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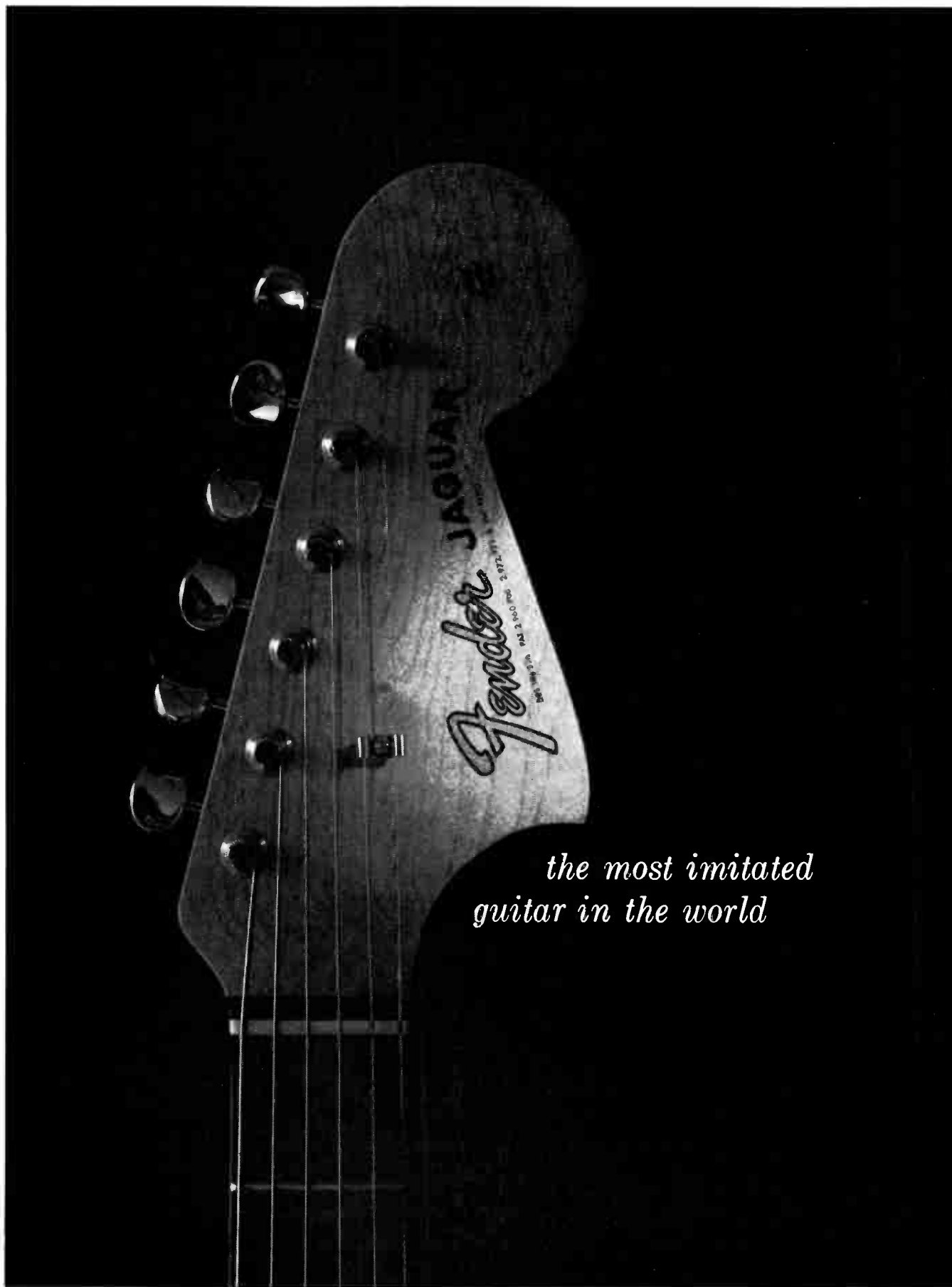
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January 2, 1964

Vol. 31, No. 1

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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Cover photograph of Joe Sullivan by Ray Avery.

THINGS TO COME: Among the interesting features in the Jan. 16 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Jan. 2, will be articles on vocalist Lurlean Hunter, the renascent Tommy Dorsey Orchestra (which boasts such members as saxophonist-leader Sam Donohue and trumpeter Charlie Shavers), and Thelonious Monk drummer Frankie Dunlop.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Reaction To Mathieu On Mingus

To use Bill Mathieu's own words, his review of Charlie Mingus' *The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady* (DB, Nov. 7) was risible. How can Don Heckman, for argument's sake an equally competent critic, say that "one can only marvel that music with the beauty and originality of *Far Wells*, *Mill Valley*, *Diane*, and *Self-Portrait in Three Colors* came into existence in . . . the contemporary jazz scene" (DB, April 25) and Mathieu say that Mingus' writing is empty and unoriginal?

What kind of balderdash is Mathieu's proposition that new music requires new criticism? Does this mean complete relativity of criteria, that not only is a general esthetic impossible but unfeasible? Is Mingus' music utterly discontinuous with the past? Is his music so inaccessible to most members of the jazz audience that personal taste is the only possible critical criterion? How can comparison "with other music" not be to the point?

Then Mathieu goes on to describe the powerful emotions communicated by Mingus' music: despair, hatred, anguish, anxiety, love, joy. Unfortunately, the proportions are not, understandably, healthily balanced. Then we hear of Mingus' honesty, though Mathieu might prefer to call it recklessness. To be sure, as Heckman pointed out, Mingus' music is "often limited by rudimentary harmonic considerations." Perhaps Mingus philosophizes too much in his music, but look at the balance, the effectiveness of emotional communication, the "textural density" (Heckman), his almost unexampled "headship," the personal challenge to each of us.

Then there is a statement of unparalleled inanity: "For your own reaction, listen to the record." How else?

Mathieu's review is an insult to critical conscientiousness and logical precision.

Phil Appel
Cleveland, Ohio

Previn And The Primitives

I recently read *Down Beat's* two-part article on Andre Previn. Most of the article was uninteresting; it contained Previn's usual "cute," reckless remarks. But some comments he made in the second part of the article really angered me.

Previn, in reference to John Lewis' and Gunther Schuller's Third Stream experimentation, states that "if there's going to be a new direction in jazz, it's going to have to come from the more intelligent quarter rather than the primitive quarter."

I don't know what Previn meant by the "primitive quarter," but if he thinks that Schuller's and Lewis' Third Stream music will ever replace the real jazz conceived by such men as Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, or Charlie Parker, then he's being unrealistic and quite foolish. In the first place, Third Stream music is not jazz. It's an attempt to fuse the classics with jazz. Even if such an attempt proves successful, it is highly improbable that the majority

of the jazz musicians and fans would desert true jazz in favor of Third Stream music.

The expanding of jazz lies in the hands of men like Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane, not Lewis and Schuller.

Edward McLendon
Chicago

Brand Article Kudos

Just a brief expression of appreciation and gratitude for the warm and interesting profile of Dollar Brand by Jack Lind (DB, Nov. 21). Being a new reader of *Down Beat*, I am not familiar with the usual type of article that appears, but I can honestly say that if they are nearly this rewarding you will soon have a new subscriber.

Eddie A. Meredith
Fort Worth, Texas

Dixon Digs At Jones

In the Nov. 21 issue there is what passes for an article on trumpeter Don Cherry by the contemporary poet LeRoi Jones, a frequent writer on jazz in *Down Beat* and other publications.

Jones' approach to writing on the subject of jazz, I feel, too obviously smacks of a kind of turgid self-conscious "in-group" superiority generally and rightly associated with pseudo-intellectuals. In fact, his constant pitting of the sociological with the musical (e.g., "Trumpeter Don Cherry is an amazing musician; in his shadow, players like Don Ellis seem embarrassing hicks." DB, July 18), besides being a crashing bore, also makes me wonder if Jones writes on jazz because he loves the music and wants to help it and its practitioners, knows the music and feels he has something of a beneficial nature to say, or if he feels that by stirring up "controversies" his name will become synonymous with those he constantly champions, thereby creating a niche in the world of jazz for himself. If this last is true (and I feel it is), then Jones has been successful, but he has written so badly and with so many factual inaccuracies that *Down Beat*—because it does offer him opportunity to publish—is also to be held responsible.

Be this as it may, my quarrel with Jones is not that he shouldn't be writing on jazz because he isn't qualified but that he constantly substitutes fiction for fact. As a writer on jazz—which makes him, like it or no, a reporter, not a novelist—his main obligation to readers is to give them facts as they are, not as he'd apparently like them to be.

In the aforementioned Cherry article, after the expected Jonesian eulogies for the hero and gypsy causes for the villain, Jones describes the New York Contemporary Five (the group with which Cherry is now playing) in this way: "This quintet ought to have a pretty wild book, with Cherry, Shepp, and Tchicai all writing. . . ." Later in the piece he states, "There also are some tapes of the new

Shepp-Cherry-Tchicai group that are killers."

From this, one would gather that Jones is quite impressed with the group and feels there is considerable merit in the music it plays both in improvising and from manuscript. I don't know where Jones got his information, but with the exception of two or three Thelonious Monk compositions the group uses, I was commissioned by John Tchicai, altoist with the group, to write all the music for them before they left for their mid-August trip to Europe. Jones, who is quite verbal about everything else, makes it a decided point to leave that out.

Tchicai asked me to submit four original compositions (*Trio*, *Quartet*, *Afternoon*, and *Metamorphosis*) and to score the 15 other charts the group was going to use. Scoring, in this instance, meant supplying the harmonies to the "lines" Tchicai Shepp, and Cherry wrote and then arranging them for the entire group. I also attended the rehearsals to instruct the men in the performance of much of the music.

The least Jones could have done to indicate he knew what he was writing about was to put credits in the proper places in all instances, no matter how much they might have hurt.

Bill Dixon
New York City

A Question of Validity

LeRoi Jones' article on Don Cherry raises a serious question on the validity of some jazz journalism and reporting.

Down Beat's function—assuming the lack of real awareness on the part of many of its readers—should be primarily an educatory one. Readers should get the best possible record criticism, the best reporting on jazz and musicians, and the most objective editorializing.

If *Down Beat* truly wants to fulfill this role, then there can be no foisting of Don Cherry and LeRoi Jones on the jazz public. There are far too many musicians scuffling for work who are not voted the Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition award.

If you're going to have articles on the troubles of brass men, write about Kenny Dorham working days in a music store. Let's not have articles about guys like Cherry who can't play, by any standards of any kind of music.

Being open minded about music is fine; surely there are beautiful things in all styles of jazz. But to permit LeRoi Jones to eulogize Cherry's "musical intelligence" and "his own secret ear" borders on irresponsibility.

On further consideration, I find it very difficult to believe there really is anyone named LeRoi Jones.

Jeffrey Barr
Los Angeles

Down Beat does not "foist" musicians or writers on the public. The magazine does believe, however, that musicians representative of all types of jazz should be written about in its pages. Certain men are better qualified than others to write about musicians from the various schools of jazz. And the magazine feels that LeRoi Jones is one of better spokesmen for the avant garde.

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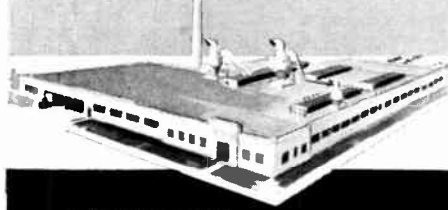
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NEW YORK

The Harlem jazz scene continues to show signs of life. Two new Monday night sessions have sprung up recently. At the Skyline Room of the Hotel Theresa, Jazz Cabaret held sway on two recent Mondays and featured bass trombonist **Benny Powell**, tenor saxophonist **Booker Ervin**, pianist **Pat Rebillot**, bassist **Bill Wood**, drummer **Al Dreares**, and bongo-conga player **Chocolaté**. The last-named, who has appeared with **Katherine Dunham's** dancers, is from Havana, Cuba.

At the same time Jazz Cabaret was in full swing, tenor saxophonist **Harold Ousley**, whose trio appears regularly at the Showplace, inaugurated a Monday night session at that 155th St. club with fellow tenor man **Benny Golson** as guest star.

Meanwhile, downtown on the Hudson waterfront, the Half Note has been the scene of reunions and returns. First, alto saxophonist **Lee Konitz**, visiting New York for the first time since he moved to California more than a year ago, was reunited with pianist **Lennie Tristano** for a two-week engagement. The Tristano-Konitz quartet was completed by bassist **Sonny Dallas** and drummer **Nick Stabulas**. There were many sitters-in and visits by Tristano alumni during their stay. One night, pianist **Sal Mosca** and trumpeter **Don Ferrara** were in the audience, while saxophonists **Zoot Sims** and **Allen Eager** and drum-



KONITZ

mer **Richard Scott** were on the stand. Eager, who has been sporadically active in jazz during the last few years, marked his full-time return when he and bassist **Les Grinage**, co-led a quintet at the Half Note for a week, following Tristano. Eager played alto saxophone, and the supporting cast included **Ron Anthony**, guitar; **Eddie Russ**, piano; and **Jewell Curtis**, drums.

Jackie Cain and **Roy Kral** were aided by bassist **Tommy Williams** and drummer **Ben Riley** during their Village Vanguard stay. Bassist **Ike Isaacs'** trio, which played sets of its own and backed singer **Irene Reid** on the same bill, included drummer **Rudy Lawless**, and pianist **Hugh Lawson**. **Bobby Timmons** replaced Lawson for the second week of the engagement.

Composer **George Russell** says he is moving to Europe (probably Sweden) for an indefinite stay to write, play, and sample the culture. His date of departure is tentatively the first of the year . . .

Tenor saxophonist **Teddy Edwards**, for years a mainstay of the Los Angeles scene, is coming to New York on Jan. 5 and will settle here.

Villanova University's fourth annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, to be held at the Pennsylvania school on Feb. 7, already has received close to 40 applications from various groups. The 13 states represented among the applicants include Michigan, Kentucky, and Florida—all some distance from the school. The audition tapes will be judged by a panel of experts at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass., on Jan. 2.

Following his highly successful concert tour of England, pianist **Erroll Garner** made television appearances in Brus-



RUSSELL

(Continued on page 43)

JOE MORELLO plays AVEDIS ZILDJIAN cymbals exclusively



down beat

January 2, 1964 / Vol. 31, No. 1



MONK
Concert moved to Dec. 30

KENNEDY'S DEATH CAUSES TOUR AND CONCERT CANCELLATIONS

The assassination of President John F. Kennedy led to the cancellation of Duke Ellington's tour of the Middle East for the State Department. The department said it canceled the tour, which had met with great success throughout the region, because of the 30-day mourning period for the late chief executive declared by President Lyndon B. Johnson.

The sudden end of the tour in Ankara, Turkey, prevented a CBS camera crew, which had joined the Ellington group on Nov. 20 (*DB*, Dec. 19), from filming the remainder of the tour for the network's *20th Century* program.

Ellington returned to this country on Thanksgiving Day.

At least two major concerts, to have been held in late November, were rescheduled because of the assassination.

One of the canceled performances, Thelonious Monk's Philharmonic Hall concert, will be held on Dec. 30. *Time* magazine also had scheduled a cover of the pianist for its Nov. 29 issue but substituted one of President Lyndon B. Johnson instead. The magazine reportedly scrapped 3,000,000 copies of the Monk cover in the process.

The Monk concert was to have taken place Nov. 29, but Jules Colomby, the concert's promoter, gave way to a request from the Concert Opera Association, which, because of the national day of mourning, did not hold its concert

on Nov. 25 and wished, instead, to hold it Nov. 29. This was to be the first performance of the season for the association, and a heavy subscription had assured a sellout. Three singers from Europe, Grace Hoffman, Birgit Bergquist, and Paul Schoeffler, had been flown here and could not have appeared if the concert were postponed to December. A cancellation would have meant the ruin of the Opera Association's season.

After conferring with Monk, arranger Hall Overton, associate producer Marc Smilow, and members of the orchestra, Colomby said he decided to give up the date and accede to the association's wishes. "I thought about it," Colomby said, "and morally it seemed the right thing to do."

The fact that the Monk concert now falls on a Monday night makes it possible for many musicians to hear it. There had been numerous complaints from jazz musicians after Monk's concert at Town Hall in 1959 that they were unable to attend because it was held on a Friday, a work night for professionals.

The full personnel for Monk's orchestra includes Thad Jones, cornet; Dizzy Reece, trumpet; Steve Lacy, soprano saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, clarinet, bass clarinet; Eddie Bert, trombone; Monk, piano; Butch Warren, bass; and Frankie Dunlop, drums. The concert will mark the debut of a new Monk composition, *Oskat*.

Meanwhile, in Santa Monica, Calif., the Stars for Freedom concert, which was to feature Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Dean Martin, and the orchestras of Count Basie and Nelson Riddle, on Nov. 25 (*DB*, Nov. 21), was canceled.

A new date was quickly set for Dec. 6 at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, renamed the John F. Kennedy Memorial Auditorium, with the same cast of entertainers except for Basie, who was unavailable for the later date.

Proceeds from the concert were donated equally to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Congress of Racial Equality, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Wright Wronged

Because of a printer's mistake, Gene Wright's name was not included in the bass category of the 28th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll (Dec. 19). Wright, for some time the bassist with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, received 309 votes, giving him fourth position among bassists.

RECORD ORGANIZATION FEARS COPYRIGHT LAW REVISION

The Register of Copyrights' recommendation that compulsory licensing be eliminated as part of the general revision of the Copyright Act of 1909 has been challenged in a 102-page statement by the Record Industry Association of America.

Under compulsory licensing, any company may record a copyrighted work—after it has been recorded for the first time—upon agreeing to pay royalties to the company that holds the copyright. The standard payment is 2 cents a track or side (in the case of a single), but sometimes a cheaper rate is established. A firm holding the copyright on a tune cannot refuse to let anyone record the tune.

The RIAA statement says the repeal of compulsory licensing would take the music industry toward monopoly and diminish the number of record companies as well as the supply of recorded music and literature. All RIAA's member companies agreed.

"What the RIAA fears as the most likely results of the repeal of the statutory license clauses," the report stated, "are perhaps more subtle but nevertheless economically pernicious practices within various branches of the entertainment field." By "pernicious practices" it is meant exclusive-licensing deals, combinations of record manufacturing with music publishing, and exclusive contracts with performing artists and songwriters.

The RIAA foresees the possibility of one company's damaging another company's artist by refusing to let him record material that is a vital part of his in-person performance.

REPUBLIC CORPORATION SUES MUSICIANS UNION

Like a delayed hangover from the musicians union binge of confusion that began in the mid-1950s and resulted in the formation of the now-defunct Musicians Guild of America in Los Angeles, a lawsuit was filed recently in that city's Superior Court by Republic Corp. demanding \$47,000 from the American Federation of Musicians.

The money is sought as reimbursement for legal fees Republic claims Republic Productions, Inc., the company's motion-picture department, spent in defending lawsuits brought by dissident Los Angeles studio musicians against AFM's Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries.

(The guild was formed in 1955 by Los Angeles studio musicians who held that the money paid into the fund by companies employing musicians for recording purposes, including the taping

of background music for motion pictures—as was the case with Republic—should go to the musicians doing the recording and not the fund. Numerous lawsuits pertaining to the disagreement were subsequently filed by individual musicians against various companies in the recording field. The guild was dissolved in 1961—and its members, who had been expelled from the AFM, reinstated into the union—when the AFM promised guild members that it would seek to negotiate changes in the trust-fund agreement so that recording musicians would receive half the money collected by the union for the fund from the recording concerns.)

Republic asserts that \$47,000 was spent in two lawsuits—one was brought in 1955 by fund trustee Samuel R. Rosenbaum against musician Harry Melnikoff and others seeking a court ruling that individual members of the AFM “had no interest” in the money paid into the fund, and the other was brought by musician William Atkinson against the Republic corporation.

In the current lawsuit, Republic contends that under provision of the original trust-funds agreement, the AFM agreed to indemnify Republic for any legal fees growing out of the agreement.

DADDY STOVEPIPE, CHICAGO STREET SINGER, DIES

One of Chicago folk music's most colorful characters, blues singer-guitarist Daddy Stovepipe, long a flamboyant and crowd-pleasing entertainer on the sidewalks of the city's Maxwell St. open-air market area, died in Cook County Hospital on Nov. 4 after undergoing a gall bladder operation. Stovepipe, whose real name was Johnny Watson, was reportedly 96.

Born in Mobile, Ala., Stovepipe, as a young man, performed in the Rabbit's Foot Minstrels, with which he traveled extensively through the South. After leaving the tent shows, he took up the life of a minstrel, eventually settling in Chicago.

For many years Stovepipe was a regular fixture of the Maxwell St. scene, his unvarying costume of silk top hat (hence his nickname), embroidered waistcoat, and more or less “formal” attire lending a touch of color and incongruity to the surroundings in which he plied his rude art. In recent years Stovepipe, who also called himself, inexplicably, the Rev. Albert Pitts, had been working as a one-man band, accompanying his rough stinging vocals with guitar, drums, and kazoo.

He recorded a number of his compositions, among them *Daddy Stovepipe Blues* and *Maxwell St. Boogie*. He was, moreover, among the earliest to record *How Long Blues*. The singer was recorded most recently in 1961 by

British blues researcher Paul Oliver for inclusion in an album dealing with the Maxwell St. singers. (The record has been released in England.)

LAS VEGAS LEADER WINS SUIT AGAINST UNION, HOTEL, RIVAL

Thou shalt not conspire to steal thy neighbor's band.

This was the effect of a ruling handed down recently in U.S. District Court in Las Vegas, Nev., when hotel bandleader Benny Short won a lawsuit against AFM Local 369, the Riviera Hotel, and rival leader Lewis Elias.

After seven days of testimony in a jury trial, the court awarded Short \$59,680.

In his suit, Short charged conspiracy by the defendants to steal his band from him on March 1, 1963, and of giving his conducting job to Elias. This, he contended, was worth \$100,000. Instead, the court decreed Short should collect \$9,680 for loss of work, \$25,000 in punitive damages from the Riviera, and \$25,000 damages from the union's local.

During the trial, hotel executives testified that such stars as Marlene Dietrich and Sid Caesar, while appearing at the Riviera, refused to permit

Short to conduct their shows. Short had been conductor of the relief band on the regular hotel orchestra's night off.

CAESAR PETRILLO DIES IN CHICAGO

Caesar J. Petrillo, 65, brother of former AFM and Local 10 president James C. Petrillo, died of cancer on Nov. 22 at Chicago's St. Elizabeth Hospital. He had been music director at Chicago's WBBM since 1943.

When Petrillo was 14, Jane Addams of Hull House urged him to take up trombone. After he became a professional, he played with many Chicago bands, including that of Benny Goodman before the clarinetist left the Windy City. Petrillo also worked with the orchestras of Vincent Lopez and Paul Whiteman for 10 years before accepting a post as assistant conductor for the Balaban & Katz theaters in Chicago. He became a member of WBBM's staff orchestra in 1937 and was named conductor of that orchestra three years later. When he became WBBM's music director, he supervised all live and recorded music at the station.

Petrillo's survivors include the widow Ruth, three sons, and a daughter.

