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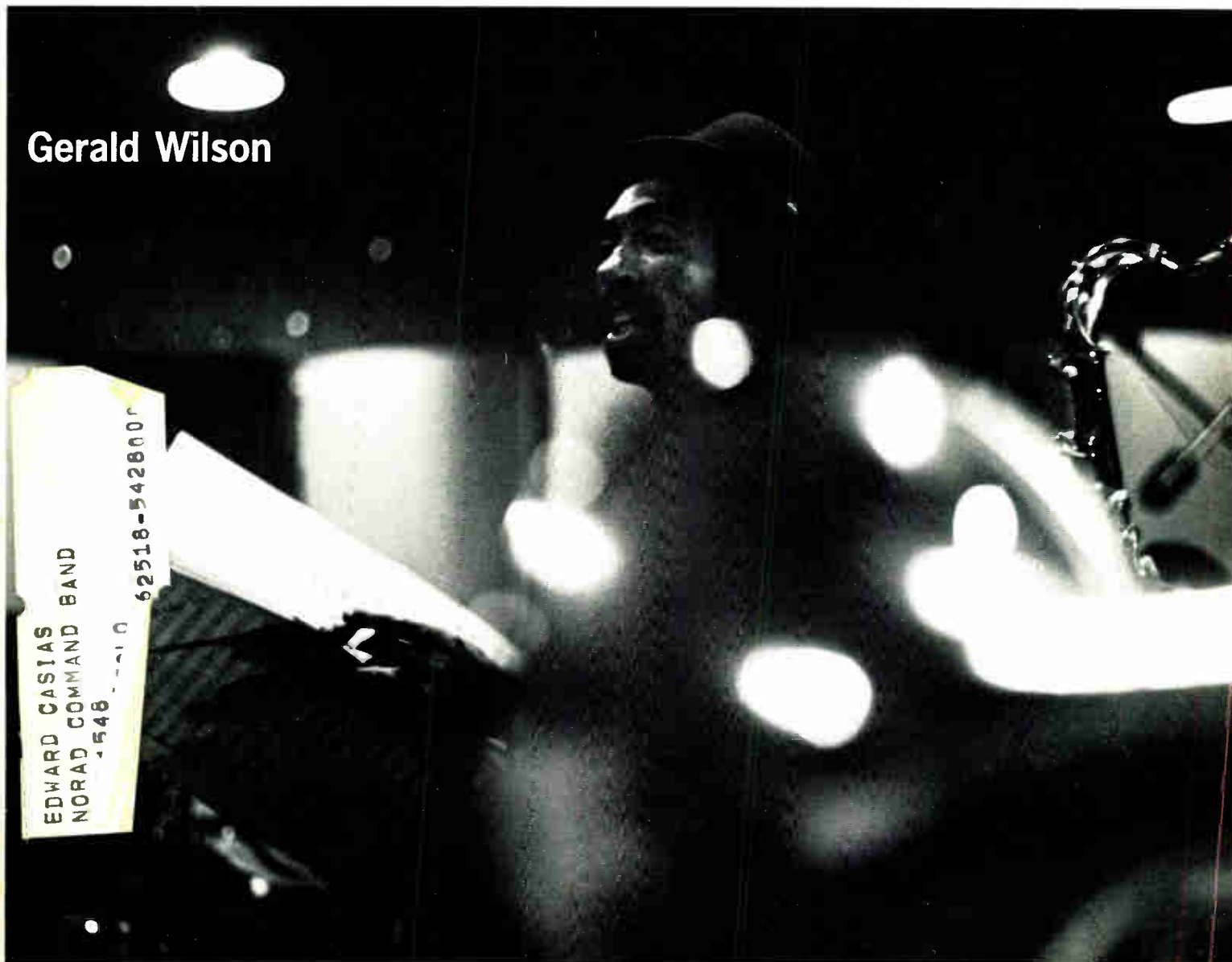
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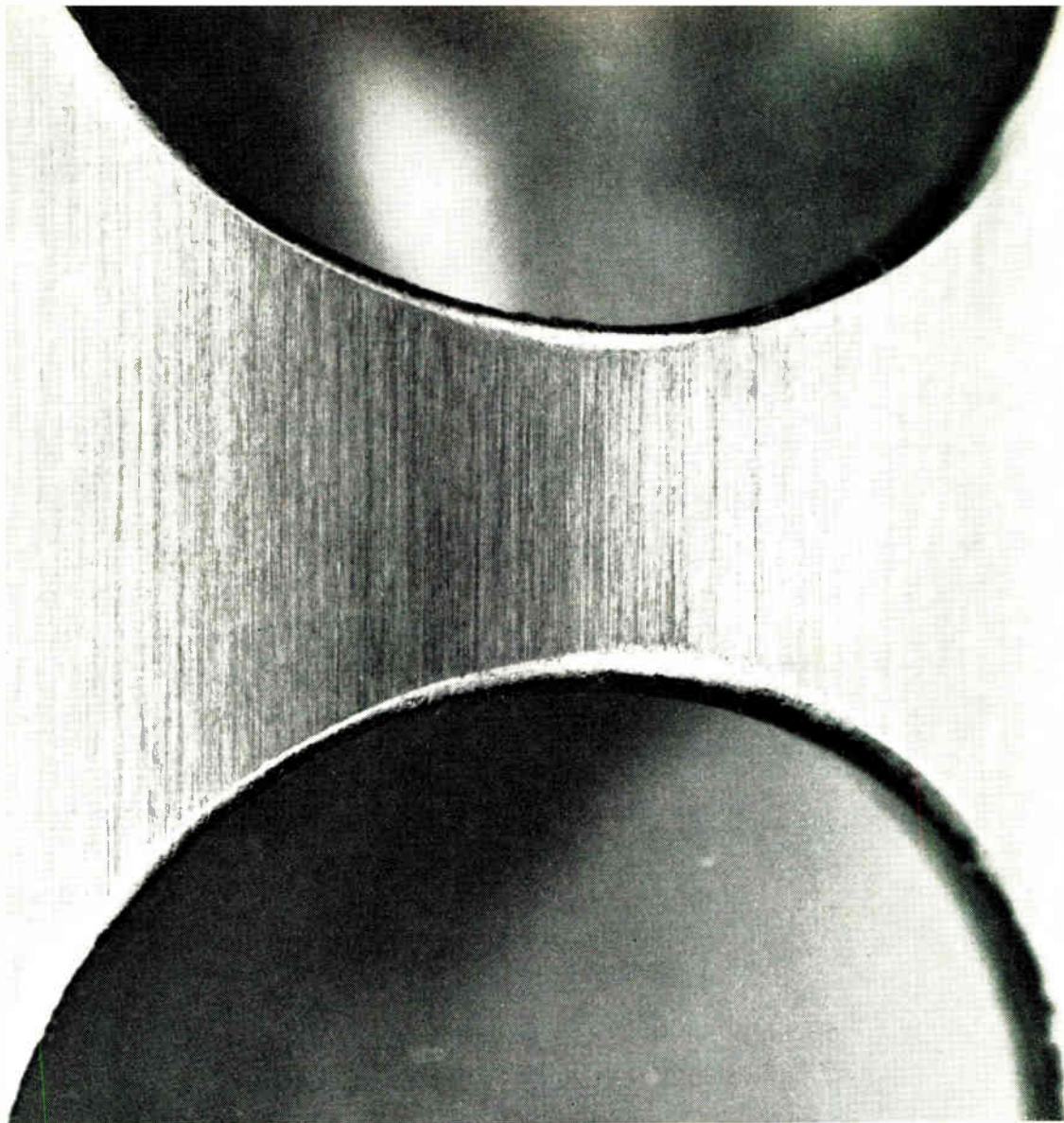
THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

SOFT SELL—GERRY MULLIGAN CONCERT JAZZ ORCHESTRA/THE TROUBLE WITH STAGE BANDS . . . BY BUDDY DE FRANCO/WEST COAST WAILERS—GERALD WILSON BAND / COMMENTARY, COLUMNS, REVIEWS

ANNUAL BIG BAND ISSUE

Gerald Wilson





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Cover photograph by Woody Woodward, courtesy Pacific Jazz Records

THINGS TO COME: Diversity is the key word to describe the May 7 **Down Beat**. There will be articles on avant-garde composer John Cage by Don Heckman, blues man John Lee Hooker by Pete Welding, portions of a diary kept by pianist Ran Blake during his and singer Jeanne Lee's European tour as well as excerpts from critical reviews of the duo's performances—all of which is put together by Martin Williams—and a satirical guide to successful folk singing by Ed Sherman. Nat Hentoff comments on the state of jazz in television.

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Confused Critic

Those *DB* readers who complain about the confused state of mind of reviewers may not realize the swirl of total confusion in which we reviewers must try to cope.

Within a period of two days I have learned from an article by former *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees in *Escapade* that Ralph Gleason, Ira Gitler, and I were the reviewers most free from bias during his tenure on *DB*, while in a letter from Larry Smith published in the Feb. 27 *DB*, I find that Le Roi Jones and I are the two most prejudiced of the *DB* writers.

My problem is: is this good or bad? And if it is, which is which?

John S. Wilson
New York City

Hooray For Stage Bands!

Dr. Hubert P. Henderson of the University of Maryland must be kidding. His blasting comments on stage bands quoted in *Jazz on Campus* (*DB*, Feb. 27) make me wonder if he really understands the scene.

I think most aware persons will agree that stage bands in high schools and colleges are among the finest efforts going today. Where else are the young musicians going to get this expert training and understanding? Stan Kenton might very well be correct in saying that the future of the big-band business lies in the stage bands. More power to everyone connected with them.

Randy Taylor
Dayton, Ohio

Feather's Big-Band Bevy

I have just seen your issue of Jan. 30 in which Leonard Feather reviews some big-band reissues.

I got good and tired of his stock denigration of the Casa Loma band when he was living in London 30 years ago, and I write on the subject now only because he is apt to mislead those readers who have grown up during a period in which the development of jazz has been seriously blemished by Feather "discoveries."

I would be able to take him more seriously if he knew who the Casa Lomans were—but he still doesn't. He refers to them in his *Encyclopedia of Jazz* as "originally a group of Canadian musicians," whereas the four oldtimers listed in the same volume—Clarence Hutchenrider, Gene Gifford, Pee Wee Hunt, and Glen Gray—were all born and raised in the United States. His reiterated claim that it was only in college circles that the band was popular is equally nonsensical. If he will again consult his own encyclopedia, he will find that it was Hutchenrider's clarinet playing that inspired Tony Scott, and if he will talk to a few Negro jazzmen who were active in the early 1930s, he will discover that listening to the Casa Loma was an

important part of their homework.

For readers who may be obstinately interested in the 1956 re-creations, which Feather reviewed in that issue, I recently talked to Si Zentner, who was involved. He confirmed that not only were the original arrangements used, but that all the solos were copied note for note. The results of the Capitol session were mixed, but *Black Jazz*, which showed the Casa Loma soloists at their best, is reproduced with uncanny precision, and *No-Name Jive*, which came later in the 1930s, is still a joy to hear. The inclusion of Kenny Sargent's syrupy *For You* (he contributed this revival himself) was perfectly justifiable. The intention was to show all aspects of the band's work in its heyday, and not to produce something which would satisfy Leonard Feather.

Frank Littler
Chicago

As usual *Down Beat* is on Stan Kenton's back. Leonard Feather's classification (Jan. 30) of big-band immortality (Ellington, Basie, Lunceford, and Herman) is based upon incomplete evidence in our opinion.

What about Stan Kenton? Aside from hectic concessions to commercial demands, which, by the way, have also victimized Ellington, et al., Kenton has contributed more than his share to the historical arena of big-band development.

Bypassing Kenton in any historical comment concerning big-band durability is like leaving the Civil War out of American history.

John Pollard
Gus Altomare
New Haven, Conn.

Jazz Ritual

Earl Winegar has written a rather naive letter (*Chords*, Feb. 13) concerning Bob James, a talented young pianist with much formal study under his belt and a respect for many styles of music.

James is putting on people such as Winegar when he engages in the currently faddish Ellis-like comedy act. It's just a "bit," no more ridiculous than bowing to dolls' heads, as my group used to do. I am sure that Philly Joe Jones couldn't care less if Bob Pozar, once his student, also engages in the fun, as do many current groups.

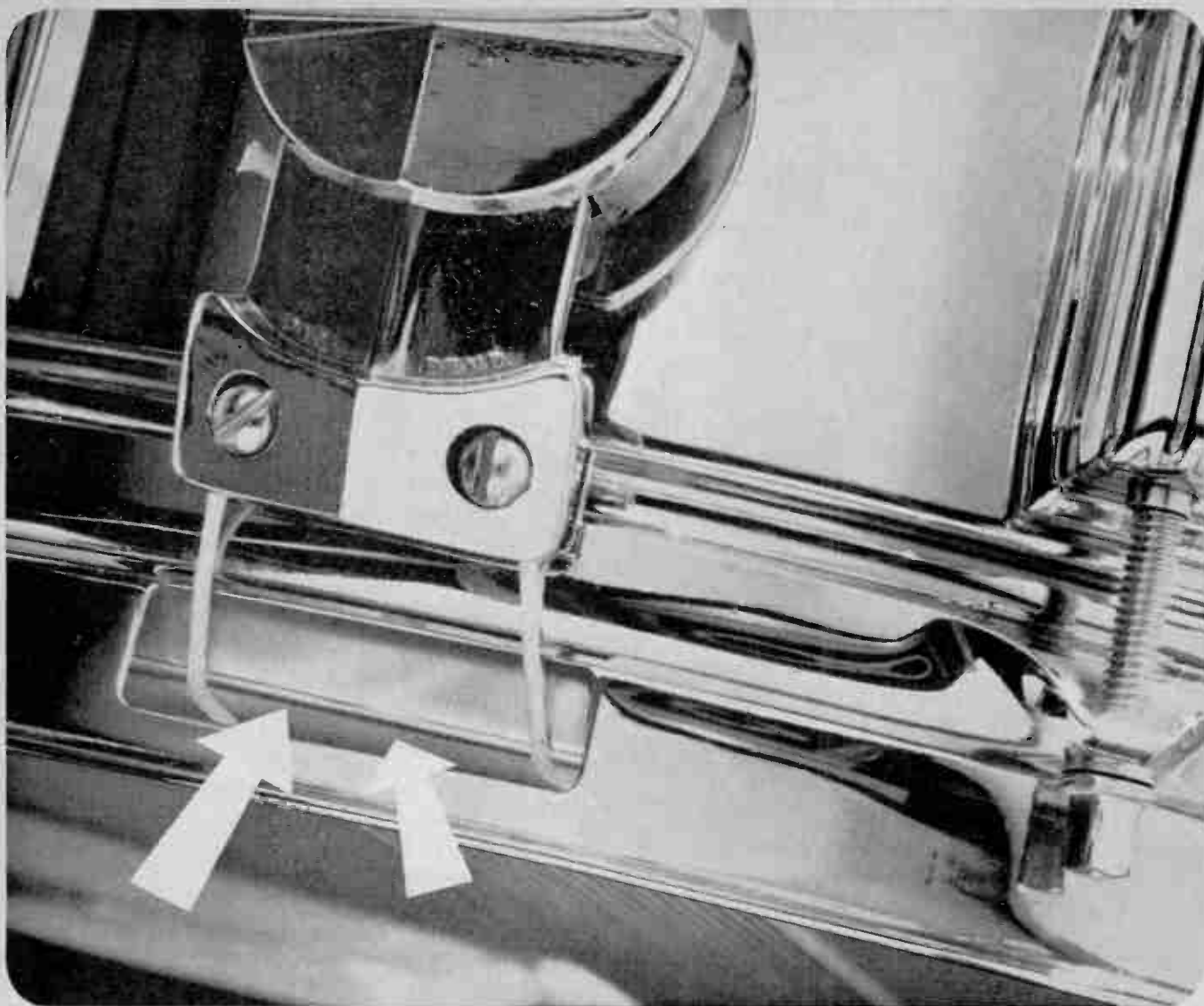
May I suggest that Mr. Winegar not purchase the albums he does not like and that he try to understand more of the inside scenes in jazz so as not to misinterpret the ritualistic nonsense that goes on?

Reese Markewich
Rego Park, N.Y.

Give And Take

Bill Mathieu's column (*Inner Ear*, Jan. 30) was, in my opinion, particularly commendable. I never heard the disc in question, so I can say nothing about the accuracy of his comments. But I found his article highly intelligent, constructive, enlightened, understandable, and yet still gracious toward the person he felt compelled to openly disagree with. A spot of rare journalism.

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Chords and Discords. That section appears to have deteriorated in recent months to me.

Lennie Metcalfe
New York City

Justification Called For

Two years ago Leonard Feather wrote of the music of John Coltrane and his avant-garde fellows in the following derogatory terms:

"The generally negative attitude toward anti-jazz held by most musicians, both modernists and traditionalists, contrasts sharply with the almost immediate enthusiasm shown by many leading jazzmen during the last real jazz revolution, the arrival of bop." (*DB*, Feb. 15, 1962)

Leaving aside the fact that this assertion considerably falsifies the history of bop's reception at the hands of the established musicians of the 1940s, recent statements by major jazz musicians suffice to demonstrate that Feather is wholly in the wrong.

A few months after Feather's initial diatribe appeared, *Down Beat* readers learned of Sonny Rollins' reaction to a Coltrane record: "Great! That's one of my favorite saxophonists and favorite people—John Coltrane." (*Blindfold Test*, Aug. 16, 1962)

More recently, Stan Getz, whose style of playing is perhaps the furthest removed from that of Coltrane, similarly expressed himself in a *Blindfold Test*: "That's a good record. Coltrane and his rhythm section. Elvin's a wonderful drummer . . . so wide and loose. And that bass player gets a lovely sound. That Coltrane, he's a wonderful player."

I expect that we have a right to demand of Feather some explanation. Does he, I wonder, still maintain the validity of his dictum of 1962, notwithstanding the weight of evidence to the contrary? Or has he, seeing that further resistance is hopeless, taken in his tattered flag and surreptitiously snuck aboard the avant-garde bandwagon?

Frank Kofsky
Los Angeles

Synanon Overpraised?

As a psychological researcher in the field of narcotic addiction, I am pleased that you are trying to make your readers aware of the manifold problems existent in this particular field.

I feel, however, that the effectiveness of Synanon House is overexaggerated. This organization does not effect a "cure" upon its subjects. The true goal of rehabilitation is to send the addict back to his home environment. Synanon House does not succeed in this instance any better than other organizations. It replaces the addicts' dependency on drugs—that is all.

As long as the addict can shift his dependent needs to Synanon and remain in its protective custody, he can function capably. But when he leaves this milieu, just how effectively does he function? I'm afraid Chuck Dederich, Synanon's director, cannot supply any positive results.

Paul Gendreau
Ottawa, Ontario

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NEW YORK

The late-winter, early-spring concert season has made weekends a bustle of activity. The Jazz on Broadway series at the Little Theater with three shows—two on Fridays, one on Saturdays—has drawn extremely enthusiastic audiences. Tenor saxophone giants **Coleman Hawkins** and **Ben Webster** led it off in late February, backed by Hawkins' rhythm section: **Paul Neves**, piano; **Major Holley**, bass; and **Eddie Locke**, drums. The following week, tenor and soprano saxophonist **Lucky Thompson** made his first New York concert appearance since returning from Paris last summer. With him in a band that featured his compositions and arrangements were **Dave Burns**, trumpet; **Benny Powell**, bass trombone; **Danny Turner**, alto saxophone; **Cecil Payne**, baritone saxophone; **Hank Jones**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; and **Al Dreaars**, drums. The third week was an event. The musical father of countless jazz pianists, **Earl Hines**, played in New York for the first time since an engagement at the Embers in 1959. Hines was accompanied by bassist **Ahmed Abdul-Malik** and drummer **Oliver Jackson**, and he was joined in the second half of the program by a former bandsman of his, tenor saxophonist **Budd Johnson**. Typical of the excitement generated by Hines among listeners at his early Friday concert was the action taken by disc jockey **Mort Fega**; he



HINES

hurriedly made arrangements and recorded the Saturday midnight recital for his Focus label.

