

# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

## A Day In The New Lives Of Two Russian Defector-Jazz Musicians

An account of Boris Midney's and Igor Barukshtis' plunge into the New York jazz world

## Vic Dickenson: A Melody Man at Heart

## Dial Days

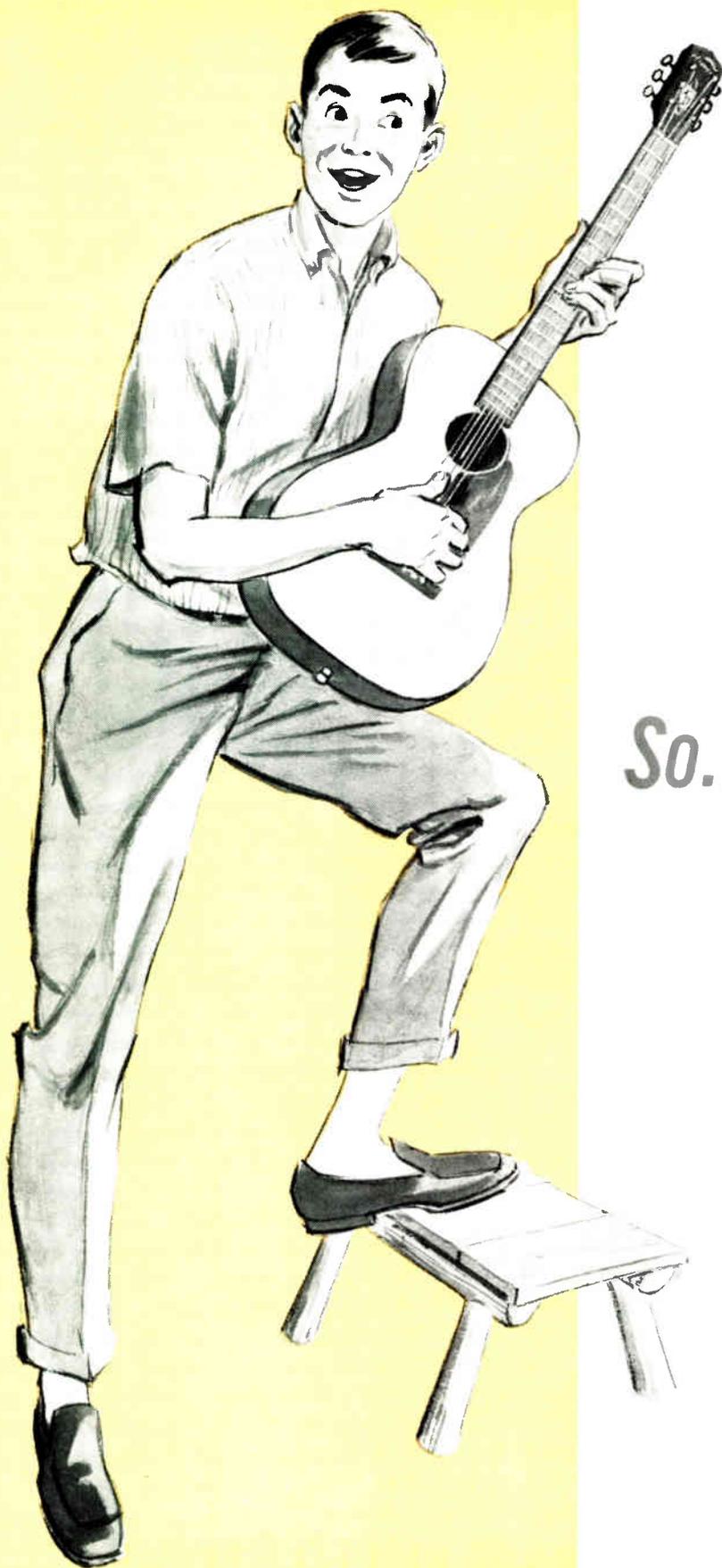
A conversation with Ross Russell

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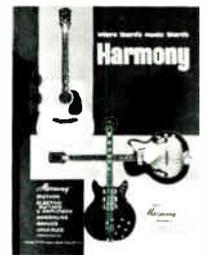
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December 3, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 31

# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE  
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# CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

## Comment From Mingus

Correction for Don DeMicheal's report on me at Monterey (*DB*, Nov. 5):

The taped hearing he heard of the concert must have been distorted. He states that "the tempo then shifted to fast 3/4 for a coursing, fiery solo by McPherson." Actually, he wrote the reverse of how my composition *Meditations* started. It opened in 6/8. But if he needed to say 3/4, then *Meditations* shifted to a medium 4/4 light, swing tempo that accelerated to peak tempo, then 3/4 or 6/8, back to 4/4.

I only send this letter to correct the long wrong which *Down Beat* has done in changing things in any way they see fit and not to say that DeMicheal does not hear good. No human being could have sat there that Sunday afternoon listening to my live music and, with pencil in hand, say what I was doing. Because if he were there, he, too, was entranced like everyone else was meant to be. That's why I know he studied the tapes after the concert.

Charles Mingus  
New York City

P.S. I had a standing ovation one day eight years ago in the rain at Newport, when I followed Basie's band. *Down Beat* didn't print that either, or did they print that the same thing happened everywhere during my European tour.

*DeMicheal's comments were based on what he heard sitting in the audience at Mingus' Monterey performance. No comments were based on the tape recording; DeMicheal was unaware such a tape existed until several weeks after the festival.*

## Questions But No Answers

Martin Williams asks why the Beatles would want to model themselves on the style of Chuck Berry's American Negro blues singing (*Bystander*, Oct. 8).

By the same reasoning, why would Stan Getz wish to emulate what is basically Brazilian folk music?

Mark Friedlander  
Covina, Calif.

## Excellent Mathieu Column

I'd like to thank *Down Beat* for Bill Mathieu's excellent article (*Inner Ear*, Sept. 24). I think that articles such as these render the most help to both young and old musicians. Let's have more like this.

George Fox  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Bud Powell—The Compleat Pianist

What a delight it was to read about Bud Powell (*DB*, Oct. 22)!

Unfortunately, two or three pages are insufficient to analyze Powell's fantastically creative work. In several years of both careful and relaxed listening, I have yet



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Marc A. Zavala  
Berkeley, Calif.

## Hooray For Bill Evans!

The article on Bill Evans (*DB*, Oct. 22) by Dan Morgenstern ought to be cut out by every musical instrument student and taped onto the inside cover of his most dogeared method book to be studied at regular intervals.

It represents a manifesto of a new attitude as to the preparation of a jazz performer, particularly when such a concise integrity of thought is articulated by a performing jazz artist of accomplishment.

It is my feeling that unless this attitude is more widely understood by jazz students and teachers, jazz as a dynamic expression of individualism may become a dead language within 20 years. Many are already committing hara-kiri, and blood flows in Greenwich Village cellars in the name of a greater glory known as the "new thing."

Judging from my own investigations, Evans' attitude is the only available means to avoid this boring chaos by uniting and balancing personal experience with form and content. But I fear. What Evans is suggesting takes a strong back, intellectual stamina, personal courage; and if you happen to have little talent, that makes things much more difficult.

Because I have a suspicion many are attracted to jazz by the illusion they may be able to produce "art" without work, I fear they may avoid the very involved processes and total commitment required to even begin to understand what Evans is talking about.

Stanley Spector  
New York City

So many so-called artists are shucking, and it shows when they open their mouths.

Bill Evans has truly exploited the unconventionalized method of freedom by a constant and worldly search for development. His freedom is proclaimed as a person, not an artist.

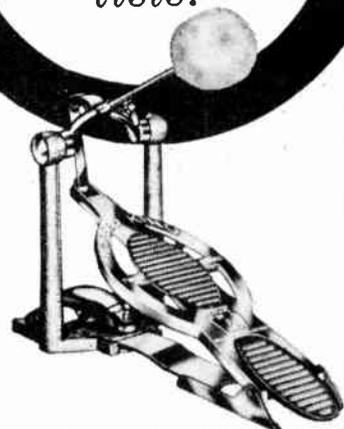
Jack Stock  
Monterey, Calif.

## Worry About Bird Film

Since the death of Charlie Parker in 1955, there have been rumors of a movie of his life. In *Down Beat* (Oct. 22) it appears that the long-awaited movie will finally be produced. As someone who was fortunate enough to have known Bird, I pray that this sacrilege will not be committed.

Dick Gregory (a man I admire in other capacities), by his own admission, never knew Bird. I have no doubt that veteran actors can portray with conviction char-

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acters they never knew. However, in the case of Parker, I feel it is an absolute requirement to have known him and to have heard him play in person.

Both actor and director would have to have a deep love and understanding of jazz; and the story should be a documentation of interviews with the people who really knew Parker. I have read the book from which the movie would be adapted, and it would be a crime to do this to the memory of Parker.

I hope that some day a great movie will be made of the life and legend of Parker, one that will be done with respect and effort.

Homer Brown  
Canon City, Colo.

## College Festivals

Regarding Don DeMicheal's editorial on collegiate jazz festivals (*Oread Aftermath*, Oct. 8), I think there were a few items left unsaid.

He mentioned that the failure of these festivals to deliver the prizes they offered was not uncommon, although this was the first major disappointment that I have noticed. Both the Notre Dame and Villanova festivals have offered and made good on several bookings to further our purpose of getting good collegiate jazz groups some exposure and experience.

As examples, I cite the 1962 Notre Dame festival, the winner of which (Bob James Trio) played opposite Herbie Mann in New York City and was so well received that the group was held over a week. In addition, both the big-band (Ray DeFabe Orchestra) and combo (Bill Barnwell Quintet) winners of this year's Villanova festival appeared at the New York World's Fair this past summer. In addition, Barnwell was featured in the "new faces" segment of the 1964 Newport Jazz Festival.

Before the 1963 Villanova festival, the winning combo was promised an engagement at a Philadelphia club. When we were unable to keep this promise because the club was sold, the winner, the Potsdam State Jazz Quintet, understood—without comment.

There is much improvement to be made in these festivals; however, we at Villanova and, I am sure, those who have run the other collegiate festivals are more than proud of the work accomplished.

Eddie Bride  
Villanova, Pa.

*Reader Bride, who did much to make this year's Villanova festival a success, makes his points well by citing the examples he does. However, the winning small group at this year's Notre Dame festival, the Jamey Aebersold Septet, was promised an engagement at a New York City club—but never heard another word about it after the festival. The group did, though, perform at the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, a last-minute prize offered at the festival's final competition.*

*There have been instances when a winning group—for example, the North Texas State Jazz Lab Band—had difficulty in securing awards and did so only after protracted badgering of the prize givers.*



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December 3, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 31

## BUD POWELL, LOST AND FOUND TWICE, RETURNS TO PARIS

Since his return to the United States from France Aug. 16, pianist Bud Powell had been keeping a rather hectic schedule. He opened at Birdland Aug. 25 and received a warm and effusive welcome from old and new fans, but though his playing occasionally reached the old heights, the consensus was that his inspiration was uneven.

Powell worked at Birdland almost continuously through September, taking time off only to record an album for Roulette records. His friend and companion, French commercial artist Francis Paudras, kept a constant watch over the pianist, only recently recovered from a long bout with tuberculosis. But sometimes it was difficult to keep away the persistent specters from Powell's New York past, who smelled an opportunity to prey.

Thus, according to a report in the New York Post, Powell and Paudras, returning to their hotel after a night at Birdland, were greeted by a man who had gained access to their rooms and had prepared on a table a "spread" of cocaine. He was unceremoniously ejected.

But the pressures of nightly work and New York life began to tell. On Oct. 10, Powell failed to appear at Birdland for his first set and was nowhere to be found.

For two days, Paudras and other friends searched for the pianist, who eventually was found resting with friends in Brooklyn. It was decided that Powell should be released from his Birdland contract, and arrangements for his and Paudras' return to Paris were made.

On the night of Oct. 18, Powell was a guest at the residence of jazz patron Baroness Nica de Koenigswarter in Weehawken, N. J. He did not seem to be upset or depressed, but while his hostess and other guests were talking, the pianist left the house and disappeared.

A missing-persons alarm was sent out, and the disappearance was reported in several newspapers, but for four days Powell could not be found. Then, in the early-morning hours of Oct. 23, the pianist was found slumped

in a Greenwich Village doorway, exhausted and bedraggled.

Fortunately, the policeman who spotted Powell, patrolman Thomas McDaniel, is a jazz fan who recognized him and saw to it that he was returned to friendly hands.

After a complete physical examination, which showed that Powell had suffered no ill effects, he returned for a rest at the home of Baroness de Koenigswarter. According to a friend, attorney Bernard Stollman, the pianist appeared in good spirits, playing the piano and "talking more volubly than usual."

On Oct. 27, Powell and Paudras boarded a plane for Paris. It is not likely that the great pioneer of modern jazz piano will be in New York again in the foreseeable future.

## PASTORATE FOR NIGHT PEOPLE ESTABLISHED IN CHICAGO

"God doesn't close up for the night at 10 o'clock," said the Rev. Robert Owen, "like a business does. Or like many parish churches do. People with problems don't just have them during the day; and to whom can these people turn during the night? The churches are closed. That's why we established the night pastorate."

Since late summer the 40-year-old, piano-playing Episcopalian priest has been conducting a unique "mission to the night people" on Chicago's bustling Rush St. entertainment strip.

On Sept. 1 Father Owen opened an office above a Rush St. restaurant and hung out a shingle that describes him as "The Night Pastor." As such, he is available at any hour of the night for those who are engaged in the street's busy nocturnal activity—the entertainers, bartenders, waitresses, patrons, and musicians.

The night pastorate represents the fulfillment of Father Owen's long-held belief that such a service was sorely needed in the area.

"The night people," he said, "that's who this pastorate was set up to serve. They are the people who live at the opposite end of the clock from the 9-to-5 people for whom most churches are prepared to serve. Up until now the night people had no one ministering to their needs, which are, after all, just as real and important as anyone else's. The problems are basically no different, but here they perhaps take on greater urgency or intensity because of the excitement of the life.

"My hours are the same as theirs; I'm in the office or on the street, in the clubs, from late afternoon through the early hours of the morning. They can bring their problems here during an intermission or before or after



Father Owen  
Same hours as night people

work. I'm available when they need me, and I try to help them with their problems, spiritual or material, in any way I can. The important thing is that they know I'm here to take an interest in them and to help with their difficulties."

Through his own interest in jazz—he's an amateur pianist who sits in at clubs wherever he can and has an electric piano in his Rush St. office—Father Owen has come to know, and be known by, the lonely and creative people who comprise the area's entertainment world. Because he is no stranger to the area, Owen believes his six-room office will be accepted as a place to while away the hours, find company, and, if desired, counseling and spiritual aid.

Though it is subject to the authority of the Chicago Episcopal diocese, the night pastorate is not financed with diocesan funds. Projects such as this, Father Owen explained, must prove themselves before they can be incorporated into the regular diocesan programs.

For the first two years of its operation, the pastorate must be self-supporting. Thus far, money has been donated by a group of interested supporters of the project. At the end of the two-year trial period, the night mission will be evaluated, and, if deemed worthwhile, diocesan support will be provided.

Father Owen is enthusiastic about the potential of the pastorate and envisions a similar mission on Chicago's N. Wells St., where another flourishing entertainment strip has sprung up.

Assisting Father Owen in the practical aspects of the mission's work is an advisory council made up of businessmen friends in the Chicago and suburban area who donate time and money to the project. Additional contributions, both of money and of such items as furniture, are needed by the center, the priest said.

Father Owen is a native of Philadelphia and developed an interest in jazz while in high school, at which time he began piano studies. He later

supplemented his income through playing jobs while attending college.

Though originally intending to pursue medical studies, he entered Philadelphia Divinity School while awaiting entrance to medical school. He decided to stay. After ordination, Father Owen's religious calling sent him to Arkansas as a missionary for two years; 1½ years in Baton Rouge, La.; 5½ years in Montana; and four years as assistant pastor at St. Mark's church in Glen Ellyn, a Chicago suburb. With his wife and six children, Father Owen lives just a few blocks from his Rush St. pastorate.

## DETROIT STUDENTS FORM JAZZ APPRECIATION SOCIETY

The formation of the Detroit Jazz Society was recently announced by a group of students at Wayne State University who wanted "to do something for jazz," said Mrs. Arlene Siegel, a spokesman for the group.

An outgrowth of a seminar in jazz given this summer at Wayne State by Dr. Betty Chmaj, professor of American studies, the nonprofit organization was formed with an aim "to further the cause of jazz, to present a platform from which the Motor City's jazz musicians can speak to their actual and potential audience, and to help educate interested people who express a

desire to listen to and learn about jazz as an art form."

A steering committee—Mrs. Siegel, John Sinclair, Dr. Robert Feldman, Joan DenBroeder, Rita Griffin, Aaron Hicks, and Audrey Kron—has been working closely with Dr. Chmaj and local musicians in planning programs.

The first project sponsored by the society is a jazz symposium, a series of lecture-demonstrations with local musicians. Harpist Dorothy Ashby, pianist Harold McKinney, vibraharpist Jack Brokensha, and disc jockeys Lou Farrell and Jim Rockwell have taken part in the discussions.

Other, more ambitious projects of the society, including workshops, concerts, and possibly a return of the Detroit Jazz Festival, are now in the planning stage.

## TWO COLLEGE JAZZ BANDS AND ONE VARIETY SHOW TO TOUR OVERSEAS

Three groups of talented collegians have been chosen by the United States government to tour overseas in its cultural presentations program.

The University of Denver Stage Band will begin a State Department-sponsored tour of the Far East on Jan. 2. The tour will last three months, and tentative plans call for the group to play in Honolulu, Tokyo, Okinawa, Korea, South Viet Nam, Fiji, Aus-

tralia, and New Zealand.

In New Zealand the group's visit will be timed to coincide with the Pan Pacific Arts Festival. The band will return March 27.

The band was chosen by State Department officials at last spring's Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame even though the group was not among the top finalists. (It had won first place at the previous year's festival.)

"The State Department men liked the . . . band's professional approach, their discipline, and their presentation," commented Frank Gagliardi, director of the band at the time it was chosen for the tour.

Also participating in the State Department's cultural presentations program is the University of Michigan Jazz Band. The group will visit 13 countries of Central America and the Caribbean from Jan. 24 to April 24. Senior music-education major Bruce W. Fisher is the band's director, a job he has held since organizing the group. It will be accompanied on the tour by Richard Crawford, a member of the university's music faculty.

A third group, from Brigham Young University, chosen by the State Department will tour the Middle East and Europe from February to June with a variety program, *Curtain Time U.S.A.*

# strictly ad lib

**NEW YORK:** Altoist Cannonball Adderley introduced his new "Jazz Show" at the Village Gate Nov. 3. He has added singer Ernie Andrews (featured with the Harry James Band some years ago) and the Tommy Johnson dancers, a troupe of three, to his regular sextet. The Johnson dancers toured with Adderley in 1962.



Adderley

A related attempt to combine jazz and showmanship is Earl Hines' "Jazz Family" (singer-altoist Vi Redd, a dancer, a vocal trio, and a rhythm section), which came to Birdland for a one-week engagement Oct. 27. It was the veteran pianist's first New York nightclub appearance since a stint at the Embers in 1958. Opposite Hines was the quintet of trumpeter Donald Byrd, featuring tenorist Jimmy Heath, held over from a two-week stand shared with the Sonny Rollins Quartet. The tenor

saxophonist was brought in as a substitute for Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, unable to appear when the drummer-leader sprained his right arm in a fall in early October. The Messengers had originally been scheduled in place of the Miles Davis Sextet, which had to cancel out when the trumpeter's recurring hip ailment acted up again . . . Trombonist Lawrence Brown has left the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Too much road work was the reason.

Saxophonist-composer Oliver Nelson went to Stuttgart, Germany, to perform the featured solo part in his own *Sound Piece for Jazz Orchestra* with the big band of Erwin

Lehn. This was the main event of a music festival sponsored by the Southwest German radio network Oct. 19-22.

Lionel Hampton and his band performed at an election rally for Lyndon B. Johnson in Brooklyn and so impressed the President that he invited the vibraharpist to join him for the duration of his campaign. Prior booking commitments forced Hampton to decline the offer.

Following European appearances with George Wein's highly successful American Jazz Festival package, composer-pianist George Russell went to Sweden for a three-month rest and recuperation from his recent ulcer operations.

Trumpeter Jonah Jones and his quartet, still featuring French pianist Andre Persiani, began a month's stay at the Blue Spruce Inn in Roslyn on Long Island. The trumpeter's long-time New York home base, the Embers, has been sold to the owners of Dawson's, a fashionable east-side pub. Continuance of the jazz policy at the club, which has been closed since early summer, was in doubt . . . Junior's, the musicians' bar on 52nd St. will close in early 1965.

The Metropole, in a switch from its name jazz policy, has installed clarinetist Andy Momile's band, long incumbent as the Sunday and Monday night group at the club, on a six-night basis. Billed as the Dixieland All-Stars, the group features Harold Baker, trumpet; Herb Gardner,



Jones

(Continued on page 42)

**B**ORIS MIDNEY AND IGOR BARUKSHTIS strolled into the Associated Press office at New York's Kennedy International Airport looking fresh and alert. It was 2 p.m. on Oct. 22, and if the neatly dressed Russian musicians were weary from their flight from Frankfurt, Germany, they did not show it.

