

JANUARY 27, 1966

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**Significance of Fats Navarro**

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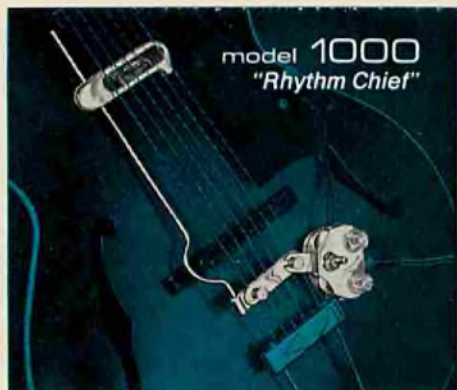
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6 ☐ DOWN BEAT

## CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

### That Shepp Article, Cont.

For some time now, I've witnessed what could only be termed the esthetic bankruptcy of the literary world. I address this to Archie Shepp (*DB*, Dec. 16), not as a literary artist, to be sure, but as an artist nonetheless.

Somehow I felt that you had something to say, and as an artist speaking, the world should have been the richer for your expression. But this was not so. Your garrish verbosity immediately alienated those who should have heard your words. And the ideas behind those words! You remind me of one of today's "angry young men," caught up in the whirlwind of his own black hatreds. You are, to say the least, becoming that which you hate the most.

You have blinded yourself, and that an artist cannot do if he is to remain an artist. From such blindness, only bitter blackness comes, and of that, as you pointed out, there is far too much already.

Christopher Lawrence  
Burlington, N.J.

### To Archie Shepp:

There must be a way to answer you as bluntly as you speak, like saying that you are perfectly right but completely wrong, right as far as substance is concerned, wrong since it is coming from you. You speak as Archie Shepp the artist. You are a musician, you blow a horn, but what you write has nothing to do with music.

You should be able to make a definitive opinion between social reform and music. Are you so much afraid that people, red or green, won't dig your music, that you need to put words on top of it? If this is so, then may your sermon be the last, because everybody knows by now what your music means.

But if you think you'll do something good simultaneously as a musician and a pamphleteer, you're heading straight toward self-disintegration. Perhaps this is your goal—but you will not be much use to what you think you're helping.

If you really think you're made for hate, then blow all your hate through your horn.

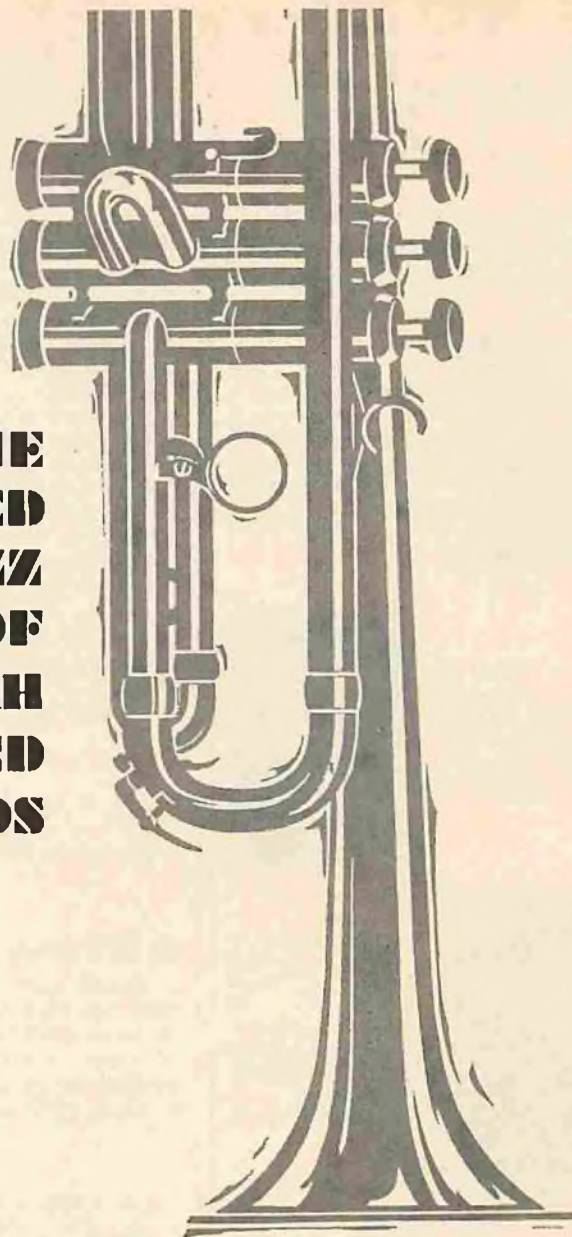
Bertrand Duchesne  
Montreal, Quebec

Let me see if I have this straight: Archie Shepp says that if I don't like his music and don't think he's an artistic spokesman for Negro Americans, then I'm a bigot. Is that it?

Thurston Briggs  
New York City

There are major fallacies in the article by Archie Shepp which must be exposed. Shepp, along with LeRoi Jones and Nat Hentoff, are partial to a socio-political analysis of the "new thing" that is quite simplistic. In general, their reasoning may be reduced to the following: the black revolution that is taking shape in America

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is good. Therefore, the art which gives expression to these revolutionary sentiments is good. Anyone who does not like revolutionary art, i.e., the "new thing," does not support the black revolution. Hence he is a bigot.

First, all revolutionary art is not good. Second, a man may support Fidel, Ho Chi Minh, and the Black Revolution in America and still dislike the "new thing." An outspoken Fascist, such as Louis-Ferdinand Celine, may be a great writer, while an outspoken revolutionary such as Shepp may be a poor musician.

Art cannot be judged by the sociopolitical sentiments it purports to express. We can only judge the "new thing" on its performance, past and present.

It is obvious that the "new thing" is not so new. It has been around for 10 years, at least. In 10 years the bop revolution had produced a plethora of fantastic musicians as well as brilliant compositions. The "new thing" at best has produced a handful of able musicians, but even its supporters will agree that it has not yet produced a Bird or a Dizzy. This music has been a great disappointment.

