia 1799); Ma Rainey, *Classic Blues* (Riverside 108); a fine anthology, *Out Came the Blues* (Decca 4434); and *The Original Rhythm & Blues Hits* (Camden 740), which

brings together some of the finest modern urban blues recordings of the late 1930s and early '40s.

Among recent recordings are *Blues 'n' Trouble* (Arhoolie 1006); *The Legend of Sleepy John Estes* (Delmark 603); Lightnin' Hopkins, *Country Blues* (Tradition 1035); Various Mississippi Delta singers, *I Have to Paint My Face* (Arhoolie 1005); Furry Lewis (Folkways 3823); Mance Lipscomb, *Texas Sharecropper and Songster* (Arhoolie 1001); *Negro Prison Songs* (Tradition 1020); *The Best of Muddy Waters* (Chess 1427); Big Joe Williams, *Piney Woods Blues* (Delmark 602); and Robert Pete Williams, Hogman Maxey, and Guitar Welch, *Angola Prisoners' Blues* (Folk Lyric 3).

### KING OLIVER, *King Oliver and His Orchestra* (Epic 16003)

The Oliver Creole Band was possibly the finest New Orleans style of band to record. The personnel included such Crescent City musicians as Louis Armstrong, playing second cornet to Oliver's lead; Johnny Dodds, whose biting clarinet work was particularly inspired on blues; and Baby Dodds, Johnny's brother and the man most often cited as epitomizing New Orleans drumming. (It is difficult, however, to tell too much of what Baby does on these tracks recorded for the Okeh company in 1923, when the band worked at Chicago's Lincoln Gardens.)

Another New Orleans clarinetist, Jimmie Noone, whose influence was to have great consequence through the work of Benny Goodman, is present on two of the tracks—*London Blues* and *Camp Meeting Blues*, the last-named containing a melodic Noone solo that became *Creole Love Call* in



the hands of Duke Ellington.

The album also includes stimulating versions of *Dippermouth Blues*, which has three excellent choruses by the leader's cornet; *High Society*, with Dodds playing the traditional Alphonse Picou clarinet solo; and *Snake Rag*, one of the classic examples of collective improvisation, replete with two-cornet breaks, a characteristic of the Oliver band.

**Further recommendation:** *Louis Armstrong: 1923* (Riverside 122) is actually by the Oliver band. Some titles, but no performances, are duplicated in the Epic and Riverside albums.

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**JELLY ROLL MORTON: *The King of New Orleans Jazz*** (RCA Victor 1649)

While admitting the excellence of the various quintets and septets so utterly dominated by cornetist Louis Armstrong in the late 1920s, many traditional fans hold that the consummate New Orleans-styled band was that led by the flamboyant pianist-composer-entrepreneur Joseph Ferdinand LeMenthe, otherwise known as Jelly Roll Morton.

Organized by the pianist for recording purposes in September, 1926, and designated (with Morton's usual aplomb) as the Red Hot Peppers, the original band was set apart from its contemporaries by its superb ensemble playing, always marvelously controlled and balanced, with an interaction among the front-line horns that was uncanny and all but matchless in the history of the music.

The lead work was handled by the relatively unknown George Mitchell, a cornetist whose playing was warm, poignant, melodic, but quietly explosive in its jabbing thrust. The dancing, rolling clarinet of Omer Simeon darted in and out of the ensemble texture, and underneath all swelled Kid Ory's blues-rich trombone. Morton drove the band from his piano bench and filled in any open spaces left by the horn men. Banjoist Johnny St. Cyr, bassist John Lindsay, and drummer Andrew Hillaire rounded out the basic group, to which were brought occasional substitutes and additions (two extra clarinets and an added trumpet on *Sidewalk Blues* and *Dead Man Blues*, for example).

Considering the casual nature of its formation, the band's rapport was astonishing—but perhaps less so when one considers Morton's organizational ability. It was he who firmly guided the band through its recording sessions, picking the tunes, rehearsing them until they satisfied his rigorous standards, sparking the bandsmen to improvisational heights (and coming

up with helpful suggestions when they ran dry)—leaving, in short, his stamp on every tune and performance.

Despite Morton's careful planning and firm control—or because of it—there was nothing contrived or forced about the Peppers' performances; rather, they were shot through with blithe exuberance, infectious charm, soaring spirits, relaxed drive, and utter inevitability and spontaneity. The use of Morton's arresting, singing multi-themed compositions made for further interest and doubtless spurred the improvisational talents of his sidemen; they rose to the challenges.

The 16 selections comprising this RCA Victor album were recorded in the period from mid-September, 1926, to mid-June, 1928, and are among the band's finest accomplishments. Such selections as *Black Bottom Stomp*, *Smoke House Blues*, *The Chant*, *Sidewalk Blues*, *Dead Man Blues*, *Original Jelly Roll Blues*, and *The Pearls* are brilliantly conceived and executed seamless wholes and are peerless samples of the New Orleans genre at its developmental peak.

**Further recommendations:** Morton's pianistic prowess is on display in Commodore's exemplary reissue of his 1941 solo recordings (made shortly before his death) for the General label; the album is *New Orleans Memories* (30000). Four band tracks by a hastily recruited Red Hot Peppers (featuring trumpeter Red Allen and clarinetist Albert Nicholas) are happy surprises and round out the collection.

From its 12-LP release of Morton's monumental 1938-recorded memoirs for the Library of Congress archives, Riverside records has excerpted a number of Morton's piano and vocal performances; the albums are *The Incomparable Jelly Roll Morton* (128), *Mr. Jelly Lord* (132), and *Jelly Roll Morton Plays and Sings* (133).

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**LOUIS ARMSTRONG, *Armstrong and His Hot Five*** (Columbia 851); *Armstrong and Earl Hines* (Columbia 853)

Armstrong, after working with Oliver and then Fletcher Henderson, formed his Hot Five and cut a series of what were primarily New Orleans-style records for OKeh. The first recording was done in 1925, the year Armstrong returned to Chicago from his New York stay with the Henderson band.

Though the collective improvisation was well done, there was less emphasis on ensembles than in the Oliver band, for Armstrong was growing into jazz' first great soloist, and he had opportunity with his own group to display

his wares to the fullest. The other members of the quintet were clarinetist Dodds; trombonist Kid Ory (another New Orleanian); Louis' pianist wife, Lil; and banjoist Johnny St. Cyr, who also hailed from New Orleans.

The Hot Five album has excellent examples of Armstrong's horn work; there also are tracks on which he sings in his inimitable style. The other Hot Five members, though not soloists of Armstrong's quality, contribute some very good playing, particularly Dodds on the blues. Occasionally Ory and Lil dip too deeply into the hokum barrel, though. Titles include *Muskrat Ramble*, *Heebie Jeebies*, *Gutbucket Blues*, *Cornet Chop Suey* (an Armstrong tour de force), *Hotter Than That*, and *Skid-dat-de-dat*.

The album with Hines offers examples of the Armstrong genius in full flower. The trumpeter never surpassed—though he certainly sometimes equaled—his work on some of these 1928 recordings. Armstrong had almost completely done away with collectively improvised ensembles, though the bands were small, by this time and was spiraling his trumpet improvisations to dizzying heights of imagination and construction.

Hines, too, had become a soloist of rare ability, and one who was to inspire many pianists, when these records were cut. His hard-hitting style employed many octaves and broken rhythms, and the melodic curve of his solos often was similar to Armstrong's—one can transpose the piano melodies to trumpet and most times come out with an Armstrong-like solo.

The two men's virtuosity is unencumbered by accompaniment on *Weather Bird*, and the empathy the two had for each other can be clearly heard. Each track included in the LP has something highly notable about it, but the finest performances are *Basin Street Blues*, *Weather Bird*, *Muggles* (impressionistic Hines and double-timing Armstrong in one of his greatest solos), *Tight Like This* (a marvelously building trumpet solo plus a Hines excursion into abstracted playing quite daring for the period), *West End Blues* (the famous Armstrong opening cadenza still stands as an awesome feat), and *Squeeze Me*.

**Further recommendation:** *Armstrong and His Hot Seven* (Columbia 852) covers the period between the Hot Five and Hines albums and, in addition to Armstrong's playing and singing, contains fine Dodds clarinet work.

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**SIDNEY BECHET, *Jazz Classics, Vol. 1*** (Blue Note 1201)

Bechet never had the influence Armstrong did, always remaining

something unto himself, but he must be considered the second great New Orleans soloist, after the trumpeter.

His dramatic, sweeping improvisations on clarinet and particularly soprano saxophone were always melodic, and the emotionality of his playing was at times overpowering.

This record finds him in varying company, ranging from trumpeter Bunk Johnson to pianist Meade Lux Lewis. There are two classic Bechet performances included—*Summertime* (1939) and *Blue Horizon* (1944)—and one near-classic, *Dear Old Southland* (1940). Though the time span of these recordings is 1939-46, long after the supposed golden days of New Orleans jazz, they should be considered in the early genre.

Others on the tracks include pianist Art Hodes (who did some of his most expressive work with Bechet), trombonist Vic Dickenson (he contributes some wonderfully wry solos), trumpeters Max Kaminsky and Sidney DeParis, clarinetist Albert Nicholas (on a *Weary Way Blues* duet with Bechet), bassist Pops Foster, and drummers Sid Catlett and Freddie Moore.

**Further recommendations:** *In Memoriam* (Riverside 138/9), consisting of two LPs, has the delightful quartet sides made in 1940 with cornetist Muggsy Spanier for the Hot Record Society label; *New Orleans Jazz* (Decca 8283) has Bechet with a Louis Armstrong small band especially assembled for this 1940 date (the album, one of the first ever cut as a strictly jazz release, also has selections by Red Allen, Zutty Singleton, Jimmie Noone, and Johnny Dodds, who died shortly afterwards).

#### **BIX BEIDERBECKE, *Bix and Tram* (Columbia 845)**

It is said that Beiderbecke first became interested in jazz when he heard records by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and turned from piano to cornet because of his liking for the work of ODJB cornetist Nick LaRocca. It also is said that Beiderbecke, while still a youth, heard bands from New Orleans on the riverboats that stopped at Davenport, Iowa, his home town.

When Beiderbecke was enrolled in Lake Forest Academy, near Chicago, he often went into the big city to hear such bands as the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Undoubtedly he heard the New Orleans Negro bands on Chicago's south side too. But Beiderbecke, despite the many influences, early developed a style of playing that was unique.

The tracks included in this album are among the best he made in his relatively short career (he died at 28) and show his "pure" and uncluttered

tone, his careful solo construction, and the attraction certain classical composers held for him. A case can be made for his being the first "cool" jazzman (understatement, delicacy, no pronounced vibrato) and the original Third Stream musician (his piano work on *Wringin' and Twistin'* and *For No Reason at All in C* combines Impressionism and other classical orientations with ragtime and jazz playing).

Beiderbecke's cornet shines like a beacon on all tracks but particularly so in his solos on *Singin' the Blues; I'm Comin', Virginia;* and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*. Guitarist Eddie Lang and saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer (Tram) can be heard to advantage on several tracks. Most of the selections, recorded in 1927-28, are ornately arranged, but the fluff is worth blowing away to get to the meat of Bix' horn.

**Further recommendations:** The other two volumes of the *Beiderbecke Story* (the recommended album is Vol. 2) have several excellent Beiderbecke performances. The first volume (Columbia 844) contains *Jazz Me Blues* and *At the Jazz Band Ball*, both of which have Bix not only soloing effectively but also driving the ensemble. The third volume, also made in 1927-28 when Beiderbecke was buried in the Paul Whiteman Orchestra, has several tracks by the full Whiteman band but also moments of gold as Beiderbecke's cornet steps front and center, most notably on *Sweet Sue*. The album also includes Bix playing his most famous composition, *In a Mist*, as a piano solo.

#### **VARIOUS ARTISTS, *Chicago No. 2* (Folkways FP 65)**

It was not long after the New Orleans jazzmen trekked to Chicago and found music jobs in the Windy City when fuzz-cheeked Chicagoans became enamored of what was being played by the Negro bands on the south side and by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings in the Loop.

The Oliver Creole Jazz Band and the NORK—and their members—had perhaps the strongest hold of any groups of jazzmen on young musicians such as Frank Teschemacher, Jim Lanigan, Bud Freeman, Dick and Jimmy McPartland, Dave Tough, Joe Sullivan, Muggsy Spanier, Floyd O'Brien, Mezz Mezzrow, Benny Goodman, Eddie Condon, and Gene Krupa—in a phrase, the Chicagoans.

This collection, the sixth volume of Folkways' generally excellent 11-album series on jazz, has examples not only of the Chicagoans but also of the two aforementioned bands of influence. In fact, the Oliver group and

the NORK perform the same tune, *Sweet Lovin' Man*, showing the similarities and differences between the two clearly.

Outstanding among the Kings is clarinetist Leon Rappola, either when floating lazily over Paul Mares' cornet and George Brunis' trombone or soaring into a lyrical break. Mares also is heard here in a 1935 version of *Maple Leaf Rag* with, among others, Chicago-styled Jess Stacy, piano, and Boyce Brown, alto saxophone.

Early Beiderbecke is represented by the Wolverines' *Jazz Me Blues*. The Wolverines were one of the first white jazz bands and cast in the ODJB-NORK mold. Beiderbecke plays excellently on the album's *Margie* and *Somebody Stole My Gal*, both made later in the cornetist's career. Beiderbecke's influence on the Chicagoans cannot be overstressed; his approach can be heard in most of the early Chicagoan records, even to some extent in this collection's *Everybody Loves My Baby* by the Stomp Six, a group that featured the driving cornet of Spanier, the most un-Bixian of all the white Windy City jazzmen.