Their arrival in the United States was the crowning moment in a chain of events that began some time ago in their native Moscow, where they first expressed a mutual desire to get the hell out of the Soviet Union. The chance to act on the crucial decision came last Aug. 15 in Tokyo when reed man Midney, 27, and bassist Barukshtis, 31, playing in the band with a Russian variety show touring Japan, took a cab to the U. S. Embassy and asked for asylum. Within three days they were at a U.S. Air Force base near Frankfurt undergoing the interrogation euphemistically called "debriefing" or, more humorously, "waiting for visa."

While the two were in Frankfurt, A. G. Elmendorf, the executive director of American Friends for Russian Freedom, Inc., the organization that shepherds "refugees" when they finally get to the States and which is the musicians' sponsor, came to Chicago for any advice I might have about the Russians. He explained that his organization usually handled defecting scientists and that he was not sure just what to do with two men who simply wanted the chance to play jazz in the United States. About all I could tell him was to get them a good manager. I also pointed out that it was extremely difficult for most jazz musicians to make livings playing, anywhere.

To myself, I wondered what they would do when they got here. I was curious about what kind of men would give up families and citizenship to begin a new life in a strange country because they wanted to play jazz. When their arrival date was announced, I decided to go to New York and try to find out.

There were not many reporters on hand for the press conference in AP's office—President Johnson arrived about the same time to attend the New York services for the late Herbert Hoover, and most of the airport-beat men were covering that. After quick introductions by the musicians' two interpreters, the reporters began their questioning.

Why did the two men defect?

Midney, who did most of the talking, answered, through the interpreters, that the desire to play jazz was a paramount reason, though there were many other things involved and one would have to live in Russia to understand them all.

"The arts are censored," he said. "It's very hard to work on your own initiative. . . . Jazz is suppressed."

Are there many jazz groups in Russia?

Maybe four or five, one of them answered, but none is "professional." (They later said Russia was full of groups playing in the members' apartments. Evidently

something was being lost in translation.)

In answer to another question, they expressed hope that the recent change in the Russian government would result in a more relaxed attitude toward the arts. But such a thing, of course, was uncertain, they said, and it was this day-to-day uncertainty whether they would get to play jazz that added to their determination to make the break.

When asked who influenced their playing, Midney, replying for both, said the person who had helped them study jazz was Willis Conover through his *Music, U.S.A.* broadcast on the Voice of America. He also said the music of Duke Ellington, George Russell, and Thelonious Monk had been quite impressive, but they liked so many American musicians they couldn't name them all.

The questions went on, but nothing out of the way was uncovered.

After the conference, Don Schlitten took photographs for *Down Beat*. Midney retained the air of self-confidence he'd displayed earlier, but Barukshtis seemed tense and brooding. I was struck by Midney's resemblance to U.S. altoist Paul Winter; at first I thought it physical, but later I realized it was as much Midney's assured, diplomatic manner.

After the picture-taking, we piled into two cabs—there were nine or ten of us in the party—and headed for the city. As we went over the Triborough Bridge, the Manhattan skyline reared ahead. Midney and Barukshtis, in the first cab, couldn't take their eyes off it. I wondered what was going through their minds.

At the Bristol Hotel on W. 48th St., where they were staying, Dan Morgenstern (*Down Beat's* associate editor), Helen Keane (their manager), Tina (one of the interpreters), and I were in the bar and grill waiting for them to register and get settled. Someone said things were set up for them to play that night at the Village Vanguard. When Midney, Barukshtis, and Elmendorf and his wife joined us, we told them of the plan. Midney and Barukshtis became concerned, especially Barukshtis, who said that he hadn't touched his bass in 12 days because it had to be packed ahead of their departure. It was still in customs at the airport. He said his fingers were soft, but if he could practice for a while before going to the Vanguard, it would be all right. Could we locate a bass? It was 5 o'clock, and they were to play at 9:30.

Former *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees, who had just come to the table, asked me to go with him to Jim and Andy's, the musician hangout across the street, to see if we could find a bass.

Gerry Mulligan was at Jim and Andy's bar, and Gene pressed him into service to help find an instrument. They quickly left. There's nothing like getting the best help available.

Going back to the hotel, I ran into Gary McFarland, who was celebrating the birth the day before of his first son. Sure, he'd like to meet the Russians. We went back to the hotel bar and grill and chatted with the Russians in basic English, sign language, and with help from Tina and Mrs. Elmendorf, who also spoke Russian.

Gene breezed back in. Success—we could rent a bass from Carroll Musical Instruments. With things seemingly under control, Mr. and Mrs. Elmendorf, Miss Keane, Tina, and Morgenstern took their leaves, Morgenstern and Miss Keane to return later for dinner and the Vanguard. Midney and Barukshtis went to their room to rest; it was the first time they'd been alone since they disembarked. Gene and I fetched the bass, took it to their room, and retired to Jim and Andy's.

By the second drink, Miss Keane called and asked if I'd get the Russians out of bed—they were supposed to

At The Village Vanguard



**Down Beat Editor Don DeMicheal offers an on-the-spot report of Boris Midney's and Igor Barukshtis' plunge into the hectic New York jazz world**

# A Day In The New Lives Of Two

rest—and have them dress so they'd be ready to appear for a television news program. The station's mobile crew was to arrive in about a half hour.

When I got to the room, Midney and Barukshtis were practicing. Pointing to them and speaking clearly as possible, "TV . . . you dress [pointing to my tie and shirt] . . . soon," I tried to get the message across. Barukshtis slowly said, in English, "Yes, we know. Miss Keane called. CBS." Midney smiled, nodding his head vigorously. (As time went on, we were able to understand each other fairly well without interpreters, at least in simple matters. Both understood some English, and Barukshtis spoke simple English phrases.)

Joe Valerio and Boris Orshansky of Radio Liberty, which beams programs to Russia, arrived shortly before the TV crew. They were to accompany us on our rounds that night and also serve as interpreters.

The film for the news program was shot in the hotel lobby. Orshansky was the interpreter. Midney and Barukshtis handled themselves well in answering the announcer's questions, and they played two of Midney's compositions for the program. The compositions were melodically interesting and had an Ornette Coleman flavor. The blend of alto saxophone and bass was pleasing, but there was not much time for improvisation. Since there had been doubt about how well the Russians played, this first public performance relieved some minds.

During the filming, drummer Jake Hanna wandered into the lobby; he watched the proceedings keenly. Afterwards, he said, "Wherever there's a band, I show up. This sounds all right."

Lees and Miss Keane tried to persuade Hanna to play with the Russians at the Vanguard, since Midney was uneasy about working without a drummer, even for the short television stint. But Hanna couldn't make it, and someone suggested that since Max Roach was opening at the Vanguard that night, he might be asked to play with them. We ate and left for the club.

Unfortunately, no one had told Roach about the Russians. Assuming that he knew about the guest appearance and approved, I asked him if he would play with Midney and Barukshtis. He emphatically said no, that this was his opening night and that Sunday afternoon was jam session time. He was quite upset, which was understandable, since no one had the courtesy to let him know what was being planned for his opening.

Seemingly unaware of the tension now in the room, Midney and Barukshtis sat entranced by the Roach quartet's playing and Abbey Lincoln's singing. They tapped the table in time, nodded their heads, and smiled at passages that particularly caught their fancy.

After Roach's set, pianist Roland Hanna, whose trio also was working at the club, invited Midney and Barukshtis to play. With Hanna's drummer, Sonny Neivus, the two played three Midney originals. Again the themes were interesting, but the improvising, now that there was time to stretch out a bit, was disappointing, to say the least. Critics Nat Hentoff and Whitney Balliett, who were in the small audience, were singularly unimpressed by what they heard, as were the other musicians present. But Hentoff said that since the Russians had just arrived and were probably tired and nervous, they shouldn't be judged too harshly.

After they'd played, Midney and Barukshtis were introduced to Ornette Coleman, who had happened into the club that night. They were quite impressed by meeting Coleman, who offered to help them in any way he could, urging them to "keep at it."

"Don't hesitate to call me," he said and wrote his address and telephone number on a card for them.

Coleman's kindness toward the two and his interest in helping them was the reaction of several New York jazzmen they met that night.

After the Vanguard we went to the Half Note, where Al Cohn and Zoot Sims were swinging their way through the night.

When Sims and Cohn played, Midney and Barukshtis were engrossed in the music—Midney seemed awestruck, particularly by Sims' playing.

During the course of their time at the Half Note, Midney and Barukshtis were introduced to several well-known jazzmen—among them Sims, Cohn, Paul Desmond, Don Friedman, Bob Brookmeyer, Attila Zoller, and Paul Bley.

PHOTOS/DON SCHLITEN



Bassist Igor Barukshtis and altoist Boris Midney

Practically every time they met a musician, they would grin, utter "oh!" and look wide-eyed—like children at Christmas.

Zoller, who left Hungary in 1957, said he was eager to aid them musically, and they, in turn, wanted to talk at length with him, evidently because of the similarity in backgrounds.

But it was pianist Bley whom they were most delighted to meet—earlier they had said he was the musician above all others they wanted to hear. Midney, through an interpreter, told Bley that he was the best pianist, as far as they were concerned; Midney asked the interpreter to em-

# Russian Defector-Jazz Musicians

phasize that the compliment was not “just words.” Bley took the compliment gracefully and invited the two musicians to come hear him the following night at the Cellar Club. They assured him they would be there.

At 2 a.m. they went back to the hotel, tired but starry-eyed. They had been up more than 24 hours.

**J**OE VALERIO AND BORIS ORSHANSKY came to the hotel the next afternoon to help me interview Midney and Barukshtis. They would tape the answers to my questions for later broadcast over Radio Liberty. They met me in the musicians’ room where Barukshtis had been showing me souvenirs of his tours, such as the program for the 1962 Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw where he played with pianist Wadim Sakun’s sextet; he also had several photographs of himself with various musicians, including one of himself and Don Byas taken in Yugoslavia.

Midney had brought out several photographs he had taken. Their composition was striking. He later said he had been a professional photographer at one time.

As Orshansky set up his transistor tape recorder, Midney plied him with questions about the machine. They chattered away in Russian.

Valerio said to me, “This always happens. Anything mechanical, they’re nuts about.”

The first question of the interview had to do with the previous night’s experiences and their impressions of it all.

Midney said the impression was overwhelming, and they were in a “fabulous mood” to meet the American musicians. He said it was the first time he had ever heard jazz played in person by American musicians. In Russia, he explained, the only way he heard American jazz was by records and foreign broadcasts. He had not heard Benny Goodman’s band during its Soviet tour, though Barukshtis had. Later, Midney said he was very impressed by “the contact between the musicians and the audience.”

Barukshtis said he was especially impressed by the number of jazz clubs and the warm way the public received the music. He said he liked the informal atmosphere of the clubs, because in Russia, when jazz concerts were allowed, people came not knowing what they were to hear, and as a result, some sat through the concert bored, ignorant of what was going on. But in the West, he continued, when people go to a jazz concert, they know approximately what they’ll hear, and, thus, the atmosphere is more relaxed.

Orshansky asked them how they felt playing before musicians such as Max Roach and Ornette Coleman.

“Certainly we were excited and nervous,” Midney replied. “But we hope those stars have a friendly attitude and want to encourage us to play jazz. . . . Of course, we will play better in two months because we will be playing for people.”

When asked what it was about jazz that so strongly attracted them, Midney said in effect, “Jazz is the music of our day. It represents the dynamism of our day—science, culture, and the arts are developing new forms.”

He said earlier, before the taping began, that when he was studying at the Moscow Conservatory, the boredom of the classes was relieved by his playing jazz.

Midney said he and Barukshtis know that there are several jazz styles and that they had played all styles, but they are most interested in experimental jazz. He said he considered jazz a still-new art, and experiments were necessary to help it develop—the faster the better. The altoist said he and Barukshtis wanted to learn from all styles so they can develop their own.

“In the USSR,” Barukshtis added, “they divide jazz in two: light or easy, and heavy or difficult. We’re interested in the difficult.”

Returning to the question of why jazz attracted them, the bassist said, “We think that jazz gives more opportunity for individualism, in the widest sense of the word—especially in small groups, in contrast to a large symphony orchestra where maybe 100 people are playing according to a conductor.”

Seemingly not quite satisfied with this answer, he paused, smiled, and said, “I love jazz—what can I do?”

Barukshtis also studied at the Moscow Conservatory, and both have been playing jazz for six years. They said they have been friends for five of those years and what brought them together was their mutual interest in jazz, a not uncommon basis for friendship among jazz lovers in this and other countries.

When asked what they intended to do now that they were in the United States, they said they wanted to form a group—preferably a quartet made up of themselves, a cellist, and a drummer—and work. The group would play mostly Midney’s compositions (Barukshtis said he does not compose) and be highly experimental.

I didn’t have the heart to tell these two friendly, intelligent, zealous musicians that jazz experimentation and making a living are practically mutually exclusive.

**A**FTER THE INTERVIEW, we went to Jim and Andy’s where Gene Lees had arranged an informal reception for the Russians. The stars came back in their eyes as they were introduced to such men as Gerry Mulligan, Clark Terry, Mundell Lowe, Alec Wilder, and Dave Amram. Again, the atmosphere was warm—the jazz fraternity was, in its way, welcoming the newcomers.

Later, at dinner, the friendliness of the reception carried over. It was the most relaxed Midney and Barukshtis had been since their arrival, and with the added comfort of the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Elmendorf and Tina, they unwound.

Jokes about life in Russia were cracked. Tina explained to them what baked lasagna was. Mrs. Elmendorf promised to cook them a hearty borscht the next day. Barukshtis laughingly told how he was so frightened when they ran into the American Embassy in Tokyo last August that he forgot what little English he knew and how a flustered female secretary said they didn’t have to stay, that nothing would be done to them if they left, but they kept insisting to her that they had no intention of leaving.

It was good to see some of the tension lift.

During dinner, Barukshtis admitted that he still had not slept—the excitement of the arrival had been too much. Midney said he slept for about three hours. Elmendorf expressed concern about their lack of rest and said he would cancel their proposed trip to Long Island the next day.

But they had enough energy left after dinner to go up to 91st St. to hear Paul Bley at the Cellar Club, a candle-lit basement, where Dan Morgenstern met us.

Bley’s quintet was avant-garding away when we arrived; the two Russians quickly took seats and listened raptly. At intermission, with Tina serving as interpreter, there was another round of introductions, this time to members of the avant garde: Dave Izenson, who was the bassist with Bley’s group; composer Carla Bley, Paul’s wife; and trumpeter Bill Dixon, who manages the club.

Attila Zoller also was there, and he and Barukshtis got into animated conversation over a couple of beers. Izenson was getting on famously with Midney, who asked about trumpeter Don Cherry and if the bassist knew him.

With Dan and Tina to get them back to the hotel and a friendly musical atmosphere surrounding them, I said my goodbyes and caught a cab for the airport to get my midnight flight back to Chicago. It had been a long day. It had been a warm day. 

In the mid-1940s, Ross Russell found himself back from duty with the wartime merchant marine. He opened the Tempo Music Shop in Hollywood, Calif., a store specializing in jazz records.

In late 1945, Dizzy Gillespie arrived for a turbulent booking at Billy Berg's club, bringing with him a sextet that included Charlie Parker, Milt Jackson, and Al Haig, a group which set off the strongest of controversies among jazz fans. Tempo had become the hangout for the young Los Angeles musicians, and soon Russell was running a label called Dial, devoted to recording the then new and highly controversial music of Gillespie, Parker, and their associates.

He made his first date in early February, 1946, with Gillespie, and he made the second date that Parker recorded under his own name. Thereafter, Russell did several more with Parker and other pioneer modernists as well, in Los Angeles and later in New York. Russell also did some of the earliest and most substantial critical writing on modern jazz.

He came to such activities almost by contradiction. He had grown up on

the jazz of the mid-'30s, but, like many of his generation who took the music seriously, he also had explored its past. He loved Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong, and he wrote an often-republished essay on James P. Johnson.

Russell has previously reminisced about Parker, and the results are in Bob Reisner's compilation **Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker**. His relationship to Parker also unquestionably formed the basis for the fictionalized story of an early modern jazzman in Russell's novel **The Sound**, a book that received strong reactions from reviewers—rather strong pro and very strong con.

One incident in the Parker-Russell relationship should be raised here. The story is still current in jazz circles that Russell agreed to help Charlie Parker get discharged from Camarillo State Hospital—where the altoist was admitted after suffering a breakdown in Los Angeles—only if Parker agreed to re-sign with Dial records. Russell's side of that story is reported in the Reisner book:

"I might say that the Dial contract had reached an option point while he

was in Camarillo. Before he came out, I discussed this with him, and I told him that I thought in view of the fact we only made one record date that produced four sides that were considered very good, that he ought to renew the contract for a year. He agreed to this, and that's the way that went. Some people have kinda put me down on this, I guess, and Bird had another version of it later on, but that's the way it was."

Since Russell has dealt elsewhere with his relationship to Parker at some length, an attempt was made in this interview to steer the talk toward other aspects of Russell's work in the '40s:

What it was like to work with some of the other musicians. What it was like to record modern jazz when it was scorned by many and bought by only a few. What it was like to find himself, quite unexpectedly, with a couple of potential hit records on his hands. What happens to an artistically valuable catalog like Dial's when its founder is forced to sell it for financial reasons. How he views it all now after almost 20 years. Inevitably, though, the subject of Parker also came up.

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# Dial Days

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**A Conversation With Ross**

**Russell/By Martin Williams**

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**Williams:** You recorded some other people besides Charlie Parker for Dial. Erroll Garner, Dizzy Gillespie. . . .

**Russell:** Fats Navarro, Howard McGhee, Dexter Gordon, Wardell Gray. . . .

**Williams:** Your first date was supposed to have been Bird and Dizzy but ended up being Dizzy, Lucky Thompson, Milt Jackson, and the rest, without Bird. I was in and out of Los Angeles at the time, with the Navy, and often in the Tempo Music Shop. I remember your coming in the morning after that first date, and there were a lot of young musicians there waiting to hear all about it. You had some acetates of the date under your arm, and you were saying that Dizzy kept complaining that the ceiling was so low he couldn't turn his horn up.

**Russell:** I don't remember saying that but I must have. The Glendale studio did have a rather low ceiling so that's probably correct. We recorded in different studios after that date. The second date, for instance, which featured

Bird and produced *Ornithology* and *A Night in Tunisia*, we did at Radio Recorders. For the third date we found another studio with an extremely high ceiling. You know, there is another dimension which attaches to a specific recording and which is due to not only the engineering but the characteristics of the room.

**Williams:** You once said that the men on that second date, except for Parker, had a lot of trouble with *A Night in Tunisia*.

**Russell:** They had an awful time with it. And Dodo Marmarosa, who was the pianist, was a man that could play practically everything.

**Williams:** Isn't it strange to think about it? That piece, now it's commonplace; everyone plays it, and some are bored with it, I'm sure.

**Russell:** And the record that year, the Boyd Raeburn version on Guild of *A Night in Tunisia*, or *Interlude* as it was also called, was a kind of a must for every hip collector.

**Williams:** I suppose it is, as you have

said, a matter of learning to phrase in a very different way—from a different rhythmic base than anybody had done in jazz before. You can hear Lucky Thompson on that record phrasing more or less in the Ben Webster or Don Byas manner. Not that there is anything wrong about that—just that it is a different and simpler way of making melodic-rhythms from what Bird is doing. I remember hearing several musicians say that harmonically this music—although the texture of it was thicker, the changes came more rapidly—that they had heard people like Charlie Shavers and Roy Eldridge use many of these things before. But the point is that rhythmically the phrasing was very different from anything they'd heard.

**Russell:** Incidentally, that's why when I hear people put someone like Ornette Coleman down, I'm suspicious again. Maybe you could criticize some things about Ornette Coleman, but rhythmically he's extremely strong, and I'm sure that he's bringing back a lot of new interest in rhythmic elements and

new life to the jazz language. As you know, this is a thing you just can't buy, a thing you can't learn in school.

**Williams:** Another thing, you notice that some musicians who will last from one period of jazz into the other as respected players, although they will be playing in a new idiom harmonically, rhythmically they stay pretty much where they were. For example, Coleman Hawkins.

**Russell:** Yes, I was just thinking of the record Coleman Hawkins made for Riverside with Thelonious Monk. Very interesting for that reason. Both styles very valid, of course. And very interesting contrast between Monk and Coleman Hawkins.

**Williams:** You usually managed to record modern jazz as it was actually heard in clubs at the time. There were limitations, of course. One was that most of your recording was done on 78-rpm records and had the limitation of time, of about three minutes.

**Russell:** The practical limit might have been 3½ minutes. And some Dial records, the ones we felt had no interest at all for jukebox consumption, were 3½ minutes. But the jukebox people and the distributors, kept saying, well, keep under 2½ minutes. You know, the nickels (now it's dimes) went faster that way. And even though we weren't making a jukebox product, we still had to be governed by the general demands of the industry.

**Williams:** In those days, you couldn't have made a record that was any longer than about 5½ minutes, and that would have been a 12-inch record, which would have been more difficult to produce. . . .

**Russell:** And distribute, and highly breakable, and so on.

**Williams:** What I started out to say

Charlie Parker



was that you were recording the music the way it was played in clubs. You hired the sidemen that the leaders wanted. . . . You didn't bring your own ideas of music to bear and act as a musical director of your record dates—something that sometimes happened to Charlie Parker later.

