

JANUARY 28, 1965 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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Jazz Trombone--Five Views

Musician-critic Don Heckman
analyzes solos by outstanding
jazz trombone players

Looking At Sweets: Harry Edison In Focus


By BARBARA GARDNER

Flexible Grachan Moncur

The young trombonist speaks
his mind to George Bright

Red Allen—Avant Gardist

So says trumpeter Don Ellis



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education in jazz

—by Dave Brubeck

Nothing short of amazing is the way the Berklee School of Music equips its students to achieve success and security in the competitive music field. Even the short space between recent visits to Berklee, I've seen startling improvements in individual students . . . natural talent harnessed into vital creative musicianship. Every effort is made to

make the most of their inborn gifts.



On one occasion. I gave Berklee students some of my material; their sight reading and interpretation of it was equal to that of any professional musicians I have seen. Especially

gratifying to me is that with all the freshness and spontaneity of their improvising, their understanding of melodic and harmonic principles is consistently in evidence.

Another important thing—the personalized faculty-student relationship is completely unique, endlessly rewarding. It's great to see students free of the usual formality of classrooms, exchanging ideas freely with their teachers. That's very exciting.

Berklee graduates that I've met have the common three vital qualities: mastery of the techniques of jazz . . . complete command of their instrument . . . the ability to create and thereby contribute to the future of jazz.

No wonder Berklee students have such an outstanding career record. I just wish there were more schools like it to fill the considerable need

Dave Brubeck

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A FORUM FOR READERS

Correction Of A 'Correction'

Bert Vuijsje (*Chords*, Dec. 17), referring to a Bud Powell article I wrote (*DB*, Oct. 22), claims that Billy Taylor, not Powell, played piano on *All the Things You Are*, a track that appeared on the famous Massey Hall concert album, and that the performance was recorded a week after the concert.

The facts about this album have never been completely available to the public, and after reading Vuijsje's letter, I tried to find out what really happened. The following information comes from Taylor:

Powell is on *All the Things*, which was recorded at the concert. However, some time after the concert, Charlie Mingus re-recorded the bass parts, with Taylor accompanying him. The piano solo on *Things* is played by Powell.

Harvey Pekar
Cleveland, Ohio

Bravo, Barbara!

I want to congratulate Barbara Gardner for the splendid work she's done on articles interviewing jazz vocalists. So far I've read articles about Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae, Nancy Wilson, and Joe Williams, and all of them were great.

Miss Gardner is a sensitive, engrossing writer, with a beautiful fund of wittiness and charm and humor. I hope in the future, she will continue to write inspiring, warm-hearted articles on vocalists as she has so beautifully done in the past.

Roy E. Lott
St. Louis, Mo.

Congratulations, Art

My congratulations to *Down Beat* and particularly to Art Hodes for such fine articles as *Keyboard Reflections* (*DB*, Oct. 22) and *Mezz and Me* (Dec. 17).

I know that there are many young jazz fans who profess to dig progressive jazz but have never heard of such men as Mezz Mezzrow, Vic Dickenson, Omer Simeon, Rex Stewart, Dickie Wells, George Mitchell, Jimmy Blanton, or Clyde Hart. These men are the ones who have made jazz what it is today, and I feel that it is impossible to understand today's jazz without really understanding yesterday's.

Rod Demond
Hastings, Mich.

In Defense Of Bill Evans

May I be so bold as to speak in defense of Bill Evans regarding the letter in the Dec. 17 issue of *Down Beat*. To say that Evans produces "sound" for the sake of "sound" is to say that he disregards form, melodic direction, voice leading, "poetry," linear contour, or any other musical value outside the realm of "sound" for the sake of "sound." Such a statement must come from one who has only heard the surface noises of an Evans record.

I was particularly disturbed by the "lack of rhythmic emphasis" criticism. If ever there was a jazz pianist who exploited rhythm it's Bill Evans. It's not a flag-waving production but subtle cross-rhythms, counterrhythms, and meter within a meter. But I suppose polyrhythms would bother some finger-snapping participants who use "beat-feeling" as a criterion for judging music.

There seems to be a massive preoccupation with rhythm and time today. Melody and harmony are the distinguishing features of music, making it unique—rhythm is present in practically everything. I suggest that those who advocate rhythm as the greatest element of jazz should listen more to Fats Domino.

Lester Hooper
Baton Rouge, La.

Clare Fischer Neglected?

Having just reviewed your recent poll results, one name seems to stand out head and shoulders over all others—Clare Fischer, who was favorably placed in five categories.

This is no mean achievement on the part of Fischer, and those of us who are familiar with the creations and performances of this great artist know that he is no Jack-of-all-trades. Rather, he is a perfectionist in everything he undertakes, but for some unknown reason *Down Beat* has chosen to hide the facts concerning him from the musical public.

John P. Callanan
Bethesda, Md.

Fischer was the subject of a John Tynan article in 1961; Fischer himself wrote an article on bossa nova for Down Beat in 1962; Down Beat's Music '65 includes the original score of Igor, written and arranged by Fischer.

Information, Please

In the Nov. 19 issue of *Down Beat*, in LeRoi Jones' column *Apple Cores*, he mentioned two albums on the Debut label by Albert Ayler: *Spirits* and *My Name Is Albert Ayler*. My attempts to purchase these albums have been for naught, and I can't seem to find them listed in the Schwann catalog either. I am wondering how I can purchase these albums.

Mainard Mills Jr.
Cottonwood, Idaho

The records were issued on the Danish Debut label, not U.S. Debut.

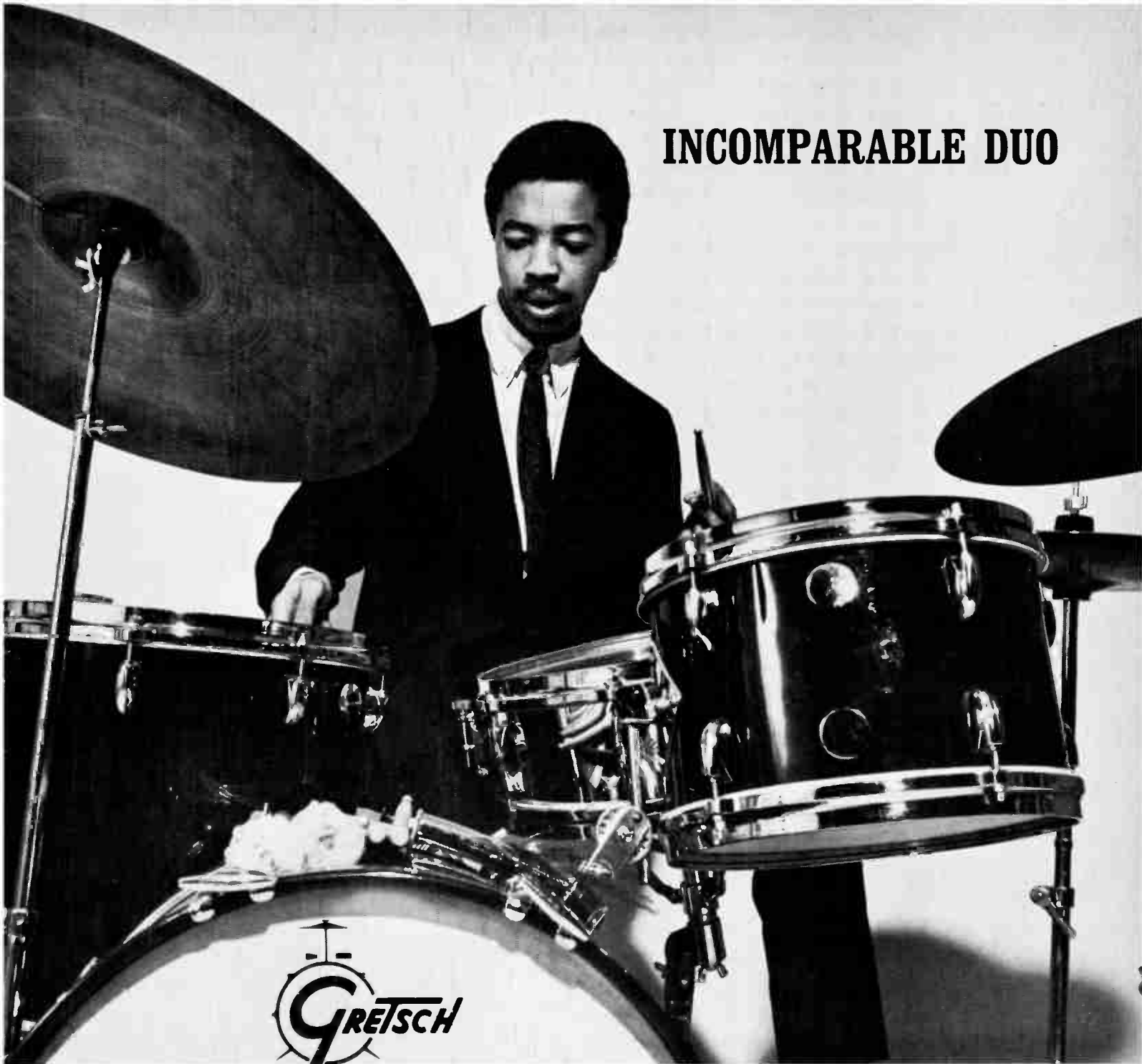
Beatlephobia

We read the Dec. 31 edition of *Down Beat*, which included the Readers Poll results. Under the category of vocal groups, we were amazed to see the Beatles listed. We are apt to think this was a mistake or a misprint. If not, would you please explain how the Beatles could be listed in a jazz poll?

Detroit Central H.S. Stage Band
Detroit, Mich.

It was not a mistake or a misprint. Evidently a number of readers, for whatever reasons, felt strongly enough about the Beatles to cast votes for them.

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Vol. 32 No. 2

DOWN BEAT TO CO-PRODUCE CHICAGO-AREA JAZZ FESTIVAL

The first major jazz festival in the Chicago area since 1959 will be staged Aug. 13-15 at Oakbrook, a western suburb of the city. *Down Beat* magazine will co-produce the event with George Wein and prominent Chicagoan Michael Butler, it was announced by the magazine's publisher John J. Maher.

Butler, a member of the family that developed Oakbrook, is active in the suburb's cultural affairs. Wein is best known as producer of the Newport Jazz Festival.

No artists have been announced, but the producers said the programing assures the presence of many major jazz names and probably a large festival orchestra. Two afternoon programs are planned; one will be a musical demonstration of the development of so-called Chicago jazz and will feature many of the men connected with that school.

Oakbrook's is the second new festival that will have Wein's production. The other is the New Orleans Jazz Festival, the first major festival in the Deep South. The New Orleans event will be integrated, in both listeners and performers.

The Oakbrook festival will be held the same weekend as the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival, also produced by Wein. Among other Wein-produced festivals this year will be those at Pittsburgh, Pa., and at Newport, R.I.

NAT COLE'S ILLNESS CANCELS ALL APPEARANCES

Singer Nat Cole underwent treatment for a lung tumor last month at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, Calif. When the news was released, thousands of well-wishers sent Cole messages of hope, and entertainers throughout the country responded with offers of aid.

The hospital's official statement was hopeful. It said Cole was responding excellently to cobalt treatments and other therapy, but, it added, "His doctors have also advised him that his professional engagements for the next few months must be canceled to allow time for his recuperation."

Cole was to have appeared on the Danny Kaye CBS-TV show for Christ-

mas; at Blinstrub's, Boston, Jan. 27-Feb. 6; O'Keefe Center, Toronto, the week of Feb. 8; a week of one-nighters on the east coast; and at the Latin Casino, Cherry Hill, N.J., Feb. 22-March 7. He also was to be a guest on ABC-TV's *Hollywood Palace* in January.

PETRILLO NAMED HEAD OF AFM'S CIVIL-RIGHTS DEPARTMENT

James C. Petrillo, president emeritus of the American Federation of Musicians, has been appointed chairman of the union's newly established civil-rights department. The announcement was made by Herman Kenin, AFM president.

Petrillo, who headed the union from 1940 to 1958, assumed his new posi-



Petrillo

We shall overcome?

tion Dec. 7. He said that he viewed his assignment "as one of the most challenging" of his 46 years in the labor movement.

"It will not be easy, I know," he said, "but very few of the gains I won for musicians were achieved easily. This task needs doing. I intend to see that it gets done but in such a manner as to guarantee the rights of all musicians affected."

Although mergers have reduced their number in recent years, the AFM still has dual white and Negro locals operating in single jurisdictions. Chicago, Petrillo's home, is one of the cities with dual locals where merger procedures are now in progress. Petrillo, 72, headed Chicago's Local 10 for 40 years.

"The federation is fortunate to obtain the services of its elder statesman-executive in this vital role, which aims at the orderly merger of its remaining dual locals serving single jurisdictions," Kenin stated.

"The resultant integration of all of our members conforms to the national AFL-CIO policy, to which we sub-

scribe. Mr. Petrillo's assignment will be neither short-term nor easy, because many problems are inherent in preserving the property and other rights of all members involved in dual operations."

Petrillo will operate from New York City and Chicago.

A FRIEND COMMENTS ON A PIANIST'S EXPERIENCES

Why did pianist Bud Powell not return to Paris, where he had lived for several years before returning last summer to the United States, supposedly for a limited time?

"Nobody can really answer that—not even Bud," said Francis Paudras, a close friend of the pianist and the man who accompanied him from France. In an exclusive interview with *Down Beat* Paris correspondent Alan Bates, Paudras made the following statement:

"Since I've known Bud, I've probably come closer than anyone to understanding him. He has a complex personality—diagnosed by the doctors as schizophrenia. . . . He has two personalities. One drives him to fight to conquer his problems, to play music and live a creative and useful life. This is the personality he has when strong, sympathetic people are with him, taking an interest in him and his welfare. The other personality is one in which he lets himself go into self-destruction, one in which he has no goal and no self-respect.

"Being around the guys in New York led directly to him falling into this negative state of mind. All those guys were stronger than I was. He found his second personality immediately, and three years of patience and effort to find a really personal contact and understanding with Bud were lost in one moment in New York.

"Being in New York after all this time in Europe was a big psychological shock for Bud. He rediscovered the past and got back into touch with his old contacts that he knew before. He got like the other musicians, full of the nervous tension which exists in New York. I myself, who am not American, got the same thing within a few days. Bud became just too negative to do anything, to play or go to Paris, or anywhere.

"However, he was reunited with his daughter [Celia], and perhaps she will become a big factor in his life now. The only time he had the right inspiration for playing was when Celia came to Birdland to see him for the first time.

"As for his playing, I think Bud suffered all the time because he never found the right rhythm section. It's

evident that the only musicians who are really right for Bud are the ones who were his contemporaries before, but they are now bandleaders whom Bud could not take as sidemen. Unluckily, the musicians who also would have been good, such as Paul Chambers, Elvin Jones, and Roy Haynes were under contract and thus not available.

"At the end of Bud's engagement in Birdland, someone asked Bud who his drummer was. 'I don't know, I don't know him,' replied Bud. They never talked to each other."

Meanwhile, back in Paris, Buttercup Powell, the pianist's wife, has opened a restaurant—Buttercup's Chicken Shack. Located on Rue d'Odessa, just off Boulevard de Montparnasse, the spot specializes in chicken-in-the-basket, certainly not a French culinary highlight. Mrs. Powell said she hopes to create a "homey atmosphere," and, beside food, will offer live music and dancing.

TENORIST DEXTER GORDON RETURNS TO THE STATES

Tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon arrived in New York City last month, a little more than two years after he had left the United States for Europe in 1962.

Prior to heading for Los Angeles, where he was booked for a two-week engagement at the It Club starting Dec. 18, (where he would work with pianist Hampton Hawes and drummer Philly Joe Jones), Gordon spent a few days in New York, looking up



Gordon

May stick around if things go well

old friends and discussing recording plans with Blue Note records.

Looking fit and in a cheerful mood, Gordon said he plans to return to New York after his California engagement and hoped that he could do a concert in the city before returning to the Continent.

"I may stick around for a little while if things work out that way," he said.

The tall saxophonist still makes

Copenhagen, Denmark, his European home base. "It's funny," he reflected, "when I left for Europe, Paris was the place I really had in mind. I hadn't thought much about Scandinavia, and the first time I went to Copenhagen I wasn't too taken with it. But now I just love the place."

From all reports, the feeling is mutual.

OLD-HOME WEEK IN COPENHAGEN

If there are jazzmen in the United States who still consider Scandinavia a place where polar bears walk what streets there are, they should have seen and heard the Montmartre Jazzhouse in Copenhagen, Denmark, one recent night. Rarely had so many U.S. jazz musicians been gathered in one place in Europe.

Perched on the drum stool was Art Taylor, accompanying tenor man Johnny Griffin, while another expatriate, pianist Kenny Drew, comped on piano.

In and out of the room were "new thing" tenorist Albert Ayler and drummer Sonny Murray, while trumpeter Booker Ervin, fresh from an engagement in Stockholm, Sweden, sat next to Taylor, and baritone sax man Sahib Shihab walked around the candle-lit room, cornering anybody who might find him an apartment where he could compose during the next couple of months.

The only local musician in the room was the 18-year-old bass player, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, who has played with nearly all of them on the stand at Montmartre.

GIGANTIC BIRDLAND SESSION RAISES MONEY FOR A PROMOTER

Through the years, Birdland, the famous Broadway jazz club, has been the scene of many special events, including drum nights, recording sessions, and numerous benefits for musicians or their survivors. On the night of Dec. 11, however, Birdland witnessed something that surely was a first in the history of jazz: a benefit jam session for a promoter.

The object of this unprecedented affection was Peter Long, producer of numerous jazz enterprises in the New York area in the '50s and '60s. Hospitalized for some time earlier in 1964 after suffering a heart attack, Long, who has also been active as a personal manager for jazz artists, found himself facing bankruptcy.

By 9:30 p.m., the scheduled starting time, the club was packed, and the line of hopefuls outside kept growing. Though it appeared as if nobody wanted to leave, and the club

was still filled when the last note sounded at 4 a.m., the total number of paid admissions (at \$3 apiece) reached 766, indicating that there must have been some turnover. The club's capacity is 285.

Though some of the biggest advertised names failed to materialize, no one in attendance was disappointed.

Alto saxophonist Cannonball Adderley and pianist Horace Silver brought their groups, and several of their sidemen also sat in with bands put together on the spot.

Probably the most outstanding of these was a sextet composed of trumpeter Clark Terry (who also sang his humorous wordless blues, *Mumbles*), trombonist J. J. Johnson, alto saxophonist Oliver Nelson, pianist Billy Taylor, and bassist Sam Jones and drummer Louis Hayes from Adderley's group.

Jones and Hayes remained on deck to be joined by the rest of the Adderley group, whose set was enlivened by the surprise appearance of tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon, just in from a two-year stay in Europe.

Gordon, playing Jimmy Heath's horn, romped and stomped through a row of smoking choruses of *Au Privave* and brought the house down. He then went home to get his own tenor, returning in time for the last number on the following set, a wailing *Now's the Time*, on which his solo became the musical high point of the night.

Singer Joe Williams scored heavily singing some earthy blues.

Another notable set featured four tenor saxophonists and a rhythm section: Frank Foster, Hank Mobley, Joe Farrell, and Wild Bill Moore backed by Walter Bishop Jr. on piano, Ernie Shephard on bass, and Art Blakey Jr. on drums.

Among others who performed were trumpeters Blue Mitchell, Bill Hardman, Richard Williams, and Johnny Coles, multireed man Roland Kirk (playing mostly tenor and breaking it up), trombonist Grachan Moncur III, saxophonists Harold Ousley, Jimmy Heath, Bobby Brown and Charlie McPherson; organist Jimmy Smith, who sat in on piano; pianists Herbie Hancock, Jimmy Jones, Jane Getz, and Billy Green; bassists Mike Fleming, and Gene Taylor; singers Terri Thornton and Bill Henderson; drummers Mickey Roker, Steve Ellington, and Willie Bobo (better known for his Latin work, but a first-class jazz drummer), and comedian Flip Wilson.

"I still can't believe this happened to me," said promoter Long a few days after the event, as well he might. Next thing you know, they'll be running benefits for critics.

strictly ad lib

POTPOURRI: An endurance record of some sort must have been established by the **American Jazz Quartet** when it improvised for more than three hours on a theme made up of three notes suggested by its audience at a recent concert at New York City's Pocket Theater. The Herculean task was carried off—if that's the correct term—by clarinetist **Bill Smith**, pianist **Johnny Eaton**, bassist **Reed Wasson**, and drummer **Richard Scott** . . . A note out of the ordinary is being struck



Eaton and Smith

Three-hour variation on three-note theme by Philadelphia saxophonist **Rufus Harley**, who is playing jazz on a bagpipe.

Sammy Davis Jr. and **Harry Belafonte** were co-chairmen of a Dec. 21 tribute to the late arranger-composer **Don Redman**. The event, staged at New York City's Mayfair Theater, sported numerous performers, including Davis, Belafonte, and **Billy Daniels**. Among others helping with the organization of the tribute, as well as performing at it, were former bandleaders **Noble Sissle** and **Tom Whaley** and pianists **Luckey Roberts** and **Eubie Blake**. Earlier in the month Blake, Whaley, Sissle, and Roberts presented an evening of entertainment at New York's P. S. 28. Included in the supporting band, led by Whaley, were former **Jelly Roll Morton** sidemen drummer **Tommy Benford** and banjo-guitarist **Howard Hill**.

Another tribute, this one for trumpeter **Ziggy Elman**, will be held Jan. 17 at Los Angeles' Beverly-Hilton Hotel. Elman, a veteran of many big bands, including those of **Benny Goodman** and **Tommy Dorsey**, will be toasted by such luminaries as **Shelly Manne**, **Jack Marshall**, **Billy May**, **Les Brown**, **Jo Stafford**, **Elmer Bernstein**, **Red Nichols**, **Vikki Carr**, and **George Jessel**. The band at the event will be led by **Mickey Katz**, a long-time Elman friend. The Friars Club is the event's sponsor.

