

he were carrying on a conversation with him and underlining his statements.

And Roy Haynes! What can you say? That he swings? That he kicks everybody on the date? Mere platitudes. He's more like the source from which the others draw sustenance—a well of life.

Life. That's it. This album is life. (D.DeM.)

Kenny Dorham

THE JAZZ CONTEMPORARY—Time 52004: *A Waltz*; *Monk's Mood*; *In Your Own Sweet Way*; *Horn Salute*; *Tonica*; *This Love Of Mine*.

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Steve Kuhn, piano; Buddy Enlow, drums; Jimmy Garrison or Butch Warren, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album is an excellent example of why Kenny Dorham has never reached the critical and public acceptance that many less competent trumpet players have achieved. It is an intimately personal album, in no way a commercial product.

All the tunes, except one, exceed five minutes in playing time, and two tunes run over eight minutes. There is no contrived driving excitement. With the exception of one standard, the tunes are generally unfamiliar or original frames on which the musicians hang their ideas.

In short, this is Kenny's album, and he plays what he wants and the way he wants. To the outside listener, the result is somewhat less than earthshaking, but there is an arresting sense of sincerity and truth.

The men accompanying Dorham are not as fully seasoned as their leader, however. Jimmy Garrison is impressive as a future influential bassist. His support on *Sweet Way* is fully evident. The highlight of the album is the beguiling *Monk's Mood*.

Dorham is recorded here as a fine, mature musician. The album is somewhat lacking in fire, excitement, and originality of ideas. Still, this is a good date, well executed, impressively packaged, and particularly suited to Dorham fans and conservative listeners. (B.G.)

Ray Draper

THE RAY DRAPER QUINTET FEATURING JOHN COLTRANE—New Jazz 8228: *Clifton's Kappa*; *Filide*; *Two Sons*; *Paul's Pal*; *Under Paris Skies*; *I Hadn't Anyone 'Til You*.

Personnel: Draper, tuba; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Gil Coggins, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; Larry Ritchie, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Apparently this talented young musician intends to continue hammering away at the musical limitations of the tuba until the horn is accepted in the front line of jazz. Well, lots of luck.

Technically, Draper has come a long way. Melodically, he is not much closer to forcing a well-constructed chorus from the stubborn horn than he was when he tried the same venture about three years ago.

The major functions served by this album are threefold. It provides an opportunity to air Draper's compositions, which show considerable talent, particularly in voicing and orchestration. And the album keeps Draper before us as a promising jazz artist. But primarily the album presents an imaginative, disciplined Coltrane in one of the most unusual roles

in which he has recorded thus far.

Coltrane eagerly embraces his responsibility as the senior citizen of the group. He settles reassuringly into the ensemble as an invaluable supporting figure and skillfully blends a broad, perfectly shaded tone with Draper's tuba. As a soloist, however, Coltrane's more natural tone and manipulation emerge and his subsequent high sailing choruses serve to exaggerate the many limitations of the tuba. It is on the strength of Coltrane's superb performance that this album makes it.

Draper does manage to begin an effective solo in *Paris* following a rocky transition from the ensemble choruses.

Draper has hit upon the device of substituting many little notes in place of the big ones that are beyond the range of his horn. This not only does not come off melodically but also often gets him into trouble rhythmically, as on *Anyone*, which finally turns into an out-and-out battle between Coggins and Draper.

That he is able to coax even this much melodic response from the tuba is commendable; however, in this age of impending dangers, I doubt that there is time enough left to graduate the tuba into the front line of jazz. (B.G.)

Lionel Hampton

SILVER VIBES—Columbia CL 1486: *Skylark*; *What's New?*; *Speak Low*; *'Til You Return*; *Blue Moon*; *Walkin' My Baby Back Home*; *Day by Day*; *For Better or Worse*; *My Foolish Heart*; *Poor Butterfly*.

Personnel: Hampton, vibraphone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; John Mackel or Clifton Best, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson or Elvin Jones, drums; Richard Hixon, Eddie Bert, Robert McGarrity or Santo Russo, Robert Byrne, trombones.