Matthew Silverman  
New York City

Tell it like it 'tis, brother. I know Shepp's an eloquent musician, but writing—wow! Let's hear more from Archie.

Mustafa Daoud  
Atlantic City, N.J.

### On DB's Policy

Though I don't know what it could be, there may have been some justification for the several rock-and-roll articles in your magazine recently. However, there is no possible excuse for your printing Shepp's psychotic spewings in your Dec. 16 issue.

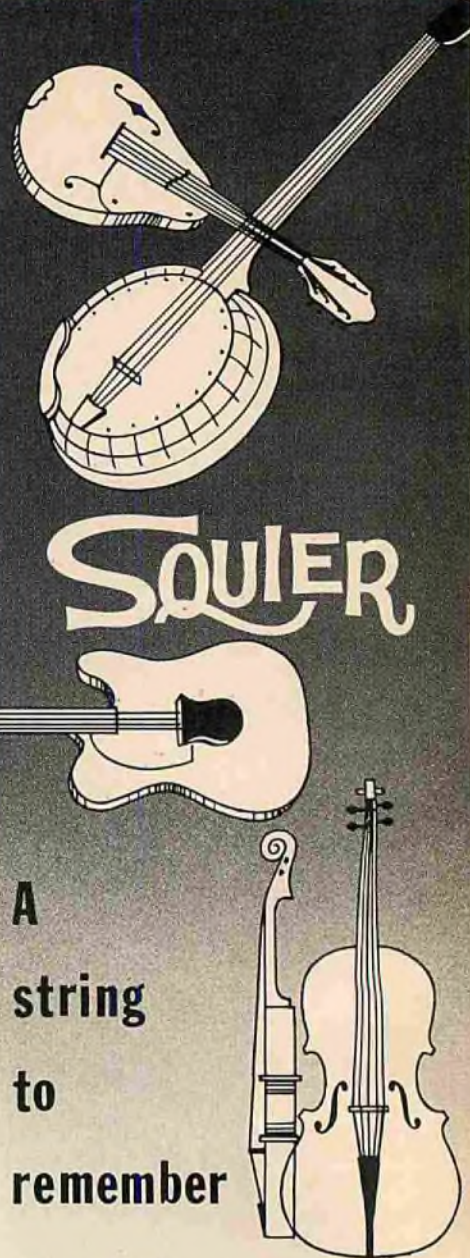
Curtis D. Janks  
Sheboygan, Wis.

Like Leonard Feather (*DB*, Dec. 16), I, too, get ill reading of egocentric jazz writers attacking other writers and the musicians. However, unlike Feather, I think the jazz magazines should be singled out for blame. There has been, and is, a lack of high standards in the jazz press. It is the editors and not the writers who should be giving the magazine its direction.

There is so much about the jazz world that never gets adequate coverage that it is doubly criminal for any magazine to waste valuable space on the kind of drivel Feather comments on. There should be more, not less, good writing on race, politics, and economics as it relates to jazz. And editors have the first responsibility.

Charles M. Weisenberg  
Van Nuys, Calif.

*The editorial direction of Down Beat is guided by its editor, who selects the writers for their varying views. The combination of these viewpoints, along with subjects covered, reflect the direction of the magazine, as determined by the editor. And within that directional framework there is room for writers of all persuasions—including Feather, Nat Hentoff, Martin*



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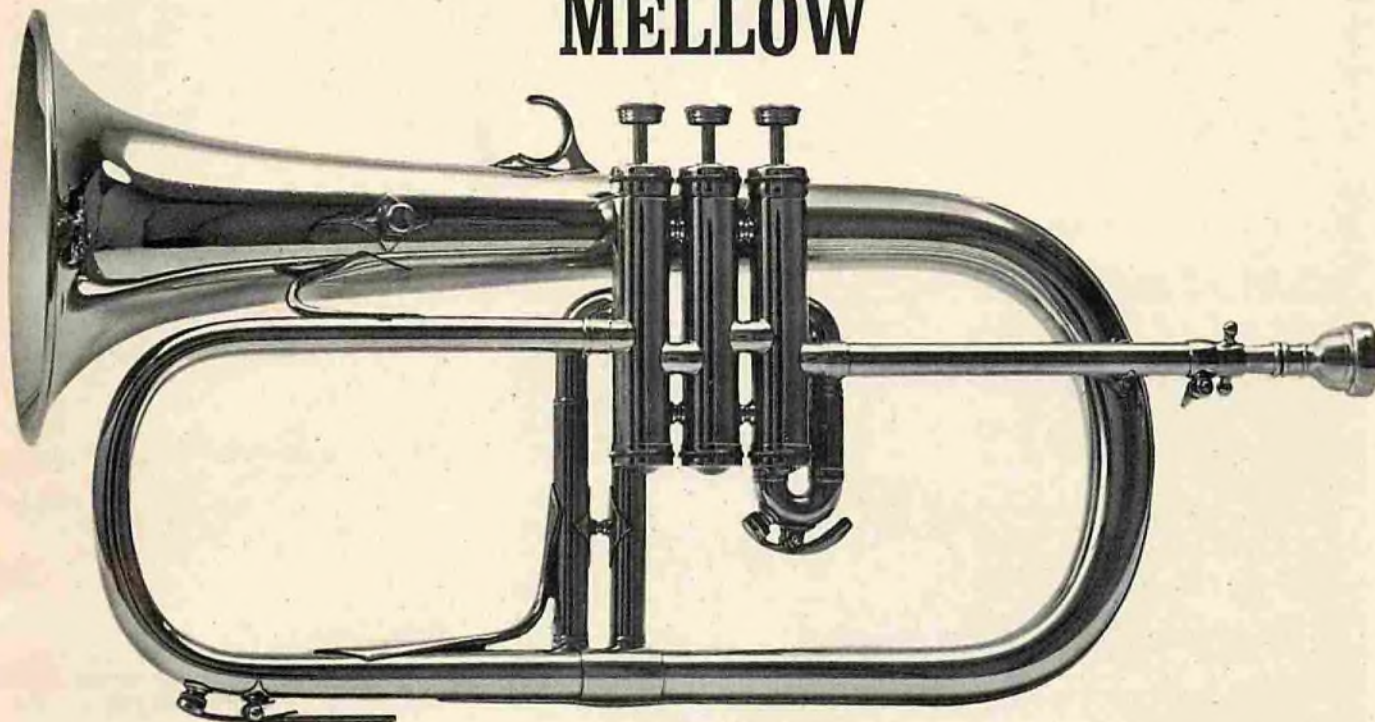
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## PROF. MARICE STITH



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Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! For the ham and eggs of jazz—Archie Shepp's piece and Leonard Feather's too. But most of all for that beautiful Art Hodes.