Freedom is in Pennsylvania's crisp January air. The Penn State Jazz Club will present **Max Roach's** group and singer **Abbey Lincoln** performing the drummer's *Freedom Now Suite* Jan. 16. The concert, the climax of a "jazz weekend" at Penn State University, will be given at Schwab Auditorium, University Park, Pa. Other

events scheduled for the weekend include a jazz lecture and workshop featuring the university's big band and a showing of the film *Jazz on a Summer Day* . . . "Jazz for Freedom" is the title of a Jan. 17 Pittsburgh benefit. The concert is sponsored by Friendship Unlimited, a group of church-oriented young Pittsburghers, and will feature such Steel City jazzmen as pianists **Walt Harper** and **Charles Bell**, tenorist **Ray DeFate**, and trombonist **Harold Betters**. Profits will be used to send clergymen and laymen to assist in educational programs in the South, particularly in Mississippi.

The annual White House staff party Dec. 17 was enlivened by the music of tandem guitarists **Carl Kress** and **George Barnes**. Other jazzmen who performed at the Executive Mansion in 1964 include **Dave Brubeck**, **Charlie Byrd** and **Gerry Mulligan**. Also last year, **Louis Armstrong** was a guest of President **Lyndon B. Johnson**, and **Duke Ellington**, along with several other composers, was greeted by the President at a 50th-anniversary party for ASCAP.

The Chicago funeral of singer **Sam Cooke**, shot to death last month by a Los Angeles motel keeper, was the scene of snarled traffic, melee, and smashed windows when some of the 10,000 persons who couldn't get out of the bitter cold and into Tabernacle Baptist Church, where the services were held Dec. 17, rushed the church entrance. Fifty extra policemen were sent to the scene to keep the peace. After the services, however, the crowd was allowed to enter the church and view Cooke's body.

Arranger-composer-bandleader-singer-trumpeter-a&r man **Quincy Jones** is now

one-day round-trip flight from London to New York to appear on the *Tonight Show*. The couple performed selections from their *Shakespeare and All That Jazz* album.

Oscar Peterson likes good pianos. He likes them so well that if a club does not provide what he considers a proper one, he will not play. At Cincinnati's Penthouse a couple of months ago, he warred with the management over the brand of piano, and last month, in Boston, he walked out of the Jazz Workshop in the middle of a one-weeker because the piano, he claimed, was not up to his standards. Peterson's contracts stipulate that a "quality" instrument be supplied him for any engagement.

The **Thelonious Monk Quartet** will make a world tour this spring. The pianist and his group open the tour March 5 at Selb, Germany; then it's off to other points in Germany, England, The Netherlands, Italy, New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong, and Japan . . . Composer **George Russell** is forming a big band in Sweden . . . **Jimmy DePreist**, Philadelphia percussionist and composer, was among the three winners of last month's **Dimitri Mitropoulos** conducting competition. DePreist will be given a conducting assignment with a symphony orchestra, as yet unnamed . . . Singer **Astrud Gilberto** will probably team with **Herbie Mann** for summer festival dates.

NEW YORK: **Gerry Mulligan's** big band, splitting a strong holiday bill at Birdland with **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet, had a lineup of **Thad Jones**, cornet; **Jimmy Maxwell**, **Rolf Ericson**, trumpets, flugelhorn; **Willie Dennis**, **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Alan Raph**, trombones; **Gene Quill**, **Bobby Donovan**, alto saxophones;



Peterson: Hands off non-quality pianos

a vice president of Mercury Records Production. Jones has been with the company as an a&r man since 1961 . . . Last month national television was brightened by the appearances of **Duke Ellington** and of England's **Johnny Dankworth** and his wife, singer **Cleo Laine**. Ellington and his band were the subjects of a *The Twentieth Century* program shown Dec. 20. The film was shot during Ellington's tour of Japan last June. The program was originally scheduled for shooting during the band's U.S. State Department tour of the Middle East in late 1963, but the tour was stopped after **John F. Kennedy** was assassinated. The Dankworths made a

Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; **Gene Allen**, baritone saxophone; and the tried-and-true rhythm team of **Bill Crow**, bass, and **Mel Lewis**, drums . . . In addition to the **Modern Jazz Quartet-Laurindo Almeida** Carnegie Hall concert (DB, Jan. 14), the holiday season was blessed with concerts by the **Woody Herman Band** and singer **Tony Bennett**, who were featured together at the Brooklyn Academy of Music Dec. 26-27, and by the **Herbie Mann Sextet**, the **Clara Ward Singers**, and the **Alegre Latin Jazz All-Stars** at Carnegie Dec. 30. But a jazz event more in keeping with the season's

(Continued on page 40)

henry (red) allen is the most avant- garde trumpet player in new york city

by don ellis.

Every time I have gone to the Metropole to see Henry (Red) Allen during the last two or three years, I have said to myself, "It can't be true. He must just be having a very good night. All those wild things he is doing must just be lucky accidents! After all, he's been around almost as long as Louis, and it is simply impossible that he could be playing that modern."

Well, a few weeks ago, after hearing Red on a slow Tuesday night with only a handful of people in the club—the type of night that would be very uninspiring to most artists—I became convinced that Red Allen is the most creative and avant-garde trumpet player in New York.

What other trumpet player plays such asymmetrical rhythms and manages to make them swing besides? What other trumpeter plays ideas that may begin as a whisper, rise to a brassy shout, and suddenly become a whisper again, with no discernable predictability? Who else has the amazing variety of tonal colors, bends, smears, half-valve effects, rips, glissandos, flutter-tonguing (a favorite on a high D), all combined with iron chops and complete control of even the softest, most subtle, tone production?

What makes all this even more incredible is the fact that he does all this within a "mainstream" context and with a flair for showmanship that appears to keep the squarest entertained.

The arrangements the group plays are consistently interesting: no over-long solos, imaginative balancing of ensembles and solos, tasteful featuring of the other members of the band. His patter between sets is hilarious and, again, never quite predictable—as drummer Jake Hanna (a wit in his own

right), who was working opposite him and has heard him hundreds of times, pointed out to me that Tuesday.

Henry Allen Jr. was born in Algiers, La., in 1908. He was playing with clarinetist George Lewis in 1923 and worked on the river boats with Fate Marable. About 1927 he was with King Oliver in Chicago; 1933 found him with Fletcher Henderson, and in the period of 1937 to 1940 he played with Louis Armstrong's big band. This means he was in on almost the very beginnings of jazz and has been in there ever since.

It is phenomenal that he is still one of the most exciting, creative jazz players of all time.

I am reminded of a couple years ago when I was on vacation in New Orleans and had the opportunity to hear a band that had George Lewis and Slow Drag Pavageau among its members. None of the personnel in the band looked younger than 60, and Slow Drag was about 74 (some of them might have been older than that). They played in a place that looked like an old barn, and the only remuneration they received was that dropped into a hat by the few customers who sat on the floor and benches. Nevertheless, this was one of my most memorable and exciting jazz listening experiences. These men played with more fire, feeling, and swing than almost anything I had ever heard before. Slow Drag played the bass with unbelievable drive, never once letting up. And they

played long sets.

At the same time their music was, in its way, creative. That is, within the limits they had set for themselves, each appeared to be creating fresh ideas. I noticed how greatly this contrasted with some other players of "older" styles (and even new ones) whom I had heard, the ones who are much too prevalent, who seem merely to repeat in a rather lackadaisical way the same things they have been doing, or heard others do, thousands of times before. I was astonished, because these men were different. One of the reasons is probably that they forged the style they are still playing today, and the framework is broad enough for them still to create within it.

Which brings me back to Red Allen.

There are countless "influences" on Red's style no doubt, but he is able to use these in a completely original way and still create within the style. He is one of the major jazz improvisers, in the truest sense of the word.

Other trumpeters may be able to play faster or higher than Red (although his facility and range are remarkable), but no one has a wider scope of effects to draw upon, and no one is more subtle rhythmically and in the use of dynamics and asymmetrical phrases than Henry (Red) Allen.

These things make him the most avant-garde trumpet player in New York, and if one thinks this is exaggerated, he had better go and listen to Red again—closely.



HERB SNITZER



THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, and a voice proclaimed: "J.J. Johnson is the baddest trombone player alive!" The tone brooked no doubt—this was a truth that no amount of argument could change. "J. J. has explored every facet of playing the instrument and continues to search—always listening and developing—and if I can cover a fraction of what he's already done in my whole lifetime, it will be a major accomplishment.

It became obvious that the esteem in which Grachan Moncur III holds Johnson approaches the religious. Yet the extent and intensity of this homage has not deterred the young trombonist from seeking a road of his own, and for Moncur the immediacy of everyday experience provides a dynamic musical force. He looks to television, movies, even the daily bombardment of natural sounds for ideas and a perspective.

"There is much talk about the avant garde these days, and some people place my music in that category," he said. "Being avant garde is not necessarily my intention. I simply try to make music the best way I know how. There is a wealth of musical richness in the air—if we will only pay attention. For instance, the variations on the *Ghost Town* theme [one of Moncur's compositions] have been served up by movies and television for years. I see it almost every time I turn on my set. And I can't even begin to count the variations on *Frankenstein* [another of his tunes]. This is the sort of thing I refer to when I say it's in the air."

Although he has studied at Juilliard, Moncur avoids the use of "legitimate" terminology when discussing jazz and refuses to use an inflexible technique in composition. Each piece is approached as an entity unto itself, he says.

"If it's necessary to use an extended technique to express what I'm trying to say, I'll do it," he said. "If I have to bang on a dishpan with a stick, I'll do that too.

"I'm working with Sonny Rollins now, and it's a marvelous experience. Besides the fact that he's a genius—he's also flexible. Men constantly rotate in and out of the band; this sustains a continuously changing mood. Bandleaders often complain that new men can't play their music. If they were like Sonny and their music weren't so stiff, they could find an abundance of musicians."

Moncur was born in 1937, in Harlem, but grew up in Newark, N.J. From the beginning he was taught the significance of discovering an intimate personal mode of expression, a premise that remains at the heart of his musicianship. His father was a famous bass player, and "the scene" was a vital part of his first son's childhood. Before he was 5, young Grachan had already begun to experiment with the valve trombone. A few years later he discovered Lester Young.

"In my fourth year of grammar school, some friends and I were having lunch at the local Cafe Spoon. Most of the kids were digging Bull Moose Jackson records. . . . Somebody played a Lester Young record—I couldn't believe the groove the band got—it had me turned around for weeks."

On completion of grammar school, Grachan was sent to the Laurinburg Institute at Laurinburg, N.C. John Birks Gillespie, an earlier graduate, had left deep and lasting impressions on the faculty.

"The staff at Laurinburg was extremely receptive and open to jazz," Moncur said. "They encouraged all forms of creativity and thus attracted a number of talented students. During my last two years I was producer-music director for an all-student theater group that gave performances in surrounding communities."

It was in this period that Moncur began to speak in his own idiom. For the most part, he depended on the

accepted musical vocabulary, but an unmistakable originality broke through. Different keys were curiously juxtaposed to obtain an acrid polytonal effect; compounded rhythms emerged and complemented each other; harmonic colors expressed a spirit that was paradoxical—jazz, and at the same time the freedom he wanted.

The next step was more determined. Moncur rejected a four-year scholarship to Clark College for an offer to return to Newark and join the Nat Phipps Band.

"Wayne Shorter was in the band and had written a number of the arrangements," Moncur said. "During my summer vacations we had discussed altered chords and scales. I was eager to know more. Nat had a beautiful band, and I realized that it would be a vital experience. I couldn't pass it up."

His arrival on the scene was modest and caused no stir. There was an opening in James Moody's band, and Moncur was called to fill it.

"It was an extremely demanding job," he said, "that I wasn't musically prepared to handle. After two weeks, I was fired. I needed to concentrate on musicianship and could think of no better place to do it than at my parents' home in Miami."

In the experience with Moody's band he had been hurt and humbled. He had to find something to offset this humiliation, some compensation for the reality of the present. He found it in the past.

He went back to his childhood and to the time-tested concepts of his father—major and minor scales, a dark-vibrant sound, and a heavy pulsating swing. He became a trombonist of larger proportions, bringing the ghosts of an earlier generation to life in his music. He sought out the local musicians and played with them every time he could.

After 18 months in Florida, the Ray Charles organization came to town, and "after the concert, some of the guys from the band stopped in at the club," Moncur recalled. "They seemed to like my playing and said they would try to get me in the band. A few weeks later the straw boss called and asked me to join the band in New York for an engagement at the Apollo. I stayed for the next year and a half. Ray's a huge musician—the term genius is no mere cliché."

Big-band experience had strengthened his skills, and Moncur was becoming eager to employ them. When Tom McIntosh left the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet, Moncur was asked to fill his chair.

"I wanted to play as a soloist, and this was a good opportunity," he said. "However, before I left Ray's band, he assured me that I could always return. . . . When the Jazztet broke up, I rejoined him for another six months."

At this point, Moncur decided to settle in New York City and pay dues for the goals he wanted to accomplish as a soloist. In the first weeks of freelancing, he recorded an as-yet unreleased tentet date with Horace Silver and another with Herbie Hancock. "I was a little reluctant to stay in New York," he said, "but the fact that these guys had given me record dates reaffirmed my confidence."

Shortly after the Hancock session, he received a call from altoist Jackie McLean, who already had heard favorable reports and wanted Moncur to join his new group. McLean had been one of Moncur's favorite players for a long time, and "since he's interested in freer structures, we had no trouble communicating."

They did a series of concerts and some record sessions for Blue Note, and the trombonist used the nucleus of the group for his *Evolution* album. But things slowed up, and McLean left town to do a single in California. Moncur stayed behind and fortunately so; his next offer was an

on-stage role in James Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie*.

"When I got the call to audition," he said, "my emotions were mixed—a jazz musician, being confronted with a situation on the Broadway stage. I assumed that I'd have to play something 'stiff' for the audition, but to my amazement, they wanted to hear my own music. I played for Burgess Meredith, and he was quite receptive. First I played *Frankenstein* and laid back a little. . . . He liked it but asked to hear more. When I played *Riff Raff*, I really opened up, and he was gassed. . . . I had expected a stiff, professional job—nothing more. As it turned out, my judgment couldn't have been more in error.

"The people involved with the show were beautiful. They accepted (and respected) me for what I am—a jazz musician. Not in a phony sense—but for real! The show really involved me and became my most serious obligation."

UNDERLYING ALMOST ALL Moncur's reflections one notices an almost compulsive need to come to grips with the everyday world. For this the tragic insight of Baldwin's play served as fertile ground. The challenge to create music about a deranged social action became more than a mere mechanical exercise; it had a therapeutic effect.

"*Blues for Mr. Charlie* was a demanding job because I was playing alone," Moncur said. "If I goofed, there was no rhythm section to pick me up. I had to blend with the mood and pitch of the actors—every nuance—every inflection.

"When the theater was empty, I would go there and practice. I'd try to project my tone to every point in the house—inch by inch. The acoustics were my only support, and I had to know every phase of the reverberation. . . . The mood of the stage was always changing, and if I wasn't absolutely flexible, the whole performance could be ruined. If you don't think that's a responsibility, try it."

Saxophonist Rollins became impressed with Moncur last spring and asked him to join the group.

"I stopped by the Five Spot after the show one night, and Sonny asked me to sit in," the trombonist recalled. "He's always been one of my major influences, and the expectation of playing with him shook me up. However, on the bandstand, I found that I didn't have to force my groove—it was already there.

"Sonny can play everything, and consequently the men working with him don't have to waste creative energy asserting themselves. This allows a much broader range of expression."

Moncur was already committed—in all ways—to *Blues for Mr. Charlie*, and though the Rollins offer was attractive, his obligation to the play couldn't be set aside. But the offer remained open, and when the show closed, Moncur accepted. In addition to his work with Rollins, he also has been commissioned to score a dance program for the CBS *Camera Three* series, which is slated for viewing early in May.

Generally speaking, Moncur's approach relates to his basic instrumental orientations—a good technique, a respect for space as an element of form, and a rhythmic concept that reveals a deep commitment to a hard, deep swing. His lines are sometimes disjunct but always clear in their tonal relationships; his style could be called neo-bop, though not in the traditional meaning of the term.

The realization that free acoustical structure has its validity side by side with specific harmonic design does not represent a departure from the heritage and tradition of bop but rather an intimate extension into a new language. In his private way to communicate, this is the cause to which Grachan Moncur III is dedicated.

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CHARLES STEWART



EARLY J. J.

Hot Box

By GEORGE HOEFER



LEE TANNER

THE EARLY BEBOP groups rarely included a trombonist. When they did, it was usually swing man Trummy Young, who was a regular on 52nd St. during 1944-'45. Young was frequently a leader and liked to work with the younger modern musicians.

On a recording date for the Continental label in 1944 the trombonist was accompanied by Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Don Byas, and Clyde Hart. The resulting *Seventh Avenue* and *Sorta Kinda* illustrated the lack of cohesion between the Gillespie-Parker improvisations and the trombone-vocal stylings of Young.

There was no trombonist around at the time capable of transferring the complex requirements of bebop to the slide horn; in fact, the instrument was in danger of becoming as little used in modern jazz as the clarinet.

This situation changed when J. J. Johnson settled in New York City during 1946.

Johnson, whose intricate, rapidly performed solo passages and pleasing tonal effects amazed his fellow musicians and the critics in '46, did not arrive at that stature overnight. Younger than Gillespie and Parker, he put in about five years playing in the Benny Carter and Count Basie bands. As for his individual development to the point where he is recognized as the founder of the modern generation of jazz trombonists, he worked long and hard to attain his accomplishments, both as a trombone soloist and as a composer-arranger.

He became aware of the new movement early in his career and has said that "it captured me completely, right off the bat. So different from what I had heard, but so right, I wanted to be in on it. First thing that caught my attention was the harmonic structure. . . ."

By the time he arrived on 52nd St. to gig in the mid-'40s he was well on his way. He once told writer Charles Edward Smith of an incident on the street that could be interpreted as his "official appointment." One night he was sitting in at the Spotlite with a Gillespie unit and between sets took the time to work on "some of the sounds he'd been hearing from Gillespie, Parker, and Monk." Gillespie passed by, overheard him woodshedding a passage and said, "I've always known that a trombone could be played different, that somebody'd catch on one of these days. Man, you're elected."

James Louis Johnson—the J. (ames) J. (ohnson) was originally a nickname derived from the manner in which he signed his arrangements and compositions—was born Jan. 22, 1924, in Indianapolis, Ind.

A church organist gave Johnson piano lessons while the future trombonist was still in grammar school. His interest in jazz began to take hold after he entered Crispus Attucks High School in 1937.

One of his early idols, heard on recordings only, was tenor saxophonist Lester Young with Basie. Johnson thought he might like to play the saxophone and fooled around with a baritone for a short time—it was the only instrument available for playing in the school orchestra. His enthusiasm soon lagged when he failed to get a "Young sound" out of the horn.

When he shifted to trombone, it was immediately apparent he had latched onto something that came naturally—he learned the positions and could play a good scale the first day.

During his high-school days he played in a small dance band with his fellow students, a YMCA brass marching band, and the regular school orchestra. In addition, he spent a year

studying theory and harmony; his lab work consisted of orchestrating some "Basie riff things" for the dance outfit.

Even during his school days Johnson's musical intuition told him the trombone could be played with the same dexterity and agility that was possible with valve instruments. He didn't care for the trills and slurs frequently employed by the jazz trombonists. He told writer Smith he was considerably encouraged by the style of John Overton, a local trombonist, who played with authority and discipline. The big bands tried to lure Overton, but he refused to leave home. Johnson also was impressed by the work of the late Fred Beckett on the Harlan Leonard records and later when he heard him in person playing with Lionel Hampton.

Johnson was graduated from high school in 1941 and in September of that year joined Clarence Love's band, then playing the Sunset Terrace Club in Indianapolis under the direction of the ex-Andy Kirk vocalist, Pha Terrell.

Love's outfit, originally a Texas-Oklahoma-Kansas City band, had previously included such jazz stars as Lester Young, pianist Eddie Heywood, and guitarist Jim Daddy Walker. The trombonist submitted arrangements to the Love band—and it is significant that throughout his career, Johnson has been arranging and composing.

In March, 1942, against his parents' wishes (he was only 18 at the time), Johnson went on the road with Isaac (Snookum) Russell's band. Russell, a South Carolina-born pianist-leader, had a dance and show band that traveled all over the country for a decade. Others in the band during Johnson's sojourn included tenor saxophonist Charlie Carmen and trumpeter Theodore (Fats) Navarro. Bassist Ray Brown played with Russell in 1944. By this time trombonist Johnson was writing original compositions and submitting them to the band.

The Russell band hit hard times in October, 1942, and Johnson returned home, while his new-found friend, Navarro, went on to Andy Kirk's organization.

Shortly after getting back to Indianapolis, opportunity again knocked for Johnson when Benny Carter's band came through town looking for a trombonist. Vocalist Earl Coleman introduced Johnson to Carter and Johnson's 2½-year association with the great composer, arranger, and multi-instrumentalist was under way.

Carter's band during the time Johnson played with it included such musicians as Freddy Webster, Karl George,

(Continued on page 33)

JAZZ TROMBONE—FIVE VIEWS

By **DON HECKMAN**

The structure of the trombone, unlike that of other instruments traditionally associated with jazz, has changed only superficially in the last 300 or 400 years. The reason is simple; since no valve or key mechanisms interrupt the vibrating column of air, the slide trombone is, functionally, a near-perfect sound-producing mechanism.

Its pitch changes are caused by a lengthening or shortening of the air column through the manipulation of the slide. This permits an extraordinary facility for glissandos, smears, and similar pitch variations. (The facility, however, applies only to certain note relationships, since, like all cylindrical-bore brass instruments, the trombone's tonal production depends upon over-blown harmonics produced by the player's lips on the mouthpiece as well as upon changing the length of the air column.)

The participation of the trombone in jazz was assured from the beginning.

Along with the clarinet and the trumpet, it was a primary voice in the brass bands that the early jazz groups imitated. Similarly the trombone's role in the early jazz band evolved naturally from its role in the marching band. In both situations its function was to accompany the melodic instruments by laying down the fundamental rhythmic patterns and outlining the passing harmonies.

As the time-keeping function gradually passed on to the tuba, bass saxophone, and string bass, the trombone developed into a front-line instrument. A little later, in the middle and late 1920s, arrangers for the large jazz bands learned how to voice trombones in block harmonies with trumpets as a brass choir. In the '30s trombone sections attained equal status with the other sections, becoming one of the three important voices of the big swing bands, along with the reed and trumpet sections.

There are three general phases in the evolution of the jazz trombone as a solo instrument.

The characteristic style of the first phase is often referred to as tailgate; it was commonly found in the New Orleans types of bands through most of the 1920s.