An unusual combination of modern dance and modern music was presented at Hunter College by that school's jazz society on March 6. Titled *Reflections in the Park*, it featured the **Donald McKayle** dancers, with special guest **Carmen de Lavallade**, and **Gary McFarland's** orchestra. The musicians wore sweaters, in keeping with the park motif. They included **McFarland**, vibes; **Phil Woods**, alto saxophone; **Jerome Richardson**, tenor saxophone; **Willie Dennis**, trombone; **Bill Berry**, trumpet; **Bill Lewin**, tuba; **Jimmy Raney**, guitar; **Richard Davis**, bass; **Mel Lewis**, drums; and **Willie Rodriguez**, Latin percussion. There is a possibility that the production, which received numerous curtain calls from the capacity audience, may be filmed. An extended run at a Broadway or off-Broadway theater is also a possibility.



McFARLAND

The Congress of Racial Equality, which ran some successful fund-raising jam sessions at the Five Spot last year, is presenting a new series of Sunday afternoon benefits at the same club. **Wallie Price**, who also produced the last series, announced the following subject-to-change line-ups: April 12—the groups of **Sun Ra**, **Roger Kellaway**, **Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer**, **Zoot Sims-Al Cohn**, and **Gary McFarland**; **Billy Taylor** will emcee and also play piano with **Sims-Cohn**. April 19—**Roland Kirk**, **Freddie Hubbard** Quintet, **Mal Waldron** Trio, **Johnny Hartman**, and possibly **John Coltrane**. **Ira Gitler** and **Martin Williams** will emcee. April 26—**Oliver Nelson**, the **Art Farmer** Quartet, and emcees **Mort Fega** and **Chris Albertson**.

Producer **Jules Colomby**, angry because Carnegie Hall
(Continued on page 43)

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Awards for the **Down Beat** summer scholarship program are made on a competitive basis and are specifically designed to assist high school and college students who are concerned with evaluating their career potentials in music. The scholarship fund consists of twelve \$200 scholarships and twenty-two \$100 scholarships to the Berklee School of Music, Boston, Mass., where summer courses are held June 8 and July 20. **Down Beat** scholarships will be awarded to music students between the ages of 15 and 19 upon the recommendation of their music supervisor and/or guidance counselor. All applications must be received by May 18, 1964. Write for your official application now.

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down beat

April 23, 1964 Vol. 31, No. 10



LEE TANNER

SILVER

Turns temporarily from band to piano

SILVER DISBANDS, WILL RE-FORM QUINTET WITH NEW PERSONNEL

Pianist Horace Silver, fresh from a three-week vacation in Brazil, took his quintet into New York City's Birdland for two weekends in March and then announced he is breaking up the group.

"I had been thinking about it for a while," Silver told *Down Beat*. "We had been together for almost six years, and I felt it was time for a change."

Silver said he plans to go into rehearsal with a new group on May 1. It is not expected that any members of the past group (trumpeter Blue Mitchell, tenorist Junior Cook, bassist Gene Taylor, and drummer Roy Brooks) will be included.

Although the pianist is not set on who will be in his new rhythm section, he is fairly certain that he will have Joe Henderson on tenor saxophone and Carmell Jones on trumpet. Henderson, who has played and recorded with trumpeter Kenny Dorham, also has recorded under his own name. Jones is well known in West Coast circles for his work with tenorist Harold Land, leader Gerald Wilson, and on his own albums.

Currently, Silver is in the midst of relaxing, practicing, and writing some new material. On practicing he commented: "Traveling with the band, and taking care of business matters didn't give me a chance to get with the instrument."

SATCH SUFFERS INFLAMED VEINS, NO HEART ATTACK, AS RUMORED

Sporting a bandaged leg as well as his perennial smile, Louis Armstrong left New York City's Beth Israel Hospital last month after a 10-day stay for treatment of phlebitis, an inflammation of the leg veins.

Rumors flew—some saw the light of print in newspapers—that the trumpeter had suffered a heart attack. The rumors were started by the sudden cancellation of an Armstrong concert in Chicago.

Joe Glaser, Armstrong's manager and head of Associated Booking Corp., announced that the veteran jazzman and his sextet were to return to musical action on March 30 at the Riviera in Las Vegas, Nev.

ENTICING TRIMMINGS ADDED TO TWO COLLEGE JAZZ FESTIVALS

Both the Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, to be held April 17-18 at the University of Notre Dame, near South Bend, Ind., and the Oread Jazz Festival, scheduled for April 25 at the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, plan added inducements to attract audiences. Both are basically competitions for college jazz bands, large and small.

One of the Indiana event's strongest attractions is its panel of judges, which includes Cannonball Adderley, Gary McFarland, George Russell, and Oliver Nelson—certainly a most imposing group of adjudicators.

There also will be a discussion on the morning of April 18 among the judges and critics attending the four-session festival. A jam session, with some of the judges but none of the critics participating, will take place the night of the 17th.

Though the Kansas festival's judges' panel is not as strong in name power as the Notre Dame lineup, it boasts critic Martin Williams, bandleader Woody Herman, and record producer Creed Taylor among its six members. But the Oread festival has given birth to a corollary event—an eight-hour jazz marathon on April 26 in nearby Kansas City, Mo.

The K.C. concert will feature valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer with his partner-in-brass, trumpeter Clark Terry. Former Kansas Citian Brookmeyer also will direct the 19-piece Kansas City "Kicks" Band in a program of his arrangements.

The concert, put together by K.C. Jazz, Inc., a group of local businessmen and musicians, will spotlight other local talent, such as pianist Jay McShann's trio and the 17-piece Willie

Rice Band. Trumpeter Carmell Jones, a former Kansas City resident, is also scheduled to play at the concert. The winning large and small bands from the Oread festival will also perform.

TORME SUES JUDY GARLAND FOR \$22,500 ON TV PACT

With the departure from network television March 29 of the weekly *Judy Garland Show*, the singer-entertainer and her production company were hit by a \$22,500 lawsuit by fellow singer and former collaborator Mel Torme.

Torme, signed by Miss Garland early in the show's run to compose original music and arrange vocals on the program, charged breach of contract in the action filed recently in Los Angeles Superior Court.

The singer-composer alleged he was owed \$9,000 by contract agreement for three weeks' work on the show as composer-arranger. He further claimed \$13,500 for three appearances he had been signed to make at \$4,500 an appearance. Torme appeared in only one program, according to the complaint.

Torme's lawsuit stemmed from a contract signed with Miss Garland's Kingsrow Enterprises, Inc., May 2, 1963, the complaint said.

FAIR-TO-MIDDLIN' JAZZ ACTIVITY AT WORLD'S FAIR

In the hectic welter of preparations for the April 22 opening of the New York World's Fair, the fate of jazz at the hands of the operators of the fair's only jazz club, Jazzland, located in the Louisiana Pavilion, was anyone's guess. Jazzland's statement of policy was at least high-flown in intent.

According to Wes Myers, vice-president of Henraetone Enterprises, operators of the club, Jazzland's object will be "to display the country's finest jazz talent, ranging from Dixieland and bop to progressive and cool, in this unique and purely American form of musical entertainment and culture. Every attempt is being made to present a comprehensive survey of jazz in America, from its New Orleans and Chicago beginnings right up to the 1964 scene. In order to present a complete picture of what's happening in the world of jazz today, opportunities will also be given to new and upcoming jazz artists, as well as famous names."

A number of name attractions have already been set for Jazzland appearances—between April and October—among them, trumpeter Maynard

Ferguson, drummer Gene Krupa, singer Carmen McRae, multireedman Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophonist Al Morelli, singer Barbara Russell, and the Dukes of Dixieland.

Vibist Lionel Hampton, slated to be the club's first attraction, did not care to come in with a small band and, as a result, canceled his engagement. Big bands are beyond Jazzland's capabilities, but Ferguson, for one, is cutting down to probably eight pieces in order to appear.

The 750-seat club will be open seven days a week, from 12 noon to 2 a.m., and operate on a no-cover, no-admission, \$3-minimum policy. Its food will be supplied by Antoine's of New Orleans.

The bandstand is in the center of a large circular bar. When the fair opens it will be occupied during the evening hours by cornetist Wild Bill Davison and the Salt City Six. Myers' plans call for four groups and/or vocalists to appear during each 14-hour day. The afternoon hours, it is assumed, will be given over to trios and quartets.

Jazz activity at the fair, outside the confines of Jazzland, will be regular but sparse.

New York disc jockey Allan Grant is scheduled to present a series of 25 jazz concerts every Sunday afternoon from 4 to 6, beginning May 5. The concerts, to be held in the 700-seat theater in the Better Living Pavilion, will be stereocast on WTFM. Though no groups were set at presstime, Grant plans to have one name combo featured on each program and a younger, lesser-known group as added attraction.

Once a month, in the United States Pavilion, the U.S. Department of Commerce will offer free jazz concerts, in an area seating 900 to 1,000 persons, as part of a general cultural program. This will be co-ordinated by Michael Foley, director of special events, and his assistant, Ann Fonteneau. Various small groups from the New York City area will participate. Thus far only the group of tenor man Harold Ousley is set for one of the seven concerts.

As announced in *Report: Villanova Intercollegiate Jazz Festival* (DB, March 26), the winners of the Villanova bash will appear at the fair. This will take place during the first week in June under the title United States College All-Star Jazz Festival. On June 12 a Pennsylvania School Jazz Festival will be held, the participants being the winners in the Philadelphia Junior Chamber of Commerce Bands of Tomorrow contest.

On May 1 and 2 the Emanons, a



CELEBRATION FOR A TRUMPET MAN

After 50 years, Moany Klein (bottom row, center) gets Tom Thumb horn

jazz band from Elon College of North Carolina, will give three concerts. All the school and college events will be held either at the World's Fair Pavilion (2,000 seats) or on one of the many "commons" scattered through the fairgrounds—e.g., the Industrial Common, the Marine Common—each of which has a band shell. In this way, according to Sid Panzer who is handling the presentation, upwards of 20,000 persons will be able to hear the concerts.

FORD, FOLK, JAZZ WING DING AROUND THE COLLEGE CIRCUIT

Jazz and the Ford Motor Co. have hit the road this spring, visiting more than 60 college campuses across the country. Called the Ford Caravan Folk and Jazz Wing Ding, the tour began in mid-February and will continue until May 1. Two separate troupes were organized, one that is traveling through the East and Midwest, the other in the Far West.

Included among those appearing at Eastern and Midwestern schools are the Herbie Mann Sextet, Nina Simone, the Moonshiners, and Ron Eliran, a native Israeli folk singer. West Coast students are seeing the Cal Tjader Quintet, the Modern Folk Quartet, Steve DePass, and singer Judy Henske.

According to a Ford spokesman, response to both groups has been excellent, and it is possible that more tours such as these may be forthcoming in an expanded format.

40 TRUMPETERS HONOR ONE FOR 50 MUSIC YEARS

Musicians are not generally given to testimonials for their colleagues, at least not testimonials of the organized kind. So when 40 of his fellow trumpeters showed at a luncheon in Hollywood recently to honor Manny Klein on his 50th anniversary in the music profession, it was not a routine event.

Only trumpet players were invited to the tribute to the horn man who was kingpin of New York radio before emigrating to West Coast studio work and the position of solo trumpeter at the MGM and Columbia studios.

There were on hand such luminaries as Don Fagerquist, Rex Stewart, Teddy Buckner, Conte Candoli, Al Porcino, Frank Beach, Ray Triscari, Jimmy Zito—and committeemen of the luncheon Uan Rasey, Zeke Zarchey, Jerry Rosen, and Max Herman. Herman, onetime horn man with the Bob Crosby Orchestra in the 1930s but no longer active, is vice president of AFM Local 47.

Herman presented the guest of honor with a replica of Klein's chosen instrument. The trumpeter, who has recorded sessions with Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Red Nichols, and many other leading jazz figures, first started playing trumpet in his native New York City when he was 6.

RADIO AND WORK MARK HARRY JAMES' ANNIVERSARY

In honor of Harry James' 25th anniversary as a bandleader, March was marked off on radio in the trumpeter's name.

Throughout Harry James Month stations all over the nation were celebrating the day (or night) a quarter-century ago when the star of the Benny Goodman brass section of the time decided to quit and go it alone with a band of his own. They celebrated by playing James' records.

The anniversary year is a busy one for the trumpeter. On April 5 he and his band embarked on a tour of Japan; in September a string of concerts throughout the United States is in the offing.

NEW GERSHWIN TUNES FEATURED IN MOVIE

A trio of hitherto publicly unheard songs by George and Ira Gershwin will be featured in a forthcoming motion picture, *Kiss Me, Stupid*.

The film, starring Dean Martin and Peter Sellers and produced and directed by Billy Wilder, is about two songwriters. Martin and Sellers will sing the new Gershwin tunes in the picture. Also featured will be the Gershwin standard 'S Wonderful.

Titled *I'm a Poached Egg*, *All the Livelong Day*, and *Sophia*, the songs had been a part of the late composer's musical notebooks since his death in 1937. The notebooks are soon to be made public for the first time by Ira, according to the lyricist. Under his brother's estate, Ira recently wrote lyrics to the three tunes, which then were sold to Wilder and scenarist I.A.L. Diamond for use in the film.

In addition, Ira said, he has released 14 of his brother's tunes for use as the basis of a forthcoming ballet to be presented at New York's Lincoln Center. George Balanchine is to be the choreographer, and Andre Kostelanetz is to conduct.

Ira, who said he is now working on "half a dozen" of his brother's tunes, added that he agreed to do the three songs for the film only because of the association with director Wilder. He asserted the Gershwin estate, which retains publishing rights, is being paid "a considerable sum" for the songs.

NO MUSICALS IN OSCAR RACE FOR BEST SCORE

The hard times on which movie musicals have fallen in recent years is once more evident in the 1964 nominations for music awards in the 36th annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Oscar race. The awards are to be given April 13.

Not one musical was nominated in the category BEST MUSIC SCORE—SUBSTANTIALLY ORIGINAL. Those pictures in the running for that division are *Cleopatra*, with music by Alex North; *55 Days at Peking*, with music by Dimitri Tiomkin; *How the West Was Won*, with a double credit of music by Alfred Newman and vocal specialist Ken Darby (the latter shared an Oscar with Andre Previn some years ago for *Porgy and Bess*); *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, with Ernest Gold's music; the British comedy *Tom Jones*, with music by John Addison. Only composers are eligible for this award.

In the area outside the composition of original soundtrack music, which, according to voting regulations, is the purview of the adapter and/or music director, what musicals there were in the running were nominated along with fringe films. These latter, while not musicals in the accepted sense, have enough music within their scope to raise hope among music directors, adapters, and conductors.

The five pictures nominated for BEST SCORING OF MUSIC—ADAPTATION OR TREATMENT are *Bye Bye Birdie*, a sure-enough musical adapted-directed

by Johnny Green; *Irma La Douce*, for which Andre Previn was nominated; *A New Kind of Love*, with four new compositions by Erroll Garner, for which Leith Stevens received the nomination; *Sundays and Cybele*, with a nomination going to French composer Maurice Jarre, who scored last year's *Lawrence of Arabia*; and Walt Disney's *The Sword in the Stone*, for which former trombonist George Bruns is eligible for an Oscar.

In the category BEST SONG FIRST USED IN AN ELIGIBLE MOTION PICTURE, ballads won the day.

Not one of the nominated songs is from a musical. The eligible songs are *Call Me Irresponsible*, by Sammy

Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen, from the picture *Papa's Delicate Condition*; *Charade*, by Johnny Mercer and Henry Mancini from the picture of the same name; *It's a Mad . . . World*, by Mack David and Ernest Gold from the same picture; *More*, by N. Newell and Riz Ortolani, from the Italian film *Mondo Cane*; and *So Little Time*, by Paul Francis Webster and Dimitri Tiomkin, from *55 Days at Peking*.

Despite this gloomy reflection on the state of the movie musical, it is generally believed in Hollywood that production of musicals will be stepped up this year. And this, of course, is good news for the entire musical community involved in movie work.

KENTON DECLARES JAZZ IS FINISHED

Stan Kenton, whose colorful career in jazz has been marked by many a controversy, proved recently he has lost none of his flair for the dramatic.

"Jazz is finished," the 52-year-old orchestra leader and composer declared to the concluding session of a special series of panel discussions, titled the Recording Arts, held at the University of California at Los Angeles under auspices of the university and the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

One of a panel consisting of composer-jazzman Benny Carter, singer Sally Terri, and Lou Gottlieb of the Limelites, Kenton was not alone in noting "the enormous amount of bigotry" existing between factions within jazz and folk music. Each panel member concurred.

In a black mood, Kenton stated he finds it "impossible" to discuss jazz generally without offending some "cult." In any case, he added, he feels that jazz has lost much of its audience to folk music.

Jazz is, at present, he went on, a highly speculative art for a minority audience, while folk music can hit a broader audience because of its relatively less sophisticated musical content.

In a flurry of opinion-tossing back and forth across the panel, Gottlieb, a jazz aficionado, addressed himself to Kenton, declaring that today one must think, not dance, while listening to modern jazz. It was his feeling, he went on, that the extensive listening experience required by today's jazz means that the musically unsophisticated audiences are lost, left out, and therefore have little attraction to jazz.

Kenton agreed. He averred, though, that the reason for the audience-alienating music of many contempo-

rary jazz musicians is a personal search for an individual identity in their music.

Gottlieb was ready for that one. He complained that this search for identity often took place on the performing platform.

"I'd much rather," he snapped, "have this searching happen offstage—and then hear the fruits of it onstage."

At this point Kenton tossed his jazz-is-finished grenade into the collective lap of panel and audience.

Amid a stunned silence, Kenton went on to reveal he had come to this conclusion some three years ago. He was now publicly expressing it for the first time, he added.

The jazz we have known, explained Kenton, from 1890 to the late 1950s has spent itself and has become absorbed by American music in general.

"Jazz stars," he predicted, "will simply not rise as they have in the past. We've seen our last Ellington. There are no more contributions to make."

But Carter was of a different turn of mind. Jazz, Carter told Kenton, is much too small a word for everything that is happening in music today. Kenton remained unconvinced.

Today's audiences, responded Kenton to a question from the floor, "are hung up between what they really like in music, and what they think they should like." He attempted to illustrate his point: the album in which the Kenton band backed Tex Ritter, the cowboy singer, was a commercial failure, he said, mostly because people felt both performers suffered from the combination.

In a last hurrah, Kenton threw in the often-heard quote on what jazz is: "If you have to ask, don't mess with it."

The Trouble With Stage Bands . . .

Clarinetist Buddy DeFranco, a frequent stage-band clinician, argues the need for correct musical values.

THE CALIBER OF MUSIC being written for stage bands today is far superior to that played by the big bands of the '30s and '40s, bands such as those led by Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller. With few exceptions, we never played this kind of music, in terms of difficulty, quality, and musicality.

But despite the high level of the music, there are attitudes prevalent in the stage-band movement that could destroy it.

All musicians are affected by audience reaction. We love to hear applause. Stage-band musicians, and directors, are no different. But too often the bands go for applause at the expense of musicality.

It's the old argument of the intellectual approach vs. the emotional, or physical, approach. Jazz should have roots in both; rhythmically it should be rooted in the physical, while harmonically and technically it should be rooted in the intellectual. Few groups—either stage band or professional—are satisfying from both viewpoints. It's easy to go one way or the other, but the best musicians strive for a balance of the two, the difficult-to-achieve synthesis.

In order to give music meaning in life, there are three basic elements: good tone production, facility or technique, and expression or feeling. These three elements can be applied to every kind of music.

In the stage-band movement, unfortunately, these elements are not stressed as they should be. Compare the concert band and the stage band. In the concert band, the youngsters are reprimanded by the director for bad intonation, tone production—sloppy playing, in general. But in the stage band, since the youngsters are playing jazz, there seems a license to play sloppily.

Part of this attitude, I believe, stems from certain jazz groups and jazz musicians who influence the youngsters—the soul groups, the freedom school, the musical anarchists who play sloppily. The students have been influenced to the point where they think it's unhip to play cleanly, to be exacting, to play with a fundamentally legitimate approach, and they think if one does play this way, the music can't be any good, it can't have feeling.

When I hear a top jazz artist begin to execute a phrase and miss, I know

he wanted to do it correctly—he meant to play it flawlessly. But there are many, many youngsters who think the mistake was what the artist wanted. They imitate the mistakes.