**Russell:** You might compare producing a record date to casting a play. The minute you start changing actors around, you get something entirely different. For instance, I'm sure that a play like Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* was very different in New York with Zero Mostel than it was in Paris with another actor.

**Williams:** But who put Zero Mostel in *Rhinoceros*? Not the author. However, it's the author, the leader, who puts the musicians in his own group. It's Charlie Parker who picked his rhythm section.

**Russell:** That's right. My basic feeling about making records is the one you imply: the musician is the man who is going to produce the music, and if he's good enough for you to take in the studio, he knows what he's doing, and he knows the people he will work with best.

I must have been fortunate, because then I had no technical musical background; my approach was only that of a dilettante, a person who appreciated the music. I felt I couldn't tell anybody in the studio what they should do, how many bars they should play, what a coda should be like, or that they should read something off a paper. So I tried to pick the right leader. I felt that Charlie Parker was the dominant musician and that he would pick his sidemen.

I think the only time I made any suggestions different from the leader's was for the date we did with Bird, Erroll Garner, Red Callender, and Harold (Doc) West, which produced some interesting results.

However, the really pure records on Dial I think were the last three dates we made, the ones in New York with Max Roach, Duke Jordan, Tommy Potter, Miles Davis, and Bird. That was Bird's working band of the time.

**Williams:** As long as we are talking about Charlie Parker, there are a couple of questions I would like to ask you, for the record, about his collapse. As I understand it, he was in very bad shape at the legendary *Lover Man*

date. Then, later that night he was arrested; he had set a fire in the lobby of a downtown hotel.

**Russell:** My partner, Marvin Freeman, and I finally located him, some five days after his arrest. He was handcuffed to an iron cot in the psychopathic ward of the Los Angeles County jail. We managed to have his sanity hearing transferred from the scheduled court to that of Stanley Mosk. Mosk is an enlightened and liberal man, who was then sitting on the municipal bench in Los Angeles. He is now attorney general of California. Howard McGhee and I appeared on Bird's behalf and succeeded in our suggestion that Mosk commit him to Camarillo State Hospital. There was hope at Camarillo. Bird might well have been behind closed doors for years otherwise.

**Williams:** He was released.

**Russell:** After a stay of some six or seven months. It was because I, a supposedly respectable businessman, proprietor of a retail store, and operator of a recording firm—you know how these things seem on paper—was willing to sign papers assuming responsibility for him as long as he might remain in California. At the time of his release, a group of people—Maynard Sloate, Eddie Laguna of Sunset records, the late Charlie Emge (then *Down Beat's* man in Hollywood), and I—put on a benefit concert with the AFM's approval and raised a sum of money to help Bird with his rehabilitation problems at release.

**Williams:** To go back to the business of studios, the engineer on the New York dates was named Doug Hawkins, right? Was he a musician, incidentally?

**Russell:** Doug Hawkins is a Juilliard graduate.

**Williams:** I'm sure that it helps.

**Russell:** Yes, it sure does. I later did classical dates for Dial, kind of far-out things like 12-tone music, and used Hawkins. He could read a score, and, believe me, it did help.

**Williams:** You were one of the earliest to record modern classical music on LP. Dial records had a multifaceted career.

**Russell:** We did have the first jazz LP. It didn't sell very well. It was *Bird Blows the Blues*, Charlie Parker on all blues selections.

That was 1949, and the LP had not been accepted by the jazz record dis-

tributors and buyers at all. Then when the LP was accepted, only the 10-inch LP was accepted. Later, of course, it was all 12-inch, and everybody had to change over. But that's the record business.

**Williams:** I'd like to get even more specific about your procedures at dates. There was one record of yours which seemed to me very successful in that it caught musicians at a peak of performance, the like of which is seldom caught in a recording studio. This was *The Chase* with Wardell Gray and Dexter Gordon. It was one of those rare records that not only went beyond the studio but had an excitement that's even rare in a club. It was 6½ minutes long, released on two sides of a 78.

**Russell:** Yes, they played a performance uninterrupted, and we divided it between two sides of a record. We had a series of saxophone choruses, and we could easily find a place to stop.

**Williams:** Why did you record it? Had you heard these guys play together?

**Russell:** Dexter and Wardell were playing around Los Angeles, conducting this musical chase almost every evening, and it was creating a great deal of comment. It seemed like a good idea to get them into the studio and record it.

**Williams:** This was about as close to a hit record as you had, wasn't it?

**Russell:** This was our most successful instrumental record. The biggest seller on Dial was the Earl Coleman vocal on *This Is Always*, but that was a real jukebox record, and it appealed to people who were not particularly interested in jazz. Actually, we lost a lot of sales on both records because we weren't expecting them to hit, and we couldn't get copies pressed up quickly enough. We weren't geared for it. By the time we had caught on to the fact that we had a couple of good sellers, the peak had passed, and it was too late.

**Williams:** How did *The Chase* date go?

**Russell:** Very well. There were no problems because they did what they'd been doing probably the night before—and many nights before that. And there was a great deal of enthusiasm for it. I remember we took pictures—ridiculous pictures—in the studio of both of these guys—Dexter, a very big man, Wardell, rather slender and smaller—chasing each other and hold-



Dexter Gordon



Dizzy Gillespie

ing their saxophones. But the date did have a great deal of warmth and enthusiasm. It was one of those dates that made itself.

**Williams:** Incidentally, what about the status of Dial records, an invaluable catalog musically. . . . Where did they go?

**Russell:** A pretty good question. I sold Dial in the mid-'50s to the men who operated the Concert Hall label and who, in turn, started a mail-order record club called Jazztone. Some time later—perhaps a couple of years—I understand that they sold their entire catalog, including Dial, to Crowell-Collier Co. . . . Some of the Dial records came out on Jazztone.

**Williams:** Then, a few of them, badly edited, and incidentally the same masters that appeared on Jazztone, appeared on a label called Baronet. There were about four—by Dizzy, Bird, Garner—from Dial masters.

**Russell:** Who was behind Baronet?

**Williams:** I don't know. However, more recently the Charlie Parker Record Co. issued one LP from Dial material. Then they issued that date with Red Norvo, Bird, Dizzy, Teddy Wilson, etc., which was recorded for Comet but which you bought for Dial. However, the Parker company now seems to be inactive, unfortunately.

As you mentioned before, you recorded Erroll Garner for Dial in 1946. Later you also released some things by him that were made informally, extended performances that were made at somebody's house.

**Russell:** Those were made by Timmie Rosenkrantz in New York in about 1944. I was the first to bring out some of them, but later others came out on Blue Note. However, we did two Dial

studio dates with Erroll, of course. One was the Charlie Parker date that produced *This Is Always* and *Cool Blues*. In addition, I did a trio date with Erroll. I don't know exactly how it came about except that, for one thing, he liked the studio in which we made *Cool Blues*. He liked the piano, he liked the engineer. We were able to get a very wonderful sound. Curiously, it was a tremendously large room—it looked like a warehouse. But for some reason the acoustical properties of the room produced a marvelous piano sound.

Anyway, Erroll and I got together to do a date. We were going to do four sides, but the date went so well and so rapidly that we ended up by doing eight, if my memory is correct. He was delighted with it, and it was the sort of date where the a&r man just sits and listens to the artist. He played exactly what he wanted to and even improvised a couple of things in the studio or played things he hadn't played for some time.

**Williams:** I know that later Garner was supposed to do everything in about one or two takes at the most and play through a great repertory at great speed, rejecting some of the things but accepting most of them.

**Russell:** That's just the way this date went. I think we may have done three takes on one tune and two on a couple of others, but a lot of them were one-take things. He would finish and say over the microphone, "That's it. Set up another acetate and we'll do. . . ." He's that kind of a musician. He's a man who has to feel right to play, and when he does feel right, which fortunately is most of the time, the music just flows.

(Continued in next issue)

**V**IC DICKENSON flew out to Monterey, Calif., for the jazz festival there in September and, according to Leonard Feather's syndicated column, received a "standing ovation from the youthful audience" for his "tongue-in-horn trombone . . . on *Basin Street Blues*." A short time before, *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics Poll, in which some 52 critics participated, showed Dickenson sharing third place in the trombone section with Lawrence Brown.

This is remarkable at a time when a jazz musician's popularity depends a great deal upon successful phonograph records. There isn't a single album under Dickenson's name in the Schwann catalog, and he has done relatively little recording of any kind in the last few years. During that period he has seldom played in any of the major jazz venues, but he has not been inactive. With pianist Red Richards he has been a mainstay of a sextet called the Saints and Sinners, which plays regularly to a loyal and devoted following in cities like Pittsburgh, Pa.; Columbus, Ohio; and Toronto, Ontario.

There were quite a few persons at the Pittsburgh Jazz Festival early last summer who hurried eagerly down the hill on the festival's last night and into the Riverboat Lounge of the Pitt-Sheraton Hotel, where this group was appearing. With Dickenson in the front line were two other veterans, clarinetist Buster Bailey and trumpeter Herman Autrey. The rhythm section was completed by bassist Danny Mastri and drummer Jackie Williams.

The Saints and Sinners play some Dixieland when they work in that room, but what they were playing about 1 a.m. that particular Sunday was a long-lost Benny Carter song called *Blues in My Heart*, and they were playing it with feeling and imagination in a neat head arrangement, with backgrounds to each other's solos, as though they were a team.

They have a lot of numbers like that, including a *Lonesome Road* that rocks at a singularly appropriate medium tempo, and they play them in a way that suggests the Eddie Heywood and John Kirby groups of a few years ago, except that it is more down and more punchy. In their version of *Bourbon Street Parade*, there's a very effective background figure that Dickenson said came out of *Alexander's Ragtime Band*.

"I contribute a little," he added modestly. "We all get together, and I give a few ideas."

He is not a little unusual today in his love and knowledge of melodies and in a mind that inclines to original tempos and treatment for them.

"He knows about a million numbers," his friend trombonist Dickie Wells once said, "and he always likes to play melodies."

"That's partly true," Dickenson said. "I like to play the melody, and I want it still to be heard, but I like to rephrase it and bring out something fresh in it, as though I were talking or singing to someone. I don't want to play it as written, because there's usually something square in it. Now, Johnny Hodges, he plays melody; but he makes such beautiful melody because he plays it his own way. He's one of the best soloists I know. You've got to feel it, and Johnny does. He's the greatest alto, I think. Sidney Bechet had a lot of what Johnny has, but it wasn't as smooth and tender. He played with more drive and was rougher."

**D**ICKENSON WAS BORN 58 years ago in Xenia, Ohio, in a musical milieu. There was an organ in the house, but he never, he noted with sadness, heard his mother play it. His father played a little violin—"folk music, you might call it," he recalled—and his own first instrument was harmonica. "I could play things like *There's No*

*Place Like Home*," he said, "but I couldn't play them well."

His brother was supposed to be taking trombone lessons but failed to give much time to the horn, which lay about the house, neglected. The time came when the principal at young Vic's school decided to form a band and asked all the children who had instruments to bring them. Vic told him he had a trombone at home but didn't know anything about it. "Bring it on in anyhow," said the principal, who formerly had been a trombone player.

He showed the youngster positions by the solfeggio method and left him to find where they were in every key by himself.

"I had been something of a singer when I was a kid, and that was the way the singing teacher had taught us, so it wasn't too hard to understand," he said. "But it takes time to learn trombone. It's the brass horn most like the violin, and it's a matter of position rather than valve. You just have to learn to feel it, so you won't play this note too flat or too sharp. I used to copy records at first, and I loved Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds, but then I got tired of hearing the trombone and wanted to play like the other instruments. The singing and the words meant nothing to me; it was the horns and the melodies that I heard. The trombone's part was too limited, and I learned what everybody played on the records, the saxes and clarinets, too."

Dickenson's father was a plastering contractor, and his two sons were learning the trade in Columbus when Vic met with a serious accident. "I had a heavy hod full of mortar on my shoulder, and a rung of a ladder broke," he explained. "I was bent back double and never could lift anything heavy after that, so I had to quit hard, physical work."

Vic and his brother, Carter, who played clarinet and alto, joined Roy Brown's band in Columbus. A cousin, also a plasterer, was playing piano in it, but only in F-sharp. "And I could play very good in F-sharp," Vic said. This was his first professional band, and after that, he and his brother were in another local group, the Night Owls. Work and money were not plentiful around Columbus, however, and eventually Carter joined a band from Cleveland while Vic went off to another led by Don Phillips in Madison, Wis.

"I was up there until I was fired because I couldn't read," he recalled. "Play the C scale," the leader said one day. I didn't know the C scale from any other, because I was playing from do-re-mi-fa, but I could pick up the horn and play anything I heard on it. It was just like singing to me. I was fired without being given any notice or transportation back, and that made me mad. I had to play piano and sing to make enough money to leave.

"After that experience, I learned to read and to arrange by myself, from books and by asking questions. That would be about 1926.

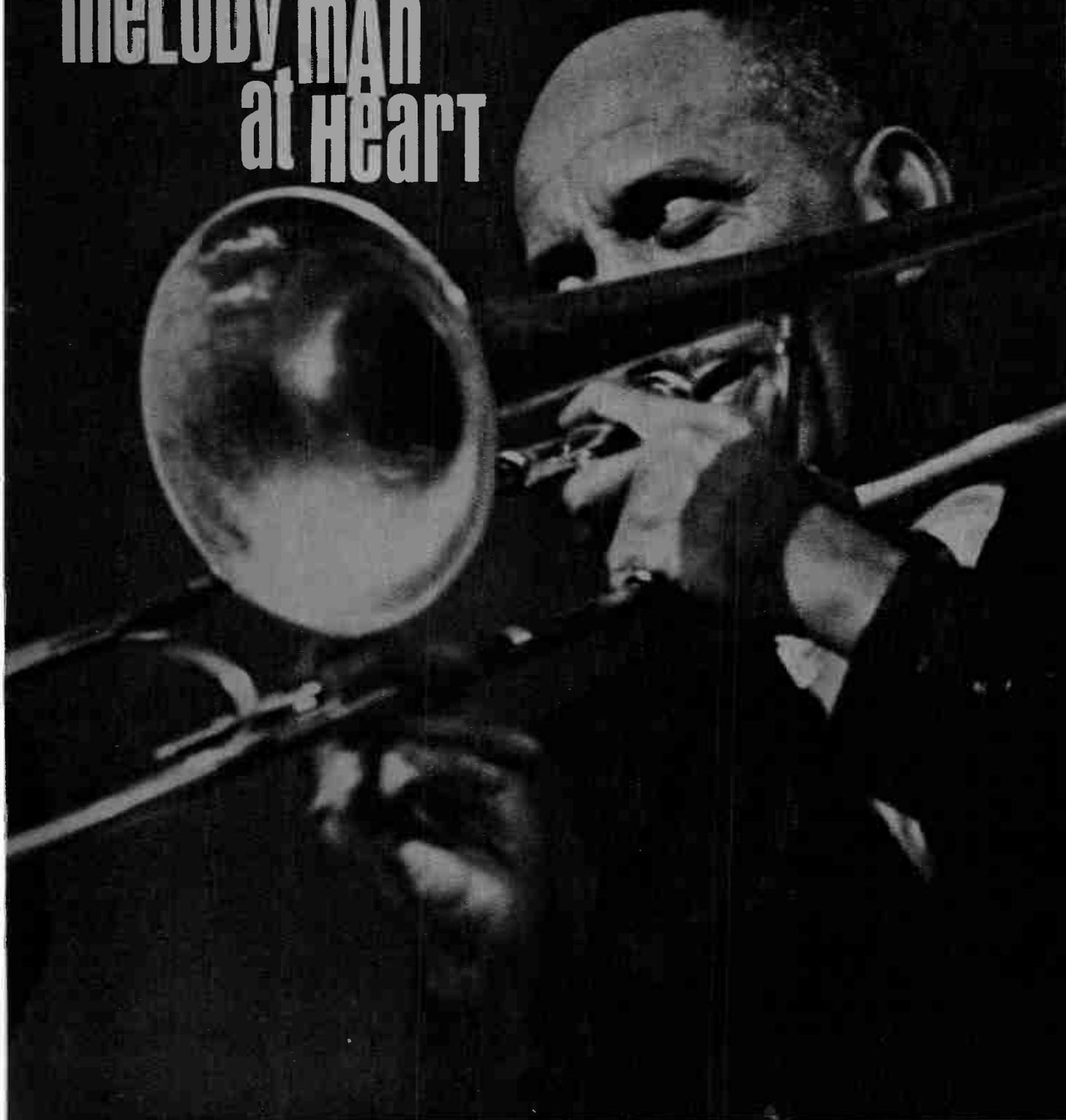
"I found that to play melody on a trombone, you had to transpose pieces to a brighter key than the one they were originally written in. I'd heard Claude Jones with the Syncopated Septet by this time—he was with McKinney's Cotton Pickers later—and been very impressed. He didn't play the instrument like a trombone. He played all over it. Then I heard Jimmy Harrison with Fletcher Henderson's band, which was popular around that time—1926-'29. I also used to buy all the Gennett records by Ladd's Black Aces, and I liked the way Miff Mole played melody, rather than the old way that sounded like a dying cow in a thunderstorm.

"The trombone was late developing as compared with the other horns. Jimmy Harrison and Jack Teagarden both sounded like Louis Armstrong, and they influenced me because they were playing the way I had wanted to play

# Vic Dickenson

By STANLEY DANCE

## A MELODY MAN at HEART



before I heard them.”

While he was still studying, Dickenson went to Kentucky for a period and then to Cincinnati, where he took J.C. Higginbotham's place with Helvey's Troubadours.

Then he went back to Madison and a band that contained trumpeter Reunald Jones and some of the musicians he had previously worked with, but this time they were fronted by Leonard Gay.

On his return to Columbus in 1929, he joined Speed Webb's band for a little over a year.

“It was a very good band,” he said. “Webb had Roy Eldridge, who used to come down from Detroit with his brother, and Teddy Wilson and his brother. Teddy was crazy about Earl Hines and was playing beautifully even then. Seven guys arranged in that band, including Teddy's brother Gus, and every week we had seven new arrangements. Of course, we played everything in the way of dance music in those days—waltzes, pop songs, everything. I did some arranging, but I didn't bother with it much because I found it held me up in my playing. I'd be thinking about the other horns and get mixed up. I wouldn't want to get into it now unless I stopped playing. I imagine that was how it was with Sy Oliver. It's not the same for a piano player, because he's got everything there. Playing a horn is a different thing.

“Sy Oliver was in Zack Whyte's band, which Roy Eldridge and I joined in Cincinnati. Several guys left Speed Webb because there was no work. Zack was playing walkathons. That was what they were called, but people just danced, for hours and hours and hours. It was like pole-sitting, to see how long they could do it. We'd play for a time, and then another band would take over.

“After we'd been to the Savoy in New York, we went out on a five-band tour with Bennie Moten, Blanche Calloway, Andy Kirk, and Chick Webb. We played all around, and the tour broke up in Cincinnati. The guys weren't making so much, but the ballrooms used to be jammed, and the promoters made money. That was how the Kansas City guys came to know about me. When Bennie Moten's band was splitting up, they sent for me. So I went out there and played with Thamon Hayes for a while. Harlan Leonard was in that band, and later he took it over. I left after a few months but went back the following year.”

This time they had a booker and went down the Missouri on a boat, up the Mississippi and on to Peoria, Ill. From there they went to Chicago, where a lot of negotiating went on but not much happened, Dickenson said. Eventually he got a wire from Blanche Calloway and joined her band. Her brother Cab was famous then, and besides Blanche there was a Ruth Calloway and several other Calloways trying to cash in on the name. “But so far as I know,” Dickenson said, “Blanche was the only other one to have a good band, with people like Ben Webster in it.”

On records, she did a lot of singing, but in person the band played plenty of dance music. Dickenson stayed with her from 1933 to 1936 and then joined Claude Hopkins. After a year with Benny Carter in 1939, the trombonist joined the flourishing Count Basie Band.

“All the musicians knew me,” he remembered, “but it wasn't until I was with Basie that the writers and people seemed to become aware of me. Dickie Wells and Dan Minor were in the section with me. Being with Basie was a big help to me. Dickie and I played the jazz solos, and we had many a nice drink together. There were two or three numbers on which we both used to solo.

“When I left Basie in 1941, I worked with Sidney Bechet. He and I got on fine together, personally and musically. He had a style of his own, and you had to

know it. He just didn't like trumpet players. He said they got in his way.”

The next job was with trumpeter Frankie Newton, and Dickenson was with the band at Cafe Society in New York City when Newton's contract ran out. Pianist Eddie Heywood's trio was hired and after about one night of the trio, the boss called to see if Dickenson wanted to come down and play with Heywood. The trombone was the first horn Heywood had. After playing the downtown cafe, they went to California and then came back and played the Cafe Society Uptown as well as 52nd St. By this time the Heywood group was a sextet, with trumpet and alto saxophone added to Dickenson's trombone in the front line.

“I got very sick when I was out on the coast again in 1947,” Dickenson said. “I had a lot of trouble with an abscessed ulcer, and I had to hang around a long while and have a second operation. In the meantime, I formed my own band, and it was pretty nice, though the fellows in it were not well known.”

When he returned east, Dickenson “played around Boston for a long, long time—about eight years.” He went into the Savoy there with clarinetist Edmond Hall and stayed on as a kind of house trombonist until the manager opened his own club downtown. Dickenson took over there with his friend Buster Bailey and stayed on to play first with Jimmy and Marian McPartland and then with Bobby Hackett. After working in New York with Hackett, he went back to Boston and George Wein's Mahogany Hall. Pianist-promoter Wein's appreciation of the trombonist's talent subsequently led to Dickenson's appearances at Newport and in Belgium, Germany, and Japan.