P. Fraser  
Los Angeles

## It's Not 'How' But 'How Well'

I have been observing the furor about the "new thing" and the "old thing" and (naturally) the "in-between thing" with about as much disgust as a devoted jazz fan can muster.

Where does any of this go? Sure, jazz is controversial. Great! I love it! I love to discuss it—to argue jazz, if you may—but not to insult people and make enemies over something which in the end can be nothing but opinion.

Next to Zoot Sims, I would imagine that I am the largest Lester Young fan alive. I am not large on Archie Shepp. I'm still trying to figure out Ornette Coleman. But I could hardly stand to listen to John Coltrane (post-*Giant Steps*). I had missed a turn or maybe turned down a one-way street. Instead of putting down what I didn't understand or forging ahead blindly, I tried to spread out and dig some of the varied sounds that perhaps Coltrane and his contemporaries were listening to. Maybe I don't understand it their way (I don't know much about the technicalities), but I've found my way to understand them. Their music is now gratifying. I dig it. I'm still grasping—but not groping.

Unfortunately, however, there always remains the question of whether an artist goes to the avant-garde order because of an overflowing spontaneity and imagination or from an innate lack of enough imagination to fully explore the traditional. I, for one, am not worried as long as it comes out good jazz.

W. Berigan Taylor  
Dayton, Ohio

## Put More Men On The Job

As Max Harris wrote (*DB*, Dec. 2), "Your record-review section has reached a new low." I agree. To give John Coltrane's new album anything less than five stars (as Richard Hadlock did) is a crime in itself.

Why don't you have a group of reviewers review the same album and then average out the stars? I think it might do the album more justice.

Kirk Struggles  
Kenilworth, Ill.

See Page 29 for two reviews of a new record. Readers can average the ratings for themselves.

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# news and views

DOWN BEAT: January 27, 1966

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## Jazz Contest Set For Vienna In May

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"The idea," stated pianist Friedrich Gulda, "of an international competition for young jazz musicians is an obvious one for many reasons, of which the most important may well be that jazz represents, in our time, an unprecedented region of international understanding among young people."

So saying, the internationally known concert and sometime jazz pianist formally announced the International Competition for Modern Jazz 1966, a contest among young jazz soloists organized by the City of Vienna and the Vienna Art Fund under the patronage of the Austrian ministers of foreign affairs and education and the mayor of Vienna. The contest, to be held in Vienna May 17-24, is under the direction of Gulda.

The competition is open to jazz musicians between the ages of 15 and 25, amateur and professional, who will be judged as solo performers in the following categories: trumpet, trombone, saxophone, piano, bass, and drums. Contestants may be accompanied by their own groups, but the members will be judged solely as single performers; there will be no awards for ensembles.

First-place awards of \$1,000 and second-place prizes of \$600 will be given in each of the six categories of competition. For first-place winners \$600 partial scholarships to the Berklee School of Music, in Boston, Mass., also will be awarded. Contestants will be judged by prominent jazz musicians.

Additional information may be had from the International Competition for Modern Jazz, State Conservatory of Vienna, Johannesgasse 4a, Vienna 1, Austria.

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## Final Bar

---

Guitarist-songwriter Dave Barbour, 53, died Dec. 11 of internal hemorrhaging en route to a Malibu, Calif., hospital. He had suffered for a long period from stomach ulcers. Barbour was born in New York City, May 28, 1912. His first instrument was banjo, but he soon switched to guitar and played with small groups, including those of Wingy Manone and Red Norvo, and played record dates with Lil and Louis

Armstrong, Mildred Bailey, Teddy Wilson, and Bunny Berigan.

For recordings of Nellie Lutchter and Jeri Southern, Barbour fronted his own groups. On the big-band scene, he worked with Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. In 1949 he played with a Woody Herman group in Cuba.

Barbour collaborated on the writing of a number of pop hits with Peggy Lee (whom he married in 1943): *Manana, It's a Good Day*, and *I Don't Know Enough about You*.

He had been living in Malibu since his 1952 divorce from Miss Lee.

Jewell Lee Grant, 45, one of Hollywood's busiest studio musicians and an underrated jazzman, died of a heart attack Dec. 9 at Los Angeles' General Hospital.

Grant, a Los Angeles resident since 1936, played in many name bands, specializing in reed instruments. Among them were those of Fletcher and Horace Henderson, Andy Kirk, Benny Carter, Earl Bostic, Ray Charles, Nelson Riddle, Billy Vaughn, and Gerald Wilson.

Theodore (Cuban) Bennett, 63, legendary trumpet figure of the 1920s and '30s, and a member of, among other groups, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, died of a heart attack Nov. 28 at Presbyterian Hospital in Pittsburgh, Pa. A cousin of jazzman Benny Carter, Bennett, who played only sporadically, has been cited as an important influence by a number of jazz brass players. He was remembered by Roy Eldridge as "a great trumpet player. He was the first cat I heard [in 1930] who was really making his changes in those days. You could call him one of the first of the moderns."