Impressions Of A Bleak November

The time for eulogies is past. The shock of three shots fired on a November day has subsided. So many words were spoken, so many written, the mind could hardly absorb their meaning, the feelings they expressed, that awful weekend in November.

Perhaps some will say it is unfitting for an editor of a jazz magazine to comment on the passing of a President. But John F. Kennedy and his wife, in many ways, embodied the vitality—the vigor—of jazz. Neither was a stranger to its charms.

I remember another November day, this one in 1962, when Mrs. Kennedy gave a party for the children of ambassadors, chiefs of missions in Washington, and State Department officials. It was the first jazz concert ever held in the White House. That afternoon was a happy one; the smile on the lady's face expressed her enjoyment of the music.

I could hardly keep from contrasting that Monday of Thanksgiving week and the sad one just passed. Nor could I prevent my mind from picturing the East Room, for the concert was held there, as it was last November—the well-behaved youngsters, the bright chandeliers, the beaming lady. Then this November, the room black-draped in sorrow.

The jazz world mourned too. Letters began coming to this magazine and to me soon after that Friday, as if the writers felt they must tell someone—anyone—how they felt. The most poignant message I received was a cablegram. It read simply: “I share my profound grief with your countrymen and you personally.” It had come from Kiev, Russia, and was signed by someone I've never met, Eugene Gursky. The brotherhood of jazz.

Marian McPartland, at the time touring with Benny Goodman, wrote from Texas:

“I would like to express the deep sorrow that all musicians must feel at the death of our beloved President, John F. Kennedy, and to offer heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Kennedy and the Kennedy family.

“The great interest that the late President showed in all of the performing arts, and the fact that he and Mrs. Kennedy opened their doors to so many jazz musicians, was especially gratifying to us all.”

The time for eulogies is past. The time for reflection and remembrance is ever present.

—Don DeMicheal

JAZZ IN HONG KONG

A special report from a remote corner of the jazz world by Jack Lind

BY FAR ONE of the best jazz groups playing in the Far East is the quintet of Gene Ocampo, which operates in Hong Kong. It's an unlikely place to encounter U.S.-style jazz, and the group is working under odds that would make a U.S. jazzman give up and turn to plumbing or some other more rewarding occupation.

But, on the other hand, Ocampo and his colleagues are steadily employed. They have a one-year contract to play seven days a week, 52 weeks a year at the Bayside Inn, a basement night club on Nathan Rd., Hong Kong's Fifth Ave.—and that doesn't include the two weekend jam sessions they also are committed to.

The market for jazz in Hong Kong is, as in most other areas in the Far East, an exceedingly limited one.

As in any night club around the world, the customers prefer soothing dance music, a Twist piece, a not-too-raucous rock-and-roll, or a polite cha-cha.

The Ocampo group generally heeds the house policy, laid down by owner Kit Sampson, a former vibraharp player who owns a string of night clubs in his native Manila.

"But if we smell a fan in the house, we skip the dance routine and let go," Ocampo said. "Then somebody is going to have to trip me to make us get back into *their* groove."

On such occasions, the group swings hard and is obviously oblivious to the more sedate customers. No amount of glass tinkling and polite muttering can make them stop.

The members of the band, in addition to the pianist leader, are Rudy Sugang, tenor saxophone; Ray Adrinada, alto and baritone saxophones; Russ Trinidad, bass; and Bert Tiam-beng, drums. They are all Filipinos and have been playing together only

since last January.

The musical climate in Hong Kong is not exactly conducive to playing jazz. There is practically no outside stimulation. Two of the three radio stations in the colony play jazz—but only half an hour a week. It's difficult to find a shop that sells jazz records, and those one gets are from one to two years old. Furthermore, Hong Kong is not on the itineraries of most U.S. jazzmen.

The result is both good and bad; Ocampo and his men aren't really up on what's currently happening on the jazz scene, but neither do they fall into the trap of furiously copying everything new that comes out of the States. They have to develop independently in an almost complete vacuum.

"Rudy's face dropped when he heard Coltrane play soprano on record for the first time a few weeks ago," said Ocampo, a short, shy, and smiling man. "He sat as if in a trance. Then he began to mumble, 'It can't be done, it can't be done.' He hasn't been quite the same since."

Ocampo recalls when he himself first heard Thelonious Monk a year or so ago.

"It was wondrous, but terribly discouraging—discouraging because you can't hope to reach him," he said.

Adrinada, the alto player, who is the most modern-oriented of the group, was exhilarated when he recently showed up for a Saturday afternoon jam session in the darkly lit bar room next to the main room, clutching a new record album in one hand. With a broad grin he showed off his new acquisition — *Something Else! The Music of Ornette Coleman*, recorded nearly five years ago on Contemporary but just now reaching Hong Kong.

"Fantastic, unbelievable!" he said.

Such is the musical climate in which the Ocampo quintet plays, and it's all the more remarkable that their music

sounds as fresh and vital as it does when they hold their jam sessions in the small room in the basement.

While other foreign jazz groups, closer to the United States in terms of musical communication, are plowing through *My Favorite Things* and the like, with something less than an independent approach, the Ocampo quintet is still pretty much in the *Walkin'* stage, but the members eagerly seek to broaden their material, and Ocampo himself writes a good many things for the group.

Adrinado and Sugang are the mainstays of the group. They played gigs and jam sessions together around Manila. In Hong Kong they played for a while in a place called the High Ball but quit because they were being underpaid.

"We could use a better musicians' union around here," said the tenorist, who, when he plays, bears a strong resemblance to altoist John Handy III. "The Hong Kong union is a loose organization, and they don't take very good care of their members."

Sugang plays with the strength and fire of a John Coltrane but has yet to find his own niche of musical expression.

Adrinada, who prefers the alto to the baritone, which he plays mostly in dance dates, is a highly imaginative player with a fiercely aggressive approach and great technical skill. He states the theme in long pungent lines and then soars in intricate patterns before plunging back again quickly and gracefully.

The audience at these jam sessions is a small, select, and very faithful group of aficionados who return with the regularity of clockwork.

They have little else to entice them in Hong Kong, but what is there is very good.



Left—pianist-leader Gene Ocampo; right—baritone saxophonist Ray Adrinada solos in Hong Kong's Bayside Inn



AMBA SSAD OR JAZZ

Or, Somebody's Hipper Than You, Baby

By MARTIN
WILLIAMS

A LITTLE MORE THAN a year ago I was speaking with a friend about Benny Goodman's coming tour of Russia, an event arranged through the U.S. State Department. My friend, I knew, served in some kind of advisory capacity to the department on exportation of jazz—for all I knew he did the selecting. I said rather cautiously, "You know, there are some of us who feel that Benny Goodman might not be the ideal choice. . . ." I let it trail off a bit.

"Who do you want to send?" he asked abruptly. "Ornette Coleman?"

"No. But don't you think they might send Duke Ellington. After all, he has been much more important to jazz than Goodman. And his music today is still more interesting. Besides, he has a big band, too, and apparently you want that kind of a large showing."

I did not need to say more to my

friend about Ellington's importance; he knew as well as I that Ellington is the composer and orchestrator for big band in all jazz history. And he knew, too, that Goodman began popularizing things that the Fletcher Henderson Band had done several years before.

There was better reason to send Ellington than Goodman, then. And at the time it seemed to me more advised to send Ellington than Ornette Coleman. I was, and am, convinced that Coleman's work will change the character of jazz as fundamentally as Charlie Parker's did before him, or as Louis Armstrong's work did for 20 years before Parker. But Coleman's work was then unknown, I assumed, outside the United States and hipper European countries.

Now, I am not so sure. Let's look around a bit.

Soon after Coleman had made his first records, a musician friend met, during a European visit, a couple from India. They asked him who were the more interesting young musicians in the States. He answered Ornette Coleman, only to discover that these people knew about him. Admittedly, Coleman may hold a special interest for intellectuals from India, since the analogies between his music and Indian music are rather striking. Be that as it may, they knew about Coleman, and they knew a great deal about jazz.

Something even more striking: each year, *Down Beat* holds an international jazz critics poll. For 1963 the poll became international enough to include critics from Poland and Russia. Their ballots are remarkable documents.

The most conservative commentator was Roman Waschko of Warsaw, whose general taste flowed in the modern mainstream: Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Gerry Mulligan, etc. But he did choose as his major arranger-composers Thelonious Monk and Charlie Mingus.

Furthermore, Waschko's choices on tenor saxophone for 1963 included John Coltrane, and Waschko also voted for Coltrane in the Hall of Fame category. Waschko's ballot also included, on alto saxophone, Jackie McLean, whose recent playing has become increasingly more free and adventurous and less orthodox. Then Waschko named bassist Jimmy Garrison, who has worked with Coleman and Coltrane, plus drummer Elvin Jones, long associated with Coltrane.

Finally, Waschko named among the new groups he favored the JFK Quintet, a group that includes a young alto

saxophonist, Andy White, whose work now lies somewhere between Coltrane's and Coleman's. (Incidentally, Waschko did not rely entirely on records, for he visited the United States last year, guiding the Polish group called the Wreckers to the International Jazz Festival at Washington, to the Newport Jazz Festival, and elsewhere. He heard the JFK group in Washington.)

There were two Russian critics in the poll. Valerie S. Mysovsky wrote the first book on jazz to be published in Russia, and Yuri Vikhariëff edits the Bulletin of the Jazz Club of Leningrad and has reported on jazz in Russia for *Down Beat*. Both Russian critics are aware of the newest developments in jazz and their importance.

Mysovsky, for example, attached this comment to his ballot:

"Ornette Coleman . . . is one of the same breed [as Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk] and surely the most prominent figure among the new jazz men," a musician with the sort of ideas "on which everything that is being done by others is based."

Lest it be thought that Mysovsky is an ungrounded and radical modernist, his choices for the Hall of Fame included Jelly Roll Morton and Pee Wee Russell, and his ballot named such men as Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, Dickie Wells, and Louis Armstrong. But the rest of his ballot included, besides Ornette Coleman, Coleman's former trumpeter Don Cherry, George Russell's sextet, Jackie McLean, Don Ellis, John Coltrane, and singer Jeanne Lee.

Vikhariëff's tastes prove to be the most advanced of all. He commented on his position thus: "A jazz poll, to me, is a reflection of what is currently happening to jazz. So it is time to reflect on the changes taking place in jazz of the '60s and to let those who are making the changes receive the acknowledgement they deserve. That's why I listed Ornette Coleman, Don Ellis, Gunther Schuller, Cecil Taylor, and the others."

Other Vikhariëff choices included composers Carla Bley, Russell's group, McLean, Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, Jimmy Giuffrè, bassists Charlie Haden and Ron Carter, Elvin Jones, and former Coleman drummer Ed Blackwell. He even proposed Coleman for the Hall of Fame! But, again, his choices were not those of a man with no grounding in the jazz tradition: he voted for Ellington, Basie, Woody Herman, along with such established

modernists as Gillespie, Davis, J.J. Johnson.

Vikharieff has an ear for the way musicians influence one another and the way jazz evolves. He will accurately tick off nine trumpeters influenced directly by the late Clifford Brown and accurately except three other contemporaries as not influenced by Brown—this in discussing whether Brown should be in the Hall of Fame.

He will declare that Ornette Coleman is another Charlie Parker in the sense that Parker became a major influence on every succeeding jazzman. So, he believes, will Coleman, while admitting that he himself is not entirely aware yet of what Coleman is doing musically. However, he can feel his work emotionally and believes that this is more important than analysis. After the 10th hearing, he says, you begin to understand that Coleman is really simple and beautiful in emotional terms.

Vikharieff disagrees with his Polish colleague Waschko that people like Ella Fitzgerald and Dave Brubeck should be praised, apart from their musical value, because they have brought jazz to a wider audience. Vikharieff says their records may be pretty backgrounds for dancing, drinking, or necking with a sentimental female, but he declares that if jazz is that sort of music, he has wasted many years in studying it and loving it.

One cannot doubt that he and his colleagues have studied it and loved it, and though Vikharieff has done this in Russia, he knows what is going on among jazzmen, some of whom are so much in the advance guard that they still find it difficult to get work in New York City.

I WAS REMINDED, in thinking about Vikharieff's perceptions, of an exchange of letters I had last year with a gentleman in the U.S. Information Agency in Washington.

His official title was Cultural Affairs Specialist, Press and Publication Service. His first letter said that the USIA was planning articles on contemporary music in the United States, articles that would then be offered free of charge to newspapers and other periodicals abroad. He further assured that the pieces should be designed to appeal to somewhat sophisticated readers and that they should give facts with analysis, interpretation, and explanation.

"Wow!" I thought. "I wish magazine editors would come on like that." For what one usually gets from them

is a plea for "personalities" and lots of quotations, with a minimum of analysis and interpretation.

My correspondent suggested as a topic "The Use of Jazz and Improvisation in American Modern Music." But at this point a bit of trouble started.

"Third Stream music" he called a synthesis of jazz and new music, and he described the first efforts to make that synthesis as belonging to Anton Dvorak. He went on to name the usual pile-up of composers whose work reflects the fact that they have heard jazz: Eric Satie, Igor Stravinsky, Maurice Ravel, Darius Milhaud, Paul Hindemith.

Them cats, plus a couple of ringers. Then he mentioned Gunther Schuller, but piled up behind Schuller were Ornette Coleman, Rolf Lieberman, John Benson Brooks, and George Russell. And piled up behind *them* were the Modern Jazz Quartet and Lukas Foss.

Though the gentleman perhaps didn't have all the names in the right slots, it was true that he showed remarkable knowledge of these names and terms. So, I wrote back more or less this way:

"... There is one slight misapprehension. The so-called Third Stream combines jazz improvisation, by jazz musicians, with written classical forms, played by classicists. The results turn out to be rather like concerti grossi. It happens that Third Stream pieces have been written for Ornette Coleman and the Modern Jazz Quartet, but neither they nor George Russell belongs anywhere but in the mainstream of jazz. Lukas Foss, on the other hand, asks his concert players to improvise, but in their own idiom. And John Benson Brooks asks his jazzmen to improvise, but Brooks' ideas have been more directly and strongly influenced by classical ideas of atonality and 12-tone serial composition than those of any other jazz musician.

"Incidentally, Dvorak's works have, as he himself pointed out, no relationship to jazz or to any American music. Admittedly, the symphony *From the New World* and a couple of his chamber works sound a bit like jazz, or perhaps a bit like American Indian music. But he claimed his only source of inspiration was Hungarian folk music. He added that *From the New World* meant only that he had written the piece while he was over here.

"Also, the occasional jazz-derived

effects in Stravinsky, Ravel, Hindemith, Milhaud, Ives, and even Gershwin involve no improvisation and need not involve jazz musicians.

"I should probably add that I do not assume that either Third Stream music or the use of occasional jazzy effects in a classical piece give jazz music any prestige necessarily. To Europeans, we should be clear, jazz *needs* no prestige. Perhaps the jazzmen give the classicists prestige."

I added that I would be pleased to write an article about Third Stream music.

None of this evidently went down very well, for my correspondent wrote back that what "we" had in mind was an article on the development of the use of jazz in modern symphonic music in the concert hall, with a second theme on improvisation a la Lukas Foss.

He added that several important critics feel that jazz has been used more than superficially by modern concert composers, naming George Russell, Ned Rorem, Harold Shapero, Gunther Schuller, Teo Macero, and Randall Thompson. Then he said we ought to remember that the article was not only for use in Europe but also throughout the world and suddenly shifted his ground to favor a more-or-less *objective* view.

I decided I had better be more clear about my subjectivity, not to mention the facts. So, I says to him, I says:

"As far as I am concerned, the only meaningful and important use of jazz by symphonic composers has been in one or two Third Stream pieces, both of them by Gunther Schuller. Otherwise, there have been some honorable failures in the idiom, some inconsequential 'light' music, and some out-and-out trash. And, by the way, George Russell is not a concert composer, but a jazzman. And Teo Macero has written only one Third Stream work. Otherwise Macero works in jazz, chiefly nowadays as an a&r man.

"As things are shaping up, I think perhaps what you want is a piece on classical composers who have been affected by jazz one way or another—as one might write about classical composers who have been affected by tango rhythm or Lithuanian folk melody. I could write such a piece, but I fear it would be presumptuous to do so, since my scholarship is in jazz. Why not ask a sympathetic classical critic?

(Continued on page 35)

The Return Of Joe Sullivan

By RICHARD B. HADLOCK

IN THE LITTLE TOWN of Sausalito, Calif., just across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, a big, shaggy-haired man plays the piano every Monday night in a handsome restaurant called the Trident. A number of listeners always come, occasionally from many miles away, but there is seldom a shortage of seats in the small room by the bay.

These weekly appearances before a modest collection of admirers represent the only regular employment Joe Sullivan has known in the last two years. But each Monday night reveals, in the brilliance of the pianist's work, that the long, jobless months were not entirely a matter of marking time for Sullivan.

To understand what's happening to Sullivan today, one needs to know something of the long and remarkable musical past he brings to his contemporary playing.

Sullivan first experienced attention from outside his native Chicago through a series of recordings cut in 1927 and 1928. On these he played with a group of friends who have since been tagged as the prime exponents of "Chicago style" jazz. It was an in-group of young and clearly talented players, all of whom displayed enormous vitality and drive in their music. Among them were clarinetist Frank Teschemacher, tenor saxophonist Bud Freeman, banjoist Eddie Condon, and drummer Gene Krupa (who substituted for the group's first-choice drummer, Dave Tough, when the latter went to Europe).

Sullivan at that time was a still-changing blend of outgoing rebel and retiring loner. He had suffered, a few years earlier, an injury that left his eyes crossed and his social life impaired.

"I was so self-conscious," he recalled recently, "that I was afraid to look at anybody head on. I always talked to people sideways. But most of this shy feeling went away after I got to New York a couple of years later and had my eyes straightened by surgery."

There remains today a thin thread of shyness woven into the Sullivan personality, but it is not as noticeable as the still-glowing patches of rebellious independence that mark the pianist's personal and musical outlook.

Today, as 35 years ago, Sullivan attacks the keyboard with the vigor of an athlete and the inquisitiveness of a Zen pupil. He still displays the qualities that set him apart in the Chicago days—a deep feeling for the blues, an authoritative touch of the kind usually associated only with the best "classical" pianists, a superior time sense, and a deep fund of strikingly original ideas.

Unlike some of his Chicago friends, Sullivan had years of formal training and was able to find steady work in vaudeville, radio and film studios, pit orchestras, and big bands. Through the years, he acquired experience with Louis Panico, Russ Columbo, Red Nichols, Bing Crosby and Benny Goodman, among others.

Yet, it was with the Chicagoans, along with their jazz friends in New York City (Jack Teagarden and Fats Waller were two), that Sullivan felt most at home. It was more than a mere clique; these men felt themselves part of a real musical fraternity. They lived on jazz and, hopefully, for the day it might be accepted on its own merits.

"The biggest names in music didn't scare us a bit," Sullivan remembered. "We were cocky and confident. I wouldn't say we were contemptuous of others, but we did feel we had something worthwhile to offer, and we didn't fear competition."

THE CHICAGOANS were among the first, outside New Orleans, to see jazz as an art unto itself and to approach its study with seriousness. They took for their heroes dedicated musicians like Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke. To this day, those Chicagoans still playing reflect the ideas of Armstrong and Beiderbecke in their music.

"I love Bix like I love my right arm," Sullivan once told an interviewer, "but I go by way of Louis."

Sullivan also went by way of Earl Hines, Fats Waller, and, to a certain degree, Jelly Roll Morton. But it was from Armstrong (and clarinetist Johnny Dodds) that Joe got the blues message. Before Sullivan only the rustic boogie-woogie specialists, a few superior rent-party pianists, and one or two wizards like James P. Johnson could draw a real blues out of the piano. A real blues, that is—not a mere 12-bar exercise on three chords.

By 1933, when he was 26, the pianist was a fully formed individualist, a jazzman to be ranked with the very best. If he lacked the fabulous technique of Art Tatum and the polish of Willie (The Lion) Smith, he knew the dramatic value of understatement and the emotional tone of the blues more deeply than either of them.

When he opened as a single at the Onyx Club on 52nd St. that year, Sullivan pioneered what was soon to become the most famous music street of all and the center of jazz development for more than a decade.

Catching a ride on the swing bandwagon, Sullivan landed in Bob Crosby's orchestra in 1937. Unfortunately, however, this phase of his career was soon blacked out by a bout with tuberculosis, and the pianist spent what should have been his moment of maximum reward in a hospital. His replacement in the Crosby band, Bob Zurke, gathered acclaim for performing numbers such as Sullivan's *Little Rock Getaway*.

By the time Sullivan recovered and again was active in jazz, much of the steam had gone out of the swing craze. Big bands led by top instrumentalists such as Jack Benny, Bunny Berigan, and Jack Teagarden were running consistently in the red. So Sullivan formed a sextet.

It wasn't a Chicago-style band Sullivan took into Cafe Society in 1939. It was a rollicking, up-to-date swing group, featuring men such as trombonist Benny Morton and clarinetist Edmond Hall. With characteristic lack of concern for convention, the leader wound up with one of the first, perhaps *the* first, interracial bands to work as a steady unit in a night club.

"I never gave a thought to what color my men were," the pianist said. "I was only concerned with making good music."

About this time Sullivan began to show up often on record dates once again, with his own group and with his peers, including Coleman Hawkins, Joe Turner, Lionel Hampton, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, and Benny Carter.

BUT THE Cafe Society band was short-lived, and the swing years faded with the coming of the war. When the young moderns popped up in the '40s, there was no middle ground. Sullivan drifted back to the ex-Chicagoans, now fronted by entrepreneur-humorist-guitarist Eddie Condon.

From Condon's group, the pianist moved around traditional circles until he hit San Francisco's Hangover Club, where he coasted through most of the '50s.

A lifetime of maintaining an artist's standards while

playing in busy saloons was acted out night after night at the Hangover. Routine changed to boredom, boredom to frustration, frustration to anger. Noisy conventioners, lifeblood of the Hangover, paid the usual discourtesies to the "intermission" pianist while waiting for the lackluster Earl Hines Dixieland band (Hines had been trapped by the modern-mouldy split too) to come back and play *When the Saints Go Marching In*.

As time wore on, Sullivan seemed to lose some of his old fire and passion, which in turn led listeners to take him more for granted than ever. It was a vicious circle.

The turning point came with the closing of the Hangover in 1961. Sullivan went to work at a place called On the Levee, at first serving as sideman with Muggsy Spanier's band. Soon Spanier went on tour, and Sullivan inherited the Levee job.

Drawing on the best young local talent he could get, the pianist built a roaring, stomping Dixielandish sextet. Featuring clarinetist Vince Cattolica and trombonist Bob Mielke, the group played at an almost unbelievably intense level on every set, yet never sacrificed its integrity or sense of musical discovery.

Sullivan spurred his men with so much enthusiasm at the keyboard that he frequently went home with bleeding fingers.

Though he would reflexively recoil at the mention of "modern" jazz at the time, Sullivan was hearing more of it than he guessed. Cattolica, for one, began to try a

few John Coltrane-like scalar figures, and Sullivan was right there with full backing.

After a few weeks of nonsupport from local fans and press, the pianist's youthful band broke up.

THE LONG wait began. No steady work for nearly two years. To make matters worse, Sullivan didn't even own a piano to practice on.