Rating: ★ ★

Nowadays, it seems as if Hampton is content to rest on his laurels and ample technique. Nowhere on this LP does he show the fire and invention of which he's capable; much of his work is double-time cascades of notes and society-style vibes with butterfly-obligato-to-trombone-choir melody.

The arrangements by Flanagan and Teo Macero are usually nothing more than hackneyed background for Hamp. The two exceptions are Flanagan's score of *'Til You Return*, a lovely tune, and *Day by Day*; but these are merely pleasant, not memorable. Flanagan gets a bit pretentious in his scoring of *Butterfly*, and Macero's handling of *Back Home* is either crude satire or else in abominable taste—triplets and backbeats. The trombones sometimes become so heavy they threaten to overcome the vibes.

Blue Moon and *Butterfly* have some trite oriental overtones. Maybe somebody had *Madame Butterfly* in mind instead of the poor one.

Hampton approaches his old self only on *Speak Low* and *What's New?* The extended ending of *Blue Moon* finds him jumping from vibes to xylophone to celeste, which may have some acrobatic significance but is musically meaningless. In fact, there's little of meaning or value in the whole album. (D.DeM.)

Sam Jones

THE SOUL SOCIETY—Riverside RLP 12-324: *Some Kinda Mean*; *All Members*; *The Old Country*; *Just Friends*; *Home*; *Deep Blue Ceilings*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *No Tired*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Charles Davis, baritone saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jones, cello; Keter Betts or Jones, bass; Louie Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The meeting of the society will now come to order. First item on the agenda: "Is Brother Sam Jones taking care of business?" The ayes have it. What an impressive first album as a leader! I personally tend to be more impressed with Jones' bass work, although his unrelenting attack with the cello gives a glimpse into a fairly unexplored region of jazz.

Without exception, the musicians are sympathetic and responsive. Unfortunately, Davis makes no memorable contribution as a soloist. It does no service to him to be poorly recorded on *Just Friends*, in which he comes through like a foggy, distant voice from the next studio.

Both Adderley and Mitchell are interesting and entertaining. Nat is brilliant in his brief statement on *Friends*. Remaining almost entirely in the middle register of his horn, he flirts only occasionally with the higher register. Mitchell's open horn on *Country* sparkles.

Heath is a sleeper whom I believe most "heavy listeners" are bypassing. The young saxophonist is imaginative and creative. His tone is round and warm but not gushy, and he swings like crazy.

Although the boss man is a bassist, Betts is unintimidated. He does not cut Jones anywhere, but he is a more than adequate performer, and his solo on *Mean* really is.

Hayes and Timmons have worked closely enough and long enough with Jones to be in harmony with his musical conception. This section jells and settles down to support the front line. They do not swing as hard as they have on horn dates they have worked together, and there is no place where the steaming cook fest pushes the soloist into the pot, but they provide a tasty, tasteful foundation throughout.

Welcome to the club, Sam. (B.G.)

George Lewis

DR. JAZZ—Verve MG VS 6122: *Royal Telephone*; *Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall*; *Chant of the Tuxedos*; *The Old Spinning Wheel*; *Bugle Boy March*; *219 Blues*; *Doctor Jazz*; *Oh, Mary Don't You Weep*.

Personnel: George Lewis, clarinet; Andrew Anderson, trumpet; Robert Mielke, trombone; Joe Robichaux, piano; Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau, bass; Joe Watkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The loss of Lawrence Marrero is dismayingly apparent on these tracks. He, Pavageau, and Watkins, long the rhythm components of Lewis' New Orleans-based band, could kick flaring solos and ensembles, but here there is scant hint of this rhythmic fire.

Add to this a weakly trumpeted who seems, at times, unsure of the changes, even melody, and generally shabby ensemble performance, and you have quite a drain on the creative energy of anyone who might have wanted to blow. Trombonist Mielke, one of the sparkplugs of the famed Scarsdale gang in the last 1940s, is here sometimes adequate, sometimes fumbling, sometimes