---

## George Shearing Stricken; Cancels Bookings

---

George Shearing was rushed to University Hospital Dec. 15 in Salt Lake City, suffering from hemorrhaging, the day after his quintet had opened an engagement at a local club. The quintet played the rest of the week's booking without its pianist-leader.

An ulcer sufferer for some years, Shearing at presstime was undergoing further tests at the hospital. It was not known when he would be able to resume work; in the meantime, his quintet bookings have been canceled.

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## Americans In Paris Have Union Blues

---

When the Paris musicians union announced a new campaign to enforce the law governing employment of foreign musicians in the French capital, the reaction was immediate, particularly among Americans.

"So now it's 'Yanks go home!'" exclaimed American singer Big Jones. "But where's the French tenor player who's going to pull in the people like Johnny Griffin?"

Other expatriate musicians were more skeptical. "They've been trying this for years," one said. "They know if they take us out of the clubs, they'll just close down. Then there'll be no work for anyone."

The union's campaign began with a letter to 25 clubowners in Paris asking them to help the union achieve stricter observance of the law. Although hardly anyone seems aware of it, it has been the law in France since 1933 that the percentage of foreign musicians in any group may not exceed 10.

As a result, practically every jazz club in Paris is breaking the law. And if the law is observed strictly, either Paris' score of resident U.S. jazzmen will be packing their bags or the jazz clubs will be so full of French musicians that there'll be no room for the public.

The union, recognizing the impossibility of a complete crackdown, has formed a special jazz section—headed by French vibraharpist Michel Hausser, with tenorist Guy Lafitte as vice president—which has been instructed to negotiate with clubowners to bring about fuller participation in the capital's live-music scene by French jazzmen.

"It's a tremendously difficult and delicate operation," Lafitte told *Down Beat*, "but we have to start somewhere. For too long, good French musicians have suffered because of the foreign influx. A good 50 percent of jazz musicians in Paris are unable to work regularly. In this way they don't develop to the full extent of their capabilities; they therefore go unnoticed by the critics, who are, in any case, always likely to prefer the exotic to the home-produced talent."

The first sign that the union meant business was when it secured an agreement with the organizers of the recent Paris Jazz Festival to add the all-French

big band of Jean-Claude Naude to the bill. This was followed by the addition of violinist Jean-Luc Ponty's quartet to the two Jimmy Smith-Dizzy Gillespie concerts at the Olympia Theater.

"In the future," said Lafitte, "all concerts featuring more than one foreign group will have to add a French group."

With its moderately thriving jazz scene, its almost complete lack of racial discrimination, and its many other, more familiar, attractions, Paris has long been a mecca for foreign—especially U.S.—musicians. Some live permanently in or outside the capital; others use it as a jumping-off point for the increasingly well-worn European circuit of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki, Berlin, Brussels, and Barcelona.

The newly formed section of the union will consider the case of each jazz club on its merits. It has asked clubowners to form an association so that negotiation can be simplified, but the owners have shown no readiness to comply.

## McFarland To Lead Dream Band In Concert

Gary McFarland, as busy in recent months as a one-armed vibraharpist, will lead an all-star band in concert at New York City's Philharmonic Hall on Feb. 6.

The composer, arranger, sometime vocalist, and usually two-armed vibist has been working on albums of his own and also scoring records for such varied artists as organist Shirley Scott, guitarist Gabor Szabo, and trumpeter Clark Terry.

But the concert will be all his.

Produced in co-operation with *Cavalier* magazine, the concert will include special material written for soloists in the band, plus pieces featuring the sections; selections from McFarland's jazz ballet, *Reflections*; and four works by other composers, including Thelonious Monk and Antonio Carlos Jobim, done in new settings by McFarland.

The concert also will introduce an innovation in presentation. According to McFarland, the orchestra and podium will be placed in such a way that the audience will be able to see both the conductor and the musicians and that the soloists will have unimpeded access to the solo microphones.

The band's personnel will include trumpeters Bill Berry, Snooky Young, Doc Severinsen, and Clark Terry; trombonists Jimmy Cleveland and Bob Brookmeyer; French hornist Bob Northern; a reed section of Jerry Dodgion, Richie Kamuca, Jerome Richardson, Zoot Sims, and Phil Woods; guitarists Barry Galbraith and Szabo; tubaist Jay McAllister; bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Joe Cocuzzo. A Latin percussionist—either Willie Bobo or Willie Rodriguez—will also be on hand, and McFarland will be heard on vibraharp.

The concert will be emceed by the Voice of America's Willis Conover.



FEATHER'S NEST:  
By  
LEONARD FEATHER

## Dave Barbour: A Footnote

The case of Dave Barbour is one that might give pause to many present-day musicians. It is a unique story; to the best of my recollection he was the only musician who climbed the success ladder all the way to the top, then jumped off, and never returned.

Barbour's adult life was divided clearly into two parts: the active and the inactive.

We were both in our early 20s when we first met at the Hickory House in New York City, where he was playing in a memorable pianoless group led by Red Norvo. Few guitarists could match him as a rhythm-section member or as a soloist. The next few years were busy ones; record dates with Norvo and Mildred Bailey, Teddy Wilson, Putney Dandridge, Red McKenzie, Louis Armstrong, and many others. There also was night-club work with the delightful Herman Chittison Trio.

Later, after the move to California, there were recordings with Charlie Barnett, Jack Teagarden, Boyd Raeburn, Charlie Ventura, and the first Andre Previn date in 1945. But before that had been the year with Benny Goodman's band and the romance with the girl vocalist, Peggy Lee, followed by marriage and, for a while, Hollywood studio work while Peggy stayed home.

After Mrs. Barbour resumed her career, there was the slow but sure upward climb. By the end of the '40s the Barbours were the most admired, talented, and successful matrimonial team in music, as meaningful to their decade as Norvo and Mildred Bailey had been to the '30s.

The only problem was that writing hit songs like *Manana* and playing the Paramount Theater and acting *Pied Piper* to thousands of fans brought with it all the responsibilities and complications of being a businessman and a public figure. Dave Barbour had not bargained on this. The rat race was not for him; he wanted out.