In 1957 Dickenson returned to New York and once more took J.C. Higginbotham's chair, this time with Red Allen and Buster Bailey at the Metropole.

With Red Richards, the story comes up to date. “I'd known Red since the early '30s, when we both lived in Harlem,” Dickenson said. “He would go out and play piano as a single, but he and I used to sit down and talk about getting a group together, and the Saints and Sinners really began about 1960. Since then, that has been the main thing.”

**T**ODAY, DICKENSON, a musician of considerable and varied experience, still has a number of unresolved ambitions.

“I always wanted to record with my brother, Carter,” he said, “but he died earlier this year. He played alto and clarinet very well, and he was due to retire from the mail service in 1964, and then I thought it would be easy to get him to come and make a record with me, if only someone would have backed me.

“I would like to make an album that was really my own, one where I picked the men. Every time I've made a record, someone else has picked for me. I'd like seven or eight pieces, and if I chose them, I would get real co-operation. I have some beautiful numbers of my own, too, that I want to record, but I want my own date—and royalties. I never have had any royalties on any records. When I was in Japan and Australia, people were always asking where they could get my records. Sometimes I wonder whether companies wait until musicians die before they reissue records, so that they won't have to pay royalties.

“One of my numbers was recorded in 1956—*What Have You Done with the Key to My Heart?*—but it was issued in Europe only. It was a good album, made with Budd Johnson (one of the greatest), Andre Persiany, and Taft Jordan. Some of my numbers like that could use a good singer. You know who I would like to record with—the Mills Brothers! As I said, I always have liked melodies.”



# CLYDE HART

## Forgotten Pianist

HOT BOX/By GEORGE HOEFER

There was a tragic circumstance about the premature death of pianist Clyde Hart in early 1945. He had been an active participant in the experimental phases of the bebop revolution, and his skillful playing was stilled just as the modernists began to get a hearing on 52nd St.

Leonard Feather, who has labeled Hart "a transitional figure in the development of modern jazz," quotes the late bassist Oscar Pettiford as saying in regard to the new style, "We were trying to get used to playing it [referring to the bop played by his group at the Spotlite in late 1944], and Clyde was the only pianist that could play those things without any trouble. In fact, he was the first to play the modern-style left hand. He told me as long as I was playing that much bass, he didn't need to play rhythm in the left hand and he could just use it to establish the chord changes."

Hart, a small, scholarly appearing man, was an accomplished pianist-arranger on the New York scene from 1936 to 1945. He was a musician's musician, and there was respect for his work in fields other than the avant garde—at the time of his death he was furnishing arrangements to Tommy Dorsey and to Paul Baron's CBS band.

Hart was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1910. The facts regarding his career then jump to 1929, when he was playing piano and arranging (using the McKinney's Cotton Pickers' recordings as models) for the Jap Allen Band in the Southwest. This outfit, which worked a lot in Kansas City and Oklahoma City, included in its personnel men such as tenor saxophonist Ben Webster and guitarist Jim Duddy Walker, the latter one of the late Charlie Christian's idols.

Hart and Webster were lured east by Edgar Battle in 1931. Trumpeter Battle had been playing an engagement at the Pearl Theater in Philadelphia with Blanche Calloway's Joy Boys (actually Andy Kirk's first band) and didn't want to return to Kansas City when the job was over. He wanted to get a group together to stay with Miss Calloway.

Pianist Hart was next heard from as a member of the then rapidly fading McKinney's Cotton Pickers. He was with this group in 1934, along with the Eldridge brothers (trumpeter Roy and alto saxophonist Joe).

By 1936 Hart had established himself in New York City and was beginning to be used on various jazz record-

ing dates. He was the pianist on some Vocalion sides by studio groups led by two New Orleans trumpet men, Henry (Red) Allen and Sharkey Bonano.

During 1937 Hart was the featured pianist with violinist Stuff Smith's popular small unit on 52nd St. at the Onyx Club. As a leading swing piano man of the late 1930s, Hart worked with Lucky Millinder's large orchestra and a Roy Eldridge group; during this period he recorded with tenor saxophonist Chu Berry, Roy Eldridge, and Billie Holiday.

It was during that time, which extended into the early '40s, that Hart was a frequent participant in the activities taking place afterhours at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem. As a result, Hart's playing developed from a swing to a bop style. Feather has brought this out by reference to a Lionel Hampton studio recording date (for RCA Victor) made about 1939—*Shufflin' at the Hollywood*—on which Hart plays a piano solo "with a conception already markedly different from most pianists of that time." Hampton also recorded an arrangement, titled *In the Bag*, by Hart.

When Lester Young left the Count Basie Band for the first time in December, 1940, he opened at Kelly's Stables on 51st St. with his own small band, made up of trumpeter Shad Collins, guitarist Johnny Collins, pianist Hart, bassist Nick Fenton, drummer Harold West, and himself on tenor saxophone.

The entire group, including Young, sat in frequently at the uptown sessions held at both Clark Monroe's and Minton's. The pianist recorded with Young on the early Savoy sides.

From 1940 on to the time of his death, Hart was a regular on 52nd St. and played in many combos that included such as Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Pettiford, Don Byas, Coleman Hawkins, and Bill Harris. For a spell during 1942 and '43, he was the resident pianist with the John Kirby Sextet and appeared with them on jobs away from 52nd St.

When in the spring of 1944, Coleman Hawkins assembled a group for the new Apollo label's initial recording session, Hart was on piano along with trumpeter Gillespie, drummer Max Roach, Budd Johnson on baritone saxophone, and Pettiford on bass, among others. Three of the sides made (*Disorder at the Border*, *Woody'n You*, and *Bu-Dee-Deht*) have been credited as the first

bebop records.

A month or so later, during the formation period of the first Billy Eckstine Band, there was an all-star date for the DeLuxe label that included Hart, Gillespie, Parker, and trumpeter Freddy Webster. Unfortunately, the two sides (*Good Jelly Blues* and *I Stay in the Mood for You*), released under Eckstine's name, were undistinguished and poorly recorded.

After a date with tenorist Walter Thomas for Savoy, Hart recorded with the Tiny Grimes Quintet for the same company. This turned out to be Charlie Parker's first small-band date, made Sept. 15, 1944. On reissues, the four sides—*Tiny's Tempo*, *Romance without Finance*, *I'll Always Love You*, and Parker's *Red Cross*—have been released under the altoist's name.

The small jazz labels were beginning to become interested in recording bop. In October, 1944, the aforementioned Oscar Pettiford group was working at the Spotlite. Hart got them a date at Savoy records, and they came out with drummer Denzil Best's composition *Dee Dee's Dance and Ideology* (originally titled *Little Benny* in honor of trumpeter Benny Harris, who wrote it) under the band name of Clyde Hart's All-Stars.

A group under Hart's name also accompanied blues singer Rubberlegs Williams on some sides released on the Continental label; they were noteworthy because of several solos by Parker and Gillespie. And with Gillespie and Pettiford, Hart recorded some sides for the Regis-Manor label that came out under his name.

Hart's last—and one of his most important sessions—was the first Gillespie date on Guild (later issued on Musicraft and several cut-rate LP labels), when *Groovin' High*, *Dizzy Atmosphere*, and *All the Things You Are* were cut with Parker; Gillespie; Remo Palmieri, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; and Cozy Cole, drums.

This session that produced *Groovin' High*, a record that probably more than any other single side helped launch bebop, took place on Feb. 28, 1945. Less than three weeks later, on March 19, Hart died of a tubercular hemorrhage.

Although the pianist did not live to realize the tangible worth of the new music, he did establish himself as one of the outstanding pianists of his day. He was an important part of jazz history. 

# record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheol, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonord G. Feather, Borboro Gardner, Richard B. Hodlock, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelsen, Bill Mothieu, Don Morgenstern, Horvey Pekar, John A. Tynon, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initialed by the writers.

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

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

## Elek Bacsik

GUITAR CONCEPTIONS—French Fontana 680.240 and 885.516: *Conception; Tenderly; Work Song; Over the Rainbow; Loin du Bresil; La Saison des Pluies; Three to Get Ready; The Midnight Sun Will Never Set; Gemini; So What?; Goodbye; Room 608.*

Personnel: Maurice Vander, organ; Bacsik, guitar; Guy Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humair, drums; Pepito Riestra, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Hungarian-born, Paris resident Bacsik is a prodigiously gifted guitarist who rarely transcends mere technique in his performances. These 12 selections are technically flawless; yet they rarely reveal anything of Bacsik or ignite into anything particularly memorable. They are too cold and deliberate to move the listener, at least this one, to any reaction save admiration for the guitarist's technical mastery.

All selections find Bacsik playing two parts, thanks to dubbing; naturally the two parts fit together beautifully.

Pedersen and Humair are present on all tracks and comprise a more-than-serviceable rhythm team, sensitive to all the demands of Bacsik's playing. But how much warmth can they impart?

Vander's blissfully unobtrusive organ is added, to little purpose, on *Tenderly, La Saison*, and Jimmy Heath's appealing *Gemini*; and percussionist Riestra joins the trio for *Loin du Bresil*, a piece that, though described in the notes as a bossa nova, has little of the lithe, graceful airiness of that music.

John S. Wilson, in a review of a previous Bacsik album, commented on the peculiarly "electrical" quality of his electric guitar. I must concur that it sounds inordinately mechanical and artificial, probably reinforcing the dehumanized quality of his music. (P.W.)

## Kenny Ball

KENNY BALL PLAYS FOR THE JET SET—Kapp 1392: *Brazil; On the Road to Mandalay; Java; Londonderry Air; On a Slow Boat to China; Hawaiian War Chant; From Russia with Love; Isle of Capri; White Cliffs of Dover; Lady of Spain; Canadian Sunset; Alabama Jubilee.*

Personnel: Ball, trumpet; trombone, clarinet, piano, banjo, bass, drums unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

J. P. Marquand somewhere tells of a lady who had the wit to have diamonds cut and set so that, at quick glance, they looked like paste. This record is analogous in that Ball has given these tunes a pop Dixieland treatment, complete with shuffle rhythm and other cliched devices, but in the middle of the hoop-de-do his horn cuts through with some solid blowing.

On *Brazil* he has a rousing chorus, with his horn leaping to the upper register effectively. *Hawaiian* features swinging Louis Armstrong-like phrases in a stop-time chorus. *From Russia* lends itself to a Dixieland treatment, and Ball roars again.

Though none of the other musicians appears to be in Ball's class as jazzmen,

they are excellent in support.

This album compares favorably with Ball's earlier work. The pointless climaxes and melodic dissipation of his blowing have now been overcome, and there are signs of a real craftsman and, hopefully, a real artist at work. (G.M.E.)

## Teddy Charles

RUSSIA GOES JAZZ—United Artists 6365: *Scheherazade Blue; Lullaby of the Firebird; Love for Three Oranges March; Borodin Bossa Nova; Dance Arabe; Lullaby Russe; Etude; Princess Scheherazade.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 4—Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone, flute; Pepper Adams, baritone saxophone; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Charles, vibraharp; Hall Overton, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Ted Kotick, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Tracks 5, 6, 7—Richardson; Adams; Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Tommy Newsom, bass clarinet; Charles; Hank Jones, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Kotick; Johnson. Tracks 2, 8—Howard McGhee, trumpet; Giuffre; Charles; Hall; Kotick; Johnson.

Rating: ★ ½

Ridiculous. Rounding up superb and venturesome jazzmen like these, I mean, and making them run down dreary little arrangements of warhorse themes from "classical" music literature.

It was bad enough when bandleaders like Tommy Dorsey, John Kirby, and even Jimmie Lunceford turned to this kind of thing, but for Charles, Giuffre, Hall, Dolphy, Sims, et al. to be caught with their hands in the Boston Pops bag is—well, ridiculous.

I could dwell, too, on the several dishonest implications of the album title, one of which is that the buyer is led to believe that this is a kind of follow-up to Vic Feldman's interesting *Ava* LP of Soviet jazz compositions. But it's not really worth making a fuss over.

A few earnest choruses from Giuffre (on clarinet) and Richardson (on flute) fail to bring the music to life. The profound lack of interest of the participating musicians in these undistinguished scores and tired themes is just too much for any single soloist to overcome.

My rating might have been a half-star or so higher had these been unknowns or less than highly gifted jazz musicians. (R.B.H.)

## Hank Crawford

TRUE BLUE—Atlantic 1423: *Shake A-Plenty; Mellow Down; Read 'Em and Weep; Merry Christmas, Baby; Save Your Love for Me; Skunky Green; Two Years of Torture; Blues in Bloom; Got You on My Mind; Shooby.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 9, 10—Charlie Patterson, trumpet; John Hunt, trumpet or flugelhorn; Crawford, alto saxophone; Wilbur Brown, tenor saxophone; Alexander Nelson, baritone saxophone; Lewis Worrell, bass; Carl Lott, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 8—Julius Brooks, trumpet; Hunt; Crawford; Brown; Leroy Cooper, baritone saxophone; Charlie Green, bass; Milt Turner, drums. Tracks 3, 5, 7—Phil Guilbeau, trumpet; Hunt; Crawford; James Clay, tenor saxophone; Cooper; Sonny Forrest, guitar; Edgar Willis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Despite the musical-chairs appearance of the personnel, this album is a consistent, well-meshed recording displaying

Crawford and Hunt at some of their best moments.

Never exceeding eight men, and most often utilizing seven, the saxophonist produces a big-band sound and feel. Nowhere on this album is the music plagued with dragging tempo, a problem Crawford has exhibited in the past and one he inherited from his former leader, Ray Charles. Here the tunes move along well.

*Shake and Skunky* open the sides and are short, driving arrangements, written by Crawford. The remaining three tunes contributed by the saxophonist continue the pulsating, smoldering mood of these two. He has picked up two old r&b favorites, *Christmas* and *Mind*, and revives them with a blues-tinged jazz-oriented flavor. (B.G.)

## Clare Fischer

SO DANCO SAMBA—World Pacific 1830: *So Danco Samba; Desafinado; Quiet Nights; Pensativa; Carnaval; The Girl from Ipanema; Ornithardy; Amor Em Paz; How Insensitive; One-Note Samba.*

Personnel: Fischer, piano, organ; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Bob West, bass; Colin Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

To say that in his most recent album Fischer takes a ride on the bossa nova wagon is considerably to undervalue both his intent and accomplishment.

The pianist approaches this charming music with two qualities that many of his fellow American musicians failed to bring with them when they were so quick to climb aboard the overladen b.n. wagon some months back: to wit, taste and inventiveness. Their application results in a set of performances that are notable for their freshness and viability.

Seven of the 10 compositions are by pianist-composer Antonio Carlos Jobim; the remaining three—*Pensativa, Carnaval*, and *Ornithardy*—are Fischer originals.

The idea of Fischer's performing a program of the Brazilian's tunes is a good one, for the two men are very much alike in both composition and performance. Fischer's piano style is basically a fluid linear one, the right hand spinning out single-note lines against a relatively lean harmonic accompaniment in the left, as is Jobim's. The important difference is that Fischer's approach is motivated by a fuller, richer harmonic conception than Jobim's. The latter's improvisations tend to an extremely spare—almost austere—melodicism in which what is left unsaid is fully as important as what is stated.

In any event, the compositions serve as excellent vehicles for Fischer's probing, ever-inventive mind; his improvisations reveal a fertile, witty, restless imagination at work, one that is apparently never at a loss for ideas, which rush forth with as great speed as taste and inventiveness.

The rhythmic feeling Budimir, West, and Bailey set up is as authentic a bossa

nova rhythm as any U.S. ensemble has thus far managed to generate—light, airy, propulsive.

This set would agreeably complement Jobim's performances of many of these tunes in his own Verve album. (P.W.)

#### Grant Green

AM I BLUE?—Blue Note 4139: *Am I Blue?; Take These Chains from My Heart; I Wanna Be Loved; Sweet Slumber; For All We Know.*

Personnel: Johnny Coles, trumpet; Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone; Green, guitar; John Patton, organ; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★★½

This purports to be a mood album, which probably explains that glum feeling of disappointment that settled upon me from the opening fumbling bars and continued throughout most of the remaining minutes. Green's lean, sparse lines are not heard to best advantage in this dragging, murky setting.

A good deal of responsibility for the tone of this album must fall on Patton, who here plays that particularly annoying style of heavy, sustained organ most appropriately relegated to dirge. Throw in Henderson, who becomes absolutely undisciplined and runs through his influences more often than he contributes creativity, then add a hesitant Coles and an inconsistent Dixon, and one has the hodgepodge produced here.

All these men have played much better and more convincingly on other dates. Occasionally here, as on *Slumber*, they manage to emit a unison, sympathetic sound. Unfortunately, this tune drags on much too long, and its merit must shine through spots of drab repetition and clichés. (B.G.)

#### Freddie Hubbard

BREAKING POINT—Blue Note 4172: *Breaking Point; Far Away; Blue Frenzy; D Minor Mint; Mirrors.*

Personnel: Hubbard, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Hubbard's group here is more than a pick-up combo—it's (or it was at the time the notes were written) also available for road dates. If this LP is representative, the group has quite a varied book.

*Breaking Point* seems strongly influenced by Ornette Coleman's approach. Written by Hubbard (he composed all the tunes on the LP but one), the piece has two parts: one a frantic stop-and-start line that is quite Colemanish; the other a happy, Latin-tinged theme that is used to catapult Hubbard and Spaulding into solos.

Hubbard has some good moments, but his solo is marred by tasteless bravura. Spaulding's alto spot is biting and fairly well constructed. His conception, though quite modern, has clearly evident Charlie Parker roots. Mathews' intriguing solo is impressionistic at times, but at the end he's pounding the keyboard with Bartok-like intensity.

One of the highlights of the track, and of the album, is the excellent duet by Khan and Chambers. This section was, I think, supposed to be a Khan solo, but he plays economically, leaving room for Chambers, whose playing brilliantly parallels Khan's rather than accompanying it.

*Far Away* is a simple, hypnotic piece reminiscent of some of John Coltrane's

more exotic efforts. Hubbard's solo is frenetic and poorly paced, but there are good solos by Mathews, Chambers, and Khan, the bassist making intelligent use of repetition in the process of building.

Hubbard is disappointing on *Frenzy*; his solo is cliché-ridden, and his playing again lacks subtlety.

However, he gets himself together on the up-tempo *Mint* to tear off an idea-filled, nicely sustained spot. Spaulding follows him with some supple, hard-toned alto work.

*Mirrors*, Chambers' lovely song, contains a gem of a flute solo by Spaulding—it's almost painfully sensitive. Hubbard also contributes heartfelt improvisation.

Hubbard has something good going for him in this group. The rhythm men are strong, sensitive accompanists and can solo well, and Spaulding, who should get even better, is already a more-than-competent improviser on alto and flute. If the leader can conquer his tendency to play overfrantically, other, more well-known combos had better look to their laurels. (H.P.)

#### Jack LaForge

A JAZZ PORTRAIT—Regina 314: *The Seventh Dawn; Let's Get Back; My Nemesis; But Not for Me; Like Young; Woman of Straw; Portrait of Jazz; Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me; Summertime; Blues on Velvet; Like Latin.*

Personnel: LaForge, piano; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★★½

This is LaForge's fifth LP for his own record company, Regina. He plays a glittering, rippling piano that is closer to the cocktail circuit than to jazz.

His basic group here is organ, vibraharp, guitar, and rhythm, occasionally augmented by horns and strings. The performances are slick and polished, but they are inclined to be uneventful and, in a couple of instances, end in such abrupt fashion that it sounds as though someone had simply cut the tape.

Although vibes, organ, bass, and guitar get short solo spots, no names are mentioned except LaForge's. He is praised to the point of parody in the liner notes. The sense of anonymity that this leaves with the listener simply carries out the generally anonymous feeling of the music. (J.S.W.)

#### Herbie Mann-Bill Evans

NIRVANA—Atlantic 1426: *Nirvana; Gymnopedie; I Love You; Willow, Weep for Me; Lover Man; Cashmere.*

Personnel: Mann, flute; Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This was evidently made a couple of years ago, since the thanks for borrowing Evans go to Riverside rather than Verve.

It is essentially a low-key session, one that seems at first observation to be a sort of sublimation of mood music; and it can serve that purpose admirably. But there is, of course, a great deal more substance to the performances than that phrase normally implies.

The first and last title are both attractive originals by Mann, who plays unobtrusively and tastefully. Erik Satie's *Gymnopedie* is played as a brooding, somnolent waltz. *Willow* and *Lover* are relatively straightforward treatments of the standards, given added meaning and beauty by Evans' harmonic resources.

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## Is Joe Williams Really Joe Williams?

Barbara Gardner, who has a penchant for such things, looks into the complex person that is Joe Williams, singer extraordinaire. Miss Gardner reveals how the idiosyncrasies Williams was noted for during his time with Count Basie stem from his early life and why he sings what he does.

## Vortex: The Dave Baker Story

When a poll-winning trombonist no longer can play his horn, what does he do? Dave Baker, victim of such a situation, turned to cello and teaching, and in the process has become one of the most important teachers of jazz in the Midwest. But there is more to Baker than his pedagogical accomplishments; the torture of a jaw dislocated—undiscovered—seven years and its painful treatment, coupled with the psychological scars of his not being able to bring a trombone near his lips is a warm story of human endurance. Don DeMicheal combines personal knowledge of what happened with an extensive interview with Baker.