These were the months of contemplation. But even during such lean times, Sullivan would refuse job offers if he felt they might impose on his musical freedom.

Several events in 1963 brought about subtle but important changes in Sullivan's outlook that he himself could scarcely notice. The first was an opportunity to improvise the sound track for a documentary film about blind children. He handled the assignment with rare sensitivity and resourcefulness, composing new music as he played.

Then there was a big band recording of his *Little Rock Getaway* by Gerry Mulligan, which delighted Sullivan. Another event was the metamorphosis of Pee Wee Russell, a long-time and respected friend. Still another was an invitation to appear at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

It was Sullivan's first jazz festival, but, more significantly, it represented the first unqualified public recognition of him as an artist rather than as a relic of some quaint music called "Chicago jazz." Monterey respectfully presented him as a soloist and as a bandsman with a group composed of the Teagarden brothers, Russell, a modern rhythm section, and Gerry Mulligan. In both contexts Sullivan scored clear musical triumphs, despite his long layoff and lack of practice.

It was shortly after Monterey that he began his Monday nights at the Trident. The club's excellent grand piano was at his disposal, and the room was far off the usual tourist route. Those who attended came to listen to an artist. They were not disappointed.

Sullivan's Monday night appearances soon became veritable piano recitals. Casual customers sensed that something special was taking place and maintained considerate silence. As if he had been waiting 40 years for the opportunity, the pianist played pieces seldom heard from him before, reshaping each into a gem of newly improvised musical thought and form. He took no easy ways out; always there was the probing, the searching for new means of expressing old feelings.

When Mulligan brought his quartet to the Jazz Workshop in late October, Sullivan sat in without hesitation. Not long before, he might have refused even to walk into the place.

"I really enjoyed it," he said later. "Gerry and Bob Brookmeyer are marvelous players, and they really make you stay on the ball. I had to listen hard and watch my chords, because the notes were really flying."

Mulligan, Brookmeyer, and an enthusiastic Jazz Workshop audience let Sullivan know that they were honestly moved by his music. And the following Monday at the Trident, the pianist struck off a strange, introspective blues that wandered far from conventional blues tonalities.

"I guess some of Mr. Mulligan must have rubbed off," he explained afterward to his surprised but pleased audience.

Like his old comrades who have refused to grow stale (Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, and the late Dave Tough are the best examples), Sullivan has retained his youthful desire to seek new avenues of expression through jazz. He never assumes the creative artist's pose—he simply behaves like one by nature.

The time is at hand for the recognition of what should have been obvious for many years—the great artistry of Joe Sullivan.



RAY AVERY



From the Deep South to Harlem, Negro churches have been the wellspring of a tradition in contemporary vocal music that today virtually dominates popular song in this country. This tradition is manifest in its purely religious aspects in Mahalia Jackson on the one hand and—in secular application—by Ray Charles on the other. It may be heard in the singing of Dinah Washington and in the work of many younger performers. That it has exercised a strong influence in jazz expression—both instrumental and vocal—is undoubted.

In Lorez Alexandria the church influence is basic. Born and reared in Chicago, Miss Alexandria's early background is steeped in Negro religious music. On graduating from Marshall High School at 15, she immediately became one of the most active young singers of spirituals in Chicago churches.

"My grandfather on my mother's side was a minister," she recalled. "My grandfather on my father's side was a minister, and my mother's sister is married to a Methodist minister. So this influence is very strong. Everyone in my family sings."

A big, outgoing woman, Miss Alexandria now lives in Los Angeles with her manager-husband, Dave Nelson, a jovial British Guianian from Georgetown who has been handling the singer's business affairs for some time.

In Chicago Miss Alexandria's home church was Gammon Memorial. "Of course," she said, "all the big churches on the south side that were broadcasting during this period used to have guest groups, and we used to go in and sing. At one time or another, I have sung in most of the large churches in Chicago."

An important force in shaping the talent of young Delorez Turner (the family name) was an 11-year association with an a-capella singing group directed by Lucshaa (pronounced Lu-shay) Allen. Miss Alexandria was a member of Allen's group during and following her schooldays. The a-capella singers appeared in and around Chicago, made occasional short trips through the Midwest, and on one occasion sang for President Harry S. Truman at Blair House in Washington, D.C.

Today, Miss Alexandria pays high tribute to choral director Allen's work with his singers.

"He's not widely renowned," she said. "He's not a person you could pick up anything and read about. And this is what's so sad. This is a man who's a former minstrel comedian and made the transition from that field."

"He creates," she continued enthusiastically. "His arrangements are nothing that anybody has ever put down on paper, because he doesn't teach that way. He's a widely diversified personality. He can make you laugh; but if he's serious about what he's teaching you, then he will stand for no tomfoolery. It's business. Then in the pulpit he does have a message; he's a Baptist minister. While he was in music, he went into the ministry. I learned such a great deal from this man."

The association with Allen's choir served to broaden Miss Alexandria's musical horizons.

"We did everything," she explained. "Secular, jubilee numbers, humorous numbers. We had arrangements on things that no other group would attempt because they . . . they don't think it's enough meat. But the way this man arranged things, things like *John Brown's Body*, the ar-

By JOHN TYNAN

LOREZ ALEXANDRIA

rangement on this would stop everybody cold—because they didn't know what to expect, the arrangement was so odd.

"Then there were other things that he wrote himself that were humorous. He knew just where to program these things. They were never done in bad taste. They were never done so that they threw the rest of the program out of kilter because he knew exactly where to put them. And I think this is most important."

It was one of the most valuable lessons Miss Alexandria could have learned in terms of her later career. She pointed out that if a singer is performing on a stage or in a night club and doesn't know how to space or pace a program of songs, an important ingredient in the over-all presentation is lost—even if the songs themselves are superior.

In those formative years Miss Alexandria also studied for "about six months," she said, with a private vocal coach. He was nothing if not frank. "He said my voice wasn't good enough for concert work, for serious singing," she said, a shade ruefully, "but it was better than average for trite singing. It was, like, in between."

So far as voice usage is concerned, however, the singer said she learned more from Allen. In this connection she mentioned his work then with simulated vocal sounds "and things like the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross things that have become so popular."

Of the choral group she noted: "This is the kind of background that a lot of singers have that are coming up so fast. You wonder how they become professionals so fast. You see them and they're sort of out of left field, and all of a sudden you've got a personable, competent singer."

She reflected a moment and then continued:

"It's because they're used to facing audiences, for one thing. This is one obstacle that I think every newcomer has to overcome, that fear of facing audiences. If they've done this — even with a group — they've got a head start on an artist who has never faced the public. Then, knowing that they have the musical know-how, that's another point in their favor. This all bolsters their self-confidence, so that when somebody else can see the future of these artists and put them on wax, then there's no limit to their possibilities."

MISS ALEXANDRIA'S recording career has burgeoned from her first discs on the King label (*This Is Lorez* and *Lorez Sings Prez*) in 1957, to Argo (*Deep Roots* and *For Swingers Only*), and to her current affiliation with Coliseum records, a West Coast company directed by veteran arranger-conductor Tutti Camarata. Her first releases on Coliseum are due early in 1964.

The road to a professional career began in 1953 when "I finally decided that I wanted to sing."

By this time, of course, she had become a young old-timer of church singing and one of the major decisions she had to make was whether or not to break from that genre. She felt strongly that her approach to spiritual and church singing had no place in her future as a professional.

"I tried actually to divorce myself from this approach to singing with the religious overtones or aspects," she said. "To me, this is a little distasteful. Maybe it's because I had this kind of background. I really don't criticize anyone who utilizes this, because it has proven to be a very successful-type thing. The Gospelizing or usage of so-called 'soul' singing — that sort of thing — has become

very large in the business. And, let's face it, nobody argues with success. It's just a matter of personal taste.

"I feel that if I ever had an opportunity to record a spiritual album, that I would do this and in the best taste possible. I would do it the way I feel religious singing because I'm *not* a shouter and I'm not a Gospel singer. I wasn't a Gospel singer when I was singing in church. I can't yell; I can't do this other thing. But I was effective; or at least it seemed to be. It's spiritual singing. Anybody can sing spiritually without being labeled a Gospel singer."

"I've been on many programs," she went on, "with our group with Miss Mahalia Jackson, who is a good friend of my family's, as matter of fact. She herself told me, 'If you make the change, that's fine, because I don't think you're happy doing what you're doing.' Well, I wasn't *unhappy*; I enjoyed it while I was doing it. But in the back of my mind I always wanted to sing professionally."

Miss Alexandria described herself as "always an introvert" and noted that singing exposed the other side of her personality. "A bookworm and an introvert was actually my earliest life," she confessed. "The only way I had of coming out of myself was singing."

In plotting the future professional career her mother became her staunchest ally.

Take the choice of a professional name: From Delorez Alexandria Turner is derived Lorez Alexandria. "We just cut off the D and O," said the singer. "I did want something a little different. My mother's imagination again. She's very theatrical minded."

Of her mother, Miss Alexandria said, "She has always wanted me to do exactly what I wanted to do. Not just giving me my way, because she insisted that I finish school. But she always wanted me to be in show business. I think she was frustrated herself at one time and wanted to be in show business. When I was looking at *Gypsy*, I saw so many of the traits in *Gypsy's* mother that I see in my own. Oh, not quite that fanatical; but the gentle prodding and the encouragement and the praise whenever I did *anything*. Even when I was just working enough to say that I was working singing, there was never any. 'Why don't you get yourself a job?' or 'bring home a paycheck every week.' There wasn't ever any of that. So I have a great deal to be thankful for."

"Of course," she continued, "I had a little discouragement from the other factions in the family. There was the first protest, but my mother is a very determined person, and she just let them protest all over the place. Then she said, 'As long as I have the say-so and she wants to sing, she's going to sing where she *wants* to sing. And that's it!' And when my mother puts her foot down, it's put down. So I hadn't any more problems."

No more problems—except surmounting that long, grinding climb to wide acceptance in music. Today, after a decade and more of striving and waiting, Lorez Alexandria is ready for the breakthrough that will establish her as one of the top group of newer singers. Certainly, if all it takes is guts and determination, she's got it made.

"With all of the backsets," she said, "and with all the dragging of feet, I'm not disappointed to the degree that I can ever give up singing and just say, 'Well, I didn't make it, so just forget it and do something else.' Music has become such a part of my life that I would have to be associated with it in one capacity or another or I'd crack up. This is really where I want to be, and I'll stay in there with the rest of 'em and slug it out."



JOHN BENSON BROOKS

Close friend and associate Don Heckman examines the man and his daringly unconventional, controversial music

JOHN BENSON BROOKS would probably be the first to reject the title of prophet. He has little patience with labels. But the phrase, in relation to him, is more accurate than not. Brooks, as a prophet, is an artist satisfied only when he is speculatively probing the innards of his art. And, reflecting the diversity of his interests, he qualifies both to analyze the sheep's entrails for their chemical content and to divine the oracular news they may contain.

Brooks has been on the scene a long time, for years as an arranger for such bands as those of Tommy Dorsey, Les Brown, and the fine, but little-appreciated, group led by Randy Brooks.

His first major popular attention, however, came from his hit song, *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*, written in 1947, when Brooks was plugging away at the Tin Pan Alley game, hoping to bring some of the harmonic and rhythmic vitality of the bop revolution to pop music. Other tunes, such as *Just as Though You Were Here*, *A Boy from Texas*, and *Who Threw the Whisky in the Well?*—were recorded by big names—Frank Sinatra and Nat Cole among them.

Brooks' songwriting talent has not abated in the years since and has often acted as a touchstone to lead him to other, more esoteric areas. Of his first encounter with the music of Anton Webern, for example, he says, "After I heard the Webern things, I wrote a 12-tone song, my first one. It sounded like Tennessee Ernie and everybody else all thrown together, and I said, 'Man, if you can write a song like that, you can want to play jazz like that.'"

I first met Brooks in the winter of 1958 at the time he was finishing his Riverside album *The Alabama Concerto*. That LP, an extended work based on some ethnic themes collected in Alabama by Harold Courlander, was Brooks' second jazz recording. The first, released on the now-defunct Vik label and also based on folk themes, was called *Folk Jazz, USA*.

In the spring of 1960 we took a class together under composer John Cage at the New School in New York City. The effect of the class on Brooks was particularly electrifying. Prior to this he had worked out a system of improvising with 12-tone rows that we tried out, first with him on piano and me on alto saxophone and eventually with a variety of instrumentations. After taking the Cage course, Brooks began to speak more and more about the possibilities of the organized use of chance methods in jazz composition and improvisation. It was to take several years, however, before Brooks, realizing that the royal road to these techniques led through mathematics, began to evolve some cogent principles for their use.

In the meantime, Brooks organized a more or less permanent trio that included Howard Hart on drums (snare and cymbal only), myself on alto, and himself on piano. Our intention was to work out an effective group playing style for the 12-tone improvisation technique that he had developed. The group eventually debuted at the International Jazz Festival in Washington, D. C., in June,

1962. In retrospect Brooks has some hard thoughts about the event:

"Although the performance of *The Twelves* at the IJF in Washington can be considered a musical success, it should be pointed out that this does not imply anything like the reliability of a proven commercial product. Even though the audience responded strongly, it was only a 20-minute debut performance with some four years of experimentation and woodshedding behind it. The further development of anything like a repertoire (one that would include the equivalent of blues, ballads, and rhythm tunes, etc.) can only come from more trial and error, lucky inspirations, and more woodshedding. I've thrown away almost everything I've written since then."

Regrettably, Brooks has had little success in finding a record company to issue the recording of the performance. Speaking of one incident, he notes sardonically, "The highest compliment I received was from an a&r man at one of the bigger companies who said, 'John, this has absolutely no commercial value!' I said, 'Gee, thanks.' The most reassuring confirmation came from an old friend and composer-arranger who said, 'I don't understand the intellectual means by which it was done, but I do recognize a body of music that is familiar to me.'"

THE "INTELLECTUAL MEANS" by which Brooks' 12-tone music is made sounds more complicated in explanation than it is in execution.

In its most basic sense it involves the memorization of a 12-tone row, its inversion, and their two retrogrades. This is no more difficult or unmusical than the memorization, both aurally and intellectually, of the chords to a tune like *Cherokee*. Once the memorization is accomplished, the improviser can, while playing, jump from any note in the row to any other, just so long as he then continues the forward motion of the row, thereby retaining its basic shape. With four different permutations of the row to choose from, the soloist has an unusually wide range of freedom but is still playing within the bounds of a highly formalized compositional technique.

Brooks is enthusiastic about the effectiveness of this style for jazz. "I believe," he said, "that improvising in the 12-tone way holds something of value for jazz. A 12-tone series, with its laws of order, possesses both movement and repose, depending upon what rhythm you give it and what octaves you drop your notes in (tonal centers are optional). This enables a soloist to improvise any time or tempo he feels, without having to cadence and conduct everybody else into his next mood."

This is probably one of the most effective aspects of Brooks' approach to jazz through the 12-tone technique. He foresaw that an improvisation based on intervals and tones rather than melodies and harmonies would be emasculated if it were forced to meet a specific metric deadline, i.e., a continuously pulsating rhythm. So he allowed the rhythm to be free, invented on the spot according either

to individual will or group interaction. For the soloist, the effect is startling, ranging from the sheer terror of not knowing what is coming next to the joy of absolute spontaneity.

After the debut of his trio in Washington, Brooks entered one of his frequent periods of prolonged study.

His wife Peggy, a tall, thoughtful, and vital woman who is an editor for a publishing house, stoically accepts these sieges of exile. "He has to do it his own way," she says. "I knew that when I married him."

Brooks' own way of working involves rigorous devotion to a daily schedule. With rare exception, he hews to a work schedule of at least eight hours a day. During the periods when, as he says, the juices are really flowing, he practically works around the clock. The result of this work (aside from overflowing shelves of notebooks bearing his astrology, epistemology, musical theory, numerology, mathematics, and other assorted studies) has been a keen perception of the realities underlying the contemporary music scene and, on the other hand, the slow evolution of a highly personal theoretical approach to jazz.



JOE ALPER

"Any musician," Brooks said, "who hears Ornette Coleman will never be the same afterward. This was true for me with George Russell, Monk, Bird, etc., also. But on the other hand, there is the question of how Ornette organizes his material—his structures and his forms. I associate free jazz with the pantonality and atonality of the European tradition in 1900-1920; it suggests a radical change but doesn't implement it. The meter is still enforced, and/or the signal-to-noise ratio is too speculative."

Signal-to-noise ratio, an electronic engineer's term, is Brooks' way of saying that the amount of music produced by this procedure is very small in comparison to the amount of waste material that must also be endured.

Is the problem of the enforced meter a crucial one in the continued evolution of jazz?

"I approach this question," he said, "from the simplest known facts: in both longhair and jazz music the same mathematics underlies the construction of the instruments, the tuning system and the notational symbology. Outside of personalities, the only difference I can see between the two lies in the stylistic conventions of material organization, structure, and form."

"Jazz, as a popular art, has made considerable progress in half a century. The main obstacle to its further development seems to lie in what many observers consider its greatest strength—rhythm. How to invent time as well as pitch without losing rhythmic vitality? The strict adherence to a dance beat deprives the improviser of the depth and variety of moods that are available to the older and better-established tradition of longhair music."

Then what is Brooks' solution to the problems of rhythm? The answer to this question seems to have proceeded in a direct line from the class more than three years ago with composer Cage.

Brooks' first efforts to break through the metric barrier involved the use of time cells—specific sections of time, 15 seconds, 30 seconds, minutes, etc.—that were indicated by a stop watch. What was played within these cells was highly variable and dependent both upon what Brooks, as the composer, desired and upon what the improviser was able to invent.

At the time, Brooks said, "If tonal freedom was achieved in 1923 when Schoenberg invented the 12-tone row and rhythmic freedom when Cage started using the stop watch in 1937, then the two freedoms have already been won! The price of the varying degrees of improvisational freedom is the stop watch, just like the price of rhythmic freedom was the bar line. It must have taken a long time to get guys to accept the bar line, and we've been carrying it around with us ever since."

Brooks' ideas about the use of time cells, however, have altered somewhat since he first used them. He now sees them as only one aspect of the possibilities of chance methods in improvisation.

He said, "Dropping whatever musical elements you choose into the abstract spaces of a series of events [here he means time cells, measures, or any other type of segmentation] requires a reformulation of musical situations in terms of statistical probability."

He conceives of three different forms of statistical probability: (1) objective, as, for example, the results of coin throws or dice tosses; (2) unique-event probability (his examples: "Did Romulus found Rome? Will Argentina merge with Chile?"); (3) extrasensory-perception probability, as in Tarot cards, horoscopes, ink-blot tests, etc.

All these principles, it should be noted, are still subject to a great deal of controversy in the statistical field itself, so Brooks' calculated use of them in a musical context is, at the very least, unusual.

"But music," he said, "is music, and although the early

types of innovating using chance means (from and since Cage) offer at best satire, hilarity, and newness; at worst they offer boredom, strangeness, and irresponsibility."

Instead of limiting his use of chance to time cells, Brooks suggests, as one possibility, "a standard-mean-deviation for a ground ostinato."

He went on to explain: "If you take the limits of flux in a given chance situation, which have been set up by a composer as departures from randomness, you've got an ostinato." This mathematical concept is only a small example of Brooks' complex musical thinking.

Six months after the performance in Washington his bookshelves had become filled with books on quantum mechanics, set theory, advanced physics, and reports from nearly every major mathematical congress in the world. He outlined his interests this way:

"Mathematics is really like music, you know, if you can put it together in certain ways. The reason, for example, that science gradually replaced music is because it got together a body of testable critical material. Although magic was very effective (if you assume that when you dream and you see your father, and even though you know he's dead, you then believe he's alive somewhere, nobody can *prove* any different), it forces you to abandon the whole critical basis by which you can order things without falling into chaos, and all the charlatans take over, and you never get much progress."

His increased interest in mathematics also has led to a degree of disenchantment with the use of indeterminacy as a major element in his work.

"I think," he said, "that the guys who use it too freely are trying to enthrone the pragmatic element. It's emphasizing one aspect of experience at the sacrifice of the other."

He said he feels that indeterminacy comes directly from the quantum mechanics of 20th-century physics.

"Its most obvious musical parallel," he suggested, "is where the tempo is so demanding that the player must give up attending to the pitches of the sounds he plays or vice versa. [In this context Brooks relates tempo to the velocity of an atomic particle and pitches to the position of the particle.] This 'recognition' on the part of the player leads to an 'exploration' of his own. The duration of this kind of improvisation in a piece, of course, should be up to the composer. For me, a little goes a long way, but it is most exciting as a *potential for the process of becoming*. But why is it that innovators usually want to give you nothing else but?"

Does this mean that Brooks disagrees with the directions that are being explored by today's younger musicians?

"Musical preparedness," he answered, "requires instrumental facility, emotional integrity, ideas, and a keen sense of values. I hear facility and ideas these days but less emotional integrity and sense of values—except for those who are merely echoing their elder brothers and doing it well."

Brooks, however, mitigates this statement somewhat with the comment: "But this is just on records and in New York City; today's scene is actually unknown." Here lies the key to much of Brooks' thinking.

"I don't feel," he said, "that there is any good in just hyping the young musicians up over some great mysterious new thing that's just beyond the curtain of the future. I believe we're all better off if we give them something that, when they take their axes out, they think of it and can start doing it—they can start talking to each other about it, looking in books and buying records and putting it all together. Then when it starts to appear on the scene, the public will react to it, the a&r men will say, 'Well, there it is,' it will get recorded, and it will really happen. But

because the acceptance of these things is taking so long and we all feel emotionally so strongly about them, we tend to put this down and put that down and try to force it before the public, but that ain't going to do it. You don't kill the horse just because the car gets invented."

BROOKS' CONSIDERATIONS for the growth of young musicians do not mean that he has decided to concentrate his activities on theoretical exploration rather than practical composition.

One large corner of the light, book-filled loft in which he and his wife live is filled with three tape recorders, oscillators, amplifiers, microphones, and speakers. Like many of today's musicians, he now possesses hours of tape representing a cross section of the extensive music he has continued to produce since the release of *The Alabama Concerto*.

Brooks at first resisted the idea of investing part of his time in the learning of technical skills necessary for the production of near-professional quality tapes but, in characteristic fashion, soon saw that this information was equally applicable to experimentation in electronic music—an area which has recently interested him since he took a course in the subject with Richard Maxwell.

"Consider the tape recorder as a musical instrument," he said. "It has this ability to record what other instruments are playing and then reproject those sounds back at higher or lower octaves, with various other modifications. Sort of like a mechanical version of a musician who hears and is influenced by music for years and then plays a great deal of what he has heard but modifies it himself. The tape recorder itself is a sort of abbreviation of this process."

This is how Brooks has used it in a number of compositions—as an instrumental function with an assigned part of its own. He has also made compositions that might be called "jazz concrète"—constructed entirely of pre-recorded sounds from jazz and nature.

After nearly 25 years as a professional composer and musician, Brooks continues to view the future optimistically.

"I heard Mr. [Phillip] Randolph, the great Negro leader, speak in the march on Washington," Brooks noted. "He said that technology is making it tough on his people, especially as long as they're vocationally less well trained than the rest. Now, technology didn't just spring up out of nowhere. The Greeks started it. They took the conditions of any situation and made them subject to experimentation. Since then, we've developed that idea further, and the speed of the conversion from technics (the direct results of experiments) to technology led to the industrial revolution and all the sputniks, computers, and automation that followed."