After Louis Armstrong's arrival, trombone players—obviously influenced by his strong solo expressions—began to explore the melodic potentials of their instruments. This led to the second phase (late '20s, '30s, and early '40s), during which a remarkable diversity of solo styles was developed.

The last phase, growing logically out of the swing period, covers the bop, post-bop, and contemporary years.

The richest by far of these phases is the second, since it encompasses the widest range of individual styles, from the blues-oriented playing of Jack Teagarden and Jimmy Harrison to the plunger-mute style of Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton, the riff patterns of J. C. Higginbotham and Dickie Wells, the humorous excursions of Vic Dickenson, and the lyrical statements of Lawrence Brown.

In order to give a more accurate picture of these trombone styles, five solos have been notated for this article: one from the tailgate phase, three from the middle (or swing) phase, and one from the postwar (or contemporary) period. Notated jazz solos never can substitute for the experience of listening to the actual music. They offer only an imperfect representation of the music that has taken place. What is left out—subtle

rhythmic suspensions, the individual tone of each player, different attack techniques, varying approaches to pitch production—is as important as what is notated. Nevertheless, the notation does provide a guide to the understanding and, hopefully, the deeper appreciation of these choruses.

The question of solo excellence in jazz is difficult to resolve and especially subject to personal interpretation. The choice of trombonists represented here is necessarily open to criticism. Jazz embraces so many intensely personal expressions that it would be impossible to include every style in a short study such as this. Suffice it to say that if these choruses are not among the best, they are at least characteristic of these players' techniques and represent the broad spectrum of important jazz trombone styles.

KID ORY

Ory—one of the earliest jazz trombonists—was born in 1889. His early experience was with Johnny Dodds and King Oliver. Ory participated in the classic recordings made by Louis Armstrong's Hot Five and also played with Jelly Roll Morton. During most of the '30s he was out of jazz, but he returned to active playing in 1942. Ory's style, firmly in the tailgate tradition, is dominated by long glissando slides, pedal notes, and marching-band rhythms. He plays particularly well in an ensemble situation—the Hot Five recordings demonstrate the solid foundation for collective improvisation created by his playing.

Among many important things that tailgate trombonists such as Ory, Honore Dutrey, and Georg Brunis did for jazz ensembles of the period was to add a rhythmic and harmonic foundation that had tremendous drive and impetus. The swing that Armstrong generated in his solos was motivated—at least to some extent—by the kind of driving New Orleans groups that he first played with; certainly Ory, as the trombonist most active with Armstrong in his early career, must have had an important effect on the young trumpeter.

Two Ory solos have been transcribed, both from recordings by Armstrong's Hot Five; the first is from *Gut Bucket Blues*, and the second from *Muskrat Ramble*:



Ory's playing is almost always chordal. In the *Gut*

Bucket Blues chorus, he limits himself almost completely to accenting the minor third (Eb) in Bars 2, 4, 5, and 6. Otherwise he simply outlines whatever chord he is playing, as in the C chord in Bar 1, the F⁷ in Bars 2 and 6, and the G chord in Bar 9. The chorus from Ory's own *Muskrat Ramble* is similar. Notice the continuous outlining of the tonic Ab chord. What Ory played in solos at this time was only slightly more melodic than his ensemble lines. The trombone, at this point, had not yet become an effective solo instrument.

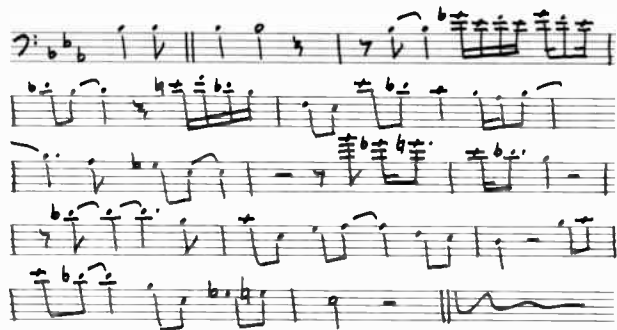
JIMMY HARRISON

Harrison had a tragically short, but extremely influential, jazz career. He was born in 1900 and died in 1931 of cancer.

Harrison is best known for his work with the Fletcher Henderson Band, but he also played with a number of other groups, including Fess Williams, June Clark (with a band that had Count Basie on piano), Elmer Snowden, Tommy Ladnier, and, beginning in 1926, with Henderson. In 1931 he joined Chick Webb's band for an engagement that was cut short by his death.

Probably more than anyone, Harrison was responsible for the swing trombone style and for the increasing use of the instrument as a solo voice. His early influence came from trombonist Charlie Green, who played in Henderson's band before Harrison. But Harrison was almost certainly influenced more strongly by trumpet players, especially Armstrong, than he was by other trombonists. (Curiously, this is a recurring phenomenon in the history of jazz trombone; trombone players frequently speak of having followed the lead of soloists on other instruments.) Harrison seemed to bring together into single focus the separate components of the jazz trombone style as it then existed. His conception of the over-all solo, his sense of melody, his technique, his ability to find a personal expression on his instrument made him a more complete jazz soloist than any trombonist had been before him.

The Harrison solo, reproduced below, has been transcribed from *Dee Blues*, as recorded by the Chocolate Dandies, a small Henderson contingent:



The repetitious Bb's in Bars 1 and 2 have a warm-up quality not unlike tuning notes. After this, Harrison executes two unusually interesting phrases; both include well articulated double-time patterns. The second phrase, beginning on the final beat of Bar 3, has an excellent shape; the use of a chromatic leading tone in the 16th-note figure in Bar 3—although not really unusual—helps create a winding, sinuous flow to the line. Harrison continually uses a lowered 7th (Db) and plays in and out of the major and minor third (G and Gb). Unlike Teagarden, he doesn't emphasize the lowered fifth. This solo is typical of his choppy, yet flowing and assertive, phrases. An extremely important aspect of the success of Harrison's solos—one which obviously cannot be notated—is his deeply personal vibrato. In

the '40s Bill Harris came to prominence using a similar stylistic method.

JACK TEAGARDEN

Teagarden is often referred to as a master of blues playing, and there is no doubt that his understanding of the blues form was truly exceptional; but he had other talents as well. His playing style was similar in many ways to that of Harrison. The influence of Teagarden and Harrison upon subsequent trombonists was not unlike the influence of Bix Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong on the trumpeters who followed them.

One story—perhaps apocryphal—describes Teagarden's and Harrison's surprise at discovering, when they first heard each other's playing, that they had arrived at similar resolutions to the problems of the solo jazz trombone.

But there were differences in their styles; in his own way Harrison was probably more lyrical, but Teagarden was the more adept technician. (In his earliest choruses Teagarden played 16th-note double-time patterns that had never before been a consistent part of jazz trombone playing.)

The following Teagarden solo is from *Knockin' a Jug*, an unusual recording made with Louis Armstrong in 1929:



This is a superb example of Teagarden's blues playing. Two facts stand out: first, his tendency to play declamatory phrases, much in the Armstrong style; second, his reliance on "blue" intervals centering around the 3rd, 5th, and 7th. The first chorus, although lacking a continuous melodic flow, has a strong feeling of thematic unity. (A curious aside—notice his chopping off of the melodic line in the seventh and ninth bars, not unlike the bebop style.) The second chorus contrasts with the first. Its opening four bars are unusually sparse, but rhythmically effective. Teagarden answers their momentary placidity with a stream of 16th-note patterns articulated with the precision of a valve trombone. Also worth noting is the fact that a good part of the solo ranges through the top register of the instrument.

It would require considerably more space to mention the many other trombone players active throughout the swing period, but certainly something should be said about Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton and Lawrence Brown.

Nanton's astonishing work with mutes and Brown's unusually lyrical ballad style contributed immensely to the character and sound of the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

J. C. HIGGINBOTHAM

The playing of J. C. Higginbotham, Dickie Wells, Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton, and Trummy Young best typified the swing era—hard-driving, riff-styled lines that roared out of the ensemble. Higginbotham's lusty, exuberant choruses were first heard in the Luis Russell Band of the late 1920s. Later he played with Fletcher Henderson, Lucky Millinder, Louis Armstrong, and Henry (Red) Allen.

Like Teagarden and Harrison, Higginbotham was influenced by Armstrong's trumpet, but his adaptation of the style was more directly adjusted to the deep, gutsy sound of the trombone.

Higginbotham's solo version of *Honeysuckle Rose*, transcribed below, is taken from a recording by the Fletcher Henderson Band:



It is filled with examples of Higginbotham's strong, blustery style. The swing feeling—a more subtle rhythmic development—saturates every note. Since the solo is based almost completely on even eighth-note and quarter-note patterns, the importance of the swing accent for each of these notes is self-evident. In the final six bars, in fact, Higginbotham actually plays a long sequence of quarter-note triplets that retain a deep sense of swing. It would be difficult to say whether the Ab and Bb in Bar 3 were really intended; regardless, they work and suggest—as do several other points (Bars 12 and 13, for example)—that Higginbotham had an unusually original tonal imagination.

Higginbotham was one of the important predecessors of the modern players. However, if any single trombonist can be said to occupy a transitional role, it is Trummy Young, who was influenced by Higginbotham but who was also aware of the newer developments of the late '30s and early '40s.

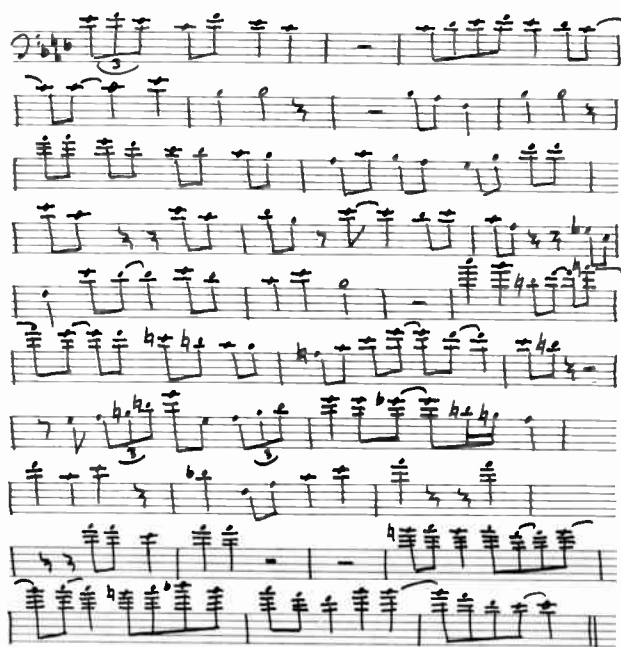
Also important as a transitional figure was Bill Harris, who played in the Woody Herman Band in the middle and late '40s with a unique, strongly vocalized style that owed a great deal to Higginbotham and to Dickenson's quixotic humor.

J. J. JOHNSON


Few trombone players under the age of 30 have not incorporated important elements of the Johnson style and technique into their own playing. What Johnson did with Dizzy Gillespie's trumpet technique and Charlie Parker's alto saxophone innovations was not dissimilar to Harrison and Teagarden's adaptation of the Armstrong trumpet style.

Johnson's development of a bop trombone style surely would have been thought impossible before his advent on the jazz scene. The style was not essentially natural to the instrument, based as it was on eighth-note patterns, chromatic intervals, long roving melodies, and, most of all, on rapid-fire sequences of crisply articulated notes.

The following Johnson solo comes from *Jaybird*, a recording made in the '40s with his own group:



Johnson begins with a characteristically humorous lick. His first phrase is actually little more than four bars long, but Johnson extends it over the first eight bars by playing the little tag (centered around the 9th of the chord) in Bars 6 and 7. In the second eight, Johnson again falls into a four-bar pattern that is also extended by a repetitious tag. In the bridge Johnson gives a brief glimpse of his unusual technical powers. Diatonic runs and chorded arpeggios hold no terror for him. In the fifth bar of the bridge he plays one of his personal riffs, an ascending triplet up a diminished chord. The bridge ends with a rising line that terminates in an explosive Ab; Johnson repeats it in typical three-against-four pattern. His final phrase—an old swing lick—includes an interesting rhythmic displacement in Bars 30 and 31. Johnson executes the chromatic intervals (played in a fairly high range) almost flawlessly. It seems apparent that this line could have been played more easily by a trumpet or saxophone, yet Johnson's great technical ability makes his use of such a demanding style thoroughly musical.

Some contemporary trombone players—Willie Dennis, Jimmy Knepper, Dave Baker, Roswell Rudd, George Bohanon, and Garnett Brown, to name a few—have tried to reassert many stylistic patterns of the '30s. But as yet none has brought about the kind of major stylistic change attributed to Kid Ory, Jimmy Harrison, Jack Teagarden, J. C. Higginbotham, or J. J. Johnson. 

HARRY SWEETS EDISON



TOM JACKSON

IN FOCUS

By **BARBARA GARDNER**

THE "IN" MAN of the time was the President of the tenor saxophone, Lester Young. He watched and listened to the 21-year-old musician.

"We're going to call you Sweetie-Pie," said the president jokingly to the talented, but young, trumpet player.

In a few months the nickname had been shortened to Sweets, and from that time until now, the given name, Harold Edison, seldom has been heard.

The name Sweets has stuck, as has the purity and clarity of his trumpet tone, unimpaired since the day he joined Young and other leading jazzmen in the Count Basie Band in 1937. The more than 20 years intervening have been marked by a surprisingly even level of acceptance and security. He remained almost without interruption with Basie until the 1950 collapse of the big band. For the next few years, he toured the country, either as a single or as a star attraction with such performers as bandleader-drummer Buddy Rich and entertainer Josephine Baker.

In 1953 he decided to make a stand on the West Coast. This was a courageous decision, for the West Coast then was riding the crest of the "cool" movement. Modernists and experimentalists were setting the tone, and it was a tribute to Edison's ability as a musician that he, a swing-era trumpeter, was able to survive in this environment.

In fact, he actually prospered and came to enjoy an economically sound footing not easily found in jazz. For the next five years he was the master "soul bearer" of the West Coast. Frank Sinatra never recorded without him. Nelson Riddle's trumpet section swelled with his stinging, swinging horn. The movies *Man with the Golden Arm*, *Pal Joey*, *Joker Is Wild*, *House Boat*, *The Girl Most Likely* all boast the steady, lyric trumpet of Sweets Edison on the sound track. He was on first call at two of Hollywood's major film studios.

In September, 1958, Edison put the West Coast cushion of financial security and musical acceptance behind him and moved east to resume the unstable, roving life he had led for 15 years—that of a traveling musician.

"I think anybody used to traveling—they get that urge, you know?" he said. "Just want to get on the road—see some of your old friends."

When he formed his own quintet, he found that traveling the night-club scene was not without change. The first twang of unfamiliarity he heard was in the ever-changing, driving Basie band sound.

"Different band . . .," Edison murmured. "Different band altogether. The band Basie has today is more rehearsed. They don't have the soloists like he had in the old band: Lester Young—the president of the modern style—Hershel Evans, Jo Jones, Buck Clayton—all these guys were the epitome of their profession. There were none greater in those days."

It is interesting that while he makes this statement as unequivocally today as he did in 1958, the personnel of the Basie band has undergone numerous changes in the last six years and more than 75 percent of current Basie-ites have joined the band in the last three years. In singling out individual members, Edison pays special attention to one trumpet player who left the band a few years ago and who has been hailed repeatedly as an Edison disciple.

"I liked Joe Newman with that band," Edison said. "I like him very much. Now, about any influence I might have had on the younger guys. . . . I guess Joe Newman plays more like myself than anybody. Of course, we played together for quite some time in Basie's band. He's a good trumpet player. He might use a few things I use, but he's got his own style."

Newman, told of this remark, smiled and shrugged expressively.

"Sweets was a great influence on me musically," Newman admitted. "I listened to him while I was growing up—musically. But now, I just play like myself, I think."

THE TENDENCY to disclaim emulation in music goes perhaps as far back as the tendency to accuse itself. Edison is included. Every leading critic or writer who has attempted to analyze his work has come up with the assertion that in the early days of his career Edison was a Roy Eldridge emulator. Edison has his own thoughts on this:

"I never tried to emulate him. He adapted himself to playing in the high register of his horn—this I never do. I usually play in the bottom register of my horn, which may be poor, but I try."

Eldridge is not listed among his current favorite trumpet players.

"Miles is a good trumpet player," Edison said. "I like him very much. He has a good style—a very relaxed style. I like Dizzy Gillespie, who I think is just—well, he's just marvelous on his horn. And, naturally, Louis Armstrong to me is the daddy of all the trumpet players because if it hadn't been for him, I don't think we'd have known what the trumpet would have been all about."

Edison looks paternally on the younger generation of musicians.

"The younger musicians are not like the older generation, naturally," he said. "Discipline is one thing most of them don't have nowadays. Like anything else—in other areas besides music—the young people don't have that discipline. Even in school, they're not like we used to be. But some people—the worse they act, the more publicity they get. And some others, the better they act, they never get any. So who knows? Who's to say who's right and who's wrong? You never know."

As a successful transitional trumpeter, Edison is sensitive to the various attempts to categorize jazz.

"They keep saying 'mainstream jazz' and 'progressive jazz,' but I think music is music," he declared. "All these names are just new names for music. If it sounds good, and if it is good, then it's just music."

He is not bothered by the various tags and names, and the trend to change the name of the music from jazz to "modern music" or "progressive sounds" has no validity for him.

"I can't find another name for jazz—no more than just good music," he said.

As for his own style, Edison states it simply:

"I like to play on the beat. I like to swing. Anything I play, I like to play at a tempo that's not going to drag people—it's not going to drag myself. I think it should be danceable, and to play something danceable, you have

to stomp it off at a dance tempo."

A bit of the subtle Edison wit was discernible in his comment on a critic's remark that he plays occasional cascades of notes.

"Umm . . . 'cascade,'" he mused. "I've never run across that word musically. . . . But evidently, the writer must have had something in mind. They're always bringing up new words for music, maybe that's a new one. As long as it was favorable, I hope he—whoever wrote it—I hope he enjoyed it."

THE GOOD OL' DAYS bear resplendent memories for Edison, and he still clings tenaciously to thoughts of the period when he was surrounded by undisputed giants of his profession.

"We had more fun then than they do nowadays," he reflected. "Well, it has to do with the taxes. You have to make so much money now to exist. In those days you could make a little money and live like a king. If you made \$2 a night, that would last you two or three days. Now, \$2 won't even buy you cigarets for a day."

Did Edison ever actually work for \$2 a night? He threw back his head, clapped his hands, and exclaimed:

"Are you kidding? Two dollars a day was big money—that was room rent and food for a week."

While most musicians have preferences in types of music or places to play, Edison regards these preferences only as other whims of the pampered generation.

"If they were playing from 9 to 4," he said, "they would say, 'Certainly would like to get some concerts—get something easy for a change.' Then when they play concerts, they say they are not getting a chance to play. So I just say if you play any place, you're blessed—with so many musicians out of work."

His personal experience with unemployment has been mostly quite brief. He joined forces with singer Joe Williams for a while but then left to drift around New York and points east as a single or a recording artist. Finally, he returned to the West Coast to settle into the same groove he was in before he went east in 1958. He works the studio jobs, some club dates, flits across the country on special assignments for the major labels or studios.

Having spent so much time as a favored musician in an environment conducive to democratic living, Edison has developed a balanced, middle-class attitude toward Jim Crow and its opposite, Crow Jim.

"Well, I really don't like to talk about the race question," he said, his soft, rather gravelly voice dropping. "Because I really don't have any qualms about it at all. I think a person is a person."

Discarding the Crow Jim premise that only Negroes can truly play jazz, he continued:

"God made us all the same—so if one man's got a soul, then why shouldn't another person have one?"

He thought the matter over a second and concluded, "We've [Negroes] had more misery than anybody else, so naturally we play the blues better than anybody. That's typical race music. That comes from being sad. You have money today—tomorrow you might get put out. That's all in your music."



record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Erwin Helfer, Don Nelson, Bill Mathieu, Dan Morgenstern, 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.

MOSTLY ABOUT TRUMPET PLAYERS

Louis Armstrong, *In the '30s/In the '40s* (RCA Victor 2971e)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Best of Louis Armstrong (Audio Fidelity 6132)

Rating: ★★★★★

Various Artists, *Era of the Swing Trumpet* (Mainstream 6017)

Rating: ★★★★★½

Chet Baker, *Loved Walked In* (Harmony 7320)

Rating: ★★★★★

That Louis Armstrong dominated jazz in the late '20s and all through the '30s is undeniable. Nor will many jazz followers of long standing deny his playing has undergone considerable change since that time—some would say it has deteriorated considerably.

Musically, though not technically, his trumpet work of the early '30s is not as astonishing as in the '20s. Gone for the most part were the sweeping and majestic solos of the '20s, which had been constructed with such innate artistry that when they swelled to climax, they left the listener emotionally spent. Still, Armstrong's work in the early '30s remains head and shoulders above most competition of the time.

Half the RCA Victor album consists of material recorded by the trumpeter during 1933. If one can ignore most of the goings on behind Armstrong—the big band he carried with him was more often than not a distraction, to put it mildly—there are trumpet gems scattered throughout the side.

The most satisfying Armstrong performance is on *I've Got the World on a String*, in which his first-chorus paraphrases are adroitly—beautifully—done, particularly on the bridge and the last eight bars. After his vocal (and his singing throughout is, of course, a delight), he plays with remarkable poignancy and lyricism over the full band.

This device—trumpet over full ensemble on the out-chorus—is used on all the '30s performances (*Sweet Sue*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Honey Dol*, *Mighty River*, and *Swing, You Cats*). It is most exhibitionistic on *St. Louis*, but even on that track Armstrong's work has an air of utter relaxation that adds to its attractiveness. Some of his finest improvisations, aside from *World on a String*, come in *Cats* and *River*, both of which are studded with nicely turned breaks.

There also is a fiery Coleman Hawkins-ish solo by tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson on *St. Louis* and a funny vocal by him

on *Sue*. His trombonist brother, Keg, is impassioned but sloppy in a *St. Louis* solo. There also are Earl Hines-like snatches from pianists Teddy Wilson and Charlie Beal.

The second side of the record consists of four small-group tracks and two by Armstrong's raw big band of 1947.

The fire of Armstrong's playing had dimmed somewhat by the middle '40s, when the small-group records were made. The best Armstrong appears on *Where the Blues Were Born in New Orleans* (a rollicking solo) and *Jack Armstrong Blues* (a crisp five-chorus solo, plus warm exchanges with trombonist Jack Teagarden).