## DIAL DAYS, Part 2

Ross Russell continues his reminiscences about the days of bop, in conversation with Martin Williams. In the concluding part of the discussion, Russell makes telling observations on today's jazz scene as well as revealing what went on during a Charlie Parker recording session for Russell's Dial label.

**PLUS:** Nat Hentoff offers survival suggestions to the avant garde, and LeRoi Jones focuses on that movement's lesser-known practitioners; bassist Ron Carter speaks his mind about Ray Brown, Charlie Mingus, Gil and Bill Evans, and several other jazzmen in *Blindfold Test*; Art Hodes amusingly recalls his association with colorful clarinetist Mezz Mezzrow—in addition there will be such regular *Down Beat* features as controversial record reviews, news, *Where & When*, *Caught in the Act*, *Comments on Classics*, and *Chords & Discords*—all this and then some in the Dec. 17 issue of:

# down beat

occurs in the last track on each side. *I Love You* comes off fairly well, but *Cashmere*, it seems, might have benefited from a more propulsive role on the part of Motian. A little top-cymbal swinging would have been in order and could have helped to build a performance that tends to remain rather static.

Israels is impressive both in the rhythm section and in a couple of solos.

All in all, this was a successful union, with many moments of exquisitely lyrical Evans and a valuable balance of power exercised by Mann, whose discretion is as admirable as his sound is beguiling.

(L.G.F.)

## Jack McDuff

PRELUDE—Prestige 7333: *A Kettle of Fish*; *Candlelight*; *Put on a Happy Face*; *Prelude*; *Mean to Me*; *Carry Me Home*; *Easy Living*; *Oh, Look at Me Now*; *Dig Uncle Will*.

Personnel: Red Holloway, tenor saxophone; George Benson, guitar; McDuff, organ; Joe Dukes, drums; unidentified orchestra, Benny Golson, conductor.

Rating: ★★

Obviously quite a bit of time and money went into this project. Arrangements had to be written, an orchestra recruited and rehearsed, the recordings made, tapes edited, and the record mastered, pressed, and packaged. One is inevitably left with the question: was it worth it?

To my way of thinking, it was not. McDuff, it seems, is hardly the inventive improviser to bring off this sort of thing well. His solos throughout the album are dull and clichéd, their chief interest being the rhythmic contrast they furnish the band punctuations.

The organist rarely develops any sort of improvisational flow or melodic coherence; rather, he strings together superficially exciting riffs on the changes. He is at his best on such up-tempo pieces as *Kettle* or *Carry Me Home*, where he can generate a good bit of rhythmic excitement by playing his riffs against the band's shouts.

On the ballads the organist simply bogs down, and the wheezy, ungainly sound of his instrument at slow tempos works against him.

For the most part, he confines himself to melody statement or fairly simple variation, as on *Candlelight*, on which the organ wheezes along unpleasantly against an interestingly colored arrangement. Not much happens in the course of this performance, and one, in fact, is greatly distracted by the sluggish, asthmatic snorts of the instrument.

*Happy* starts off attractively, the arrangement voicing a piping organ line with bass clarinet, but McDuff's single-note improvisation is uninspired, with the result that the little interest the tune had is quickly dissipated. Golson's *Prelude* is a cute, interesting idea that would have benefited by a much shorter and tighter performance than it is given here. Again, the fault must be laid at the feet of the organist, for he just doesn't say anything in the course of his solo, which suggests the death throes of some giant sea creature flapping out its life on a beach.

Golson has crafted some fine, though not particularly venturesome, big-band arrangements that are played with crisp expertise by the group he has assembled. But the total impression is one of tiredness and surface excitement. (P.W.)

## Charlie Mingus

TONIGHT AT NOON—Atlantic 1416: *Tonight at Noon*; *Invisible Lady*; "Old" *Blues for Walt's Torin*; *Peggy's Blue Skylight*; *Passions of a Woman Loved*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 5—Jimmie Knepper, trombone; Shafi Hadi, alto saxophone; Wade Legge, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums. Tracks 2-4—Knepper, trombone; Roland Kirk, reeds; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Mingus, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It is useless to go into the eccentricities that are peculiarly Mingusisms. They are here in abundance on *Tonight*, and the tune comes off wild, exciting, bewitching and all those other things people say when they are left agasp. This tune and *Passions* were recorded in 1957 with the winning team of Knepper and Richmond, who helped Mingus produce music that still holds up as some of his finest.

*Passions* is in a completely different bag from *Tonight*. On *Passions*, which is also decidedly different from his *Passions of a Man*, previously recorded, the perplexing pro dives into a sequence of tempo and meter changes as well as mood and tonal color variation. These shifts are abrupt and unexpected, transforming the tune into a continuous thread of contrasting music, held together by the prevailing presence of the bassist himself.

The remaining tunes are from 1961, and Mingus plays piano. He is an excellent pianist with a fine, sensitive touch and a fleeting, capricious style.

The album presents a good cross section of Mingus, running from blues through ballads and swing tunes on to the experimental sound, to which he is so attached. It also presents a striking commentary on the general excellence of the musician himself. (B.G.)

## Modern Jazz Quartet-Laurindo Almeida

COLLABORATION—Atlantic 1429: *Silver*; *Trieste*; *Valeria*; *Fugue in A Minor*; *One-Note Samba*; *Foi a Saudade*; *Concierto de Aranjuez*.

Personnel: John Lewis, piano; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This is a lovely record, combining the best aspects of both the MJQ and Almeida.

On the first side (*Silver*, *Trieste*, *Valeria*, and *Fugue*) the emphasis is on the quartet, although Almeida contributes some fascinating colorations to the performances. It is the quartet in superb form, playing material that is full of delightful twists and turns—the development of *Trieste* out of a tango, which continues to hover in the background even when Jackson whirls along over a stop-time figure by Almeida, Heath, and Kay, and the moody, atmospheric setting of *Valeria* by Almeida and Kay (with claves) that opens up into a gracefully swinging attack.

In recent years the quartet has had a tendency to take a relatively cut-and-dried approach (by its standards) to its material. But there is a fine, open, exploratory freshness in these pieces.

The other side is Almeida's showcase, although the quartet is still carrying its weight. The collaboration of Almeida with the light-rhythmed feeling of the quartet on the bossa novas (*Samba* and *Foi*) is exquisite, and Almeida is brilliant on the adagio movement of *Concierto*.

This is a collaboration that has refreshed both the MJQ and Almeida. (J.S.W.)

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## Orchestra U.S.A.

**JAZZ JOURNEY**—Columbia 2247 and 9047: *Journey into Jazz; Silver; A Portrait of Coleman Hawkins; Intima; Duke Bey.*

Personnel: Unidentified large orchestra including Nick Travis, Louis Mucci, trumpets; Coleman Hawkins, Benny Golson, tenor saxophones; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; John Lewis, piano; Richard Davis, bass; Joe Cocuzzo, drums; Gunther Schuller, Harold Farberman, conductors; Skitch Henderson, narrator.

Rating: ★★ ★

One side of this disc is devoted to four pieces that are more consistently jazz-oriented than the orchestra's first record (*Debut*, Colpix 448) was. One strong reason for this is the presence of Hawkins on Golson's *Portrait* and Arif Mardin's *Duke*, although both pieces are geared to a swinging presentation in any event. Hawkins, however, brings his rich authority to *Portrait*, and, even though he is less essential to *Duke*, he gives this evocative composition added flavor.

The most interesting of the four pieces is Miljenko Prohaska's *Intima*, a sinuously swinging performance expressed in a mixture of clipped phrasing and stretched figures.

Lewis, the primary soloist in it, brings to the piece that bouncy strut that is one of his most individual characteristics as a performer. This same bounce is also found in Lewis' *Silver*, an open and rhythmic piece in which he is again the soloist.

On all four selections conductor Farberman has managed to keep the over-all feeling loose and lithe even when the full orchestra is brought into play.

By itself, this is easily a four-star side, but the rating is cut by *Journey*, which takes up one entire side. This is a sort of child's introduction to jazz (text by Nat Hentoff, composition by Schuller), done solemnly and earnestly, in the I-am-the-refrigerator-I-keep-your-food-cold manner.

It is almost entirely narration (done rather stiffly by Henderson) with Schuller providing little more than background and a few illustrative passages, none of which helps to break the pedestrian tone of the story. Good intentions are evident all over the place, but even good intentions require a little creative imagination to make them take wing. (J.S.W.)

## Don Patterson

**THE EXCITING NEW ORGAN OF DON PATTERSON**—Prestige 7331: *S' Bout Time; Up in Betty's Room; Oleo; When Johnny Comes Marching Home; The Good Life.*

Personnel: Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ★

Patterson is playing as much organ as anyone on the jazz scene today. He often employs long, pianolike lines, and though his work is blues-tinged, he avoids clichés, exploring the chords imaginatively. (I hope his inventiveness doesn't handicap his ability to get gigs; most audiences I've observed are happiest when the organist is grinding out stock figures as loudly as possible.)

Patterson has some long solos but sustains them well, at times contrasting simple phrases with complex ones intelligently. *Life* is Patterson's ballad feature. Here he achieves as pretty a sonority as seems possible on his instrument.

Ervin's lines don't have as much melodic substance as usual, and he sometimes wails and screams tastelessly. His first chorus on the up-tempo *Time*, however, is as

poignant and well constructed as any I've heard him play—the pure unsentimental lyricism of it makes up for some of his relatively undistinguished passages.

James does a superb job, providing economical but wonderfully lively accompaniment. He's a real team man.

All in all, this is one of the best organ-tenor records I've heard, with Ervin's not being in consistently good form holding down the rating. (H.P.)

## George Shearing

**DEEP VELVET**—Capitol 2143: *Here's That Rainy Day; I Used to Be Color Blind; Sentimental Journey; Passing By; Would You Like to Take a Walk?; Signing Off; One Love; Nightfall; Willow, Weep for Me; Slowly; Spring Is Here; My Heart Stood Still.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano; quintet and woodwind players unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

The Shearing quintet, which can be pretty drab without any outside help, is sunk here in an ensemble of a dozen woodwinds.

There is some pleasure to be derived from the voicings of the woodwinds, at times carrying a slight echo of the Alec Wilder Octet, which recorded such fantasies as *Little White Samba*, *Footnote to a Summer Love*, and *Jack, This Is My Husband* back in the '40s.

But the attitude is pedestrian, and the set, as a whole, is heavy going. (J.S.W.)

## Sahib Shihab

**SUMMER DAWN**—Argo 742: *Lillemor; Please Don't Leave Me; Waltz for Seb; Campi's Idea; Herr Fixit.*

Personnel: Ake Persson, trombone; Shihab, alto, baritone saxophones, flute; Francy Boland, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums; Joe Harris, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★ ★

Shihab can do better than this. He has a good flute solo on *Lillemore*, employing the breathy, Roland Kirk approach on part of it, but other than that, his improvising is undistinguished. The gutty drive that usually marks his alto and baritone work is missing here, and there are times when he sounds downright uninspired.

Some of his compositions, however, are good. *Campi's* opens with a moving dirge-like section, and *Please* and *Fixit* are catchy, nicely resolved lines.

The other soloists aren't particularly impressive. Persson gets off a couple of well-paced spots, but his ideas, for the most part, are stale. Boland employs an undistinguished arranger style of piano.

Of course, there's always Clarke. His work is, as usual, a delight. (H.P.)

## Wayne Shorter

**NIGHT DREAMER**—Blue Note 4173: *Night Dreamer; Oriental Folk Song; Virgo; Black Nile; Charcoal Blues; Armageddon.*

Personnel: Lee Morgan, trumpet; Shorter, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

Known primarily as a strong, assertive tenor saxophonist, Shorter reveals in this appealing set a fine compositional sense that allows him to fashion attractive and interesting melodies that give the soloists some meat to chew.

There is coursing, assured playing by the leader, Morgan, and Tyner; but in the main, nothing momentous occurs to raise this set above the level of the expectedly competent that one associates with these players.

Shorter's playing has become leaner, more direct, and his sound is now almost exclusively colored by the pinched, ululant tenor of John Coltrane's approach, though his harmonic conception is nowhere nearly so dense or extended as the latter's.

Shorter is most convolute in his roiling *Black Nile* solo, on *Charcoal Blues*, and *Armageddon*. He is at his most languid and lyrical on the pensive ballad, *Virgo*, on which his playing is ardent, yearning, and well paced. This performance further offers a fine sample of his warm, liquid tone.

Morgan is apparently a much more disciplined trumpeter these days (he certainly engages in no gratuitous fireworks), and he has a number of fine displays of his long-lined conception, all the more interesting for its staccato punctuation. His work on the charming title piece is excellent, as is the leader's, and Workman occasionally deepens the sound on this number with a series of dark, bottom-



register tones that contrast agreeably with what is taking place above.

The bassist's playing, in fact, is excellent, being springy and powerful all the way through the album, especially so in *Charcoal*, on which his rhythmic punctuations lend even greater resilience to the supple, floating playing of Jones.

Tyner has a number of attractive interludes, with his rippling, arpeggiated style, perhaps best shown in the ballad *Virgo*.

*Night Dreamer* is an enjoyable album that admirably achieves its relatively modest goals. (P.W.)

### Three Sounds

**LIVE AT THE LIVING ROOM**—Mercury 60921: *Mississippi Mud*; *Once in a Lifetime*; *Hymn to Freedom*; *Glory of Love*; *Blues for My Baby*; *Green's Blues*; *Willow*; *Weep for Me*; *Blues for Big Scotia*.

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★★

This is top-drawer entertainment music but has to be called watered jazz.

In all forms of expression, and in jazz particularly, the boundary between what is art and what is entertainment is often nebulous; here, this group keeps near the boundary but always on the entertainment side.

Harris, for example, plays *Willow* with a certain vigor, but his sense of involvement diminishes after the first chorus, and he starts playing runs of notes to fill in the many empty holes. He is an excellent technician, low in ideas, but able at all times to keep things afloat by playing with a good beat.

Simpkins and Dowdy are able assistants.

This is an ideal album for youths growing out of the Beatle stage. (G.M.E.)

### Ben Webster

**SEE YOU AT THE FAIR**—Impulse 65: *See You at the Fair*; *Over the Rainbow*; *Our Love Is Here to Stay*; *In a Mellow Tone*; *Lullaby of Jazzland*; *Stardust*; *Fall of Love*; *While We're Dancing*; *Someone to Watch Over Me*.

Personnel: Webster, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones or Roger Kellaway, piano or harpsichord; Richard Davis, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

This latest Webster set, following hard on the heels of the recently issued Riverside collaboration between the tenorist and pianist Joe Zawinul, is another delightful celebration of melody by one of the most sensitive and skilled melodists in jazz.

Webster can take a standard and—through uncanny rightness of the rhythmic displacements of his phrasing and his extraordinarily personal tone and conception—completely reshape it without ever really departing from the melodic material, as he does here on the lovely *Stardust*, on *Someone*, *Rainbow*, and *Our Love*. One almost feels that he is hearing the songs for the first time, so fresh and spontaneous are they—and yet the tenorist must have played them hundreds of times.

Kellaway uses harpsichord on two of the five selections on which he plays, and it provides a satisfying change from the piano sound. At the beginning of his solo on *Lullaby*, he gets a sound similar to an organ's from the delicate instrument, but he is much more effective in an accompaniment context, where the harpsichord's plangent sound imparts a frothy, almost lacy, sound to the ensemble that is quite attractive. It also appears that the pianist is not too sure of the proper approach to the instrument. It is particularly noticeable on his solo on *While We're Dancing* that he doesn't quite know what to do with his left hand. Certainly the spare chordal style he employs on piano cannot be effectively adapted to the older instrument, for it has not the tonal sustaining power of the piano.

One can have no quarrel with Kellaway on piano, however. He plays beautifully, powerfully on the blues *At the Fair*, as does bassist Davis, whose solo on this number is a passionate, roiling, completely involved improvisation with effective use of tension-release devices. There is a most humorous trading exchange at the conclusion of this number, with all acquitting themselves well.

Jones, as might be expected, is masterly in his four numbers, providing Webster perfect support, and contributing a number of discreet, rhythmically resilient solos, employing a tone in his single-note lines that is almost carillonlike (*Someone* is an especially rewarding example).

Still, the head-and-shoulders champion of the set is the tenorist. His ballad playing is warm, effulgent, rhythmically sure, and always charmingly lyrical. The breathy, suspirative warmth of his playing on such numbers as *Stardust* is almost like the soft beating of wings, so airy and easy is it.

Many performances he turns in here are pure-and-simple theme playing, but how personal and perfectly realized it is! The harder swinging, harsh-edged side of his playing is displayed on *Lullaby* and *Mellow Tone*, the latter sounding as fresh today as when he first played it with the Ellington band more than two decades ago. Long live Ben Webster! (P.W.)

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# SONGSKRIT

A COLUMN OF VOCAL ALBUM REVIEWS

By JOHN A. TYNAN

## David Allen: *This Is My Lucky Day* (Everest 5224)

Rating: ★★★

David Allen is pre-eminently the most persuasively romantic ballad singer of our day. The best singers in the business are his biggest admirers; they are the first to admit he has no peer when it comes to the romantic ballad.

But Allen is more than a style crooner; he is a superb singer. He has impeccable taste, unerring musicianship, a high degree of sensitivity to a lyric, and a way of phrasing that has roots in the big-band days of the 1940s.

All this is evident in portions of this, his first album on Everest (he has recorded previous LPs in recent years for World Pacific).

With arrangements by Bob Florence, the orchestra is laden with top Hollywood sidemen, some of whose (unidentified) jazz solo prowess is evident in the up-tempo tracks: *I've Got My Eyes on You*, *Love Is a Serious Thing*, *What Have You Got That Gets Me?*, *Where You At?*, *Sweet and Lovely*, and *Lucky Day*.

It is precisely the up-tempo tracks, however, that drag down the rating of this set. Allen is simply, on this evidence, not at all at home with most faster material. With the exception of *Where You At?*, which is handled in easily floating manner, Allen's phrasing seems to drag on the fast tunes; he sounds ill at ease with the tempos.

The ballads are something else. Allen is in his element with *Penhouse Serenade*, *A Swing for Joey*, *Forgetful*, *Why Do You Pass Me By?*, *Skylark*, and *New in Town*, and he does them full, rich, sonorous justice.

For the ballads, then, this is good Allen; the faster songs are disappointing.

## Joe Mooney: *The Greatness of Joe Mooney* (Columbia 2186 and 8986)

Rating: ★★★★★

To describe Mooney's return to recording with the usual platitudes and glib it's-good-to-have-him-back routine would be tantamount to spitting on the flag. He is back, and that in itself is the best news in years for those of us first smitten with Mooneyitis around 1945.

Without delving historically, suffice it to note for the benefit of younger readers that the Mooney quartet of some 20 years ago marked milestones in the pop music it jazz-touched deeply at that time. The quartet's approach was rhythmic and harmonic delicacy of such individuality as to be quite unmatched in its time; moreover, it developed a unique sound born of a combination of accordion, clarinet, bass, and guitar; finally, it had the voice and vocal approach of Mooney.



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What arranger-conductor-guitarist Mundell Lowe has accomplished in this set is the admirable achievement of simulating in much larger context the original Mooney quartet sound. And of course, there is Mooney himself, with both organ and accordion to hand, lending his own fine touch to things. It is also gratifying to note and to hear the presence in the crew of top New York studio men of Andy Fitzgerald, clarinetist with the original quartet.

Mooney does not merely sing a song; he infuses his entire personality into it, a personality so rich in musical individuality as to be rare indeed. He is not a big-voiced singer; in fact, I'm not at all sure he would be considered to have a particularly "good" voice in a classical or orthodox sense. Now, this does not matter in the least because what we are talking about is Mooney, a distinct vocal performer of quintessential charm and built-in jazz sense who handles a song like nobody else I've ever heard.

To those who never heard the original Joe Mooney Quartet, and were even aware of its existence, I would merely suggest they try this set for a starter and work back.

**Nancy Wilson: *Today, Tomorrow, Forever*** (Capitol 2082)

Rating: ★★

**Nancy Wilson: *How Glad I Am*** (Capitol 2155)

Rating: ★★

If any tangible evidence were needed to show how Miss Wilson really has made it as a Big Success in the commercial recording field, these two latest albums would do it. Both share a characteristic in common: there is an almost offhand aura about them, as if nothing extra to sell Miss Wilson were really needed anymore—as, indeed, appears to be the case.

In both LPs, backgrounds are fair to bland (a far cry from her struggling days when Cannonball Adderley's quintet and Gerald Wilson's big band backed the singer) and, in toto, quite mediocre.

In both albums she turns in what is indisputably good Nancy Wilson—if for her vin ordinaire. And that is the pity of it at this point; Miss Wilson seems to be sliding into a dangerous channel where the current of quickly released and hastily produced records may soon sweep her out to the sea of the forgotten ones.

Kenny Dennis (Miss Wilson's husband) provides the accompaniment to *Today, etc.*, which consists of what is generally termed "top pop" fare—*Call Me Irresponsible*, *What Kind of Fool Am I?*, *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*. That ilk.

Similarly, the other LP (which provides no arranger credit) features Miss Wilson in a clutch of such popular ditties as *The Boy from Ipanema*, *The Grass Is Greener*, and *People* and *Don't Rain on My Parade* from *Funny Girl*. Not one is calculated to raise the interest, much less the temperature; all are Nancy Wilson in good form, which at this juncture is to say rather anti-septic in delivery and, in the over-all, controlled soul.