Brooks has no intention of being obscure when he speaks of such things. He said he feels that they relate directly to the problems of contemporary music.

"Curiously," he said, "smaller news like taking the elements of a musical situation and making them subject to experimental controls is still controversial in the musical world. I don't think this is due so much to our concern with the life of the soul and the visionary side of experience as to the low standards of math and science education we grew up with and made habitual. Today's new math is a miracle of clarity; by the time a potential musician has completed his high-school curriculum, he will possess the equivalent of what was a college math training in the old days. This will break the bottleneck of musical progress, and a new generation with better-put-together wigs will lay down the unique 20th-century story. May we all live to hear it."



No. 6 Duke Ellington-Mahalia Jackson

BLACK, BROWN, AND BEIGE—Duke Ellington Orch. with Mahalia Jackson. Columbia CL 1162; Part I, Part II, Part III, *Come Sunday*; *Come Sunday Interlude*; 23rd Psalm.

No. 7 Count Basie

■ DANCE ALONG WITH BASIE—Roulette 52036; *It Had to Be You*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *Can't We Be Friends?*; *Misty*; *It's a Pity to Say Goodnight*; *How Am I to Know*; *Easy Living*; *Fools Rush In*; *Secret Love*; *Give Me the Simple Life*.

No. 13 Hall of Fame

■ Prepared exclusively for Down Beat. Featuring Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie, Charlie Parker, Oscar Peterson, Gene Krupa, Stan Getz, Lester Young, Max Roach, Roy Eldridge and Art Tatum take the spotlight in this tremendous galaxy of America's finest jazz artists.

No. 15 Jazz Poll Winners

Columbia CL 1610
Personnel: Les Brown, Dave Brubeck, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Don Elliott, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Mingus, J. J. Johnson, The Hi-Los, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Gerry Mulligan, Art Van Damme, Paul Desmond.

No. 23 Frank Sinatra

RING-A-DING-DING!—Reprise 1001: *Ring-a-Ding-Ding*; *Let's Fall in Love*; *Be Careful, It's My Heart*; *A Fine Romance*; *A Foggy Day*; *In the Still of the Night*; *The Coffee Song*; *When I Take My Sugar to Tea*; *Let's Face the Music and Dance*; *You'd Be So Easy to Love*; *You and the Night and the Music*; *I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm*.

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; orchestra directed by Johnny Mandel.

No. 28 Stan Getz

FOCUS—Verve 8412: *I'm Late*; *I'm Late*; *Her*; *Pan*; *I Remember When*; *Night Rider*; *Once Upon a Time*; *A Summer Afternoon*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Hershy Kay, conductor; Roy Haynes, drums; Gerald Tarack, first violin; Alan Martin, second violin; Jacob Glick, viola; Bruce Rogers, cello; others unidentified.

No. 31 Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Verve 8396: *Blueport*; *Body and Soul*; *Black Nightgown*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Lady Chatterley's Mother*; *Let My People Be*.

No. 38 Oscar Peterson

WEST SIDE STORY—Verve 6-8454: *Something's Coming*; *Somewhere*; *Jet Song*; *Tonight*; *Maria*; *I Feel Pretty*; *Reprise*.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Edmund Thigpen, drums.

No. 41 Sonny Rollins

THE BRIDGE—Victor 2527: *Without a Song*; *Where Are You? John S.*; *The Bridge*; *God Bless the Child*; *You Do Something to Me*.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jom Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley or H. T. Saunders, drums.

No. 45 Armstrong-Brubeck-McRae-LHR

■ THE REAL AMBASSADORS—Columbia 5850: *Everybody's Comin'*; *Cultural Exchange*; *Good Reviews*; *Remember Who You Are*; *My (One Bad Habit)*; *Summer Song*; *King For a Day*; *Blow, Satchmo*; *The Real Ambassador*; *In the Lurch*; *One Moment Worth Years*; *They Say I Look Like God*; *Since Love Had It's Way*; *I Didn't Know Until You Told Me*; *Swing Bells*; *Blow Satchmo/Finale*.

No. 46 Laurindo Almedia-Bud Shank

■ BRAZILLIANCE—World-Pacific 1412: *Ata-baque*; *Amor Flamenco*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Acercate Mas*; *Tera Seca*; *Speak Low*; *Inquietacao*; *Bao-Too-Kee*; *Carinosa*; *Tocata*; *Hazardous*; *Nono Noctambulism*; *Blue Baiao*.

Personnel: Almedia, guitar; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Garry Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

No. 47 Stan Getz-Gary McFarland

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

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

No. 48 Shelly Manne

■ 2-3-4—Impulse 20: *Take the A Train*; *The Sicks of Us*; *Slowly*; *Lean on Me*; *Cherokee*; *Me and Some Drums*.

Personnel: Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, piano; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Costa, piano, vibra-harp; George Duvivier, bass; Manne, drums.

No. 50 Bunk Johnson

■ BUNK JOHNSON AND HIS SUPERIOR JAZZ BAND—Good Time Jazz 12048: *Panama*; *Down by the Riverside*; *Storyville Blues*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor*; *Weary Blues*; *Moose March*; *Bunk's Blues*; *Yes, Lord*; *I'm Crippled*; *Bunk Johnson Talking Records*.

Personnel: Johnson, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Walter Decou, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Austin Young, bass; Ernest Rogers, drums.

No. 51 Dexter Gordon

■ GO!—Blue Note 4112: *Cheese Cake*; *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry*; *Second Balcony Jump*; *Love for Sale*; *Where Are You?*; *Three O'Clock in the Morning*.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Sonny Clark, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

No. 52 Ellington-Mingus-Roach

■ MONEY JUNGLE—United Artists 14017: *Money Jungle*; *African Flower*; *Very Special*; *Warm Valley*; *Wig Wise*; *Caravan*; *Solitude*.

Personnel: Ellington, piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; Max Roach, drums.

No. 53 Art Farmer

■ LISTEN TO ART FARMER AND THE ORCHESTRA—Mercury 20766: *Street of Dreams*; *Rain Check*; *Rue Prevail*; *The Sweetest Sounds*; *My Romance*; *Fly Me to the Moon*; *Naima*; *Ruby*.

Personnel: Farmer, trumpet or flugelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums; Unidentified Orchestra, including trombones, trumpets, French horns, harp.

No. 54 Leadbelly

■ LEADBELLY—Capitol 1821: *Good Night, Irene*; *Grasshoppers in My Pillow*; *The Eagle Rocks*; *Rock Island Line*; *Ella Speed*; *Blackwater Blues*; *Take This Hammer*; *Tell Me, Baby*; *Eagle Rock Rag*; *Western Plain*; *Sweet Mary Blues*; *On a Christmas Day*.

Personnel: Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly), guitar, piano, vocals; Paul Mason Howard, zither.

No. 55 Thelonious Monk

■ MONK'S DREAM—Columbia 1965: *Monk's Dream*; *Body and Soul*; *Bright Mississippi*; *Five Spot Blues*; *Bolivar Blues*; *Just a Gigolo*; *Bye-Ya*; *Sweet and Lovely*.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; John Ore, bass; Frankie Dunlop, drums.

No. 57 Pee Wee Russell

■ NEW GROOVE—Columbia 1985: *My Mother's Eyes*; *Chelsea Bridge*; *Red Planet*; *Pee Wee's Blues*; *Moten Swing*; *'Round Midnight*; *Good Bait*; *Old Folks*; *Taps Miller*.

Personnel: Marshall Brown, valve trombone, bass trumpet; Russell, clarinet; Russell George, bass; Ron Lundberg, drums.



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record reviews

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

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

Sweet Emma Barrett

SWEET EMMA BARRETT AND HER NEW ORLEANS MUSIC — Southland 241: *A Good Man Is Hard to Find*; *Jelly Roll Blues*; *Big Butter and Egg Man*; *That's A Plenty*; *Bogalusa Strut*; *Breeze*; *Pagan Love Song*; *Take Me out to the Ball Game*.

Personnel: Alvin Alcorn or Don Albert, trumpet; Jim Robinson or Waldron (Frog) Joseph, trombone; Louis Cottrell or Raymond Burke, clarinet; Miss Barrett, piano; Emanuel Sayles, banjo; Placide Adams, bass; Paul Barbarin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

With a minimum talent and a maximum use of calculated gimmickery, Miss Barrett has become a popular New Orleans entertainer. She plays with good attack, but her technique is heavy and slow, and she has to rely on such contrivances as wearing bright-colored skull caps and bell-studded garters to make her act go.

She is joined here by an excellent roster of New Orleans musicians, most of whom have trouble playing with any effectiveness with their fellows. The best tracks, generally, are the first four with Alcorn on trumpet, but even these plod along most of the time without inspiration.

The last four tracks are weakened by Albert's somewhat strained playing but have, in compensation, moments when Burke's husky, searing clarinet passages come flaring out of the ensemble to brighten things.

Clarinetist Cottrell is in good form, playing especially well on *That's A Plenty*. The pairing of Cottrell and Burke for duets (*Breeze*, *Pagan*, and *Ball Game*) might seem like a good idea, but in actual practice does not work, and the two playing simultaneously in the ensembles only adds to the muddiness.

Robinson ignites on *That's A Plenty* but is below par much of the rest of the time. Sayles and Barbarin are adequate.

Miss Barrett's flat, listless vocals seem to cast a pall over this session, making dim what should be bright and bubbling. A disappointing album. (G.M.E.)

Dave Brubeck

BRANDENBURG GATE REVISITED—Columbia 1963 and 8763: *Brandenburg Gate*; *Summer Song*; *In Your Own Street Way*; *G-Flat Theme*; *Kathy's Waltz*.

Personnel: Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The Brubeck problem is: on one hand, he composes melodies that are usually very pleasant and sometimes quite catchy, and he is an amiable and attractive pianist when he is playing in the same vein, but, on the other hand, in the context of his quartet's performances he is often a heavy-handed, intrusive element that undermines the generally excellent work of the other three members. The problem takes a new turn on this disc.

Dave's brother, Howard, has written these large orchestral settings within which

the quartet plays five compositions by Dave, four in relatively short form and one, *Gate*, in a 20-minute version.

With a big cushion of strings and woodwinds behind him, Dave forgoes his customary temptation to hammer the piano into submission, concentrating on a flowing, graceful, and melodic manner of playing. With Morello and Wright simmering softly under him and the strings spread out in the background, these are very pleasant performances in a sort of superior Roger Williams vein.

However, in these instances, at least, the right setting for Brubeck is the wrong setting for Desmond. He is reduced to pale, matter-of-fact statements that do not detract from the performances but which certainly make little use of his special skills.

So the Brubeck problem remains. Or possibly it has been transformed into the Desmond problem.

Meanwhile, this release suggests pathways that Brubeck might profitably explore further, since it brings his particular talents into much more valid focus than they receive with his quartet. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Cano

DANKE SCHOEN — Reprise 6105: *Danke Schoen*; *Days of Wine and Roses*; *Baby Elephant Walk*; *Teach Me Tonight*; *Theme from "Dime with a Halo"*; *Hello, Young Lovers*; *Our Day Will Come*; *Moon River*; *A Taste of Honey*; *Mr. Lucky*; *Panchita*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*

Personnel: Cano, piano; Leon Cardenas, bass; Fred Aguirre, drums; Carlos Mejia, Latin percussion.

Rating: see below

This record appeared to me to hold more interest for pop than for jazz fans. Cano is a skillful musician but—if this set is representative of his work in general—not a creative one.

Some of the tracks are banal. On *Elephant* Cano is alternately precious and quasi-funky; the vocal chorus on *Our Day* sounds ludicrous; and Cano's playing on *Moon River* is overflowery.

Most of the other selections are innocuous. Cano either simply has no stylistic identity or is successfully hiding it here.

The few interesting moments of the set occur on *Wine and Roses*, on which Cano displays a gentle but firm touch, and on *Fool and Dime*, which contain brief flashes of good Cano improvisation. (H.P.)

Lou Donaldson

SIGNIFYIN'—Argo 724: *Signifyin'*; *Time after Time*; *Si, Si, Safronia*; *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*; *I Feel It in My Bones*; *Coppin' a Plea*.

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Donaldson, alto saxophone; Roy Montrell, guitar; John Patton, organ; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Turrentine saves this from being a totally undistinguished record; except for his trumpet, it's the kind of music one would expect to hear at a local bar. He is inventive, structures his solos nicely, and has a warm tone. He takes a strong,

lyrical solo on *Get Around*, and his *Coppin'* work is confident and good-humored. On *Safronia*, a Latin-flavored composition, he employs Dizzy Gillespie-ish phrases. His playing highlights the dreary, down-home *Feel It*, but even he can't get off the ground on *Signifyin'*.

Several of Donaldson's spots are trite, but his *Coppin'* solo is sinuous and forceful, and he also plays well on *Safronia*. He is the only soloist on *Time* and sticks close to the melody.

Montrell and Patton display a knowledge of some of the currently popular licks but little originality. (H.P.)

Bill Evans

THE V.I.P. THEME PLUS OTHERS—MGM 4184: *Theme from "Mr. Novak"*; *The Caretakers Theme*; *More*; *Walk on the Wild Side*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *Theme from "The V.I.P.s"*; *Hollywood*; *Sweet September*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *The Man with the Golden Arm*; *Laura*; *On Broadway*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★

For all practical purposes, almost any competent pianist might have been hired to play the simple, straightforward piano parts called for in this set. It is made up of Hollywood themes in big, routine orchestrations with strings, voices, and rumbling percussion with piano wandering through.

The fact that Evans is present is thoroughly incidental no matter how you look at it: those who would be attracted to this sort of disc have probably never heard of him, and those who know and admire Evans' work will scarcely be interested in this very uncharacteristic collection. (J.S.W.)

Terry Gibbs

HOOTENANNY MY WAY — Time 2105: *Joshua*; *John Henry*; *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*; *Michael*; *Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day*; *Tom Dooley*; *Greensleeves*; *Boll Weevil*; *Down by the Riverside*; *Sam Hall*.

Personnel: Al Epstein, tenor saxophone, conga drum; Gibbs, vibraphone; Alice McLeod, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; William Wood, bass; Al Belding, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

Gibbs has brought his musical effervescence to bear on this collection of common folk material. It is a happy venture, just as almost everything Gibbs does has a fun atmosphere to it. And in this lies the album's chief weakness—there is an aura of sameness about it.

There is, however, a heaping portion of Gibbs' fine vibes work. He is at his gayest in extrovertish solos on *Joshua*, *Johnny*, *Michael*, and *Polly Wolly*, all displays of the Gibbs' brand of hard swing. He is more subdued, and perhaps more inventive, on *John Henry*, *Greensleeves*, and *Sam*. He gets into a Red Norvoish groove in the first portion of his *Dooley* solo and then goes into a Count Basie bag. His one disappointing performance is on *Boll Weevil*, in which he trots out a blues routine he has been using in recent months at in-person appearances, ending

his solo with a sustained note for a chorus as the piano begins its solo.

On most tracks Gibbs mixes octaves into his solos, another device he's been using a great deal lately; but, here, as in other performances, he misses a number of the octaves, marring his work with a sloppiness not characteristic of his playing.

Miss McLeod, who toured with the vibraharpist until recently, is impressive in her solos. She sometimes seems unable to contain herself, though, and her solo may go off in several directions during its course. Still, she is a strong player, one not untouched by the work of Bud Powell and, in at least her *Michael* solo, Thelonious Monk. Her best work is on *Polly Wolly* and *Michael*.

Restricted for the most part to rhythm playing, Raney solos only twice, on *Johnny* and *Michael*. The guitarist always solos with taste, his choruses flowing with continuity of ideas, but here they seem particularly thoughtful and levelheaded, following as they do the sometimes feverish vibes and piano choruses.

Epstein's presence is somewhat unnecessary, since he does not solo and is heard in ensembles only—and the ensembles, except for the first 16 bars of *Riverside*, are unison things. To detract further, the blend of Epstein's tenor or flute with the vibes is not good. Raney's guitar often adds a third unison voice to the ensembles but to no particular advantage. (D.DeM.)

Danny Long

JAZZ FURLOUGH — Capitol 1988: *Smile; Save One for Bugs; Paul's Raffle, Part 1 and 2; Penny; Audrey's Purpose; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; Broadway; It Could Happen to You; Strange Meadow Lark; Mrs. E. T.* Personnel: Long, piano; Ray Neapolitan, bass; John Whited, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Long is a fashionably glib pianist, who spins out a series of well-worn clichés in hard, glittering fashion. His playing is a slick and empty piano equivalent of the Jonah Jones' trumpet style.

The monotony of this disc, which reaches a nadir on a grindingly dismal two-part (why two short parts on an LP?) collection of Gospel-funk stereotypes called *Paul's Raffle*, is relieved slightly by suggestions of lyricism conjured up by Dave Brubeck's *Lark* and by the promising theme of Long's original, *Mrs. E. T.*, which he soon grinds down to his regular formula. (J.S.W.)

Glenn Miller

ON THE AIR, VOLS. 1-3 — RCA Victor 2767-9: *Slumber Song; Yes, My Darling Daughter; I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire; Song of the Bayou; A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; On the Sentimental Side; Mutiny in the Nursery; The Lamp Is Low; Don't Wake Up My Heart; I'm Not Much on Looks; My Best Wishes; Monshine over Kentucky; The Gentleman Needs a Shave; Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar; A Handful of Stars; I Know That You Know; There I Go; You've Got Me This Way; I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest; Back to Back; Dreamsville, Ohio; Oh, Baby; Do You Care?; When Paw Was Courtin' Maw; This Time the Dream's on Me; Light's Out! Hold Me Tight!; Moonlight Serenade; Why Do I Love You?; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Make Believe; Ol' Man River; Papa Niccolini; The Moon Is a Silver Dollar; Don't Worry 'bout Me; Hold Tight; The Masquerade Is Over; Our Love; Pin Ball Paul; Sometime; Beer Barrel Polka; Starlit Hour.*

Personnel: see below.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

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than the way in which the Miller estate continues to "discover" unissued material by the Miller band, it is the fact that the quality of the band's performances not only continue to hold up despite the passing years and the improvements in recording techniques but actually seem to gain in merit when one compares them with the contemporary record output.

This was a band that had both the discipline Miller demanded and the relaxed quality that comes from working together night after night. Furthermore, it was under the further discipline of playing for dancers, so it had to sustain a motivating beat even when it was dealing with extremely sentimental material.

These three records consist of air shots made between 1938 and 1941, covering both the formative years of the Miller style and its polished perfection. For those who lived through those years, simply running down the titles and hearing the smooth sweep of the Miller reeds or the fan-hat riffs of the brass can stimulate the saliva of memory. But to hear them played from the Cafe Rouge, Glen Island Casino, the Paradise Restaurant, or the Meadowbrook with the inimitable background hum of a roomful of dancers and occasional exclamations of girlish rapture gives them a euphoric immediacy.

Such sentimentalisms aside, these are wonderful examples of the seemingly lost art of playing popular music on a broad palette that ranges from jazz to hokum — and "hokum" is not used in a derogatory sense, because this is skillful hokum, such as the rhythmic patter exchanged by Miller and Tex Beneke on *When Paw Was Courtin' Maw* (and it takes guts even to play a tune with a title like that).

At the other end of the spectrum is the driving vitality that the band puts into *Hold Tight*, with its amusing tempo dwindlings, and *I Know That You Know*. And in between are the inimitable Miller ballads that, for all the imitation that the style has been subjected to in the last 20 years, have never really been recaptured by any other group.

A point of special interest to Miller-philosophes and followers of music business in-fighting is the inclusion of Miller's substitute theme, *Slumber Song*, which he used in 1940 and 1941 when ASCAP music was banned from the air, and he was prevented from playing his regular signature, *Moonlight Serenade*. *Slumber*, despite its short tenure, has the same evocative qualities as *Moonlight*, and it's good to have it on record in the context of a broadcast.

For those interested in a list of the changing personnel on these tracks, it is available from the consumer services department of RCA Victor records at 155 E. 24th St., New York City, 10. (J.S.W.)

Lalo Schiffrin

BETWEEN BROADWAY AND HOLLYWOOD—MGM 4156: *Days of Wine and Roses*; Theme from "Lawrence of Arabia"; *Hallucinations*; *Who Will Buy?*; *Hud*; *She Loves Me*; *Jive Orbit*; *Impressions of Broadway*.

Personnel: Schiffrin, piano; unidentified rhythm section.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Between Broadway and Hollywood

themes, Schiffrin manages to create a sort of pop-jazz approach that has considerable jazz validity without getting very far away from a pop style.

Apparently this is designed to lure the pop-record buyer without completely destroying Schiffrin's jazz image; if this is the purpose, it succeeds quite well.

Schiffrin's playing is strong and direct. His statements of the melodies are lean and muscular, and when he moves on to improvisation, he holds to a melodic style that, presumably, will not entirely lose the pop buyer.

Schiffrin has leavened the program with three originals — *Hallucinations*, *Jive*, and *Impressions* — which are generally in the mode of the other material but are at least fresh. *Hallucinations* is interesting as a slow mood piece that has a nervous edginess that keeps it from drowning in its own tears, while on *Jive* Schiffrin plays some refreshingly tart single-note, long lines over a rumbling, rolling beat. (J.S.W.)

George Shearing

JAZZ CONCERT—Capitol 1992: *Walkin'*; *Love Is Just around the Corner*; *I Cover the Waterfront*; *Love Walked In*; *There with You*; *Bel Aire*.

Personnel: Shearing, piano; Gary Burton, vibraharp; John Gray, guitar; Bill Yancey, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

According to the notes, Shearing called this group the best he's ever had. This could be debated, but it certainly is one of his best. More important than the group performance, however, is the fact that Shearing—despite his commercial directions—has retained his improvisational skill.

His style hasn't undergone any major changes since the late '40s, but he has absorbed some things since then. In the beginning of his *Walkin'* solo, for example, he uses funky devices; he also double-times brilliantly on this track.

Shearing's *Corner* solo is pleasant, if a little too conservative. *Waterfront* is his showcase; he exhibits a classical influence, employing cascading runs and—near the end of the track—playing impressionistically. This kind of pops-concert approach is not exactly fresh, but it is a tribute to Shearing that he brings it off unpretentiously.

Love Walked In, a trio track, is weak and finds Shearing accompanied by bass and drums. He uses an Erroll Garner-like left hand, and his melodic lines are trivial.

The pretty *With You* was written by former Shearing guitarist Dick Garcia. Shearing's improvisations on the melody are done with his warm touch.

An infectious Ray Bryant tune, *Bel Aire*, contains the best Shearing solo of the album. He begins with long, building lines and then moves into locked-hand playing and reaches a powerful climax as he quotes from *Godchild*. Shearing's inventiveness, excellent sense of pace, and rhythmic suppleness place this selection in a class with his better work of 12 to 15 years ago.

Shearing isn't the only one to distinguish himself on this LP. Burton, though quite young, is already a better-than-capable soloist. He has a very good solo

on *Corner*, maintaining a groove while avoiding the tendency to play predictable rhythmic patterns. His *Walkin'* spot is sometimes complex but is lucidly constructed and has a good strong blues feeling. While he may not be considered a "new wave" musician, Burton doesn't rely on stock figures; his work is harmonically and melodically stimulating, and he usually is successful in resolving his ideas.