This is a worrisome thing, because if we destroy all the standards of music we've learned through the centuries, it soon will be anybody's world in music—anything goes. One might just as well give a saxophone to a 3-year-old—or a trained seal—and if sound comes from the instrument, it's got feeling, so what's the difference?

The difference is that there is music and there is noise.

Too many stage bands are not making music that's based on fundamental principles. The soloists try to ad lib, but they don't know chords or chord structure; the intonation of the bands is, many times, terrible, the playing generally sloppy—if a brass section misses an entrance, that's okay, it's jazz. Sometimes the bands sound like midnight on New Year's Eve.

The attitude this bespeaks is frightening, because as the stage-band movement grows—and it will—it will be an important force in the school systems. And because it will be a force, there is a great need for self-discipline within the movement—now.

This can be brought about simply by adhering to the three basic principles—tone, technique, expression. If the band members have good sounds, if they play with good techniques, if they make entrances together and when they should, if they express what's in the music, then they will be playing music, not something that passes for music.

It's the responsibility of the band director to get these principles across to the students. He has to be on guard constantly to keep the youngsters on their toes. Each time they make a mistake, each time they misinterpret a phrase, each time they're guilty of sloppy playing, it must be pointed out by the director, just as he would with the concert band. If a passage is not correct, he should have the band go over it again . . . and again . . . and again . . . until it's right.

The band director must be as strict with the stage band as he is with the concert band. His mind cannot be split: discipline in the concert band, but it's-close-enough-for-jazz in the stage band. He must give the stage-band youngsters polish, make them

aware that they should tongue properly, come in together, feel time together, express the meaning of the music. The director must stress these things so that eventually the youngsters do them on their own. Self-discipline comes into focus then.

And youngsters should take big-band work more seriously. Section players must work as a team and feel music together. I'm not talking about drills, mechanics. I'm talking about the deeper meaning of playing. It should be inculcated in young musicians not only to play precisely but also to play musically.

That there is a way to swing, invent, and develop, and still play accurately, to be musically disciplined without being rigid, should be obvious to anyone who has heard musicians such as Bill Evans or Oscar Peterson or Art Tatum or Charlie Parker. These men and others have proved that it is possible to achieve real emotional force, to swing, yet at the same time develop on an intellectual level.

Now, given these problems within the stage bands themselves, problems I'm sure will be solved, there is an even larger problem existing, one not so much musical as communicative. It has to do with the gulf between the stage band and the other students.

The stage bands, despite weaknesses, are playing a more developed and high-powered music than the other students are used to hearing. Thanks to the low state of radio broadcasting and a Top 40 record business, the nonplaying youngsters' musical tastes are at an unbelievable low point. People, old and young, in this country have almost lost their ability to listen to things musical, because of what comes out of radios and jukeboxes.

In the schools this is a bad situation because the gap is so wide between the ability of the stage-band members to develop and perform the way they do and the terribly low level of absorption of the other youngsters.

But, like the stage bands' problems, there is a solution to this too. If greater emphasis is placed on the stage bands by the schools, if more credit is given the bands' achievements, if the members are given greater status, then the other students will begin to listen. In five or 10 years a large audience could come into being for good big-band music. I'm looking forward to that.

CB

WEST COAST Gerald Wilson's WAILERS

By JOHN TYNAN



WOODY WOODWARD/PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDS

I HAVEN'T INVESTED one penny in my orchestra. Not one penny. I don't invest in my orchestra—not money. No. Not money. I don't think that it could be real if it had to be made with money. But if I can make it with nothing, then I know that it is a definite product. These are my convictions."

These rather remarkable words express the sentiments of Gerald Wilson, at 45 a realistic veteran of the music business in general, the jazz world in particular.

Wilson is ordinarily a mild-mannered man, a musician dedicated to his craft and art. On the subject of his big band, though, he is likely to wax aggressively eloquent.

The Wilson band is three LPs and one jazz festival old. The records, all recorded by aficionado-businessman Albert Marx for the Pacific Jazz label, are *You Better Believe It*, *The Moment of Truth*, and *Portraits*. The 1963 Monterey Jazz Festival was the site of probably the Wilson band's greatest popular triumph.

At the annual jazz festival on the celebrated California peninsula, Wilson and his star-laden orchestra performed as house band throughout the three-day event. Their acceptance was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the band then was for all practical purposes a Los Angeles recording unit previously unheard in person by most of those who attended the festival that September weekend.

In Wilson's eyes the big band as a jazz vehicle is, in one way, an end in itself.

"My whole life," he admitted, "has been wrapped around bands. A big band has been a dream of mine all my life. Even before I left home, which was many, many years ago,

I always looked to the day when I'd have the kind of band I wanted, a band that sounded like I wanted."

Now that he's got his band, Wilson feels strongly about its uniqueness:

"I may be a little egotistical about it, but I feel that it is the only *new* band in the world, the whole world."

"It's new in *our* musical terms," he explained. "To this extent: that we play like no one else; no one else plays like us."

Eminently content with his musicians, Wilson stressed their strengths. "Of course, we have a nucleus of musicians who play together, who think together," he said. "And they are the type of guys that are still studying and trying."

As to the object, he commented, "To me, jazz is a creative thing. Jazz is what we *want* to be. It's a part of our lives, a part of our heritage.

"Past that, though, we try to get as near to technical perfection as possible. We keep studying, trying to find the *new* things, because I don't think the day will ever come when there's nothing new you can do. I don't believe we'll ever learn it all. I don't care what our name is, who they say we are, or how great they say we are—I think we can always learn.

"We are striving for this: to play a great performance.

"I know the men who play the instruments are continually practicing, continually trying to study harmonic structures and different things to progress in music—and to lend this to jazz. We can't just get out and continually improvise on the blues."

"In our band," he went on, "we play all types of music.



We do commercial work, too, as you can see with our new album with Nancy Wilson. And we're very happy about it. We consider this commercial work, but even so, we're able to keep our own sound going. And we're able to adapt certain things to such commercialism."

COMMERCIAL CONSIDERATIONS are old stuff to Gerald Wilson, as they must be to any bandleader, even today. But during the period when big bands were big news—before the years when out-of-tune howlers and guitar twangers pre-empted the nation's musical culture—the leader of a large, "name" orchestra was automatically a sort of cultural hub of popular music.

"My first band," Wilson recalled, "was organized in 1944. By 1946 it had reached the status of being a successful organization. This was due to the fact that we were booked weeks and weeks ahead by the Frederick Bros. We had 13 weeks with Louis Jordan's combo—he was the big wheel of show business at that time—in all the leading theaters in the United States. We had a home here in Los Angeles . . . Shep's Playhouse.

"But then I decided I had to stop and really get back into studying. But that band was very good, and I'd say that it was the seed for this present band.

"There are bars in the *Portraits* album that I actually lifted right out of 1945 just as they were then. So you can see that it was the seed for this band."

Wilson went on to explain that stylistic changes in his writing and in the collective interpretation of the sidemen are such that the orchestra is quite individual, unlike any other such large jazz unit today.

"I don't know if I can give you the definite pattern," he said. "For instance, orchestras today have a brass section, a reed section, and a rhythm section. You never find the Gerald Wilson Orchestra playing little fill-ins with brass, little fill-ins with reeds. Everything has to be definitely modern.

"We do not come out and pick back into the past, into the mediocre thing of harmonic progressions or cliché riffs. Every line must be a creation."

"Of course," he explained, "this is the way we think; this is the way our soloists think. We have Joe Pass on guitar, who continues to amaze me with his playing. Harold Land and Teddy Edwards on tenors, Carmell Jones and Freddy

Hill on trumpets, Jack Wilson on piano, and others are continually creating. I'm sure we can always make them play different from what they play on their own records. But we know that in our orchestra they go with us."

With such a diversity of personalities and an expected consequent probable clash of temperament and ego within the Wilson band, one would expect an unhappy or, at the very least, an uneasy home. Not so, says the leader.

"When all these other musicians are with the Wilson band," he said, "they're in sympathy with *my* efforts. They work to help the Wilson band. I guess it's the same as if I was playing with one of their groups. I would take on that same thing to try to get their effort across.

"Of course, this makes me very happy. We have a happy band anyway. We don't have a band where there's . . . I mean, *everybody* speaks to me in the band. We don't have any bosses. We pay the highest money that's possible. When we played the Monterey festival I'm sure I paid salaries that the biggest band would not have paid. This is the way I feel about it."

He elaborated on his personal attitude toward the individual musician.

"I do not," he said, "depend on my band for a living. I have always looked forward to the day when I feel that the musician up there on the stand is giving his all. And I feel that he deserves the most out of it that I can possibly give him. But if I have to take *from* him to make myself happy, then I don't want it; then it's better for me not to play. This is the way I feel about it. I respect musicians; they have my deepest respect."

IN EFFECT, Wilson says, "Sing no sad songs for me about the band business." He has never gone along with the Doomsday Book of bands.

"I always believed," he asserted, "that when you get out and do the best you can, if it has any merit, it will be noticed. Now, I'm not in the big-band *business*. I'm in *music*. Music is my life.

"A man today has to prove himself to be a leader. When I get in front of that band, I can't get out there because some guy gave me enough money to get some musicians up there and then told me, 'Go and get this guy to make you some arrangements, and you can come and rehearse.' That's not it. Today a leader has to earn that name. He has to *be* the leader. That's why I have a band today.

"But as far as anyone giving me one, or going to push me up to this position, it's impossible. I think you have to earn it. Duke earned it. Count Basie earned it. They stayed in there. Woody Herman. These are the people that are in the business today.

"Now, it's a different time we're in today. And our band is coming along at a different time, musically. But these people have earned their keep.

"As far as some little guy coming over to me after, say, two years and he wrote two or three arrangements, well, I want to see what he's going to write when he's *my* age. Then you tell me whether you have put in your time. And it's not because they gave you some money . . . and gave you a job . . . and let you make as many records as you wanted to . . . because the records are still laying there in the record company's stockroom—whereas *my* records are selling. I'm not bragging about it, but I'm saying that this is the fruit of work.

"We play because we love to play. We don't play because we're so great that when we walk on the stand we say, 'Well, look at *us*.' We're up there doing the best we can."

"America is a place like that," Wilson concluded. "America is a place where you do your best, and someone will appreciate it. That's the way I see it."

Big Band SOFT SELL

By HARRY FROST

IN THE IMPOSING ARRAY of names in the field of the big band, past and present, there is a striking paucity of leaders who had, or have, excellence both as instrumentalists and writers.

The classic illustration of a distinctive instrumentalist with matchless composing and arranging ability is, of course, Duke Ellington. Beyond him, most leaders have functioned primarily in the organizational sense, in many cases companion to playing ability from outstanding to superb—Basie, the Dorseys, Goodman, Hampton, Herman, James, and Krupa come readily to mind.

There have been others of less than stunning ability as players who functioned almost exclusively as leaders, including some remarkably gifted leaders such as Jimmie Lunceford and Glenn Miller.

Among those classed as leader-arrangers there are many brilliant examples of men like Ralph Burns who are occupied with studio and recording work. From there, the only arranger-led band available to the ballrooms and concert halls on a national basis, and all too many years ago, was the late, lamented Sauter-Finegan Orchestra. In years past, Dizzy Gillespie offered one instance of a completely equipped instrumentalist-writer who led a big band. When he buckled down, Gillespie certainly qualified as a band arranger of exceptional merit.

It appears then that a blowing musician who can write and chooses to lead a band is a rare duck—or a rare rooster named Gerry Mulligan.

With his crest of red hair and sometime cock-of-the-walk manner, 37-year-old Gerald Joseph Mulligan has the bearing, knowledge, experience, ability, drive, and desire to head a big band and have it perform according to his very definite idea of how a band should work and sound.

"I've always liked the idea of a band," he said. "I started as an arranger rather than a player."

Mulligan was 19 when he began writing for the Gene Krupa Band in 1946. He recalled, "Gene's band was so professional that it scared the hell out of me. They had no trouble playing anything I wrote."

Mulligan was already very professional himself. His arrangements from that period display a firm grasp of band writing and temperate use of the bop figures then in vogue. One of his efforts, *Disc Jockey Jump*, was something of a hit as big-band instrumentals go. Mulligan also sat in the Krupa saxophone section briefly, playing alto and tenor.

After his Krupa days, Mulligan was drawn to the baritone saxophone, a marriage of man and horn that turned him in the direction of concentrated playing as well as writing. In 1948 he became part of a rehearsal band revolving around Miles Davis, which led to the now-hallowed sides made for Capitol under Davis' name in 1949 and '50. Mulligan wrote and played for the group.

"Everybody contributed—Gil Evans, Miles, John Lewis,

Johnny Carisi, Lee Konitz," he said. "That's the reason it was a musical success—because of the spirit behind it. We were experimenting, and we worked and rehearsed until we had what we wanted.

"It was Gil's and my idea to evolve a small version of the Claude Thornhill Orchestra. There were just nine pieces. We used the fewest possible instruments to get the feeling and sound of the old Thornhill band."

The results were important not only from the standpoint of opening new vistas in jazz writing but also in reaching new listeners who were attracted by the smoothness, fullness, and stylistic appeal of the group. Even to the untutored listener, the group was, at the very least, harmless. Mulligan's *Venus De Milo*, along with *Jeru* and his arrangement of George Wallington's *Godchild*, testify eloquently to the role of Mulligan in that historic band.

After a period with Elliot Lawrence, for whom he wrote and played, Mulligan performed similarly for the man whose foresight had inspired that 1948 rehearsal band, Claude Thornhill. During this same time, Mulligan did some writing for Stan Kenton. Then came Mulligan's move to California, and there followed the notable pianoless collaboration with Chet Baker, the first of several Mulligan combos that established the baritonist as a dominant jazz figure.

THE FRUITION of Mulligan's considerable talents occurred in 1960 with the formation of his 13-piece Concert Jazz Orchestra (nee Band). Since then, Mulligan has forged a place for his band in this most difficult of all musical enterprises. The Mulligan band has been acclaimed for its unity and cohesion; many have sung its praises in terms of a large group with a small-group feel.

Mulligan nodded, saying, "I hear that comment a lot . . . and it's true, but I don't think of it in that way. My idea is not so much that we are a big band with a small-band

JOE ALPER



feel but that we have a big-band feel in the way that a big band *ought* to be.

"There's been a thing in recent years with block ensemble writing. When we got into the '50s, the Stan Kenton Band was the biggest influence as far as the young writers were concerned. You could hear it all around the world—young arrangers who had heard Kenton and wrote in that style. And in this kind of writing there is what I consider a basic mistake—in the writing and in the playing.

"As you add horns to a group, they start playing louder and louder, and to me that's reverse logic. If you're going to add horns to a group, it should get softer and softer. You're already adding to the strength of the sound, and to the volume, with the increased number of horns. That's the logic I've approached our band with. We hit a certain level of volume and this confuses people. They think it's a small-band sound. It's not at all. This is the way a big band should sound.

"The two biggest lessons I had in dynamics came from Claude Thornhill and Stan Kenton—one lesson by good example and one lesson by bad example.

"When I was with Claude and we would be playing a big hall, I sometimes had an odd sensation in that band. We would be playing so softly that I'd look down at the horn in my hands and not be conscious of a sound coming out of it, and yet I knew it was there. But the sound was so soft that it blended immediately with all the other instruments. The sound of that band, starting out from this soft quality, would swell and you could almost see the sound spreading into this big hall. . . . That was the first lesson about the carrying qualities and the acoustical values of a big band.

"Now the second lesson came sometime during this same period around '51. I went to see Kenton's band at the Paramount in New York, and I was sitting up in the first balcony. The band came on, and I swear that they played so loud that the sound went out in front of the band and dropped right down into the pit. It didn't get halfway back in the theater. Sitting up in the balcony, all I could hear was the air whistling through the trumpets. There was no tone quality left. They were trying to play as loud and as hard as they could, and they defeated their own purpose. The guts of the sound was lost.

"If you start that loud, there's no place to go—your dynamics are shot. You can't go up—if you start with a triple *f*, there is no more.

"In our band we build up to a sound. When we hit our peak sound, it's a full sound. Our band shouts, but it doesn't scream. When you overblow, the tone quality goes."

A stirring sample of how the tone quality *stays* in the Mulligan band is its record of *Lady Chatterley's Mother*, written by Al Cohn, wherein the band lets fly and swings hard, and yet everything is beautifully controlled.

For that matter, there is ample recorded evidence of how fine a band it is, this Mulligan group of six brass, five reeds, drums, and bass (and piano if the leader decides to lay aside his baritone). In the book of the Concert Jazz Orchestra there is a healthy balance between new and familiar material.

"The gaping maw of the recording industry demands new things all the time, but this misses the point for us," Mulligan explained. "We like to play the older arrangements because the more we play them, the better we know them. And our approach to some of the older arrangements is quite different than it was before. It's interesting to see the way some of these things have evolved."

He smiled reflectively and continued, "Of course, there is such a thing as playing one number too often. There was a time when we were getting constant requests for *Bernie's*

Tune, and we played it so much that some of the guys were getting bored with it—Brookmeyer in particular. We finally stopped playing it because I was afraid that if I called out *Bernie's Tune*, I'd have to have an operation for the removal of a valve trombone from the skull."

Bob Brookmeyer is one of many impressive talents associated with the orchestra. Other than tours once or twice a year, the band stays close to New York, and Mulligan is able to call on the best men available. There is a who's who of arrangers responsible for the band's library, and they include Johnny Mandel, Bill Holman, Gary McFarland, Brookmeyer, and Mulligan himself.

The band adjourns from time to time while Mulligan works with more negotiable small groups, but when the time comes, there seems to be no great problem in getting the band together and in shape.

"When I first formed the band, in order to get it to a point where it felt like a band, I kept it together for almost two years steadily," the leader said. "Then I went back to the quartet for a year, until last fall when I got the band together again for a few jobs around New York. By the second night we had it going just like before. Once that band feeling is established, it stays. It's just a matter of getting back to it."

At the very least the band will have the opportunity of "getting back to it" at Birdland from time to time, and there is talk of a second European tour in the fall. The band's first continental tour, in '61, was a resounding success.

Mulligan's schedule is tightened by his work on a musical comedy score in collaboration with Judy Holliday, who is doing the lyrics. It is an adaptation of Anita Loos' play, *Happy Birthday*.

The Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Orchestra has already passed its fourth happy birthday, and it appears certain there will be many more.

"Like any band, we need acceptance," Mulligan said. "By that I mean it's a *concert* band, and we like the people who come to hear the band, or play the records, to really listen. It's important that they open their ears and their minds. There's a line in a book by Robert Gover, *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, about a guy listening to jazz and listening *at* it instead of *to* it."

THROUGH THE YEARS, the basement tones of Mulligan's baritone saxophone have been strongly representative of his firm footing. He has always been adventuresome, always willing to experiment, and yet his music always falls within the bounds of good taste and good sense. He is a creative musician who is able to create without losing, or baffling, his audience, and this is the reason for his solid position in the mainstream of jazz.

In the intense mien of Gerry Mulligan there is at once an athleticism and an intellectualism. He has tensile strength. He is ideally equipped to guide his band through the storm-tossed seas of the music business. To the phalanx of his talents add a large measure of generalship. Mulligan has been through a lot of changes, and he knows them well. In his living, as in his playing and writing, there is clarity, directness, and awareness.

These qualities in Mulligan relate to some lines from another book by Gover, *The Maniac Responsible*, in which the main character is ridiculed for having ideas apart from those popularly accepted. In a similar way, one not sympathetic to jazz, or Mulligan's approach to jazz, might try to bait him:

"When you were very young, did someone hit you on the head with a very heavy object?"

"Yeah, reality."





ROBERT SKEETZ PHOTOS



Gerry Mulligan's Concert Jazz Orchestra at Birdland

Personnel: Clark Terry, Nick Travis, trumpets; Thad Jones, cornet; Bob Brookmeyer, Willie Dennis, Alan Raph, trombones; Bob Donovan, alto saxophone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone, clarinet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Tony Ferina, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Most of the time Mulligan fronts a quartet, but his heart is really with the 13-piece big-little band. Anyone who observed him during the weeks that his Concert Jazz Orchestra spent at Birdland realizes this.

Walking among his men like a restless, though happy, tiger, Mulligan was completely immersed in his orchestra: setting riffs, adding his baritone to the main body or comping at the usually unattended piano, hand-signaling to indicate how many more choruses his ensemble should head-arrange before taking a theme out.