The marriage ended and with it the career. That year (1951) he took a small acting role in a Claudette Colbert movie, for kicks, but after that, silence. His ASCAP membership by now assured him modest security for an indefinite period.

Barbour moved to a small beach house in Malibu, Calif. For the last 13 years of his life the question "whatever happened to Dave Barbour?" was often asked, and only a few privileged to be his friends knew the answer.

What happened to Dave Barbour was that he lived in a style he chose, instead of one that had been forced on him as it is forced on so many show-business conquerors.

He beat a drinking problem and spent much of his last decade actively helping people who were in trouble. Aside from sessions at home, his guitar came out of his case only when there was a cause to play for—Alcoholics Anonymous meetings or a benefit for a friend.

During all those years he was only once persuaded to take part in a jazz record date. In 1962 Benny Carter and I, with great difficulty, talked him into playing in a combo session and then only because he was among old friends like Benny and Ben Webster and Jimmie Rowles. He was convinced that he was old hat, could not keep up with the



Dave Barbour and Peggy Lee in the '40s

fast, glib youngsters; yet when he played the blues, there was a warmth and a beauty usually lacking in men half his age.

By then he was married again, to the movie and TV actress Marian Collier of the *Mr. Novak* show. He was a doting father to Nikki, his and Peggy Lee's daughter; and, during the last year, a loving grandfather. Peggy always remained his friend.

Whatever happened to Dave Barbour?

He came to the rescue when people were in need; and he walked by the sea, and read, and helped a friend run an art gallery, and watched television, listened to good music, loved and was loved by everyone who knew him. And these words are written now because men like him should not be forgotten. He was that rare person, a man who found out who he was and what he wanted, and for a few happy years he had it. And it was worth more to him than all the autographs he ever signed.





**SECOND CHORUS:**  
By NAT HENTOFF

## Two Vocalists Of Uncommon Talent—Mabel And Carmen

Vocalists with something to say remain much rarer than instrumentalists who can hold total attention for a set. In jazz, I know of no new vocalists of whom one can yet expect the extraordinary—whatever their current defects and hangups with influences.

The folk-music scene as of now has more intriguing recruits—Julius Lester, Pat Sky, Bernice Reagon, among them. And somehow there are always newly arresting voices in opera, Mirella Freni being one of the more recent.

No matter what the idiom, one of the identifying marks of the beyond-average singer is authority. Mabel Mercer, for instance. She seizes attention and never lets go. The process is like that of an underdog. She doesn't go looking for you by belting or by being coy. But as soon as you come to her, you're caught by that utterly singular fusion of hard-edged, space-sculptured phrasing and a sometimes cracked voice that has long chronicled the losses and transient expectations of city nights.

There are some who find Mabel Mercer overstylized and otherwise regard those of us drawn to her singing as mesmerized without musical cause. I was one of the unconverted for a while. It was George Wein, as I recall, who first tried to show me the Mercer way, and I resisted mightily. But eventually, my defenses fell, and I look forward to an evening of her singing with the same assurance of not being satiated as when I'm en route to hear Carmen McRae.

The two are, of course, quite different. Miss Mercer is not a jazz singer. Her time is not pulsating in the jazz sense. It breaks, it stops, it hangs in the air, it rushes, and it crawls. It does not swing. But she doesn't intend it to. In a sense, just as her way with lyrics is meant to evoke a kaleidoscope of time present intersecting with time past, so her beat moves in and around current expectations and lost imperatives.

Except for an album on Decca, all her available recordings are on Atlantic—for which thanks are due the brothers Ertegun. I find it odd, however, that she is not recording for any label now. A Mabel Mercer album will never get RIAA certification for \$1,000,000 in sales, but labels looking for enduring catalog ought to consider a new Mercer series.

Carmen McRae is recording regularly—for Bobby Shad's Mainstream, and Shad has done much better by her than Decca, Kapp, or Columbia were ever able to. But as in the case of Miss Mercer, no record can ever approximate the impact of the singer in flesh and bone.

Carmen has never been more compelling than she is these nights. She is, to start with, a commanding figure—sometimes looking like a jazz Pilar from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and at other times resembling a sternly exotic figurehead over the cutwater of a New England whaling ship. And she moves with a grace and leashed power that makes practically all her jazz vocal contemporaries seem like ladies-in-waiting by comparison.

No female singer in today's jazz gets to the core of a lyric as deeply and unerringly as Carmen. There are few singers left—Mabel Mercer is one—for whom composers and lyricists write specifically. Carmen should be another. It is the difference between writing a film script for Olivier and for Tony Curtis. And, of course, if our musical stage were anything more than a waiting room for out-of-town buyers, Carmen—who also can act—could bring new dimensions to the Broadway musical.

In terms of jazz, in any case, she plays with time with the often stunning resourcefulness of a major instrumentalist. And the McRae sound is also singular—cool at the crisp edges and biting hot at the center.

I heard her recently at the Village Gate in New York on the same bill as John Coltrane and Dick Gregory. With those two overpowering figures in a triptych, most singers would have been flattened into being an entr'acte. But Carmen was not in the least subsidiary to the other two. (I should point out here that in this case, Art D'Lugoff indicated an astute conception of how to build and pace a bill that eludes most of his nightclub-owning colleagues.)

There are a very few performers who become long-term elements of memory. For me, Billie Holiday was one, and in jazz since Billie, I have not been moved by anyone so powerfully as by Carmen McRae. Records alone don't make it. Carmen is to be heard *and* seen—as is any nonpareil performer. And once you do have the experience, of course, the records take on heightened connotations.

If Carmen travels anywhere near your city, I would advise your not missing her. And each set is something else—using the term both literally and idiomatically.