The other tracks are *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?* (less dazzle in the Armstrong horn, but his phrasing and paraphrasing of the melody are keen); *It Takes Time* and *I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder* (good-humored Armstrong vocals but thin-toned trumpet work with the big band); and *Before Long* (excellent Teagarden trombone).

By 1960, when the Audio Fidelity LP was first issued, Armstrong had been working with a small group for 13 years, and what had begun as a star-full aggregation had become a tired bunch of musicians, wearily going through their paces, taking care not to outshine the leader (or so it seems listening to the records).

By this time, many in the jazz world wrote off Armstrong—"still sings great, but his horn. . . ." Yet there is evidence on this record that he was still capable of, if not the musical imagination of the past, playing with great dignity and heartbreaking melancholy, as can be heard on the album's *St. James Infirmary*, *I Ain't Got Nobody*, and *Chimes Blues*. And he could still sail when he wanted—just listen to *I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll*. There is grace too; *Dr. Jazz* is the best example. But with the grace and other qualities there also are patterns, clichés, whatever one cares to call them, and the tiredness of it all often comes to the fore.

The remaining selections are *Panama*, *Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight*, *Frankie and Johnny* (vocal with tinny piano accompaniment), *Jelly Roll Blues*, *Drop That Sack*, and *My Old Kentucky Home* (with a let's-all-sing chorus, yet). Most have Armstrong vocals, and, as usual, they are warm and humorous.

The sidemen are trombonist Trummy Young (who steps out of the second-banana role he played in the group to come across with good solos on *Chimes* and *Sack*), clarinetist Peanuts Hucko, pianist Billy Kyle, bassist Mort Herbert, and drummer Danny Barcelona.

Armstrong's influence on other trumpet players can easily be discerned in the *Era of the Swing Trumpet* album.

The trumpet men represented are Roy Eldridge, Jonah Jones, Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Cootie Williams, Sidney DeParis, and Bobby Hackett. The mark of the master is on all to varying degrees, though each is his own man. It is noteworthy that the musicians who came up during the earlier years of jazz usually strove for their own identities, something one doubts of many of today's wonders.

The album includes two performances that are really extraordinary—*I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me*, which features Eldridge, and *Embraceable You*, which has Hackett.

The Eldridge track, made in 1940, has other giants besides the trumpeter in its personnel: tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, altoist Benny Carter, and drummer Sid Catlett. The group is rounded out quite well by bassist John Kirby and guitarist Bernard Addison. Eldridge's two choruses are searingly hot, but there is construction and imagination in addition to heat. Hawkins charges like a mad bull in his solo, and Carter plays a marvelously put together solo, one that is almost ingenious in its rhythmic displacement and use of descending chromatics within the improvisation. And what spirit these men brought to the music!

The Hackett *Embraceable* was cut by a 1938 Eddie Condon group that also included trombonist Teagarden, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell, and tenorist Bud Freeman, all of whom offer lyrical solos. But the prize goes to the cornetist for his song-like improvisation, a thing of exquisite beauty. The ease and logic with which he fits phrase with phrase is astonishing.

Hackett's cornet also is featured on a performance by a 1944 Miff Mole group playing *I Must Have That Man*. Though Hackett etches his solo lovingly, it is not of the quality of *Embraceable*.

There are three tracks by sextets led by tenor saxophonist Chu Berry. *Monday at Minton's* and *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*, made in September, 1941, have Page on trumpet, and the other, *46 West 52* (*Sweet Georgia Brown*), has Eldridge. Page turns in some wistful but sardonic plunger work on *Gee, Baby*, and his singing of the Don Redman tune is nonpareil. Berry is a bit oversweet on this track, but his work on the other two performances rolls along with great vigor, particularly on the 1938 track with Eldridge. Pianist Clyde Hart is heard to advantage in both sessions.

Not a great deal happens on the album's other tracks: Williams plays competently on the Esquire All-Stars' *Esquire Bounce*; Jones leads a spirited but otherwise unimpressive group of 1945 Cab Calloway sidemen through *Stompin' at the Savoy* and *Hubba Hubba Hub*; DeParis and his

trombonist brother Wilber are forceful, though a touch heavy, on *Sheik of Araby*, a freewheeling performance that has some crackling Ed Hall clarinet and good Hart piano.

The Baker LP is a repackaging of the *With Strings* album made for Columbia when the trumpeter was the golden boy of the horn.

It wears rather well. There is a great deal of wispy trumpet playing—much of it confined to slightly altering the original melodies' phrases—but not as much invention as one might want (or expect) from Baker.

The best track is *The Wind*, written by Russ Freeman, who was Baker's pianist at the time. The album's other selections—*You Don't Know What Love Is*, *I'm Through with Love*, *Love Walked In*, *You Better Go Now*, *I Married an Angel*, *I Love You*, *What a Difference a Day Made*, and *Trickydiddle*—have fair-to-good Baker trumpet and competent solos by tenorist Zoot Sims, altoist Bud Shank, and pianist Freeman. The tunes are generally well arranged by Marty Paich, John Mandel, Shorty Rogers, and J. R. Montrose.

(D.DeM.)

Cannonball Adderley

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Capitol 2216: *Fiddler on the Roof*; *To Life*; *Sabbath Prayer*; *Cajvalach*; *Sewing Machine*; *Now I Have Everything*; *Do You Love Me?*; *Matchmaker*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, cornet, trumpet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Charles Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Having picked up Cannonball Adderley from the wreckage of the collapsed Riverside label, Capitol has launched him with a disc that may bring in commercial returns but that, in jazz terms, is not very rewarding.

Pinning a jazz group down to the score of a Broadway show is inevitably a limiting process, since a Broadway score is never written with the needs of a jazz group in mind. Good jazz material has been mined from these scores, of course, but it is necessarily a selective process. Filling the two sides of an LP from a single score does not permit a jazz group to be that selective.

In the case of *Fiddler*, the music that Jerry Bock has written is so closely keyed to the setting of the show—a Jewish enclave in a remote village in Czarist Russia—that, despite its great effectiveness in the theater in contributing color and flavor, it is not particularly memorable by itself.

So Adderley has done very well to get two good performances out of this score—the lilting *Matchmaker*, on which Lloyd swings warmly on flute, and a rip-roaring attack on the title tune, during which all the soloists take full advantage of the kinship between the Eastern wail of Bock's music and the wail of the ecstatic jazzman.

Lloyd, on flute, makes a pleasant cameo of *Cajvalach*, and Cannonball does his best to get *Machine* swinging. But the rest of the material, despite the use of provocative rhythmic devices, ensembles, and counter-melodies, just lies there. Adderley and his men have given this assignment the big try, but they can't make something out of nothing.

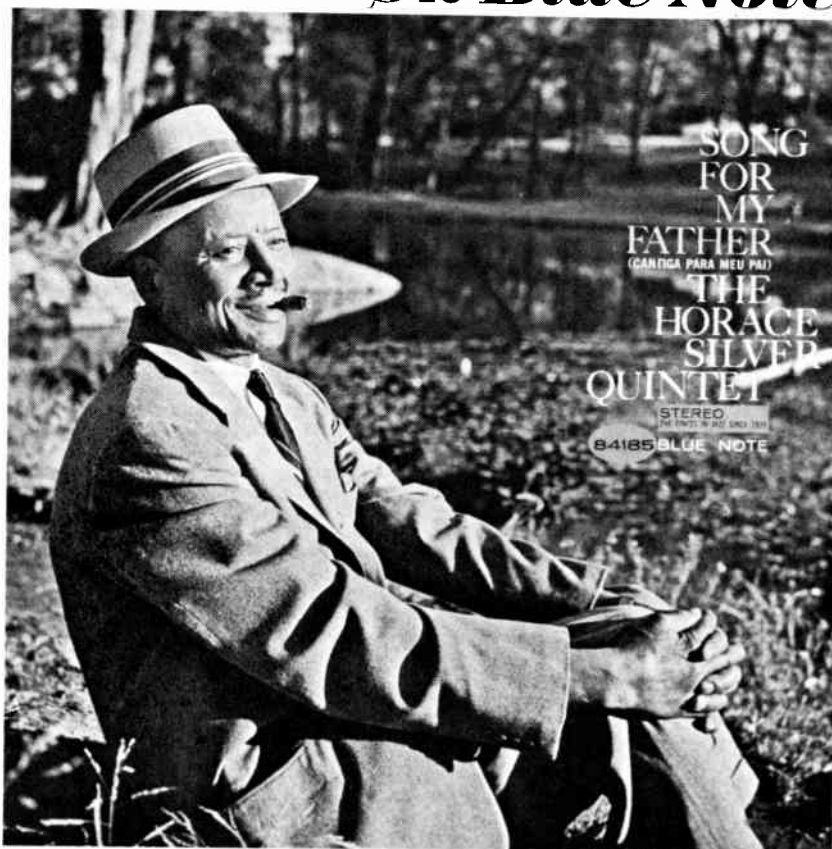
(J.S.W.)

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Walt Dickerson

WALT DICKERSON PLAYS UNITY—Audio Fidelity 6131: *Unity: High Moon.*

Personnel: Dickerson, vibraharp; Walter Davis Jr., piano; George Tucker, bass; Edgar Bateman and Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

Probably the most brilliant of the younger vibraharpists, Dickerson is heard here with a pianist, bassist, and two drummers in a brace of efforts each of which is much too long—16 and 17 minutes, respectively—in terms of the end achieved.

Unity is mystically linked in the liner notes to the civil-rights movement and to other things, *vide*: "Perhaps Walt Dickerson can unify what T. E. Lawrence really set out to do." Unite the Arabs?

In any event, *Unity* is a brooding, darkly moody excursion into realms of tonal and rhythmic (both drummers play simultaneously) impressionism. The trouble is it never gets beyond the immediate impressionistic moment into a larger design above and beyond the performances. There are overlong solos played on a series of minor chords shaped in a simple repetitive rhythmic pattern. The intention may not have been the induction of monotony and ultimate boredom in the listener; unfortunately, this is how it affected me. All musicians, notably Dickerson, play very well indeed (which accounts for the rating); I can but wish the conception and material at hand justified the skill of execution.

High Moon (*Full Moon and Empty Arms* or, if you like, Rachmaninoff) is given a too-long but conventionally swinging treatment at medium tempo. The improvisational deficiencies of the pianist stand out rather clearly toward the close of his solo (banal quotes and the like) revealing him as an unoriginal thinker. Tucker's bass playing is superlative and the drumming is what it should be in regards to time-keeping; the long, long solo on drums, however, fails to sustain interest.

Dickerson more than rises to his growing reputation with a breathtaking solo concluding with sputters of staccato phrases. (J.A.T.)

Ethel Ennis

EYES FOR YOU—RCA Victor 2984: *I Only Have Eyes for You; Summertime; Here's That Rainy Day; Almost Like Being in Love; God Bless the Child; The Song Is You; I Love Being Here with You; Yesterdays; Little Girl Blue; Angel Eyes; But Beautiful; Too Close for Comfort.*

Personnel: Jimmy Jones, piano; Jimmy Wells, vibraharp; Walt Namuth, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Miss Ennis, vocals.

Rating: ★★ ★

Much has been said about this singer's genuine talent and ability to create sensitive, compelling moods within a jazz setting. Very well. Still, parts of this album sag badly. It is not the fault of the singer alone; it is the fault also of whoever assembled and packaged the album and made a virtual mishmash of consistency and musical flow. The light, breezy tunes are bunched together, and ballads are strung together on the B side of the recording.

Nonetheless, Miss Ennis has a good clear voice and a jazz feeling that places her in the best company.

The arrangements are plain and uncomplicated; consequently, the vocalist has the full responsibility of creating and sustaining the interest.

The material is all shopworn. There is

no tune here worthy of particular note. They are all well done, in a subdued fashion, by an artist who has a mature delivery and potentially a refreshingly enthusiastic style. (B.G.)

Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS THE JEROME KERN SONGBOOK—Verve 4060: *Let's Begin; A Fine Romance; All the Things You Are; I'll Be Hard to Handle; You Couldn't Be Cuter; She Didn't Say Yes; I'm Old-Fashioned; Remind Me; The Way You Look Tonight; Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man; Yesterdays; Why Was I Born?*

Rating: ★★ ★★ ½

ELLA SINGS GERSHWIN—Decca 4451 and 74451: *Someone to Watch Over Me; My One and Only; But Not for Me; Looking for a Boy; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Oh, Lady Be Good; I've Got a Crush on You; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Maybe; I'm Just a Lucky So and So; I Didn't Mean a Word I Said.*

Rating: ★★ ★★

TRIBUTE TO COLE PORTER—Verve 4066: *Let's Do It; Just One of Those Things; Anything Goes; I've Got You under My Skin; You're the Top; I Love Paris; I Get a Kick out of You; Love for Sale; It's De-Lovely; Begin the Beguine; Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye; What Is This Thing Called Love?; Night and Day; All of You; All Through the Night.*

Rating: ★★ ★ ½

THE BEST OF ELLA FITZGERALD—Verve 4063: *Mack the Knife; Beautiful Friendship; Mr. Paganini; Lorelei; Goody, Goody; Desafinado; Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?; Shiny Stockings; A-tisket A-tasket; How High the Moon.*

Rating: ★★ ★

There is relatively little jazz content in these four discs; the only one on which Miss Fitzgerald opens up her jazz valve is the *Best* set, and this one is a mixed bag. The above ratings are for the performances, regardless of category.

All but the Kern set are reissues. In her series of collections of the work of great popular composers, Miss Fitzgerald has taken quite a while getting to Kern, and one can only wonder why. If ever there were a songwriter whose melodic concepts were right down her alley, it is Kern. And he usually worked with lyricists who concentrated on the kinds of lines she deals with much more easily than the flip witticisms of Cole Porter or Lorenz Hart or Ira Gershwin.

Her affinity for Kern is made overwhelmingly clear on the second side of the record in her warm, fresh, and glowingly lovely treatments of *I'm Old-Fashioned*, *Remind Me*, *The Way You Look Tonight*, *Yesterdays*, and *Why Was I Born?*

The only song on the side that doesn't measure up to the rest is *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man*, whose essentially torchy quality does not quite come through.

The first side is focused on lighter things, and here, too, Miss Fitzgerald shows a more deft handling of light lyrics than she has on some of the other *Songbooks*. Nelson Riddle's arrangements give her superb settings for her best songs and are no hindrance on the others.

That "no hindrance" bit is not a gag, because one of her difficulties on the Porter set is Buddy Bregman's arrangements, which sometimes bind her into inconvenient tempos that emphasize her tendency to skate along the top of a lyric.

This is at least the third appearance for these Porter recordings. They first appeared in her two-disc *Cole Porter Songbook*, which was later repackaged as two separate discs. The current collection is

culled from both discs of the original set.

There are some pleasant things in it, particularly when Bregman keeps his band out of the way and lets Miss Fitzgerald wander through a verse with just a guitar or the rhythm section, or uses only discreet accents from the band. But when the band moves in force, Miss Fitzgerald puts on her bland face, and off we go.

On the Gershwin set, the backing problem is practically reversed. All she has is Ellis Larkins' piano, which plods along in steady but unforceful lines while Miss Fitzgerald constructs her songs as she will.

All this leeway is frequently fine, but there are times when she seems to be trying to put more body into her singing than she might if she had support that was a little more definite. Along the way, however, she produces several wonderfully warm and fresh performances.

As for *The Best*—well, scarcely. It could be called "representative," since it shows Miss Fitzgerald handling ballads, rhythm tunes, and novelties, current and old, and throwing in some imitations and a bit of scat singing. But scarcely any of it shows her at her best, with the exception of her scatting on *How High the Moon* and the evidence she gives that she can deliver a hard-sell finale on *Mr. Paganini*. (J.S.W.)

Four Freshmen

MORE FOUR FRESHMEN AND FIVE TROMBONES—Capitol 2168: *Hello, Dolly*; *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*; *Midnight Sun*; *The Girl from Ipanema*; *The Days of Wine and Roses*; *Call Me Irresponsible*; *More*; *Misty*; *A Taste of Honey*; *What Kind of Fool Am I?*; *The Second Time Around*.

Personnel: Four Freshmen, vocals; others unidentified.

Rating: no rating

There is no jazz here. There is not much of anything, in fact. The Freshmen, owners of very fine voices, offer here a program that, for sustained monotony, is nigh unbeatable. Moments fly like hours.

They attack almost every song with practically the same voicings, with nearly the same tempos (slow to medium-slow), and with minimal change in the texture of the four-part harmony. The progressive effect is deadening: listening to one provides a rather pleasant interlude; after three, Morpheus beckons.

More, *Misty*, and (especially) *Honey* are mildly diverting, because some variations in time and group sound are introduced. Though the Freshmen personnel is not listed on the jacket, I assume it is the same as formerly: Ross Barber, Bill Flanigan, Ken Albers, Bill Comstock.

The Pete Rugolo arrangements are notable for their generous use of cliché. (D.N.)

Harry James

NEW VERSION OF DOWN BEAT FAVORITES—MGM 4265: *Sentimental Journey*; *Cherokee*; *If I Could Be with You*; *King Porter Stomp*; *Harlem Nocturne*; *Flying Home*; *In the Mood*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Swing of Pearls*; *Frenesi*; *Tuxedo Junction*; *One O'Clock Jump*.

Personnel: James, Bob Turk, Fred Koyen, Dom Buono, Bill Mattison, trumpets; Ray Sims, Joe Cadena, Jim McQuary, trombones; Joe Riggs, Larry Stoffel, Corky Corcoran, Dave Madden, Bob Achilles, saxophones; Jack Perciful, piano; Tom Kelly, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Although these tunes are the warhorses of the swing era, they have lasted surprisingly well. Considering their vintage, the James band plays them with commendable



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zest, some of which may derive from the fact that Thad Jones' arrangements, while generally sticking close to the original versions, include some freshening variations. And it is a big sturdy band, propelled by Rich's drumming and with a saxophone section that has an admirably solid and meaty ensemble sound.

The trouble with this set is that it falls in between its two potential audiences. Those who hold the tunes in fond nostalgic memory can easily get the originals and are not apt to welcome even the mild tinkering that Jones has indulged in. On the other hand, those who would be interested in hearing what new approaches can be taken to this familiar material won't hear anything really new here.

There's a third audience, of course—the James fans. They'll find their boy and their band in fine fettle. (J.S.W.)

Illinois Jacquet

BOSSSES OF THE BALLAD—Argo 746: *I Love You; Get out of Town; So in Love; I Concentrate on You; You Do Something to Me; Everytime We Say Goodbye; Use Your Imagination; All Through the Night; Begin the Beguine; It's All Right with Me; Do I Love You?; I've Got You under My Skin.*

Personnel: Jacquet, tenor saxophone; unidentified strings, woodwinds, harp, French horn, and rhythm section.

Rating: ★★½

This is Jacquet in the strings-and-mood bag, but it is distinctly better than most ventures of this sort.

For one thing, a set of Cole Porter tunes gives the arrangers more to work with than they usually have in such situations, and Benny Golson and Tom McIntosh have come up with some interesting writing in the small areas where they can show themselves—mostly introductions and bridges. The orchestra is not just the usual sullen strings; it includes woodwinds with which the two arrangers brighten up several of the backgrounds and which they can also occasionally shift into a saxophone section that gives the performances some much-needed body.

Still, Golson and McIntosh are limited because they are just writing frames for saxophone solos—and the solos themselves don't cover much range.

Jacquet plays with a warm, fresh tone and usually manages to give his second choruses a little extra lift. But he, too, is under wraps because of the type of recording this is.

Taken on its own terms, it may be a little too gutty for mood-music fanciers while, as jazz, it doesn't amount to much. But it's nice, which gives it three stars with the extra half for the creative effort that Golson and McIntosh have brought to it. (J.S.W.)

Quincy Jones

GOLDEN BOY—Mercury 20938 and 60938: *Theme from Golden Boy; The Witching Hour; Seaweed; Golden Boy; Django; Soul Serenade; Theme from Golden Boy; Hard Day's Night; The Sidewinder; The Midnight Sun Will Never Set.*

Personnel: Johnny Foske, Joe Newman, Dick Hurwitz, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Billy Byers, Al Grey, Quentin Jackson, Paul Falise, Bill Watrous, trombones; Jim Buffington, Morris Secon, French horns; Jerome Richardson, Bill Slapin, George Dessinger, Stan Webb, Phil Woods, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Frank Foster, Cecil Payne, saxophones, woodwinds; Don Elliott, vibraharp, marimba, vocal; Bobby Scott, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; Milt Hinton, Art Davis, or Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ed Shaughnessy or Grady Tate, drums; Margaret Ross, harp; Harold Goletta, Al Brown, Selwart Clarke, Julien Barber, Archie

Levin, Karen Tuttle, David Mankovitz, David Schwartz, Ted Israel, Charles McCracken, George Ricci, Kermit Moore, Maurice Bialkin, Harry Lookofsky, strings.

Rating: ★★½

Jones, if not the most original writer, is a canny arranger whose bands normally generate a heated, Basielike excitement. Not this time.

Taking music from the play *Golden Boy* as his point of departure, Jones interprets a variety of material in a largely unimaginative, conventional manner. He presents the *Golden Boy* theme twice, first in a plodding string version and then in a big-band blarer that moves along with a bit more zip.

Django, one of the most beautiful of tributes as played by the Modern Jazz Quartet, is given only fair treatment. Robbed of the intimacy of MJQ presentation, lacking the depth of a Milt Jackson solo and the delicate interplay among the MJQ players, the performance drags. It is uninspired. And *Django* is a tune that dies without inspiration.

Guitarist Hall's solo is technically adroit, but it seems to me that he loses the mood. Vibist Elliott, no Jackson but sounding like him here, manages to nudge the feeling back toward the proper introspective temper, but his stay is much too brief to have any appreciable effect. On *Seaweed* Elliott essays a wordless vocal. While pleasant, it is scarcely more than a hum-along with the tune.

The remainder of the program is similarly lackluster.

As to the band itself, there may be some confusion as to who plays on what track because the jacket listing is somewhat muddled. The labor seems to be divided like this: the first side, with the exception of *Witching Hour*, is small group with strings, as is *Midnight* on the second side. These numbers feature Buffington, Secon, Eddie Davis, Richardson, Slapin, Elliott, Scott, Hall, Hinton, Art Davis, Shaughnessy, Miss Ross, and probably Dessinger and Webb.