One can't blame him for the great enthusiasm he has for the orchestra. This edition, which played Birdland in January, boasted some fine soloists, drew upon a large, varied book in which the work of many excellent writers was represented, and, most importantly, had a great collective sound and spirit.

The texture it achieved on Mulligan's originals, *Summer's Over* and *Ballad*, and his arrangement of Django Reinhardt's *Manoir de Mes Reves* (*Django's Castle*), had a lyric depth that went far beneath the obviously beautiful surface. *Darn That Dream*, which sounded as if it might have been a Brookmeyer arrangement, contained these same qualities, with romantic, unsticky solos from Brookmeyer and Mulligan's piano.

The medium and up-tempo swingers gave the other soloists room to blow, too, while continuing to feature Mulligan and Brookmeyer. (On certain numbers, these two interwove to state the melody before the ensemble entered, thereby setting up a quartet-within-the-big-band feeling.)

Terry, Jones, and Woods, like Mulligan and Brookmeyer, are all consistently interesting soloists, but Kamuca, while he plays well, lacks muscle a lot of the time. This is not an indictment of "cool" playing, because he certainly did that with enough fire (albeit controlled) on that Pacific Jazz recording he made with bass trumpeter Cy Touff in the '50s and with Shelly Manne's group later.

During the band's second week, Kamuca had to fill another engagement, and Al Cohn took his place. Here were the muscles, together with that singular ability that Cohn has to construct compositional solos. In every band I've ever heard him (Buddy Rich, Woody Herman, Elliot Lawrence), he always has managed to get the rapt attention of his fellow bandmen when he is soloing. On this night he had Mulligan beaming and urging him to take extra choruses. He demonstrated his authority and sense of form on Mulligan's *Five Brothers* and rose to emotional heights on Mulligan's *Bweebida Bobbida*, with the band chanting behind him.

Dennis, who doesn't get enough to play, sounded good in his personal, slurring style on *Broadway* and Gary McFarland's *Chuggin'*. On the latter lazy swinger, Travis and Ferina (bass clarinet) received their only solo space and performed well.

Donovan, who has been with all editions of the band, except the first, played the first solos I've ever heard from him on *Broadway* and *Bweebida Bobbida*. His model is clearly Gene Quill, but though he showed promise, his time was unsteady, and he had a tendency to lose control of his sound. This may have been caused by nervousness, and if Mulligan continues to

let him blow, he may shake this.

Crow and Lewis work as a real team. To say they swing would be an understatement. Crow's choice of notes is especially keen, and Lewis really can make his cymbals dance.

An idea of the scope of the book may be gathered from a listing of the material played on the two nights I heard the band.

Besides the selections already mentioned, there were two by Cohn—*Mama Flosie*, a Gospel air that didn't lay it on too thick, and *Lady Chatterley's Mother*, featuring Brookmeyer as a hip bumblebee, a rich ensemble passage for the saxophones, and a driving ending that did handsprings off itself. There were two more by McFarland, *Kitch* and an arrangement of *I Believe in You* with Terry's fluegelhorn outstanding; one by Wayne Shorter, *Mama G.*, a driving, boppish number; one by John Mandel, *Black Nightgown*; another by Mulligan, *Youngblood*, originally written for Stan Kenton; and a sketch by Brookmeyer, *Let My People Be*, a blues that Mulligan starts at the piano and that ends with some of the most exciting head-arranging I've ever heard. Then, too, there was the band's theme, *Utter Chaos*, by Mulligan, which was developed in several elongated, joyous versions at the ends of various sets.

In addition to Cohn, there were some other personnel shifts during the long run.

Raph always arrived after the first set. His capable replacements included Benny Powell (he had a good solo on *Let My People Be*) and Tony Studd.

Young Jimmy Owens sat in for Travis one night and then finished the last three days of the engagement for Terry.

I'm told Ben Webster sat in one night. I'm sorry I missed that, but I heard enough in two nights to convince me that if this band cannot work when it wants to, there is something very wrong with the state of music in the United States.—Ira Gitler

JAZZ BASICS

Part 6 of a continuing history
of jazz on record/By Don
DeMicheal and Pete Welding

WOODY HERMAN, *The Thundering Herds* (Columbia C3L-25)
STAN KENTON, *Kenton in Hi-Fi* (Capitol 724)

As it turned out, the big-band era—and the social conditions that spawned it—ended soon after World War II. But before the era's and the war's end, two exceptional bands came to the fore, those of Woody Herman and Stan Kenton. Both leaders have continued to keep big bands going, sometimes unsuccessfully, through most of the years since their first popularity.

The Herman three-LP set covers the development of his first Herd (which first recorded in early 1945) to the beginning of his second (late 1947).

The 1945 band was an electrifying one, with exceptional soloists in trombonist Bill Harris and trumpeter Sonny Berman and a more-than-adequate one in tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips. Later the tasteful vibraharpist, Red Norvo, was added to the list of soloists. But the band's greatest assets were its original rhythm section (Ralph Burns, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; and Dave Tough, drums, who was later replaced by the excellent Don Lamond), its blazing brass, and, above all, its spirit.

The band was a mixture of Basie, Lunceford, Ellington, and bop—with more than a dash of Eddie Sauter and Igor Stravinsky. Most arrangements—those that were not "heads"—were written by Burns and trumpeter Neal Hefti.

There had been a Herman band since the late '30s, but it was a semi-Dixieland outfit and did not compare with the 1945 band. The Herd's first recording session was its best and produced such exceptional performances as *Caldonia* (which was highlighted by a 24-bar unison trumpet soli that is said to have inspired Stravinsky to

compose *Ebony Concerto* for the band), *Goosey Gander*, *Apple Honey*, and *Northwest Passage*. Later sessions were not quite as inspired, though they produced such tracks as *The Good Earth*, *Bijou*, *Blowin' Up a Storm*, *Sidewalks of Cuba*, *Wild Root*, *Panacea*, *Your Father's Mustache*, *Everywhere*, and *With Someone New*.

Included in the album are several very well-done tracks by a Herman small band that was a combination of bop and swing played by Norvo, Berman, Harris, and Phillips.

Burns, who became the band's major arranger, also tried his hand at extended composition. Two of these compositions, *Lady McGowan's Dream* and *Summer Sequence* are included; the latter is much the more successful.

The second Herd, sometimes referred to as the Four Brothers band, is not as well represented in the album as is the first. But there are included several fine examples of this second band, which featured a sax section made up of three tenors and baritone: *Keen and Peachy*; a portion of *Summer Sequence* that was to evolve into *Early Autumn*; *Four Brothers*; *The Goof and I*; and *I've Got News for You*, which was arranged by one of the trumpeters, Shorty Rogers, who wrote out a Charlie Parker blues chorus for the sax section.

The second Herd was more bop-oriented than the first and included in its sax section men who were to make a great impression in the jazz world: tenorists Stan Getz and Zoot Sims and baritonist Serge Chaloff.

Kenton, who began his bandleading career in 1941, took a different tack

than Herman or any of the other big-band leaders; all Kenton's bands incorporated within the basic jazz setting the leader's respect for formal composers such as Stravinsky and Ravel.

Heavy with brass, the various Kenton bands have performed a large body of music composed specifically for Kenton's organizations, including several attempts at extended composition. Kenton has championed certain composers (Pete Rugolo and Bob Graettinger) and causes (Latin-influenced jazz) in the face of sometimes heated criticism. But no matter what his turn of mind at any given moment, Kenton always has hired excellent jazzmen to work in his bands—men such as Art Pepper, Charlie Mariano, Bud Shank, Lee Konitz, Bill Perkins, Zoot Sims, Conte Candoli, Maynard Ferguson, Ray Wetzel, Frank Rosolino, Kai Winding, Eddie Sufanski, Shelly Manne, and Mel Lewis.

The album listed consists of remakes of several of his most popular recorded performances: *Artistry in Rhythm*, *Interlude*, *Intermission Riff*, *Minor Riff*, *Collaboration*, *Painted Rhythm*, *Southern Scandal*, *The Peanut Vendor*, *Eager Beaver*, *Concerto to End All Concertos*, *Artistry in Boogie*, *Lover*, and *Unison Riff*. They were re-recorded in 1956. Soloists include tenorist Vido Musso, who was with the band from 1945 to '47 and who re-created some of his earlier solos; trombonist Milt Bernhart; trumpeters Ferguson and Sam Noto; and altoist Lennie Niehaus.

It is perhaps the most typical Kenton record currently available.

Further recommendations: Some performances by Herman's second Herd, including *Early Autumn* and *Lemon Drop*, are in *The Hits of Woody Herman* (Capitol 1554), which also contains samplings of a later Herman band with such musicians as bass trumpeter Cy Touff and tenor saxophonist Richie Kamuca.

Though less typical of the Kenton approach than the recommended album, *Contemporary Concepts* (Capitol 666) and *Concert in Progressive Jazz* (Capitol 172) are better musically. The first-named is a 1955 collection made up mostly of standard tunes, arranged by Bill Holman, and features good solos by various members of the band, including altoist Mariano and tenorist Perkins. The *Concert* LP, cut in 1947, has original material by Rugolo and Graettinger and includes such titles as *Elegy for Alto*, *Lament*, *Thermopolae*, *Impressionism*, and *Monotony*. Pepper is particularly impressive on the tracks that feature his alto.

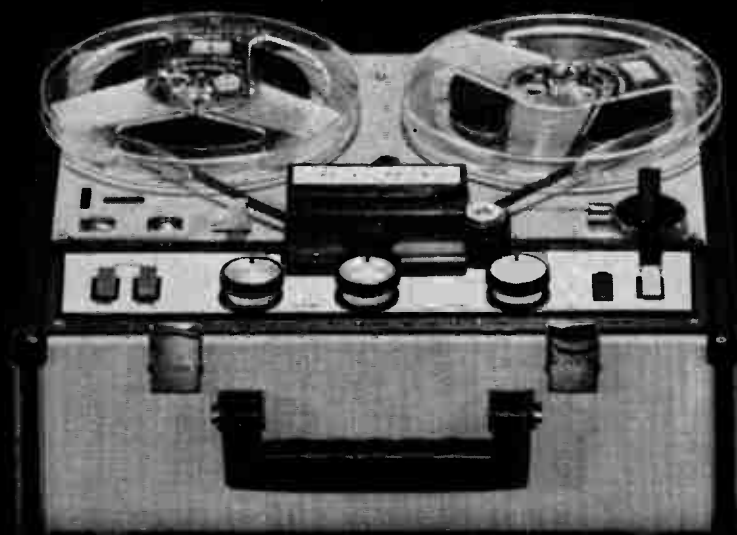
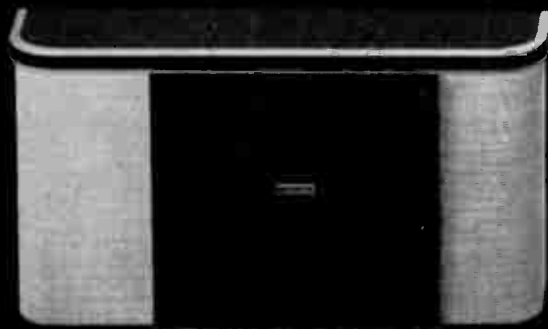
(To be continued in the next issue.)



Stan Kenton: within the basic jazz setting a considerable respect for formal composers



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SONY

SUPERSCOPE

The Tapeway to Stereo

record reviews

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

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

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

Spotlight Review

Count Basie

THE BEST OF COUNT BASIE—Decca 7170: *One O'Clock Jump*; *Swinging at the Daisy Chain*; *Texas Shuffle*; *Time Out*; *You Can Depend on Me*; *Panassie Stomp*; *Swinging the Blues*; *Blue and Sentimental*; *John's Idea*; *Sent for You Yesterday*; *Blame It on My Last Affair*; *Cherokee*; *Jumpin' at the Woodside*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Boogie Woogie*; *Oh, Lady Be Good*; *Shorty George*; *Out the Window*; *Doggin' Around*; *Topsy*; *Every Tub*; *Blues in the Dark*; *Roseland Shuffle*; *Five at Five*.

Personnel: featuring Buck Clayton, Harry Edison, Shad Collins, Carl Smith, Bobby Hicks, Ed Lewis, trumpets; Dicky Wells, Benny Morton, George Hunt, Dan Minor, trombones; Eddie Durham, trombone, electric guitar; Earle Warren, alto saxophone; Chu Berry, tenor saxophone; Lester Young, Herschel Evans, tenor saxophones, clarinets; Jack Washington, baritone saxophone; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Helen Humes, Jimmy Rushing, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Where does one begin with something like this except to say that it is one of the important releases of the year.

Most of the tracks have been out before on 12-inch LP (Decca 8049 and Brunswick 54012), but to have them together in all their splendor hits the listener with quite an impact. Then, too, there are four numbers (*Depend*, *Affair*, *Boogie*, and *Lady*) that have been unavailable since the days of 78-rpm, and two (*Yesterday* and *Roseland*) that were part of a Brunswick 10-inch LP that has long been out of the catalog. For the information of collectors, the only numbers from the previously released 12-inch albums not included in this double-pocket set are two Rushing vocals.

This set is something that should be in the library of anyone who considers himself an appreciator of jazz. There were days when collectors would comb dusty bins for sides like *Depend* and *Lady*, and, if lucky enough to find a copy, would sometimes pay more for one 78-rpm than the list price of *The Best of Count Basie*.

In a way, this is a historical document—many pictures are included as well as a set of fine Stanley Dance notes, including all solo credits. But it goes beyond that. This is music of a time, and that time (the late '30s) is long since past, but time itself has not dulled the luster of the Basie band. Jo Jones was once quoted to the effect that the Basie band was "playing life. That's spelled LIFE," he said. That vitality is still there and with it the artistic verity.

The old Basie band was a machine but a thoroughly human machine, paradoxically. Starting with the "All-American Rhythm Section," as Basie, Green, Page, and Jones were referred to, the band had a foundation of a mobile Gibraltar. The brass and reeds had their own disciplines and meshed with each other and the rhythm section as finely as the highly integrated rhythm did within itself. The "head" arrangements the

band invented retained a feeling of spontaneity, even after they had been duly incorporated, because of the very method of their creation.

Without taking anything away from the fantastic collective spirit that this band possessed, the many personalities represented by the variety of great soloists extended the personality of the band itself and complemented it to the point where it reached the quintessence of a style.

Young was the greatest of them all, and here there are wonderful solos in abundance from his booting, actuating opening on *Tub* to his caressing, wafting style on *Five*. His classic solo on *Depend* (following Rushing's plaintive vocal), in a small-band setting, has been used since, particularly in the '50s, as a line from which to take off. And why not? It is a complete song in itself.

Lady is a real plum. A big-band version of the number Young recorded on his first record date, three years earlier in 1936, with a small Basie unit (Jones-Smith, Inc.), it contains a marvelous solo by Young that touches briefly on some of the ideas of that first record but is an entity. Here, too, is a swift, exciting solo by a stylist of another persuasion, Chu Berry. The contrast of the two men's styles heightens the interest. Berry, best known for his work with Fletcher Henderson and Cab Calloway, is a welcome Basie guest on this track.

Contrast was a constant thing in the band, with Young and Herschel Evans, who regularly held down the other tenor chair. They are both heard on *One O'Clock*, *Swinging the Blues*, *Tub*, *John's*, *Time*, *Panassie*, and *Doggin'*. On Evans' composition *Texas Shuffle*, Young blows liquid, fiery, highly rhythmic clarinet that is every bit as good as his tenor playing. He also has a gorgeous clarinet statement after Evans' warm, mellow tenor on *Sentimental*. If Pres had played more clarinet, he would have been acknowledged as the greatest on that instrument. Evans' one clarinet excursion, on *Woodside*, has a bitter, nagging sound that has always ruined the ending of that number for me. This, however, does not detract from his driving, dark-toned tenor contributions, which were a vivid color in the Basie picture.

These are examples of the caliber of solos to be heard in this set. One could also cite the fine solos of Clayton, Edison, Washington, Morton, Wells, and Collins, but there is the matter of space. And then there is Basie! Listen to him on *Boogie* for one instance of his subtle power.

Rushing always has been a master of the blues, something reiterated on *Yesterday*, *Boogie* (another large-band version of a small-band classic from Jones-Smith, Inc., but without a Young solo), and *Dark*. Miss Humes' sweet voice does well by her

one number, *Affair*.

This is an invaluable piece of Americana and, incidentally, a definition of the verb "to swing" that no dictionary could ever supply. (I.G.)

Cannonball Adderley

NIPPON SOUL—Riverside 477: *Nippon Soul*; *Easy to Love*; *The Weaver*; *Tengo Tango*; *Come Sunday*; *Brother John*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, trumpet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Yusef Lateef, flute, oboe, tenor saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Lateef has flown the Adderley nest to try once again his wings as a leader. Doubtless the Adderleys wish him the best, but his departure should occasion some sorrow. Lateef was, as this fine record proves, a sideman and soloist of impressive proportions.

Perhaps this is nowhere shown so forcefully as on *John*, a Lateef original dedicated to (and reflecting) the singular accomplishments of John Coltrane. Although Lateef demonstrates admirable sleight-of-hand switching from oboe-to-tenor-to-flute throughout these performances, his *John* solo on oboe provides a good sample of his dexterity. After a brief introduction, he fashions a slinky, sensuous melody of snake-charming fascination. Indeed, at times he makes the listener see the cobra rising from the basket. A hip cobra, of course.

At other points Lateef puts one right in the middle of a Middle East bazaar. His sound is clear, liquid, and always well controlled. As annotator Orrin Keepnews observes, Lateef's performance is an "emulation" but not an imitation of Coltrane's work on the soprano saxophone. I know it is fashionable to call any jazzman who has made a dent in the critical consciousness an "individual" and "his own man," but I sincerely believe this musician is.

Lateef certainly has a remarkable assortment of groans, howls, wails, shrieks, low-register wart hog grunts and kazoolike emissions. Other sounds resemble the squeak of fingertips rubbing the surface of an inflated balloon. Yet these sounds are not there for laughs. Somehow, Lateef converts them into music (at least most of the time), melts them into the context of his lines so that they do not seem like tonal trickery.

The remaining solo performances deserve applause.

Nat shows his continuing advancement in the trumpet ranks all the way through. A delightful performance on *John* is marred slightly by some high-register repetition. Some of these stabs at the ceiling give the impression that he pulled them out of the bag to mark time until he could think of something.

Cannonball has remained for me an impelling player. His solo on *Easy to Love*, for instance, is a pip, a fast-moving exposition generating plenty of heat. Such rapid tempos are duck soup for the altoist, whose feeling for time is, and always has been, close to flawless.

Besides working the horn, Cannon also directs his energies toward the spoken word. He introduces, with facility and wit, the numbers to the audience in Tokyo, where the album was recorded in July, 1963.

The rhythm section performs with its usual elan. Jones and Hayes lay down unobtrusive but vigorous support.

Zawinul's main solo effort is Duke Ellington's *Sunday* (from *Black, Brown and Beige*), and though emcee Adderley describes it as a "beautiful arrangement," to these ears it seemed merely dull. Zawinul, as he has proved in former outings and confirms elsewhere on this record, is no sluggard; but under his fingers it seems as if *Sunday* will never end, though it is but 6 minutes, 57 seconds long. After the pianist's somewhat Debussyesque introduction, he proceeds at snail's pace with—again, to these ears—no particular warmth or feeling. And this is a song that cries out for just those qualities.

The album cover painting is rather amusing. It features, in caricature and looking properly Oriental, a balloon-shaped Cannonball and a pear-shaped Lateef playing to each other while Nat communizes with himself and his horn off to the side. Two Japanese women with fans dig from behind. I think you'll dig too—from in front. (D.N.)

Art Blakey

A JAZZ MESSAGE—Impulse 45: *Cafe; Just Knock on My Door; Summertime; Blues Back; Sunday; The Song Is You*.
Personnel: Sonny Stitt, alto, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Art Davis, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The instrumentation turns this set into a Sonny Stitt Quartet session. Though Blakey's support is as prominent and distinctive as ever, he allows Stitt and Tyner to share the spotlight most of the way.

Stitt blows consistently well; Tyner is agreeably down-home on *Blues Back*; Davis shows up strongly on *Sunday*.

This is an uneventful album in terms of surprises or innovations but worth recommending for followers of any of the four musicians involved. (L.G.F.)