# COMING SOON

## down beat's MUSIC '65

The publication of *Down Beat's* 10th annual yearbook—*Music '65*—is an event looked forward to by jazz lovers the world over. Not only does *Music '65* summarize the events of 1964, it also scans the horizon for signs of things to come.

But since the course of events can appear different to observers, *Music '65* will have two reviews of the jazz events of 1964—one written from the viewpoint of *Down Beat* editor Don DeMicheal and the other by a spokesman for the mainstream, respected journalist Tom Scanlan.

For the improbable future, Nat Hentoff dreams in print of how to spend a large foundation grant—if such a thing would ever be offered for the betterment of jazz,

which is highly doubtful. Stanley Dance writes wittily about the critical fraternity, while Don Heckman deals with the more serious matter of the crying need for new material for jazz, and John Tynan gathers comments from bookers and clubowners on the jazz business. Pete Welding analyzes a recent development in the blues field—the white blues men. Don Henahan writes about the growing number of contemporary composers and how they fare.

Jazz' sociological forces are grist for the writing mills of Malcolm E. Besson, who delves into the relations between musicians and audiences, and Marjorie Hyams Ericsson, who takes exception to social scientists who see more than she thinks there is to see in musicians' behavior.

George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., surveys the year among stage bands and suggests how shortcomings in the field can be surmounted. Also for jazz students and teachers—as well as professional musicians—is a big-band score written by one of the best-known arrangers in jazz; it will be the arrangement's first publication.

Jazz' past is represented by an illuminating interview with Bessie Smith's husband, Jack Gee, in which he recalls events from his life with the great blues singer. Forgotten jazz giants, such as tenorist Chu Berry and trumpeters Hot Lips Page and Frankie Newton, are the subjects for an essay by Dan Morgenstern. Leonard Feather comments on musicians as critics.

A roundtable discussion among some of jazz' most provocative players is another of the bright features in *Music '65*. And there is a large gallery of jazz photos taken by the best photographers in the field to enhance this 128-page publication. There are a number of other features too.

It would seem *Music '65* should cost more than \$1—but it doesn't.

Reserve your copy now by sending a check or money order for \$1 to *Down Beat's Music '65*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill., 60606.



## BLUES 'N' FOLK

Recordings reviewed in this issue:  
*Blues 'n' Folk* (Bethlehem 6071)

Rating: ★½

*Turn Back the Clock* (King 859)

Rating: ★

*Three of a Kind: Folk Song* (Design 903)

Rating: ★★½

*Three of a Kind: Blues Singing* (Design 909)

Rating: ★★

*Blues 'n' Trouble, Vol. 2* (Arhoolie 1012)

Rating: ★★ ★★

Listening to a well-programed anthology or sampler can often be a rewarding experience. If the selections are chosen with care, with an eye toward making some points, afford the listener an idea of the breadth and scope of a particular style or discipline, and offer opportunities for comparison and contrast, then one can get quite a bit out of an anthology.

But, then, on the other hand are the slapdash grab bags that have no cogent reason for being except manufacturers' desires to get something on the market.

That's what we have in the Bethlehem and King sets. Both contain material from the vaults of King records, the Cincinnati-based independent that has recorded a good number of blues performers over the years. There are any number of exemplary blues performances among the material the firm has on hand, but one would scarcely know this were he to judge by these two discs, two of the most disappointing, thoughtlessly programed collections of recent years.

The roster of names in the two is promising: Lonnie Johnson, John Lee Hooker, Champion Jack Dupree, Memphis Slim, Jimmy Rushing, Eddie Vinson, Pete Lewis, Jimmy Gordon, Walter Brown, Johnny Temple, Piney Brown, Sticks McGhee, Little Willie Littlefield, and Washboard Bill. (Two artists whose names

appear on the cover of the King set, Roy Byrd and Deacon Lem Johnson, do not perform on the LP.) That promise, however, is rarely realized, for most of the numbers are slight, inconsequential performances with little to distinguish them.

There is considerable stylistic variety among the artists (ranging from fairly rough country blues singers to polished urban shouters), but all individuality disappears in King's insistence on "hip" trivial material and in beefing up the sound with the addition of a couple of horns (generally saxophones) that most often merely get in the way of the artists. Little thought is given arrangements; most of the playing is cliched and sloppy, and the end result is to make every number and performer cheap and faceless. Thanks to King's "polishing," the country blues men become bland city singers, and the urban blues performers lose whatever bite and force they might have had.

None of the performances is outstanding, the best coming up only to the performers' more mediocre work elsewhere. The Bethlehem, as the rating indicates, is a shade better than the King set, but neither is anything to rush out and buy. Several of the performances had been collected in earlier King albums, and the same two selections by John Lee Hooker turn up in each of these sets (*Flub*, listed as by Memphis Slim in the King set, is actually the same performance as Hooker's *Stomp Boogie* in the Bethlehem). Pass these albums by.

Two albums on the low-priced Design label are worth getting. The "three top stars of folk song" in the label's *Three of a Kind* album series turn out to be Leadbelly, Big Bill Broonzy, and Josh White, with performances dating from the mid-1940s.

There are three compelling numbers by Leadbelly, who is supported by Sonny Terry's ebullient harmonica, all of which also may be found on Stinson 17, *Leadbelly, Vol. 1*. The pieces are *How Long?*, *John Henry* (Terry's harp is voiced with Leadbelly's singing for a very nice effect), and the spiritual *Ain't You Glad?* A fourth number listed by Leadbelly, *Don't*

*Lie, Buddy*, might more properly be credited to Josh White, since he carries the melody, plays lead guitar, with the older Texas singer adding his dark, heavy voice and 12-string guitar only on the refrain.

Two attractive Broonzy numbers, *Letter to My Baby* and *Baby, Please Don't Go* (the Big Joe Williams song, with a slightly altered melody line), are included, and the late Chicago-based blues man brings them off briskly, with excellent acoustic guitar accompaniment.

The four White performances are likewise from Stinson masters; two of them, *St. James Infirmary* and *When I Lay Down and Die* appear on Stinson 15 and 14 respectively. The other performances are *Lass with the Delicate Air* and *Early Morning* (which is actually the old blues standard *Prison Bound*). White's posturing theatrics are not as pronounced as in later years, but they are there and detract from the effectiveness of the songs.

The best numbers in the Design *Blues Singing* album are the three rousing, exuberant performances by shouter Jimmy Rushing, who is accompanied by an excellent band. The singer is in fine fettle and soars easily through *Ain't It Lonesome?*, *Lotsa Poppa* (an inane novelty piece), and *Fool's Blues*, on which are scattered some nice growl trombone and breathy tenor solos. These are easily four-star performances.

Ray Charles' *You Always Miss the Water, How Long?*, and *If I Give You My Love* are among his earliest recordings and bear scant resemblance to his work of these days. The first two selections display the influence of Johnny Moore's Three Blazers (Charles is imitating the group's pianist-singer, Charles Brown), while the third is a pale carbon of Nat Cole, replete with Coleish pianistics.

The four numbers by Ivory Joe Hunter that round out the set are routine at best and are marred by a heavy-handed organ that turns the singer's accompaniment into a thick, dark sludge.

The Arhoolie set is, on the other hand, a fine example of a thoughtful, intelligent compilation. The range is from the harsh, astringent Mississippi blues of Big Joe Williams (*Little Machine*) to the well-oiled urban blues shouting of Joe Turner, who is accompanied by the piano of Pete Johnson and a small band (*B&O Blues*).

In between these extremes are to be found some delightful blues by singer-guitarist Lil' Son Jackson, Lightnin' Hopkins (a rather mediocre performance in comparison with his best work), Blind James Phillips (who sings in an older, deep country style), Blind James Campbell and fiddler Beauford Clay (the interplay of the two is delightful), and the two-guitar-vocal team of Louis Hayes and Alex Seward. There also are interesting numbers by pianist Mercy Dee Walton, singer Little Son Willis, the Zydeco accordion and rubboard music of Louisiana Negroes Paul McZiel and Wallace Gernger, and the long, rambling, but sustained singing and playing of Texas barrelhouse pianist Robert Shaw, whose *Turn Loose My Tongue* is one of the most bright and melodically appealing performances these ears have heard in some time. —Pete Welding

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# BLINDFOLD TEST



By LEONARD FEATHER

Roy Owen Haynes first made his presence known on the New York scene as a 19-year-old drummer with the Luis Russell Band. Even before that, he had a couple of years' experience in Boston to his credit.

Slowly and quietly he established himself as one of the first important modern drummers after Kenny Clarke and Max Roach. His credits are innumerable. Though his longest association was with Sarah Vaughan's rhythm section (1953-'58), he was heard before that with the combos of Lester Young, Kai Winding, and Charlie Parker. After leaving Miss Vaughan, he worked for everyone from Lambert-Hendricks-Ross to George Shearing, Lennie Tristano, and Kenny Burrell.

For the last couple of years, Haynes has been building a new reputation as a leader. He has several albums in release on several labels. His current group features reed man Frank Strozier, pianist Sam Dockery, and bassist Larry Ridley.



# ROY HAYNES

'Trane just kills me. . . . He doesn't sound different to me today; he's probably playing a lot of different things, but the feeling is still the same.'

## THE RECORDS

1. Gerry Mulligan. *Festive Minor* (from *Night Lights*, Philips). Art Farmer, fluegelhorn; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, composer; Jim Hall, guitar; Dave Bailey, drums.

That was a nice over-all sound; the voicing was pretty crazy. Sounded like Art Farmer and Bob Brookmeyer and the guitarist that works with Art Farmer. Dave Bailey on drums. Wasn't sure about the baritone, but I think this tune was also recorded by Mulligan and Art Farmer. I don't know whether this is the same record or not, but I doubt that it was the same baritone.

It had a pretty good, relaxed feeling, but it lacked something—I really couldn't say what. What's fair? Two stars? Two, then.

2. Frank Strozier. *The Need for Love* (from *Long Night*, Jazzland). Strozier, alto saxophone, composer; Walter Perkins, drums. Recorded in 1962.

This sounds pretty close to me. How long ago was this made? The alto reminded me a little of Frank. I didn't particularly dig the whole thing. The drummer didn't seem to add anything to what was happening as far as the 3/4; he could have contributed more to it.

I won't say this is the wrong way to play a waltz. I just didn't care for their approach. It was stagnant and sounded a little tired in spots. I didn't care for the melody too much either; but the alto sounded good, so it should be worth a couple of stars for him.

3. Charlie Parker. *Back Home Blues* (from *The Charlie Parker Story*, No. 1, Verve). Red Rodney, trumpet; Parker, alto saxophone; John Lewis, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums. Recorded in 1951.

Sounds very Birdish. Sounded like Red on trumpet, but the piano I wasn't sure of. Naturally it all brought back a lot of memories of the era—the '40s.

Everything has changed so much—even the way they record nowadays. It had a lot of feeling, and nothing is more important than feeling. The alto—well, it sounded like Bird, though I can't say for sure. Whoever it was, what he played gassed me. Three stars.

4. Jazz Crusaders. *Free Sample* (from *Heat Wave*, Pacific Jazz). Wilton Felder, tenor saxophone; Wayne Henderson, trombone; Joe Sample, piano; Bobby Haynes, bass; Stix Hooper, drums. Recorded in Los Angeles.

That sounds like something that was

made out here [Los Angeles] first of all. How can I tell? It's not something I can explain . . . but something I can feel in the music itself, the over-all.

The trombone I didn't get with at all. The tenor sounded slightly familiar, sounded like if I heard him play a little more, I could tell who it is. Sounded like he was getting ready to get into something. The feeling was happy on this, but it seemed sort of forceful. Didn't seem relaxed at all. No stars.

Can I listen to it again? After the first chorus, I was ready to cancel it out, but the tenor player made me hold on; then it came in nice after the tenor.

(After second playing) Just about the same. I'd say it was fair, because the tenor player sort of bailed them out. I really hate to comment on things, because maybe it was the first track they made.

5. Newport All-Stars. *Rosetta* (from *That Newport Jazz*, Columbia). Ruby Braff, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Bud Freeman tenor, saxophone; George Wein, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

When you first started that I didn't have any idea, but when I said "start it over again" and you did, I heard it. I'd know that drummer anywhere. But today, sometimes I got to stop and check. It seems to be the thing now.

L.F.: To copy Roy Haynes?

R.H.: No, no, I wouldn't say that—it wouldn't sound right to say that—but . . . like they seem to be getting to that type of playing now. So maybe I'll be born again, huh? I'll get a fresh new start.

When I first heard that, it took me back to the older days, and then I recognized my playing, and it was just made last summer [1963].

About Bud—I had never played with him before, and I know a lot of guys from that school don't particularly like the drummer to be too involved, but he really surprised me. I wasn't trying to overdo anything, but I was trying to keep the feeling right there, and he seemed to be pretty gassed with it all. He ever talked about it after the set, and naturally that inspired me, where some other guys might not go along with that too much. Like Ruby, for example; one time we had worked together, and I don't think he really dug what I was trying to do. I enjoyed it—and at the same festival I

played with Coltrane and different other guys. I thought the whole thing worked out good.

The recording wasn't too cool—all the live things don't come out too well. The bass was underrecorded. The piano, George Wein, has really improved—he sounded good. Reminded me a lot of Earl Hines. I'd rate it good: three stars.

6. Miles Davis. *Straight, No Chaser* (from *Miles & Monk at Newport*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums. Recorded in 1958.

Three big guys there! Trane. I'll give it as many stars as you can get, cause Trane just kills me. That is Trane, right? Miles and Cannonball and Wynnton and Paul and Cobb. . . . I dug the front line much more than the rhythm. I dug the solos. Especially Trane. He doesn't sound different to me today; he's probably playing a lot of different things, but the feeling is still the same.

I don't notice too much difference in Cannon today. He may be a little more inspired; he's probably making more money! I was mainly impressed with Coltrane. Five stars.

7. Charles Kynard-Buddy Collette. *Mambues* (from *Warm Winds*, World-Pacific). Collette, flute; Kynard, organ; Cal Tjader, composer.

Did you figure you'd hang me with that one? It's different, all right. Actually, it didn't get into anything. I dig the Latin rhythms all right, but it just seemed to be sort of commercial.

The flute player? Comme ci, comme ca. It's hard to give an opinion with just one playing. The organ? He didn't get in the way—in fact, I didn't know there was an organ in it until his solo. . . . No stars.

8. Benny Golson. *Shades of Stein* (from *Free*, Argo). Golson, tenor saxophone, composer; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Sounded a little like Lucky Thompson. The piano sounded a little Hank Jonesish or Tommy Flanaganish. The rest of them I don't know.

I like the line and the changes. The group in general was, well, comme ci, comme ca. I liked the tenor and the piano. Bass and drums were okay. It was good on the whole, I guess; three stars' worth.



## BOOK REVIEW

**The Jazz Story: From the 90s to the 60s**, by Dave Dexter Jr. Published by Prentice-Hall, 192 pages, 15 illustrations, bibliography, \$4.95.

As an a&r man of long standing, a former associate editor of *Down Beat*, and author of the book *Jazz Cavalcade* (published in 1946), Dexter has accumulated a respectable record of achievement in the jazz field.

Unfortunately, he has now chosen to jeopardize his reputation by publishing this slapdash, thoroughly superficial, inaccurate, and wholly dispensable book.

Years ago, when books dealing with jazz were still a rarity, it might have been possible to find excuses for a work like *The Jazz Story*. One might have been able to overlook a style (or lack thereof) that allows for such vulgarisms as "fem blues shouters"; such involuntary humor as "for [the Olympia Brass Band] to play one's funeral was, as musicians say, the absolute end"; for a writer who invents such words as "innerving" and can state that Sister Rosetta Tharpe "sang . . . with . . . urgency and virility." One might, in spite of such gaffes, and in spite of the slightness of format, have been able to recommend the book as a jazz primer for adolescent readers or "Top 40" disc jockeys.

Times have changed, and it isn't snobishness to demand adherence to certain minimal standards of writing where jazz is concerned. Far more serious than Dexter's shortcomings as a craftsman is his cavalier attitude toward research and facts. The book is rife with errors, most of them inexcusable in the light of today's easily available reference materials.

More basic, and perhaps more serious, are Dexter's errors of interpretation. Bunk Johnson, whatever his faults, was not at any time of his active musical career "senile." It was not Fletcher Henderson, but the sidemen in his band, who failed to appreciate Lester Young's playing in 1934. Leon Rappolo was not "marijuana crazed"; his mental illness was caused by syphilis. It is absurd to say "Lonnie Johnson never made it with the public . . ." when it is known that Johnson's records sold in the 1920s by the hundreds of thousands and that his *Tomorrow Night* was one of 1947's major rhythm-and-blues market hits. And whatever one's personal opinion of Miles Davis, it is untrue and grossly unfair to say, "For all his unquestioned musicianship, it is obvious why he has achieved so little in all the years he has worked as a leader and recording artist. . . ." So little what? Fame? Recognition from musicians? Money?

It is as unfair and inaccurate to describe the music of the Modern Jazz Quartet as "far out, unmelodic, nonswinging," as it is to describe Billie Holiday as singing "of raw sex" in *Them There Eyes* and *You Go to My Head*, though the latter remark is probably intended to be complimentary.

A chapter devoted to Charlie Parker

deserves special mention. Dexter, from Kansas City, was a jazz fan in the '30s and knew (that is, saw and exchanged words with) Parker from his fledgling years on. The chapter begins: "Charlie Parker was a spoiled brat." That gives the tone and feeling of the writing to follow. To be sure, there is appreciation of Parker's "genius," but dominant is the writer's relish in retelling stories about Parker's more unsavory behavior. Granted the stories are true—is it, therefore, requisite to make a point of them? Certainly not in a book of this length and limited scope.

Dexter tries to be fair to modern jazz, but as the quotes about Davis and the MJQ have indicated, he fails. He also considers Della Reese an "outstanding jazz songstress" but mentions Carmen McRae only in passing; has time for the bands of Les Brown, Raymond Scott, and Teddy Powell but dismisses Erskine Hawkins; includes Billy Banks in a list of blues singers; says King Solomon Hall (sic) was an actual person—and blind, to boot; and includes Bennie Green in a listing of "youngsters on their way up" on the trombone.

On the credit side, there are some fairly interesting reminiscences of Kansas City jazz life, new information about the death of Jimmie Lunceford, some caustic comments about the jazz press, and a genuine appreciation for certain artists, such as Benny Carter and Mildred Bailey. The critical bibliography of jazz books in print is useful.

It is a pity that Dexter did not choose to write a personalized, autobiographical book about his jazz experiences. Such a book would have accommodated both his sincere interest in jazz and its many colorful personalities, and his flair for racy, newspaper-style writing. And such a book could have been legitimately opinionated where a self-styled "history" cannot.

—Dan Morgenstern

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT

REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

### Pete Jolly Trio

Red Chimney, Los Angeles

Personnel: Jolly, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Nick Martinis, drums.

A fixture at a Sunset Strip cocktail lounge for some time, Jolly recently moved his jazz base to the Silver Lake area of Los Angeles, added Martinis' drums to Berghofer's bass, and settled for an extended stay at this supper room.

The pianist's repertoire is markedly well chosen: *Spring Can Really Hang You up the Most* is played straight, at its intended ballad tempo; an offbeat choice for jazz, *Yours Is My Heart Alone*, is taken up tempo with Berghofer walking strongly; *Satin Doll* is a medium stroller with a relaxed Berghofer solo; the pianist's composition, *Sweet September*, is a set-closer and virtually a production number leaning a

bit too close to the show-biz approach for this reviewer's taste.

While Martinis, one of the most solidly grounded drummers on the West Coast, takes care of the time business, Berghofer alternates solos with Jolly on many of the numbers. He is a superior bassist with a big tone, impeccable intonation, and sure technique; his solo ideas are economical and imaginative.

Another set consisted of a medium-tempoed and commercially oriented *Girl from Ipanema*; an up-and-sailing *Toot, Toot, Tootsie*; and a version of *The Moment of Truth* dressed by Jolly with an introduction reminiscent of *Milestones* and powerfully driven by Martinis.

A round of fours garnished another Jolly original, *Three, Four, Five* (the title indicates the time signature device in the piece), but the pianist chose to wax frilly in his solo approach. A rhapsodic and romantic ballad, *I Have Dreamed*, followed in perfect contrast.

Because of the long association of Jolly and Berghofer, and because Martinis is a near perfect fit, this trio is a tight, blended unit. Of Jolly, one need but comment that he is today playing better than ever.

Hard jazz is not necessarily the unit's long suit; frequently the accent is heavy on more melodic approaches, but this should not be taken to imply any diminution in swinging. The three conferees, in fact, constitute an individual and superior small modern-jazz group.—John A. Tynan

### Mike Bloomfield

Big John's, Chicago

Personnel: Bloomfield, guitar, piano, vocals; Mike Johnson, guitar; Charlie Musselwhite, harmonica; Bryan Friedman, piano; Sid Warner or Bob Wolff, bass; Norman Mayell, drums.

Growing out of an accompaniment unit for blues veteran Big Joe Williams, who has since taken to the road, this group has rapidly evolved into one of the finest, fiercest-swinging rhythm-and-blues combinations in Chicago.