Gray also performs well. He has a more percussive attack than most Shearing guitarists, and his playing is characterized by a touch of southern twanginess.

Fournier and Yancey cook quietly and competently throughout — together and individually. (H.P.)

Jimmy Smith

ANY NUMBER CAN WIN—Verve 8552: *You Came a Long Way from St. Louis*; *The Ape Woman*; *Georgia on My Mind*; *G'won Train*; Theme from "Any Number Can Win"; *What'd I Say?*; *The Sermon*; *Ruby*; *Tubs*; *Blues for C.A.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4, 9, 10—Jimmy Maxwell, Joe Newman, and Charlie Shavers or Snooky Young, trumpets; Kai Winding, Jimmy Cleveland, Melba Liston, Paul Faulise, trombones; Jerry Dodgion, Marvin Holladay, Budd Johnson, Seldon Powell, Phil Woods, saxophones; Smith, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Art Davis, bass; Bob Bushness, electric bass; Herb Lovelle, drums; George Devens, percussion. Tracks 3, 5, 8—Newman, James Sedlar, trumpets; Jerome Richardson, Johnson, saxophones; Smith, organ; Burrell, Vince Gambella, Billy Mure, guitars; Bushness, electric bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums; Doug Allan, Art Marotti, percussion. Tracks 6, 7—Smith, organ; Burrell, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Kenny Burrell-Jimmy Smith

BLUE BASH — Verve 8553: *Blue Bash*; *Travelin'*; *Fever*; *Blues for Del*; *Easy Living*; *Soft Winds*; *Kenny's Sound*.

Personnel: Smith, organ; Burrell, Vince Gambella, guitars; George Duvivier or Milt Hinton, bass; Bill English or Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These two albums featuring Smith, certainly one of the most popular jazz artists as far as the record-buying public is concerned, were released simultaneously. One, the *Number* LP, evidently is meant to sell to a wider audience than the other. Evidently, I say, because Creed Taylor, who produced both albums, has used various thought-to-be commercial devices—such as vocal-choir background, uninvolved but loud big-band arrangements, what sound like tambourines, reverberation effects—to give most, not all, tracks a tinsel glitter. The record co-led by Burrell has none of this; it's a straight-on blowing session, and a pretty good one at that.

All this raises several questions in my mind:

Are these two albums indicative of a split Jimmy Smith—or Creed Taylor? That is, for every jazz record must there be a "commercial" one? If this is true, why the gimmicks? Haven't Smith's *Blue Note* and *Verve* singles sold well without such trappings? In fact, have any of the gimmicked surroundings that jazzmen are more and more being recorded in helped sell records? Or is it that the jazz records that have sold outstandingly—the singles by Dave Brubeck, Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd, Herbie Mann—done so *without* any tasteless baubles having been hung on them? If this is true, then why cheapen the artist with musical foolishness?

It might be answered that such questions indicate a hopeless naivete and complete unawareness of why record companies are in business.

Well, critics aren't *that* far out of the stream of the good old American way. "Ah ha!" the record people might exclaim, "then the critics would agree that it is good that a Jimmy Smith record sell well, bringing a jazz artist to the attention of persons who normally do not buy jazz records. This is good for all concerned, isn't it? So don't jump altruistic if a jazzman has to make—or wants to make—a gimmicked record; he's still going to make out-and-out jazz records."

It would be ridiculous for anyone interested in jazz and its well-being to hold that it is better for a Jimmy Smith to starve and be heard by only a few than it is for him to make a bundle and be heard by millions. But there is music to consider also. Where does one draw the line, the line that indicates a man has gone as far as he can to make a buck without selling his soul? It would seem some draw it further and further from music and closer and closer to money—as long as they're getting their taste.

Oh well, a discriminating listener can just about forget the *Number* thing, except for brief moments by Smith on *Sermon*, *Woman*, and *St. Louis*; and even these spots come rarely among the clichés in which he indulges. The one-chorus versions of *Ruby* and *Georgia* have organ set against a whimpering choir background, giving the impression that someone might have had a vision of Smith as an instrumental Ray Charles.

The *Bash* album is much better, of course. Smith and Burrell play more inventively and seemingly take an interest in what they are doing—particularly Smith, who plays an excellent solo on *Del*. The co-leaders both do well by themselves on *Fever* and *Travelin'*, but *Bash* and *Sound* suffer from having no bassist present.

Burrell is featured on *Livin'*; the track consists of only a chorus, with little of interest developing. Burrell should be commended, though, for the way he sets up a tension between himself and the others during his *Del* solo by playing 'way behind the beat and for his clear-headed *Winds* solo.

Wouldn't it be ironic if *Number* bombed and *Bash* hit? (D.DeM.)

Sonny Stitt

STITT IN ORBIT—Roost 2252: *No Cal*; *Six-o-Seven Blues*; *Beware, Rocks Comin' Down*; *Corn Flakes*; *Eye Ball*; *Saganaw*.

Personnel: Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; piano, bass, drums, unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Stitt, an outstanding saxophonist and a fleet improviser, was born just a little too late. He would have been, in many ways, the ideal sideman in a blues-based big band of the 1930s. I can picture him standing up once or twice a night and fracturing everyone with a string of booting, 12-bar choruses.

The trouble is that today Stitt appears as an independent star, often featured, as on this record, without benefit of supporting horns. And this jazzman simply doesn't have that much to say, no matter how skillfully he says it.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Quiet, Happy Life of Lurlean Hunter

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On blues after blues, the same cadences and facile clichés push the listener into a state of indifference, although Stitt's drive and energy may delay the inevitable disenchantment for as much as 15 or 20 minutes. It was, I believe, somewhere in the third track that I become really uncomfortable.

Of the six Stitt "originals," only one is a real tune. It is *Eye Ball*, a *Jeepers Creepers*-like Sears-Roebuck structure. For the others, you can substitute Stitt's titles with the following (in order of appearance): *Blues in E-flat*, *Blues in D-flat*, *Blues in B-flat*, *Blues in F*, and *Blues in B-flat*.

The anonymous rhythm section is a good one, by the way. (R.B.H.)

Jack Wilson

THE JACK WILSON QUARTET — Atlantic 1406: *Corcovado*; *Jackleg*; *Blues We Use*; *Harbor Freeway*; *De Critifeux*; *Nirvana* & *Dana*.

Personnel: Roy Ayers, vibraharp; Wilson, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Nick Martinis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Wilson, on the basis of this album, reveals himself as a greatly promising young pianist who has yet to transcend his influences.

In listening to this collection the strongest impression one comes away with is the powerful effect the work of the Modern Jazz Quartet has had on Wilson's group. Perhaps the MJQ's approach for this instrumentation is so strong and all pervasive that it is most difficult not to succumb to its sway in whole or part. Whatever the reason, however, just about every track on this set bears the unmistakable stamp of the MJQ approach. *Corcovado*, among other tracks, recalls

the ensemble textures and the particular voicings and sonorities of the early MJQ recordings. The effect is further heightened by Ayers' very Milt Jackson-derived vibraharp work, and even Wilson's support of the vibist often suggests pianist John Lewis' spare, unobtrusive work behind Jackson's playing.

MJQ influence aside, both Wilson and Ayers are strong, imaginative jazz musicians with a great deal to say and who say it forcefully and directly. Wilson, particularly, plays with blazing force, yet every note is cleanly articulated and has a warm, rounded sound to it. His phrases, especially on the fast pieces are particularly long-lined.

The album's greatest asset is Wilson's compositional strengths. With the exception of Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Corcovado*, all the pieces were written and arranged by Wilson. They reveal a fertile, imaginative mind with a gift for sturdy, flowing melody of power and conviction. (I would not be surprised, for example, to see a number of the themes here become jazz staples.) Though the pieces sing naturally, they are never predictable, for Wilson has the gift of fashioning completely fresh, unusual, and musically arresting lines that grip one fully.

Jackleg is a strongly rhythmic, roiling up-tempo theme that catches the attention immediately; *Harbor Freeway* is a kind of jagged, tortured tone poem that reminded me of Margie Hyams' *November Seascape* (though taken at a much faster clip); *Critifeux* makes telling use of dissonance; and the two themes in the final piece are most compelling—the waltz

Nirvana has a kind of tough pastoral quality to it, and the second, *Dana* (named for Wilson's wife), is a particularly haunting, ardent ballad. Only *Blues We Use* is anything like ordinary in its contours, being much like any number of medium-tempo, earthy piano blues of recent years.

Another influence is felt in the *Nirvana* exposition, where Wilson and Ayers successively try to develop a cumulative intensity similar to that which tenor saxophonist John Coltrane sets up in such pieces as *My Favorite Things*. In *Dana* there is an out-of-tempo improvised duet by piano and vibes that is mildly effective, but goes on a bit too long.

This is an impressive debut disc by a pianist who, once he assimilates his sources, could develop into a major voice.

(P.W.)

Teddy Wilson

TEDDY WILSON 1963 — Cameo 1059: *Satin Doll*; *A Second Chance*; *Nica's Dream*; *As Time Goes By*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing*; *Big Town*; *Sidney's Soliloquy*; *Strollin'*; *How High the Moon*; *Paris Theme*; *Everything I Have Is Yours*.

Personnel: Wilson, piano; unidentified orchestra; Glenn Osser, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Jazz Muzak can be very agreeable. This is music to talk on the phone by rather than music to make history.

Osser, who scored the album, writes well for strings and horns, and Wilson's style has changed very little. But one can safely bet that it will be on the strength of his records with Benny Goodman and with his own pickup bands of the late 1930s that Teddy Wilson will be remembered a generation from now, while records like this will be gone and forgotten. (L.G.F.)

SONGSKRIT

A Column of Vocal Album Reviews/By JOHN TYNAN

Lorez Alexandria

There are talents that bide for years awaiting The Break. In *For Swingers Only* (Argo 720) Lorez Alexandria makes it very clear that she's ready, willing, and able to handle a big-time career as one of the country's top jazz vocalists.

Miss Alexandria is the possessor of the happy combination of distinctive voice, great feeling, and the vocal equipment to handle more than adequately a great variety of material. Such diversity in repertoire is evident in her choice of songs here. They are all distinctive songs in their separate ways, ranging from a down blues (*Mother Earth*) to the hauntingly lovely theme from the film *La Strada*, aptly titled *Traveling Down a Lonely Road*, with a lyric by Don Raye.

The others—there are only four songs a side, which means Miss Alexandria and the excellent group accompanying her can relax into extended renditions—are *Baltimore Oriole*; *Little Girl Blue*; *All or Nothing at All*; *Love, Look Away*, from the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *Flower Drum Song*; Ed Redding's torchy *The End of a Love Affair*; and a song so well made by Billie Holiday into one of her very own, *That Old Devil Called Love*.

The singer is less successful with *Love*

Affair; in fact, she sounds a bit uncomfortable throughout it. Also, *That Old Devil* is taken at a pace faster than seems fitting, and as a consequence Miss Alexandria is forced into giving the impression of rushing through it.

But as a whole, the album is a most appealing showcase for one of our finest contemporary singers of popular U.S. music. Her home town, Chicago, can be proud of Lorez Alexandria.

Sammy Davis Jr.

For a long time Davis suffered a fate common to all performers who make vocal mimicry an important part of their acts: listeners to his excellent imitations of well-known singers have tended to think of him primarily as a vocal mimic and, hence, they have been less appreciative of Davis' being a good singer in his own right with a powerful and pleasing baritone and as much feeling as one could wish for.

Happily, today the old curse is lifted from Davis. His recent albums have asserted his personal worth as a singer, and the well-known mimicry is just a memory.

In *A Treasury of Golden Hits* (Reprise 6096) Davis offers a mixed bag of material from his repertoire, ranging from the opening *And This Is My Beloved* to the closing *Birth of the Blues*. The accompanying orchestral direction and arrangements are by Davis' music director, Morty Stevens.

Some of this is familiar Davis. *Hey There*, of course, was a hit single a couple years back. *Birth of the Blues*, too, is identified with him, as are some of the other songs.

For this listener, however, the most interesting track in the set is *Stand Up and Fight* from Oscar Hammerstein II's *Carmen Jones*. Here Davis opens up vocally, sings straight and true, and reveals his strength of vocal quality (though his weakness of diction too). For any singer the *Toreador Song* of Bizet—which is what *Stand Up* is—is a hefty challenge in terms of requirements of range and sustained projection. In all but diction, Davis proves he is equal to it.

The other songs in the set are *In a Persian Market*; *Bess, Oh Where's My Bess?*; *It's All Right with Me*; *That Old Black Magic*; *Spoken For*; *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; and *Without You I'm Nothing*. All good Davis and all worth hearing.

Sarah Vaughan

For those who have felt a little smothered by many of the syrupy orchestral backgrounds that often have dressed the ballad singing of Miss Vaughan in the past, *Sassy Swings the Tivoli* (Mercury 20831 and 60831) should prove a delightful refreshment.

Recorded live at the famed Tivoli Gardens concert hall in Copenhagen, Denmark, with Quincy Jones supervising and the Kirk Stuart Trio accompanying (bass-

ist and drummer are not identified), the session is wild and wide open.

While Stuart and men swing with elan, Miss Vaughan does a lot of romping herself, stretching out in long periods of scatting on the up numbers. Actually, to this listener's taste there is a bit too much scatting; a little goes a long way at the best of times.

But the singer, who has been accused in the past of banal affectation, performs here with the freshness of a Baltic breeze. Her *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* is choice Vaughan; *Sassy's Blues* is aptly gutsy; even *Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?* is invested with the Vaughan charm.

While all the selections are what might be termed "safe" by cynics, they are nonetheless done well by; in this instance—as in every instance where Miss Vaughan is involved—familiarity does not breed contempt. The other songs are *Misty*, *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, *Lover Man*, *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *I Feel Pretty*, *Tenderly*, and *I Cried for You*.

Pianist Stuart, who makes a surprise appearance as a singer on one track, shows he has enough on the ball vocally to carry an album himself. His voice is distinctive, and his style holds high musical interest. One wonders if Quincy Jones is holding that card up his sleeve.

Dinah Washington

It's been a long, long trail awinding from the Gospel and the blues. For Miss Washington, musically bred in the

churches and one of the most forceful contemporary female blues singers, the trail has led to the commercial end evident in her latest album, *Dinah '63* (Roulette 25220).

As in several of her recent albums, Miss Washington unabashedly aims at the pop market with a selection of songs comprising *I Wanna Be Around*, *Make Someone Happy*, *Rags to Riches*, *Take Me in Your Arms*, *I'll Drown in My Tears*, *Why Was I Born?*, *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*, *The Show Must Go On*, *I'm Glad for Your Sake*, *There Must Be a Way*, *What Kind of Fool Am I?*, and *Bill*. With Fred Norman's arrangements filling the prescribed bill, the end result is, on the whole, pleasing.

Miss Washington's voice is not what it used to be. This is demonstrably clear in some of the tracks on which she indulges in the cover-up histrionic of talking instead of singing some of the words and phrases. This is uncomfortably reminiscent of Sophie Tucker.

On the other hand, the vocalist makes it equally clear that she can still swing with the best when called upon. In fact, some of the rhythm tunes in this set develop an irresistible, swinging drive thanks to her dynamic style.

This is, after all, the pop Queen D; if some of the vitality of the old Dinah seems diluted, blame it partly on the choice of material. The effect of Miss Washington torching that dreary old warhorse *Bill* is really a bit much.

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

By PETE WELDING

Columbia's lavishly produced *The Ellington Era, Vol. 1* (C3L 27), a set of three records containing 48 selections originally released on the Columbia, OKeh, and Brunswick labels and spanning the years 1927 through 1940, afford the listener a wonderful insight into the fascinating musical odyssey of jazz' greatest composer-orchestrator.

In conjunction with Riverside's *Birth of Big Band Jazz* (RLP-129), which chronicles the leader's earliest years, and the several RCA Victor sets — *In a Mellow Tone* (LPM-1364), *At His Very Best* (LPM-1715), and *The Indispensable Duke Ellington* (LPM-6009) — that document the considerable accomplishments of the early '40s band, one can develop a more or less complete picture of the man, his music, and the superb orchestra that has been his instrument, for which and with which he has crafted some of jazz' enduring masterworks.

The present set (which will be supplemented with a like one next year, we are told) begins with the promise of *East St. Louis Toodle-Oh* of March, 1927, and continues on through to two selections, *Sophisticated Lady* and *Stormy Weather*, recorded in 1940 before the start of the leader's RCA Victor contract. In between,

fall 44 selections of varying merit.

The earliest tracks in the album demonstrate a transitional Ellington, the pianist himself not yet free of stride-piano influences and seemingly a bit unsure of the direction in which his band is to move. There is some of the rhythmic inflexibility of the very earliest edition of the band (a kind of foursquare, straight-on quality to the rhythm that was to become more supple — though never really very subtle or light — later on).

Moreover, some of the band's material was of slight interest (in view of some of its other superb material, that is), and though well played, such early numbers as the jittery fast dance *Hop Head*, the slithering *Jubilee Stomp* (containing a string of fine solos), *Hot and Bothered* (with its very exciting antiphonal interplay between trumpeter Bubber Miley and vocalist Baby Cox, and a magnificently driving Lonnie Johnson 12-string guitar solo), *Blues with a Feeling*, *Lazy Duke*, and *Old Man Blues* can scarcely compare with the marvelous themes, insinuating orchestrations, and singularly apt playing on such classics as *Toodle-Oh*, *Black and Tan Fantasy*, *The Mooch* (with Miss Cox' wordless vocalizing), *Rockin' in Rhythm*, and *Mood Indigo*.

It was in pieces such as these that Ellington — with the invaluable assistance of Miley (who co-composed with him the band's two early masterpieces, *Toodle-Oh* and *Black and Tan Fantasy*) — began to point the way to a distinctively original style that was to have a profound effect on American music.

It was a style of arresting harmonic

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VERVE RECORDS

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freshness, subtle and haunting in its blend of sophistication and "primitivism" (mainly achieved through the use of vocal effects by Miley and trombonist Joe Nanton), rich and sonorous, with strange, tart voicings attained through unusual (for the day, or for *any* day) pairings of instruments across section lines. Added to this — or, rather, at its core — was Ellington's soaring, delicate, memorable lyricism, and a tailoring of composition and arrangement to the special capabilities and strengths of particular soloists.

And the Ellington aggregation, as these discs forcibly remind us, has from the start been blessed with an abundance of unique and powerful soloists: Miley with his superbly expressive growl trumpet,

likewise trombonist Nanton, baritonist Harry Carney, and altoist Otto Hardwicke in the earliest recordings, to be augmented or succeeded in following years by a cadre of distinguished instrumentalists — trumpeters Artie Whetsol, Freddy Jenkins, Cootie Williams, and Rex Stewart; trombonists Juan Tizol and Lawrence Brown; and reed men Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, and Ben Webster.

After the heady, blithe charm of the early pieces, there follows a period of about three years, ending roughly in 1934, during which Ellington begins very consciously to formulate his musical approach, re-examining the earlier pieces, and developing his orchestral writing techniques. This journeyman period resulted in a

good number of attractive pieces that have their moments, to be sure (and even in second-rank Ellington there is always plenty to captivate, always marvelous things), but which lack the daring, the melodic sweep, the sense of inevitability, originality, and completeness that characterize the great pieces that precede and follow.

The orchestration becomes more sure, the coloration intriguing, but many of the themes from this period are either a bit syrupy (like *Ducky Wucky*), somewhat hectic and disjunct in their contours (many of the faster pieces), or not especially original thematically. As usual, though, the band plays impeccably, and there are delicious solos scattered throughout, outshining their settings.

Beginning in 1934 the band really hits its stride, with such wonderful, witty, inventive, and wholly original numbers as the lovely *Solitude*; Barney Bigard's feature *Clarinet Lament*; Cootie Williams' show-piece, *Echoes of Harlem*; the slyly insinuating *Caravan*; *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*; Rex Stewart's witty *Boy Meets Horn*; the blithe, airy lyricism of Johnny Hodges' alto on *The Gal from Joe's*; the lovely, haunting, delicate sonorities of *Prelude to a Kiss*; *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*; and *Sophisticated Lady*.

There are fascinating things in all the lesser pieces too, of course, but they are so easily overshadowed by the strength and coursing inevitability of the greater works that they all but pale in comparison. Still, I would not want to see them withdrawn, and a thousand thanks to Columbia's Frank Driggs and John Hammond for this excellent, comprehensive set. May it enjoy brisk sales, so that the reissue series will be continued.

A corollary Ellington set from this early period turns up rather unexpectedly on the low-priced Sutton label. The album is *Blackbirds of 1928*, SU-270, and contains the 1933 recordings by the Ellington band of the 1928 Lew Leslie musical show. The original recordings were made for the Brunswick label, and it's anyone's guess as to how the masters came into Sutton's possession, though it is good that they are in print again — and at a dollar tab.

Except for the two medley selections that open and close (fine Bigard clarinet) the album, the Ellington band is used to furnish simple, unobtrusive accompaniment for the attractive vocals of Ethel Waters on *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* and *I've Got Porgy Now*, Adelaide Hall's more plaintive renderings of *I Must Have That Man* and *Baby of Mine*, and the Mills Brothers' propulsive, good-humored treatment of *Diga Diga Doo*, which features some fine group work by the singers and also some singularly apt instrumental imitations that are integrated into the orchestral framework in a very satisfying manner. There is, further, a choral-accompanied vocal by Miss Waters on *Stroll along Your Way*, a blues based on the *St. Louis Blues* patterns; and Cab Calloway's infectious exuberance on *Doin' the New Lowdown*, on which he is joined by the Mills Brothers in another tasteful demonstration of their horn imitations.

EB

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COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

The year now passing saw the release of a few significant records, along with the usual mountains of rehashed entertainment pieces. From the standpoint of one concerned with today's music, it was once more Columbia records, among the major labels, that provided most of the action worth discussing.

With its Stravinsky Conducts project pushing right along (the *Les Noces* and *Oedipus Rex* albums certainly rank with the year's finest), Columbia gave Robert Craft his head in another important direction: the complete works of Arnold Schoenberg. This is a project that Craft has been working on piecemeal for a number of years, but in deciding to lay out the entire Schoenberg contribution in systematic form, Columbia has again asserted its predominance in contemporary music.

Following Craft's first volume, which contained such rare and imperfectly understood works as *Erwartung*, the violin concerto, *Die Gluckliche Hand*, *A Survivor from Warsaw*, and *Pierrot Lunaire*, there now comes Vol. 2, with similarly valuable items. Besides the popular *Verklarte Nacht* (in string orchestra version), Craft sets down the 40-minute Wagnerian tone poem *Pelleas and Melisande*, *Three Little Orchestra Pieces* (never before recorded), *Variations for Orchestra*, and a brief but fascinating piece from 1945, *Prelude to the Genesis Suite*. The album, Columbia's M2S-694, adds much to our knowledge of Schoenberg and not a little to our understanding of Craft.