Red Garland

HALLELOO-Y'ALL—Prestige 7288: *Revelation Blues; I'll Never Be Free; Everytime I Feel the Spirit; Hallelloo-Y'all; Back Slidin'*.
Personnel: Garland, piano, organ; Sam Jones, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

A half star of the above rating belongs to Sam Jones for bringing off an especially mammoth task throughout and for a particularly arresting performance on *Back Slidin'*.

After playing this album a number of times, my notes contained repeated "okays," which told me exactly nothing about the quality of the individual musicians or each one's contribution. But it did tell the story of the album quite adequately.

Garland, a superb lyric pianist, settles

down into a pseudo-funk groove and glides there until he comes to *I'll Never Be Free*, the only track that displays sustained, inventive Garland for more than eight consecutive bars.

Fun is fun, but when an album offers a skimpy five tunes from a skillful musician, it seems hardly worthwhile to mix in a complete loser. Nothing could possibly save *Hallelloo*, the track on which Garland plays organ. Garland's blockish chords emerge as strident, heavy, and plodding on organ. Even Jones is shaky here, and after conceding the battle of time to Garland, he gallops on ahead in what seems a desperate attempt to get the whole thing over as soon as possible.

Taylor remains the articulate pacer. Somehow, his sterility continues to play through aided by "good taste" and "good time," and he does an admirable job here without getting in anybody's way. Unfortunately, he calls attention to himself at the end of *Free*; the tune and Taylor would have profited by his continued discretion.

One cannot listen to this not pleasant-not unpleasant offering without feeling a tinge of regret that Garland has been buried in "mood" and "soul" so long. The flashes of the expressive artist that linger in each Garland album issued are not enough from a talent latent with expression. Why should we settle for good Garland when we could as easily have great Garland? (B.G.)

Charlie Mingus

MINGUS—Impulse 54: *II B.S.; I X Love; Celia; Mood Indigo; Better Get Hit in Yo' Soul; Theme for Lester Young; Hora Decubitus*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 4, 6, 7—Eddie Preston, Richard Williams, trumpets; Britt Woodman, trombone; Don Butterfield, tuba; Jerome Richardson, Dick Hafer, Booker Ervin, Eric Dolphy, reeds; Jaki Byard, piano; Mingus, bass, piano; Walter Perkins, drums. Tracks 2, 3, 5—Rolf Ericson, Williams, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Butterfield; Richardson, Hafer, Charlie Mariano, reeds; Byard; Jay Berliner, guitar; Mingus; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆ 1/2

One of the most absorbing musical autobiographies chronicled on record—that of the tumultuous, resolute, restless bassist Charlie Mingus—is continued in this album. This music is strong and undilute as always: forceful, impassioned, honest, and thoroughly "committed" musical self-revelation of the highest order, as fascinating and multifaceted as the man and just as uncompromising.

Mingus employs two 11-piece groups on the seven performances, a size that facilitates the freedom of the small group and the power and wider coloration effects open to the larger band. The orchestrations—according to the notes, expanded by Bob Hammer from Mingus' sketches—artfully interweave the two approaches, making for a music that is constantly intriguing in its mosaiclike alternation of the two. The ensembles are particularly arresting, with writing that is harmonically and contrapuntally rich, pungent, and resilient in the shift of colors and the sinewy movement of its lines.

Of seven numbers, six are Mingus originals (the exception being Ellington's *Mood Indigo*, an acknowledgement of a primary source), though only one—*Hora Decubitus*—is what may be called a new piece. *II*

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B.S. is, for example, an updated version of *Haitian Fight Song*; *Celia* had been recorded before by a smaller group; *I X Love* is a reworking of *Nouveau*; and the yearning *Theme for Lester Young* previously had been recorded as *Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat*. Thematically the new versions are not markedly different from previous ones; they are, however, finely wrought performances fully on a par with the earlier recordings.

Celia seems somewhat an extension of *I X Love*, though the former is much more astringent than the latter (which might best be described as a jagged Johnny Hodges-like ballad). Altoist Mariano is featured soloist on both, and he plays with the coursing strength and lithe intensity that has marked his best work in recent years (most markedly on the *Candid* LP he did with his wife, pianist Toshiko Mariano).

Mingus has a splendidly expressive bass solo on *Mood Indigo*, a delightful appreciation of Ellington, whose imprint is very evident throughout this album: several of the themes are Ellingtonian, the ensemble colorations often derive from his work, and there are any number of very Ellingtonish effects (as the muted trumpet-trombone obbligato on *I X Love*) scattered throughout the compositions. Ervin has strong solos on *II B.S.* and *Hora Decubitus*, which also boasts declamatory work by Dolphy and Williams.

Strongly recommended. (P.W.)

Jack McDuff

BROTHER JACK LIVE! AT THE JAZZ WORKSHOP—Prestige 7286: *Blues 1&8*; *Passing Through*; *Dink's Blues*; *Grease Monkey*; *Vas Dis*; *Somewhere in the Night*.

Personnel: Red Holloway, Harold Vick, tenor saxophones; McDuff, organ; George Benson, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

This is almost a four-star record.

The album is basically Latin-flavored, which is a kick in the head to those who would cast McDuff as the unsung soul seller.

Blues 1&8 comes on strongly, and it seems McDuff has finally come up with a swinging set worthy of all the flag-waving and shouting that has surrounded his artistically sparse contribution to the jazz medium. The track is a skillful combination of rhythm and blues, in a healthy sense of the term.

The main characteristic that sets this album above McDuff's other offerings is his liberal allotment of blowing space to the other members of the group. Everybody gets a chance to sink or swim through several choruses. But confusion reigns as to who plays what and when. The liner notes talk of things other than the music at hand and don't bother listing the soloists or all the instruments. An imaginative soprano saxophonist is left to sail unheralded. Both Vick and Holloway are capable of playing tenor and flute and, perhaps, soprano saxophone. So take your choice, bearing in mind that Holloway is more rooted in the rhythm-and-blues vein, while Vick comes closer to the modern school of reed men.

Guitarist Benson is entertaining with his chicken clucking and sound effects, and when he settles down to jazz, he moves well and swiftly, though he does have difficulty getting into his *Blues 1&8* solo.

The unidentified flutist is especially cute on *Passing Through*. And the slow moving *Dink's Blues* comes off well despite Benson's use of clichés. *Vas Dis* and *Somewhere* are orderly and fairly dull. Dukes is at his most frenzied on these two tracks, but over-all, he is not objectionable and is actually quite effective.

This is a good buy, if only for *Blues 1&8*; but don't be misled by the hurrahs from the audience. Listen to *Grease Monkey*. This is a hip audience, clapping on 1 and 3? (B.G.)

Ken McIntyre

'WAY, 'WAY OUT—United Artists 6336: *Miss Ann*; *Lois Marie*; *Chittlin's* and *Cavyah*; *Permanently*; *Tip Top*; *Kaijée*; *Reflections*.

Personnel: McIntyre, alto saxophone, flute, oboe, bass clarinet; Bob Cunningham, bass; Edgar Bateman, drums; Selwart Clarke, concertmaster; 12 unidentified strings.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

It is difficult to review this music because McIntyre, who claims sole responsibility for the album, appears (from his liner notes, his writing, and his playing) to be a man who is striving mightily. The music, however, does not sound good to me.

McIntyre has composed seven originals for string orchestra (and drums). The strings accompany as he solos on various winds. The meter (pulse) is often skillfully asymmetrical. The rhythm (what goes on over the pulse) is dull.

Most of the time the strings play figures of this ilk:

while the drummer keeps up the usual cymbal beat, and McIntyre weaves in and out of the "way out" harmony. This music is not "way, way out"; it is downright decadent. One is reminded instantly of experiments by the Stan Kenton orchestras in the late '40s and early '50s, which have since been either expanded or abandoned.

Most students nowadays go through this phase of musical understanding before evolving more workable styles. It would be a pity if McIntyre catches the public eye with what is (hopefully) the attempt of a talented student.

Specifically, it is my experience that this style evolves into more contrapuntal thinking with less dependence on the "colors" of chords, more dependence on thematic, linear development.

McIntyre's blowing is not yet mature but is nonetheless pleasant in the main. *Kaijée* contains a long oboe solo that is to me the most musically interesting on the record and suggests greater potential for him on the instrument.

Many of the tunes have engaging melodies, especially *Reflection* and *Miss Ann*. *Chittlin's* ends with a cadenza by McIntyre that sums up the burning impatience of a searching man. (B.M.)

James Moody

GREAT DAY—Argo 725: *Great Day*; *The Search*; *Let's Try*; *One Never Knows*; *Opales'que*; *Blues Impromptu*; *Malice Toward None*.

Personnel: Thad Jones, John Coles, trumpets; Moody, flute, alto and tenor saxophones; Hubert Laws, flute; Hank Jones or Bernie Leighton, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Richard Davis, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★ 1/2

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phonists, in a class with such men as Dexter Gordon, Lucky Thompson, and Wardell Gray. If he is not ultimately accorded this high rating, it will be because critics and historians didn't give him the attention he deserves.

Moody's easy-flow swinging is reminiscent of Lester Young, one of his early influences. His tone has a warm, cloudy quality, and he shifts accents in a masterly way. One of the most striking characteristics of his work is his ability to reach climaxes in series, piling one on another in an overwhelming display of rhythmic virtuosity. He sometimes attains a climax by violently attacking an upper-register note; his entire store of energy seems to be expended in this effort.

Moody works here with Tom McIntosh, who wrote the arrangements for a large brass ensemble as well as some originals. He uses flute sonority to brighten and add softness to the arrangements.

Great Day is a happy, Gospel-influenced tune with excellent Moody tenor work. Coles, a very good musician, plays melodically in his solo spot, his style reminiscent of Art Farmer's and Miles Davis'.

McIntosh's best composition in the album is *The Search*. It has a strong melody and is well orchestrated, with good contrast between loud and soft passages. The rhythm section employs changing figures effectively to build and release tension under the ensemble. Moody plays alto on this track, using ideas similar to the ones he plays on tenor. His work is well sustained and has a light, airy quality. Thad Jones takes a fair solo here.

Let's Try is a simple swinger during which Moody plays tenor with savage intensity. He plays flute on John Lewis' *One Never Knows*, but the highlight is McIntosh's caressing, sometimes majestic, arrangement.

Dennis Sandoli's up-tempo tune, *Opalesque*, and *Impromptu* offer fine opportunities for Moody's clean, lyrical flute improvising. Davis, a brilliant bassist, also contributes outstanding work on *Impromptu*; sometimes his lines have a counter-melodic function.

McIntosh wrote the gentle *Malice Toward None* several years ago; it probably has been his most popular composition. Moody contributes heartfelt tenor work on its performance here, and Hall also plays with warmth. (H.P.)

Gerard Dave Pochonet

SWINGIN' IN PARIS—Taurus 3301: *Salute to Ray Bryant*; *Viva Fega*; *Swingin' in Paris*; *We'll Be Together Again*; *Honey Bea*; *Taurus Blues*; *C-Jam Blues*; *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; *St. James Infirmary*; *Pennies from Heaven*; *Stormy Weather*; *Tin Roof Blues*.

Personnel (en masse): Sonny Grey or Bernard Hulin or Gilles Thibault, trumpets; Claude Gousset, trombone; Gerard Badini or Dominique Chanson or Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Michel Attenoux, alto and soprano saxophones; George Daly or Michel Hausser, vibraphone; Henri Renaud or Martial Solal or Jacques Denjean, piano; Charlie Blareau or Gilbert Gassin, bass; Pochonet, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Recorded in Paris between 1958 and 1962, this is basically a rather miscellaneous collection of performances, but it is full of bright and surprising things. The winds of Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, and Sidney Bechet blow

through these pieces, and Lucky Thompson is on hand being legitimately Lucky Thompson.

Some of the Ellington reflections are really astounding, particularly Attenoux's superbly Johnny Hodges-like alto saxophone on *C-Jam* and *Sunny*, and Gousset's remarkable projection of the Tricky Sam Nanton trombone attack on *C-Jam* and *St. James*. Denjean's piano on these pieces manages to blend elements of both Ellington and Basie, while Renaud turns to a more purely Basie-oriented style on *Swingin'*, which actually does swing in the old Basie manner with Chanson coming on on tenor as though he were Buddy Tate. The Goodmansesque element turns up on *Bea*, which is a pleasant reflection of the Goodman quartet style but lacks the inner verve of many of the other selections here.

Thompson's two appearances, *Together* and *Pennies*, also have Solal on piano, and between them they produce some beautifully lyrical performances. *Tin* puts Attenoux on soprano saxophone, and the same basic attack that gives his alto saxophone such strong resemblance to Hodges comes into play again.

Looking at this record as a whole, there is, one realizes, a valid reason for making it such a mixed bag. If it had been assembled with more of an eye to consistency of style, one would be left with the impression that these musicians are simply competently derivative. But as presented here, it is made apparent that their derivations are so widespread and their absorption and reprojecting of these sources so fully developed that, far from being mere imitators, these are highly creative musicians who are making valid use of excellent source material. This sampler is a provocative introduction that suggests more, considerably more, from these very capable men. (J.S.W.)

Pony Poindexter

GUMBO!—Prestige 16001: *Front o' Town*; *Happy Strut*; *Creole Girl*; 4-11-44; *Back o' Town*; *Muddy Dust*; *French Market*; *Gumbo Filet*.

Personnel: Al Grey, trombone; Poindexter, soprano and alto saxophones; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; George Tucker, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Major and minor blues, minor-key 32-bar tunes, and a sprinkling of Latin beats are the ingredients in this *Gumbo*. There's a blues feeling present even when what's being played is not out-and-out blues, and there's a pervasive happy feeling even when the key is minor. Poindexter's compositions are not complex skull busters but are simple, direct lines that help evoke moods that the soloists heighten as they explore.

Poindexter is the main soloist, dividing his playing between soprano and alto, with the greatest concentration on the former. His soprano sound can be sweet and mellow or take on a biting edge if the occasion demands. On both horns he shows that he descends from Charlie Parker but has a distinct personality of his own. On *Market* he gets into some Monkish cadences in his solo.

Grey takes only three solos, but all are inimitably effective. On *Front* he uses his plunger to advantage; on *Strut* and *Back* he

plays open horn. Ervin solos forcefully on four numbers and is in especially powerful form on 44.

The rhythm section is the one Poindexter worked with when he was a member of the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross troupe. The section is a tightly knit unit, and Mahones gets some short solo spots in which he plays well.

Poindexter's musical reminiscences of his native New Orleans are an excursion into a kind of spirited playing that isn't heard enough these days. His *Strut*, a combination of the old returning march from the cemetery with modern changes (a few of them much like Freddie Redd's *Who Killed Cock Robin?*), is a romp with a particularly good feeling. (I.G.)

Bud Powell

BUD POWELL IN PARIS—Reprise 6098: *How High the Moon*; *Dear Old Stockholm*; *Body and Soul*; *Jordin*; *Reets and 1*; *Satin Doll*; *Parisian Thoroughfare*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Little Benny*. Personnel: Powell, piano; Gilbert Rovere, bass; Kansas Fields, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

This is not the Powell of the 1940s or the early 1950s, but that is not to be expected. It is, however, the best Powell on record in a long time, superior to the RCA Victor and later Verve recordings. Although he has been heard as a sideman on various recordings made in Europe, this is the first complete trio set by Powell since he went to France in 1959.

There is much fluid piano playing on the compositions of his early associate, trumpeter Benny Harris—*Reets* and *Benny*—

and on *Moon*, in which he uses Harris' *Ornithology* as the closing line. On *Benny* (also known as *Bud's Bubble* and *Crazology*), he is very articulate, but the old Powell would have given it more intensity. And the old Powell would not have missed notes, or flubbed the break on *Stockholm*—and these versions of *Body* and *Thoroughfare* are not up to his original delineations of the same tunes. Nevertheless, while these are valid points of comparison, they do not destroy the over-all effectiveness of the album.

Perhaps as a bow to Duke Ellington, who supervised the session, Powell does a relaxed *Doll*, opening it by quoting subtly from another Ellington piece, *What Am I Here For?* On *Started* Powell is warm and lyrical, his personal style as evergreen as the song itself.

Rovere and Fields (another expatriate) offer generally swinging, sympathetic support, although Fields' cymbals are much too loud on *Moon*. (I.G.)

Shirley Scott

FOR MEMBERS ONLY—Impulse 51: *Southern Comfort*; *Blue Piano*; *Freedom Dance*; *Toys in the Attic*; *Blues for Members*; *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*; *Marchin' to Riverside*; *We're Goin' Home*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Thad Jones, Jimmy Nottingham, Ernie Royal, Jerome Kail, trumpets; Thomas Mitchell, Quentin Jackson, Tom McIntosh, Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Miss Scott, organ; Art Davis, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums; Joe Venuto, percussion; Eddy Manson, harmonica. Tracks 5-8—Miss Scott, organ; Earl May, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

This is a better-than-average organ album

for two clear reasons. One, Miss Scott is a better-than-average organist. Two, on the first side she is supported by Oliver Nelson's skillful brass scoring. This is particularly effective in the exciting build-up (most particularly for the stereo listener) on *Freedom Dance*.

Oddly, while *Freedom Dance* is a waltz but is not so listed in the notes, *Southern Comfort*, which is a moderato blues in four, is described as being in "three-quarter waltz time." The weakest track of the four is the Manson-decorated *Toys*. *Blue Piano* is a colorfully treated new Ellington piece.

The second side, though it runs along conventional organ-trio lines, is agreeable listening. *Marchin' to Riverside* is the traditional theme also known as *Ain't Gonna Study War No More*. (L.G.F.)

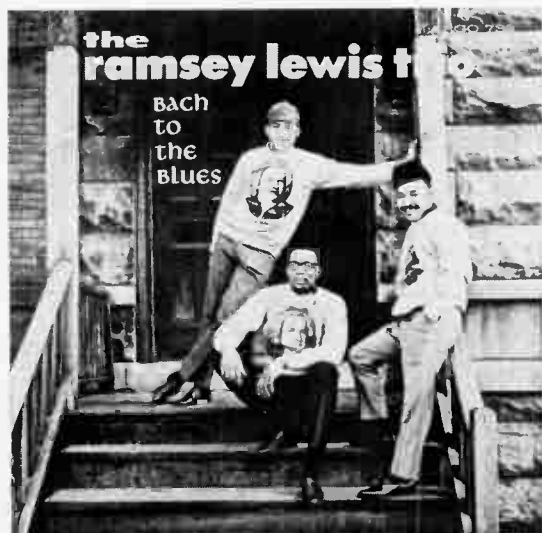
Billy Taylor

RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!—Capitol 2039: *Soul Sister*; *Easy Walker*; *That's Where It Is*; *Stolen Moments*; *Afterthoughts*; *Right Here, Right Now*; *Freedom*; *I Believe in You*; *Something Always Happens*; *A Lot of Livin' to Do*; *I Wish I Knew*; *Give Me the Simple Life*.

Personnel: John Bello, Snooky Young, Joe Newman, and Thad Jones or Ernie Royal, Doc Severinsen, and Clark Terry, trumpets; Wayne Andre, Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, and Tony Studd or Urbie Green, trombones; Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Romeo Penque, Stanley Webb, Danny Bank, saxophones; Taylor, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Oliver Nelson, conductor.

Rating: ★★☆☆

Combining Taylor with Oliver Nelson arrangements gives Taylor a sturdier framework in which to play than he gets as part of a trio, but it also limits the possibilities



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for Nelson because the pianist is the dominant factor in this set. Nelson's writing shows up in spots and splashes and is almost always strong and full-bodied. Quite often Taylor responds in kind, though occasionally (on *Livin'*, for example) he is no match for the surging vitality of the orchestra, and his piano pales in contrast.

Through the years, Taylor has acquired a more positive attack, and his one-time tendency toward thin, surface skating has diminished. He is not, however, in the same class with as potentially vital an arranger as Nelson, and the consequence is that, even though the spotlight is on the piano, one's interest keeps wandering toward the orchestra. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Thompson

A JAZZ PORTRAIT—Regina 299: *Cherry: How Are Things in Glocca Morra?; Shepherd's Pie Time; Mood for Teacher; I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry; Baby Mine; Home Brew; Bread for Ed; Chile Con Carne; State Occasion.* Personnel: Thompson, piano; Lewis Berryman, bass Ron Lundberg, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

There are strong parallels between Thompson and George Shearing; Thompson is a blind English pianist who has emigrated to the States and has developed a style that hovers between superior cocktail playing and strongly swinging jazz.