Mabel Mercer doesn't travel much, but when you get to New York, look her up. Sitting on a stool, accompanied only by piano, she'll stay in your mind much longer than most of the plays and movies in the city at any given time. She is, in Duke Ellington's terminology, beyond category. And there are very few of that kind at any time. Especially, it seems, among vocalists right now. **[EB]**

## Potpourri

Dizzy Gillespie was heard with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra in a unique New Year's Eve concert in the Queen City. In addition to other works, Gillespie performed portions of Lalo Schiffrin's *Gillespiana Suite* with the orchestra's brass and percussion sections. It was the first time the trumpeter had appeared with a symphony orchestra.

A tenor conclave to end all tenor conclaves is scheduled to take place Jan. 14 on the stage of Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall in New York City. Featured at the concert will be three of the outstanding tenor saxophonists in jazz history: Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane.

The late-night *Merv Griffin Show* has one of the most jazz-oriented bands on television. Among the well-known jazz musicians regularly playing the show are valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Art Davis, and drummer Jake Hanna.

Earl Hines, whose 1965 tour of Europe was a roaring success, is set to return to the Continent Jan. 18 to begin a three-month tour, opening in Rome.

Gerry Mulligan wrote the title song for the recently released United Artists film *A Thousand Clowns*, starring Jason Robards. The late Judy Holliday, a close friend of the baritone saxophonist, is heard singing the song while the picture's credits flash on the screen.

The world's first all-jazz station—KNOB-FM in Los Angeles—has been sold for \$262,500 to Jack Banoczki, owner of another FM station, KGGK, in Garden Grove, Calif. Ray Torian, president and program director of KNOB, was uncertain as to how the sale would affect his staff or the station's sound. Banoczki, on the other hand, made it clear that he intends to bring to KNOB what he described as "pop adult, all in stereo, with jazz sprinkled throughout the 18-hour broadcast day." KNOB first went on the air in July, 1957, playing jazz exclusively.

New York City's first all-jazz radio station, WLIB-FM, began broadcasting in January with a 10-hour daily schedule. Pianist-disc jockey Billy Taylor is program director but will retain his show on the new spot's AM sister station. The new station will be all-Negro staffed.

The Swingle Singers made their San Francisco area debut in Berkeley at an extraordinary concert. What particularly set the occasion apart was its purpose. Sponsored by the Berkeley High School, the concert raised funds for a scholarship to assure music students at least a smidgin of the financial support that is accorded science majors. The high school's back-to-Bach movement recruited 3,000 enthusiastic adherents. Pianist Denny Zeitlin's trio opened the program.

## Strictly Ad Lib

**NEW YORK:** Demand for tickets for Duke Ellington's concert of sacred music at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Dec. 26 was so great that a midnight performance was added . . . Among recent jazz emigres to the United States are guitarist Elek Baksie, a native of Hungary long active in France, and British baritone saxophonist Joe Temperley, both of whom arrived in New York in December . . . Trumpeter Miles Davis' quintet returned to the Village Vanguard for the four weekends in January. Pianist Jaki Byard's quartet (Joe Farrell, saxophone, flute; Major Holley, bass; Ernie Williams, drums), which yielded its second week at the club for Davis' surprise booking in November, returned for a week Dec. 14 and played opposite pianist-singer Mose Allison's trio . . . The Bill Evans Trio will be heard in concert at Town Hall Feb. 21. It will be the first New York concert by the pianist's group. He will introduce several new compositions at the event . . . Bassist Charlie Mingus and his Jazz Workshop took over from drummer Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers at the Five Spot Dec. 21, for a scheduled six-week stay . . . Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, fully recovered from his recent illness, comes to the Embers West for a three-week stay Jan. 17. Sims played a holiday engagement at the Half Note with tenorist Al Cohn and singer Jimmy Rushing and also appeared Dec. 12 with bassist Vinnie Burke's trio at The Cove, in Roselle, N.Y., as the first of a series of guest artists who also included guitarist Tal Farlow (Dec. 19), and alto saxophonist Phil Woods (Dec. 26) . . . The second "Jazz Spotlight" session at the Club Ruby in Jamaica, N.Y., Jan. 13 presented vibraphonist Milt Jackson's quintet (with tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath), trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's quartet, and singer Joe Lee Wilson . . . Tenor saxophonist Stan Getz and his quartet, organist-singer Joe Mooney, and vocalist Dionne Warwick were presented in concert at Carnegie Hall Dec. 19 by producer Gary Keys . . . Trumpeter Roy Eldridge and drummer Sonny Greer sparked a series of Sunday jam sessions with pianist Edwin Wilcox at the Shore Cafe in Brooklyn . . . Clarinetist Tony Scott took over the group at The Dom, where a session atmosphere prevails in the bar, while the back room is given over to discotheque doings . . . Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corp. has opened a Tokyo office . . . Tenor saxophonist Bill Barron, currently in Stockholm, Sweden, joined trumpeter Rolf Ericson in reintroducing a jam-session policy at the Nalen in the Swedish capital and has also appeared at the Club Surbrunn there . . . Vibraphonist-drummer Tommy Vig quit his lucrative gig in Las Vegas with pianist Juan Esquivel's group, and plans to form a jazz trio in New York or else move to Israel . . . Trumpeter Clark Terry did his famous *Mumbles* vocal routine for a cigaret TV commercial . . . Composer-arranger Quin-

cy Jones has been signed to score the pilot for a new TV series, *Hey, Landlord* . . . Veteran jazz a&r man Jack Lewis has joined the Monte Kay Agency as record consultant for its stable of artists . . . Pianist Burton Green, with alto saxophonist Marion Brown, bassist Henry Grimes, and drummer Rashid Ali, appeared at Slug's Dec. 13 . . . Clarinetist Louis Brown's quartet (Al Dailey, piano; Cecil McBee, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums) is a regular Monday night attraction at Wells' . . . Trumpeter Blue Mitchell's quintet returned to Minton's in December . . . Drummer Les DeMerle turned over his gig at Long's Lounge in East Orange, N.J., to his sideman, organist John Patton, in order to make a tour of U.S. Army bases . . . Clem DeRosa's 16 College All-Stars, guitarist Joe Puma, and singer Molly Lyons performed at Aztec Village, in Huntington, N.Y., Jan. 2, for the members of the International Art of Jazz Club . . . Clarinetist Stan Levine's Dixieland group performed a service of Christmas hymns and carols at Spencer Memorial Church in Brooklyn in mid-December.