In the first few weeks after Williams left, the group suffered from time difficulties, much of which must be laid at the feet of its then drummer. With his replacement by Mayell, the addition of bassist Wolff (later replaced by Warner) and, more recently, pianist Friedman, the Bloomfield sextet has developed into a tight, cohesive unit that generates a powerful—if a bit thunderous and unsubtle at times—rhythm.

The group is built around the gifted leader-guitarist. Recently signed to a recording contract by Columbia, Bloomfield apparently has no limitations within the confines of blues guitar.

He offers fleet, supercharged modern r&b guitar pyrotechnics with the same ease with which he re-creates the insinuating, vigorous bottleneck style of Muddy Waters. The range of his playing is pretty much confined to postwar blues styles, and it must be admitted that he brings them off with drive, vigor, and consummate ease.

If Bloomfield has one drawback, it is that he plays too much, for he tends to turn each piece into a virtuosic display,

so much so, in fact, that the virtuosity tends to cancel itself out through overstatement.

Bloomfield, alas, is not much of a singer, and most of his vocals seem more like flat, toneless shouts than anything else. But, at the volume this group normally plays, it doesn't make much difference. In any event, the singer at least does not resort to the annoyingly painful attempts to re-create Negroid vocal inflections that mar (for me, at any rate) the work of such young white bluesniks as John Hammond Jr., Tony Glover, and John Koerner, among others. Pianist Friedman offers an occasional unforced blues shout to the proceedings as well.

Adding a fine blues dimension to the group's work is the idiomatic harmonica playing of Musselwhite, a young Memphis blues fan who has learned much from the blues men of that city and Chicago and who has developed a convincing and earthy approach to blues harp.

He and Bloomfield have worked out a number of arrangements that voice the guitar and harmonica in unison, and these are quite effective. Musselwhite is easily the most relaxed player in the group.

As noted previously, the group's biggest problem has been time. This has not yet been entirely licked, though progress is being made. On two nights of review, a week apart, the band was right on top of things the first night, playing strongly and with fire; a week later, however, the men just couldn't get together, the rhythm seemingly coming apart at the seams. On this latter evening, the group was together only a few times, with the bulk of its performances marred by rhythm playing that was like a tug-of-war.

Still, the potential of Bloomfield's group is quite high, and when the rhythm fuses and they catch fire, they play a lot of good, potent rhythm and blues.

—Pete Welding

### Joe Lee Wilson

Jerry's Lounge, Fall River, Mass.

Personnel: Paul Neves, piano; Ray McKinney, bass; John Lewis, drums; Wilson, vocals.

Reviewing a jazz vocalist who is still in the process of developing guarantees a certain amount of adventure. The fact that this assignment turned out to be wholly gratifying is a tribute to the musicianship of Wilson and the sympathetic backing of the John Lewis Trio.

Overcoming a microphone so corrupt that even a cymbal sounded nasal, Wilson projected a powerful, rangy baritone that reveals a distinct evolution from rhythm-and-blues shouting to his current bag half-way between the sensuality of Billy Eckstine and the drive of Joe Williams.

His current musical orientation is an interesting hybrid: a jazz singer, in the true sense of the word, Wilson phrases and attacks in the manner of a J. J. Johnson trombone solo, at the same time pausing thoughtfully throughout his vocal improvisations, conjuring up the syncopated silences of Ahmad Jamal.

Combining his feel for jazz with great poise and showmanship, Wilson proved that the most effective way to subdue noisy

patrons (apparently accustomed to the organ combos usually found at Jerry's) was to take his delinquent mike directly to their tables and "outdecibel" them with a rousing *This Could Be the Start of Something Big*. Actually it was the start of a big evening for a booming voice.

Dragging behind the beat on *I Could Write a Book*, Wilson showed a sensitivity for lyrics as well as a talent for extracting humor from them. Then, secure in the extrasensory support of the Lewis trio, Wilson ad-libbed a number of clever tags to *Sometimes I'm Happy*, each intensifying the momentum of the swing.

The highlight of the evening was a spontaneous, low-down blues in which he repeated figures in the style of an instru-

mental riff rather than repeating the words of the first four bars, as is customary in a 12-bar blues. Lewis maintained a feeling of triplets while McKinney—a remarkably versatile bassist—pushed heavily on the first beat of each measure, reinforcing the superimposed jazz waltz. Neves comped with chords quite harmonically advanced (nearly lending a bitonal feeling to the number), but the frame of reference was always there, providing an ideal foundation for Wilson's blues edifice.

Wilson has yet to master his endings. They are much too similar, the final note of practically each tune sliding down from a ninth to a major seventh. But that's only a minor irritation at this point in his career.

—Harvey Sidors

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## JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Each fall, once the football season is under way, a reorganization and rebirth of school jazz activities takes place around the nation. But before getting into this year's activities, there are some summer events to catch up on.

The Penn State University Phi Mu Alpha stage band presented a concert Aug. 1 at University Park, Pa., under the leadership of Ned Corman. The concert featured musician-composer Chuck Mangione and guest artist Joe Romano.

Mangione, co-leader of the Jazz Brothers, conducted the band in three of his own compositions—*Spring Has Sprung*, *She's Gone*, and *Dedication: Firewatchers*—and also soloed on fluegelhorn. Romano was featured as tenor saxophone soloist on the leader's numbers. The first portion of the concert included arrangements by Ray Wright and Fred Karlin. Joe Furst, bass trombonist with the band, also contributed arrangements. The Mangione portion of the concert was augmented by strings and woodwinds from Penn State's summer band and orchestra.

The 20-piece Olympic College Jazz Workshop, under the direction of Ralph Mutchler, made a return concert appearance at the Seattle Center in June at the invitation of Charles Hunt, manager of the center's activities. Mutchler was recently appointed head of the music department of Olympic College after having taught there for several years. The band also took part in Seattle's first stage-band festival, which ran Aug. 6 and 7, on the grounds of the center.

Sixteen bands participated, including the Husky Stage Band, the NORAD Commanders, and amateur and high-school bands from the Seattle area and Oregon. Tenorist Stan Getz made a personal appearance, and audiences of more than 1,000 made promoters Buddy Webber and Perry Allen optimistic for a second festival next year.

Director Mutchler commented that he thinks a jazz program is the answer to a small college's efforts to keep a music department alive and functioning.

"Our program is still basically music education, and it's paying off," he said. "Providing an outlet for the playing of jazz seems to stimulate more interest in

our other groups. The attitude of our better students seems to be that of making all of our groups go. And that includes our orchestras, pep and marching bands."

Indicative of the spread of jazz in the colleges has been the organization of a stage band at St. Meinrad's Seminary-College at St. Meinrad, Ind. This group of students training for the Roman Catholic priesthood has faced more than the usual problems of a college stage band. Under the leadership of student Peter Kountz and with the help of Buddy Baker from nearby Indiana University, the group has been making progress.

Baker is once more heading up the jazz program at Indiana University at Bloomington with three bands in rehearsal this year. The top band is being sparked by the lead trumpet work of Larry Wiseman (son of the late Larry Wiseman of Conn). Teaching jazz and directing the other bands this year after the departure of Roger Pemberton for New York are Jerry Coker, author of *Improvising Jazz*, and Tom Wirtel, formerly of North Texas State University at Denton.

The University of Illinois Jazz Band is back in rehearsal under the leadership of John Garvey and has been spurred on this year by its big-band win at the Collegiate Jazz Festival last spring.

The Northwestern University Jazz Workshop is once again in rehearsal with practically the same personnel as last year.

Returning are the lead trumpeter and high-note specialist, Lennie Morrison, and trumpeter Ed Sheftel. CJF's outstanding drummer of 1964, Gary Miller, and bassist Henry Neubert are back in the rhythm section and joined this year by vibraharpist Dick Sisto. The sax section is back intact with Jim Gillespie, lead alto saxophone; Dave Sanborn, alto saxophone; and Bob Kolb, tenor saxophone. Trombonist Bill Dinwiddie has been writing for the band.

Joseph Casey, director of bands at Wisconsin State College at Eau Claire, has organized and is directing a stage band at his school.

Educational jazz is starting to arouse interest in European schools. Appeals for help and information have come from D. Sturm of the Rotterdam School of Music in The Netherlands and from Harry Paton-Evans of Hertfordshire, England. Their biggest problem is the same as over here—the lack of arrangements.

Every year at this time it is necessary to send out an appeal for information. Let us know what is happening in your school. 

# FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

**BLUESETTE:** *Composed by Jean Thielemans, arranged by Glenn Osser; Leeds Music Corp.*

This arrangement by Osser, part of his fourth series for Leeds, is rather difficult and will feature and challenge the sax section throughout. Demands will be made on all facets of playing—tone, technique (some sections have rather awkward fingerings), and sustaining power, since the lines tend to be long.

The brass section is relatively inactive except on the bridge and in the ending. For the remainder of the arrangement it is confined to laying down a sustained cushion of sound and to punctuations. No solo space is provided in the arrangement.

This is a solid scoring of a tune that should interest the band members and the audience. It will provide excellent developmental material for the sax section.

**RECUERDOS:** *Composed and arranged by Johnny Richards; Private Library, Inc.*

This section of the *Cuban Fire Suite* is published almost as recorded by Stan Kenton, with the brass parts slightly rescored to bring ranges down (the lead trumpet still goes to D). It is a difficult arrangement but well worth the effort musically.

The arrangement is filled with dynamic contrasts, crescendos, and sforzandos. Lines must flow smoothly at times and move with percussive impact at others.

After a fanfarish introduction, the Latin rhythm section joins the instruments in an extended vamp that leads to the theme stated by unison trumpets and embroidered by ad lib alto saxophone fills. Unison and soli trombones handle the bridge, and a melodic piano solo takes the theme out.

In the second section, or chorus of the arrangement, the alto saxophones featured in an improvised solo on the first half of the melody and then gives way to an ad lib trumpet solo on the release and final eight. Written solos are provided in both cases.

The third chorus (up a full step) is given to the trombone soloist through the bridge. The arrangement ends with the full ensemble leading to a brilliant coda. Backings for the soloists are

imaginative and consist of either rhythmic punctuations or contrapuntal lines.

**G'WON TRAIN:** *Composed by Patti Bown, arranged by Glenn Osser; Leeds Music.*

The *Osser Leeds Stage Band Series* has now swollen to 64 arrangements. In all but the 16 arrangements that comprise the third set, Osser has used stock voicings and made them playable by three brass and three saxes. In many cases this unfortunately presents drawbacks as far as the school stage band is concerned.

In this arrangement the usual prob-

lems of stock scoring are minimized. In many ways the sound of this arrangement duplicates Quincy Jones' recorded version of the tune.

The biggest interpretational problems will be found in the variation of the swing feeling required by the modern Gospelish or funky style in which this number is written. Final staccato eighths must be accented and played as short as possible. Consecutive staccato eighths, which occur both in the melody and the backing patterns, will have to be lengthened slightly but still separated. Care also must be taken with the choice of tempo.

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# JOE MAINI

## Composed by Dave Blumberg

Joe Maini, a composition for alto saxophone, is a work in memory of the late saxophonist written by 21-year-old Dave Blumberg of Los Angeles.

Blumberg, a native Californian, was born in the desert community of Blythe and studied trumpet and writing both privately and at Valley State College, in Los Angeles, where he is now a junior. Blumberg is leader of the Swing, Inc., orchestra and its chief arranger. He now studies composition privately with Dave Robertson in Hollywood and trumpet with Harold Mitchell.

Of the Joe Maini composition, Blumberg says its inspiration stems from Maini's frequent work with the Swing, Inc.,

band in an advisory and participating capacity and Maini's lessons on saxophone there.

"It's not in his style," the composer noted, "because I don't think **anyone** could write as well as Joe played." He added that there is no ending as such, apart from the alto cadenza at the end of the piece—"for Joe."

The first slow movement—18 measures—is conducted, according to Blumberg. An atempo section follows with the bass walking a written solo. The A section of the piece is played without rhythm; the alto saxophone is solo with trombones in back for 14 measures. The piece then goes into rhythm. Note metronome markings.

Handwritten musical score for "Joe Maini" by Dave Blumberg. The score is written on ten staves. The top five staves are for Alto 1, Alto 2, Trumpet 1, Trumpet 2, and Drums. The bottom five staves are for Trombone 1, Trombone 2, Trombone 3, Trombone 4, and Piano. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are several circled annotations and a "Cadenza" section marked.

Handwritten musical score for "Joe Maini" by Dave Blumberg, continuing from the previous page. The score is written on ten staves. The top five staves are for Alto 1, Alto 2, Trumpet 1, Trumpet 2, and Drums. The bottom five staves are for Trombone 1, Trombone 2, Trombone 3, Trombone 4, and Piano. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are several circled annotations and a "Cadenza" section marked.

Handwritten musical score for the first system. It includes staves for Horns 1 & 2, Tenors 1 & 2, Baritone, Trumpets 1-4, Trombones 1-4, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The score is marked with "A TEMPO" and "BOUTES" in circled boxes. The notation includes various rhythmic values and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical score for the second system. It continues the instrumentation from the first system. A circled box labeled "Solo" is present above the Horn 1 staff. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. It includes staves for Horns 1 & 2, Tenors 1 & 2, Baritone, Trumpets 1-4, Trombones 1-4, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The notation features rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings, with some notes marked with accents.

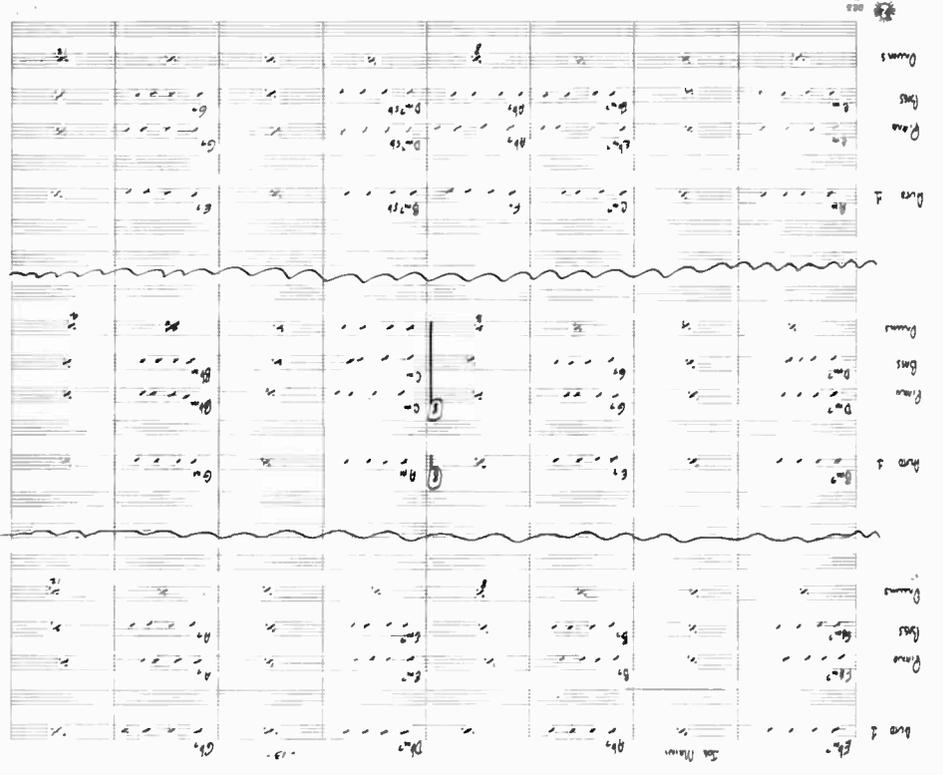
Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. It continues the instrumentation from the previous systems. The notation includes rhythmic patterns and dynamic markings, with some notes marked with accents.

Handwritten musical score for a radio broadcast. The score is written on ten staves. The top three staves are labeled 'Flute', 'Sax', and 'Trumpet'. The bottom seven staves are labeled 'Voice 1', 'Voice 2', 'Voice 3', 'Voice 4', 'Voice 5', 'Voice 6', and 'Voice 7'. The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are several circled annotations and a large bracketed section at the bottom.

Handwritten musical score for a radio broadcast. The score is written on ten staves. The top three staves are labeled 'Flute', 'Sax', and 'Trumpet'. The bottom seven staves are labeled 'Voice 1', 'Voice 2', 'Voice 3', 'Voice 4', 'Voice 5', 'Voice 6', and 'Voice 7'. The music includes various notes, rests, and dynamic markings. There are several circled annotations and a large bracketed section at the bottom.

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trombone; **Chuck Foldes**, piano; and **Al McManus**, drums. Trumpeter **Red Allen's** quartet remains on deck.

The Cellar Club, following the success of the "October Jazz Revolution" held there, has initiated a Sunday night jazz policy. Alto saxophonist **John Tchicai's** Art Quartet opened Oct. 18.

Alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz** has left the **Lennie Tristano** Quintet and has been playing in the house band at the Copacabana. Tenorist **Richie Kamuca** is also in the band.

Singer **Babs Gonzales** organized a tribute to ailing composer-arranger **Tadd Dameron** at the Five Spot Nov. 8, featuring a big band playing **Dameron**

originals and a new edition of **Gonzales' Three Bips and a Bop**, a vocal group from the dawn of the modern-jazz era. Pianist **Randy Weston's** quintet opened at the club Nov. 3 for an extended run . . . **Benny Goodman, Marian McPartland's** trio, and trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** (with **Cutty Cuttshall**, trombone, and **Cliff Leeman**, drums) performed for the *Herald Tribune's* Fresh Air Fund drive at the New York Advertising Club Oct. 26 . . . An exhibit of jazz photographs (historic and current) and jazz memorabilia, with specially compiled, tape-recorded music as background, opened at the University of Mexico's Cultural Institute in Mexico City Nov. 20. A U.S. Information Service project, the exhibit was arranged and compiled by **Gary Keys** and **David**

**Himmelstein**. Keys also presents tenorist **Stan Getz** and singer **Astrud Gilberto** in two concerts in Mexico City Dec. 12 and 13.

An unusual jazz concert took place Oct. 25 at the Petit Paris in Albany. Guitarist **Carmen Mastren** (ex-Tommy Dorsey and now with the National Broadcasting Co. staff in New York) was joined by his trombonist brother **Al** and two other Mastren brothers, **John** and **Frank** (both former professional musicians) in a tribute to their 70-year-old mother. A fifth brother, **Eddie**, also a musician, was killed in a road accident in 1953.

**RECORD NOTES:** **Cannonball Adderley** recorded the score for the new Broadway hit *Fiddler on the Roof* for Capitol. . . . Columbia signed **Woody Herman** and **Charlie Byrd** . . . RCA Victor is recording trombonist **Rod Levitt's** octet in an album of newly written originals.

Prestige is reissuing several of the firm's older albums on its new subsidiary label, Status. The records sell for \$1.98 and will number 137 LPs. The first batch includes LPs by **John Coltrane**, **Zoot Sims**, **Jackie McLean**, **Gene Ammons**, **Benny Carter**, **Eric Dolphy**, and **Lem Winchester**, among others. Future releases on the label will include unissued material. Prestige also plans new recording dates for **Status**. **Bob Weinstock**, president of Prestige, emphasized that the new label will not be just "a catalog of reissues."

**THE NETHERLANDS**

Through the assistance of the Rotterdam Jazz Club's **Paul Karting**, the "new thing" group of saxophonist **Albert Ayler**, trumpeter **Don Cherry**, bassist **Gary Peacock**, and drummer **Sonny Murray** was invited to tour The Netherlands . . . Tenor saxophonist **Don Byas** recently was added to the **Nedley Elstack** Quartet, permanent group at the Sheherazade Club in Amsterdam. Recent sitters-in with the group included trumpeter **Benny Bailey** and French composer-arranger-pianist-singer **Michel Legrand** . . . Bassist **Jacques Schols** was slightly injured in a recent automobile accident . . . Winners of the Grand Gala du Disque awards for the best achievements on records in the past year were tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins** for his *Here And Now* LP in the jazz category and **Quincy Jones** in the arranging section. Jones accepted the award in behalf of **Hawkins**.

**SWITZERLAND**

Regular jazz evenings are being featured at the Cafe des Arts in Lausanne in connection with the Swiss National Exposition. Amateur musicians tenor saxophonist **Michel Comtat** and drummer **Alain Petit-Mermet** appeared re-

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cently. Pianist **Dollar Brand** also played for a month at the exposition. The South African musician has been living in Zurich since 1962 with his wife, singer **Bea Benjamin** . . . Also being presented at the fair is a recording of composer **Rolf Liebermann's** music written for office machines such as typewriters and calculating machines. A jazz version with piano and two drums featuring pianist **Georges Gruntz** and drummers **Pierre Favre** and **Daniel Humair** (who has been playing steadily with French pianist **Martial Solal**) is also available on record.

Saxophonist **Joe Harriott's** band appeared at Geneva's Blue Note recently. The group attracted the avant-garde fans in the area . . . Meanwhile, blues pianist and singer **Champion Jack Dupree** has been satisfying the old-timer crowd at the Africana Club in Zurich.

#### CENTRAL EUROPE

The trio of young Czech pianist **Jan Hammer** and the **Vitous** brothers was dissolved after three successful years, which culminated in a four-week stay at West Berlin's Blue Note. Hammer then played with bassist-composer **Ludvik Hulan** and drummer **Laco Tropp** at the Prague, Czechoslovakia, Jazz Festival and has become a permanent member of the new **Konopasek** combo, replacing German pianist **Joachim Kuehn** . . . Baritone saxophonist **Konopasek** attracted the attention of U.S. reed man **Roland Kirk** at the Berlin Jazz Festival, for after the festival Kirk sat in with the group at an East Berlin concert.