But after the initial influences had been absorbed, the guiding force of most Chicagoans became clarinetist Teschemacher. It was Tesch who is given credit for arranging and musically organizing the first Chicagoan date—the McKenzie-Condon 1927 OKeh session that produced this album's *Sugar, China Boy*, and *Nobody's Sweetheart*. The personnel was made up of Jimmy McPartland, cornet; Teschemacher; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Joe Sullivan, piano; Eddie Condon, banjo; Jim Lanigan, bass, tuba; and Gene Krupa, drums. Teschemacher also is heard on versions of *Jazz Me Blues* and *There'll Be Some Changes Made*, which also has a Red McKenzie vocal and Spanier's cornet to recommend it.

There is a 1933 *Tennessee Twilight* by a Condon small band that included cornetist Max Kaminsky, trombonist O'Brien, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and Freeman. O'Brien and Russell offer excellent solos.

**Further recommendations:** *New Orleans Rhythm Kings* (Riverside 102) is a fine collection by the NORK, with varying and expanding personnel; the tracks with Jelly Roll Morton sitting in are best. *Bud Freeman and His All-Star Jazz* (Harmony 7046) has excellent playing by trombonist Jack Teagarden, Russell, Freeman, Kaminsky, and Tough, and though made in 1940, it is representative of the Chicago style, at least as it was at that time (which is about where it has remained).

(To be continued in the next issue.)

# 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 From Germany

### Various Artists

**JAZZ WORKSHOP CONCERT: RUHR FEST-SPIELE, 1962**—Odeon 83342: *Brassilia; Airegin; Training; Good Morning, Judge; Free Way for Horns; The Air from Another Planet; Feeling Certain; Die Alte Bassgeige; Eva; H. G. Blues.*

Personnel: Rolf Ericson, Ron Simmonds, Bengt-Arne Wallin, Ack van Rooyen, Rob Pronk, trumpets; Erich Kleinschuster, Nat Peck, Willi Meerwald, trombones; Rolf Schneebiegl, French horn; Robert Politzer, tuba; Fatty George, clarinet; Arne Domnerus, Herb Geller, alto saxophones; Hans Koller, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Ross, baritone saxophone; Friedrich Gulda, baritone saxophone, piano; Toots Thielemans, guitar, harmonica; Georg Riedel, bass; Egil Johansen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

### Albert Mangelsdorff

**TENSION**—CBS 62336: *Club Trois; Blues Du Domicile; Set 'Em Up; Varie; Tension; Ballade for Jessica Rose.*

Personnel: Mangelsdorff, trombone; Gunter Kronberg, alto saxophone; Heinz Sauer, tenor saxophone; Gunter Lenz, bass; Ralf Hubner, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

The Jazz Workshop Concert album was recorded before the audience attending the 1962 jazz festival held in Recklinhausen, Germany, and was first issued on German Columbia. It is now available in this country on Odeon, though interested listeners may have to scout specialty shops to pick up a copy.

The musicians playing the festival came from several countries—Sweden, Austria, England, Holland, Germany, Belgium, and the United States—but the tracks featuring them in ensemble are distinguished by a musical togetherness often missing from permanently organized large bands. The ensemble playing is generally crisp and cleanly articulated.

The outstanding track is Friedrich Gulda's *Planet*, which features his piano. He begins the composition in reflective mood, performing without accompaniment and displaying a sure and firm touch as he limns the theme. The in-tempo sections of his solo are sometimes dark and ominous, but he keeps the mood from becoming depressing by dappling his work with lighter-hued passages. When the ensemble comes in behind him, his playing takes on a somewhat brittle quality as it shoots over and around the ensemble. Gulda ends the piece by returning to the reflective theme with which he began. In all, it is a well-constructed and artistic piece of work.

If one musician stands out from the others on the record it is Georg Riedel, the Swedish bassist. On all tracks he performs his section work with strength, and on *Training; Die Alte Bassgeige*, which he wrote; and *Eva*, which is by clarinetist Fatty George and the rhythm section, he solos quite well. His playing is in the Jimmy Blanton-Oscar Pettiford mode and is distinguished by a beautifully deep tone. Riedel also appears to be a composer of

merit, if his *Bassgeige*, whose humorous theme is stated by bass and tuba in unison, and *Brassilia*, written for the fine brass section, are any indication.

The harmonica of Toots Thielemans is featured on *Airegin*. Backed by Gulda, Riedel, and Swedish drummer Egil Johansen, Thielemans plays with a good deal of fire, though he has a mite of trouble with the fast tempo.

*Good Morning* is played by British baronist Ronnie Ross and Austrian tenor saxophonist Hans Koller with bass and drums. There is a Gerry Mulligan cast to Ross' theme and his playing, but it's a pleasant theme and pleasing playing. Koller gets off a strong, almost bullish, solo before the two horn men begin a fine series of exchanges.

Koller wrote and arranged *Free Way* and *H. G. Blues*, the other full-band tracks, and though there is good use of trombones, tuba, and baritone saxophones on *Free Way* (and some agile trumpet solos), his writing is not too original for this day and age. Nor is Herb Geller's *Feeling Certain*, written for the sax section (Geller's altoing on the track suffers from a coolness that gives the impression that

as well as a strong sense of form, that often is lacking in the U.S. product. There also is a slight Germanic flavor—a solidity, a heaviness, if you want—that makes the group something unto itself.

Unfortunately, in addition to these attributes, the group's horn men tend to sound like their American models—Mangelsdorff molds his style after that of J. J. Johnson; Kronberg shows an allegiance (though not complete) to the work of Ornette Coleman; Sauer evidently has listened a great deal to Sonny Rollins. Still, there is no blatant imitation, and to show one's influences is common among jazz musicians, no matter where they live. But, and to me this is important, these men have their model styles under complete control and never allow the styles to use them—they use the styles.

The three horn men play with force and generate excitement on the up tempos (*Ballade* is the only slow tempo). No one stalls.

Mangelsdorff comes off top man in these performances; each of his solos is beautifully constructed—one phrase leads easily into another, and the whole is cemented by motifs, which he uses generally



Albert Mangelsdorff

he wasn't too emotionally involved in the performance).

Despite weaknesses, however, the album comes off much better than the majority of festival LPs made in this country, and it speaks well for the preparation that evidently went into the performances.

The Mangelsdorff record, first of a series to be produced by Horst Lippman, is not generally available in the United States, but shops that handle foreign LPs can probably obtain it. It is well worth finding. Since the CBS label releases U.S. Columbia albums in Europe, I hope the American company will see fit to release the Mangelsdorff LP on Columbia in this country.

The trombonist's quintet, if it were playing in the United States, would be termed avant garde, but it is more than just another "new thing" group.

There is in the group that delicious air of freedom that is found in the best work of our own avant garde, but underneath is a discipline and instrumental facility,

in series. He is an outstanding musician.

Two tracks are exceptional—*Domicile* and *Tension*. On *Domicile* there is a collective-improvisation section that begins with Mangelsdorff playing alone, soon joined in a jabbing dialog by Kronberg, and then by Sauer before bassist Lenz and drummer Hubner add their voices to the horns. Something of the same happens at the end of *Tension* as Mangelsdorff plays a long, unaccompanied cadenza; then Kronberg and Sauer take their turns, though, unlike the trombonist, they go into tempo, with punctuations by Lenz, Hubner, and Mangelsdorff.

Lenz and Hubner, unlike many European rhythm teams, have resilience. Very much into the current free bag of rhythm playing, they drive the horn men continually. Lenz, in both solo and section work, proves himself a bassist of great imagination, taste, and artistry—three adjectives applicable to the whole album.

(D.DeM.)

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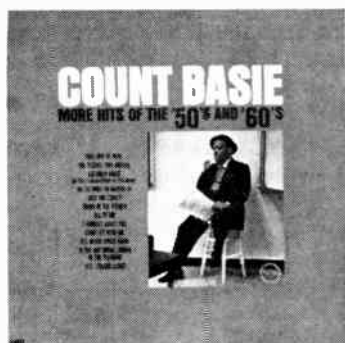
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### Donald Byrd

DONALD BYRD AT THE HALF NOTE CAFE, VOL. II—Blue Note 4061: *Jeannine*; *Pure D. Funk*; *Kimyas*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Duke Pearson, piano; Laymon Jackson, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is the second volume of a "live" session involving the tightly knit, hard-swinging quintet that Byrd led a couple of seasons back.

The spirit of an in-person performance is here, and perhaps that is why the ease with which the soloists spin out their messages never becomes boring through the four long selections.

*Jeannine* is the harmonically arresting, rhythmically crackling Pearson composition that Cannonball Adderley popularized in jazz circles. Byrd's clear-voiced, lyric trumpet and Adams' warm, saw-toothed baritone have many individually good things to say and offer a marvelous contrast as well. Pearson has seldom sounded as fine on record, and the entire rhythm section sets up a pulse that surges beneficially behind the soloists.

Neither *Funk* nor *Kimyas* are themes that are going to go down among the greatest in jazz history, but they are effective mediums in this context. The former, a slow blues, was the group's theme. It leads them into relaxed, unpretentious blues-saying. The latter, an Art Blakey-cum-Horace Silver, minor-key theme, sets the stage for some hard, honest blowing.

*Sunny*, which usually is treated as a straight ballad, is revamped here to include sections of fast waltz time, as well as the more conventional, slow ballad tempo. Pearson has a pretty solo in the slow tempo and a short section, during which Humphries drops out, in which he utilizes the waltz meter.

Byrd has been in Europe since the summer of 1963. Therefore, for American listeners, a release like this is doubly welcome. (I.G.)

### Joe Daley

THE JOE DALEY TRIO AT NEWPORT '63—RCA Victor 2763: *Ode to Blackie*; *Ballad*; *Dexterity*; *One Note*; *Knell*; *Ramblin'*.

Personnel: Daley, tenor saxophone; Russell Thorne, bass; Hal Russell, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

It appears that the Joe Daley Trio has little to add to the pre-"new thing" tradition. When, however, the three men draw from the freshest contemporary sources, and are true to their most contemporary thoughts, their music soars to an original and fairly exalted level.

This album seems to oscillate between a tribute to the near past and an exploration of the present. The former is unsuccessful. The inclusion of *Dexterity*, for instance, was a mistake, probably generated by the we-better-play-something-they-know attitude. One hearing is enough to convince that the group is at its best when the listener is allowed to share the exploration of new material.

The best example of this is *One Note*, which is essentially just that, and very exciting. *Ballad* and *Knell* are both highly original despite the slow, sometimes overcautious pace of the musical thought.

The listener's involvement seems to spring from his sense of the total musical

commitment of each musician to the others. The absoluteness of it is hypnotizing. All three are extremely proficient on their instruments, especially the clear-pitched Thorne, whose virtuosity is highly rewarding. Russell is the most melodic drummer I've ever heard, and his solos cohere remarkably. His use of silence as a constructing element is witty and effective.

Daley is inconsistently excellent; yet it is to the advantage of serious experimenters to be hung up a good deal of the time. The quality of the hang-up eventually defines the emergent style.

The precise discipline that this trio has created and its originality and intensity within that discipline result in some valuable new music. I hope that future albums find it less necessary to concentrate on the continuity of Daley's musical heritage. Good music never needs to prove its credentials. (B.M.)

### Eric Dolphy

ERIC DOLPHY AT THE FIVE SPOT, VOL. II—Prestige 7294: *Aggression*; *Like Someone in Love*.

Personnel: Booker Little, trumpet; Dolphy, flute, bass clarinet; Mal Waldron, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is the second recording of the Dolphy group that played at the Five Spot in summer, 1961; the first was released more than a year ago.

There are only two selections here, one on each side. *Aggression* is an up-tempo theme by Little. The trumpeter has the first solo, and it is a bit disappointing. He has some nice ideas, but they aren't well connected; further, he doesn't build much.

Dolphy's bass clarinet solo is characterized by tremendous energy, but it also lacks melodic substance. At times he seems to be running his fingers up and down the horn without purpose. He *does* use one interesting device, however: he changes register so frequently that he seems to be trading passages with himself.

Waldron's solo is outstanding. He charges ahead forcefully, using a powerful left hand and brilliantly employing repetition to build tension.

Davis takes a walking solo, but he doesn't just make time; his choice of notes is interesting and his tone sonorous.

After trading with Little and Dolphy, Blackwell takes a well-constructed, militarylike solo before the final theme statement. Blackwell also excels in the rhythm section on this side. He lays down a simple cymbal beat, recalling Art Blakey, and keeps up an exciting dialog with the soloists.

Little makes a singing melody statement on *Someone*, after which Dolphy, on flute, steps into the spotlight to rip off some nice double-time passages. Unfortunately his tone lacks body—it is thin and piping.

Little's solo, though certainly not a finished product, is nevertheless a fascinating example of a creative jazzman's thinking process. After a rather serene entrance, he begins taking one chance after another, playing flurries of notes, employing the full range of the horn and using complex rhythmic ideas. Several times he pauses as if trying to collect his thoughts. While not everything he tries is resolved, it still is a

memorable solo.

Waldron follows with playing that is sometimes jagged but always highly lyrical. He is a brilliant musician.

Davis' solo proves that he ranks among the most imaginative and technically adroit of the excellent bassists to emerge recently. Again his tone is heard to good advantage. (H.P.)