Witching Hour and the rest of the second side is big band, no strings. Hinton, Davis, Shaughnessy, Slapin, Elliott, and Miss Ross appear only on the string tracks. (D.N.)

Gene Ludwig

ORGAN OUT LOUD—Mainstream 6032: *Comin' Home, Baby; Teach Me Tonight; Blues Waltz; Elder Smith; Moanin'; Sermonette; The Preacher; Gino.*

Personnel: Ludwig, organ; Jerry Byrd, guitar; Randy Gelispie, drums.

Rating: ★★½

So what's new with jazz organ? Nothing much. Except that Ludwig, a 27-year-old Pittsburgh, Pa., organist is the newest arrival in the recording field on the instrument.

He has technique to burn and uses it mostly in the Jimmy Smith tradition. This is evident in the opening *Comin' Home Baby* and in his long solos on *Sermonette* and *Gino*. Beyond the debt to Smith, however, I cannot detect any real originality or distinct character in his playing except possibly certain of his chord voicings, which are tangy and biting.

On *Blues Waltz* and *Preacher* guitarist Byrd reveals himself as a facile technician with a rather thin tone, an over-all shallow sound, and ideas that are occasionally in-

teresting but seldom exciting.

Elder Smith, a Ludwig original, drags along at a medium walking tempo made almost lugubrious by a sustained organ note of almost interminable duration, executed to what end I know not. *Moanin'* is very fast—too fast one feels for the comfort of the organist, who before long falls into trite phrases and semi-statement, seldom seeming to conclude a thought with success. As with *Sermonette*, the closing *Gino*, another Ludwig original, is cut to the familiar Jimmy Smith pattern.

Ludwig must develop a truly personal voice on his chosen instrument if he is to realize his obvious potential. Imitation is, of course, the sincerest form of flattery, but it is only one step on the long staircase to originality and fulfillment of expression. (J.A.T.)

Bill Marx

NIGHT TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME—Vee-Jay 1108: *Night Time Is the Right Time; Nobody's Heart; Nice and Easy; In My Solitude; You Don't Know What Love Is; Satin Doll; Moon Tune; One for My Baby; Once Upon a Sunday Evening; Gershwin Prelude; Sittin' and Rocking.*

Personnel: Marx, piano; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★★

This may or may not be cocktail jazz. If you've had a couple, you might be willing to think so. My sobersided view is that it is fairly tolerable background music geared for 3 a.m. and cigarettes for two.

Marx executes the melodies simply and directly against a colorless string background. There are suggestions of improvisation on *Doll* and *Rocking*, but elsewhere the cupboard is rather bare.

His presentation is not particularly well balanced, being weighted heavily toward the right hand. He seems to enjoy carving dainty figures from the high-register ivory.

Still, there are some things impressive: the pensive, lonely character with which Marx infuses *Night*; his choice of harmonies on some tunes; his tone. Perhaps if he had chosen a jazz combo to stir him, he might have produced an interesting 40 minutes.

But, again, he may not have had jazz in mind. Even so, he could have done better than this with his talent. Night time is hardly the right time for pabulum. (D.N.)

Carmen McRae

SECOND TO NONE—Mainstream 6028: *In Love in Vain; Where Did It Go?; The Music That Makes Me Dance; Because You're Mine; Too Good; Once upon a Summertime; The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; Cloudy Morning; Blame It on My Youth; Winter in May; My Reverie; And I Love Him.*

Personnel: large orchestra; Miss McRae, vocals.

Rating: ★★

Helen Merrill

THE ARTISTRY OF HELEN MERRILL—Mainstream 6014: *Quiet Nights; Careless Love; Scarlet Ribbons; The House of the Rising Sun; I Left My Heart Behind; Cannetella; The River; Minba Rocca; It's No Komoriuta; Forbidden Games; John Anderson, My Love.*

Personnel: Jimmy Giuffrè, clarinet; Hal McKusick, flute; Charlie Byrd or Jimmy Raney, guitar; Keter Betts or Teddy Kotick, bass; Dave Bailey or Osie Johnson, drums; Miss Merrill, vocals.

Rating: ★★

These two releases are fine chunks of artistry flowing with the commercial tides of moody string stuff and haunting folk material.

For some time now, Miss McRae has shown an increasing inclination to sing the pretty tunes prettily. She is an excellent



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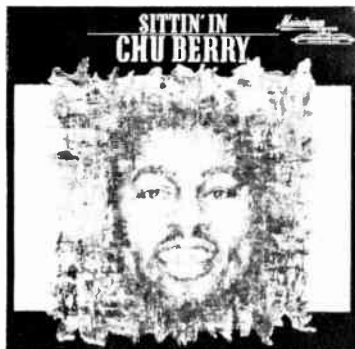
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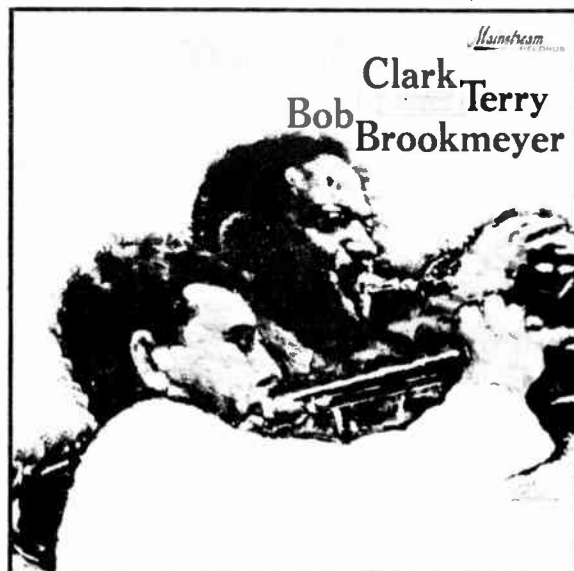
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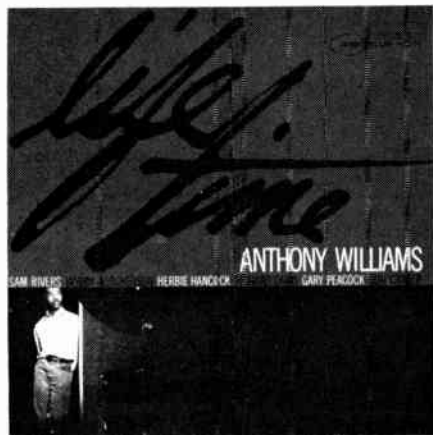
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vocalist, with both the natural equipment and the technical skill to do very much as she likes with her material. The *Second to None* album is a good example of this as she eases through a dozen songs ranging in impact and complexity from the intricate and demanding *Thousand Eyes* to the Liverpool gem, *And I Love Him*, by the Beatles.

There is little to be said of the jazz qualities on display here, for there is precious little jazz. The overwhelming orchestra is much too huge and stratified to provide anything even approximating a jazz setting, and only the few isolated solos by trumpeter Johnny Bello hint that jazz musicians are in the orchestra.

Miss McRae never unleashes her creative talents for a full romp, and when her scattered notes and bars of improvisation and jazz influences creep in, they are welcome intruders. In general, the songs are delivered in a straightforward, unadorned fashion, as only a singer of extreme self-confidence and vocal control is capable of doing.

Blame It, In Love, and *Makes Me Dance* are especially sensitive. *Too Good* does not make it, and the Beatles' tune is nothing more than a musical exercise demonstrating that Miss McRae is musician enough to elevate even innocuous stuff to a palatable level.

Now, Miss Merrill is a pickle from an altogether different barrel. This is folk delivery all the way. The only tunes that even suggest jazz are *Quiet Nights*, which allows Byrd a bit of freedom, and the folk corn of lore, *Careless Love*. In the latter, Miss Merrill's opaque, instrumental-like phrasing transforms the tune into a pleasurable listening experience.

The album is a good musical achievement because all the artists have projected the feeling of the songs with quiet conviction and perception. *I Left My Heart* is a standout because of the delicate voicing of the instruments and the presence of Miss Merrill's impeccable sound, floating just above.

(B.G.)

Joe Thomas-Bill Elliott

SPEAK YOUR PIECE—Sue 1025: *I Want the Whole World to Know; Shiny Stockings; Mr. Foster; Policy; Tonight; The Thinker; New Concepts; Speak Your Piece; New Bedford Blues.*

Personnel: Thomas, flute, tenor saxophone; Robbie Porter, baritone saxophone; Jiggs Chase, organ; Jimmy McLinton, guitar; Elliott, drums.

Rating: ★★½

Although this group is basically the usual sax-and-organ combo, the Thomas-Elliott quintet shows a far greater scope than is normally heard from such groups.

The members successfully blend their saxophones, organ, and guitar to get something equivalent to a big-band ensemble sound, and they also break their instrumental groupings down in a variety of attractive ways. There are ensembles led by guitar and tenor, by tenor and organ, and by flute and organ. Solos are backed by the nonsoloing instruments, to add interest and depth to the soloist's work.

The group's voicings are a little rough at times, noticeably on *Stockings*, on which they have to stand comparison with the Basie saxophones, but in most cases the blend comes off smoothly, with Chase's

organ providing a firm, broad cushion.

Thomas is a fluent and swinging tenor while McLinton's guitar adds provocative accents to several ensembles and takes off on an occasional impressive solo. The guitarist is particularly effective on *Bedford*, with Thomas' saxophone noodling behind him.

There's a lot of variety on this record—the Gospel-style *Piece*, a roaring attack on *Tonight*, an easy swing on a melodic riff on *Thinker*, and a lusty rhythm-and-blues treatment of *World*, as well as the slinky pulsation of *Stockings*. With a little more seasoning, this might become a distinctive group.

(J.S.W.)

Various Artists

JAZZ WORKSHOP CONCERT—German Philips 48095; 840475: *Knoedl-Walzer; Blazy Bones Revisited; Concerto for Benjamin and Jonathan; Waltz of the Five Cats; Hip-Hit; Conversation; Revelation; The Jamfs Are Coming.*

Personnel: Benny Bailey, Donald Byrd, Jon Eardley, trumpets; Johnny Renard, trumpet, mellophone; Idreas Sulieman, trumpet, alto saxophone; Albert Mangelsdorff, Nat Peck, Ake Persson, Eje Thelin, trombones; Klaus Doldinger, Johnny Griffin, Rolf Kuhn, Johnny Scott, Sahib Shihab, reeds; Ingfried Hoffman, piano, organ; Pierre Cavalli, guitar; Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, bass; Egil Johansen, drums; Hans Koller, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

This collection is made up of approximately half the numbers played by the North German Radio Network Jazz Workshop at the annual Ruhr Festival in Recklinghausen, Germany, last June.

They are all originals, most of them by members of the workshop orchestra. The lineup is an all-star assemblage of Europeans and Americans-in-Europe, and it contains several surprises.

The major eyebrow raiser is the appearance of the quondam trumpeter, Sulieman, as an alto saxophone soloist on the appropriately titled *Revelation*. He has a warm, bright tone and plays with a driving, flowing attack and with none of the intonation difficulties that have cropped up on some of his latter-day recordings on trumpet.

Eardley, long absent from the U.S. jazz scene, wrote *Concerto*, which features his trumpet along with Bailey's. Bailey's performance is superb—a glowing, lustrous sound in crisply stated, singing lines that swing beautifully. There are some delightful duet passages for the trumpets, but Eardley, on his own, still has the earnest but earthbound quality that used to plague him when he was with Gerry Mulligan's group.

Kuhn, back home after his unprofitable venture to the States, is featured on *Knoedl-Walzer* in a clarinet solo during which he achieves a shrill, oboelike sound that is, at the very least, distinctive.

Peck's *Blazy*, written for four trombones and rhythm, is much in the manner of some of the old J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding pieces with consistently capable solos from the band's four trombonists.

Griffin comes on with a very strong attack on *Hip-Hit* and *Conversation* and takes an interesting unaccompanied solo on *Jamfs*.

The whole set is played with great elan, and while the solo level is far from consistent, the good ones are well worth hearing.

(J.S.W.)

COMMENTS ON CLASSICS

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

One of the most disturbing facts to be faced about today's new music is that its esthetic rationale is firmly grounded on the work of the Viennese Trinity of 20th-century music: Arnold Schoenberg, Anton Webern, and Alban Berg.

The foundation is, of course, a solid one and only deplorable in that the vast music-consuming public is still, with our century nearly two-thirds spent, only vaguely acquainted with the trio's most significant works. The public, therefore, comes to the music of its own generation without preparation, rather like a man trying to deduce the shape of a building while locked in a windowless room on the top floor.

The question arises, moreover, whether a general, unschooled public ever *can* be expected to absorb and understand enough Webern, say, to grow close to his masterpieces, let alone to go on from Webern.

It requires an irreducible minimum of musical talent, after all, to follow intelligently a score in which the material is set forth once and never repeated; and how can a person with ordinary musical gifts follow Webern's sound patterns, to say nothing of his syncopated silences?

Fortunately, musical changes do not always need to follow the logic of a skyscraper, in which each brick and slab depends on the one immediately beneath it. Great leaps forward are possible, indeed inevitable, when the public becomes estranged from composers, as it is today.

As Glenn Gould, the quirky but gifted pianist, pointed out recently in an absorbing lecture at the University of Cincinnati, music that derives from Schoenberg plays very little part in the lives of most people today. Gould reminded us that early in this century, it was not only the cognoscenti but also a wide lay audience that waited for each new work of Claude Debussy or Gustav Mahler or Richard Strauss and could discuss it heatedly if not always intelligently.

Apparently, all that now is changed. But, as any listener can prove to his own satisfaction, the public hears and digests immense quantities of neo-Schoenbergian music unawares every day and seems not to mind at all. George Balanchine uses Stravinsky's *Agon* and the even more serialized *Movements for Piano and Orchestra* and regularly choreographs ballets to the scores of Webern and other dealers in despised idioms.

The public, given something to watch while it listens, soaks up the music without protest. Movies would be half silent these days without electronic music (how many who saw *This Sporting Life* got up and walked out in protest of Roberto Gerhard's electronic score?). The most impressive and most subliminally effective attack has been, to quote Gould, "in that curious specialty of the 20th century known as background music for cinema or tele-

vision. If you really stop to listen to the music accompanying most of the Grade B horror movies that are coming out of Hollywood these days, or perhaps to a TV show on space travel for children, you will be absolutely amazed at the amount of integration which the various idioms of atonality have undergone in this media."

Gould suspects that these clichés of atonality will in our times provide "something of the same sort of public reference that the Lutheran chorale provided in the church services of northern Europe in the late 16th century."

There is no question, he said, but that the chorale forced into the consciousness of many hostile parishioners "the strange new organization which was to become known as tonality."

If a similar rapprochement between the composers and the public comes about one of these days, Schoenberg will obviously be enshrined as the Bach or the Jean Rameau or the Claudio Monteverdi of the 20th century, and it will not have been necessary for a large concertgoing or record-listening public to have mastered his idiom intellectually or to have approved it officially at the boxoffice.

But some of the deepest marks on 20th-century music have been left by composers whose standing as theorists is not great, and whose imprint has been made while exploiting the ideas of others. Two who cannot be overlooked in this respect are Igor Stravinsky and Bela Bartok.

Anyone who listens even superficially to Bartok's magnificent *Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion*, newly recorded by Robert and Gaby Casadesus, must be struck by the continued freshness of the score's sound alone. Here, as in the electronic intimations of his *Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celeste*, Bartok's finger was on the pulse of the future. Both works were composed in the 1930s but throb as powerfully today as ever. The thrust—to use currently popular cant—of Bartok's ideas here was toward atonality and electronic music, though he disavowed the one and could only have anticipated the other.

The Casadesus version of the sonata (Columbia MS-6641) is vividly recorded in stereo, from a more abstract viewpoint than others have taken. Pseudo-barbaric fury, while undoubtedly effective in performing much of Bartok, obscures the interplay between the keyboard percussionists and their mallet-wielding colleagues in this sonata. So the Casadesus way, with its stress on design and structure, is not to be dismissed.

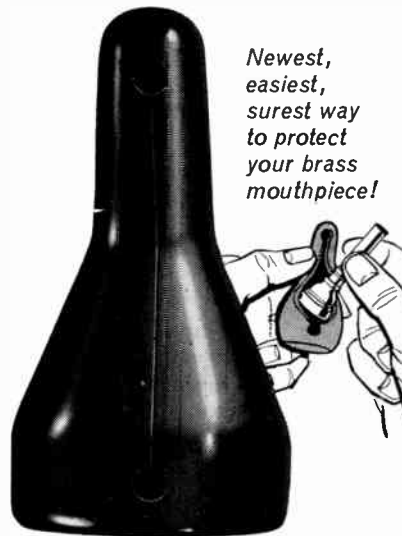
An even more influential non-Schoenbergian piece, Stravinsky's rakish *L'Histoire du Soldat*, has been issued by Philips (PHS 900-046) in a definitive full-length version.

Known to most listeners only as a concert suite, the music makes its full impact only in context. Igor Markevitch conducts jauntily, and Jean Cocteau, Peter Ustinov, and Jean-Marie Ferte handle the spoken French in perfect style. The little cabaret play surrounding Stravinsky's music is far more than a World War I curiosity, which makes the album's tangled and inaccurate libretto a particular misfortune. This is, nonetheless, one of the year's record bonanzas.



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ART FARMER

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Since the appearance of his last *Blindfold Test* (DB, June 8, 1961), Art Farmer has made two major changes in his career. Disbanding the Jazztet after almost three years of co-leadership with Benny Golson, he formed a new and more compact setting in a quartet, and, discarding the trumpet (or relegating it to practice sessions at home), he switched to flügelhorn.

The results, as anyone who has caught him in person or heard his recent LPs must know, rank among the most lyrical and tasteful sounds in modern music. Farmer seems to have found his right medium of expression and a perfect instrumental setting.

Resisting the temptation to conduct an all-flügelhorn test (there yet are hardly enough major soloists to provide a quota), I played a miscellaneous group of selections. This test is a little unusual in that it is the result of two interviews; after the first, Farmer was not satisfied with his comments on some of the records and agreed to listen to some additional sides. On neither occasion was he given any information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Herb Ellis. *Broadway* (from *The Midnight Roll*, Epic). Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Ellis, guitar.

Sounded like Roy Eldridge and Barney Kessel. I couldn't identify the tenor saxophone or the rhythm section, but they all had a good thing going there—the same rhythmic feeling.

Nothing sensational, but a very pleasant thing all around. Give it three stars.

2. Duke Ellington. *Nonviolent Integration* (from *The Symphonic Ellington*, Reprise). Ellington orchestra with members of the Hamburg Symphony Orchestra.

I wish I could have heard that in person. It was Duke, of course—one of those things from Europe, with the 5,000,000 musicians or whatever it was.

There wasn't anything exceptional played by Duke's soloists, but the band had a good groove to it. The main thing wrong with it was the recording, the balance. You could always hear the solos, but you couldn't hear the background. Of course, the soloists always have a tendency to react to the background, so if you don't hear the background, it doesn't make too much sense.

I wouldn't say that this was a combination of a symphony and a jazz orchestra; it was just some players from a symphony. But I think the idea can work if it's given enough time, and I don't think enough time was given to preparing this. Just to run into town and write something out real quick and have 40 or 50 guys show up and read the music down, that's not the way to do it. Two stars.

I'd like to make it clear, though, that I think Duke is, and always has been, a tremendously important figure. Just because one record doesn't happen to knock me out, it doesn't mean that I have any less respect for him as one of the great figures of musical history.

3. Johnny Smith. *Lambert's Lodge* (from *Mr. Wonderful*, Riverside). Sorny Williams, trumpet; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Smith, organ.

Sounded like Howard McGhee on the trumpet. Wish I could have heard him do more; what he played sounded very good. But the arrangement sounded like Sing

Along at the Paramount, about 20 years ago, with that big organ. I just don't go for that kind of thing, and that's not one of my favorite sounds. Organ groups are all right, but I don't like them when they have a written ensemble with horn players. The organ sounds so phony against the horns.

Don't know who the tenor was, but he sounded good; and the organ sounded good on his solo but not on that synthetic ensemble sound. One star, I guess.

4. Clifford Brown. *Cherokee* (from *Remember Clifford*, Mercury). Brown, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Richie Powell, piano; George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums.

That was Max and Brownie. I like Brownie's record of *Cherokee* on Blue Note better than this one. He sounded fine on this, but I heard him play the tune so many times. We used to play it together in Hamp's band—we had an arrangement by Gigi Gryce, with the same chords; it was called *Brownskin*.

To me, Brownie was the most important trumpet player who has come forth since the '40s. And still is. I've always loved Max' playing, and Harold's playing. Probably Richie Powell and George Morrow, too; everybody played well.

It was a good record on the whole, though not the best Brownie I've heard. Three stars.

5. Cecil Taylor. *Lena* (from *Live at the Cafe Montmartre*, Fantasy). Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Taylor, piano; Arthur Murray, drums; no bass.

I don't know who that was, but the saxophone player wasn't far out enough for the pianist and the drummer. He was too conventional.

Who was that? The piano player sounded like he'd been listening to Cecil Taylor and the drummer to Elvin Jones. I didn't hear any bass on it.

Sounded like it'd be good for TV—you know, where three or four guys are beating up the private eye? With the guns on the head and all that. I can figure out what they're doing if I set my mind to it . . . sounds like they're playing around in about two or three chords; it's not a very intricate thing, harmonically.

There's lots of violence; it has a real frantic sound. It's not to my taste. Not that I don't like things that have life to them, but this didn't get to me. No rating.

6. Bill Evans-Jim Hall. *Dorn That Dream* (from *Undercurrent*, United Artists). Evans, piano; Hall, guitar.

That's one of my favorite records of all time. Bill Evans and Jim Hall; they make the most music out of two people playing of any musicians I've ever heard, especially in jazz. They can do no wrong.

As you know, Jim worked with me until we got back from Europe, and he is definitely my favorite player on guitar. He is such a musician, I think he'd be my favorite if he was playing any other instrument, as well.

And the same for Bill Evans. One of the rare things about him is that he started as a classical player, and it hasn't hung him up in any way. It has added to his taste, but he's not a prisoner of his taste so much, and he's not afraid to try things.

How many stars? As many as you can allow. That record is beyond stars to me.

7. Dizzy Gillespie. *The Days of Wine and Roses* (from *Dizzy Goes Hollywood*, Philips). Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, alto saxophone; Billy Byers, arranger.