#### BOSTON

The time-honored tradition of sitting in produced some gratifying results recently. At the Jazz Workshop, two consecutive Sunday matinees were highlighted by **Peter Loeb**, Berklee School of Music student with a **Roland Kirk** type of quirk. He blew tenor and curved soprano saxophones simultaneously, first with **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers** and then with **Chet Baker's** quintet . . . At Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike, saxophonist **Illinois Jacquet**, who surprised everyone by featuring **Jo Jones Jr.** on drums, took the back seat, allowing two vocal newcomers to bask in the spotlight: **Mary Ann Fisher**, who had been with the **Ray Charles Band** for three years, and **Joe Lee Wilson**, who had rushed over from his own matinee at Basin Street South.

#### NEW ORLEANS

The Gulf Coast Jazz Club sponsored a concert featuring **Willie Tee** and the **Souls** at the ILA Auditorium . . . **Paul Ferrara's** Dixielanders are playing Sunday afternoon sessions at Messina's restaurant on Veteran's Highway . . .

Organist **Jimmy Smith** is signed for a Nov. 21 appearance at Loyola University Fieldhouse . . . Clarinetist **Tony Mitchell's** quartet became a quintet last month with the addition of vibraharpist **Joe Morton**.

**Muriel Reagor**, who recorded **Leadbelly** while working for the Library of Congress, was in town recently, spotting jazz groups for a jazz festival to be held at the Arts Center in Little Rock, Ark. . . . **Roy Liberto's** Dixie Six will return to New Orleans for a Blue Room engagement in January. The trumpeter and his band have been in the East for several years . . . **Albert French's** traditional band (formerly **Papa**

**Celestin's**) were featured at the Berlin Jazz Festival.

One of the French Quarter's oldest neighborhood bars, the Bourbon House, was sold for renovation in late September. A long-time gathering place for writers and artists, the bar will be re-opened with an eye toward tourist trade. A ceremony mourning the change was attended by numerous quarter habitues, with **Harold DeJan's** Brass Band furnishing a funeral dirge . . . Bassist **Lou Jourdan's** quintet has been working in the Shreveport area. The group includes **Lightning Smith**, trumpet; **Don Veca**, trombone, piano; **Bob Shilling**, clarinet; **Reed Vaughn**, drums.

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## Complete Details

# Down Beat's Eighth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

*Down Beat* has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$980 each, will be in honor of the Hall of Fame winner chosen by the *Down Beat* readers in the December 31, 1964, issue. The scholarships shall be awarded to the competition's winners, who will be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

## Who is Eligible?

**Junior division:** (\$3,480... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

**Senior division:** (\$1,980... one full scholarship of \$980; two partial scholarships of \$500 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1965.

Anyone, regardless of national residence, fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

## Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 31, 1964. The scholarship winners will be announced in a March, 1965, issue of *Down Beat*.

## How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of demonstrated potential as well as current musical proficiency.

## Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$980. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships which are applied to tuition costs for one school year are in the value of: four at \$500, and six at \$250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1965, or January, 1966, or else forfeit the scholarship.

## How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, to receive the official application form.

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12/3/64

## CLEVELAND

Composer-arranger-alto saxophonist **Willie Smith** has been rehearsing a new big band on Sundays recently. The personnel includes, among others, trumpeters **Ismael Ali**, **Jim Hricik**, and **Chuck Finley**; baritone saxophonist **Norman Davis**; and bassist **Chink Stevenson** . . . **Joe Alexander** took his tenor saxophone and combo to the Club 100 for an indefinite stay; a new quartet led by guitarist **Don Gregory** was set to follow Alexander at the Lucky Bar . . . **Dave O'Rourke**, back on the club scene after many months of only studio playing for the Westinghouse-TV network's *Mike Douglas Show*, took an excellent quartet into the Tangiers. The group consists of O'Rourke, tenor and alto saxophones, clarinet, and flute; **Don Banks**, guitar; **Frank LaMarco**, bass; and **Leon Stevenson**, one of the town's best drummers.

Tenor saxophonist **Weasel Parker** recently left the Corner Tavern, where he had moved his trio (with **Billy Arter**, organ, and drummer-vibraharpist **Glenn Graham**) after more than a year and a half at the Lucky Bar. Singer **Dot Ramm**, with exciting vibraharpist **Glenn Graham** behind her, broke things up at several impromptu sessions at the Tavern. Other standouts at recent jam sessions include trumpeter **Mickey Gregory** and alto saxophonists **Arthur Jones**, **Ernie Krivda**, and **Caesar Dameron** (brother of composer-arranger **Tadd**).

## CHICAGO

When **Art Blakey** brought his *Jazz Messengers* to McKie's last month, he had practically a new group. **John Gilmore** has replaced **Wayne Shorter** on tenor saxophone; former Chicagoan **Vic Sproles** is the new bassist; and pianist **John Hicks**, from St. Louis, has taken over for **Cedar Walton**. Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** was the only holdover from the previous edition of the *Messengers*. Trombonist **Curtis Fuller**, who has been a Blakey mainstay for some time, was not with the group this trip; he was hospitalized in New York City with a serious tonsil infection. Fuller, however, was scheduled to rejoin the band after it finished its run at McKie's.

Two vocalists seldom heard in these parts are making appearances now: **Teddi King** was held over at the Playboy Club and will be there until Nov. 29, **Morgana King** is at Mr. Kelly's . . . When **Woody Herman's Herd** played a five-night gig at the Plugged Nickel, **Ronnie Zito** was the drummer with the band. Zito originally had been hired to take **Jake Hanna's** place on a temporary basis . . . Tenorist **Sandy Mosse**, heard Wednesdays and Sundays with the *Pieces of Eight* at the Outhaus, put together the band for the recent **Mel**

**Torme-Frances Faye** concert at Medinah Temple . . . Tenorist **Sonny Rollins** brought his group into the Plugged Nickel for a week early this month.

WBBM, the local CBS outlet, hired trumpeter **Arthur Hoyle**, altoist **Johnny Derrick**, bassist **Truck Parham**, and drummer **Bob Tilles** for its staff band. It marks the first time that a local station has hired Negroes as staff musicians . . . Clarinetist **Franz Jackson's** traditional-jazz band is playing Fridays and Saturdays at the Red Arrow in suburban Stickney. Jackson also leads a group at the Old Town North at various times . . . Pianist **Dick Reynolds** and drummer **Rick Frigo** lead the house band at the London House on Fridays and Saturdays.

The Skokie Public Library will be the scene of a free evening concert by the **John Klemmer Trio** + 1 Dec. 4. With tenorist Klemmer will be trumpeter **Oscar Brashear**, bassist **Larry Marckwell**, and drummer **Bob Moseson** . . . Recently rediscovered Mississippi blues man **Son House** is to be heard in concert at the University of Chicago Nov. 21 . . . Another U. of C. concert program had Indian sitarist **Ravi Shankar** in an evening of raga performances . . . After some months, the **Mike Bloomfield** r&b group left Big John's, moving from the N. Wells St. club to one farther north, Magoo's, at Broadway and Bryn Mawr. Replacing Bloomfield at Big John's is the quartet of singer-harmonica player **Paul Butterfield**.

#### MILWAUKEE

A marked increase in jazz activity has been taking place here. October and November have brought appearances by many name artists, among them **Ray Charles** (whose band featured tenor saxists **Dave Newman** and **James Clay**), the **Paul Winter Sextet**, **Josh White**, the **Harry James Band** (with **Buddy Rich** and singer **Ruth Price**), **Frank D'Rone**, the **Dave Brubeck Quartet**, **Louis Armstrong**, and the **New Salty Dogs**. Drummer **Joe Morrello** sat in with the James band during the joint Brubeck-James appearance . . . The **Joe Gumin** Dixieland concert brought most of the city's veteran jazzmen out of retirement for the evening . . . **NORAD'S Commanders** jazz orchestra presented its "Cavalcade of Jazz" program at Gesu High School late in October, featuring Milwaukee accordionist **Kenny King** . . . The renewed interest in jazz here has resulted in putting most of the local jazzmen to work, if only on a part-time basis.

#### LAS VEGAS

A nine-piece group led by baritonist **Steve Perlow** debuted here several months ago. Others in the group include trumpeters **Herb Phillips** and **Bill Hodges**, trombonist **Charlie Loper**, sax-

ophonists **Charlie McLean** and **Rich Davis**, guitarist **Don Overberg**, bassist **Billy Christ**, and drummer **Sandy Savino**. The band has appeared in a series of concerts at local high schools and at the University of Nevada. The final concert by the group was at the Flamingo Hotel, where it appeared with the **Bill Harris Quartet** (Harris, trombone; **Ronnie DePhillips**, piano; **Carson Smith**, bass; and **Tom Montgomery**, drums). All concerts were sponsored by AFM Local 369 and were presented under the auspices of the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries.

Singer **Sarah Vaughan** began a four-week engagement at the Riviera Hotel Lounge on Nov. 1 . . . Other recent visitors here have been singers **Nancy Wilson** and **Dorothy Dandridge**, who brought with her pianist **Jack Wilson**, trumpeter **Harry Edison**, and bassist **Leroy Vinnegar** . . . The Black Magic club has been featuring sessions twice a week with trombonist **Carl Fontana** fronting a group (**Ronnie Donath**, piano; **Moe Scarazzo**, bass; and **Sandy Savino**, drums) on Wednesdays; on Sundays **Jimmie Cook** with Donath, bassist **Carson Smith**, and drummer **Buddy Greve** take over.

#### LOS ANGELES

Pianist **Russ Freeman**, with the **Shelly Manne** group for many years, is running for office as member of the board of directors of AFM Local 47, his first such venture. Freeman is running for the post being vacated by pianist **Joyce Collins**, retiring after four years on the board. With pianist **Eddie Cano** also running again, jazz representation at the policymaking level in the union is solid and assured.

During their brief sojourns here, the **Cannonball Adderley** and **Horace Silver** groups played at Synanon House in Santa Monica for the residents at the request of the Synanon arts director, **Arnold Ross**. Columbia Pictures is currently making the picture *Synanon* at the Santa Monica location, with Ross and the foundation jazz group providing some of the soundtrack music . . . Musicians' Wives, Inc., scheduled its fifth annual Halloween Masquerade Ball at **Ciro's Le Disc**, at which **Stan Kenton** and **Johnny Mercer** were billed as participants. Proceeds went toward the maintenance of music scholarships provided by the group at the University of California at Los Angeles, Los Angeles State College, and San Fernando State College . . . **Joyce Collins**, piano, and **Monty Budwig**, bass, replaced pianist **Fern Vashon** and bassist **Mort Herbert** at Norm's Green-Lake Steak House in Pasadena on Monday and Tuesday nights.

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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

Baby Grand: Joe Knight, hb.  
Basie's: Phil Austin, tfn.  
Basin Street East: Della Reese, 11/30-12/5.  
Birdland: Horace Silver to 11/22. Woody Her-  
man, Les McCann, 11/24-29.  
Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn): Jonah Jones to 11/24.  
Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn.  
Cabrera Room (Great Neck): Walter Davis  
Jr., tfn.  
Cellar Club: jazz concerts, Fri.-Sun.  
Champagne Gallery: Steve Lacy, Sun. after-  
noons.  
Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.  
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.  
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.  
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups.  
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.  
Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.  
Five Spot: Randy Weston, Teddy Wilson, tfn.  
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie  
Quener, George Wettling, Mike Schiffer, hbs.  
Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, hb.  
Half Note: John Coltrane, 11/20-12/3. Tubby  
Hayes, 12/4-9.  
Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John  
Bunch, tfn.  
Metropole: Henry (Red) Allen, hb. Dixieland  
All-Stars, tfn.  
Minton's: name jazz groups.  
Mr. J's: Charles Cochran, tfn.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam  
Stewart, hb.  
Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.  
Playboy: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris,  
Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, hbs.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton,  
Tony Parenti, hb.  
Strollers': Marian McPartland, tfn.  
Village Gate: Mongo Santamaria, 12/1-13. The-  
lonious Monk, 12/13-1/22.  
Village Vanguard: Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln,  
Roland Hanna, to 11/30.  
Wells': Buddy Henry, tfn.

## BOSTON

Beachcomber (Wollaston Beach): Duke Elling-  
ton, 12/3-4.  
Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone, Maggie Scott, tfn.  
Cottage Crest (Waltham): Paul-Champ Duo,  
Thur.-Sat.  
D'Amatos (Hartford, Conn.): The New Breed,  
Wed.-Sun.  
Fenway-Commonwealth: The Jaytones, tfn.  
Fenway North (Revere): Glenna Gibson, tfn.  
Game Bar (Lynn): Rick Kay, tfn.  
Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street  
Boys, tfn.  
Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Modern Jazz Quartet to 11/22.  
Tubby Hayes, 11/23-29. Oscar Peterson, 12/1-6.  
Freddie Hubbard, 12/7-13. Roy Hayes, 12/14-  
20.  
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike (West Peabody): Dizzy  
Gillespie to 11/22. Jimmy Rushing, 11/23-29.  
George Barnes-Carl Kress, 11/29.  
Number 3 Lounge: Saby Lewis, tfn.  
Saxony: Clarence Jackson, tfn.  
Through the Looking Glass: Tony Eira, Gerry  
Reiter, tfn.  
Westgate Lounge (Brockton): Lou Columbo, Tue.

## WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.  
Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.  
Bohemian Caverns: Lou Rawls to 11/29.  
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Ann Read, tfn.  
Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris,  
Thur.-Sat., hb.  
Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.  
P.L.'s Cafe: Tommy Gwaltney, tfn.  
Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schmeer, Keith Hodg-  
son, tfn.  
Showboat Lounge: Roland Kirk to 11/21. Oscar  
Peterson, 11/23-28. Dizzy Gillespie, 11/30-12/5.  
Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 12/7-12. Charlie Byrd,  
12/14-tfn.  
Stouffer's Restaurant: John Eaton, tfn.

## NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo  
Pecora, tfn.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.  
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.

Loyola Field House: Jimmy Smith, 11/21.  
King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.  
Messina's: Paul Ferrara, Sun. afternoon sessions.  
Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Rus-  
sell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Pepe's: Larry Muhoberac, tfn.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Buddy Prima,  
hbs.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, tfn.  
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, tfn.  
Dark Side: Jimmy Forrest, tfn.  
Kings Bros. Motel: Eddy Johnson, tfn.  
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, tfn.  
Playboy: Sam Malone, Jasper Salerno, hbs.  
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, tfn.  
Sorrento's: Gale Belle, Mon.-Wed. Herb Drury,  
Thur.-Sat.  
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, tfn.  
Tres Bien: Gene Gammage, tfn.  
Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.  
Yacht Club: Marsh Katzman, wknds.

## CLEVELAND

Bird Cage: Carl Gulla, wknds.  
Bola Kai (Southgate): Bud Wattles, Bobby  
Bryan, wknds.  
Brothers: Joe Howard, wknds.  
Capri: Modern Men, tfn.  
Casa Blanca: Smitty Al, wknds.  
Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald,  
Thur.-Sat.  
Club 100: Joe Alexander, tfn. sessions, Sat.  
afternoon.  
Corner Tavern: unk.  
Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro-Bob Lopez, tfn.  
Sal Bucari, wknds.  
Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Ses-  
sions, Sat. afternoon.  
Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon St. Bums,  
wknds.  
Harvey's Hideaway: Joe Cooper, tfn.  
LaRue: East Jazz Trio, tfn.  
Leo's Casino: Roland Kirk-Ramsey Lewis, 12/10-  
13.  
Lucky Bar: Don Gregory, Thur.-Sat.  
Masiello's: Gigolos, wknds.  
Monticello: Ted Paskert-George Quittner, wknds.  
The Office: Harry Damas-Mike Charles, wknds.  
La Porte Rouge: Bill Gidney, wknds.  
Punch & Judy: Eddie Nix, hb.  
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.  
Shaker House Motel: Angel Sanchez, tfn.  
Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy,  
hb.  
Tangiers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.  
Theatrical Grill: Dorothy Donegan to 11/28. Bob  
McKee, Nancy Ray, hbs.  
University Lanes: unk.

## DETROIT

Artists' Workshop: concerts, Sun. afternoon.  
Detroit Contemporary Five, hb.  
Caucus Club: Howard Lucas, tfn.  
Chatterton Lounge (Dearborn): Dorothy Ashby,  
tfn.  
Chit-Chat: Paul Bryant, wknds. Sessions, Tue.  
Drome Bar: name groups, Tue.-Sun.  
Falcon Bar (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet,  
tfn.  
Hobby Bar: Jimmy Johnson, tfn.  
Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.  
Nancy's Bar: sessions, Mon.  
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, tfn.  
Office Lounge (Flint): sessions, Sun.  
Page's: Frank Morelli, tfn.  
Pheps' Lounge: sessions, Sat. afternoon.  
Playboy Club: Booboo Turner, Vince Mance,  
Matt Michaels, hbs.  
Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.  
Trent's: unk.  
Tropicana (Lansing): organ trios, Tue.-Sun.  
Twenty Grand: Levi Mann, hb.  
Unstabled Theater: sessions afterhours, Fri.-  
Sat. Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb.

## CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: Billy Emerson, tfn.  
Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed.-Sat. Tommy  
Ponce, Sun.  
Gai Paris: Eddy Davis, Manny Garcia, tfn.  
Dukes of Dixieland to 12/14.

Hungry Eye: Ken Rhodes, wknds.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington,  
Thur.  
London House: Gene Krupa to 12/6. Jonah Jones,  
12/8-27. Joao Gilberto, Eddie Higgins, Dick  
Reynolds-Rick Frigo, hbs.  
Mago's: Mike Bloomfield, Wed.-Sun.  
McKie's: Sonny Stitt, 11/18-26. B. B. King,  
11/27-29. Ramsey Lewis, 12/16-1/3.  
Midus Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.  
Mister Kelly's: Morgana King to 12/6. Larry  
Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
Moroccan Village: Baby Face Willette, tfn.  
Olde East Inn: unk.  
Olde Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Mon.-Tue.  
Larry Boyle, tfn.  
Outhaus: Pieces of Eight, Wed., Sun.  
Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene  
Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
Plugged Nickel: Miles Davis to 11/22. Charlie  
Byrd, 11/24-12/6. Art Blakey, 12/9-13. Ses-  
sions, Mon.  
Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Fri.-Sat.  
Showboat Sari-S: Art Hodes, tfn.  
Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.  
Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

## MILWAUKEE

Boom Boom Room: Bob Erickson, wknds.  
Club Chateau: Berk Fudge, wknds.  
Columns Room: Les Czimer, tfn.  
Dimitris: Kenny Danish, Thur.-Sun.  
English Room: Frank Vlasis, Fri.-Sat.  
Hilltop: Greg Blando, Fri.-Sat.  
Layton Place: Frank Vlasis, Thur., Sun. Frank  
DeMiles, Fri.-Sat.  
Ma's Place: Greg Blando, Wed., Thur., Sun.  
4 Star Quartet, Fri.-Sat.  
Mayfair: George Pritchette, wknds.  
Motor Coach Inn: Zig Millonzi, tfn.  
Music Box: Bev Pitts, wknds.  
Sunny Italy: Frank Vlasis, Tue. Bob Ullen-  
berg, wknds.  
Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedebusch, tfn.

## LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz afterhours, Fri.-Sat.  
Alibi (Pomona): Alton Purnell, tfn.  
Beverly Cavern: Rosie McHargue, Fri.-Sat.  
Beverly Hilton (Rendezvous Room): Calvin  
Jackson, Al McKibbon, tfn.  
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles,  
Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.  
Chico's (Lynwood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.  
Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.  
Cocoon Grove: George Shearing, Four Fresh-  
men, to 11/22.  
Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Paul  
McCoey, tfn.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.  
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Pres-  
ervation of Dixieland Jazz, tfn.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.  
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland  
Band, hb.  
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills Estates): Paul  
Smith, Wilfred Middlebrooks, tfn.  
Intermission Room: William Green, tfn.  
International Hotel (International Airport):  
Kirk Stuart, tfn.  
It Club: unk.  
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey):  
Johnny Lane, tfn.  
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb.  
Lazy X (North Hollywood): Rick Fay, Charlie  
Lodice, Jack Coon, Tom Geckler, Sun. after-  
noon.  
Mama Lion: Gabe Baltazar, Mon.-Wed.  
Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.  
Marty's: Charles Kynard, tfn.  
McGee's (Westwood): Ted Shafer, Fri.-Sat.  
Metro Theater: jazz concerts afterhours, Fri.-  
Sat.  
Norm's Green-Lake Steak House: Joyce Collins,  
Monty Budwig, Mon.-Tue.  
Palace (Santa Barbara): Gene Bolen, Mon.-Sat.  
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, tfn.  
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Johnny Dial, tfn.  
Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur.-  
Sat.  
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman,  
Charlie Lodice, tfn.  
Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-  
Sat.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Olivet Miller,  
Fri.-Sun.  
San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring,  
hb. Sonny Simmons, Mon.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Jimmy Giuffre to 11/29.  
Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.  
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.  
Strand Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.  
Sultan Room: Richard Aplan, Sun. afternoon.  
Tiki (Hermosa Beach): Kid Kenwood, Good-  
time Levee Stompers, Mon.-Fri.  
Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie  
Wills, sessions, tfn.  
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Don Abney,  
Buddy Woodsen, Ed Atwood, tfn. 

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