### Urbie Green

6-TET—Command 857: *Slidework in A-Flat; Django; Body and Soul; Walkin'; Four Brothers; Sleep; Bijou; Tangerine; Royal Garden Blues; The Bad and the Beautiful.*

Personnel: Doc Severinsen, trumpet; Green, trombone; Walt Levinsky, alto saxophone; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Green is one of the finest all-around trombonists on the jazz scene, but, probably because he's done a great deal of free-lancing and isn't identified with any particular "school" or clique, he hasn't received the recognition he deserves.

He is a superb technician with a fat, warm tone, well-controlled vibrato, and an excellent range. His melodic ideas are sometimes relatively simple but never hackneyed. He phrases in a supple, easy-going way that sometimes makes one forget his fluency, but it's always there, as some of his double-time passages demonstrate.

This LP offers one of the better recorded examples of Green's playing. His moods range from thoughtful (*Body*) to ebullient (*Royal Garden, Brothers, Sleep*). Most striking, however, is his lovely version of *Bad and Beautiful*. His tone on this track is especially rich, and several times he uses high notes effectively.

On the slow- and medium-tempo selections, Green plays tastefully, pacing himself well. His work on *Bijou* is easy to take—effortless, lyrical, and good-humored.

The sidemen turn in solid performances, though they aren't given much solo space. Notable are Severinsen's brief appearances on *Brothers* and Levinsky's heated, Phil Woods-like improvisation. Galbraith, as anyone familiar with his work would expect, stands out as an accompanist.

Also notable are the arrangements by Green and Ralph Burns—particularly the latter's arrangement of *Sleep*, in which the ensemble runs along beside Green, commenting on his theme statement. (H.P.)

### Andre Hodeir

JAZZ ET JAZZ—Philips 200-073 and 600-073: *Jazz et Jazz; Trope a Saint Tropez; Jazz Cantata; Osmetrios I; Flautando; Le Palais Ideal; Osmetrios II.*

Personnel: Roger Guerin, Christain Bellest, trumpets; Nat Peck, Andre Paquinet, trombones; Raymond Guillot, flute; Hubert Rostaing, Pierre Gossez, alto saxophones; Georges Grenu, tenor saxophone; Armand Migiani, baritone saxophone; Jean-Pierre Drouot, vibraphone; Martial Solal, piano; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, Christian Garros, drums; Hodeir, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

A provocative variety of "experiments" is lined up by Hodier in this set.

The title number is a sort of jazz music concrete in which Solal's piano is surrounded by electronic wah-wahs that suggest a space-age Duke Ellington at work along with rips, bleeps, and static, all woven into the over-all texture of the piece in amusing fashion.

On *Flautando* Guillot's flute is multi-

tracked to create a flute ensemble that swings with fascinating leaps and stabs. *Cantata* is a long work (written for a film score) that includes some fantastic wordless vocalizing by a brilliant but unidentified singer. Another film score, *Palais*, is more mundanely filmic, while *Trope*, a blues built on a single repeated note, becomes trapped in its device despite some lively Solal piano.

The two *Osmetrios* are paraphrases of Thelonious Monk's *Mysterioso* that include some Monkish ensembles and again show off Solal's piano work. The trickiness eventually becomes a little overbearing, but the collection is definitely different and offers some attractive playing by Solal and a wild experience with that singer (J.S.W.)

### Willis Jackson

GREASE 'N' GRAVY—Prestige 7285: *Brother Elijah; Doot Dat; Stompin' at the Savoy; Gra-avy; Grease.*

Personnel: Frank Robinson, trumpet; Jackson, tenor saxophone; Carl Wilson, organ; Pat Azzara, guitar; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Joe Hadrick, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This uncomplicated, hard-driving music is typical of Jackson's work.

Azzara's solos are a bonus—he plays flowing, well-sustained lines; his tone is penetrating; he is rarely at a loss for ideas. Among the better examples of his work are his buoyant spots on *Grease* and *Doot* and his conversational *Gra-avy* solo.

Jackson's work is good most of the time. On *Doot, Stompin'*, and *Grease* he is in a relaxed groove, mindful of Lester Young. His ideas on *Gra-avy* aren't fresh, but he states them with great emotion.

Wilson's playing has plenty of drive but is devoid of originality. (H.P.)

### Albert Nicholas-Art Hodes

ALBERT NICHOLAS WITH ART HODES' ALL-STAR STOMPERS—Delmark 209: *Farewell Blues; You Gotta See Your Mama Every Night; Lulu's Back in Town; How Long Blues; Shimmeshauwable; Creole Love Call; That's A Plenty; Runnin' Wild; Fidgety Feet.*

Personnel: Nappy Trotter, trumpet; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Nicholas, clarinet; Hodes, piano; Marty Grosz, guitar; Mike Walbridge, tuba; Fred Kohlman, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This album for Delmark, choppy and uneven in spots, fortunately has captured some of O'Brien's best playing in 30 years.

The 59-year-old trombonist is a rugged individualist who has had an unusual career in jazz. While still in high school, he was sitting in with King Oliver's band at the Lincoln Gardens, and it was from Oliver himself that O'Brien says he learned the basic elements of his style. He had been "discovered" by drummer Dave Tough at a University of Chicago fraternity dance in 1921, and from then on he had a close and lasting association with the Austin High School Gang, playing with them, as he says, "every chance I could."

Late in 1922 he traveled with Bix Beiderbecke and saxophonist Dick Voynow to play a theater job in St. Louis, Mo., and the core of the group, minus O'Brien, later became the Wolverines. A few years later O'Brien and Beiderbecke were jamming nightly with Louis Armstrong at the Dreamland.

With these influences and the environment, O'Brien soon developed into one of the top Chicago trombonists. But he did

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JOE HENDERSON  
PAGE ONE

BLP 4140

not record with the first Chicago groups, and neither did he choose to accompany the first migrations of the Chicagoans to New York City in the late 1920s. For these reasons he is seldom considered a first-rank Chicago jazzman.

When he finally traveled to New York in 1933 (with Bud Freeman), he began making up for lost time by doing a spate of recordings: four sides with the 1933 Chocolate Dandies (Max Kaminsky, Benny Carter, Chu Berry, Teddy Wilson, Lawrence Lucie, Bass Hill, Sid Catlett) for the English Parlophone label; four sides with Eddie Condon for French Brunswick; six sides with Fats Waller on Victor; and eight with Mezz Mezzrow on Victor and Brunswick.

His work on these recordings drew warm

praise from early critics, but then, in an unfortunate move, he joined Phil Harris' stage and radio band, ending his chances to be heard as a jazz soloist in the swing era.

Since then, O'Brien has recorded only infrequently, and (excepting the sides with George Wettling for the 1939 *Chicago Jazz* album on Decca), mostly ineffectively.

This session, recorded in the summer of 1959 during Nicholas' visit to Chicago, was, as O'Brien remembers, "one of the most uncomfortable playing experiences I've had. The temperature in the studio must have been around 110 degrees. I couldn't wait to get out of there."

Discomfort or no, O'Brien brings a full measure of musicianship to these tracks, showing an exquisite Bix-like sense for the

warm sound. The phrasing in his solo work (especially on *Runnin' Wild* and *Fidgety Feet*) has a tendency to fall into predictable on-the-beat patterns, reflecting his rustiness, but his ensemble work, with lines that shift in elegance and surprise, makes most other traditional trombonists seem clumsy and offensive clowns. He uses restraint, as well as power and punch, in building ensemble stresses, and he uses mechanisms of time and space that give an Oliver-like swing to the band.

*Shimmeshawabble* opens with provocative statements from Grosz, Hodes, and Nicholas and moves into the ensemble, where O'Brien creates tension by playing sparingly. On *That's A Plenty* Trotter and Nicholas show signs of wear and tear from the forte playing, but O'Brien, using power without strain, swings the band magnificently. Duke Ellington's *Creole Love Call*, the most even track in the album, has moving solo work by Nicholas, Hodes, and O'Brien.

*Mama* is played with a good punching lead by Trotter, but here, as on *Farewell Blues*, I found it difficult to listen to anything but O'Brien working out his counterlines in the ensembles. Grosz and Hodes have a very effective first chorus duet on *How Long*, leading into a beautiful blues chorus by Nicholas.

The rhythm is often choppy, perhaps because of the recording balance, but Grosz and Hodes are excellent throughout.

This is a successful and often exciting album and well worth listening to for O'Brien's horn alone. (G.M.E.)

#### Various Artists

BOSSA NOVA AT CARNEGIE HALL—Audio Fidelity 6101: *One-Note Samba*; *Bossa Nova York*; *Zelao Nao Faz Assim*; *Influencia Do Jazz*; *Manha de Carnaval*; *Manha de Carnaval: A Felicidade*; *Outra Vez*; *Influencia Do Jazz*; *Ah! Se Eu Pudesse*; *Sound of Bossa Nova in New York*; *Barquinho*; *Amor No Samba*; *Passarinho*. Personnel: Track 1—Sergio Mendes Sextet. Track 2—Carmen Costa, vocal; Bola Sete, Jose Paulo, guitars. Track 3—Sergio Ricardo, vocal. Tracks 4, 5—Oscar Castro Neves Quartet. Track 6—Luiz Bonfá, guitar. Tracks 7, 8—Agostinho Dos Santos, vocal; Bonfá; Castro Neves Quartet. Track 9—Joao Gilberto, vocal; Miltoninho (Antonio Da Souza), percussion. Track 10—Carlos Lyra, vocal; Castro Neves Quartet. Track 11—Ana Lucia, vocal; Castro Neves Quartet. Track 12—Caetano Zama, vocal; Castro Neves Quartet. Track 13—Roberto Menescal, vocal; Castro Neves Quartet. Track 14—Normando, vocal; Castro Neves Quartet. Track 15—Chico Feitoso, vocal; Castro Neves Quartet.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This appealing disc preserves many of the better moments that took place at the gigantic bossa nova concert co-sponsored by *Show* magazine and Audio Fidelity records in November, 1962, and which brought just about every major artist in the idiom to the stage of Carnegie Hall. From reports of those attending the concert, not a great deal of what was taking place onstage reached the audience, but the microphones of Audio Fidelity (for whom the concert was apparently primarily staged anyway) caught every nuance, as this album well attests.

The level of the music ranges from medium to high, with honors taken by Gilberto on his warm, intimate *Outra Vez* rendition; guitarist Bonfá's lovely work on the instrumental version of *Manha de Carnaval*; Dos Santos' personal, ingratiating vocals on this same piece and the

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charming *A Felicidade*; Normando's rhythmic *Amor No Samba* vocal; and the pleasantly burry singing of Feitosa on the short *Passarinho*. Just about all the groups and singers perform creditably, however, and in every performance may be found some of the melodic grace and rhythmic vitality that first drew attention to the idiom.

This disc, further, provides a rather broad cross section of the bossa nova form and presents a rich array of performers. Curiously, no single performer dominates either the album or the music—one of the charms of bossa nova is that the music tends to dominate its performers; they serve it, merely using their voices and instrumental skills as the vehicles of its expression.

I do not mean that bossa nova musicians are not individualists—certainly Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfá, Sete, and Dos Santos, among others, are commandingly personal artists—but that their feeling for the music itself virtually borders on reverence, a reverence that permeates every note they sing or play and that causes them to submerge their talents in the fullest expression of the music, to serve it completely. One gets the distinct impression that it is the *music* that is important to them; their personality needs run a very distinct second. And the music benefits greatly from this kind of reverential treatment; it, in fact, positively glows. (P.W.)

## SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

### Carmen McRae

One is moved to wonder why the first side of *Carmen McRae Live at Sugar Hill* (Time 52104) ever was released. The B side is a rare gem, indeed, with Miss McRae caught in the bon homie atmosphere of the San Francisco club; the A tracks do not represent this consummate singer performing as well as she is capable, which, in the opinion of this usually No. 1 fan, is certainly well enough to cut the bejabsers out of every other female singer of jazz and pop material.

In the tracks on the first side Miss McRae is constantly straining, overworking her voice and range, and generally working herself into a frazzle to prove what she must have hoped would be the happiest, most fulfilling, and justified of points. But the actual point, lest we forget, is to sing the material at hand as best and as most effectively as one is capable of within the limitations of one's talent. On the particular night (or nights) when this recording was made, Miss McRae seemed to lack her customary—indeed, legendary—control on many of these songs, threw caution and musical discretion to the winds, and emerged with a less than justifiable example of her normally awesome talent.

Most of the positive notes in the set will be heard in *Let There Be Love*, which opens in loveliness but slips into some disappointment; *This Is All I Ask*, a balladic gem fondled by the singer all the way home; *It Never Entered My Mind*, which

is nothing less than an indigo poem; and a plaintive *Make Someone Happy*.

A pervading positive note, of course, recurs in the essential freedom of such live recording. But sometimes this atmosphere can conceal pitfalls—as it did, in this listener's opinion, here.

The rest of the songs are the opening *Sunday, What Kind of Fool Am I?*, *A Foggy Day*, *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* (a must, let's face it, in the circumstances), *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*, and, 'way down in the second side, *Thou Swell*.

### Vi Redd

A discovery of Leonard Feather, Elvira (Vi) Redd may be more celebrated in some quarters as a better-than-average jazz alto saxophonist than as a vocalist. In *Lady Soul* (Atco 33-157) Miss Redd the singer dominates on all tracks excepting two instrumentals, *Lady Soul*, a deep-digging blues, and the ballad *That's All*. For the rest, her singing clearly reveals that the album title is far from a misnomer.