That sounds like Dizzy, but I'm not 100 percent sure. Don't know who the alto player was, but guess it was Moody. . . . At first I thought that's Dizzy, but then I started thinking . . . I'm sort of prejudiced as far as Dizzy's playing is concerned, especially the records I was introduced to Dizzy through, the records that were made in the mid-'40s, and the first part of the 1950s. . . . I like those better.

You know, being a trumpet player, you can't help but relate what someone does against what you'd do, and I could see where I learned a lot from Dizzy's playing. There were things that he played there that I might have played myself. If it's not Dizzy, it's someone who's very close to Dizzy's playing, as far as his attack on the horn and his choice of notes.

Days of Wine and Roses. I've recorded it; it's a good tune. I like the treatment we gave it better, myself, but for the playing, it was all right.

I rate it three stars.



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REVIEWS OF LIVE PERFORMANCES

Contemporary Chamber Players Mandel Hall, University of Chicago

Composers, whatever their creative talent, may be presumed to be more musical than the mine run of listeners. Should they be expected to pay much attention to the limitations of their prospective audiences? It is an important point,

too seldom raised. Is music that is not eventually picked up by the public worth anything? Or is there something inherently valuable in an excellent piece of composing, regardless of its use?

Fortunately for those who cleave to the latter view, the huge consuming public is not as inevitably necessary as it was in the pre-electric era, when concert audiences ruled music despotically with their demand for the familiar. Now, for good or evil, foundations and educational institutions are stepping in to subsidize writing and performance of music that has little chance of finding an immediate audience.

Because of the fantastic difficulty of much new music, this has meant that groups of specially trained musicians have

had to be formed to learn and present the scores. Sad experience has proved that pickup ensembles cannot be expected to cope with them adequately.

The newest of these contemporary-music specialist cells, organized at the University of Chicago under a Rockefeller Foundation grant, gave its first concert Dec. 1 at Mandel Hall and provided an enlightening evening.

Headed by composer-conductor Ralph Shapey, who was brought to the Chicago campus to set up and direct the project, the group consists of 14 accomplished musicians, some of them nationally known, such as percussionist Max Neuhaus and violinist-violist Irving Ilmer. They go under the name of the Contemporary Chamber Players and are patterned after the Group for Contemporary Music at Columbia University, which Shapey has conducted to much acclaim in New York.

Possibly to show where 20th-century music has been before trying to discover where it is going, Shapey built his first program mostly out of old bricks: Anton Webern's *Concerto for Nine Instruments, Op. 24*; Webern's *Four Pieces for Piano*

Shapey and players

Interesting colors but clouded intentions

and *Violin, Op. 7*; Alban Berg's *Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano, Op. 5*; Arnold Schoenberg's *Three Piano Pieces, Op. 11*; and Edgar Varese's *Octandre*. Along with these "old masters" there were two young South American composers, Mario Davidovsky and Pozzi Escot.

Davidovsky's *Electronic Study No. 2* was an unpretentious exploration of stereophonic effects, prevailingly percussive, performed excellently by two theater-size loud-speakers on an otherwise empty stage. Miss Escot employed three violins, percussion, flute, and contrabassoon and began with an extensive solo on three field drums by percussionist Neuhaus. Contrabassoon burped in its lowest register against flute's loftiest peeps; violins played their highest harmonics pianississimo, while Neuhaus banged away with steel hammer on a steel plate.

The resultant colors were often strange and interesting, but the composer's intentions beyond that were hard to discern.

The most startling experience of the concert, however, was discovering how euphonious and plain-spoken the "old masters" sounded in this setting. The Schoenberg piano pieces fell on the ear like Debussy, and Berg's clarinet cameos sounded suavely elegant. When all precincts have been heard from, what we most often learn from any concert is to grasp older music more easily.

—Donal Henahan



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J. J. JOHNSON

(Continued from page 16)

Milton Fletcher, trumpets; Porter Kilbert, alto saxophone; Bumps Myers, tenor saxophone; Gerald Wiggins, piano; Curly Russell, Charley Drayton, bass; and Max Roach, drums.

Johnson has commented, "It was a continuous education in music."

Although based in Los Angeles, the band spent a good deal of the time on the road playing theaters, ballrooms, and night clubs in the East and Middle West. The Los Angeles "zoot suit riots" of the time made it hard for them to get a location job on the West Coast.

Johnson received his first notice from the jazz press in the summer of 1943, when the band played the Apollo Theater in New York City.

Leonard Feather, in reviewing the band, wrote, "... featuring a 19-year-old trombonist named Johnson, of whose fire and driving style you will certainly hear more."

In October, 1943, the Carter band recorded for Capitol records in San Francisco, and on the date Johnson made his first recorded solo, on *Love for Sale*.

Early in 1945 singer Savannah Churchill did a record date using Carter's band for the Manor label. On *Daddy, Daddy* can be heard some effective background trombone by Johnson.

When the Count Basie Band went to the West Coast to open at the Casa Manana in July, 1945, both Karl George and Johnson joined. Before going to New York with the Basie outfit, Johnson participated in a small-group recording date for the Hollywood label, Melodisc, under the band title of Karl George's Octet. The trombone work on the four sides—*Grand Slam*; *Peek-a-Boo*; *Baby, It's Up to You*; *How Am I to Know?*—shows that Johnson was thinking in terms of a bop style.

At this point in his career, Johnson began to realize that his interests and abilities could be better served outside the confines of a big band.

Soon after arriving in New York with the Basie band, he began to make the 52nd St. scene. He recalled that one of his first gigs in the city was to play at Clark Monroe's Downbeat Club every night until the regular attraction, Coleman Hawkins, showed up.

And when tenor saxophonist Hawkins got a recording date at Sonora during 1946, he hired Johnson, along with Fats Navarro, to play on two of the sides, *The Bean and the Boys* and *I Mean You*.

Johnson's first small-band date under his own name came on June 26, 1946, for the Savoy label. At the time, he was leading a group on 52nd St. made up of Navarro, tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, pianist Bud Powell, bassist Russell, and drummer Roach.

For the recording session the trumpet was eliminated, and Cecil Payne (playing alto saxophone) and Leonard Gaskin replaced Getz and Russell, respectively. They recorded three originals by Johnson (Savoy 12106)—*Jay Bird*, *Mad Bebop* (based on the chords of *Just You, Just Me*), and *Jay Jay*—plus Roach's *Coppin' the Bop*.

On these sides Johnson's playing shows the Gillespie influence, as well as a highly personal mode of expression. His instrumental fluency, melodic inventiveness, and the finely developed senses of rhythm and harmony essential to the new jazz all illustrate the factors that went into the formation of the modern trombone style.

Soon after Johnson was heard by other musicians on 52nd, he began to win awards. A group of prominent jazz musicians was selected by *Esquire* magazine to vote on a "New Star of 1946" award. They picked Johnson, and he participated in a December, 1946, recording date by *Esquire's* All-American band; the side, *Indiana Winter* (an arrangement based on the same chords as *How High the Moon* put together by Billy Moore and Leonard Feather), featuring Johnson, was the sensation of the session. His trombone solo was played so rapidly and with such intricacy that many critics, as well as musicians, insisted it had been performed on a valve trombone.

The emerging virtuoso and composer was well established in the jazz field by 1947. That year, he paired with tenor saxophonist Illinois Jacquet, a former Basie bandmate, to form a small group. This unit recorded a set of originals, by both Johnson and Jacquet, for RCA Victor. Two of the sides, *Mutton Leg* and *King Jacquet*, were especially noteworthy as examples of Johnson's playing during the period.

Jobs became sporadic during the late '40s, but the trombonist kept fairly busy working with Jacquet, Woody Herman, Dizzy Gillespie, and others; in addition, there were bebop recording dates using more and more of his original compositions.

The promise of things to come, as shown by Johnson's early creative work, has been amply realized down through the years. Unfortunately, the recordings cited in this article are no longer available except the Savoy 12106.



IN THE NEXT down beat

Sweet Talk By Eddie Condon

Guitarist-raconteur Condon reflects on important—and humorous—in-cidents in his long and distinguished career. Though seriously ill in recent months, Condon shows no sign of wear in this interview with Dan Morgenstern.

Personal Basis Of Criticism

Jazz critic Joe Goldberg is an astute observer of movies as well as jazz. He draws from both fields in this illuminating essay comparing the work of a school of French film reviewers and U.S. jazz critics.

JAZZ MASS

Jazz and church go way back, but the churches jazz was played in were not Roman Catholic ones. Now Lalo Schiffrin, the gifted Latin American composer, has composed music, strictly jazz-based, for the Catholic church's mass. The music was written for soloist Paul Horn, the West Coast reed man. Both the composer and the soloist discuss the unique work in an exclusive interview.

Joe Mooney— Quietly Unique

Joe Mooney is a name not known to many under 30, but its possessor is one of the outstanding vocalists in the United States. Besides his vocal ability, Mooney also led one of the finest instrumental groups during the post-war years, a group that came close to revolutionizing the music of its time. Gene Lees is the author of this article that tells what happened to the group and where Mooney stands today in the music world.



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FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

This is the story of a perfect gig.

The gig was born in the mind of one Charles Barnet. Cruising on the Pacific in his 46-foot boat, he talked things over with a charming brunette who is the 11th Mrs. Barnet. They decided to have a party.

Barnet's religion is well known to his friends. Converted at the age of 16, he has been a devout Ellingtonian ever since. From 1939 until the late '40s, when his own bandleading career was in its days of wine and grosses, much of his success was due to the musical homage he paid to the Ducal sounds.

Logically, then, the ideal evening for Barnet would have seemed to be a gathering of friends around the turntable for a session with some of those old Ellington records. But Barnet's are not the ways of the plebeian jazz fan; he is—how can I put it diplomatically?—the least impoverished jazz musician in the world. So he picked up the boat's ship-to-shore phone and hired the whole Ellington band. Then he made long-distance calls to invite a few friends.

The site he chose for his soiree was the San Jacinto Country Club in Palm Springs, Calif. When he's not out on the boat, this is where Barnet whiles away his years as a retired maestro, playing golf daily.

On the night before the gig, Barnet was at the club until 2 a.m. rigging up an arrangement of lights to set the band off to full visual advantage on the improvised bandstand in the foyer. A brilliant parlor grand was tuned. At the door was placed a small poster, hand-painted by Barnet:

ANY COMPLAINTS ABOUT LOUD MUSIC OR REQUESTS FOR EXCESSIVE USE OF MUTES WILL BE GROUNDS FOR INSTANT EXPULSION (TO A TABLE IN THE PARKING LOT).

ANY REQUESTS FOR FOLK MUSIC, TWIST, WATUSI, OR ROCK AND ROLL WILL RESULT IN INSTANT EXECUTION BY GOLF BALLS AT 20 PACES.

CHARLES BARNET

When Ellington and the band faced their audience for the first set, it was immediately evident that there had scarcely been any need for the admonitions.

In the house was Billy May, whose arrangements and trumpet were a vital component of the Barnet band a quarter century ago. And there was the vast Carlos Gastel, who, in his years with Nat Cole, Stan Kenton, Barnet, Benny Carter, and Peggy Lee, was one of the best and hippest managers in the business. And Bobby Burnet, a fine musician

who in his trumpet-playing youth was a key Barnet sideman. He, too, has fallen on lucrative days and is in luxurious retirement. To catch this gig and meet a few old friends, he had flown up for the night from his home base in Guadalajara, Mexico.

Juan Tizol was there, too; still attracted to the Ellington mystique like a moth to an eternal flame, he had traveled with the band from Los Angeles. Kenton was on hand, and Ben Pollack, who now runs a successful restaurant in Palm Springs. And many of the Palm Springs pals of Charles and Betty Barnet. Of the 100 fans jamming the room, most were old enough to remember both *Jack the Bear* and *Cherokee*.

The band was on. On from the first moment. The incredible Ellington, blessed with the charm, grace, and youthful zest of a man who knows he is only half his age, was in his element. Reveling in the perfect acoustics and the warmth of his attentive audience.

Ellington introduced his host, and there were calls for Barnet to sit in with the band, as he occasionally did in the old days. But Barnet shook his silver crew-cut and declined firmly. Tonight was his night to listen—"Besides, I haven't had my saxophones out of the cases twice this year."

"Playing for an audience like this," Ellington said, "it's almost unfair to get paid." Barnet grinned, and answered, "Well?"

Somebody asked Barnet what the occasion was for the party. The only answer he could improvise was that he had a birthday coming up in about a month.

The evening ended as appropriately as possible—with the Ellington band playing *Cherokee*. "We had to fake it," Ellington said later, "because we didn't have the arrangement in the book. You know, years ago we borrowed the Billy May arrangement from Charlie, and we even recorded it, but the record never came out.

"Anyhow, I thought the way we played it, even without the arrangement, had great spirit—we love Charlie."

When it was over, there came to mind a phrase that has become little more than an obsolete cliché: "patron of the arts." Music a couple of centuries ago was supported by such gentlemen. And now, for just one night, a former artist turned patron had established his own salon for a group of his friends.

I suspect Charlie Barnet's role as a patron gratified him as fully as it pleased all the rest of us in the San Jacinto on that beautiful night. Next time, to accommodate a fuller complement of Ellington fans, perhaps he'll hire the Hollywood Bowl. **CB**

SECOND CHORUS

By NAT HENTOFF

Gradually but oh so slowly, a few boards of education are recognizing that the history books used in nearly all public schools are woefully deficient in what they tell of the history of the Negro in this country—his contributions and triumphs as well as his trials and exploitation.

Gradually, too, a few boards of education are insisting that teachers, particularly those in ghetto schools, read up on the history of the Negro so they can begin to correct their ignorance of Negro life in this country.

Obviously, reading alone is not going to make the usual middle-class teacher nearly enough sensitized to the capacities of the children in ghetto schools—their strengths as well as their societally imposed weaknesses. (In this regard, incidentally, I would suggest that anyone working with children of any kind ought to read Frank Riessman's *The Culturally Deprived Child*, Harper and Row.)

Yet there are a relatively few teachers now in the ghetto schools and in the still-rare newly integrated schools who are cutting through their own middle-class preconceptions. (I say "still-rare newly integrated schools" because far too often a school building may be desegregated, but the classes remain segregated through the use of the pernicious "track" system in most urban school systems. Children are sorted like apples starting in the first grade and placed into "bright" and "less bright" classes on the basis of standardized tests that don't begin to tell the real capacities of "culturally disadvantaged children.")

The few already hip teachers and those being slowly added to their ranks as a result of intensified reading in and exposure to Negro subculture ought also to think in terms of the utilization of music in their classes.

It would seem to me, for example, that one way to stimulate interest in history would be to play some Ray Charles and then examine where he came from, what his music is talking about, and the socio-economic history of that music. Any teacher, by the way, working in Negro schools who has not read LeRoi Jones' *Blues People* is goofing.

Nor would blues and jazz be a stimulus only for history. I was talking on this subject to a group of teachers in Brooklyn recently and was underlining the power of the word in the streets of

the ghetto. I've known children whose teachers were convinced that the youngsters were nonverbal. And the pupils, sensing their teachers' prophecy of their failure, did indeed clam up in class. But outside, those kids were remarkably virtuosic in words when they were discussing things that mattered to them.

A new book, Roger D. Abrahams' *Deep Down in the Jungle: Negro Narrative Folklore from the Streets of Philadelphia* (Folklore Associates, Hatboro, Pa.) illustrates this point in discussions of "the dozens," "signifying," and other forms of highly inventive street verbal play.

One of the teachers in the audience, responding to my suggestion that teachers use the best of current rhythm-and-blues records in their classrooms, agreed fully. I had tried to point out that B. B. King, Ray Charles, Bobby Bland, and other singers whom ghetto youngsters listen to for kicks really make words carry full-scaled emotions.

If these recordings were resourcefully used in a class, the children would begin to have somewhat more respect for the viability of their teachers, and the teachers themselves would learn a great deal.

"Yes," said the woman in the audience, "but don't restrict this approach to the ghetto schools. I teach in a white neighborhood, and my middle-class students are highly verbal. In one sense, they are far too verbal because they use their facility with language to mask their feelings. For them, as for many of their parents, language is becoming a way of evading their feelings. I want these children, too, to be exposed to words as carriers and clarifiers and explorers of emotions."

That teacher is a phenomenon, because all too few yet realize how much can be learned from what Ralph Ellison has called "the Negro American style." This is a subculture about which whites still know practically nothing. Even intellectuals "specializing" in American culture are utterly ignorant in this area. The names B.B. King and Ray Charles have yet to appear in *Partisan Review* or *Kenyon Review*. Nor have the names of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor.

Maybe we can begin to educate all kids in this heritage in the elementary grades. If we do, their parents may not ever realize it, but the white children will be benefiting greatly from integrated classes if those classes are really integrated. We've talked too long as if integration were a one-way route, benefiting only the Negroes involved. It ain't so, as I would think any reader of this jazz magazine would have long since recognized.



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SITTIN' IN

By ART HODES

"You mind if I sit in?" I stopped what I was doing and looked at him. A young chap, kind of short, and, of course, the beard hit me. Had a bag under his arm, and after I established what he played (trumpet) and told him "Okay," he took the horn out of this bag, a brown shopping bag. Boy, that made no sense to me. But his playing did; here was a kid with a talent . . . Byrne Dawson, who called himself Muggsy.

He blew the melody like it hadn't gone out of style, and, for the type of jazz I play, that's kind of important. In spite of the fact that I'm not a paper-bag fan, and a beard doesn't overcome me, I managed to hear what he was putting down, which I liked, and hired him.

The year was 1950, the place, Rupneck's bar and restaurant on the far north side of Chicago. I'd come back to the home base, after 12 years in New York City, to do a fast 11 weeks at the now-defunct Blue Note, with Pee Wee Russell, Georg Brunis, Lee Collins, and Chippie Hill. The town seemed as if it had changed, so I decided to stick around.

That was in March, 1950; by June, I had organized a local group—with help from the musicians and a young chap who'd got me the gig, the late John Schenck, who loved the music and did all he could to see it take hold.

You know the band business—musicians do move around. A better offer (well, it seemed like it at the time), travel, or a gripe—someone is bugging you. I don't keep track of such happenings, but I found myself looking for a trumpet player and not having too much luck. It was no accident that little Muggs came to try out; he'd heard.

There was no one around (for the money) who could play a trumpet good enough to fit with the rest of the men in the band. So we settled for two trumpet players . . . platoon system . . . one could handle the first three hours (it was a six-hour gig). He had to get up early . . . had a day gig as an accountant. The other player sold cars—so he could make it later.

Man, you'll never know; Frank Rupneck had certain tunes he liked better than others. And though he seldom bugged us, when he did feel the mood, he'd holler, "Play *South Rampart Street Parade*." And we had to play it. (What are we gonna do? Carry on a discussion from the bandstand?) So we played it.

After all, there's nothing wrong with the tune; it's part of the music you're there to play. The rub was this: Frank was likely to ask for *Rampart* anytime he felt the urge. So, maybe we'd play it at midnight. Rupneck would be all smiles and popping for the usual. Fine. Then the first trumpeter went home, and here comes the second shift. He's hardly got the horn out and F.R. calls, "Play *South Rampart Street*." Here we go again.

Rampart's not a tune to open a set with; you kind of work up to it . . . you don't just hit it with cold chops—but if you do, some notes are going to crack. You're making everything right with your hands and your lip, but it's not happening. The men know the story . . . but the boss? That's a different matter. So we had problems. I was hurting for a man to play the whole gig.

When this lad with the beard pulled his horn out of a bag, I might have thought to myself: even Bix had a case. And they're making 'em, you know. But I didn't say it. Let's hope this guy can blow is what I hoped; and, as I said, he could. Dawson stayed with us until the armed services called him.

Georg Brunis can play tailgate trombone with the best of them, anytime he gets serious about it. No question. But when things get rough, Georg'll tell you about opening up a delicatessen . . . with all those goodies. But then you look around, and there's Georg, blowing his horn, somewhere. It may be days, weeks, months, and you wonder, "Where's Brunis?" Between jobs maybe but not out of the business. Brunis is a bundle of stories, and there are a bundle of stories about him. He'll get a job and start rehearsing a band. You'll hear how everything is so great (with the group). When Georg is away from a saloon he couldn't care less for the booze. But come opening night and Brunis is helping business. . . . Then he hears the band with a completely new set of ears . . . and, my, he's not a silent sufferer.

Floyd O'Brien, on the other hand, is a trombonist who has tried sidelines, day jobs. But, somehow, he always returns. However, while he's at it (whatever his current endeavor may be), he'll picture it as the most. Of course, I'm kind of glad that Georg and Floyd always find themselves back in the music business; for where are you going to find two such jazz experts? . . . To me it's a sad commentary on the music business and the musicians union to see a player of the stature Jess Stacy enjoys having to find his livelihood in the cosmetic business.

Blow your horn, and I hope you don't stop. Louis Armstrong is referred to as "a reluctant millionaire," but don't ever forget: there were days Louis took it on

the chin, when he and his band played a one-nighter in Florida and jumped to New England for their next date. What would have happened if Louis A. had taken a day gig? Man, what about all that wonderful music he recorded? What a loss, had he not stuck.

You know who else comes to mind? Bunk Johnson and his store teeth and new horn that friends had pitched in and bought for him. There he stood on stage at the Stuyvesant Casino, a Jewish catering hall on New York City's east side; he stood (or sat) and blew; he'd been out of music for years. The reason was simple: no one was buying his product. He had to work days, in the field. Fortunately, for those of us lucky enough to have heard him, Bunk had a music (which also had Bunk); so when he was "rediscovered" and got his chops back, he blew; he had something to say that was Bunk Johnson talking; and it was a treat.

Today there are a lot of musicians working days, at some other endeavor, simply because music does not offer them a way of life financially secure.

Very few have found a way of making it pay and managed to stay in one town. The late Bob Scobey (and here was a fine horn man) scuffled, maneuvered, and ran every which way, finding places to play and an income . . . and, in the process, keeping his band together. But he changed towns. It's an out-of-town-attraction type of business today. Play your two weeks and go.

Way back, when I got started in jazz, I don't remember this problem. Of course, somebody else was the leader, so it may have been his headache. But I seem to remember a lot of players, and the big problem was some place to play. Let's see—Wingy Manone, Muggsy Spanier, Carl Rinkard, Johnny Mendel—trumpet men, looking for gigs. The men were available. In New York City between '38 and '50, I inherited the problem. But it was possible to use a mixed band there. So if I couldn't get Max Kaminsky or Wild Bill Davison, there was Sidney DeParis or Henry Goodwin, or the other way around. Sandy Williams, J. C. Higginbotham, or the late George Lugg—trombone men, available. No platoon system necessary. They taught me—but quick—there: first you got the gig; there were always men.