He is decidedly worth hearing on such pieces as *Pie*, *Bread*, and *Chili* when he swings out freely with strong support from Berryman and Lundberg. Even in more diluted form, on *Hang*, *Cherry*, and *Mood*, he sustains listener interest. He gets hung up badly only on *Glocca*, on which he indulges in heavy-handed pomposity, and, to some extent, on *State*, though the pompous quality in this instance is a natural part of the piece.

Thompson seems to be considerably above most of the verging-on-jazz pianists, yet he never goes out far enough to bother a middle-ground audience. While he has the basis for a comfortable commercial success, it seems doubtful that he will create any great stir in the jazz world. (J.S.W.)

Larry Wilcox

TUFF SAXES AND TWANGY GUITARS—Columbia 2147 and 8947: *Big Deuce; Theme from "Who Do You Kill?"; Magda's Song; Little Red Rod; Laddy Lo; The Nitty Gritty; Jet Propelled; Dominique; Draggin' Lady; Hobo Flats; Tunga; Organ Grinder's Swing.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet; Jerome Richardson, flute; Billy Mitchell, Joe Farrell, saxophones; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Bobby Scott, organ; others unidentified.

Rating: ★

This record plays like an encyclopedia of musical gimmicks. Arranger Wilcox uses—in addition to the "tuff saxes and twangy guitars"—trumpet growls, trombone burps, funky organ, and automobile-type sound effects.

Among the numerous rhythms employed are straight-swinging jazz, rock and roll, and Latin. There's even a snappy march beat laid down on *Dominique*.

Aside from a couple of fairly good guitar and tenor saxophone spots, the LP has nothing to recommend it to serious jazz fans. Presumably in the interest of having it attract a wide audience, the producers included what they thought would be something for everyone. However, their efforts probably were in vain because

there just doesn't seem to be enough of anything for anyone. (H.P.)

Gerald Wilson

PORTRAITS—Pacific Jazz 80: *So What?; Caprichos; Pico; Ravi; Aram; 'Round Midnight; Eric.*

Personnel: Carmell Jones, Nathaniel Meeks, Freddy Hill, Jules Chaikin, and Al Porcino or Ray Triscari, trumpets; Bob Edmonson, John Ewing, Don Switzer, and Lester Robertson or Lew McCreary, trombones; Joe Maini, Teddy Edwards, Harold Land, Jimmy Woods, Jack Nimitz, saxophones; Bud Shank, flute (track 2 only); Jack Wilson, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar or Dave Dyson, drums; Modesto Duran, bongo drums (tracks 3, 4 only); Wilson, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

Wilson has accomplished what few leaders of crack rehearsal bands have been able to: he has a group of first-rate instrumentalists really working toward an individual band sound. And that is, I think, the biggest step toward the realization of an unforgettable big band.

Another important consideration is the presentation of outstanding soloists, and here Wilson draws upon already-formed stylists such as Pass, Edwards, Land, and Jones. There's nothing wrong with that, of course, but I like to think that one mark of a completely successful big band is its capacity for helping young soloists to grow—and for influencing their direction of growth—just as soloists assist in building the band's identity.

So far, Wilson seems to be getting more from his men than he is giving, but the agreeable, loose ensemble sound of the group suggests that, if they can stay together, leader and sidemen may well reach that happy realm of mutual inspiration before long.

Another key factor in achieving big-band eminence is, of course, a stimulating book of original scores. Wilson, a skilled orchestrator but something less than an imaginative composer, writes much of his own material. All but *So What?* and *Midnight* in this set are entirely his own, and he tends to favor those repetitive, monotone-like forms that have come into vogue with John Coltrane in recent years.

Oddly, one of the band's prime assets can also be seen as a main fault—it sounds like a combo with a platoon of horns added. As a result, it swings with the loose-jointed abandon of a quintet, but it accomplishes little that couldn't be done as well or better by five or six men. Wilson's section voicings tend to fall into the same positions over and over again, combining with his melodic repetition to bring on boredom. The soloists rescue him, but that shouldn't be necessary.

His best arrangement in this album is, I feel, *Caprichos*, which opens and closes with some handsome thick-textured linear writing and features Shank and Land. (I assume it's Land, for the notes do not list the order of solos.)

Most of these capable soloists have performed better in other settings, but Pass, on *Midnight*, and Woods, on *So What?* and *Aram*, are impressive. So are rhythm men Vinnegar and Carter, who play with exceptional taste and intelligence.

It's a good band, one that might blossom into a superb musical entity any time. (R.B.H.)

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**Jazz Record Reviews, Vol. 8
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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

A COLUMN OF JAZZ REISSUES

Recordings reviewed in this issue:

Charlie Parker, *Bird on 52nd Street*
(Fantasy 6011)

Rating: see below

Charlie Parker, *Bird at St. Nick's*
(Fantasy 6012)

Rating: see below

Oscar Pettiford, *My Little Cello*
(Fantasy 6010)

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With these LPs, Fantasy continues its release of material from the old Debut catalog. Of prime importance are the two Parker albums. They cannot be rated, however, because of their sound.

Recorded originally by trombonist Jimmy Knepper on a secondhand tape machine, the tapes used for these discs were cleaned up by a professional engineer but still are far below even recording standards of pre-hi-fidelity days. At the same time, they offer the serious jazz listener opportunity to hear some masterpieces by one of the geniuses of this music.

Actually, the sound on *St. Nick's* is good on the first side—good for Parker, that is. Knepper didn't have much tape, so he only recorded *Bird*. The only time the trumpet or the drums are heard in solo are in four-bar exchanges with the altoist.

As for the pianists, there is one typically piquant solo by Duke Jordan on the first of two *Out of Nowheres* in the *52nd Street* album. Al Haig on *St. Nick's* gets no such space.

Miles Davis is the trumpet on *52nd Street*, Red Rodney on *St. Nick's*; Max Roach is the drummer on the former, Roy Haynes on the latter. Tommy Potter is the bassist on both records.

52nd Street is from 1948, and it is a good bet it was taped at the Three Deuces, a club Parker played at often before shifting his allegiance to the Roost, on Broadway.

The repertoire is typical of what Bird was playing at that time and contains many gems. He is mysterious and exotic on *A Night in Tunisia* with some upper-register cries. *My Old Flame*—which, according to the liner notes, is made up of three different, spliced-together versions played the night Knepper recorded—is a lovely ballad performance. Listen to the way Parker sidles in with a paraphrase of the melody. It ends with a quote from *Country Gardens* played in unison by alto and trumpet with an elongated trill capped by an abrupt halt. Parker was fond of this ending for ballads, seemingly as an antidote to sentimentality (although he was never oversentimental) or as a humorous put-on. Occasionally, he would use a paraphrase of the *Gardens* ending, sans trill, as on *I Cover the Waterfront* in the *St. Nick's* LP (he also sticks a quote from *The Woody Woodpecker Song* in his solo).

How High the Moon and *The Way You Look Tonight* contain exchanges with Davis

STANLEY SPECTOR writes—

Since today my name is entirely associated with jazz education—the teaching of jazz drumming—it is probably not generally known that at the age of 17 I played my first professional engagement as an extra drummer with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitsky. Because of this background I am continually surprised at the large numbers of drummers who seek out symphonic instruction with the expectation that this training will make them better jazz drummers. The one generalization that I am prepared to make from my own experience is that symphonic drumming has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with jazz drumming. And that by exposing oneself to a kind of specialized conditioning and training that is entirely foreign to the jazz experience, the drummer may forever undermine the possibility of freedom and spontaneity within the jazz environment. But I do not consider the situation tragic, at least for the METHDD JAZZ DRUMMER. He will have one less drummer to compete against on the professional level of performance.

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and Roach. On *Tonight* Parker plays a countermelody of *Can't Help Lovin' That Man* on the out chorus.

The *St. Nick's* album is from a concert-dance at the boxing arena which once stood on Manhattan's W. 66th St. The date was February 18, 1950.

The opener is *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*, only heard before on record by Parker in a with-strings context. Then come *Ornithology*, *Embraceable You*, and a blues, *Visa*. All have excellent Bird. He shows his awareness of the whole jazz literature with his ingenious usage of Louis Armstrong's introduction to *West End Blues*. He begins it in the last four bars of one solo chorus and then, after an effective pause, continues it in launching his next

chorus. *Waterfront*, *Scapple from the Apple*, and *Star Eyes*, all of which are on the first side, contain more fine Parker.

The second side opens with the ever-gorgeous *Confirmation*. The bass is inaudible, but there's a lot of cymbal sound. On *Out of Nowhere*, however, Potter comes to the forefront, and Parker recedes into the distance—it is not without a charming effect, like a dream sequence; Bird seems to be playing in a mist at the far end of a large ballroom.

The sound is again unbalanced on *Hot House* but the blowing is good. Ditto for *What's New?*, an emotionally moving ballad reading. Parker's famous *Now's the Time* finds Potter laying down the time and changes with authority as Bird blows beau-

tiful bubbles of blue happiness. In the trumpet-alto fours, Rodney shows he was listening to Davis more, rather than showing his previous Dizzy Gillespie and Fats Navarro inclinations.

The sound clears (that is, Parker comes back into the foreground) on *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* as Bird sings it instrumentally. The set goes blazing out with the group's theme, *52nd St. Theme*, on which Parker blows one mercury-fingered chorus.

The Pettiford record is mostly old wine, but it also has two liters of new wine. Five tracks are from a Debut album with the leader on cello; Phil Urso, tenor saxophone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; and Percy Brice, drums.

This sextet does three Pettiford originals (*The Pendulum at Falcon's Lair*, *Tamalpais*, and *Jack, the Fieldstalker*), one by Quincy Jones (*Stockholm Sweetnin'*), and a blues without a line (*Low and Behold*), which serves as a solo vehicle for Pettiford.

Falcon's and *Fieldstalker* are swingers and again demonstrate Pettiford's ability to write catchy melodies. *Tamalpais* is a pretty, minor-key theme with Watkins' doleful horn setting the mood. *Sweetnin'* is one of Jones' loveliest compositions.

The variety of sounds in the ensemble, with cello and French horn, is unusual. If it is not always in perfect balance, it is provocative to the ear and very spirited.

Urso always swung. Then, he was playing a cross between Lester Young and Charlie Parker. To be more specific, on *Falcon's* one can hear some Sonny Rollins; on the others, Zoot Sims and, occasionally, Al Cohn. But it is Urso, himself, generating all that heat and excitement on *Fieldstalker* and making the warm statement on *Sweetnin'*.

Bishop is fine in his interpretation of the Bud Powell style, except for a weak solo on *Fieldstalker*. Mingus is strong throughout and has a short, but meaty, solo on *Falcon's*. Brice's support is good, too, but something, the engineering perhaps, interrupts the sound of his drums behind Pettiford on *Fieldstalker*.

Pettiford's solos are amazingly dexterous and always melodically inventive. Pianist Dick Katz has observed that Pettiford's cello work reminded him strongly of Charlie Christian's guitar playing. One can hear this, even to Christian's Southwestern twang, on *Behold*. Like all the greats, Pettiford was really at home with the blues.

The two previously unreleased (in the United States, at any rate) tracks, *Fru Bruel* and *I Succumb to Temptation*, find Pettiford on bass with Danish vibist Louis Hjulmand and Swedish pianist Jan Johansson. These trio numbers may well be from the same 1959 session in Copenhagen that Jazzland drew from for two selections in its Pettiford album (*Jazzland 64*).

Pettiford plays two good solos; Johansson is an extremely able pianist; and if Hjulmand is a lesser musician, he still plays well in a Milt Jackson-oriented style. This is heightened on *Temptation*, which is in an MJQ groove.

All in all, these three albums must be considered valuable additions to jazz' available recorded library. —Ira Gitler

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COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Like the fabled Ki-Ki bird, which flies in ever-decreasing circles, the musical avant garde of the '60s seems in imminent danger of disappearing within its own constricted body of theory, never to be heard from again. Rarely can there have ever existed among musical academicians such a frenzy for pushing theories to extremes as may be observed in recent years.

One of the most determined of the new frontiersmen has been a University of Illinois research chemist and musician, Lejaren A. Hiller Jr., who, with a mathematician-musician colleague, Dr. Robert Baker, has been teaching electronic computers to compose music.

In 1957 Hiller made his first tentative moves toward developing a computer-composer, working with a machine called Illiac, which subsequently produced the *Illiad Suite for String Quartet*. Since then, Hiller has refined his methods and greatly enlarged possibilities by calling on a whole team of computers, as well as human assistants in speech, language, and psychology.

Recently, at the University of Chicago, the latest and most ambitious example of computer-composed music was performed—by an ensemble of 22 flesh-and-blood musicians—on a program of works by otherwise live composers. Titled *Computer Cantata*, the 24-minute score had been produced by means of a programming system known as Musicomp.

The vocal text was generated by Illiac, the musical score by an IBM-7090, and certain of the sounds by a CSX-1 computer. Since the point of the project was experimental rather than primarily artistic, Hiller and Baker apparently made little attempt to improve the musical quality of the piece but allowed it to spin itself out according to rigid mathematical probability theories.

As in more primitive serial techniques, basic formulas were required for a start. These were taken arbitrarily from such sources as Charles Ives' *Three Places in New England* and Pierre Boulez' *Structures for Two Pianos, Book 1*, the latter one of the most important examples of "totally organized" music yet composed by a living hand.

Whereas the 1957 suite by the pioneering Illiac machine had been programed according to classical musical theory, the *Computer Cantata* was based on contemporary ideas. As played in the University of Chicago concert, it managed to be interesting chiefly in a percussive prolog and a similar epilog, but it rambled along pointlessly in the central sections employing a soprano. She vocalized meaningless

sounds while the instruments kibbitted drearily in the background. It was mildly disturbing to note, however, that of the seven avant-garde works on the evening's program, *Computer Cantata* was not the least interesting, stultifying though it certainly was in total effect.

Hiller and Baker, scientists that they are, set out to explore to the logical end only one corridor of contemporary music: the so-called stochastic idea, in which choices of pitch, dynamics, rhythms, expressive markings, and so on are made early in a piece and then allowed to determine all later choices automatically according to probability theory.

In other words, once he has marshaled his data and decided on his formulas, the human composer lets them trigger a whole series of reactions that he is not directly responsible for. The man with a computer for a colleague reads the results on the data-processing punchcards with as much curiosity as any uninvolved observer.

In a way this system is only a sophistication of older methods of composition-by-formula such as Joseph Schillinger championed. Television and Hollywood composers have used them for turning out instant music in any known historical style overnight.

Some scientist-musicians believe a computer even could compose Mozart's *42nd Symphony* or Beethoven's *Tenth* if fed all the discoverable data about the craftsmanship and creativity of those composers.

The results probably could never be very good, for computers do not show much instinct for the unpredictable insight that marks the greatest composers' scores. But a reasonable projection of a composer's trends of thought might be possible, if anyone cared.

The computer-composer does not investigate the other extreme of contemporary musical theory: the aleatory, or pure-chance, music of John Cage and his vaudevillians. But the computer's no-choice music is oddly connected to the aleatory idea, much as the lines of a circle eventually meet.

The strange fact seems to be that both chance and probability, opposites though they seem to the lay mind, have much in common, and musicians as well as mathematicians want to know exactly what it is.

This apparent conflict, between Data and Dada, so to speak, may indeed be no conflict at all in music, for as can be observed at many an avant-garde concert, it is rarely possible to distinguish between rigidly formulized music and the chance happenings of the Cage school. Much contemporary music incorporates both types into one work, and usually it is only composer and performers who can tell where one leaves off and the other starts.

Assisted by such musically barren experiments as the *Computer Cantata*, live composers someday may find their way out of the logical but vicious circle that holds many of them in its trap. We human beings may piously trust, however, that if the breakout comes, it will be a Beethoven or a Bach who accomplishes it, not IBM-7090, Illiac, or Son of Illiac. The composer of the future will very likely still continue to need a muse, not a fuse.



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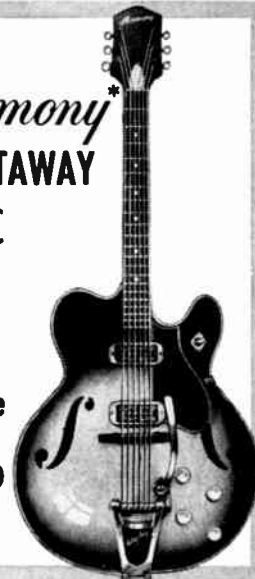


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BLINDFOLD TEST

By **LEONARD FEATHER**

For those who think young—and Woodrow Charles Herman will never cease to be numbered among them—the spirit of ageless big-band jazz has never been expressed more jubilantly than in the recent performances of the Herman band.

In voting for Herman as one of the Jazzmen of the Year in *Music '64*, I stated that 1963 was “in a sense, a comeback year for Woody as a leader of a permanent, organized big band.” But second thoughts compel me to admit that there are unjust overtones of condescension in the word comeback.

Even during the couple of years when he spent much of his time leading a small group, it was among the most successful, artistically and commercially, in the country. Never, since he began as a leader in 1937, has Herman been reduced to the kind of obscurity from which it is necessary to come back.

That he has retained a lively and provocative interest in the scene became clear when he took this, his first *Blindfold Test* in nine years (*DB*, April 20, 1955). He was given no information about the records played; he was correct in assuming that the third record involved tape tricks.

‘I remember when one band had strings, there was an introduction and an ending on an old standard, it sounded like a bunch of cows mooing.’



WOODY HERMAN

THE RECORDS

1. Stan Kenton. *Dragonwyck* (from *Adventures in Blues*, Capitol). Gene Roland, arranger.

It was good; I liked the mood it established, and the writing was effective. Probably something by Gene Roland, I believe. The only weakness, I thought, was in the rhythm section. And as for the soloists, whatever they played suited the piece very well. Everything was in very good taste; as I said, the rhythm was the only thing I would have any reservations about. Three stars.

2. Count Basie. *Moon River* (from *This Time by Basie*, Reprise). Henry Mancini, composer; Quincy Jones, arranger.

Their arrangement sounded like Early American Billy May, but I think maybe Mancini really wanted the melody to be like Bill (Basie) played it. But it's weird! After you got so used to hearing it the other way. At least this is the way the rhythm section should sound. But I've heard this band play a lot better on some other tunes.

This is a very good song, even though I don't think this is the best version of it. Three stars, because it swings.

3. Andre Hodeir. *Jazz et Jazz* (from *Jazz et Jazz*, Philips). Hodeir, composer.

I haven't heard it, but Buddy Greco, the singer, told me that Earl Muntz now puts out a cartridge stereo machine for automobiles, has, like, speakers in the doors, and a cartridge underneath the dash—boy, this would be a great one for that! Have this going while you're driving on the freeway? Beautiful!

I can't figure out who it is, but it's a very worthwhile composition. It could be a composite group that arranged it and dreamed this up. . . . It could be somebody like Enoch Light, Don Elliott, and the Nutty Squirrels. Half a star!

Maybe done by a bunch of tapes at different speeds. There's been a lot of this done in recent years, but nothing as nutty as this. Why would a guy want to do anything like this except to prove his speakers are in working order?

4. Bill Russo. *Egdon Heath* (from *Stereophony*, FM). Russo, composer, arranger, conductor.

I thought the performance was very good, and I think maybe the composition was by someone like Johnny Richards or Gunther Schuller, or even John Lewis. . . . For what I like, I don't think the composition has any real value. It's a very good performance, with probably a lot of intelligent rehearsal and thought, but actually, you know—well, for the performance, I give it three stars.

I don't think it has anything to do with jazz; I think it's kind of a plebeian classical piece.

5. Shorty Rogers. *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'* (from *Jazz Waltz*, Reprise). Rogers, flugelhorn, arranger, conductor; Bud Shank, alto saxophone; Milt Bernhardt, trombone.

I think something happens on this record that happens too often on big-band record dates, where somebody writes a good arrangement, and they have very good players, and they go in and rehearse it and play it very cleanly, and everything is in good order, and it doesn't seem to matter who the players are, when the solos make their entrance.