Miss Redd's chief vocal virtue is her possession of one of the most distinct sounds of any singer today. This is that intangible, a jazz sound; it is undisputable, and it is primarily in this, rather than in more academic vocal attributes, that her strong appeal lies.

This jazz sound is a characteristic she shares with Bill Henderson, among a scant few others, and it can be a very exciting thing.

The selection of songs in this, Miss

Redd's second album, is on the offbeat side and, to these ears, a bit less than satisfactory.

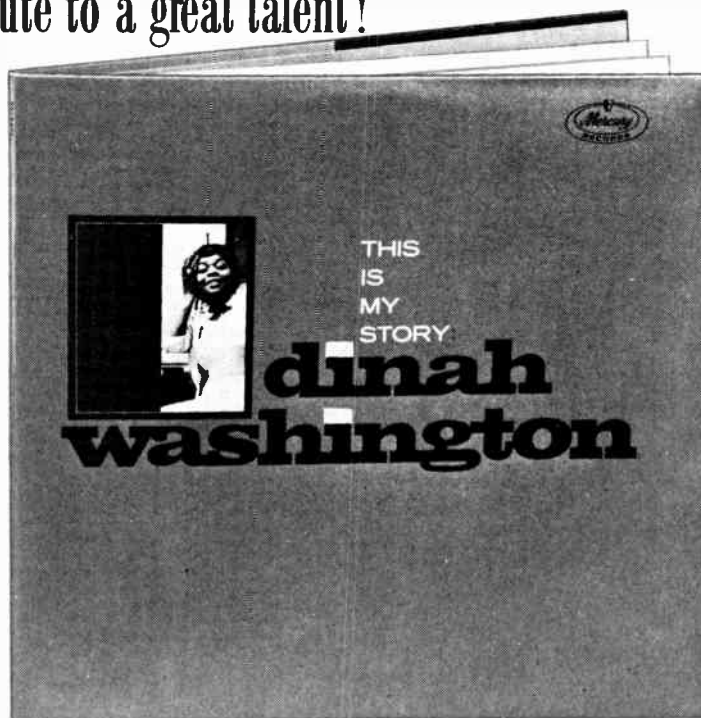
The opener, *We'll Be Together Again*, was a good choice and is probably the best vocal track in the set; similarly, *This Love of Mine* is invested by the singer with a singular tenderness born of her personalized treatment. Other tunes, such as *Yours*; *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*; and *All I Need Is You*, seem unsuitable to the singer's personality.

The two vocal blues in the album, *Salty Papa Blues* and *Evil Gal's Daughter Blues*, are rather pedestrian in treatment and feeling. The one new song included in the set, *Your Love Is Like the Wind*, is a slight but attractive opus by Los Angeles school-teacher Earl Smith, who no doubt found inspiration for its form in *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho*.

The album was recorded in two sessions, one in Hollywood, the other in New York City. For the Hollywood date the personnel consisted of Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone, flute; Barney Kessel, guitar; Jennell Hawkins, organ; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Leroy Henderson, drums. The tracks on which they performed are the title instrumental (in which Miss Redd reveals a hard-hitting, Charlie Parker-derived alto style and sound), *Your Love*, and *Salty Papa*.

The New York tracks include *Next Time You See Me* and the rest of the songs, and the personnel consists of Dick Hyman, organ; Paul Griffin, piano; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; and Dave Bailey, drums.

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# OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

By JOHN S. WILSON

Those who feed on jazz—primarily record companies and concert promoters—have been engaged in a steady campaign of attrition that is reducing a good deal of the music and its manner of presentation to meaninglessness.

Opportunistic concert promoters have for years been throwing miscellaneous assortments of jazz musicians on a stage, with no preparation and little realization of the problems involved, and calling the result a concert.

This, of course, gives the musicians little opportunity to be heard under reasonable circumstances, and it leaves the audience with the feeling that it has been bilked. (Or, at least, one would think that the audience would feel bilked. There is possibly no stronger testimony to the existence of a blind desire to support jazz than the willingness of audiences to come back again and again to concerts that experience must have taught them will be exasperating.)

A contribution of the record industry to the disillusionment of the jazz audience has been its tendency to record anything that comes out of a musician's horn and, what is worse, to release everything—good, bad, and indifferent—that is recorded.

Still another contribution of the record companies is their debasement of the English language in its application to jazz and jazz musicians. The word "genius," for example, has lost all rational meaning, partly as the result of the indiscriminate application of the term by record companies to performers who may be capable but who scarcely merit promotion to Valhalla.

All this leads up to the series of "essential" discs that is now coming out of the Verve record mills.

"Essential," like "genius," is a useful word as long as it has a generally accepted meaning. But it is doing neither the English language nor jazz a service to use it in the blatantly misleading fashion that Verve is doing.

There is an occasional performance in the series that might logically be considered "essential" in the sense that if one were compiling the very cream of a performer's recordings, this performance should be among them. But by and large, the albums in Verve's "essential" series are simply miscellaneous collections that happened to be recorded by Norman Granz for his various labels, or for MGM, which now owns the Granz labels.

Among the recent clutch of "essentials," the most honorable is *The Essential Gerry Mulligan* (Verve 8567), a good collection by any standard and any intent. Possibly only one or two of the selections might be really essential to a full appreciation of Mulligan, but it is a reflection of Mulligan's consistent talent and performance that he has produced so many very good-

to-excellent recordings that only a select few of even these can qualify for the essential category.

Most of this disc is devoted to Mulligan's Concert Jazz Band, which grows increasingly significant as one realizes that it is the only big band formed in the last 10 years that has had a distinctive and viable style. The band's contributions include a wonderfully loose and driving treatment of *Blueport* and, at the opposite end of the velocity spectrum, the gorgeous impressionism of *Manoir des mes rêves* and Mulligan's dark and warmingly grumpy band expansion of one of his early quartet successes, *My Funny Valentine*.

Several small groups are also represented—most notably on *A Ballad* which serves as a focus on Mulligan's brilliant talent as a lyrical composer, extended, in this case, by a performance of matching lyricism by Stan Getz; and a Mulligan quartet (Bob Brookmeyer period) performance of *I*



MULLIGAN

Consistent talent and structural soundness

*Believe in You*, in which Mulligan demonstrates both his ability to take hold of a group and swing it singlehandedly as well as the structural soundness of his solo work.

There also is a Mulligan-Paul Desmond confrontation on *Line for Lyons*, which, in any other collection, might have been of more than passing interest but in this company can only be considered an also-ran.

This disc may not be essential in the full sense of the word, but it is good, representative Mulligan, which is one of the best trademarks in jazz today.

*The Essential Coleman Hawkins* (Verve 8568) is far less representative than the Mulligan set, but it contains several interesting Hawkins performances.

The most remarkable is his unaccompanied solo, *Picasso*, which he did for Granz' *The Jazz Scene* album in the late '40s, a tour de force that still stands unchallenged today.

There are three tracks with trumpeter Roy Eldridge on which Eldridge ranges from listless (*Sunday*) to brilliant (*Hanid*). It is part of Hawkins' great talent that he is rarely thrown by a poor performance (he follows a shaky Eldridge solo on *Sunday* with some tremendously authoritative playing), and he invariably rises to the challenge of a brilliant competitor, as he does in this case on *Hanid*.

The album includes one of Hawkins' innumerable workings-over of *Body and Soul*, a piece that, by now, proves his

mettle because, no matter how many hundreds of times he has played it, he never treats it casually. Here he gives it a fresh surface and finds new depths—a fascinating experience for those who know his earlier interpretations.

To go one step deeper into irrelevance, *The Essential Gene Krupa* (Verve 8571) is neither essential nor representative. Unlike Hawkins, who has remained a vital and creative jazzman all through his long career, Krupa, in the latter stages, has simply survived.

All these selections are from these latter stages—re-creations of his early big-band successes, played competently but with none of the fresh bloom of the originals, and small-group performances that owe more to saxophonist Charlie Ventura or vibist Lionel Hampton than to Krupa.

The mere idea of *The Essential Andre Previn* (Verve 8565) is bound to raise some snickers. This reaction would be less than fair to Previn, but on the basis of this bland album, one would have difficulty discounting such cynicism.

There are seven pieces in which David Rose's strings drone behind Previn and two in which he is involved in a Leonard Feather production based on the stimulating notion that if one assembled Red Mitchell, Whitey Mitchell, and Blue Mitchell in a single group, one could sell the result with a colorfully flag-waving title. That leaves three trio pieces with Red Mitchell and Shelly Manne in which Previn is consistently low man.

Dizzy Gillespie, on his own, is a rather essential person to jazz, but one would scarcely get that notion from *The Essential Dizzy Gillespie* (Verve 8566).

There are three lumpy big-band performances and selections by several different small groups. The only thing that rises above a desultory norm, however, is a startling tenor saxophone solo by Sonny Rollins over a stop-time ensemble on *I Know That You Know*, a tune on which he shares solo space with Gillespie, who plays cliché screams, and tenorist Sonny Stitt, who is very busy.

A closer approximation of Gillespie's potential can be heard on one side of *The Count Basie Band and the Dizzy Gillespie Band at Newport* (Verve 8560), although the trumpeter's attempts at humor are scarcely worth the recording time given to them.

The Basie side of the disc is largely devoted to Joe Williams, who, in good and confident voice, does rockingly well until he gets trapped in the natural banalities of *Smack Dab in the Middle* and the self-constructed banalities of *Roll 'Em, Pete*.

Another reissue from this same 1957 Newport Jazz Festival, *The Oscar Peterson Trio and the Gerry Mulligan Quartet at Newport* (Verve 8559), is of interest not because of the performance by either the Peterson trio or the Mulligan quartet, both of which are passable but scarcely memorable. The single high point is *Sweet Georgia Brown* played by the Teddy Wilson Trio plus Mulligan's baritone. And what a plus Mulligan is! This is a standard, precisely cool Wilson performance until Mulligan moves in and gives it the guts that is one of his dependable contributions to almost any performance.



# BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Since Prestige records announced recently the discontinuance of its Bluesville subsidiary, the burden of providing LP releases of blues recordings once again falls to the small independent labels that initiated the blues revival several years ago. Not having a great deal of money to lavish on the production of a large number of albums, the independents tend to take greater care in the programing, production, and documentation of their discs.

Chris Strachwitz' Arhoolie and Bob Koester's Delmark labels are cases in point. Both men are serious and devoted students of the blues; both have in the past produced some of the most significant and valuable albums in the blues revival. Their most recent releases are fully on a par with their previous accomplishments.

*Carolina Blues*, by Guitar Slim and Jelly Belly—Alex Seward and Louis Hayes, respectively—is one of the most recent albums in Arhoolie's blues reissue program (the catalog number is R-2005). The disc is an attractive compilation of 15 selections the pair of singer-guitarists recorded for various labels in New York in the late 1940s.

Both men are fine representatives of the East Coast blues style—controlled, subdued, and with a greater emphasis on musicianship than is the case with more overtly country-derived blues approaches. What is especially attractive about this set is the delicate interplay of the two guitars.

Of the two singers, the rougher-voiced Hayes is the more interesting. He phrases with a greater rhythmic assurance than does the more wistful sounding Seward (whose voice does emphasize, it must be pointed out, the poignant, dolorous character of many of the songs on this set).

On a number of the pieces, the pair trade verses very effectively, as on *Jail and Buddy Blues*; *Mike and Jerry* (which is an interesting piece documenting the relationship between plowhand and mule); *Travelin' Blues*; the affecting *No More Hard Times*; *Snowing and Raining Blues*; *Ups and Downs Blues*; *Big Trouble Blues*; and *Right and Wrong Woman*. These pieces are perfect dialogues in song, with one singer posing a problem, the other answering him.

The rapport between Hayes and Seward is uncanny; each responds to the other beautifully, and their guitar styles dovetail perfectly (listen to the forceful *Bad Acting Woman* for a breathtaking display of collective instrumental work). But what characterizes this disc most of all is the air of gentle yearning about most of the pieces. The accompaniments are as lambent and sadness-tinged as the vocals.

Poles apart is Delmark's *Mandolin Blues* (DL-606), a happy, boisterous album that features a five-piece blues group billed as "Yank Rachell's Tennessee Jug-Busters," in a program of 10 infectiously swinging blues in a style that might best be described as an updated country dance music, with harmonica player Hammie

Nixon's jug blowing thrown in for good measure (no pun intended).

Singer-leader Rachell is best remembered for his superb blues mandolin work on the old recordings of the original Sonny Boy Williamson and for the vocals he cut for Bluebird beginning in June of 1938 (one of the numbers from his first solo session, *Texas Tommy*, is included in the Delmark collection). These new performances have a relaxed, spontaneous vitality to them—thanks to the splendid rapport that existed among the participants, who include, in addition to Rachell and Nixon, guitarists Sleepy John Estes, Big Joe Williams, and Chicago blues fan Mike Bloomfield (who is heard to excellent advantage on *Bye, Bye, Baby*, in which his flashing guitar lines rise brightly above the churning ensemble).

Rachell sings in a thick, gritty voice that owes much to his association with Williamson but to which he brings his own artistic sensibilities. The program of tunes is a good one, and the over-all feeling of a country houseparty or skiffle session is sustained throughout the album. Good humor rules supreme. Rachell has *Lonesome Blues* all to himself; he backs his appealing vocal with sensitive guitar work that more than occasionally suggests the late Scrapper Blackwell.