Chicago, '65. I hear of players who are on the right track. There's a spot I heard of that employs a trio on a Sunday, and it's an out-of-the-way spot, but musicians find it . . . and I'm told that as many as 10 musicians have been seen sitting in, for kicks. One cat travels clear from Milwaukee just to blow. As long as this kind of thing is going on, no worry about the music; it'll last. Blow your horn.



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FROM THE TOP

STAGE-BAND ARRANGEMENT REVIEWS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

FREEDOM SHOUT: *Composed and arranged by Al Cobine; Kendor Music, Inc.*

As the title suggests, this composition from the *On Stage* series is pretty much from down home. As the soulful publications go, this is one of the best.

After an antiphonal introduction with the saxophones answering the call of the

brass, the saxes state the theme, with pious exclamations by the brass punctuating it. The second statement of the theme is played by the entire band with the unison brass taking the last eight and setting up a tenor saxophone solo. A good written solo is provided for those who need it.

An interlude comes next with the saxophones playing a slightly modified version of the melody over an ostinato bass part. This leads to a trumpet solo (again with written solo provided). The next three choruses are of a pile-up nature, with the saxes playing the theme and then being joined by a counterline in the trombones and finally by the trumpets in a canon. All this leads to a roaring out chorus.

This is a fine number, of moderate difficulty, that is well suited to get the average high-school stage band into the obvious mood. It is good music, solidly arranged and well worthy of study and performance.

CHERRY FLOAT: *Composed and arranged by Fred Karlin; Sam Fox Publishing Co.*

This is one of the latest additions to Fox' *New Sounds for the Stage Band* series. It represents a slight departure from the series' earlier compositions in that it is considerably easier and that its difficulty lies somewhere between easy and medium.

The musical content and stylistic approach is good, however. The biggest problem in rehearsal will occur in the rhythm section because of the fast tempo and the light, swinging style required. The unison lines that occur in all parts will demand good intonation, and as such they are fine material for younger bands.

A great amount of care also must be taken with the dynamics in order to bring off the number effectively. Written in standard AABA form, the only solo space provided is an eight-bar piano solo on the second release. A written solo is provided.

This arrangement provides excellent training material and a chance to highlight the sax section.

RELAX, TAKE IT EASY: *Composed and arranged by Art Wiggins and Mark Azzolina; LeBlanc Publications.*


Four new arrangements taken from the book of the NORAD Commanders have just been published by LeBlanc as part of *Adventures in Sound* series. The best of the group—although all are well written—is this Mulliganish, laying-back arrangement.

The arrangement opens with soft brass in buckets and answering saxophones. Several effective tutti sections lead to trumpet and tenor saxophone solos. The arrangement concludes with a recap of the opening sections.

This is a fine, solid, and musical arrangement that would be enjoyed by almost any band. It is of particular value, however, to the intermediate band, for it can teach the players to relax, avoid rushing, and, most importantly, to lay back and develop the feeling that is so necessary for the proper interpretation of much of stage-band literature.

Two other fine arrangements by Art Wiggins in these new releases are *Valse Cool* and *Swing Your Bossa Nova*.

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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

One of the signs of the healthiness of educational jazz is its altruism, or selflessness—its efforts to help others engaged in the educational music field to do a better job of teaching jazz.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the efforts of the colleges to provide guidance and instructional help by sponsoring clinics, contests, or festivals for high-school stage bands. Of course, it's not all altruism; it's mixed with promotion, recruitment, and public relations. But the colleges usually give a lot more than they get.

A stage-band festival organized in 1961 by the University of Nevada in Reno drew five bands from nearby schools. The 1964 version attracted 28 bands from five states, with schools in attendance from as far away as Portland, Ore., and Salt Lake City, Utah.

Guest jazz artists have included Buddy DeFranco, Carl Fontana, and Doc Severinsen. The fourth annual festival is scheduled for March 26-27 in Reno, and bands from eight western states have been invited to attend. Information can be had from Dr. John Carrico at the University of Nevada.

An enlightened director of university bands, Carrico has been quoted as saying, "Increased interest in stage-band activity at the University of Nevada is one of the brightest spots in our instrument-music program."

Besides maintaining a high-quality stage band under the direction of Gene Isaef, lecturer in brass and Reno professional trombonist, and sponsoring the high-school festival, the university has wholeheartedly welcomed the National Stage Band Camp to its campus for the last three years.

The Houstonians of the Sam Houston State Teachers College at Huntsville, Texas, under the direction of faculty member Harley Rex, will sponsor their eighth annual stage-band festival on Feb. 6. In the past there have been about 15 bands participating. The featured guest at this year's festival will be Bill Potts, conducting the college band in his entire score from the *Porgy and Bess* album he made several years ago.

The Houstonians recently played a jazz concert on their campus that featured arrangements by Bill Holman, Billy May, and director Rex. In addition to a November tour of eight high schools in their area, they supplied the backing for the *Jimmy Dean Show* at

one of the largest rodeos in the nation. Outstanding musicians with the band this year include Leon Faries and Dennis Dotson, lead alto saxophone and lead trumpet, respectively, and tenorist Gene Stephenson and trumpeter Jack Greenberg.

At the University of Redlands in California the Riffmen, a 17-piece band led by trumpeter Bill Hendrick, a senior music-education major, gave a three hour concert-dance in November. Music ranged from originals by members of the band to published arrangements by Bill Holman, Gil Evans, and the Berkeley School of Music.

Featured soloists were lead alto saxophonist Don Marshall, tenor saxophonists Bruce Armstrong and Terry Newman, trumpeter Howard Lackey, trombonist John Prince, and guitarist Johnny Mehle.

The Riffmen comprise undergraduates at the university who are mostly music majors. The band rehearses twice a week for credit and plays dances and concerts at various high schools and colleges throughout the area.

Kenneth Bartosz, teacher and stage-band clinician, recently completed teaching a six-week adult-education course on stage-band arranging sponsored by Mundelein, Ill., High School.

Some old and new names are highlighted in the Olympic College stage-band scene this year in Washington State. With two bands in rehearsal, director Ralph Mutchler is being helped by a former Northwestern University student, Jim Brush, who also is contributing arrangements.

Saxophonist Danny Ward continues as Mutchler's student assistant. Pat Thompson, bassist and arranger, is in his second year with the band. Noteworthy is the fact that Thompson is on a full scholarship supplied by AFM Local 76 in Seattle, which provides the school with one full scholarship each year.

Other returning students include Jim Day, guitarist and a student of Johnny Smith; Brehon McFarland, trombonist; Lanny Jacobs, trumpeter; and Dennis Gore, pianist and vibraharpist. New members include an outstanding tenor saxophonist, Rich Corrin, and drummers Joe Cavender and Tommy Henderson. The featured vocalist with the band is again Connie Turnbull. A vocal jazz quintet, doing arrangements by Lorin Binford and coached by the director of choral activities, Raleigh McVicker, will be introduced soon. The band is scheduled for appearances in concert at the University of Puget Sound and dances at nearby colleges.

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(Continued from page 12)

spirit was a chorale heard at Staten Island's Woodrow Methodist Church; the music was performed by local jazzmen.

Alto saxophonist Frank Strozzer and pianist Chick Correa have joined flugelhornist Chet Baker's quintet, replacing tenor saxophonist Phil Urso and pianist Hal Galper . . . Another flugelhornist, Art Farmer, returned to the Village Vanguard with his quartet Dec. 17-30. Also on the bill were pianist-singer Mose Allison and singer Janet Lawson . . . A series of Sunday afternoon showcases was presented at the Five Spot during December. Pianist Ray Bryant's trio, tenor saxophonist-clarinetist Louis Brown's quartet, pianist Hadi Quamar's trio, and pianist Sadik Hakim's quartet were featured.

Tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell, organist John Patton, and drummer Vinnie Ruggerio did six weeks in November and December at the Gig in Brooklyn's Bushwick section. The group was described by listeners as the world's first "new thing" organ trio . . . A South African singer, Leta Mbulu, made her American nightclub debut at the Village Gate on the holiday bill headed by Thelonious Monk's quartet. A protege of Miriam Makeba, the singer was backed by Larry Willis, piano; Eddie Gomez, bass; and Henry Jenkins, drums . . . Pianist Dave Rivera (formerly with Cab Calloway and Don Byas) heads a trio at the Crystal Club, opposite the El Morocco. Rivera's sidemen are bassist Gene Ramey and drummer Denzil Best . . . The brilliant young Philadelphia pianist Howard Reynolds is doing a single at the New Colony Lounge on W. 51st St. . . . Bassist Don Payne's long-incumbent duo at Chuck's Composite now has Pat Rebillot on piano. Vibrapianist Mike Mainieri, guitarist Gene Bertonecini, and bassist John Mason hold the fort there on Monday nights.

TORONTO: Woody Herman's band spent a busy few days in Toronto. The Herd played a dance at the University of Toronto, a concert at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, and another dance at the Palais Royale Ballroom, with disc jockey Phil MacKellar, an ardent Herman fan, as guest of honor . . . Singer Eddie Hazell was back at the Town Tavern for two weeks recently . . . Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson's trio have been booked to appear at Massey Hall in late January . . . The Guitar Society of Toronto sponsored a jazz recital by Charlie Byrd at Eaton Auditorium.

PHILADELPHIA: Jazz is getting a big play on Bill Hart's popular afternoon television show over WCAU-TV. Recent guests included Lionel Hampton and organist Jimmy Smith . . . John Levy's new singing discovery, ex-Detroiter Jean DuShon, got a good reception at Pep's. The downtown club, closed for a while in January, reopens Jan. 18 with Horace Silver . . . Russian Jazz Quartet and organist Jimmy McGriff were the last bill to play the Show Boat before the club closed for two months to be en-

larged . . . The Trenton-Levittown area has been having a jazz revival in recent weeks. The Henderson family is bringing in star brass men for Sunday night sessions at their Club 50 in Trenton. Trumpeters Clark Terry, in for two Sundays, and Doc Severinsen, appearing one night, drew SRO crowds. Trombonist Urbie Green was booked to follow. Backing for the visitors is by pianist Johnny Coates Jr., bassist Johnny Ellis, and drummer Tony De Nicola . . . Across the Delaware River in Levittown, the Cellar, a folk-music teenage coffee house, has Sunday afternoon jazz sessions. The featured group is led by ex-Woody Herman tenor man Chuck Wicker. John Mack, leader of the Pennsbury High School Stage Band, plays flugelhorn with the group, and 17-year-old Kirk Nurock plays piano.

WASHINGTON: Bassist Billy Taylor Jr.'s trio began its second year at the Cafe Lounge in December. Sparked by pianist Reuben Brown, the trio now has a new drummer, Washington Rucker. The attractive and skilled singer Ann Read also continues at the Connecticut Ave. spot . . . Tommy Gwaltney's large new jazz-club-to-be, Blues Alley, probably will not open until February . . . Folk singer Odetta received poor reviews during her December engagement at the Shadows, as did Boris Midney and Igor Barukshits, the Russian jazz musicians who preceded her. Organist Jimmy Smith came in for Christmas week . . . Bassist Keter Betts is back in town, working with pianist Bobby Timmons at the Bohemian Caverns. He had been on tour with Ella Fitzgerald.

BOSTON: The Beachcomber in Wollaston Beach has been bringing in name bands for one-night concerts. Duke Ellington and Woody Herman appeared there recently. During the hard New England winter, however, the club's management has decided to postpone any further concerts . . . Singer Damita Jo broke it up at Through the Looking Glass last month . . . A pleasant surprise was the hard-swinging Charlie Earland Trio at Big Jim's Shanty . . . Singer Mae Arnette is doing a series of one-night concerts with the Dayton Selby-Eddie Chamberlee Trio.

PITTSBURGH: Tenorist Jon Walton made one of his rare public playing appearances last month at the Golden Quill Awards banquet, at which awards for the best news reporting in western Pennsylvania are given. A chronic pancreas ailment has kept Walton out of regular action for a year, but the former Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw sideman said he now feels ready to resume steady work . . . Singer Lum Sams has returned from the West Coast and is working at the Point View Hotel. Miss Sams is a former steelworker.

CHICAGO: Most of the traditional-jazz musicians in town were heard at last month's benefit for the Rev. Robert Owen, Chicago's Night Pastor (DB, Dec.

3). The benefit raised more than \$800 for the Episcopal minister. Trumpeter Marty Marsala, who was instrumental in organizing the event, was too ill to play, though he was in attendance. Among those playing were pianist Art Hodes, drummer Red Saunders, trumpeter Nappy Trottier, clarinetist Frank Chace, drummer Freddie Kohlman, banjoist Eddy Davis, and trombonists Dave Rasbury, Floyd O'Brien, and Georg Brunis. The Dukes of Dixieland were there too . . . The Dukes failed to purchase part interest in Bourbon Street, where they had been working, but the band's leaders, Fred, Frank, and Jac Assunto, reportedly have worked out an agreement with the club whereby the group will play the Rush St. spot 47 weeks a year . . . Trumpeter Emmett Berry was in town last month, supposedly looking for an engagement that would allow him to settle here . . . The Playboy Club was graced by the vocal work of Jackie Paris, Anne Marie Moss, and Vera Sanford recently. The three closed there last Sunday . . . Drummer Jake Hanna is with Jimmy and Marian McPartland at the London House.

DETROIT: The biggest news at press-time was the re-opening, after a four-year absence, of the West End Hotel, where the George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields Quintet began weekend afterhours sessions. The Bohanon-Fields quintet also replaced the Jim Hartway Quartet at Detroit's Village Gate, continues Monday night concerts at the Drome Bar, and is featured every Tuesday at the Chit-Chat's sessions, which are broadcast over WJLB . . . On recent Sunday afternoons the Artists' Workshop featured its houseband, the Detroit Contemporary 5, with jazz-based poetry and prose by Bill Harris, George Tysh, John Sinclair, and Billy Reid; the Hartway quartet, with readings by Jim Semark, Woren Edouardez, and Miriani Milic, and an exhibition of paintings by Howard Weingarden; and the Pierre Rochon-Bob McDonald Quartet, which has become the Workshop's second houseband. The DC5 performed poet Sinclair's composition *Adolescence*, described as a "musical reality" for cornet, saxophone, and rhythm, commissioned by the Workshop's musical director, Charles Moore, in a three-hour program of new music Jan. 3. The group also featured compositions by Eric Dolphy (to whose memory the Workshop was formally dedicated on its opening Nov. 1), John Coltrane, Ornette Coleman, Jackie McLean, Grachan Moncur III, McCoy Tyner, and Prince Lasha . . . The Rochon-McDonald quartet will play the first of a series of concerts at the Studio Theater Guild Jan. 15 . . . Bassist Ron Brooks began what he hopes will be a series of Tuesday night sessions in Ann Arbor at the old Como Club . . . Organist Shirley Scott and tenorist Stanley Turrentine followed guitarist Kenny Burrell's quartet into the Drome Bar Jan. 8. The Jazz Crusaders are to play there later this winter . . . The Unstable Theater has expanded its jazz operation since moving into its new quarters at 3737 Second Blvd. The Detroit Contemporary 5 plays there

Wednesdays, and WCHD's **Jack Springer** is sponsoring a series of Sunday night concerts featuring Detroit musicians and visiting groups. The **Detroit Jazz Quintet** is the houseband for the theater's after-hours sessions Friday and Saturday nights... The band at ½ Pint's is led by pianist **Keith Vreeland**, not **Mike Couyoumjian**, as reported earlier. Saxophonist Couyoumjian works with Vreeland Friday and Saturday nights... Singer **Lloyd Price** and his big band, led by trombonist **Slide Hampton**, returned to the Phelps Lounge for 10 days in December.

CLEVELAND: The Leo's Casino engagements of **Ramsey Lewis**, **Roland Kirk**, and **Cannonball Adderley** were quite successful. In addition to his tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, flute, nose flute, and siren, Kirk played oboe, slide saxophone, recorder, castanets, music box, and piano (in various combinations as well as individually) at his appearance... At Harvey's Hide-away in Decar Shopping Center, **Joe Cooper**, an outstanding bassist, was featured on piano and vocals with his trio for several weeks before giving way to the trio of pianist-vocalist **George Peters**, who may be in for a long run... Singer **Jim (Mudcat) Grant**, a pitcher for the Minnesota Twins (and formerly with the Cleveland Indians), is featured at the Music Box with the **Sky-Hy Trio** and guitarist **Mose Fowler** during January... After a long run at the Club 100, tenor saxophonist **Joe Alexander** made room for the group of drummer **Rufus Jones**... At Fagan's Beacon House, a college group known as the **River Rats** did the Dixie honors over the holidays in place of the **Bourbon Street Bums**... One of the town's finest jazz pianists, **Bill Dinasco**, has been playing at the Shaker Steak House the past several months with bassist **Mike Charlillo**.

ST. LOUIS: The New Year was rung in gaily at the Riviera Club, with organist **Jimmy Smith** and his trio providing much of the joy... Singer **Gloria Lynne** and the **Count Basie Orchestra** are scheduled for a March concert at Kiel Auditorium... Tenorist **Jimmy Forrest**, who has enjoyed a successful round of engagements in St. Louis during the last year, returned to Gino's for a one-week engagement last month. The club first brought him back to St. Louis a year ago.

MILWAUKEE: Former Milwaukee reed man **Pete Funck** has been working at **Al Hirt's** New Orleans night club. Hirt has been trying to book Milwaukee trumpeter **Dick Ruedebusch's** group into his club, but as yet nothing definite has been arranged... Pianist **Peter Nero** appeared in two concerts with the **Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra** recently. The concerts were sold out... Both high school and college stage-band programs are in full swing here, and two of the best, the **Jim Robak Concert Band** and the **University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee Stage Band**, will give concerts in the near future.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL: Former **Les Elgart** and **Ralph Marterie**

pianist **Bob Terri** is doing a single at **Alley Pigalle** in the **Radisson Hotel**... **KUXL**, formerly a jazz radio station, now has a format of religious music and rhythm and blues... **KQRS Radio** has installed nighttime jazz and classics with disc jockeys **Frederick Fennell**, **Herb Schoenbohm**, and **Leigh Kamman**, 8 p.m.-midnight... **David Oxtoby**, Minneapolis School of Art instructor, is working on three visual themes—the singing of **Ray Charles**, the compositions of **Charlie Mingus**, and impressions of **Ingmar Bergman's** film *The Seventh Seal*.

LOUISVILLE: The Louisville *Defender* sponsored a Dec. 13 benefit to raise funds to buy clothes for needy children. The benefit spotlighted local jazz groups, rhythm-and-blues combos, and various singers. The jazz portion of the program was handled by a group featuring tenorist **Everett Hoffman**, altoist **Jamie Aebersold**, and trumpeter **Dick Washburn**... **Boogie Martin's** sextet gave a concert at the Louisville Jazz Club last month. In the pianist's group were **Tillman Buggs**, trombone; **Harold Crum**, tenor saxophone; **Glen Bradley**, alto saxophone, flute; **John Mapp**, bass; and **Edward Gee**, drums. The sextet's arrangements were by Buggs... Organist **Milt Buckner** is at the Embers until Jan. 23. Trumpeter **Jonah Jones** was scheduled to share the bandstand with the former **Lionel Hampton** sideman Jan. 11-16.

NEW ORLEANS: The Louisiana State Museum is wooing Jazz Museum director **Clay Watson** for a part-time position as a consultant. The state museum has been without a curator for several years due to lack of funds, and Watson's appointment, if it happens, would partly fill the gap, according to Louisiana Gov. **John McKeithen**. Watson would continue his duties as director of the Jazz Museum if the jazz club's board of directors approves his acceptance of the state appointment... Pianist **Fred Crane's** afterhours sessions at **Al Hirt's** club have been attracting the attention of modern-jazz fans. Drummer **Jimmy Zitano** and bassist **Mickey Gozilio** are the pianist's sidemen... The Playboy Club reopened its Library room for the Christmas-to-Mardi Gras season, bringing in pianist **Billy Newkirk** with bassist **Frank Krohn** and drummer **Lee Johnson**. Other acts of jazz interest at the Playboy recently have included trombonist **Carl Fontana** and singer **Annette Sanders**... Trumpeter **Mike Lala** is back at the Famous Door after a two-month layoff for minor surgery... Trumpeter **Jay Barry** opened at the Boom Boom Room with a jazz-for-dancing combo featuring pianist **Ed Fenasci** and drummer **Joe Morton**... Trumpeter **Don Goldie** played a brief engagement at **Al Hirt's** club... The *Last Straws* subbed for **Pete Fountain** at his club during the clarinetist's December tour.

LAS VEGAS: The Castaways Hotel has been presenting jazz on Friday and Saturday nights. Organist **Bobby Stevenson** heads a quintet at the sessions; among his sidemen are trombonists **Bill Harris** and **Carl Fontana**... **Steve Perlow's** big

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band will be heard in concert at the Flamingo Hotel Jan. 17. The band includes such sidemen as trombonist Fontana, saxophonist Bill Trujillo, and multi-instrumentalist Gus Mancuso. The concert, free to the public, is being dedicated to the American Cancer Society. The musicians are paid out of the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries . . . Drummers were much in Las Vegas news recently: Bobby Morris left with his trio for a tour of the Orient; Jimmy Skomal is rehearsing a quintet for a series of modern-jazz concerts in the spring; Phil Case has a foursome at the Desert Inn and is making the usually staid spa swing for a change.

LOS ANGELES: Reed man Buddy Collette and trumpeter Johnny Audino rounded out the personnel of Stan Kenton's Neophonic Orchestra (DB, Jan. 14). Collette and another N.O. member, tubaist Red Callender, are regular members of the orchestra heard on Danny Kaye's weekly television program . . . Organist Jack McDuff is in the midst of a number of West Coast appearances. He will appear in both Los Angeles and San Francisco this month and next . . . Trumpeter Conte Candoli rejoined the Shelly Manne Quintet, replacing Don Sleet. The reports making the rounds that altoist Charlie Kennedy had been replaced by Frank Strozier in the drummer's group were not true. Kennedy remains . . . Vocalist Ethel Ennis is in the second week of a four-week engagement at the Slate Bros. Club. The singer previously worked the Crescendo here.