Both in the case of the alto and the trombone, to me there wasn't any thought about the piece itself. In other words, they had so many bars to blow, and this is it. It's like they were in another studio entirely, they had their changes in front of them, and in the earphones was just the rhythm section. Because they didn't hear what went on before them, or after them; they weren't interested.

If the arranger was one of the soloists, then it's even more inexcusable. And this, to me, is one of the worst mistakes, as far as good taste is concerned. You really don't give the writer a break at all.

However, as this is a well-put-together thing, I would think three stars.

6. Duke Ellington. *La Scala, She Too Pretty to Be Blue* (from *The Symphonic Ellington*, Reprise). Ellington, composer; La Scala Orchestra with Ellington band; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone;

Russell Procope, clarinet; Cootie Williams, trumpet.

I think that's one of the loveliest records I've heard in a long, long time. If I was in an elegant mood and wanted to listen to the blues, this would be the epitome. Just lovely; the whole mood, and naturally the soloists, and I liked the chart very much, the way it was scored, all the warmth—it's very kind music, kind to everybody. It's worth five stars.

Lawrence Brown is one of the great blues players of all times; he sets the mood very early in the record, and Paul, naturally, is a beautiful player. You know, we sneak him in with us whenever we can!

Sounded exactly like Barney Bigard used to sound, on certain things, with Duke's band; I guess it's Russell. I didn't think it was Jimmy Hamilton because I never heard him get that old thing going, that old chestnut sound!

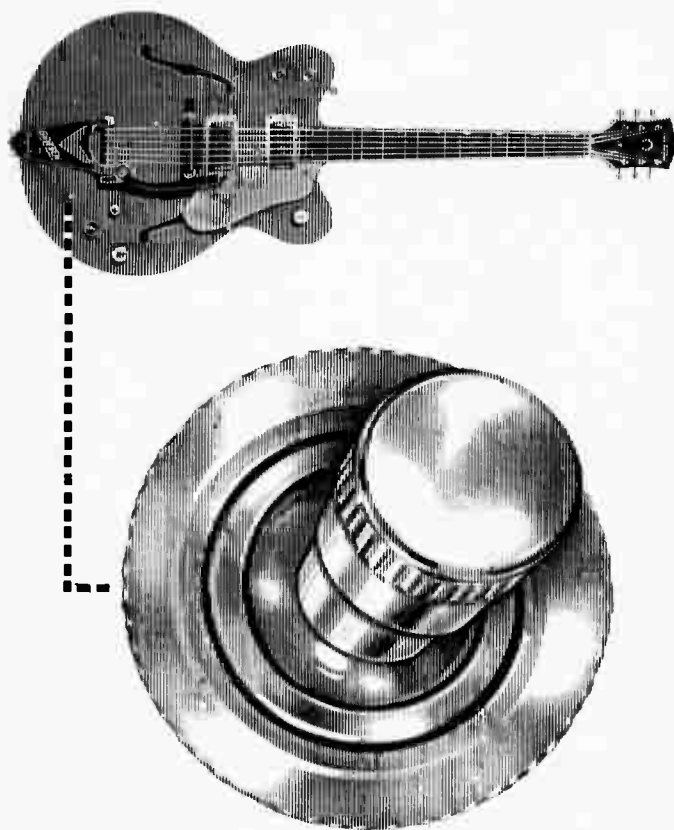
The trumpet on that I don't know. I just couldn't place him.

But it sure is a lovely record. I couldn't tell how many horns, outside of the soloists, and in the beginning I thought I heard woodwinds, and then I didn't hear them again. But I liked the idea very much. If any of us had the opportunity to do things like this on occasion, it would be good for us.

In the past, things like this mostly got out of hand. Either there were jazz writers who didn't know how to write for strings, or woodwinds, and it sounded weird. I remember one band—it doesn't matter who—when this particular band had strings, there was an introduction and an ending on an old standard, it sounded like a bunch of cows mooing. Because the guy had all the strings, like, down in the wrong register.

Guys like Artie Shaw, now, and particularly when he used charts by Lennie Hayton, knew what they were doing; they were correct, and they were lovely. But this, this is even nicer, because it's jazz. This isn't the elegant arrangement of *Star-dust*—this is jazz. The blues.





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REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

John Lee Hooker-Bobby King Copa Cabana, Chicago

Personnel: Bobby King Quintet—Bobby Gholston, trumpet; Clarence Draper, tenor saxophone; Billy Jones, bass; Keedo, drums; King, guitar, vocal. Hooker, guitar, vocal; Jones; Keedo.

Since his defection to the more lucrative field of "folk blues," singer-guitarist John Lee Hooker only rarely appears in the Negro dance halls, clubs, and taverns in which his career had its start some 16 years ago. In private conversation he has said such engagements are few and far between; they simply don't pay enough. Hooker prefers the concert-hall atmosphere, better working conditions, and better pay of the folk-music coffee house.

Thus, the opportunity to hear Hooker perform at the Copa Cabana, a large second-floor dance-hall-tavern on Chicago's west side, proved irresistible. (In town for recording, Hooker took the engagement simply to fill an empty weekend.)

Sharing the bill with the Mississippi-born blues singer was Bobby King, a young singer-guitarist who offered slavish imitations of B.B. King and Ray Charles. Backed by a driving, small group that boasted two fine horn men, King shouted his way with fervid abandon through such pieces as *Every Day* and *Three O'Clock Blues*—on both of which he affected the high, strained, full-throated vocal style and the flashy multinoted guitar approach of B.B. King—and such Charles' staples as *What'd I Say?* (replete with guitar imitation of the piano passage on Charles' record), *I Believe*, and others.

If King could escape the influence of these two men and find his own voice, he could develop into an impressive performer of the latter-day blues, for he possesses both feeling and technical facility, certainly the last-named in abundance.

Easily overshadowing the singer, however, was tenorist Draper, an exponent of forceful, driving, blues-rich tenor of the Gene Ammons persuasion, with more than a touch of John Coltrane's influence evident in the use of a hard tone, occasional "cry" effects, and odd intervals.

In his strong, swinging blend of r&b and Coltrane, Draper reminded one of Yusef Lateef. He and Gholston, a good bop-influenced trumpeter, had plenty of room to stretch out in the pair of instrumentals that introduced each of King's sets. Draper, moreover, was usually given blowing room on each of the singer's numbers.

Quite in contrast to the relative sophistication and polished sheen of King's playing and singing was the direct, crude, stinging power of Hooker.

Born in Clarksdale, Miss., Hooker is today's link with the acid, impassioned music of the Mississippi delta. He is, in fact, one of the most powerful of today's

blues men, capable of generating almost unbelievable intensity with the most economical means. Over throbbing bass lines, Hooker's dramatic vocals (more spoken than sung, as though he were talking to himself) set up a hypnotic, emotional undertow that swept up the listener. The pulsation was unrelenting, with nothing subtle or oblique about it. The disconsolate, brooding mood of the songs (even the up-tempo ones) was all-encompassing. One had to respond to Hooker's force and brutal directness.

Hooker performed such pieces as *Send Me Your Pillow, Babe*; *Serve Me Right to Suffer*; *Boogie Chillun*; *Drifting from Door to Door*; and *Lowdown Dog, Dirty Groundhog*, among others.

In keeping with the functional nature of the music, provided as it was for the dancers who swarmed the floor, Hooker was unable to perform any of the more introspective narrative pieces he does so well. He also stretched out more, playing any number of simple though strongly communicative guitar solos that were laden with the essence of the blues and that reminded one of just how empty were all of King's flashy guitar pyrotechnics.

—Pete Welding

Sleepy John Estes' Tennessee Jug Busters

First Floor Club, Toronto, Ontario

Personnel: Estes, guitar, vocals; Yank Rachell, mandolin, guitar, vocals; Hammie Nixon, harmonica, vocals.

The rediscovery of Sleepy John Estes represented a high-water mark in the resurgence of the blues. Estes, an important and influential singer and writer of the blues in the 1930s, had disappeared with the economic and social changes of the war years.

The importance of the rediscovery was confirmed with the excellence of his Delmark album *The Legend of Sleepy John Estes*. Estes' singing was as moving and dramatic as ever before, and his talent as a writer of original blues was as strong as ever.

His appearance at the First Floor Club (normally a mecca for modern jazz—such artists as Lennie Tristano and Art Blakey have appeared there) was of special interest to lovers of the blues. And they were not disappointed. If anything, Estes was a more dramatic and moving singer in person. Certainly it enabled one to gain a much deeper insight into the workings of the country blues singer.

Hammie Nixon, Sleepy John Estes, Yank Rachell: "a rare and remarkable experience."



The intimate atmosphere of the club proved an ideal setting, and the singers soon relaxed and seemingly forgot that they were entertaining. By midway through the evening any pretense at show had been dropped, and they were enjoying themselves as much as the audience was.

Estes' voice can be soft and muffled, as he settles back into a song, only to cut through the amplification system with great strength as he reaches the crux of the material.

The pace of the song is motivated by the powerful rhythmic playing of the three instrumentalists. Even on a slow blues the tempo will, invariably, be picked up after the first or second chorus, although the mood will retain the original feeling. The almost tortured quality of Estes' voice is original, and he heightens the dramatic impact of his blues by often cutting off the end of syllables of words and half swallowing whole phrases. This can lessen the listener's understanding of the lyrics at a first hearing, but it heightens the emotional impact of his music.

The repertoire was almost exclusively originals by Estes. *Corrine Corrina*, *St. Louis Blues*, and a riotous instrumental version of *Bugle Blues* were the exceptions. The last tune, utilizing breaks, was treated in a manner similar to that of an early jazz band and showed the mutual backgrounds of Negro jug bands and the white country bands that were the forerunners of the bluegrass music of today. The use of the jug, in this number, illustrated in no uncertain fashion the variation in sound possible in the hands of a skilled practitioner.

Instrumentally, Rachell and Nixon overshadowed Estes with their virtuosity, although the latter's strongly chorded rhythm work gave a solid background.

However, the combination of the three was a rare and remarkable experience. On such numbers as *Drop Down*, *Mama* and *Stop That Thing*, the momentum continued to build up as further instrumental choruses were inserted between the vocal choruses. Rachell's mandolin work had a unique and distinctive sound, and Nixon's harmonica, with its pinched, almost whining tone, complemented Estes' singing perfectly.

The three men have worked together, on and off, for many years, and their rapport and feeling is excellent. This was a rare opportunity to hear a genuine Tennessee country band. Estes is a great country blues singer, and Rachell and Nixon are both extraordinary blues instrumentalists, who can sing better-than-average blues. As a team they are unbeatable.—John Norris

FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Barry Farrell's *Time* cover story on Thelonious Monk was one of the best pieces of writing about a jazz personality ever printed in that publication. It was, as far as one could tell, an accurate, well-rounded portrait in depth of a complex personality. It was as far from square as *Time* is ever likely to get.

The only question that remains unanswered is: should it have been published?

I have discussed this with many friends in recent weeks, and the predominant feeling is that whether publication was justifiable or not, in the final analysis the effect of the story can only be damaging to jazz in general. It is debatable, at best, whether its value will be positive for the subject himself, though for a while it will no doubt be the indirect source of a few extra bookings and higher prices for Monk.

What one has to consider in assessing a piece of this type is not only its intrinsic worth as journalism but also its place in the context of U.S. society.

To get down to the nitty gritty, you have to imagine yourself a typical householder or housewife in South Bend or Tucson or Baltimore, an average square—Negro or white—who reads *Time* as if it were a complete reflection of the contemporary social scene.

To such a reader, who may have a son contemplating a career in music, the picture painted by this story can have only one effect on the image of jazz, which, God knows, has taken enough beatings over the last 50 years. For white readers with little knowledge of the racial components that shaped the background of the story, the damage can be twofold; here we are dealing with an image that has suffered not decades but centuries of damage.

There are the references to heroin and marijuana; there is the sentence: "Every day is a brand-new pharmaceutical event for Monk: alcohol, Dextro-drine, sleeping potions, whatever is at hand, charge through his bloodstream in baffling combinations," a statement capable of so many interpretations that it is chilling to think how millions of *Time* curiosity-hunters will construe it.

A main motif of the piece, in fact, is the familiar refrain that "musicians are characters."

Looking at the cover portrait and studying the photos scattered through the five-page story, it would not be difficult to infer that, after all these years,

we are turning back the clock and arriving at another funny-hat era. The days when the funny hat symbolized commercialization in music seemed at last to have left us; now Monk, with his variety of funny hats (not to mention the dance routine and other eccentricities elaborately detailed throughout the story), may be bringing them back.

"Aside from his hat," writes Farrell, "and the incessant shuffle of his feet, he looks like a perfectly normal neurotic." Not too long ago such verbs as shuffle and grin were part of the Southern white's primitive concept of the Negro. Are we to return to that also?

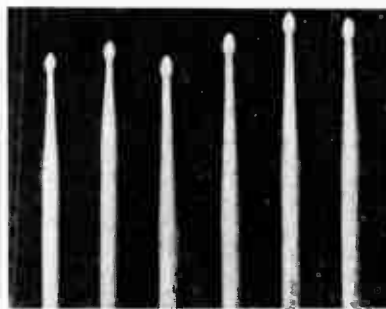
One wonders what were the forces motivating the battalions of *Time* editors at whose conferences presumably the decision was reached that here was the logical and desirable subject for a cover story about jazz. It should be borne in mind that *Time* never carried a cover story on Art Tatum, nor one on Erroll Garner, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Jack Teagarden, Oscar Peterson, or many others whose contribution at one time or another may have been, in the opinion of some students, quite considerable. But then, none of these performers has ever enjoyed what is presumably *Time's* idea of a rich, full, adventurous, newsworthy life. Tatum and Teagarden never wore funny hats; Garner, Basie, and Peterson do not get up and dance in the middle of their performances; Gillespie does not arrive every day at a brand-new pharmaceutical discovery.

The argument in defense of the story, of course, is that Monk is a man of great talent and influence and that it is good to see him finally accorded the exposure he deserves.

I happen to agree with Farrell, who made a point in last issue's *Chords and Discords* that it was not fair to discount the story in advance; yet in retrospect, examining it from every possible standpoint, but most of all pragmatically in terms of its meaning for the Negro and the jazz musician, I'm afraid Farrell's integrity and honest intentions will be broadly misconstrued. (Incidentally, even LeRoi Jones' piece in these pages, though essentially music-oriented, made numerous references to Monk's drinking, the shuffle dance, etc.)

It might have been better to let Monk continue to make his musical contribution without this blinding spotlight on him. In crucially sensitive times like these, there are extramusical factors to be taken into consideration—factors that could have been weighed more seriously before a jazzman was explained away to millions of Luce-minded readers as a lovable, dignified, jive-talking, honest, odd-hatted, unselfish weirdo.

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SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

Loew's Nose, Eddie Condon called it. He had phoned me, "Do you wanna do a week—a fast week—at Loew's Nose?" he asked. Loew's State Theater on Broadway in New York City. Did I want to do a week? Me? Like the song *I've Got Plenty of Nothing*, which was how it was at our place.

Joe Marsala had a week's work at the theater; rehearsal was at 2:00 p.m. in Nola's Studio. He was using a big band, six saxes, five brass, rhythm, harp (played by Adele, Joe's wife). Then there were the acts. So that's what it was all about. Big band onstage, presentation; you did your bit, but you also played for other features. You did four shows a day and an extra one on Saturdays. Total, 29 appearances.

I walked in to the usual noises one hears at rehearsals—saxes over here, brass there, reeds being adjusted, guys tuning up. Noisy.

I'd been wondering why Eddie had called me; there were piano men he'd been using right along: Joe Sullivan, Jess Stacy, Joe Bushkin. I stopped wondering when I found out more about the gig and my part in it. That show had to be rehearsed; there wasn't any music for much that had to be done. It called for a piano man who'd been playing in night clubs, where performers would do "bits" . . . the business of listening to the act and keeping your eyes open—"When I go like this, you go into *Dinah*, soft, until. . ."

I spent three days rehearsing the show. The dancing act had music; the band did an opening and a closing number, plus about three features. There was a comic who did a single, and if I remember correctly, that was Danny Thomas.

There goes the first warning signal. "Okay, onstage everybody." Somebody notices that Condon isn't here. But just before starting time, here he comes—Eddie didn't miss an opening. Did his nightly bit at Nick's, awoke in time to finish dressing in a cab but got to the theater. Of course, there was no time to make up. I never got around to it either; so there we were, the pale faces.

Somehow we stagger through that first show; you wonder where the daytime audience comes from. We do a band "production" number followed by the first act. Then a band feature (clarinet and a lot of tom-tom work). More acts.

Then we had a black magic number that never quite happened. (I remember at rehearsals Joe would say, "All right,

fellows, let's get it this time; let's whip it into shape.") That number was about seven sheets long.

I wonder what Eddie did; he didn't have any music. He must have been planning our intermissions, because, believe me, they were planned. After the first show, to the milk bar. Condon believed in vitamin fortification. After the second and third shows, visitors, and off we'd go. We never stuck around the theater, and it seemed we always got back too early, like in time to hear the saxes rehearsing. They never gave up. You had to give them E for effort, especially that one tenor man. . . .

The band had a number, a feature that we did, and right at the end of the first chorus, exactly at the beginning of the 31st bar, we'd break off, clean break, and leave the two bars open for this sax man to fill. It was the kind of thing Coleman Hawkins was once noted for. Well, it got so we'd lay for that break, wondering. We never knew what would happen; we'd hope, but he never made it—29 shows and he never once made it. Either he'd get there a beat too soon or too late. And after the show, we'd hear him running that break up and down. But onstage, never happen. Marsala felt sorry for him when the gig ended and offered the kid a job as band boy; he grabbed it.

That was the week Condon won the cup, the *Down Beat* award for being top man on guitar.

It was decided this called for a presentation during an evening show. A *Down Beat* editor would make a speech. The band sat on a pretty high platform, and the presentation took place front and center. Joe and the editor were up there by the mike, and finally Eddie's name was pronounced. But Condon must have felt insecure up there on that high stand; he made no attempt to get off, just stood up, put his guitar on his shoulder as if it were a fiddle, borrowed the bow from the bass man, and bowed and bowed. To me it was funny, but Marsala felt that we were keeping him from making good. One lady was overheard to say on leaving the theater, "Hmm, the top guitar player, and he never played a note."

A fast week at Loew's Nose. You know what was fast? Our exits and the speed with which I parted with my pay. I felt like I hadn't played all week. But after that experience, I managed to stay out of big bands. Not that I got many offers; in fact, you can omit the "m."

But the memory lingers on. Occasionally I wonder what became of that tenor man. Next time I see Marsala I'll ask him. Say, if you should happen to hear a sax player practicing a two-bar break . . . aw, forget it.



INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

Thoughts on the new jazz:

We are living in musically active times. New York in the 1960s is similar to other musical centers in history: Mozart's Vienna, Chopin's Paris.

The encouraging fact is that virtually all the advanced classical composers are in contact directly or obliquely with one another and all the avant-garde improvisers are sensitive to the whereabouts of their peers. The good ones know who the good ones are, and the ultimate password is excellence. And the hippest musical intellectuals totally accept the value of the new jazz so *that* battle need not be fought.

It is not surprising, either, that jazz has lost the bulk of its audience. When it finds a new self, it will find a new audience, a more enlightened one. This day is not far off, because the upshot of greater musical activity is a quickened pace of musical evolution.

The ensemble playing of the "new thing" groups is deliberately rough. At first it was difficult for me to tell the difference between this intentional coarseness and sloppy musicianship. There is a difference, though, and repeated listening reveals it. The rough edges are a reflection of the new freedom, as if to say, "even in the unisons my individual response must be clear."

Remember the first attempts to play the new bebop lines in unison? Rough. But as the language was assimilated everyone began to speak it with the same accent. This will probably happen with today's advanced jazz, and with no resulting loss of freedom. This seems a paradox, but the freedom will well from other sources, I believe.

Listeners should become critically aware of finger-wiggling. Fingers alone do not good jazz make. The difficulty is that, in this early stage, finger-wiggling is often the low trough in a high wave of musical searching. The searching has validity of itself. There are recorded solos (for example, by Bill Dixon, Ornette Coleman, and especially by Don Cherry) that consist of one finger-flourish after another until they suddenly erupt into long arches of musical brilliance.