The session proved so rousing that Big Joe Williams was prompted to move from the role of accompanist to that of soloist on *Move Your Hand*; he guides it firmly from the very beginning, singing in his by now usual vinegary style.

There can be little doubt that Rachell is a superb blues man on his first instrument, the rarely heard mandolin. Here he leads the group very forcefully with it, its stinging lines darting in and out of the ensemble texture in a series of whipping, astringent embroideries on the melodic lines. His double-time work is especially impressive and creates great excitement.

Another significant blues reissue from Arhoolie is R-2006, *Texas Blues, Vol. 1*, which brings together 14 numbers recorded in the late 1940s and early '50s by the Houston-based Gold Star label.

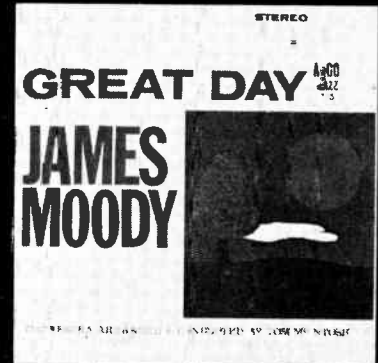
The voice and guitar of Lightnin' Hopkins is the dominant feature of the set, for he is heard in three solo numbers (*Grievance Blues*, the instrumental boogie *Big Mama Jump*, and the touching *Death Bells*) and in support of singer-drummer L. C. Williams on three more selections (*Strike Blues*, *You Never Miss the Water*, and the previously unissued *I Wonder*). The impress of Hopkins is very evident on Williams' singing style: he affects the same brooding, dramatic delivery as the older singer.

Texas barrelhouse pianists are in evidence in the persons of Lee Hunter (whose pleasant *Back to Sante Fe* is by far the most limited performance in the album), Leroy Ervin (his two numbers, *Blue*, *Black and Evil* and *Rock Island Blues* are excellent), and Thunder Smith, former partner of Hopkins, who is heard on *Big Stars Are Falling* and *Sante Fe Blues*.

Two finely wrought numbers by the estimable Lil' Son Jackson, *Gambling Blues* and *Homeless Blues*, round out a well-balanced set.

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# YOLANDE BAVAN BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Yolande Bavan, a tiny, eloquent girl with a typically clipped Indian type of British accent, surprised herself and the rest of the music community in 1962 by replacing another British girl, Annie Ross, in the most popular jazz vocal group, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross.

Miss Bavan is a well-traveled young lady (and I do mean lady). Born 28 years ago in Colombo, Ceylon, she has worked in England and the Far East. She first went to Britain in 1956 to work as a singer but was offered a part in a television play and soon became a full-time actress, appearing with the Old Vic company, playing Cleopatra in the Shaw play.

Since her accidental return to singing, she has come to realize that George Gershwin and Harold Arlen types of ballads are not her only bag, as she suspected, and that her range runs about a 10th higher than she had ever dreamed it could go. ("But still I'm scared that some night I'll open my mouth and nothing will come out," she says.)

This was her first *Blindfold Test*. As is often the case, the results tell as much about the listener as they do about the records played, concerning which she was given no prior information.



## THE RECORDS

1. Johnny Hartman-John Coltrane. *Autumn Serenade* (Impulse). Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Elvin Jones, drums; Hartman, vocal.

I really have no idea who the singer was. There were traces of Billy Eckstine-type thing in the lower register. . . . Sort of a John Coltrane kind of sound to the horn.

I liked it because I think I'm an incurable romantic. You know, anything to do with seasons like autumn; and I liked the saxophone for what it was for that particular song. I didn't like what the drummer did with the brushes, they were too thumpy. Three stars.

2. Swingle Singers. *Fugue in D Major* (from *Bach's Greatest Hits*, Philips).

Are they the Swingle Singers? I know they have this album of Bach out. . . . It's a nice sound, but, you know, Leonard, I think I'm a *horrible* purist. I don't like to categorize music as classical or jazz, but I have to do so in order to make a point: I never did like the idea of classical things being done any other way than the way they were written. To me it's sacrilegious. It would be like a little minor group in Ceylon or India taking a composition, say, by Dizzy Gillespie or Duke Ellington and sort of tearing it apart, by sort of putting fantastic other rhythms to it and not giving it full justice.

It's a nice over-all sound—I always wanted to sing like that—clear, like a bell, like an angel, with nice sustained notes.

For the voices—they're beautiful voices—I just don't like the idea—for the voices, three stars, but for the idea, nothing.

3. Duke Ellington. *Pyramid* (from *Afro-Bossa*, Reprise).

God bless Duke Ellington. If it isn't Ellington, God bless whoever emulated him! I love it. The reed section is just beautiful. How can I describe? When you go through the jungle, you see all these

plants—they're all distinct—and yet together so much.

Because I think it's Ellington, and because it sounds like his kind of writing, to me, five, because he cannot do *anything* wrong.

My most exciting three weeks, musically speaking, were spent with Ellington at Basin Street East. What an education!

4. Annie Ross. *You Took Advantage of Me* (from *A Gasser*, World Pacific). Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Miss Ross, vocal.

Now you're really putting me in a spot! That's Annie, of course, I think what Annie did with instrumental solos, and the lyrics she put to things like *Twisted*, *Farmer's Market*, were wonderful. I don't think anybody ever can do that like she can.

I have to say I've never thought of her, really, as a solo singer. Because there are other singers who can do that job but can never do what Annie did. Like I could never do what Annie did with the group. Her voice is so much more flexible than a lot of vocalists'.

I wasn't mad about her singing alone. . . . I'm crazy about her doing revue material—now, Annie's superb in this, and she's marvelous with the group, but as a solo singer she doesn't really move me.

I don't know who was on the record. Oh, I liked the feel of it—it was a nice record, very relaxing, comfortable. I liked the song, very female to always say that men do take advantage of women.

For sentimental reasons, because of the position I'm in, having replaced Annie, I would give it four.

5. Joe Harriott. *Modal* (from *Abstract*, Capitol). Shake Keane, trumpet; Harriott, alto saxophone, composer.

That was all right, but it didn't move me. I'm sorry—is it sacrilegious to say that? No? I have heard better things done of that style. You know, that slow, beauti-

ful, easy style. Gil Evans is wonderful when it comes to scoring things for that mood, and his combination with Miles has been the two that offset that thing so beautifully. This trumpet had sort of a Miles flavor.

I can't even say. . . . Well, let's see—two?


(Later): You mean that was Joe Harriott? I worked with him in London! I loved him when he used to swing!

6. Lena Horne. *Island in the West Indies* (from *Lena Like Latin*, Charter). Miss Horne, vocal.

Unmistakably Lena Horne. This woman is, to use an American phrase, too much. We had the pleasure of being asked to do a benefit concert which she organized for Martin Luther King's movement, and Jon, Dave, and I and the rhythm section flew down to Atlanta, Ga. . . . I watched her rehearse. It's the first time I've ever seen her in person, ever, and she walked directly across the stage and came over to where I was sitting and she said, "So *you* are who they are all talking about." And we starting talking.

This woman is so beautiful. Everything she does is so beautiful—she's so complete as an entertainer. I think she also sings so well. So many people don't think of her as a singer but as an entertainer. sexy, glamorous, who gets up there and puts on a show; but she does some beautiful things—*All Too Soon* . . . some of those Duke Ellington things—so beautifully.

You know, I have improved on the stage, visually, after watching her. The whole thing: her enunciation, her diction, her sense of timing is marvelous. She only has to pause one fraction of a second before a word and 20 different meanings of that word come into one's mind.

I wasn't really mad about this song, as such; she has done much more exciting things. but being Lena Horne, and because I love her so much, four. 

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Stan Getz

## Count Basie—Jimmy Rushing

Philharmonic Hall, New York City

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Tommy Williams, bass; Maurice Mark, drums. Don Rader, Al Aarons, Fip Ricard, Sonny Cohn, trumpets; Henry Coker, Bill Hughes, Grover Mitchell, trombones; Frank Wess, Marshall Royal, Frank Foster, Eric Dixon, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Buddy Catlett, bass; Sonny Payne, drums; Rushing vocals.

A review of Getz is not called for here, coming so soon on the heels of the review of his Hunter College appearance (*DB*, Jan. 2), but suffice it to say the group's performance was, again, on a high level. Much of the material coincided with that of the Hunter concert. Charlie Parker's (or Miles Davis', as some musicians claim) *Donna Lee* was an exception.

The Basie band, too, performed consistently well, but there were the annoying habits its members have fallen into that took away from the enjoyment as the program went on. There is sameness of material, over-repetition of old material (how many times must we hear *Blee Blop Blues*?), and no real chance for the soloists to stretch out. Today, on one hand, there are the excesses of 25-minute solos, but in Basie's domain, before a man has stepped out of the ranks to blow in front of the band, he seems to be making his way back to his seat.

Foster's tenor saxophone sounded authoritative whenever he soloed, as on *Splank*, *This Could Be the Start of Something Big* (a good arrangement), his own *Blues in Hoss' Flat*, and *Jumpin' at the Woodside*.

Dixon's tenor was heard on *Something Big* and *Blee Blop*, and he was also involved in a three-flute exposition of *Swingin' Shepherd Blues* with Wess and Fowlkes.

Among the trumpets, Cohn delivered the muted specialty on *L'l Darlin'* competently, and Aarons was properly hot and raucous in *Hoss' Flat*, but the honors went to Rader for his fiery, boppish work on *Woodside* and *Blee Blop*. When he blows, he looks like Johnny (Scat) Davis and sounds like Red Rodney.

Coker handled his assignments with his customary professional ease on *Hoss' Flat*, an unnamed blues, and a short stint on *What Kind of Fool Am I?* And *Fool* was a feature vehicle for Royal's treacherous alto. With neither the sound nor imagination of a Johnny Hodges or Benny Carter, he reduces the general style to a syrupy tedium.

At the end of the evening, Rushing came on for a medley that included *Mr. Five by Five*, *I Want a Little Girl*, *Sent for You Yesterday*, *Goin' to Chicago*, and *Someday, Sweetheart*. Wess had a good tenor solo on *Yesterday*, and Rader shone on *Sweetheart*. Rushing was hard to hear.

If I hadn't been sitting in the fourth row, I doubt if I could have made out what he was singing. I heard the band very well, but others, in various parts of the house, had conflicting opinions about the sound. It seems that where you sit determines how you like the acoustics in Philharmonic Hall. It is not just a matter of sitting near or far, however.

Rushing was good, but he was not in top form. Only on *Chicago* did he get a real Rushing groove going.

The finale brought Getz out to solo on *One O'Clock Jump* in front of the Basie band. Though he swung, he seemed to be straining much too hard.

The Basie performance was enjoyable, to a point. (Although he threw sticks in the air, even Payne played discreetly.) But one couldn't help thinking how much more enjoyable, and apropos, his program would have been at a dance. The next time he undertakes a concert performance, Basie should plan some new material.

—Ira Gitler

## Jackie Paris-Anne Marie Moss

The Number 3, Boston

Personnel: Paris, Miss Moss, vocals; Bobby Degen, piano; Russell Best, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

The ability to overwhelm is of inestimable value in a town where resistance to jazz runs high. Such talent served Paris and Miss Moss (Mrs. Paris) extremely well as they brought their hard-driving, hard-swinging act into Boston's posh Number 3.

Their recent engagement revealed a professionalism of many facets running from poignant, wistful solo singing, through humor both slapstick and sophisticated, to the high-powered unison shouting and exciting contrapuntal lines that show a deep-rooted jazz orientation.

Displaying slick and for the most part tasteful material, including off-beat originals and neglected standards, Jackie and Anne Marie put on an exhibition of perpetual motion that barely left room for applause.

The act boasts at least four complete, well-paced sets, each of which bears their rewarding trademark: painstaking rehearsal that finds every gesture, grimace, and syllable in place. Yet, because of its jazz flavor, the routines seem highly flexible and radiate a seeming spontaneity that is refreshing.

The meticulous concern for detail extends to the arrangements. Their intricacies

are enough to tax any house trio, but once the rough spots have been smoothed over, the totality of sound—vocals plus rhythm—is overpowering.

The night of review was particularly crucial: Paris had learned only the day before that his regular pianist would not be able to join him in Boston. Fortunately, Degen was secured, and the talented 20-year-old not only swung but negotiated the constant tempo changes and modulations too. The trio was rounded out by Best, whose booming walking bass provided body to the loose-swinging rhythm section, and Dawson, a dependable cutter of shows and a drummer who loves to punctuate vocal or melodic lines.

Opening strong, the Parises punched out a long, up-tempo medley, *You Do Something to Me*, imperceptibly slid into *You Are My Lucky Star*, and closed with *Cherry*.

A change of pace found a complete reversal of mood as Miss Moss soloed on *In the Wee Small Hours*. What she lacked in beauty of tone, she more than compensated for with a sensitive feeling for the lyrics. The same understanding, plus a rhythmic intensity, was evident in her other solo on *Getting to Know You*.

Paris' solos were as visual as they were musical. Using his body to "squeeze out" words, he positioned himself at precarious, back-bending angles while offering *More Than You Know* and a clever Bobby Scott number, *After Dark*. As a stylist, Paris is first rate, and on blues or up-tempo numbers he can belt with conviction.

When singing together, the duo kept busy. Miss Moss frequently wove ligatos to her husband's vocals. Paris' voice is basically high-pitched, and on many of their unison passages, Miss Moss employed an effective falsetto, stretching their combined range to unusual heights.