**CHICAGO:** After their New Year's Eve gig at the Pick-Congress Hotel, members of the Count Basie Band rushed to The Club to play a New Year's breakfast dance. The Club, which opened last month on the site of the old Club DeLisa on S. State St., featured singer Aretha Franklin in mid-December . . . Clarinetist Jimmy Granato has been subbing for the ailing Bill Reinhardt at Jazz, Ltd. Reinhardt, who, with his wife, Ruth, owns the club, spent December in Florida regaining his health . . . Joe Morello and Roy Burnes gave drum demonstrations at last month's Midwest Band Directors Clinic at the Sherman House . . . The most recent jazz concerts sponsored by the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries were given at the Bernard Horwich Center. Jazz of the '20s featured the Salty Dogs in re-creations of classic jazz performances; the '30s were represented by Pieces of Eight, while the Joe Daley Trio will be featured in a program of avant-garde jazz. The three programs were balanced by three classical concerts . . . Saxophonist Mike Simpson, long a mainstay of the Chicago jazz scene, has been living of late in Transvaal in South Africa, where he moved after a brief stopover on the West Coast . . . The Northwestern University chapter of Phi Mu Alpha, the national music fraternity, will present the Joe Daley Trio (Daley, tenor saxophone; Clyde Flowers, bass; Hal Russell, drums) in concert at N.U.'s Lutkin Hall Jan. 28.

**LOS ANGELES:** The type of green stuff that Henry Mancini has been coming across in his extensive college tour isn't all ivy. Take the first five campus dates he played in December, for example. From his bandleading gigs at Marshall University (W. Va.), Bowling Green University (Ohio), Ohio State University, Butler University (Indianapolis), and the University of Kentucky, Mancini wound up with a take-home profit of

\$33,000. With the expense of taking a 40-piece orchestra on tour prohibitive, Mancini used sideman recruited from local areas . . . Shelly Manne and His Men shared the bill with comedian Dick Gregory for a pre-Christmas concert at UCLA . . . Singer Ruth Brown was featured during the holiday season at the Playboy Club. In another part of the bunny hutch a new jazz singer, Lana Cantrell, was featured. Also over the holiday, the Mike Melvoin Trio rejoined the house trios of Joe Parnello and Kellie Green at the club . . . The Bobbie Douglas Trio was booked into San Diego's Hilton Inn for the first three weeks of January, after which he will resume his regular gig at the Yerba Linda Country Club . . . Steve Allen and Terry Gibbs co-led an octet with a slight rock-and-roll bent for a one-nighter at the Sands in nearby Inglewood. The gig was a working rehearsal for a Dot recording date . . . Pianist Phil Moore Jr. brought his new group into the Living Room for a recent one-nighter. His group, which included Lester Robinson, trombone; Hadley Calliman, tenor saxophone; Stan Gilbert, bass; and Carl Lott, drums, shared the bill with vocalist Ernie Andrews (between gigs with the Harry James Band) backed by organist Tyrone Parsons . . . Many jazzmen are included in the band playing Quincy Jones' score for Sidney Poitier's latest Paramount film, *The Slender Thread*. Among them are Ray Triscari, trumpet; Bobby Bryant, flugelhorn; Urbie Green, trombone; Red Callender, tuba; Paul Horn, also saxophone; Jack Nimitz, baritone saxophone; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Dave Grusin, piano; Joe Mondragon, bass; Victor Feldman, vibraharp; Larry Bunker, percussion; and Stan Levey, drums.

**PHILADELPHIA:** Avey Tolt and Jay Grimberg are the new owners of Pep's Musical Bar, one of the city's oldest jazz rooms. The pair, who also run a beauty salon, purchased Pep's from Dave Skaler and Jack Goldenburg, co-owners for the last 10 years. Tolt and Grimberg plan to continue the policy of presenting top jazz names . . . Pianist Jimmy Wisner, now living in suburban Camden County, N.J., took time off from his arranging-conducting work for pop recording artists to accompany singer Mel Torme during his New York date at Basin Street East . . . Saxophonist George Nardello canceled his January date at the Show Boat after reportedly having sidemen trouble. The Show Boat reopens in mid-January with the singer Chris Connor, making her first Philadelphia club engagement in some years. She will be followed by singer Carmen McRae and pianist Bill Evans. Both Pep's and Show Boat closed for the first two weeks in January . . . The big band from the Berklee School of Music in Boston is scheduled to play dates at several Trenton, N.J., colleges in April.

**BOSTON:** Singer Mamie Lee returned to Boston after an extended stay in New York. She is appearing at Connelly's with her trio, which includes

(Continued on page 42)

# THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FATS NAVARRO

HOT BOX, By GEORGE HOEFER

**I**N RETROSPECT, THE enigmatic career of trumpeter Fats Navarro takes on tragic overtones that were not apparent at the time of his premature death in 1950. Re-evaluations of Navarro's artistry have had a tendency to place his musical stature virtually in limbo.

The question has been: did Navarro move far enough away from the Dizzy Gillespie concepts of the middle and late 1940s to be considered a true innovator?

This leads to the related question pertaining to possible overidolization of an artist whose career is ended by an early death.

In similar cases in jazz history—Bix Beiderbecke, Charlie Christian, Jimmy Blanton, Clifford Brown—the contributions were more easily defined than were Navarro's.

There was a subtlety in Navarro's playing that was unique and highlighted a style that was to be a strong influence on future horn men. Brown idolized Navarro and acknowledged the strong influence. There were discernible aspects of Navarro's style in some of his contemporaries—Kenny Dorham, Red Rodney, and Dave Burns. Indirectly, through Brown, young trumpeters such as Blue Mitchell, Art Farmer, Donald Byrd, and Freddie Hubbard show traces of Navarro in their playing.