As a conductor, Craft has proven limitations. Admirable as his performances of Anton Webern, Alban Berg, Schoenberg, and Igor Stravinsky always sound at first, when he sets them down in all their intellectual purity, one has sometimes been astounded to hear the same pieces electrified into communicative life under the hand of a master conductor such as the late Hans Rosbaud, the most talented proponent of new music this generation has heard. So Craft understandably allows himself to strike back at the virtuoso conductors in the notes for his performance of *Pelleas and Melisande*:

"Why has *Pelleas and Melisande* remained almost unknown these 60 years? It has some of the attractions of popular music—the Liz Taylor theme in the strings, the Burton theme in the trumpet—and one may predict that when the Kapellmeisters get around to learning it (from these records), it is destined to become a warhorse. When that happens, by reason of its superior construction and unexampled wealth, *Pelleas* should prove the most durable of symphonic poems.

"The neglect is explained, I think, by the fact that few people can have heard the piece in the properly balanced performance without which music of such complex polyphonic design and harmonic density makes no sense at all."

Now this, on its face, seems an egregious bit of arrogance and perhaps a cynical bid for the publicity that controversy always brings. Undoubtedly there is a taint of both dogmatic childishness and polemical shrewdness in Craft, as his published *Conversations with Stravinsky* prove with each new installment. But there also lurks behind his words, as usual, the germ of truth.

For it is obvious from his performance that *Pelleas* is a work of great power. It has been the fashion until now to dismiss this 1903 effort by Schoenberg as a sterile attempt to imitate Wagnerism at its worst. But Craft makes clear that Schoenberg's genius, even at this early stage, was already struggling toward his highly organized later works.


Instead of emphasizing the turgid harmonic confusions of the typical post-Wagnerian tone poem, Craft draws attention to the interweaving of melodic motives and other structural niceties. After hearing Craft, one has no doubt as to the potential audience success of this music, even if still regretting his inability or unwillingness to cast himself as anything more than analyst and structural engineer.

The *Three Little Orchestra Pieces*, a minute and 50 seconds long in all, prefigure the terse masterpieces of Webern but are typical Schoenberg in their anguished sound. Where Webern sounds almost Oriental in his detachment, these Schoenberg miniatures are muscular and involved. How little similarity there is, really, between the teacher and his best pupil, even when they are superficially on the same track.

London, which scored the new-music triumph of the year with its prompt recording of Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*, also has a Schoenberg release to offer: *Serenade for Septet and Bass Voice*, conducted by Bruno Maderna with the Melos Ensemble of London (SOL-250).

Maderna, one of the talented new European composers, is a conductor, too, it would appear, for this performance comes off more interestingly than the older one by Craft. The work itself is significant mostly in that it is the last one Schoenberg wrote in an atonal but not yet 12-tone style. After it, in 1923, came the system that has left its mark on all 20th-century music.

With its current releases, Columbia runs away from all contemporary-music competition, issuing an astonishing wealth of new and rare pieces:

Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in the William Schuman *Symphony No. 8* and the Samuel Barber *Andromache's Farewell*, both commissioned for Lincoln Center's first season; the Prokofiev *Symphony No. 6* by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphians; Copland conducting his *Clarinet Concerto*, with Benny Goodman, and his *Old American Songs*, with William Warfield; a Francis Poulenc memorial album containing three songs, the two-piano sonata, and the woodwind sextet; and a high-quality Latin American potpourri, again by Bernstein, in which are included *Revueltas' Sensemaya*, Copland's *Danzon Cubano*, and Chavez' *Sinfonia India*. 

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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

When Carmen McRae spent a week in Hollywood, Calif., recently, a check of the files revealed that somehow or other eight years had slipped by since her last *Blindfold Test* (DB, May 18, 1955).

At the time of the previous interview the first dark days of rock and roll were upon us; in a paragraph of afterthoughts Miss McRae lamented the abandonment of "good old standard tunes done by really fine artists" and the rise of such trivia as *Sh'Boom*. Since then, happily, the situation has leveled off to the point where artists of her caliber have a substantial LP market of their own and are not obliged to worry about the inroads of the big beat.

Last year by coincidence, two LPs of songs dedicated to Billie Holiday were released; one was sung by Miss McRae, the other by Anita O'Day. In a *Blindfold Test* with the latter (April 11, 1963) I included Miss McRae's version of *Miss Brown to You*, as well as the Lou Rawls' *Strange Fruit* and the Frank Sinatra-Count Basie *My Kind of Girl*. Of the first, Miss O'Day said, "I've heard Carmen do better songs. . . . I can only give it two stars." She liked the Rawls and the Sinatra-Basie, rating both 3½.

Miss McRae had not read Miss O'Day's remark and did not know of these parallels, nor was she given any other information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Pearl Bailey. *If I Should Lose You* (from *C'est La Vie, Roulette*).

That kind of shocked me! I would never connect that tune with Pearl Bailey. But I'll tell you something—I just realized that she would make a great Gospel singer.

I personally just don't think this is her type of tune, though. For Pearl, it was done well. But the two elements—she and the song—just don't go together. I don't think she's a natural ballad singer, I'm afraid.

She did one little thing toward the end, where she said, "Honey, I was livin' a dream" or something like that, that was a typical Pearl Bailey touch. Probably that's the way she would say it, so it's right for Pearl. It's cute, I guess. . . . I don't know. I guess I'd say two stars.

2. Anita O'Day. *Miss Brown to You* (from *Trav'lin Light, Verve*). Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Borney Kessel, guitar.

I haven't heard that before, but I'll tell you something—Anita sings out of tune on that record. I don't know why, because that's her kind of tune, something that she could do very well. But she's out of tune on a lot of spots.

You know what I like? I have to tell you, the greatest thing on that record is Ben Webster. He is so beautiful, I just love him. And I liked Barney—I wouldn't have known who it was, but she called his name. But I'd rate the record as 1½ stars—she could have done much better.

3. Lou Rawls. *Strange Fruit* (from *Black and Blue, Capitol*). Onzy Matthews, arranger.

Oh, I liked that. I don't know who it is, but it's certainly a different approach to the tune, and the arrangement was beautiful, and whoever was singing it is a gas. Is it someone I should know? Maybe Gene McDaniels?

Obviously nobody can do it like Billie Holiday; we shouldn't even bring her name into it. But for what he did, it

was interesting; you ordinarily hear it with just a guitar or a very soft background. This was the way he saw it, and I understood what he meant by it. Four stars.

4. Frank Sinatra-Count Basie. *My Kind of Girl* (from *Sinatra-Basie, Reprise*).

I'd like to give that 10 stars! Can I do that? Five for Frank Sinatra and five for Count Basie.

I knew that they'd made an album together, but this is the first time I've ever heard a track out of it. Beautiful—just great. No further comment.

5. Della Reese. *Until the Real Thing Comes Along* (from *Special Delivery, RCA Victor*). Mercer Ellington, arranger, conductor.

Well. . . . I'm probably going to lose a good friend, but I think that record is terrible.

I'm going to tell you something about Della—and I'm speaking strictly musically now, because I don't think this should have anything to do with the way we feel about each other as two individuals. I can remember when she first started, and I liked her very much. And it wasn't anything like this.

Of course, who am I to knock it? Because she probably screams all the way to the bank—if you're thinking about this thing as a financial venture. Well, you know, that's our standard here in America: what we have in the bank book. But I'd just like to say that Della—I know she's got a great following, but I think she has gone completely over in the other direction, completely turned around. If it gets to the point where you have to add an extra consonant, or rather vowel, at the end of a word, well. . . . you don't even know what is being said.

Another thing: embellishing lyrics is fine, if it's just an extra word here or there; but when you make a whole new sentence out of two words that the lyricist put there because that was what he wanted and this was the way he wanted someone to interpret it, well I can't see that either.



CARMEN McRAE

'Embellishing lyrics is fine, if it's just an extra word here or there; but when you make a whole new sentence out of two words that the lyricist put there because that was what he wanted and this was the way he wanted someone to interpret it, well I can't see that.'

I would just give this *minus* two stars.

6. Ray Charles. *In the Evening When the Sun Goes Down* (from *Recipe for Soul, ABC-Paramount*). Charles, piano, vocal; Benny Carter, arranger.

That, Leonard, is just the greatest. You run out of adjectives with something like this, or whenever you're talking about Ray Charles. It just takes your breath away, doesn't it? Who did the arranging on that?

Ray Charles is without a doubt the greatest blues singer today. He does occasional songs that are soft ballads and not quite right for him—maybe *Stella by Starlight*—but even on some ballads he's great too. I did like *Come Rain or Come Shine*.

I dug the piano, too, of course. Before the vocal came in, I thought it was an instrumental record. First it sounded a little like Junior Mance, who plays a lot of blues. Then I thought, no, Junior plays more lightly—he has a completely different touch. So I was all prepared to say that I didn't know who it was but I dug it.

Great record; I'll give that five stars.

7. Barbra Streisand. *When the Sun Comes Out* (from *The Second Barbra Streisand Album, Columbia*). Peter Matz, arranger, conductor.

This young lady gives me goose pimples. I just love Barbra Streisand. Her records are fantastic, but she's twice as fantastic when you watch her. She's beautiful. I bought her first album. I didn't like all her choices of tunes on that, but this song is just a gas for her.

I like this kind of singer, because she's trying to tell you something, and if you don't get the message, you're a complete idiot. It's right there for you. And she has the musicianly quality and sings in tune—let us not forget to include that!

She is one of the most fantastic singers to come along in years—and a fascinating-looking girl—not beautiful, but her facial structure, the way her eyes are set in her head—she's a fantastic-looking girl.

I wish I could give her seven stars.

(db)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL
Warsaw, Poland

This November event began with a concert of serious music directly influenced by jazz. The program consisted of a controversial work, *La Giraffe Enflammée*, by young composer Mateusz Swiecicki. The composition was inspired by Salvador Dali's painting by that name.

The first performance of Boguslaw Shafer's *Music for Mi* was given during the concert. This was especially composed for Polish vibraharpist Jerzy Milian—hence the "Mi" in the title, an abbreviation for Milian.

Far and away the most interesting performance at the concert were extracts from a new Polish jazz opera. The music is by up-and-coming composer Adam Slawinski, and the libretto is by Agnieszka Osiecka. The singer was film actress Anna Prucnal, making her first appearance in this kind of work. The opera caused a good deal of interest among the audience and critics, and foreign visitors expressed a desire to present the work abroad. However, the opera is not yet completed.

Alto saxophonist Zbigniew Namyslowski and his new quartet caused quite a stir during the festival; he is currently claimed to be the best altoist in Europe. Namyslowski was in the United States with the Andrzej Trzaskowski Quintet—called the Polish Wreckers—in 1962. The Namyslowski quartet played original compositions by the altoist.

All the top Polish jazz groups appeared during this year's Jazz Jamboree, and among the foreign artists appearing with them on the bill were tenor saxophonist Johnny Griffin, pianist Kenny Drew, Dutch vocalist Rita Reys and the Pim Jacobs Trio, the Allan Botschynski group from Denmark, the Ludwik Bohmer Quintet from East Germany, Czech bassist Ludek Hulan with his group, and the London City Stompers from England.

All concerts were recorded by Polskie Radio and Polskie Nagrania, and several of the shows were transmitted on television.

—Roman Waschko

J. J. JOHNSON

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Harold Mabern, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

Whether crying in a minor ballad or tearing into up-tempo solos like a bulldozer into brush, Johnson continues to show why his trombone is probably the most authoritative in jazz.

Supported by a rhythm section admirably equal to the demanding task of backing such a virtuoso, Johnson used two trombone models on the Manne-Hole job. Both are pitched in B-flat; one is the horn usually played by the trombonist; the other has a larger, more flaring bell, from which Johnson gets a mellower, rounder sound.

Johnson's chops are sound as ever, and his control of dynamics is an object lesson

to brass men. One of the most impressive examples of such control heard on the night of review was his solo on Max Roach's *Blue Waltz*. Preaching the good ol' thing, the trombonist ranged from subtle, understated commentary to clarion blasts as though summoning the faithful to testify.

Pianist Mabern, who is featured in a solo number during each set, is a strong, percussive player who builds to a rolling climax from generally simple, direct, chordal statements. Nothing fancy about Mabern; he hits—hard.

Harper, a bassist of clean definition and precision, is a holdover from a previous Johnson group. Visually he exhibits a lethargic manner of playing but musically leaves room for no complaint. He soloed frequently and well.

Drummer Gant is master of neat, almost fastidious brushwork that seems to tie ribbons on the solo figures he executes. In the faster excursions he showed an undeniable Elvin Jones appreciation, a proclivity well justified by a dazzlingly facile left hand. And his time playing is solidly founded and unsullied by desultory bomb bursts or other distractions.

—John Tynan

STAN GETZ

Hunter College Assembly Hall, New York City

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Tommy Williams, bass; Maurice Mark, drums; string section; Eddie Sauter, conductor.

This concert, in two sections, presented by the Modern Jazz Society of Hunter College, was another affirmation of Getz' artistry. There is something about a distinctive voice—an actor's voice, a singer's voice, a musician's "voice"—that is recognizable and immediately thrilling. It is style, and that is what Getz has.

The first half of the concert was devoted to selections by his quartet; the second was divided between a performance of Sauter's *Focus*, with the strings, and more quartet numbers.

The quartet mixed ballads, bossa nova, and up-tempo swingers, but the general mood was soft, thoughtful, and subdued. *Alone Together* and the main theme from *Black Orpheus* were followed by an extremely moving *Too Late Now* featuring Raney. There was good use of counterpoint on *Plain Jane Snavelly* (a Bob Brookmeyer line formerly known as *Oh, Jane Snavelly*), which sounds like a cousin of *Little Rock Getaway*.

Focus, the seven-part suite recorded by Getz last year, had both good and bad results in this public performance conducted by its composer. The string section, slightly smaller in number than the original recording unit, played well, but Getz was not properly miked, and his sound, which carried clearly out to the audience in the quartet context, was very often covered by the strings. On the credit side were the fresh improvisations that Getz produced, in many places much different in mood, as well as content, from the recording. Mark was added for *I'm Late, I'm Late*, which impressed me this time around as a modernized, less frenetic *Sing, Sing, Sing*.

The quartet finished the evening with

Corcovado, Like Someone in Love (loose and loping like a slower *Jane Snavelly* with a beautifully developed third chorus), and *Desafinado*, which the musicians still managed to make sound fresh. Raney and Williams are especially subtle performers. The former drew the honors on this number; Getz let him stretch out and obviously enjoyed the results. And there were several times during the evening when, as movingly as Getz played, Raney surpassed him.

—Ira Gitler

JOE MOONEY/KENNY BURRELL

The Most, New York City

Personnel: Mooney, organ, vocals; Burrell, guitar, vocals; Martin Rivera, bass; Denzil Best, drums.

The old master proved he still has it. Despite some noisy patrons at the bar, Mooney delivered a passel of good tunes — both familiar and seldom-done — in his intimate, soft-spoken style, which has been absent from New York for too long.

Accompanying himself adroitly at the organ, Mooney moved delightfully through *No One Else but Me, I Can't Get Started, What Kind of Fool Am I?, When Sunny Gets Blue*, Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer's *I Wonder What Became of Me?*, and ended on an instrumental note with his own somberly beautiful *A New Kind of Blues* followed by *Autumn in New York*. The muffled tones he used on *Blues* put one in mind of the accordion he played in his quartet of the late '40s.

The Burrell trio gets a wonderful blend. The leader's guitar sound is a thing of beauty. Together with Rivera's firm, penetrating bass lines and Best's fine brush work, it puts the listener's ear in a receptive state even before the musical content is considered.

On *Little Girl Blue*, Burrell alternated facile double-time passages with soft, lovely chords. An easy flowing but spirited blues began with one melody figure and ended with Oscar Pettiford's *Black-Eye Peas and Collard Greens*. Here there were three-way, four-bar exchanges with each man unaccompanied during his fours.

A second set revealed a further Burrell talent. After a flowing *Days of Wine and Roses*, a tender *Autumn in New York*, and a swinging *Soft Winds*, Burrell turned singer for *I'm Just a Lucky So and So, I Get a Kick out of You* (with its seldom-heard verse), *The More I See You*, and *A Fine Romance*. His singing has improved tremendously since the vocal album he made for Columbia a few years ago. His pleasant, easy delivery is not unlike his playing. His sense of pitch is good, and on the up-tempo numbers, his improvisational liberties never lose the meaning of the song.

—Ira Gitler

FRANKIE LYMON

Village Gate, New York City

Personnel: Chris Woods, alto saxophone; Hank Edmonds, piano; Jamie Ibrahim, bass; Abdullah Zunri, drums; Lymon, vocals.

When bearded hippies cheered a slim young man back to the bandstand for repeated encores on a recent Monday night at the Gate, few of them realized that they were applauding an erstwhile star of rock and roll. Frankie Lymon, who seven years ago was the first of the teenage

junk-music stars, had grown up.

Of course, the pattern is not new: several singers have turned their backs on rock and roll as soon as they got the chance—Bobby Darin, Pat Boone, Tommy Sands, for examples. On the evidence presented at the Village Gate, Lymon is the most talented of the lot.

There was no trace of *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*, the dreary rock-and-roll hit that put Lymon into the \$5,000-a-week class when he was only 13, in his performance. On the contrary, he limited himself to standards, which he sang with superbly sure time and phrasing. The voice itself is good and can get better. (He is only 21 now.)

Where has Lymon been the last few years?

He gave up recording, on the advice of his managers, when his voice started to

change. Meanwhile, he studied. He now sings in six languages and plays drums (which he studied with Jo Jones, among others). He studied voice, drama (on a scholarship), and dancing. All these efforts are now paying off. When he went for a Latin American appearance for two weeks, he ended up working there for 3½ months.

Back in the States, he has been working regularly in clubs. He hadn't been into a recording studio in three years until he made a single recently for 20th Century.

Lymon is a delight to both the eye and the ear when he is working on stage. The dance training reveals itself in the fact that he moves better than any male singer I've ever seen in this country. Indeed, such expressive movement is usually seen only in Latin American singers such as Lucho Gatica and French singers like

Yves Montand. In this aspect of his work, Lymon still lacks restraint: he begins to do his footwork too early, so that it loses impact and makes his act overbusy.

And he could have done more ballads, not only because they'd have lent variety to his act, but because, judging by the occasional few bars he did do at slow tempos, he sings ballads extremely well.

As it was, his act was a shade too intense—as if he were afraid he'd lose the audience if he didn't keep everything up and swinging. On top of that, his between-the-tunes talk was a little corny.

But other than these faults, which are minor in the context of his over-all work, Lymon has developed into a surprisingly fine entertainer. There is no reason why he shouldn't be one of the major real stars in show business in a few years.

—Gene Lees

BOOK REVIEW

BLUES PEOPLE, by LeRoi Jones.
Published by William Morow & Co.,
244 pp., \$5.

Jones is fast becoming the most controversial writer on jazz to appear since the 1940s. In the past, I have disagreed with many of the things he has written—even those published in *Down Beat*—and I find much in this book that I just can't go along with. But, just as in the past, there is more I do agree with. Jones brings an insight to his writing that is hard come by in this day of the glib and the inarticulate.

The main theory expressed in his book—and he says from the outset that what he writes is theoretical in nature—is that the culture brought to this country by the slaves, and the retention of parts of that culture in subverted forms, plus the weight, as he puts it, of the dominant, i.e., white, culture has produced a new race—the American Negro. He further states that the development of the Negro in this country is traceable through his music—blues and jazz.

A complementary theory Jones expounds is that each development of the music reflects the state of the collective Negro mind at that particular time—as it reacted to the dominant society. Thus, if I read this theory correctly, each style of jazz played today reflects the various attitudes and reactions of Negroes, from Uncle Tom through middle class to militant. To Jones, then, jazz is a stance, a way of looking at the world, an attitude, a reaction; its musical content is secondary.

This is an intriguing idea, this reflection of the Negro mind in music. It certainly is one way to look at jazz. Sociologically, however, it commits a grave error—modern sociologists do not hold with the outmoded concept of group mind and base their studies of attitudes on a person's socialization, his social and economic group memberships, and the resulting sets of goals and values. Thus, while a group

of persons—the middle class, for example—may be studied, observations made, and certain conclusions drawn, the sociologist is on dangerous ground if he deduces from generalizations that each member of a group will have all—or any—of the group's characteristics. In short, sociology must deal with the effects of "society" on the individual.

Still, there is thought food in the theory, though the author sometimes offers scant substantiation for his theory as he develops



the theme, often going off on tangents that suggest he might have dug deeper into various aspects of his theory. Or theories, for Jones seems to have at least two books going here: one on the Negro in the United States, the other on jazz.

Jones is at his best when he is attacking the Negro middle class, the black bourgeoisie. He makes the very true point that among many middle-class Negroes, jazz and blues, particularly blues, are things to pretend never happened—or at least things one should not be proud of. But it seems to me that Jones should not limit his attack to Negroes of the middle class but to the middle class as a whole, for the attitude he speaks of in connection with the black bourgeoisie are also true of most members of what I guess would be the white middle class, though in the past being middle class connoted being white to sociologists (things have changed, however).

The early white jazzmen represent a different class of Caucasians to Jones, in

that they found this Negro music, as Jones refers to it, emotionally and intellectually fulfilling and worth their most intense creative efforts. There also is a tie between a white musician's taking to jazz and nonconformity, according to Jones (again, if I read him right). White jazz fans are included in this nonconformity mold by their allegiance to a music stemming from the Negro, who is a nonconformist from birth because of his skin color.

Jones' belief that for jazz to evolve, to reflect the Negro stance, it must periodically be removed from the American mainstream is valid, I think. He points out that this is what happened when Charlie Parker, et al., reacted to the music of the swing era (a music, Jones says, that "simply does not exist in the history of Negro music," which is a highly debatable point). And, of course, Jones feels that musicians such as Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor are doing this at present.

Though he says that Negroes' return to roots in the last decade is a profound shift of mind, he dismisses the work of men such as Cannonball Adderley (though Adderley is not mentioned by name) as modern minstrelsy because they cannot reflect the world of their great-grandfathers. In this case, I believe the author's musical prejudices becloud his thought.

The book contains several historical inaccuracies and half-truths that detract from its value. For example, Clarence Williams was not a Kansas City bandleader, nor can it be said with any degree of credibility that the Original Dixieland Jazz Band was made up of musicians under the "deep" influence of King Oliver.

And on a more personal note, his claim that because *Down Beat's* reviews of bebop records in the '40s were so "wrong-headed," these records have recently had to be re-reviewed with "wild" acclamation is nonsense. Since I assume he refers to reissues of early records by Parker and the others that I have reviewed, it can be stated that the reviews represent my opinions about the music and are in no way acts of contrition.

But I stray from the main point. This is a good book, one that will stimulate the reader—and if a book can do that, it has served one of its functions.

—Don DeMicheal

"May I make a suggestion, even a strong one? Europeans are simply not impressed with American concert composers; they are deeply impressed, however, with jazz. To quote a leading critic of contemporary music, '... Whatever one's sympathy for the United States, one is forced to conclude that America has not yet produced any music worthy of her architecture or literature. Her one truly creative contribution has been jazz' (Andre Hodeir). And the author of those words really means jazz, which he knows thoroughly. One may feel that this should not be so, or agree that it is so—that does not matter. What does matter is that the rest of the world respects us for our jazz. And wants to hear about our jazz."

The final letter was brief and to the point. My correspondent said that "we" were sorry to learn that I felt that someone else should write the suggested article on the use of jazz in modern American symphonic music.