Their timing and phrasing, whether using falsetto or singing in unison or in harmony, were flawless. These qualities were most evident in the novelty, *Julius Caesar*. They mugged, satirized, constantly shifted about and acted out their parts, always swinging. Back to back, they interrupted each other with split-second precision and then suddenly came face to face, employing a sure comic touch.

Great crowd-pleasers, Jackie and Anne Marie. The rapport they established with the clientele is a significant step forward in the earnest attempts by the Number 3 to bring in talent who match the decor.

There's no happier circumstance than a swinging act in a swinging club.

—Harvey Siders

Mass and Paris: poignant, wistful . . . slapstick and sophisticated



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## BIG JOE from page 25

Until 1935, when he started recording regularly for Bluebird records, Big Joe continued to lead the hand-to-mouth existence of the wandering blues man, moving restlessly from town to town, turpentine camp to logging camp, playing for crowds at dances, suppers, in front of stores, on side-walks, wherever, in fact, his nimble fingers and ringing voice could coax a few pennies out of his listeners' pockets and into his hands. He lived off women when he could.

"I'd go wherever the money was," he said. "I'd hear of a good job and I'd go there."

Recording for Bluebird, Williams achieved a measure of stability and financial security. He was one of the most expressive country blues performers to record for the label, with a whole series of rough, passionate, and darkly powerful performances to his credit—*Little Leg Woman*; *49 Highway Blues*; *Baby, Please Don't Go* (perhaps his best-known number, though he will occasionally credit its composition to the fine St. Louis singer Signifyin' Mary Johnson); *Rootin' Ground Hog*; *Peach Orchard Mama*; *Crawlin' King Snake*; and *Someday, Baby* are among them. He also accompanied such artists as singer-harmonica player Sonny Boy Williamson, singer-guitarist Robert Lee McCoy, and mandolinist-singer James (Yank) Rachell on their recordings for the label.

Of Williams' work from this period Sam Charters wrote in his book *The Country Blues*: "His singing still had the irregular rhythm of the field songs, and he accompanied his shouted verses with an arresting, dramatic guitar style."

Prior to his recording for Bluebird, Williams had moved to St. Louis, staying with his close friend, singer-guitarist Charlie Jordan.

"Me and Charlie Jordan had a club in St. Louis," he recalled. "A rehearsing club. We had so many members—Peetie Wheatstraw, Big Bill Broonzy were members at one time—we had to pay a dollar a week to this club. That was for paper, writing songs . . . just like going to school. We had over 100 members in the club. That's where we would do our rehearsing when we were getting ready to go into a studio anywhere. We had those songs ready over a month ahead of time. We rehearsed every Sunday, sometimes through the week till we got those songs down pat.

"Charlie Jordan and I kept this going. Jordan was on a lot of Peetie Wheatstraw's records. He was acting as a sort of talent scout for different record companies. He was a little

crippled fellow, had got shot in the spine. He took busloads of singers to New York and everywhere. He would get so much for each performer he brought in, and he would also get to play for the recording sessions too. Charlie had a good education; he could write anything.

"We had this club up till around 1954. Then Charlie died. We had Mary Johnson in it, Henry Brown, St. Louis Jimmy Oden, Roosevelt Sykes, Memphis Minnie McCoy, Curtis Jones, Alice Moore, Hop Head Henry, fellow named Neckbone, my cousin J. D. Short, Casey Bill Weldon. Every one of them older guys came to St. Louis before they came to Chicago. All of them were in this club.

"Charlie had started it in 1925 or '26, he told me. He had the club when I came to St. Louis. Charlie and I lived together. He was staying with me until about two weeks before he died. The club met at Charlie's house; we had a special room there for that. Charlie and I used to help the other people with their songs. I'd make the words up and Charlie would write them down."

The end of World War II signified the end, also, of Williams' recording for Bluebird. The record market was changing, the older blues styles being supplanted by the emerging rhythm-and-blues approaches of the younger performers. He made a number of recordings for Columbia records in 1947, but they sold poorly. Following this, he moved back to St. Louis from Chicago, to slip into a life of relative obscurity broken only by an occasional single release on labels like Bullet, Trumpet, and Vee Jay.

The so-called blues revival of the past few years has brought a measure of acclaim—but not a great deal of financial gain—to the aging singer. The several LP recordings he has made for the Delmark, Arhoolie, Folkways, and Bluesville labels have served to introduce his singing and the strange, mournful sound of his nine-string guitar to the young white folk-music audience. (The obscurity into which he had settled was so complete, in fact, that critic Whitney Balliett took him for a new, unknown singer when his first LPs were released.)

Things don't look too bright for the singer in the near future; jobs will remain scarce, the money short, but Big Joe keeps his own counsel and never complains about the lack of work opportunities. He's scuffled a long time, played when and where he could, and has hustled for bucks when he couldn't make it on his music. And that's what he'll continue to do. He can't do otherwise—and probably wouldn't if he could.



# SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

The session was in full swing at Ryan's. The 52nd St. club was narrow and long . . . open the door and start walking—it's up-the-aisle style, with the bar to your right and telephone booths to your left. (Don't bother looking; they've torn it down. The joint died from "improvements.") Ryan's front room was up ahead, and if you kept on walking, you wound up on the bandstand, which was adequate . . . upright piano at one end, drums set up at the other. In between, you could house a dozen musicians—sometimes did.

This particular afternoon the place was packed. When you reached the front, you recognized the regulars and the hosts: affable Jimmy Ryan, one-time Broadway boy hooper, and Milt Gabler of Commodore records fame (later Decca). Actually doing all the leg work and eventually running the whole bit was Jack Crystal, the kind of guy you'd get to know as a good guy.

Back 20 years, that street jumped. Talk about talent. On a clear day (night) you could get run over with greats. Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, Red Allen and Higgy, Frankie Newton, Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Pee Wee, Wild Bill, Lips Page, Barney Bigard, John Kirby's group, Red McKenzie, Marsala, Mezz . . . on and on. The Onyx Club, the Famous Door, Three Dueces, Kelly's Stables, Hickory House. New York supported at least a dozen jazz spots, besides the places in the Village and the outlying territory. The sessions at Ryan's were new but immediately successful. It was a time when people showed up. . . .

Eddie Condon and I were chewing the fat, out front. You had to get outside to discover your lungs; besides, it was intermission time. Just about then, a trumpeter came out for a breath, and we couldn't help overhear him say, "I wish I'd brought my own horn . . . or at least my mouthpiece; couldn't make it on his horn." That set Eddie off; he looked around and then turned to me and said, "I remember Bix. Man, he would make it on anybody's horn." That kind of stuck to my hearing, and it seemed to me then (and now) that we were getting a bit soft and away from the truth. Bix had had so little time to play the way he wanted and with the musicians he valued that it didn't occur to him to worry (certainly not voice it) about the discomforts. It brings to mind a memory of Wingy Manone, with his one arm, blowing his

horn as often as possible—anywhere, anytime. There was a story about a band traveling through, on bus, slowing up at some forsaken town, and there, on the outskirts, was Wingy, sitting on a curb, blowing his horn to himself.

Maybe I wasn't listening, but I can't recall ever hearing about his mouthpiece or embouchure. Armstrong at the Savoy, with Carroll Dickerson's band, didn't have the use of the mikes, pickups, and acoustics of today, and he had to be heard clear across that ballroom and was. I've been in that back room many a time when Louis and Joe Oliver and Wingy would be talking. Sometimes Louis would mention his chops, but no complaints. He just blew and told his story.

Today, the business has got a bit on



the mysterious side. You read liner notes on an album where it quotes the featured artist saying, "This is in the nature of an experiment." This is hard for me to visualize; within 20 years we have come to the point where musicians can get paid while experimenting.

You have to realize that in our heyday if you got to a recording studio, it was for real, for sure. Your backers were certain. Experiment? You did all that on your way up to "the now." In dozens of joints.


Does the name Sid Catlett ring a bell? What he did with one foot and one bass drum is being accomplished by very few drummers who're using two (of each). Trombonist Miff Mole told me this bit: Sid and Miff were working at Jazz, Ltd., in Chicago. Something prompted Catlett to say, "Man, just remember: when you're playing here, you've reached the top."

In some ways, the present is a definite improvement over the past; in others, doubts creep in. I recall a date I cut with a combo. Truck Parham was on bass (this is what I call a going concern, a winner). The equipment was the best available. The man said, "These mikes will pick up anything." And they did. We ran through a number and then heard it back. I noticed I could hear myself patting my foot. So, when we did a take, off came the shoes, and somehow I just didn't get the same feel, but what are you going to do? Well, those tender pickups recorded stocking feet. So, you don't tap; it's a good date; the man gets his highs and lows; we get paid. It's over, and the money is spent. The recording is nice; lots of people like it.

Maybe I'm too critical, but I remember what Muddy Waters was overheard to say. It had happened at a place he was working, and Muddy had just

gassed everybody. It was closing, and folks were going home. Muddy was good-nighting. "Now, folks, don't forget to come back," he said. "The sure-enough is here." And I'm concerned about losing the sure-enough.

Go back as far as you like—to the very beginnings in jazz. You'll find that the jazz people were making this music on any instrument they could lay hands on. Before store-bought instruments were available, they made their own; bass on a jug, fiddle on a cigar box with broom-stick handle plus gut string, washboard drums, kazoolike toys to express the lead melody. People were saying something on anything they could find; the lack of a lacquered horn didn't keep you from telling your story. That was the big thing—the story.


So today is a new day; we have the wherewithal. Great. It's a new world acoming. Progress. Only let's not lose purpose. The message is the thing; that's first—not what you use to say it on. Both important, but in that order. It's the story of the big band that arrived on the gig, but its library got lost in the shuffle. Problems. Now, if that band was hearing that music as they were playing it night after night (off the sheet), chances are they'd still be able to hear enough of it to go on and play the gig. The book is important, but let's never forget the music. 

## DINAH *from page 15*

ord dates than Quincy Jones, her a&r man at Mercury; yet no one loved her more.

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# ANNUAL ARRANGER- COMPOSER ISSUE

The Feb. 27 Down Beat goes on sale  
at newsstands Thursday, Feb. 13

## AD LIB from page 10

pianist **Patti Bown**, bassist **Earl May**, and drummer **Grady Tate**. Singer **Ocie Smith** did some standing-in.

Tenor men **Zoot Sims** and **Al Cohn** made the Half Note a happy place at holiday time with **Dave Frishberg**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Mel Lewis**, drums. After the New Year, drummer **Mousey Alexander** returned, and **Lewis** opened with the **Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band** at Birdland . . . Pianist **Marian McPartland's** trio has replaced **Teddy Wilson's** threesome at the **Strollers'**, the club that features the witty satire of *The Establishment*. Bassist **Tommy Williams** and drummer **Arthur Edgehill** (a holdover from **Wilson**) round out the **McPartland** three.

Trombonist **Eddie Bert** and bassist **Aaron Bell**, both residents of **Mount Vernon, N.Y.**, have started a series of Sunday concerts at the **Mount Vernon YMHA** under the title of the **Westchester Jazz Cultural Association**. The first concert, a benefit for the **National Association for the Advancement of Colored People**, featured sets by pianist **Billy Taylor** (with **Bell** and drummer **Dave Bailey**); pianist **Ray Bryant** (with bassist **Tommy Bryant** and drummer **Oliver Jackson**); and a group made up of **Bert**, trumpeter **Clark Terry**, and tenor man **Paul Gonsalves** backed by the **Bryant** trio. Sitters-in included pianist **Jimmy Jones** and drummer **Ray Mosca**.

Drummer **Barry Miles** is rehearsing a youthful group with **John Coates**, piano; **Jimmy Owens**, trumpet, fluegelhorn; **Andy Marsala**, alto, soprano, tenor saxophones; and **Eddie Gomez**, bass. Just a couple of years ago, the latter three were members of **Marshall Brown's** Newport Youth Band. **Miles**, 16, is the youngest in the group . . . **Charlie Mingus** will do sound tracks for two movies to be produced by **Gilles Groulx** of the **National Film Board of Canada**. One half-hour movie is to be about jazz, and prominent jazz musicians will be interviewed in it. This film will be privately financed but technically supported by the **National Film Board**. It will be distributed throughout the world. The second picture is to be a drama, produced and financed in its entirety by the **NFB**.

**Orchestra U.S.A.** began its 1964 concert series at the **Brooklyn Academy of Music** on Jan. 3 with new works by **John Lewis** and **Gunther Schuller** and selections from **Igor Stravinsky**, **Mozart**, **Charles Ives**, **Schubert-Webern**, **Dvorak**, **Hans Werner Henze**, and **Darius Milhaud**. The concert also marked the **New York** premiere of **Schuller's Journey into Jazz**. The narrative, written by **Nat Hentoff**, was delivered by **Skitch Henderson**. It had its first performance

at the **Washington Jazz Festival** in **May, 1962**. The orchestra will appear in subsequent **Academy of Music** concerts on **Feb. 7, March 13, and April 24**.

The **Town Casino, Buffalo, N.Y.**, long a stronghold for top show-business names, has adopted a jazz policy. During **January Miles Davis, Maynard Ferguson, Count Basie, and Dizzy Gillespie** played the main room. Local tenor man, **Don Menza**, formerly with **Ferguson**, heads the group in the lounge.

### EUROPE

Bandleader **Karel Vlach** has been awarded the title **Artist of Merit** by the **Czechoslovakian** government, probably the first time a jazz musician has been so distinguished in that country. **Vlach** established himself as a bandleader in 1938 and is still in top position in his country. Though his earlier bands emulated **Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton**, etc., he has found his own distinctive style in the last few years.