EUROPE: After a successful autumn appearance at Stockholm's Golden Circle with his sextet, George Russell is staying in Europe to write music and teach. Russell has been offered the job of arranging for the Karel Krautgartner big band in Czechoslovakia for a year, but nothing definite has been set . . . A new jazz group, the Three Sounds, has appeared on the European scene and is presently touring the military club circuit in France and Germany. The group consists of Phil Philcox, organ; Lee Leonhard, guitar; and Wes Sutter, drums. Based in Nancy, France, they appear frequently at military bases and occasionally in German or French clubs . . . Among musicians to take part in a jazz workshop in Hamburg, Germany, in December were Roger Guerin, Jean Louis Chantemps, Michel Hausser, Raymond Fol, Jimmy Gourley, and Jean Louis Viale from France and a group headed by Andrzej Trzaskowski from Poland. The workshop was organized by Huns Gertberg of the North German Radio Network and by clarinetist Rolf Kuhn.

FRANCE: The annual Nuit de Jazz at the Salle Wagram took place Dec. 19. The event, promoted by Charles Delauney, featured the bands of Chris Barber, Claude Luter, Claude Bolling, and Jean Luc Ponty, along with Martial Solal, Joe Turner, Albert Nicholas, and Memphis Slim.

RUSSIA: The Oleg Lundstrom Orchestra, considered one of the best official jazz bands, has been on tour recently. One

of the highlights of the band's program was its performance at Duke Ellington's *Shakespeare Suite* . . . The hit of the Tallin Jazz Festival was the quintet co-led by guitarist Nikolay Gromin and altoist Koblov . . . A memorial Cole Porter concert held in Leningrad featured trumpeter Vladimir Nikolayev's quartet . . . The Roman Kunsman Quartet left the White Nights Cafe because of financial troubles, but jazz is still presented there Friday nights by the Golstein-Nosov quintet.

THE OTHER SIDE: There will be 851 concerts of modern contemporary music in the current German concert season. In these concerts 695 different pieces will be played. The concerts will be given by 71 different orchestras in 54 cities . . . Harry Somers, one of Canada's most widely heard composers, had his *Stereophony* performed by the Sydney, Australia, Symphony Orchestra, and his *Suite for Harp and Chamber Orchestra* played in Johannesburg by the South African Broadcasting Corp.'s studio orchestra . . . *Elegy* by Bruce Mather and *Suite* by Charles Camilleri, written for concert saxophonist Paul Brodie, were given premiere performances in Toronto last month . . . Norma Beecroft has completed a work for narrator, chorus, orchestra, and electronic devices. The composition, *From Dreams of Brass*, will be performed on a Canadian Broadcasting Corp. program . . . In Lausanne, Switzerland, during the last weeks of the National Swiss Fair, which is held every 25 years, there was a concert of new works written by Swiss composers: *Alternances I*, by drummer Michel Tabachnik, written for harp, oboe, percussion, flute, clarinet, violin, and cello; *Temperaments*, by Pierre Marietan; *Fragment*, by Giuseppe Englert; and *En trois eclats!*, by Jacques Guyonnet, who is head of Geneva's Studio of Contemporary Music, which specializes in electronic music . . . Also in Lausanne, the French-Swiss division of the International Society of Contemporary Music presented one of Arnold Schoenberg's last works, *Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte*. Soloists were Derrick Olsen, narrator, and Michel Perret, pianist. The Lausanne Chamber Orchestra was conducted by Victor Desarzens . . . An Institute for Contemporary Music has been founded at the State Music School in Freiburg, located in southwestern Germany. Head of the institute is Wolfgang Fortner, one of the best-known contemporary German composers. The institute was made possible by the financial help of the German Federal State of Baden-Wuerttemberg . . . Karlheinz Stockhausen heads a course for contemporary music at the Rhenanian Music School, a state-owned school in Cologne, Germany. Under the guidance of Stockhausen, leading composers, conductors, and soloists will give a six-month course for 35 performers, composers, and scholars from 13 different countries . . . Hans Werner Henze, the most successful contemporary composer in Germany, is writing a new opera. The libretto, based on an old story from Greek mythology, is by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman. Auden and Kallman wrote the libretto for *The Rake's Progress* by Igor Stravinsky.

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.
LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf, Jimmy Neely, tfn.
 Au Go Go: Herbie Mann, tfn.
 Basin Street East: Duke Ellington to 1/28. Vikki Carr, 2/4-2/27.
 Birdland: unk.
 Blue Spruce Inn: Dorothy Donegan to 1/15.
 Broken Drum: Wilbur DeParis, tfn. Eddie Wilcox, Mon.
 Champagne Gallery: Steve Lacy, Sun. afternoons.
 Chuck's Composite: Don Payne, tfn.
 Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, tfn.
 Cork 'n' Bib (Westbury): jazz, wknds. Jam sessions, Mon.
 Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups.
 Duplex: Raymond Johnson, tfn.
 Eddie Condon's: Peanut Hucko, tfn.
 Eleventh Hour East: Jay Chasin, tfn.
 Five Spot: Teddy Wilson, tfn. Upper Bohemian Six, Mon.
 Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, hbs.
 Gordian Knot: Leroy Parkins, hb.
 Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 1/14. John Coltrane, 1/15-2/3.
 Hickory House: Mary Lou Williams, John Bunch, tfn.
 Metropole: Max Kaminsky, tfn.
 Open End: Scott Murray, Duke Jordan, Slam Stewart, hb.
 Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Mon., Tue.
 Penthouse Club: Joe Mooney, tfn.
 Playboy Club: Les Spann, Milt Sealy, Walter Norris, Mike Longo, Monty Alexander, hbs.
 Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Tony Parenti, hb.
 Bill Simpson's (Bridgeport, Conn.): Frank Shea, Joe Killian, wknds.
 Strollers: unk.
 Tobin's: Lee Blair, Hank Duncan, hb.
 Village Gate: Johnny Richards, Arthur Prysock, Dick Gregory, 1/29-30, 2/5-6, 2/12-13, 2/19-20, 2/26-27.
 Village Vanguard: unk.
 Wells: Buddy Henry, tfn.

BOSTON

Barn: 1200 Jazz Quartet, Mon.
 Beachcomber (Wollaston Beach): Kenny Wenzel, tfn.
 Chex Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.
 Connolly's: unk.
 Gaslight Room (Hotel Kenmore): Basin Street Boys, tfn.
 Gilded Cage: Bullmoose Jackson, tfn.
 Jazz Workshop: unk.
 Number 5 Lounge: Jones Brothers, Sabby Lewis, tfn.
 Saxony: Clarence Jackson, tfn.
 Through the Looking Glass: Tony Eira, Jack Petersen, tfn.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Tony D'Angelo, tfn.
 Bayou: Eddie Dimond, hb.
 Bohemian Caverns: Bobby Timmons, Keter Betts, tfn.
 Cafe Lounge: Ann Read, Billy Taylor Jr., tfn.
 Charles Hotel: Kenny Fulcher-Slide Harris, Thur.-Sat.
 Charley's: Newton Thomas, Steve Jordan, tfn.
 Fireplace: Tommy Chase, Joyce Carr, tfn.
 Lincoln Inn: Joe Speck, tfn.
 Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, tfn.
 Red Coach Inn: Charlie Schneer, Keith Hodgson, tfn.
 Shadows: unk.
 Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.
 Stouffer's: John Eaton, tfn.

PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Willis Jackson to 1/16. Chris Columbus, 1/18-23.
 Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.-Tony DeNicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.
 Drake Hotel: Joe Derise, tfn.
 George Washington Motel (Valley Forge): Beryl Booker, tfn.
 Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, tfn.
 La Salute (Trenton): Marty Bergen, tfn.
 Latin Casino: Peggy Lee to 1/24.
 Metropole: Coatesville Harris, hb.
 Peps: Horace Silver, 1/18-23.
 Pilgrim Gardens Lounge: Good Time Six, tfn.
 Saxony East: DeLloyd McKay, tfn.
 Second Fret: various folk artists.
 Show Boat: closed Jan. and Feb.

NEW ORLEANS

Blue Room: Roy Liberto, 1/14-2/14.
 Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
 Famous Door: Mike Lala, Jan Allison, Santo Pecora, tfn.
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.
 Golliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.
 Harmony Inn: Kid Sheik, wknds.
 Al Hirt's: Fred Crane, Mary Fassett Crane, afterhours.
 King's Room: Laverne Smith, tfn.
 Old Absinthe House: Marvin Kimball, tfn.
 Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.
 Paddock Lounge: Clem Tervalon, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.
 Pepe's: Larry Muhoberac, tfn.
 Playboy: Al Belleto, Dave West, Buddy Prima, Billy Newkirk, hbs.
 Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DALLAS

Black Garter: Howard Stafford, hb. Barry Lee to 1/24. Lorrane Desmond, 1/26-2/7.
 Blackout: Charles Gray, Les Watson, tfn.
 Bon Vivant: Ernie Johnson, hb.
 Empire Room: Mal Fitch, hb.
 Fink Mink: Banks Diamond, Terry Henry, tfn. Sessions, alternate Sun.
 Music Box: Jack Peirce, hb. Shirley Murray, tfn.
 Keg: Louis Lindsey, Dee Kirkland, tfn.
 King's Club: John Farley, hb. Max Cooper to 1/23.
 Levee: Ed Bernet, hb. Levee Singers, tfn.
 Louanns: Robert Patterson, tfn.
 Nero's Nook: Don Jacoby to 1/22.
 Red Garter: Phil Rubin, tfn.
 Roadrunner (Fort Worth): Dick Harp, tfn.
 Twentieth Century: Ira Freeman, tfn.
 Village Club: George Mosse, hb.

ST. LOUIS

Black Horse: Jean Trevor, Jim Becker, tfn.
 Blue Note (East St. Louis): Leo's Five, tfn.
 Bustles & Bows: St. Louis Ragtimers, tfn.
 Hawaiian Roma: Bernard Hutcherson, Sun. sessions.
 Jerry's: Sandy Smith, Mon.
 Kings Bros. Motel: Eddy Johnson, hb.
 Merry-Go-Round: Sal Ferrante, hb.
 Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.
 Playboy Club: Jasper Salerno, Sam Malone, Murray Jackman, hbs.
 Silver Dollar: Muggsy Sprecher, tfn.
 Sorrento's: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat.
 Tiger's Den: Sammy Gardner, hb.
 Tres Bien: Gene Gammage, tfn.
 Upstream: Gale Belle, wknds.
 Yacht Club: Courtney Goodman Jr., wknds.

DETROIT AND MICHIGAN

Artists' Workshop: free concerts, Sun. afternoon. Harold McKinney, 1/24. Ronnie Fields-George Bohanon, 1/31. Gordon Mumma, Robert Ashley, electronic music concert, 2/7.
 Detroit Contemporary 5, Pierre Rochon/Bob McDonald, hbs.
 Black Lantern (Saginaw): Paul Vanston, tfn.
 Boyne Highlands (Harbor Springs): Larry Wojcek, tfn.
 Brass Rail: Armand Grenada, tfn.
 Bruce's Lounge: Ron DePalma, Sun.-Mon. Don Robins, Fri.-Sat.
 Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, tfn.
 Caucus Club: Jack Brokensha, tfn.
 Checker Bar-B-Q: John Truedell, afterhours, Mon.-Thur. Mel Ball, afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
 Chit Chat: sessions, Tue. George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, hb.
 Drome Bar: Shirley Scott-Stanley Turrentine to 1/19. George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields, Mon.
 Falcon Bar (Ann Arbor): Max Wood, Mon., Wed., Sat. George Overstreet, Fri.
 Frolic Bar: Norman Dillard, tfn.
 1/2 Pint's: Keith Vreeland, Thur.-Sat.
 Hobby Bar: Jimmy Johnson, Fri.-Sun.
 Jim's Office Lounge (Jackson): Benny Poole, tfn.
 LaRosa's: Willie Wells, Fri.-Sat.
 Larry's Bar (Saginaw): Kent Wilson, tfn.
 LaSalle (Saginaw): Arnie Bergen, tfn.
 Linford Bar: Emmet Slay, tfn.
 Mermaid's Cave: King Bartel, tfn.
 Mr. B's (Lansing): Danny Pallack, tfn.
 Odom's Cave: Bill Hyde, Fri.-Sun.
 Office Lounge (Flint): sessions, Sun.
 Page's: Frank Morelli, Fri.-Sat.
 Playboy Club: Vince Mance, Booboo Turner,

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Matt Michaels, hbs.
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 Rouge Lounge (River Rouge): sessions, Sun.
 afternoon.
 Scotch & Siroin: Harold McKinney, tfn.
 Sports Bar (Flint): Sherman Mitchell, tfn.
 The Track (Flint): Gene Day, tfn.
 Tropicana Lounge (Lansing): organ trios, Tue.-
 Sun. Sessions, Sat. afternoon.
 Unstable Theater: Detroit Contemporary 5,
 Wed. Detroit Jazz Quintet, hb., afterhours
 sessions, Fri.-Sat. Jack Springer, Sun.
 Village Gate: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields,
 wknds.
 West End Hotel: George Bohanon-Ronnie Fields,
 hb., afterhours sessions, wknds.
 Waterfall (Ann Arbor): Clarence Byrd, tfn.

CLEVELAND

Bird Cage: Tony Lavano, wknds.
 Bola Kai (Southgate): jazz, wknds.
 Brothers: Joe Howard, wknds.
 Casa Blanca: Smitty Al, wknds.
 Cedar Gardens: Ray Banks-Nat Fitzgerald,
 Thur.-Sat.
 Club 100: Rufus Jones, tfn. Sessions, Sat. after-
 noon.
 Corner Tavern: unk.
 Cucamonga: Joe Alessandro, tfn. Johnny Trush,
 wknds.
 Esquire: Eddie Baccus-Lester Sykes, tfn. Ses-
 sions, Sat. afternoon.
 Fagan's Beacon House: Bourbon St. Bums,
 wknds.
 Harvey's Hideaway: George Peters, tfn.
 King's Pub: Hugh Thompson, tfn.
 LaRue: East Jazz Trio, tfn.
 Leo's Casino: unk.
 Lucky Bar: Marvin Cabell, Thur.-Sat.
 Masiello's: Gigolos, wknds.
 Monticello: Ted Faskert-George Quittner, wknds.
 Music Box: Jim (Mudcat) Grant, Sky-Hy Trio,
 to 1/17.
 La Porte Rouge: Bill Gidney, wknds.
 Punch & Judy: Eddie Nix, hb.
 Sahara Motel: Buddy Griebel, hb.
 Shaker Steak House: Bill Dinasco, tfn.
 Stouffer's Tack Room: Eddie Ryan-Bill Bandy,
 hb.
 Tangiers: Dave O'Rourke, wknds.
 Theatrical Grill: Henry (Red) Allen to 1/16.
 Jonah Jones, 1/18-2/6. Bob McKee, Nancy
 Ray, hbs.

CHICAGO

Al's Golden Door: The Jaguars, tfn.
 Big John's: Paul Butterfield, Wed.-Sat. Tommy
 Ponce, Sun.
 Bourbon Street: Eddy Davis, hb.
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Dave Remington,
 Thur.
 London House: Marian-Jimmy McPartland to
 1/31. Gerry Mulligan, 2/1-14. Erroll Garner,
 2/16-28. Eddie Higgins, Lee Noble, hbs.
 Mago's: Mike Bloomfield, Wed.-Sun.
 McKie's: unk.
 Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.
 Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.
 Olde East Inn: unk.
 Olde Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Mon.-Tue.
 Larry Boyle, tfn.
 Outhaus: Pieces of Eight, Wed., Sun.
 Playboy: Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Gene
 Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
 Plugged Nickel: unk.
 Red Arrow (Stickney): Franz Jackson, Fri.-Sat.
 Sylvio's: Howlin' Wolf, wknds.
 Velvet Swing: Harvey Leon, tfn.

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL

Big Al's: Shirley Scott, 2/17.
 Blue Ox: Harry Blons, tfn.
 Brady's: Hall Bros., wknds.
 Davey Jones Locker: Irene Reid, 2/28. Lurlean
 Hunter, 3/8.
 Earl's Valli Pizza: Herb Schoenbohm, wknds.
 Herb's: Pat Moran, tfn.
 Hoagie's: Bobby Williams, wknds.
 Lighthouse Gallery: Dixie 5, wknds.
 Pigalle (Radisson Hotel): Bob Terri, tfn.
 Sherwood: Rio Pardi, tfn.
 The Point: Percy Hughes, tfn.

LAS VEGAS

Black Magic: sessions, Wed., Sun.
 Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, tfn. sessions, Fri.-
 Sat.
 Castaways: Bobby Stevenson, Fri.-Sat.
 Desert Inn: The Cousins, Mafalda, Phil Case,
 tfn.
 Dunes Hotel: Earl Green, tfn.
 El Cortez: Cathy Ryan, Bill Rossi, Marvelle, tfn.
 Flamingo Hotel: Bob Simms, Nita Cruz, Buddy
 Sarkisian, tfn. Steve Perlow, 1/17.
 Fremont Hotel: Joe Geremia, Sun.
 Guys & Dolls: Ann Hagen-Bill Kane, tfn.
 Hacienda Hotel: Johnny Olenn, Kay Houston,
 Danny Owens, tfn.
 Lotus Inn: Wanita Vess, tfn.

The Mint: Johnny La Monte, Wed.
 New Frontier: Roy, Janie and Bob, Tom Hark-
 enrider, tfn.
 Quorum: Bob Sullivan, tfn.
 Riviera Hotel: Marty Hein, tfn.
 Sahara Hotel: Sam Melchionne, Jack Kent, tfn.
 Peggy Wied, Wed.
 Sands Hotel: Ernie Stewart, Dave Burton, Red
 Norvo, Jerry Wald, tfn.
 Showboat Hotel: Leo Wolf, Loreen Lee, tfn.
 Silver Dollar: The Casuals, Diane Elliott, tfn.
 Sneak Joint: Marvin Koral, Tue.
 Stardust Hotel: Jimmy Blount, Dick Taylor, Iv
 Gordon, tfn.
 Thunderbird Hotel: Cliff Duphiney, tfn.
 Tally Ho Hotel: Henry Levine, tfn.
 Tropicana Hotel: Al DePaulis, Dubonnet Trio,
 Don Ragon, tfn.

LOS ANGELES

Adams West Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours,
 Fri.-Sat.
 Beverly Cavern: Johnny Lucas, Fri.-Sat.
 Carriage House (Burbank): Jimmie Rowles,
 Max Bennett, Nick Martinis, Sun.-Mon.
 Chico's (Inglewood): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.
 Club Havana: Rene Bloch, hb.
 Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, hb.
 Frigate (Manhattan Beach): Ben Rozet, Vic
 Mio, tfn.
 Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, Fri.-Sat.
 Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.
 Holiday Inn (Montclair): Society for the Pres-
 ervation of Dixieland Jazz tfn.
 Hollywood Plaza: Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.
 Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Hot Toddy Dixieland
 Band, hb.
 Hour Glass: Herbie Lewis, Karl Baptiste, tfn.
 Intermission Room: Roy Ayers, Phil Moore, tfn.
 International Hotel (International Airport):
 Kirk Stuart, tfn.
 It Club: Sunday morning sessions.
 Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey):
 Johnny Lane, tfn.
 Lancers (Santa Ana): Lyn Rose, Mon.-Sat.
 Le Cabaret (Palm Springs): John Veith, John
 Doling, tfn.
 Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, hb. Various other
 groups.
 Lazy X (North Hollywood): Rick Fay, Charlie
 Lodice, Jack Coon, Tom Geckler, Sun. after-
 noon.
 Memory Lane: Gerald Wiggins, tfn.
 Marty's: William Green, tfn.
 Metro Theater: jazz concerts, afterhours, Fri.-
 Sat.
 Norm's Green-Lake Steak House (Pasadena):
 Joyce Collins, Monty Budwig, Mon.-Tue.
 Palace (Santa Barbara): Gene Bolen, tfn.
 P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.
 Plush Horse (Redondo Beach): unk.
 Red Carpet (Nite Life): Johnny Dial, tfn.
 Red Chimney (Silver Lake): Pete Jolly, Thur.-
 Sat.
 Roaring '20s (La Cienega): Pete Bealman, tfn.
 Royal Lion: Matty Matlock, Tue.-Sat.
 Royal Tahitian (Ontario): Rex Stewart, Fri.-
 Sat.
 Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Gene Russell,
 tfn.
 San Francisco Club (Garden Grove): Ed Loring,
 hb.
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Junior Mance to 1/17.
 Cal Tjader, 1/21-31. Zoot Sims, 2/2-14.
 Sherry's: Don Randi, tfn.
 Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, tfn.
 Straw Hat (Garden Grove): Unquenchables, tfn.
 Sultan Room (Hollywood): Richard Aplan, Sun.,
 11 a.m.-4 p.m.
 Tops Restaurant (San Bernardino): Connie
 Wills, sessions.
 Wilshire House Hotel: Lennie Bluett, tfn.

TOKYO

Ciro's (Ginza): Ray Conde, tfn.
 Club Lee (Shinjuku): Smiley Ohara, Dan Ikeda,
 tfn.
 Club Tokyo (Shinjuku): Jun Toshiya, hb.
 Elysees Cabaret (Shinjuku): Takashi Ono, hb.
 Ginza Crown: Yasushi Ashida, Junichi Nakamura,
 hbs.
 Ginza Grand Palace: Hisashi Ozaki, hb.
 Grand Kintoki (Haneda): Jimmy Terada, tfn.
 Hotel Hilton: Selji Hiraoka, tfn.
 Hotel Okura: Hideki Haniwara, tfn.
 Kokusai Kaikan (Shinjuku): Akira Sahara, hb.
 Las Vegas (Kiebukuro): Tetsuya Shinozaki, hb.
 Moulin Rouge (Shinjuku): Harumitsu Kangetsu,
 tfn.
 New Japan Hotel: Ryo Nomura, tfn.
 New Latin Quarter: Kelichiro Ebihara, hb.
 Odeon (Shinjuku): Saburo Matsuo, tfn.
 Princess Cabaret: Shinichi Ueno, hb.
 Queen Bee (Ginza): Tokyo Cuban Boys, tfn.
 Shinjuku Chinatown: Masami Kishikawa, hb.
 Shockiku Center (Iidabashi): Charlie Ishiguro,
 tfn.
 Sukisekai (Akasaka): Hiroshi Watanabe, tfn.
 Star Cabaret: Tauru Imura, hb.
 Ueno Chinatown: Tomohisa Ichikawa, tfn.



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