I'm not complaining about articles, and I don't mean to be abusing a specialist in cultural affairs at the USIA, who was, on the whole, sympathetic. As a matter of fact I am in no position to. An article I wrote on the "new thing" and the Third Stream—a sort of general report on the state of jazz—was reprinted in the magazine called *Amerika*, a periodical in Russian prepared by the State Department for distribution in Russia.

Nor is the point to begrudge any musician his foreign tour for the State Department. It isn't even that I'm saying they shouldn't have sent Goodman. Just that it would have been better to send Ellington.

Goodman, after all, is the middle-aged square's idea of a jazz musician. It is only to say that Europeans, and as recent events show clearly, Russians, too, are not that square.

The point is that jazz is not only respected but also known well enough by foreigners so that they are aware of developments that haven't yet sunk into certain musical and critical circles over here and that the cultural lag, when dealing with whoever exports music for the State Department, can be rather frustrating.

Let's send Ellington and let the Russians see and hear one of the greatest jazz musicians we have produced. And let's also think about sending Ornette Coleman while the discoveries are still white hot from the forge.



Complete Details

Down Beat's Seventh 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.

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Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEO. WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

With the conclusion of college conference football seasons and marching-band maneuvers, stage-band activity is once again moving into high gear on college campuses.

The University of Illinois in Champaign started the year with three jazz bands but was forced to disband one of the groups because of schedule conflicts. The top band unveiled its new instrumentation in a concert on Nov. 21.

Its variation lies in the fact that it has a fixed, 20-piece instrumentation of five saxes, a "hard" brass section (three trumpets, two tenor trombones, and bass trombone), a "soft" brass section (two flugelhorn, French horn, baritone horn, and tuba), and a four-man rhythm section.

New soloists with the U. of I. band this year include Marilyn Kemp, piano, and Ernie Bastin, flugelhorn. The band is once again under the direction of John Garvey, resident viola artist on the campus.

The Collegians of Quincy in Quincy, Ill., also have got the season off to an early start with a concert on Nov. 17. Featured on the program, under the direction of the percussion instructor, Hugh Soebbing, were arrangements by Ernie Wilkins, Fred Karlin, and John LaPorta.

The band's rhythm section is being sparked this year by Clete Webster on drums. The trombone section was highlighted in two trombone features by Doug Hartzell, formerly with Stan Kenton. Solo trombonist Joe Fisher was featured in an arrangement of *Imagination* by Arif Mardin.

While not actively supporting a stage band, the Fine Arts Committee of Loyola University in Chicago has sponsored a series of jazz programs. The series opened with a five-hour concert-dance by Woody Herman's band on Oct. 27.


Later programs traced the history of jazz in four lecture-concerts: The Pioneering Twenties, The Swinging Thirties, Revolution in Tempo, and Tomorrow Is the Question. The programs were narrated by Joe Segal and featured top Chicago musicians such as Little Brother Montgomery, Sandy Mosse, the John Young Trio, Bunky Green, Gene Esposito's group, and the Joe Daley Trio.

At Michigan State University in East Lansing, graduate student George West,

besides teaching an arranging course, is directing the 18-piece jazz band. The band presented a concert at Albion College in November and has programs scheduled for taping on WMSB-TV, Michigan State's educational television station.

Featured with the band again this year is trumpeter Woody James, who won recognition as the most promising trumpeter at Notre Dame's 1963 Collegiate Jazz Festival. Other soloists with the band are Ted Robinson on baritone saxophone, John Dellera on tenor saxophone, and Michael Cull on piano.

The stage band from the Northwest Missouri State College at Maryville acted as guest band and clinic band for a stage-band clinic held for the Southwest Iowa Bandmasters at Creston, Iowa, on Nov. 2. The band, under the direction of music faculty member Earle Moss, featured arrangements and original compositions by the director in their concert part of the program.


The Roosevelt University Jazz Lab under the direction of Lane Emery will act as clinic band for the Chicagoland Stage Band Festival at Oak Lawn High School on Feb. 1. Saxophonist John LaPorta will solo with the band and act as guest clinician and as one of the judges for the contest. 

UP BEAT Arrangement

MAMA LOU

It hasn't taken Oliver Nelson long to become one of the most sought-after arrangers. He has scored both big-band and combo recording dates, several of them under his own leadership. In addition to being an excellent orchestrator, Nelson has composed many jazz themes. His compositions usually avoid the commonplace.

A good example of Nelson's musical conception is *Mama Lou*, named for his sister Lucille Richardson. He has recorded it twice, once with a septet and later with a quintet that included himself, alto saxophone; Eric Dolphy, flute and alto saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; George Duvivier, bass; and Roy Haynes, drums. The parts of the quintet arrangement begin on the opposite page.

Mama Lou is a two-part composition; the first is lyrical, the second in a stomping, back-beat genre. (Note the tempo and key changes before letter ) The blowing choruses are 36 bars long. The coda recapitulates the initial theme, only at the faster tempo.

Nelson's quintet performance of *Mama Lou* can be heard on his *Straight Ahead* album, New Jazz 8255. *Mama Lou* is copyrighted and published by Noslen Music Co.

MAMA-LOU Composed & Arranged
By Oliver Nelson

ALTO SAX - 1

1 = 98-100 (Date)

Handwritten musical score for "Duke" by Duke Ellington. The score is written on ten staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a tempo marking of "♩ = 175". The title "Duke" is written at the top. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, triplets, and rests. There are several dynamic markings including "mp" (mezzo-piano) and "f" (forte). The score is divided into sections labeled "1st" and "2nd". The notation is handwritten and appears to be a working draft or a personal manuscript.

(To Solos)

A6 (Other Solos) To Go Out, Play From letter
to Sign * Jump to Rock & Play Out

ALTO SAX • = 98 - 100

2 **F** (Flute Solo)

Handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Flute Solo" and "To Alto". The score is written on ten staves. The first staff is marked with a "2" and a "1" in a black box, and the title "Flute Solo" is written above it. The tempo is marked "Forte". The second staff has a "7" above it. The third staff has a "3" above it. The fourth staff has a "4" above it and the tempo is marked "d = 175". The fifth staff is marked with a "4" and the title "To Alto" is written above it. The sixth staff has a "3" above it. The seventh staff has a "3" above it. The eighth staff has a "3" above it. The ninth staff has a "3" above it. The tenth staff has a "3" above it. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "mf" and "f". There are also handwritten annotations like "Scream!!" at the bottom left.

MAMA-LOU

Composed & Arranged
By Oliver Nelson

Handwritten musical notation for the piano part, featuring various chords and melodic lines. The notation includes dynamic markings such as *mp* and *mf*, and includes the instruction *Cresc. fino A. Brio*. The piece concludes with a *Coda* section marked with a square symbol.

(To Solos)

1st
A7 2. 3. 4. D9 G9 C9 F9 B9 E9

2nd
B9 E7 A7 D7 E7 b9

A7 D9 G9 C9 F9 D9 G9 C9 F9 D9 G9

C9 F9 B9 E9 A6 (Other Solos) To Go Out, Return To Coda to Sign to Jump to Coda & Play out

Handwritten musical notation for the flute part, featuring various chords and melodic lines. The notation includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *mf Cresc*, and includes the instruction *Dim Poco A Poco (rit)*. The piece concludes with a *Coda* section marked with a square symbol.

Coda

Flute

mf Cresc

Dim Poco A Poco (rit)

Five

PIANO 1 = 98 - 100

Handwritten musical notation for the piano part, featuring various chords and melodic lines. The notation includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *mf Cresc*, and includes the instruction *Dim Poco A Poco (rit)*. The piece concludes with a *Coda* section marked with a square symbol.

(Dim. Rit.)

Pedal

1st 2nd

(Solos)

175 4

mf

Pedal

Handwritten musical notation for the piano part, featuring various chords and melodic lines. The notation includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *mf Cresc*, and includes the instruction *Dim Poco A Poco (rit)*. The piece concludes with a *Coda* section marked with a square symbol.

(Also 8va lower) Basso

1st

2nd

8va lower also

(8va lower) Basso

175 4

mf

Pedal

Handwritten musical notation for the piano part, featuring various chords and melodic lines. The notation includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *mf Cresc*, and includes the instruction *Dim Poco A Poco (rit)*. The piece concludes with a *Coda* section marked with a square symbol.

(For Solos)

1st

2nd

175 4

mf

Pedal

MAMA-LOU

Composed & Arranged
By Oliver Nelson

For Solos, Repeat [E+F]
To Go Out, Return to
[B] Play to Sign [F] Jump
to Sign & Play Out

(Coda Begins Here)

Pedal

(Ritard) (R+)

Coda

Pedal

BASS ♩ = 98-100

Have Bow in Hand for Arco Section

To Arco

♩ = 175

2.1

D7 G7b9 C7

G7b9

C7 F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 D7b9 G7b9

F7 Walk Like Mad!!

C7

F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 D7 G7 C

**Composed & Arranged
By Oliver Nelson**

A handwritten musical score for a piece titled "Coda". The score is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score is divided into measures numbered 1 through 31. Measures 1 through 10 are marked with a "1." and a "2." above them. Measures 11 through 20 are marked with a "3." above them. Measures 21 through 31 are marked with a "4." above them. The score ends with a double bar line and the word "Fine" written below the staff. There are some handwritten notes and markings, including a "Coda" written above the staff and a "Coda Begins Here" written in parentheses above the staff. The score is written in ink on a piece of paper with a light blue background.

AD LIB from page 10

sels, Belgium; Amsterdam, Holland; and Gothenburg, Sweden. Another European tour by Garner is being considered for September, 1964, and plans are already in the works for a British tour in the spring of 1965.

A benefit concert for the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee at Carnegie Hall featured the **Dave Brubeck Quartet**, the **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet**, **Shelley Berman**, and **Gloria Lynne**. Alto saxophonist **Paul Desmond**, bassist **Gene Wright**, and drummer **Joe Morello** were with Brubeck; pianist **Roger Kellaway**, bassist **Bill Crow**, and drummer **Dave Bailey** were with Terry-Brookmeyer. Berman read a tribute to the late **John F. Kennedy** at the event, held the day after Kennedy's assassination.

In late November, the Dixieland Society of Southern Connecticut presented the **New York All-Stars** in concert at the Sanford Barn in Hamden, Conn. The all-stars were made up of **Jack Fine**, trumpet; **J. C. Higginbotham**, trombone; **Herb Hall**, clarinet; **Hank Duncan**, piano; **Lee Blair**, banjo; and **Zutty Singleton**, drums . . . On Thanksgiving Day, **Ella Fitzgerald** sang six numbers backed by an 18-piece orchestra in the 12th of a series of live "music spectaculars" on radio station WNEW.

After 25 years, *Estrad*, the Swedish jazz magazine, will suspend publication following the December issue. Rising costs were listed as the cause . . . **Dan Morgenstern** has resigned as co-editor of *Jazz* . . . Trumpeter **Bill Dixon**, who wrote the book for the **New York Contemporary Five** (trumpeter **Don Cherry**, tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp**, alto saxophonist **John Tchicai**, bassist **Don Moore**, and drummer **J. C. Moses**) now back from Europe, is preparing new music for two albums he will record under his own name for Savoy.

Pianist **Jay Chasin** is at the Other Place on the east side . . . Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** and pianist **Andrew Hill** have signed with Blue Note. For Morgan it was his second tour with the company . . . Banjoist-guitarist **Danny Barker** recently led a band at the Eighth Wonder in Greenwich Village. The group included **Roswell Rudd**, trombone; **Johnny Windhurst**, cornet; **Chuck Folds**, piano; and **Tommy Benford**, drums.

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

Count Basie and the band will record an album for Warner Bros.

records consisting of **Neal Hefti** arrangements from the score of the picture *Sex and the Single Girl*, in which Basie has a role. He will be on loan from Verve records for the recording. Hefti is scoring the film.

POLAND

The Polish Artists Agency is arranging for a tour of Poland by West Germany's **Leathertown Jazzmen**. The Jazzmen are also planning a tour of the United States during 1964; the group has been invited to appear at the New York World's Fair and in San Francisco. If the Jazzmen's tour of the States comes off, **Turk Murphy** and his band will tour Europe in exchange . . . The **Ptaszyn Wroblewski Quartet** currently is appearing in West Germany. Wroblewski played in the International Youth Orchestra at the Newport Jazz Festival several years ago.

PHILADELPHIA

Jazzmen are making a buck these days backing singers. **Roy Eldridge** played the Latin Casino behind **Ella Fitzgerald**, and Philadelphia's **Al Grey** supported **Dakota Staton** at her Red Hill Inn date. The trombonist currently is touring with Miss Staton . . . **Joe DeLuca** had **Gerry Mulligan**, **Coleman Hawkins**, and **Gloria Lynn** at the Red Hill recently.

Dave Skaler, co-owner of Pep's, took time out from his bartending to win a handball championship at the Philadelphia Athletic Club. Skaler turned the club into a **Dizzy Gillespie** for President campaign headquarters in honor of the trumpeter's recent date. **Mongo Santamaria**, featuring the slashing Venezuelan drummer **Frank Valerino**, preceded Gillespie into Pep's . . . **Sid Mark** interviewed **Quincy Jones** and Santamaria on successive nights on his WHAT-FM jazz show.

Ron Polao, a sometime jazz disc jockey over WTTM, Trenton, N.J., shifted to WPEN, Philadelphia, for a comedy-no-jazz afternoon spot . . . Jazz took over the historic William Penn Center in Bucks County for a Saturday night, and the **Chuck Wicker Five** played where Pennsylvania's founder once worshiped. Former **Woody Herman** tenor man Wicker, featuring Trenton pianist **Kirk Nurock** and trumpeter **John Mack**, broke the attendance record for the center's arts workshop in its first jazz attraction.

Nick Travis brought his trumpet down from New York City to play at **Billy Krehmer's** 25th anniversary session at his night club, founded in 1938 as the Jam Session . . . **Nina Simone** returned to her adopted home town for an Academy of Music concert. She now lives in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. . . . **Herb Kellar** is taking time

out from his Show Boat jazz room duties to promote a folk concert featuring **Peter, Paul & Mary** at Convention Hall. Kellar had an all-star lineup at the Show Boat in November with **Oscar Peterson** finishing out a month that also featured **Miles Davis** and **John Coltrane** in the basement room.

BOSTON

Drummer **Philly Joe Jones** brought pianist **Red Garland** back to full-time action here on a recent date at the Star Dust Room along with **Sonny Red**, alto saxophone, and **Skip Johnson**, bass . . . **Louis Armstrong**, **Duke Ellington**, and **Count Basie** groups were booked into Massachusetts clubs, all within a two-week span . . . Altoist **Boots Mussulli** is operating a successful reed school in Milford, where he also runs the Crystal Room. **Stan Kenton** sidemen played there before leaving on their fall European tour . . . A new club in Alston, the Bo-Lay Lounge, had trumpeter **Buck Clayton** and tenorist **Illinois Jacquet** for its first week . . . Saxophonist-composer **Benny Golson** premiered his *Touch and Go* when he played a week at the Jazz Workshop . . . Bassist **Larry Richardson** moved to New York after spending 2½ years with **Herb Pomeroy's** band.

Stan Getz headed for the Virgin Islands with his wife and children after a successful New England tour . . . Pianist **Bill Evans** played a two-weeker at Jazz Workshop in November, and **Max Roach**, returning from Japan, is to play the club this month . . . **Benny Goodman** and **Ray Charles** were at the Donnelly Theater for a back-to-back weekender in November . . . The Revere Beach Ebb Tide went trad as trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** came back to his home town for bookstore autographing of his *My Life in Jazz*. Singer **Teddi King**, also a Bostonian, returned here for the first time in years for a month's engagement at the Number Three Lounge in December.

CLEVELAND

Count Basie returned to town briefly for a Westinghouse network convention at KYM-TV. While at the station, the band also taped a segment for **Don Rumbaugh's Jazzidiom** series, which will be shown later . . . During the previous week, former Basie singer **Joe Williams** was knocking them out at the New Leo's Casino. He also appeared twice on KYW-TV's *Mike Douglas Show*, where the policy of presenting name jazz and other top-grade entertainment during housewives' viewing hours has proved so successful that the show has now entered national syndication.

The New Leo's Casino has rapidly become a major force in Cleveland's jazz renaissance, featuring such stars

as **Art Blakey**, **Jimmy Smith**, **Oscar Peterson**, and **Dizzy Gillespie** during the last several weeks. The room's modest cover charge provides two drinks without additional cost . . . **Weasel Parker's** big band played a Sunday concert at the Jazz Temple in mid-November. The future of the club remains uncertain.

Dr. Donald J. Shetler conducted the **Western Reserve University Singers** and a jazz quintet in the Cleveland premiere of **Frank Tirro's** *American Jazz Mass* at the Amasa Stone Chapel on the WRU campus. The six-movement work will be presented again on KYW-TV's new *Panorama* show, which recently featured the group of trumpeter **Howard McGhee**. Shetler is also scheduled to record the mass shortly for Delta records; previous recordings of the composition have not been commercially available.

Drummer **Leon Stevenson** was scheduled to move his quartet (**Don Banks**, guitar; **Glenn Graham**, vibraharp; and **William Dowlen**, organ) into the Algiers Room at 105th St. and Euclid. **Al Thompson** recently reopened the room with the **Joe Cooper Trio** (Cooper, bass; **Bill Gidney**, piano, and **Jack Town**, drums). Stevenson's group leaves a long gig at Bob's Toast of the Town . . . Boston drummer **Dick Gail**, returned from an appearance with trumpeter **Don Goldie** in El Paso, Texas, and Las Vegas, Nev., has been playing with tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander's** combo at the Club 100.

Pianist **Spencer Thompson's** group continues to delight the regulars at the LaRue, where singer **Jimmy Lawson** is frequent and popular sitter-in . . . Drummer **Charles Crosby** moved his group from the Esquire to the Melba in Lakewood, where the combo features **Eddie Baccus**, organist who has an LP on the Smash label, and **George Adams**, a phenomenal young **John Coltrane**-influenced tenor saxophonist from Howard University.

CHICAGO

The Chicago Arts Festival's jazz program featured the **Bunky Green Quintet**, playing original Green compositions; the **Three Boss Men**, made up of **Sleepy Anderson**, organ; **Leo Blevins**, guitar, and **Harold Jones**, drums; the **Joe Daley Trio**, Chicago's leading "new thing" group; and trios led by three of the city's better pianists, **Billy Wallace**, **Higgins**, and **Jodie Christian**. The festival also held a panel discussion on jazz during its six-day run. **Hank Schwab** served as jazz co-ordinator.

Dick Schory held an open recording session at Orchestra Hall recently. The RCA Victor album stemming from the event is scheduled for February release, the same month that Schory takes his

pop-percussion orchestra on a college tour . . . **Benny Goodman** played a classical-and-jazz concert at nearby Aurora last month. With the clarinetist for the high-school concert were pianist **Marian McPartland** and vibraharpist **Red Norvo** . . . Trumpeter **Marty Marsala** has been working with trombonist **Jim Beebe's** Riverboat Ramblers on the Showboat Sari-S. The teenage Dixie group, the **Windjammers**, play weekends on the boat. The group recently signed with Decca.

Composer-pianist **Cy Coleman** follows **Ramsey Lewis** at the London House on Jan. 7 for three weeks. Then **J. J. Johnson** brings his quartet into the supper club for a three-week stand. The Johnson engagement will inaugurate a seven-nights-a-week policy for main attractions at the club. Heretofore, the name group played only six nights a week, except in rare instances. **Larry Novak's** trio, on Mondays and Tues-



days, and **Jose Bethancourt's** group, on the other nights, continue as house bands.

Ted Ashford presented a jazz concert early this month at Foster Community Center, in Evanston. Ashford, a student at Northwestern University, headed his own group in a bill that also included the **Joe Daley Trio**, pianist **Judy Roberts' trio**, and singer **Tom Gardner** . . . The **Woody Herman Band** came into Club Laurel for a one-nighter recently . . . The **Fred Humphrey Trio** has been playing Friday through Monday at the Hungry Eye on N. Wells St. . . Bassist **Reggie Willis** and drummer **Steve McCall** join pianist **Warren DeJohnette** for Tuesday and Wednesday sessions at the Yardbird Suite in Robert's Show Lounge . . . The **Eddie Cook Trio** has been working at the Algiers, on E. 69th St., Thursdays through Sundays.

• • •

BLUES NEWS: Legendary singer-banjoist **Gus Cannon**, one of the old-time Memphis blues men and organizer of Cannon's **Jug Stompers** (the group that first recorded *Walk Right In*, recently a hit for the **Rooftop Singers**), worked two weeks at Old Town North, the near-north folk boite run by the Old Town School of Folk Music . . . Singer-pianist **Blind John Davis**, prominently featured on the old **Sonny Boy Williamson** recordings, was showcased in a recent blues night at the Fickle Pickle. Despite poor attendance **Mike Bloomfield** is continuing the Tuesday night sessions. It's one of the few places in town where one can hear some of

the city's older blues performers . . . **Muddy Waters** continues at Pepper's Lounge, **Howling Wolf** at Silvio's . . . Singer-guitarist (and sometime mandolinist) **Johnny Young** is leading a trio with harmonica player **Slim Willis** and drummer **Robert Whitehead** at Shirley's on 47th St. Tuesday through Sunday nights . . . An unexpected but welcome visitor was Louisiana sharecropper **Emmanuel Dunn**, a fine singer, guitarist, and harmonica player discovered by folklorist **Harry Oster**, who was featured in an intimate concert program at the Old Town School of Folk Music . . . After an appearance at the Grinnell Folk Festival in Grinnell, Iowa, **Big Joe Williams** returned to St. Louis, Mo., to visit friends and family. Other Chicagoans on the festival program were pianist-singer **Sunnyland Slim**, harmonica player **Big Walter Horton**, and drummer **Porkchops**.

LOS ANGELES

Billy May, hospitalized in Santa Monica's St. John's hospital with a heart attack, was reported "doing well" and on the way to recovery at press-time. May, 47, was stricken Nov. 21.

Tenorist **Hank Bagby**, a welcome addition to the local scene once more, teamed with trumpeter **Nat Meeks** to be featured with Meeks' quintet at the London House (formerly Town Hill) at Main and Colon. Also in the Meeks group are pianist **Jimmy Bunn** (brother of guitarist **Teddy**); **Dave Dyson**, bass; and **Leroy McCray**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Dupree Bolton**, now at the California men's facility at Chino, is expected back in town around February . . . Pianist **Dutch Pons**, active here some years ago with a group consisting of tenorist-baritonist **Steve White**, bassist **Bob Whitlock**, and the late drummer **Joe Ross**, resettled in Salt Lake City, Utah, and is working there with his own trio that includes **Jack Bowes**, bass, and **Jim Summerville**, drums.

AFM Local 47 recently voted life memberships to **Stan Kenton** and composer **Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco**, teacher of many leading Hollywood motion picture and television composers . . . Former **Duke Ellington** trombonist **Lou Blackburn** has set his group with **Freddy Hill**, trumpet; **Horace Tapscott**, piano; **John Duke**, bass; and **Leroy Henderson**, drums. The group followed **Lou Donaldson** into the Basin Street in Denver, Colo., in December . . . A benefit dance for survivors of flutist-saxophonist **Francisco Macias Lechuga**, killed in an auto accident in Juarez, Mexico, in October, was held at the east-side Paramount Ballroom. The bands of **Carlos Ramirez**, **Rod Valenzuela**, **Lino Rodriguez**, **Memo Mata**, and **Pepe Gamboa** performed. Macias is survived

by the widow, **Ana Maria**, and seven children.