Trumpeter **Donald Byrd** played with **Ronnie Ross** in **Munich, Germany**, at the **Jazz Gallery**, which belongs to saxophonist-painter **Hans Koller**. **Koller** has written a concert suite that was performed with the brass section of the **Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra** last month . . . American bass player **Jimmy Woode** recently participated in one of the popular workshop concerts on **German** radio and television produced by **Hans Gertberg**.

**Philips** records plans to record **German** tenor saxophonist **Klaus Doldinger** at the **Blue Note** in **Paris** . . . Tenorist **Johnny Griffin** recently took part in a session at the **Berlin Blue Note** with **British** saxophonist-vibraharpist **Tubby Hayes**.

Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham** has been in **Scandinavia** for two months. He has played in **Copenhagen, Denmark**, and **Gothenburg and Stockholm, Sweden**. He is completing an engagement in **Oslo, Norway**. **Dorham** goes from **Oslo** to **Bergen, Norway**, for another two weeks before opening in **Berlin** for a fortnight. He may play **Paris' Blue Note** before returning to **States**. He said he hopes, on his return, to organize a group that would include altoist **Jackie McLean** and tenorist **Joe Henderson**.

**Leo Wright** also has concluded a month of successful engagements in **Bergen and Oslo**. He was accompanied there by **Tore Sandnaes**, piano; **Bjorn Pedersen**, bass; and **Jon Christensen**, drums. This trio also accompanied tenorist **Dexter Gordon** a few weeks earlier. Both **Gordon** and **Wright** said they were happy with the group, particularly with **Christensen** . . . **Norwegian** pianist **Ola Calmeyer** has returned to **Oslo** after spending almost 12 years in the **United States**. He plans to

stay in Norway for some time.

The first jazz LP produced in Norway, *Metropol Jazz*, has been released. Guitarist **Thor Dynna** assembled almost 50 musicians and vocalists **Karin Krog** and **Laila Dalseth**, and in three evenings they recorded 12 tracks with 12 different groups.

### NEW ORLEANS

**Armand Hug** has crossed the Mississippi for an indefinite engagement at the 300 Club in Gretna, La. . . . **Sam Anselmo** and **Walter Noto**, co-owners of the Dream Room, were so encouraged by response to a Monday night appearance of the **Glenn Miller Band** led by **Ray McKinley** that they are courting other bands for similar dates—most notably **Woody Herman's** . . . Drummer **Paul Ferrara** is back at the Famous Door with **Mike Lala's** band. He replaces **Darryl Prechter**, who joined a traveling variety combo . . . Singer **Carol Tess** subbed admirably with the **Lloyd Alexander** big band while **Cecile Lauri** was on maternity leave . . . Clarinetist-altoist **Don Suhor** played several nights with **Al Hirt's** band while **Pee Wee Spitelera** underwent treatment for injuries suffered in an auto accident.

**Hoagy Carmichael** sent a set of **Bix Beiderbecke's** cuff links to the Jazz Museum. They will be placed next to the Beiderbecke cornet . . . Guitarist **Bill Huntington** is back in town after several months at a night club in Oakland, Calif. . . . Pfc. **Buddy Prima** spent the Christmas holidays in New Orleans and then returned to Ft. Meade, Md., to tour with the Second Army Showcase . . . Trumpeter **Willard Gray**, recently released from the service, was added to the **Leon Kelner Blue Room** band for the **Tommy Sands** show. **Nancy Sinatra**, singer **Sands' wife**, in town during the kidnaping of **Frank Sinatra Jr.**, remained in seclusion during her younger brother's disappearance, but the **Sands** show went on as usual.

Ched's Tower Lounge is spotlighting two tasteful, jazz-oriented groups. The **Encores**—**Jack Hebert**, piano; **Bob Douglas**, bass, vocals; and **Charlie Murphy**, drums—offer fashionably hip instrumentals and vocals. The **Continental**—**Ronnie Abel**, accordion; **Jay Hefner**, piano; **Amato Rodriguez**, bass; and **Lou Dillon**, drums—specialize in standards and Latin tunes . . . Bassist **Joe Hebert**, who circulated regularly among modern groups here, was spotted on a **Hootenanny** telecast recently with the **Village Stompers**, a New York revivalist group . . . An AMA meeting in Portland, Ore., was animated by a lecture on jazz by N.O. surgeon and sometime guitarist **Dr. Edmond Souchon**. **Souchon** also played in an all-doctor jazz band that called itself the **Docs** of

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**Dixieland.** But the medical profession is not unique in its interest in jazz. Last year Jazz Museum director **Clay Watson** was invited to speak at a morticians' convention. Subject: The role of jazz in funeral processions.

#### CLEVELAND

**Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** drew a standing ovation from an audience of singers, musicians, and recording and network officials for their long vocal performance of **John Coltrane's Mr. P.C.** at Leo's Casino. The greatest surprise, and success, was the uninhibited scat singing by **Yolande Bavan** . . . Prof. **Donald J. Shetler** introduced a jazz course into the Western Reserve University curriculum this fall. Assignments included books, records, and many live performances . . . **Louis Armstrong** and His All-Stars appeared at the annual Mid-America Boat Show in Cleveland's Public Hall Jan. 11-19, playing four jazz concerts daily from the box of a simulated ocean liner . . . **George Peters** moved his trio from a long and successful engagement at Harvey's Hideaway to the Tangier Restaurant in Akron. The trio includes Peters, piano, vocals; **Noel McClure**, bass; and **Jimmy Durrough**, drums. The trio also has a weekly radio show on WJMO, for which guest stars are added.

**Donald King**, Corner Tavern owner, imported a new Grotrian-Steinweg grand piano from Germany at a reported cost of \$5,000 and hired the **Wynton Kelly Trio**, the **Three Sounds**, and the **Kenny Burrell Quartet** to break it in over the holiday fortnight. The Sounds (**Gene Harris**, piano; **Andrew Simpkins**, bass, and **Bill Dowdy**, drums) alternated sets with Kelly's trio (Kelly, piano; **Paul Chambers**, bass; and **Jimmy Cobb**, drums) during the second week, after playing opposite guitarist Burrell's group (with **Will Davis**, piano; **Martin Rivera**, bass; and **Bill English**, drums) for the first. Burrell's appearance was his first in Cleveland in eight years . . . During **Duke Ellington's** three-week engagement at the Golden Key Club, the club presented no-alcohol, reduced-price concerts for students every Sunday afternoon. The management plans to make the youth concerts a regular feature. Ellington also appeared twice on the Westinghouse network's *Mike Douglas Show* . . . Union troubles halted the Sunday presentations of **Weasel Parker's** big band at the Lucky Bar.

**Gunther Schuller** conducted members of the Oberlin College Wind Ensemble and the Oberlin Jazz Club in a recent concert of his works at the college's conservatory of music. The program, co-sponsored by the conservatory and the jazz club, included the *Symphony for Brass and Percussion, Op. 16* (1950), and *Variants on a Theme of Thelonious*

*Monk*, featuring jazz club president **Ed Schwartz** on tenor and alto saxophones and bass clarinet.

#### DETROIT

The opening of Detroit's Playboy Club has provided steady work for nine local musicians. Pianist **Matt Michaels** has a trio in the Penthouse. His bassist is **Dan Pliskow**, and the drummer is **Art Mardigan**. The Playroom features **Hal McKinney**, bassist **Dan Jordan**, and drummer **George Goldsmith**. Downstairs, in the Living Room, there is the **Vince Mance Trio**. Mance, **Nick Fiore**, and **Gene Stewart** are on piano, bass, and drums, respectively. Michaels has been named music director for the club.

**Joe McClurg**, former owner of the now-defunct Minor Key, is running an all-night jazz show on WGPR-FM. . . The personnel of vibist **Jack Broken-sha's** quartet was changed because two members joined groups at the Playboy. **Jim Miller** replaced Mardigan on drums, and bassist Jordan was replaced by **Vance Mattlock** . . . Baritone saxophonist **Pepper Adams** has been booked for a 10-day engagement at the Drome in early March . . . Pending the outcome of a decision by the Liquor Commission, the format of Upstairs at Mr. Kelly's is still uncertain. If no liquor is allowed, it will be Detroit's newest jazz room, coffee-house style.

#### CHICAGO

Jazz activity in the Windy City has settled into the post-holiday doldrums, with the one bright spot in the dearth being provided by McKie's continued booking of top jazz acts. A recent bill at the south-side spot had saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** and trombonist **Benny Green** sharing the bandstand with organist **Baby Face Willette**, who came into the club for three weeks following an engagement at the Moroccan Village on S. Cottage Grove. The gig was the organist's first since his recent release from prison. Following Stitt-Green-Willette is the **John Coltrane Quartet**, which opens at McKie's Feb. 5 for two weeks . . . Trumpeter **Gene Shaw**, one of the prime movers in the recent opening of the Olde East End club on Stony Island Ave. on the south side, has been playing better and better as he gets his lip back in shape . . . Currently ensconced at the London House is trombonist **J. J. Johnson**, to be succeeded Feb. 17 by the **Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet**.

Among the participants in the recent Home for the Harris Quads benefit program at the Arie Crown Theater in McCormick Place were comedian **Dick Gregory**, who acted as master of ceremonies; the **Red Saunders Band**; the 125-voice **New Friendship Baptist Church Choir**; the **Jazz Interpreters** (a

sextet composed of trumpeter **Cleo Griffin**, altoist-leader **George Patterson**, tenor saxophonist **Charles Kennard**, pianist **Gerald Caison**, bassist **Donnie Clark**, and drummer **Willie Collins**); and a bevy of popular entertainers . . . The teenage Dixieland band, the **Windjammers**, began an unlimited engagement (every Friday night) on the showboat Sari-S, moored on the Chicago River at Ontario St. The band also made a TV appearance in mid-January on WBBM-TV, the local CBS outlet . . . A recent surprise visitor was pianist **John (Knocky) Parker**, who revealed his plans to record the complete piano works of **Jelly Roll Morton** in a multi-LP set for **Ewing D. Nunn's** Audiophile records in nearby Saukville, Wis.

Lovely songstress **Lurlean Hunter**, one of the performers on WBBM's daily radio music show *The Music Wagon*, was signed to an exclusive recording contract by Mercury records' Smash subsidiary. The singer has been active in the recording of radio and television commercials in recent years, in addition to her regular club work . . . Vocalist **Nancy Wilson's** recent McCormick Place concert with the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet** was a sellout. While here the singer also signed a contract to appear at Mister Kelly's in June. The concert marked the last appearance of multi-reed man **Yusef Lateef** with the Adderley group.

Blues authority **Sam Charters** (*The Country Blues*, *The Blues as Poetry*, etc.), currently in the midst of six distinct books on as many subjects, was in town recently to scout new talent in his capacity as a&r director for Prestige records' Folklore subsidiary. Before leaving, he recorded singer-harmonica player **Billy Boy Arnold** and his band in a program of r&b material for future album and single release. Arrangements were also made to record singer-guitarist **Homesick James Williamson**, one of the finest bottleneck guitarists in this blues-rich city. Williamson has been concentrating on the repertoires of the legendary **Robert Johnson** and his late cousin, **Elmore James** . . . Another visitor, en route to Iowa City and his post at the University of Iowa, was folklorist **Harry Oster**, who is completing a book on country blues. He collected material over the years in the state of Louisiana. The book will be published by Folklore Associates, the publishing firm headed by folklorist **Kenny Goldstein**.

#### MILWAUKEE

Trumpeter **Dick Ruedebusch**, who is now playing one of those angled horns, put on a Sunday afternoon concert at the YMCA . . . Guitarist-vocalist **Scat Johnson** and pianist **Les Czimmer**, both of whom have led separate groups, formed a quartet. Other members are



**Jimmy Johnson**, bass, and **Jimmy Story**, drums . . . Young accordionist **Kenny Kotwitz** has joined the Air Force; vibist **Greg Blando** now fronts his group.

### LOS ANGELES

**Buddy Rich** has settled down at the Thunderbird in Las Vegas, Nev., with a group including **Harry Edison**, trumpet; **Sam Most**, reeds; **Mike Mainieri**, vibraharp; and **Rosette Shaw**, vocals. The drummer has been booked for 16 weeks in '64 at the location . . . **Red Nichols**, who for the last decade has headed a six-piece Five Pennies combo at the Sheraton West Hotel here during the winter, reduced the group to four men and himself for his current stand at the hotel. According to reports, hotel manager **Ed Crowley**, a long-time friend of the cornetist, said the Dixieland jazz of six men would be "too loud for the room" this season. For future bookings, though, Nichols will regain the lost sideman. He'll be at the Sheraton through March.

Pianist **Gene Russell** organized a new trio for a series of Sunday nights at Hollywood's Purple Onion. **Eddie Mathias** is on bass and **Archie James** on drums . . . Arranger-multi-instrumentalist **H. B. Barnum**, actor **Jeremy Slate**, and **John Lamb** leased the 1,022-seat Paris Theater on Santa Monica Blvd. for a series of post-1 a.m. concerts on Fridays and Saturdays. Opening the series was a bill featuring Barnum's 10-piece band, the singing of **Gene McDaniels** and **Slate**, the jazz of the **Ronnie Brown Trio**, and the comedy of **Ted Knight** and **Rock Benedict**. At \$3 admission, the shows will change each

weekend. This latest early-bright theater music feature brings to three the number of Los Angeles houses on the format. The other two are the Adams West (also run by Lamb) and the Metro.