It can be advantageous at this node in jazz' evolution for the listener to be familiar with the fingerings of the horn he is listening to. This sharpens the critical sense, helps clarify when the

player is rising above the obvious mechanical possibilities. This familiarity is not necessary though; a sensitive intuition will yield the same result.

My suspicion is that modal jazz (e.g., Miles Davis' *So What?* and similar pieces that alternate modal chords) is a dead end. It's a good technique for deriving a simple ground over which long, free phrases can be played. But the gain in freedom on one hand is a veritable strait-jacket on the other. Alternating modal harmony begins by being hypnotic but ends by being boring.

There are unexplored areas, however. Classical music suggests an atonal variant. Of the 12 possible tones, six can be used to comprise a first scale, the remaining six to comprise a second one. For example:



The two scales can be used in simple alternation much in the same way modal scales are alternated. There are other possibilities. The above example is from *Op. 33b* by Arnold Schoenberg, wherein the scales are fitted against one another, the first over the second, then the second over the first, then the first over the second, etc. This seems to have fruitful implications for jazz. The result is consistently atonal, yet there is a residual modality.

It is no accident that there is a dearth of avant-garde pianists. (Two notable exceptions: Cecil Taylor and Paul Bley.) The instrument presents difficulties that horn men do not have.

It is natural to play two or more notes at once on the piano, and this immediately implies harmony. "Harmony" in its broadest sense means simply the sounds that result when tones combine.

In classical music, atonal harmony is about 50 years old and consequently is rich and fully developed in some areas. Many techniques are used to evolve consistency of harmonic thought; most are elaborately prefigured, and many are severely mathematical. This will never do for jazz. The scarcity of pianists reflects the difficulty.

How can consistent atonal harmony be derived spontaneously? My guess is that our ability to intuit the answers musically will evolve first. Techniques will follow in the wake of this and reinforce the intuitive growth.

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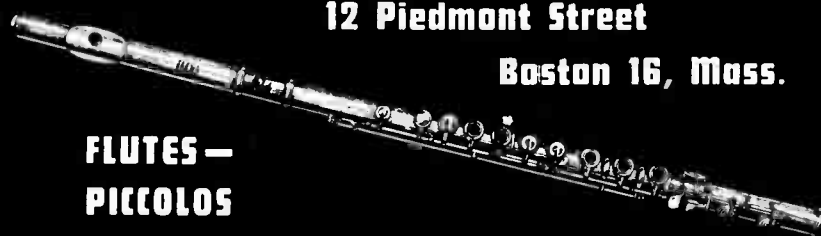
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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKERCHEN, C.S.C.

The stage-band program, under the direction of Otto Werner, at Colorado State University, located at Fort Collins, has increased in size and quality this year. Indications are that the two existing lab bands will be supplemented next year with a third.

The top group, the Statesmen, is being pushed by the lead alto and solo work of Clint Wood, as well as Rick Ellis on tenor, Keith Gorsuch on trombone, and Paul Niel on drums.

Gordon Purslow, in addition to playing lead trumpet with the Statesmen, serves as director of the second band, the Collegians, which is to play the music for the all-school show this spring.

The Statesmen, besides playing the major campus dances and backing special shows at the school, is planning a jazz concert with a guest artist yet to be selected.

One of the worthwhile functions of the group is the open rehearsals to which local high-school stage bands are invited. The high-school bands play, and their members sit in with the college band. One of the best bands brought in to date has been that of Jon Wiegerdt from Englewood High School.

The Olympic College (Bremerton, Wash.) 20-piece Jazz Workshop continues to exert a strong influence on the Pacific Northwest jazz scene. Director Ralph Mutchler cites the current group as being the best and most spirited he has had to date. The Workshop band recently performed an exchange concert with the Husky Stage Band of the University of Washington.

Outstanding members of the Olympic band include Lanny Jacobs, trumpet; Brehon McFarland, trombone; Danny Ward, tenor saxophone; and Jim Day, guitar. Student arranger Pat Thompson is very promising.

The college is sponsoring its fifth annual stage-band festival on May 9 and is faced with the problem of having too many bands to handle. Clinicians will include, besides Mutchler, Stan Kenton, Matt Bettin, Bob Panerio of Central Washington State College, and Dr. Leroy Ostransky. Highlight of the event is to be a premiere of a new work for jazz orchestra by Serge DeGastyne.

Olympic College—still a relatively small junior college—is seriously considering adding a vocational music course to its curriculum.



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AD LIB *from page 10*

gave a last-minute booking to **Irving Granz** for a **Duke Ellington** concert on Easter Sunday, one day before **Thelonious Monk** was set to appear, moved the Monk concert from March 30 to June 6 . . . Pianist **Erroll Garner** has signed a term booking agreement with General Artists Corp. His manager, **Martha Glaser**, said that under the new pact, Garner will be represented more widely in fields other than the concert area. Speculation has it that the pianist will be playing more night-club engagements than he did when under the aegis of **S. Hurok**. GAC also will give special attention to the film and theater fields.

In early March the Rev. **John Gensel**, pastor of the Advent Lutheran Church, presented **An Adventure in Vespers**, described as "a unique presentation of a contemporary composer's music which has inspired Scripture readings reflecting the totality of man's experience." Rather than the music being tailored to fit the readings, this was a case of the Rev. Mr. Gensel selecting the passages he was to read after hearing the compositions of **Randy Weston**. Pianist Weston and his group were at the church to play the program. The members included **Booker Ervin**, tenor saxophone; **Bill Wood**, bass; **Lenny McBrowne**, drums; **Big Black**, congo drums; and **Ruth Brisbane**, vocals.

Pianist **Bill Evans** has been vacationing at his parents' Florida home. It is reported that Evans has gained 25 pounds . . . A Leap Year concert and dance was held at the St. Albans Plaza in Jamaica, N.Y., last month. Emceed by **WLIB's Mercer Ellington**, it spotlighted saxophonists **Ben Webster**, **Al Cohn**, and **Zoot Sims**; trumpeter-violinist **Ray Nance**; pianist **Jimmy Jones**; bassists **Milt Hinton** and **Wendell Marshall**; drummer **Charlie Persip**; and singer **Johnny Hartman**.

The **Count Basie Orchestra** played a Sunday afternoon and evening engagement at the Village Vanguard to usher in March. Basie was followed by the **Miles Davis Quintet**, which did a two-week stand. Opposite Davis was the trio of pianist **Bob Dorough** . . . **Quincy Jones** has been signed to compose an original score for the film *The Pawnbroker*, starring **Rod Steiger** and **Geraldine Fitzgerald** . . . **Mel Powell**, former pianist with **Benny Goodman**, has returned from Caracas, Venezuela, where he participated on behalf of the State Department's cultural exchange program in a music seminar sponsored by the Venezuelan government's director of culture. Powell, who studied with composer **Paul Hindemith** at Yale University, now teaches composition at Yale

and is director of the university's electronic-music studio . . . Composer **Bill Russo**, who went to Rome in 1961 and who has been living in London since June, 1962, has bought a home in Riverdale, N.Y., and plans to return to the United States in June.

Trumpeter **Kenny Dorham**, who has been playing in Europe for several months, was in New York for a March visit before returning to the Continent. He said he expects to spend at least four more months working there. A stint at **Ronnie Scott's** in London is a distinct possibility . . . Trombonist **Benny Powell's** quartet has replaced the

Benny Golson-Don Michaels combo as the Sunday evening group at the Most. With Powell are **Pat Rebillot**, piano; **Dave Sibley**, bass; and **Al Dreads**, drums . . . Trumpeter **Don Cherry** and drummer **Billy Higgins** recently worked at the Take Three on Bleeker St.

Jay Cameron's Worldbeaters, a new group formed by the baritone saxophonist who formerly worked with **Maynard Ferguson**, **Slide Hampton**, and **Paul Winter**, played a Sunday afternoon session at Birdland for disc jockey **Allan Grant**. The quartet is completed by **Dusko Gojkovic**, fluegelhorn; **Teddy Smith**, bass; and **Wilbert Hogan**, drums.

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Also on the program were **Frankie Dunlop** and **Maletta**, doing impressions and pantomime, and a young group led by pianist **Jonny Boden**.

RECORD NOTES: RCA Victor has announced a Vintage series under the guidance of **Brad McCuen**. The first jazz to be reissued will be *Body and Soul*, a "jazz autobiography" of tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins**, encompassing his career from his **Fletcher Henderson** days of 1927 to his playing at the 1963 Newport Jazz Festival . . . The catalog of Commodore records, reported to be purchased by Time records, was actually bought by Mainstream records but will be distributed by Time.

Capitol has put together a memorial album of selections by the late **Jack Teagarden**, taken from various sessions cut in Chicago and Hollywood for the label in the mid- and late 1950s. The label also will continue to record and release a series of albums under the name of the late **Glen Gray**. Dubbed *Sounds of the Great Bands*, the series was begun by Gray in 1956. Long-time Gray arranger **Larry Wagner** continues to write the material for the recordings. The recording agreement was reached with the estate of the late bandleader.

EUROPE

The most important jazz event in Holland recently was the opening of a permanent jazz cave by the Rotterdam Jazz Club. An English combo consisting of **Tony Roberts**, tenor saxophone; **Ray Warleigh**, alto saxophone; **Chris Pyne**, trombone; **Pete Lemer**, piano; **Ron Matthewson**, bass; and **John Cox**, drums, was the opening attraction.

Tenorist **Johnny Griffin**, in Holland for a short tour, made radio broadcasts with **Boy's Big Band**, directed by **Boy Edgar**. With him for a television show were trumpeter **Donald Byrd**, pianist **Kenny Drew**, bassist **Ruud Jacobs**, and drummer **Han Bennink** . . . Singer **Mark Murphy** intends to make a short tour of various Dutch jazz clubs this spring.

Bassist **Charlie Mingus**, organist **Jimmy Smith**, and pianist **Oscar Peterson** are to tour Holland soon . . . Part of a recent concert by **Max Roach** and **Abbey Lincoln** was shown on Dutch television.

The **Thelonious Monk Quartet** gave a splendid performance during its latest concert in the Amsterdam Concert Hall. Late in February the group gave two successful concerts at the Theater of Art in Milan, Italy. With Monk were tenorist **Charlie Rouse**, bassist **Butch Warren**, and drummer **Ben Riley**.

The trio of 14-year-old pianist **Jan Hammer** will perform with **Karel**

Vlach's big band in Dresden and East Berlin. **Hammer** composed *Requiem for Vladimir Horcik*, dedicated to the memory of the Czech pianist who died last year.

BUFFALO

The Jazz City Lounge at the Town Casino stopped breathing in early February, ending a two-month stint of name attractions in the huge Main St. club. No explanation for the demise of jazz was given, but Town Casino management immediately began a "Beatles Look Alike Contest" and started weekend Twist sessions for teenagers. The club is also being remodeled. The Town Casino has flirted with jazz in the past, from the traditional variety to its latest run of middle-of-the-road attractions such as **Count Basie**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Miles Davis**.

Recent visitors to the Royal Arms included a quartet led by vibist **Mike Mainieri** and the **Sonny Rollins Quartet**. The latter featured **Grant Green** on guitar. **June Christy** was in for a week-long engagement in early March.

NEW ORLEANS

The New Orleans Jazz Club has elected a woman president. **Helen Arit**, long-time secretary of the club and a member for 15 of its 16 years, succeeded **Harry Souchon**. The club recently started a third season of Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon concerts. The latest series was begun by a parade featuring **George Williams'** brass band and a battle of bands between the **Eureka Brass Band** and **Jim Robinson's** band at the Royal Orleans. The **Last Straws** followed with a Cancer Fund benefit concert, and upcoming programs will include **Sharkey Bonano**, **Sweet Emma Barrett**, **Billie and Dede Pierce**, **Blanche Thomas**, **Paul Barbarin**, and **Edmund (Doc) Souchon's** unique **Six and 7/8 String Band**.

Pete Fountain's Half-Fast Marching Society paraded again this Mardi Gras. Among the second liners were **Lawrence Welk Jr.**, **Cliff Arquette**, and arranger-conductor **Bud Dant**. Also enlivening the holiday was **Sweet Emma Barrett's** band, playing in the tunnel of the Royal Orleans. Emma recently appeared at a symposium at the Ringling Museum of Art in Sarasota, Fla., accompanied by Jazz Museum director **Clay Watson** . . . The steamer *President* has been sporadically using little-heard Dixie figures—most notably trumpeters **Dutch Andrus** and **Stu Bergen** . . . The recent **David Brinkley** television special about the Mississippi River included soundtracks by clarinetist **George Lewis** and guitarist **Charlie Byrd**.

Willie Humphrey, clarinetist in vari-

ous jazz and marching bands, died last month . . . Trombonist **Clem Tervalon** is now leading the traditional group at the Paddock Bar.

CINCINNATI

The newest and largest jazz club in the city, the Penthouse, opened its doors in late February and initiated a name policy the following month with the local debut of songsters **Jackie & Roy**. SRO prevailed the first two weekends, and the club was jammed with celebrities, including **Peter Nero**, **Dick Gregory**, the **Smothers Brothers**, **Cozy Cole**, **Eddie Harris**, and basketball players from the Cincinnati Royals and Boston Celtics. Drummer **Dee Felice's** trio, with bassist **Lee Tucker** and pianist **Frank Vincent**, took charge as permanent house group. Vocalist **Bill Henderson** and comic **Jack Clements** followed Jackie & Roy with a two-week stint.

More than 800 persons turned out to hear a fusion of jazz and religious music at Christ Church recently. *Music for the Liturgy, 1961*, composed by the Rev. **Canon (Stan) Carmichael**, was performed by the **Dave Mathews Quintet** and the church's choir under the auspices of the Diocese of Southern Ohio . . . **Sonny Stitt** and **Benny Green**, backed by **Curt Peagler**, **Jimmy Jamaal**, and **John Green**, grooved listeners at the Cabana Lounge for four delightful weeks . . . New Orleans clarinetist **George Lewis** made one of his infrequent local visits during a one-nighter at Castle Farm, which soon will be turned into a synagogue.

The Living Room found a winning formula in repeat bookings of vocalists **Amanda Ambrose** and **Irene Reid** and **Cozy Cole's** quintet. Pianist **Lee Stolar** fronts the new house group there, supported capably by **John Parker**, bass, and **Jim Seward**, drums . . . Mahogany Hall has added traditional jazz to its weekend sessions. Clarinetist **Frank Powers** now leads a Dixie group on Friday evenings . . . The first jazz concert of the year was a huge success. Drawing nearly 3,000 persons to the Music Hall was a lineup that featured **Cannonball Adderley**, **Nancy Wilson**, and the **Hank Marr-Rusty Bryant Quartet**. Another concert spotlighted **Dick Gregory**, **Eddie Harris**, and **Warren Stephens** at Music Hall, but it drew a sparse crowd.

CHICAGO

Louis Armstrong canceled his March McCormick Place appearance because of illness. The reports in Chicago papers that he had a heart attack were untrue (see NEWS). Comedian **Dick Gregory** subbed for the trumpeter on the bill that also included Chicago singer **Lur-**

lean Hunter.

Marshall Stearns, author of *The Story of Jazz* and an expert on tap dancing, presented a program illustrating various dance styles at the Arts Club. **Honi Coles** and **Charles Atkins** were the dancers. The **Fred Wacker Trio** provided musical backing . . . **Louis Bellson** gave a well-attended drum clinic at Frank's Drum Shop during his stay at the Celebrity Lounge.

Ray Charles will give concerts at McCormick Place on April 17 and 18. The concerts given by the singer last year at McCormick were SRO . . . There's a possibility that the **Kenny Ball Band**

from England will play an engagement at Bourbon Street late this year . . . The **John Wright Trio** has been working at the Pink Poodle, located in the Jackson Park Hotel.

Trombonist **Georg Brunis** has joined the **Smokey Stover Band** in Rock Island, Ill. . . . When banjoist **Eddy Davis** opened at Bourbon Street for what is supposed to be a year's run, he had **Jack Brown**, trumpet; **Bill Johnson**, trombone; **Kim (Don't Call Me Jim) Cusak**, clarinet; **Gen Rasbury**, piano; **Mike Walbridge**, tuba; and **Perry Coleman**, drums . . . **Duke Ellington** is scheduled for an April 10 Civic Opera House concert.



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MILWAUKEE

The American Jazz Ensemble, featuring **Bill Smith**, clarinet; **Johnny Eaton**, piano; **Erich Peter**, bass; and **Jimmy Pratt**, drums, played an afternoon concert recently at the Pabst Theater . . . Ragtime pianist **Max Morath** played at a turn-of-the-century exhibit at the Midwest Spring Fair this month . . . Trumpeter **Al Hirt** will play a concert April 10 at Wauwatosa East High School. The event is titled the Wauwatosa Women's Club Jazz Concert.

LOS ANGELES

Is 1964 a good year so far for jazz? Not in L.A. clubs. Since the beginning of the year, no fewer than five jazz rooms have shuttered.

The latest to fold was the Purple Onion in Hollywood. Other clubs gone under since the turn of the year are Basin Street West, the Hideaway, Mr. Konton's, and Ben-Hur. This leaves Shelly's Manne-Hole, the It Club, the Scene on the Sunset Strip, the Intermission, Mr. Adams, Marty's, and the perennial Lighthouse Cafe 'way out in Hermosa Beach. (Sign posted on Purple Onion marquee post-closing: "Now Appearing—**Larry Durrán** and **Sid Bernstein**." The management.)

One room that appears to be thriving out in the reaches of the San Fernando Valley is the Hootenanny, with its folk and jazz policy. Singer **Joe Williams** played a successful two-weeker there recently, and coming attractions include **Leon Bibb**, April 9-22; **Bud and Travis**,

May 19-June 7; and **Cannonball Adderley** due in Aug. 18 to 30 . . . **Kirk Stuart's** trio joined the **Frank Ortega** Trio as resident group at the posh, new International Hotel at International Airport. Stuart, formerly accompanist to **Sarah Vaughan** and other top vocalists, sings well himself . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Roy Eldridge** made it official: she signed the trumpeter and his quartet as her accompanying group for the next year starting with a two-month European tour.

Curtis Amy re-formed his group, with trumpeter **Dupree Bolton** back on the scene. In addition to Amy's reeds and Bolton, the rest of the personnel consists of trombonist **Lester Robertson**, pianist **Stan Cowill**, bassist **Stan Gilbert**, and drummer **Mel Lee**.


SAN FRANCISCO

Eddie Condon and confreres, who included tenorist **Bud Freeman**, trumpeter **Buck Clayton**, clarinetist **Pee Wee Russell**, trombonist **Vic Dickenson**, pianist **Dick Cary**, bassist **Jack Lesberg**, and drummer **Cliff Leeman**, did turn-away business each of the two nights they played at **Turk Murphy's** club, **Earthquake McGoon's**. The Condon gang is slated for a return engagement following a tour of Japan and Australia.

Also scheduled to head that way shortly are **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, the drummer said during his engagement at the Jazz Workshop. Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** is back in the band, looking and sounding more mature than

during his previous stay. The Messengers' stay here also revealed that **Sabu Martinez**, the conga drummer who played with **Dizzy Gillespie's** big band and recorded in 1953 with Blakey, now is living here. Sabu, who moved here last August and has been quietly gigging with various local groups, contacted Blakey and was hired for the band's engagement at the Workshop.

The **Vince Guaraldi Trio** (**Fred Marshall**, bass; **Jerry Granelli**, drums) and guitarist **Bola Sete** made their first joint appearance in a night club at the **Trois Couleurs** in Berkeley. The trio had worked there several weekends previously. The 122-seat, wine-beer-soft-drink room couldn't hold the would-be listeners . . . Pianist-singer **Shirley Horn** did a recent gig at Sugar Hill with her trio. The club also has launched Sunday programing, with pianist **Flip Nunes'** trio as a foundation. Tenorist **Teddy Edwards** was the first guest . . . **Mel Torme** unveiled a new weapon when he began a 10-day stay at Sugar Hill—a tenor ukulele. He said he first played the instrument in Chicago vaudeville when he was 6.

The local educational television station, KQED, has released a three-part series titled *Anatomy of a Hit*, which deals with the **Vince Guaraldi** tune *Cast Your Fate to the Wind*. **Richard Moore** directed the show. He and columnist **Ralph Gleason**, who narrates the series, are co-producers. The series, scheduled for national distribution, points up the unpredictability of the pop-music business. 



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