Peace was declared between the musicians union and the Southern California Symphony Association when the musicians of the **Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra** voted to accept a contract offer by the association. Acceptance of the agreement, which provides for an increase in minimum wage scales and a one-week paid vacation at scale, prevented cancellation of the 1963-'64 symphony season. A major gain sought by musicians was the lengthening of the season to 35 weeks next season and to 38 weeks the season following. The paid vacation guarantees this.

Ray McKinley's Glenn Miller Orchestra opens a three-week engagement at the Wagon Wheel in Lake Tahoe, Nev., starting Dec. 20 . . . **Johnny Catron's "25 Years of Swing"** dance crew is now heard via KFI (NBC affiliate) remote wire out of Catron's Palms Ballroom in Glendora every Saturday at 11 p.m. The band has held sway at the Palms since Aug. 9 and shares NBC's New Year's Eve coast-to-coast hookup.

Telenote: Included in the studio orchestra on the **Judy Garland** television shows are the following well-known coast jazzmen: **Ronny Lang**, **Ted Nash**, **Chuck Gentry**, and **Bob Cooper**, reeds; **Gil Falco**, trombone; **Pete Candoli**, **Conrad Gozzo**, **Al Porcino**, and **Uan Rasey**, trumpets; **Larry Bunker**, mallet instruments; **Jimmie Rowles**, piano; **Max Bennett**, bass; and **Shelly Manne**, drums.

SAN FRANCISCO

Earl Hines is a partner in a new club, **Crossroads**, which was scheduled to open in December in Oakland's Jack London Square, a smaller edition of S.F.'s Fishermen's Wharf. Besides playing with the house trio, Hines will produce the club's shows which, he said, will feature international talent. A Japanese singer, Mexican dancer, and jazz tap dancer **Tommy Conine** were slated for the opening bill.

Guido Caciatti, who with **John Noga** founded the **Black Hawk** (which ended its long existence last July), hopes to have his new jazz club in operation by the first of the year. It will be in the Broadway entertainment sector here and be called **Guido's** . . . The Jazz Workshop has **Jackie McLean's** combo booked for March. During his group's highly successful stay at the club, **Cannonball Adderley** disclosed that **Yusef Lateef** will depart the sextet in January to form his own combo.

Following the departure of **Mose Allison**, **Sugar Hill** began operating on a week-to-week booking basis pending arrival of the **Charlie Byrd Trio** in February. Altoist-singer **Vi Redd's** quartet from Los Angeles was the first to take up the slack.

Sister **Rosetta Tharpe** is booked into the hungry i in January, **Helen Humes** in February, and Brother **John Sellers** in March. Guitarist **Eddie Duran** heads the house combo at the showroom . . . Singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** followed a month at the Outrigger on Monterey's famed Cannery Row (where he sang with the **Virgil Gonsalves Sextet**) with

two weeks at the California Hotel's Side Door in Oakland.

Pianist **Joe Sullivan** is playing Monday nights at the Trident in Sausalito . . . Organist **Merle Saunders**, who recently left the **Billy Williams** revue after a three-year stay—the last as musical director—has formed a trio (**Junius Simmons**, guitar; **Eddie Moore**, drums) that is playing at the reopened Playpen here . . . Vibist-pianist **Buddy Montgomery** is back home in Oakland following an eastern tour.

Altoist **Hal Stein**, a transplanted New Yorker who now lives in the east-bay area where he is a substitute school-teacher, has been playing weekends at the Trois Couleur in Berkeley with a rhythm section headed by pianist **Nico Bunink** . . . **Slim Gaillard** and **Louis Jordan's** combo recently appeared at the Safari Room in San Jose . . . Drummer **George Walker**, who has been living in Sacramento since 1957, is moving back to San Francisco. A native of Kansas City, Walker settled here when he was discharged from the Army in 1946 . . . **Bukka White**, the old-time Mississippi blues singer who was rediscovered early in 1963, was at the Cabale in Berkeley last month.

Ella Fitzgerald drew an overflow audience for her opening night at the Fairmont Hotel Venetian Room and sang one of the best programs she ever has done here. She was backed by trumpeter **Roy Eldridge's** quartet (**Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Jim Hughart**, bass; **Gus Johnson**, drums) and brass and reeds from **Ernie Hecksher's** house orchestra.



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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; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

NEW YORK

Birdland: Maynard Ferguson, Hal Dumont, 12/19-1/1. Irene Reid, 12/26-1/1.
Bourbon Street: Dick Wellstood, *t/n*.
Central Plaza: sessions, Sat.
Club Cali (Dunellen, N.J.): jazz, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Richard Wyands, George Jovner, *t/n*.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, *t/n*.
Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds.
Eighth Wonder: Danny Barker, *t/n*.
Embers: Tyree Glenn to 1/5. Jonah Jones, 1/6-2/1.
Five Spot: Thelonious Monk, *t/n*. Upper Bohemia Six, Mon. Sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Garden City Bowl: Johnny Blowers, wknds.
Half Note: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer to 12/22. Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, 12/24-1/12.
Hickory House: Howard Reynolds, *t/n*.
Barbara Kelly's Hat & Cane: *unk*.
Metropole: *unk*.
The Most: Chuck Wayne, Joe Mooney, *t/n*.
Page 3: *unk*.
Playboy: Walter Norris, Jimmy Lyon, Ross Tompkins, Bucky Pizzarelli, *t/n*.
Purple Manor: Tiny Grimes, *t/n*.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *t/n*.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, *t/n*. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Thur.-Sat.
Six Steps Down (Newark, N.J.): Art Williams, *t/n*.
Village Gate: Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, Clancy Bros.-Tommy Makem, Leon Bibb, to 12/31.
Village Vanguard: *unk*.
Wells: *unk*.

PARIS

Blue Note: Jimmy Gourley, Nathan Davis, Lou Bennett, *t/n*.
Calavados: Joe Turner, *t/n*.
Cameleon: Michel Hausser, *t/n*.
Caveau de la Huchette: Maxim Saury's New Orleans Sound, *t/n*.
Caveau de la Montagne: Irakli's New Orleans Ambassadors, *t/n*.
Chat Qui Peche: Chet Baker, *t/n*.
Cagale: Benny Waters, *t/n*.
Grande Severigne: Mae Mercer, Sonny Criss, Rene Urtreger, *t/n*.
Kentucky Club: Dominique Sanchez, *t/n*. New Orleans Dippers, Sun.
Living Room: Art Simmons, *t/n*.
Mars Club: Aaron Bridgers, *t/n*.
Riverboat: Mowgli Jospin, Wed.-Sat. New Orleans Bootleggers, Sun.
Slow Club: Claude Luter, Tue.-Fri.
Trois Maillots: Champion Jack Dupree, Dominique Chanson, *t/n*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony DeNicola, *t/n*.
Capri: DeeLloyd McKay, *t/n*.
Columbu (Trenton): Tony Spair, *t/n*.
Cypress Inn (Morrisville): Johnnie Coates Jr., *t/n*.
Dante's: Bernard Peiffer, *t/n*.
Golden Horse Inn: Whoopie Makers, *t/n*.
Krechner's: Billy Krechner-Tommy Sims, *hb*.
Latin Casino: Sammy Davis Jr., 1/11-2/2.
Pep's: Irene Reid to 12/21.
Piscasso: Johnnie Walker, *t/n*.
Red Hill Inn: *unk*.
Show Boat: *unk*.
Sunnybrook: Buddy Morrow, 12/31.
Zelmar: Jimmy Oliver, *t/n*.

WASHINGTON

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

NEW ORLEANS

Absinthe House: Fats Pichon, *t/n*.
Blue Note: Ellis Marsalis, afterhours, Fri., Sat.
Cosimo's: modern jazz, wknds.
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *t/n*.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, *t/n*.
500 Club: Leon Prima, *t/n*.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *t/n*.
King's Room: Laverne Smith, *t/n*.

Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *t/n*. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, Snooks Eaglin, *hbs*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, *t/n*.
Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, *t/n*.
Dark Side: Quartette Tres Bien, *t/n*. Ron Ruff, Sat. sessions.
Gino's: Tommy Strode, *t/n*.
Islander: Don Cunningham, *t/n*.
Jackie Gold's Bustles & Bows: Dixie Wildcats, *hb*.
Natchez Queen: Trebor Tichenor, *t/n*.
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, *t/n*.
Playboy Club: Jack Hill, *hb*.
Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, *t/n*.
Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, *t/n*.
Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.
Yacht Club: Courtney Goodman, wknds.

CLEVELAND

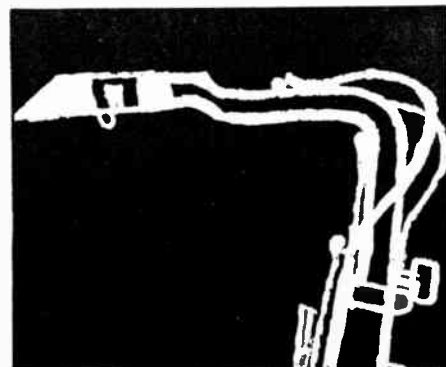
Algiers: Leon Stevenson, Frank Simms, Thur.-Sun.
Brothers: Bobby Brack, wknds.
La Cave: Ed McCurdy to 12/22. Bob Gibson, 12/26-1/1. Hootenanny, Tue.
Cedar Gardens: Willie Smith, Thur.-Sat.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, *t/n*.
Commodore Hotel: various folk groups. Hootenanny, Thur.
Corner Tavern: Jimmy McGriff, Sarah McLawlor-Richard Otto, to 12/22. Three Sounds, 12/23-1/5. Roland Kirk, 12/23-29. Wynton Kelly, 12/30-1/5.
Esquire: Nat Fitzgerald, *t/n*.
Faragher's: Oscar Braud, 12/30-1/4.
Golden Key Club: Fats Heard, *hb*.
Harvey's Hideaway: Jimmy Belt, *t/n*.
LaRue: Spencer Thompson, *t/n*.
Leo's Casino: name jazz groups.
The Lounge: Nick Trent, wknds.
Lucky Bar: Weasel Parker, Thur.-Sun.
Melba: Charles Crosby-Eddie Baccus, Wed.-Sat.
The Office: Ted Kelly-Sol Lucas, wknds.
Safari (North Royalton): Gigolos, wknds.
Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, *hb*. Tops Cardone, wknds.
Squeeze Room: Sky-Hy Trio, wknds.
Tangiers: Johnny Wilson, Thur.-Sat.
Theatrical: Cozy Cole, to 12/12. Jack Teagarden, 12/23-1/4.
Toast of the Town: *unk*.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, Lizzi Doyle, *t/n*.
Baker's Keyboard: Dick Drew to 1/3.
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, *t/n*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): George Overstreet, *t/n*.
French Leave: Bernie Peacock, *t/n*.
Golden Lion: George Primo, *t/n*.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun.
Momo's: Ralph Jay, Jack Pierson, *t/n*.
Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, *t/n*.
Surf Side: Juniper Berry Six, *t/n*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *t/n*.
20 Grand: Three Sounds to 12/22.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Johnny (Scat) Davis, *t/n*.
Crystal Palace: *unk*.
Fifth Jacks: sessions, Mon., Wed.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *t/n*.



Happy Medium: Joe Burton, *t/n*.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *t/n*. Dave Remington, Thur.
London House: Ramsey Lewis, 12/17-1/5. Cy Coleman, 1/7-26. J. J. Johnson, 1/27-2/15.
McKie's: Art Farmer to 12/22. Hank Marr, 12/25-1/5.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hb*.
Old East End: Gene Shaw, *t/n*.
Paul's Roast Round (Villa Park): Salty Dogs, wknds. Mike Walbridge, Wed.
Pepper's: Muddy Waters, Wed., Fri.-Sun.
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Gene Esposito, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, *hbs*.
Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Thurs., Fri.
Robin's Nest: Three Boss Men, *t/n*.
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.
Yardbird Suite: Jodie Christian, *t/n*.

LOS ANGELES

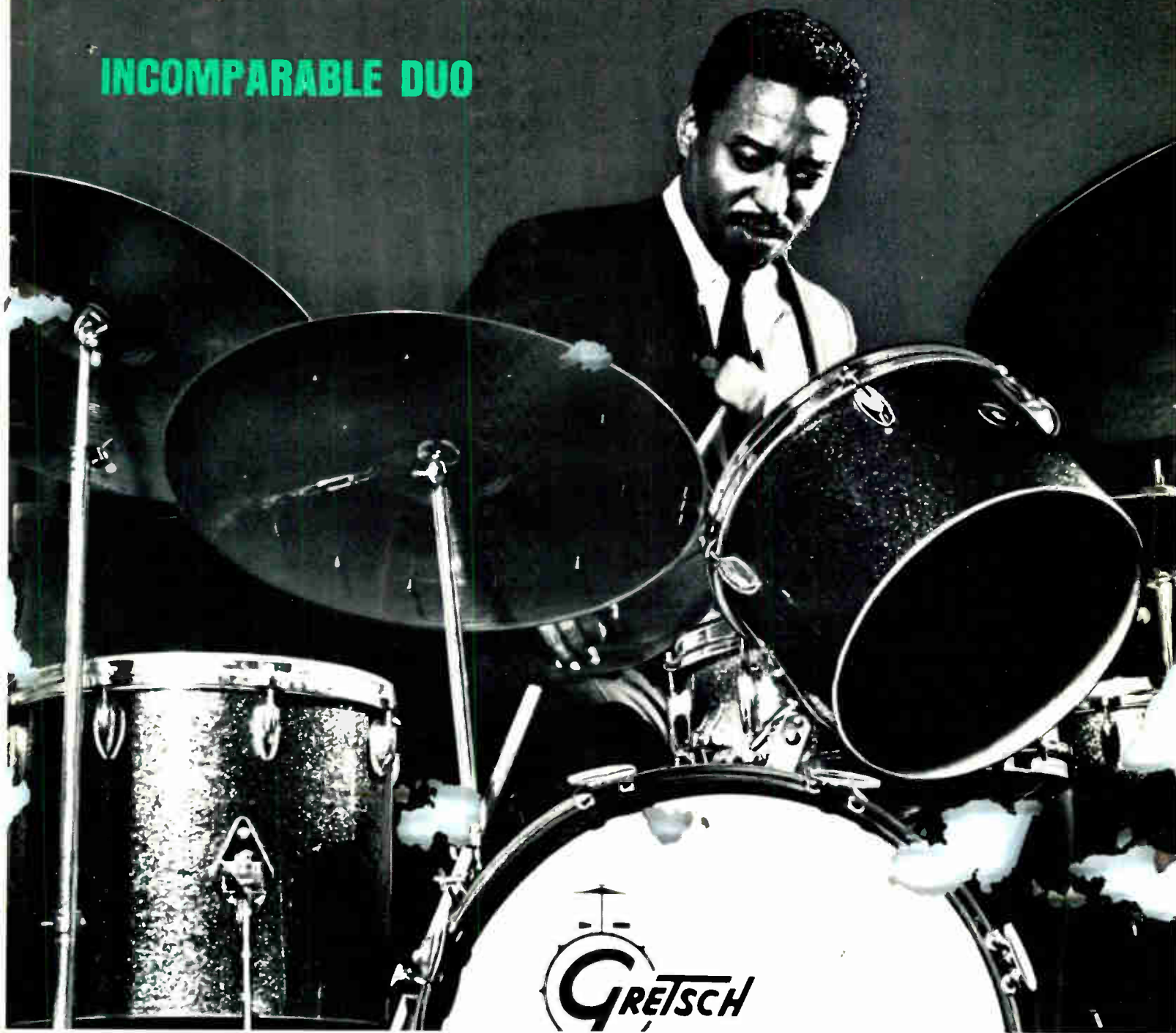
Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Hal Pepple, Nappy Lamare, Fri.-Sat.
Black Bull (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivona, *t/n*.
Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles, Sun.
Dixie Doodle (Pomona): Ken Scott, Bayou Ramblers, Fri.-Sat.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, *t/n*.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: Johnny Lucas, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *t/n*.
Holiday Motor Lodge (Montclair): Alton Purnell, Tue.-Thur. New Orleans Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, *t/n*.
Hunting Horn (Rolling Hills): Paul Smith, Dick Dorothy, *t/n*.
Intermission Room: Curtis Amy, *t/n*.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, *t/n*.
The Keg & I: (Redondo Beach): Kid Kenwood, Fri.-Sat.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.
Marty's: William Green, Tony Bazely, *t/n*.
Mr. Adams: Charles Kynard, Ray Crawford, Leroy Henderson, *t/n*.
Mr. Kanton's: Ralph Pena, Mon.
New Orleans Club (Long Beach): Ray Bisso, Sat.
Nickelodeon (West Los Angeles): Ted Shafer, Thur.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh *hb*.
Pal's Fireside Inn (San Bernardino): Alton Purnell, *t/n*.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, Jerry Wright, Trini Lopez, *t/n*.
Quail Restaurant (North Hollywood): Pete Bealman, Thur.-Sat.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, *t/n*.
Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pud Brown, *t/n*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Al McKibbin, Roy Ayers, Jack Wilson, *t/n*.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, *t/n*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: John Coltrane to 12/22. Various artists, Mon.-Thur. Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, wknds.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Chuck Berghofer, *t/n*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, *t/n*.
Storyville West (Culver City): Joyce Collins, *t/n*.
Tobos Cocktail Lounge (Long Beach): Buddy Vincent, *t/n*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue.

SAN FRANCISCO

Algiers (Redwood City): Dick Maus, *t/n*.
Bit of England (Burlingame): Dave Hoffman, *t/n*.
Club Morocco: James Brown, *t/n*.
Club Unique: Cuz Cousineau, Sun. sessions.
Coffee Don's: Gerry Olds, afterhours.
Congo Room: Earle Vann, *t/n*.
Crossroads (Oakland): Earl Hines, *t/n*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, *t/n*.
Embers (Redwood City): Rusty Carlisle-Del Reys, *t/n*.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola, alternate Sundays.
Gold Rush (San Mateo): sessions, Sun.
Harbor Club (Belmont): Super Moreno, wknds.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Lee Charlton, *hb*.
Interlude: Merrill Hoover, Don Washington, *t/n*.
Jazz Workshop: Art Farmer-Jim Hall, 12/24-1/3.
Jimbo's Bop City: Freddie Gambrell, afterhours.
Kellogg's (Walnut Creek): Trevor Koehler, wknds.
Mesa (San Bruno): George Lee, wknds.
Miramar (Half Moon Bay): Jimmy Ware, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, *t/n*.
Playpen: Merle Saunders, *t/n*.
Ronnie's Souville: Ed Kelly, afterhours.
Shelton's Blue Mirror: Hi-Tones, *t/n*.
Sugar Hill: Charlie Byrd, 2/14-3/5.
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): Bernie Kahn-Con Hall, *hb*. Afterhours sessions, wknds.
Tonic Room (Sunnyvale): Bill Ervin, *hb*.
Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman to 1/5. Flip Nunes, 1/7-2/5. Bobby Dorough, 2/7-3/4.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Jack Taylor, Wed.-Thur., Sun. Hal Stein, Fri., Sat.
Twelve Adler Place: Vernon Alley-Shelly Robbins, *t/n*.



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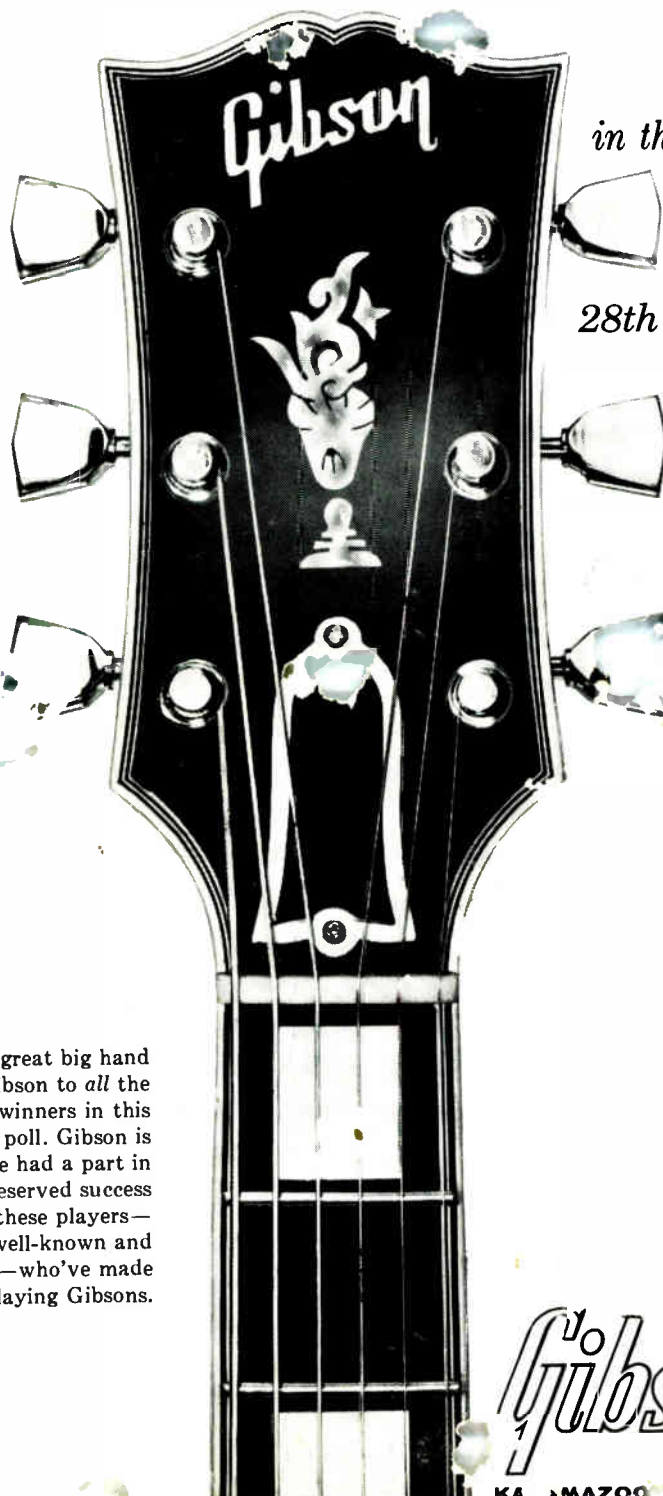
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28th Annual Reader's Poll

1. Charlie Byrd
2. Wes Montgomery*
3. Jim Hall*
4. Kenny Burrell*
5. Joe Pass*
6. Barney Kessel*
7. Herb Ellis*
8. Gabor Szabo
9. Freddie Green
10. Johnny Smith*
11. Grant Green
12. Laurindo Almeida*
13. Jimmy Rainey*
14. Tal Farlow*

Yes, here's a great big hand from Gibson to *all* the guitar-playing winners in this popular poll. Gibson is happy to have had a part in the well-deserved success of so many of these players—both well-known and newcomers—who've made their mark playing Gibsons.

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