When "The Original **Glenn Miller Singers**" troupe (**Tex Beneke**, **Ray Eberle**, and the **Modernaires**) sets out for a 20-day tour of England, France, Italy, and Spain June 4, it will take no U.S. musicians along. This is because most of the dates booked thus far are in England, and the British Musicians Union rules that U.S. musicians cannot work in its jurisdiction unless a corresponding number of Britishers play the United States in exchange.

Singer **Etta Jones**' three-month whirl of activity in the Los Angeles area included bookings at the Memory Lane, the It Club, the Metro Theater, and the Losers. She was accompanied by her pianist **Kenny Cox** and local L.A. sidemen . . . Pianist **Joe Burton**, whose *St. Louis Blues* (on the Jody label) has become a good-selling jazz single, is back on the coast to push his album and probably settle here. A Hollywood musician some dozen years ago, Burton since has been proprietor of a New Orleans jazz club and a more recent resident of Chicago.

The **Joyce Collins Trio** (Miss Collins, piano; **Monty Budwig**, bass; **Colin Bailey**, drums) will be the final attraction of a three-concert series ending Feb. 2 at Loyola University here. Featured in two previous concerts at Loyola's Strub Memorial Theater of the Foley Communication Arts Center were the **Pete Jolly-Chuck Berghofer Duo** and solo pianist **Johnny Guarnieri**.

New Orleans veteran bassist **Ed Garland** was honored on his 69th birthday Jan. 5 by the New Orleans Jazz Club of California with a party and jam session at the Anaheim Moose Lodge in Anaheim . . . Trombonist **George Bruns**, a **Walt Disney** movie scorer since 1953 and composer of *The Ballad of Davy Crockett*, composed the underscore for Disney's latest animated-cartoon feature, *The Sword in the Stone*.

### SAN FRANCISCO

The San Francisco Bay Area Orchestra Leaders' Association (*DB*, Jan. 30) was scheduled to meet in January to plan its future course in connection with employment procedures for casual engagements . . . The Holiday Inn in Oakland has ended its show policy and installed a dance combo in its dining-show room. The move put the house quintet headed by New Orleans drummer **Lee Charlton** in the ranks of the unemployed. Singer **Ray Eberle** was the last attraction to play the room, which in its year's existence had presented **Mel Torme**, **Marian Montgomery**, the **Four Freshmen**, and **Georgie Auld**, in addition to comedians and other acts.

Singer **Miriam Makeba** was booked for San Francisco and Berkeley concerts in January . . . Blues singer **Jimmy Reed** and the Rev. **Gary Davis**, whose field is Gospel and spirituals, were scheduled for a Berkeley concert in January . . . The Jazz Workshop's announcement that on New Year's Eve it would have two bands (**Chico Hamilton** and **Art Farmer**) alternating was 50 percent right. The Farmer quartet did not arrive in town until New Year's night.

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# WHERE & WHEN

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

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

## NEW YORK

Black Horse Inn (Huntington, N.Y.): Joe London-Dan Tucci, wknds.  
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.  
Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz. Mon.  
Chuck's Composite: Richard Wyands, George Joyner, tfn.  
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.  
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.  
Eighth Wonder: Danny Barker, tfn.  
Five Spot: Thelonious Monk, Charlie Mingus, tfn. Upper Bohemia Six, Dave Amram-George Barrow, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Garden City Bowl: Johnny Blowers, wknds.  
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, tfn.  
The Most: Matt Dennis, tfn.  
Playboy: Ross Tompkins, Bruce Martin, Phil DeLaPena, tfn.  
Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, tfn.  
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, tfn. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat. Marshall Brown, wknds.  
Six Steps Down (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, tfn.  
Stroller's: Marian McPartland, tfn.  
Village Gate: unk.

## BOSTON

Basin Street South: unk.  
Bo-Lay Lounge (Allston): Illinois Jacquet, tfn.  
Connolly's Star Dust Room: Johnny Lytle to 2/2. Elmo Hope, 2/3-9. Roy Haynes, 2/10-17. Trudy Pitta-Bill Carney, 2/18-25.  
Ebb Tide (Revere Beach): unk.  
Fenway North (Revere): Al Drootin, tfn.  
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Frank Levine-Basin Street Boys, tfn.  
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Herb Pomeroy, tfn. Gene DiStasio, Mon.  
Joseph's Wigwam Lounge (South Braintree): Mae Arnette-Al Vega, tfn.  
Kings and Queens (Providence, R.I.): Benny Golson, 2/4-10. Irene Reid, 2/11-17. Ernestine Anderson, 2/18-24. Zoot Sims, 2/25-3/2.  
Lennie's Turnpike (West Peabody): Carol Sloane to 2/2. Kenny Burrell, 2/3-9.  
Number Three Lounge: Ernestine Anderson, Rollins Griffith, 2/3-17. Preston Sandiford, hb. Sabby Lewis, tfn.  
Tic Toc: Phil Porter-Bobby Ward, tfn.

## PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Charlie Thomas, tfn. Capri: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.  
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., tfn.  
Dante's: Bernard Peiffer, tfn.  
Golden Horse Inn: Whoopee Makers, tfn.  
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, hb.  
Latin Casino: Tommy Dorsey Orchestra-Frank Sinatra Jr., 3/2-11.  
Pep's Olatunji to 2/1.  
Picasso: unk.  
Playmate: Del Shields, tfn.  
Red Hill Inn: unk.  
Showboat: unk.  
Sportsman's Lounge: Billy Root, tfn.  
Zelmar: Jimmy Oliver, tfn.

## NEW ORLEANS

Blue Note: Ellis Marsalis, Bill Huntington, afterhours, Fri., Sat.  
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, tfn.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Dream Room: Jack Teagarden to 1/31.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.  
500 Club: Leon Prima, tfn.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.  
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, hbs.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
Top Hat: Armand Hug, tfn.

## CLEVELAND

Algiers: Angel Sanchez, Tue. Leon Stevenson-Tranquils, Fri.-Sun.  
Americana: Barbara Heller, Coquettes, to 2/1. Pearl Bailey, 2/7-15. Peter Sal, Dave Ennis, hbs.  
Brothers: Joe Howard, wknds.  
Dub's Club 77: Ray Bradley-Lindsay Tufts, tfn. Capri: Jesters, tfn.  
La Cave: name folk singers. Hootenanny, Tue. Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Leodis Harris, Thur.-Sat.  
Club 100: unk.  
Commodore Hotel: various folk singers, Thur.-Sat. Hootenanny, Thur.  
Corner Tavern: Dakota Staton, 2/3-9. Flamingos, 2/10-23. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Esquire: Nat Fitzgerald-Lester Sykes, tfn. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Faragher's: name folk singers.  
Golden Key Club: Fats Heard, hb.  
LaRue: Spencer Thompson, tfn.  
Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.  
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sun.  
Melba: Lonnie Woods, tfn.  
Midway: Payton Dean-Amos Milburn, tfn.  
Monticello: Ted Daskert, Fri. George Quittner, Sat.  
The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, wknds.  
La Porte Rouge: Bill Gidney, Wed.-Sat.  
Safari (North Royalton): Gigolos, wknds.  
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, Ronnie Barrett, hbs. Tops Cardone, Sat.  
Squeeze Room: Sky-Hy Trio, Wed., wknds.  
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy, hb.  
Tangier (Akron): George Peters, tfn.  
Tangiers: Judy Strauss, wknds.  
Theatrical: Andriani Brothers to 2/1. Johnny (Scat) Davis, 2/3-15. Bob McKee, hb.  
Town Pump: Al Gordon, Gail Stafford, wknds.  
Virginian: Folksters to 2/1. Olson Trio, 2/3-15.

## DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lizzy Doyle, tfn.  
Baker's Keyboard: unk.  
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, tfn.  
Falcon (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet, Stu Aptekar, tfn.  
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun. afternoon.  
Momo's: Ralph Jay, Jack Pierson, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Matt Michaels, Hal McKinney, Vince Mance, tfn.  
Surfside: Tom Saunders, tfn.  
Trent's Terry Pollard, tfn.

## CHICAGO

Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, tfn.  
Jazz, Ltd., Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington, Thur.  
London House: J. J. Johnson to 2/15. Larry Novak, Jose Bethancourt, hbs.  
McKie's: Sonny Stitt-Benny Green to 2/2. John Coltrane, 2/5-16.  
Mister Kellys: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, hbs.  
Moroccan Village: Eddie Buster, tfn.  
New Pioneer Lounge: John Wright, tfn.  
Old East End: Gene Shaw, Thur.-Sat. Various groups, Sun.-Wed.  
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): Salty Dogs, wknds.  
Pepper's: Muddy Waters, Wed., Fri.-Sun.  
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, hbs.  
Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Thur.-Sat.  
Robin's Nest: Bobby Buster, tfn.  
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.  
Skyway Lounge: Three Boss Men, tfn.  
Yardbird Suite: Jodie Christian, tfn.

## MILWAUKEE

Bali Hai: Frank Vlasis, Tue.-Sat.  
Boom Boom: Greg Blando, Fri.-Sat.  
Columns: Les Czimmer, hb.  
Doll House: George Pritchett, wknds.  
Elbow Room: George Wagner, Wed.-Sat.  
The Grove: Zig Millonzi, hb.  
Ma's Place: Greg Blando, Wed., Sun. Frank DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.  
Mr. Vernae's: Will Green, tfn.

Music Box: Bev Pitts, wknds.  
Polka Dot: Bobby Burdette, hb.  
Red Lion Room: Bev White, tfn.  
Swing Club: Les Czimmer, Sun.  
Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.  
Webb's: Kenny Danish, Sun. afternoons.

## LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
Beverly Cavern: Hal People, Nappy Lamare, Fri.-Sat.  
Black Bull (Woodlands Hills): Gus Bivona, tfn.  
Blueport Lounge: Bill Beau, Bobby Robinson, tfn.  
Can Can (Anaheim): Crescent City Tigers, Fri.-Sat.  
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.  
Crescendo: Mills Bros. to 2/2.  
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb. Golden Gate (Redondo Beach): Wellman Braud, Kenny Whitson, Fri.-Sat. Johnny Lucas, Sun.  
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.  
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
Holiday Inn Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Sat.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn. Honeybucket (Costa Mesa): Ray Brewer's Tailgate Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.  
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy, tfn.  
Intermission Room: William Green, Tricky Lofton, Art Hillery, Tony Bazely, tfn.  
It Club: unk.  
Jim's Roaring '20s Wonderbowl (Downey): Johnny Lane, tfn.  
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.  
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.  
Mr. Adams: Richard (Groove) Holmes, Thornel Schwartz, tfn.  
Mr. Konton's: Les McCann, Ltd., to April.  
Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Bisso, Sat.  
Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): Ted Shafer, Thur.  
Page Cavanaugh's: Page 7, hb.  
Palms (Fullerton): Tommy Hearn, Sammy Lee, Mon.-Sat.  
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, tfn.  
Purple Onion: Gene Russell, Sun.  
Quali Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.  
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Amos Wilson, Tue. Reuben Wilson, Al Barte, Wed.-Thur. Kittie Doswell, wknds.  
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc, tfn.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Charlie Ross, Thur.-Mon.  
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, tfn.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, wknds. Various groups. Mon.-Thur. Charlie Byrd to 2/9. Jackie McLean, Hampton Hawes, 3/24-4/5.  
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Pete Berghofer, tfn.  
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.  
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.  
Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Greater Balboa Jazz Band, Wed.-Sat.  
The Keg & I (Redondo Beach): Kid Kenwood, Fri.-Sat.  
Tobo's Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, tfn.  
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, hb.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Club Unique: Cuz Cousineau, sessions, Sun.  
Congo Room: Earle Vann, tfn.  
Crossroads (Oakland): Earl Hines, tfn.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola, alternate Sun.  
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Modern Jazz Quartet, 2/4-9. Jack McDuff, 2/11-23. Art Blakey, 2/25-3/8. Jackie McLean, 3/10-22. Horace Silver, 3/24-4/5.  
Jimbo's Bop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours.  
Left Bank (Oakland): Joel Dorham, wknds.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
Playpen: Merl Saunders, tfn.  
Ronnie's Soulville: Smiley Winters, afterhours.  
Sugar Hill: Charlie Byrd, 2/10-29. Shirley Horn, 3/2-14.  
The Beach: Chris Ibanez-Jerry Good, tfn.  
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Bernie Kahn-Con Hall, hb. Afterhours sessions, wknds.  
Trident (Sausalito): Flip Nunes to 2/5. Bobby Dorough, 2/7-3/4. Joe Sullivan, Sun.  
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): unk.  
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins, tfn.



A black and white photograph showing a close-up of the top of a Gretsch drum. The central focus is a chrome snap-in key holder with a ribbed top and the word 'GRETSCHE' engraved on its side. The drum's counter hoop and lugs are visible around the perimeter of the drum head.

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THE KEY  
WHERE  
IT BELONGS**

**...right in the drum**

***The drummer comes first in Gretsch design. The "key" here is convenience — a considered move for the drummer's ease: an example of Gretsch's constant anticipation of the player's needs with planned craftsmanship. That's why we placed the snap-in key holder in the Gretsch drum.***

***Drummers have confidence in Gretsch. This is the drum ahead in technical achievement always producing that great Gretsch sound. Only with Gretsch you have: The unique 6-ply shell guaranteed round for life. Solid, die-cast counter hoops fully flanged and beaded to protect your rim shots. "... you expect more from Gretsch and you get more."***

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