One critic, writing in recent years, has placed the Navarro sound between the high-register brilliance of Dizzy Gillespie and the melancholy tone of Miles Davis. Navarro was inclined to favor the middle register, it is true.

Reviews of his recorded work, mainly on Blue Note and Savoy reissues, have tended to overemphasize his debt to Gillespie and underestimate the short-lived mature style Navarro evidenced about 1948-49.

Many of these reconsiderations seem to have taken a clue from the Billy Eckstine interview quoted in the book *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*. In telling about Navarro's taking Gillespie's place in his 1945 band, Eckstine said, "Fats played Dizzy's book,

and you would hardly know that Diz had left the band. Fats played Dizzy's solos, *not* note for note, but his ideas on Dizzy's parts and the feeling was the same, and there was just as much swing."

It should be noted that Eckstine implies there was a difference. This view, although expressed as a secondary thought, runs through many of the latter-day reviews of the reissues.

Bassist Bill Crow commented on the Navarro memorial collections in *Jazz Review* during 1958, as follows: "Much of the Navarro concept is frankly taken from Gillespie's work of the same period, but occasionally a lyrical quality of his own enters his playing strongly, giving a glimpse of the richness that surely would have developed had he lived."

Martin Williams, reviewing the Navarro-Tadd Dameron air shots from the Royal Roost (recorded in 1948 but released on Jazzland in 1962), wrote: "It seems to me quite reasonable to say that, at his death, Navarro was still doing Gillespie, with touches of Parker, Young, and others. Doing Gillespie in a personal way, to be sure, musically and emotionally, but still many a phrase, we know perfectly well, comes from Gillespie."

In an article tracing the development of trumpet styles, Dan Morgenstern once wrote, "The late Fats Navarro, with a style based on Dizzy Gillespie's but with a strong lyrical undercurrent and a richer sound, was well on the way to become a contender."

Not all the current writers and critics have agreed with this view of the Navarro-Gillespie relationship. Harvey Pekar, in a rebuttal to the above-mentioned Crow record review, wrote: "It is not so, if one listens closely to Fats. Fats was certainly an individual musician, and none of his influences dominated him. Like Bud Powell, he listened to many sources and incorporated them into his own style. . . . It is impossible to say whether Fats Navarro's work would have evolved had he lived. But by 1950 his style was mature, and his contribution to jazz trumpet playing large."

The uncertainty and confusion in placing Navarro in his proper niche may be due to a thought expressed by H. A. Woodfin in his *In Memoriam* article in *Saturday Review*: "For the troubling thing about Navarro's recordings is that they convince one of the man's essential greatness as a musician while, for all their excellent moments, none of his solos are masterpieces in the sense in which Gillespie's *The Champ* is, or, in a different style, Miles Davis' *Bags' Groove*." Then he goes on to state, "But it is not idle to grant Navarro the credit he greatly deserves for providing an alternative to the exclusive domination of the jazz trumpet by the almost impenetrably personal styles of Gillespie and Davis."

Barry Ulanov, an active critic during the Navarro era, probably knew the trumpeter better, and heard him more frequently, than any other writer. He wrote the only definitive biography of Navarro. In his *Handbook of Jazz*, published in 1957, Ulanov said: "But the best of all these

bop trumpeters was the short-lived Fats Navarro. Gifted with a huge tone and a superb ear, he was as disciplined in his playing habits as he was undisciplined in the rest of his life; the purity of his musical diction is yet to be equaled by any other bopper except Charlie Parker; the precision of his execution was matched only by Clifford Brown."

There were many contradictions in Navarro's personal life. At his productive peak, he was friendly and relaxed, on the surface. He could be described as the original "cool musician" when he performed. Underneath, though, there were obviously strong nagging frustrations, anxieties, and hidden drives. He was a perfectionist whose ultimate desire was to "play a perfect melody of my own, all the chord progressions right, the melody original and fresh—my own." He also had tuberculosis, which would eventually consume him. Because of one or a combination of these circumstances, Navarro became a narcotics addict. His habit certainly worsened his tuberculosis condition with a shocking viciousness.

**N**AVARRO, KNOWN AS Fat Girl to his associates (he had an almost feminine concern for the welfare of his friends), was born Theodore Navarro Jr. in Key West, Fla., on Sept. 24, 1923.

Navarro's lineage, according to Ross Russell (writing in the January, 1949, issue of *The Record Changer*), included Cuban, Negro, and Chinese antecedents. Russell pointed out, "Navarro's music presents a fascinating blend of flavors, predominantly those of the jazz and Afro-Cuban tradition."

Navarro was a third cousin to his earliest idol, Charlie Shavers. One might conjecture that it was the Shavers horn on the John Kirby Sextet records of the late '30s and early '40s that struck Navarro's fancy.

It has been reported that the Navarro family was musical; the father, who was a barber, started his 6-year-old son taking piano lessons from a private teacher. In later years, Fats told Ulanov, "I didn't learn anything."

When he was 13, Navarro learned to play trumpet with very little formal instruction; in high school he took up tenor saxophone. His proficiency on tenor enabled him to work with Walter Johnson's band in Miami during summer vacations.

As soon as he finished high school in 1941, Navarro headed north to become a professional musician. In Orlando, Fla., he got a job as a trumpet player with Sol Allbright's band. The band traveled and Navarro went as far north as Cincinnati with it. He left the band there and took formal trumpet lessons. Before the year was out, however, he went to Indianapolis to join Snookum Russell's band, which played dates in the Midwest.

Navarro spent almost two years with Russell. Former Jay McShann and Billy Eckstine trumpeter Buddy Anderson once told writer Frank Driggs of meeting Navarro in Kansas City, Mo., in 1942, when the Russell band was playing a

location date there. Anderson recalled that Navarro based his style on Roy Eldridge's to some extent at the time. During their meeting, Anderson told Navarro that "Dizzy was going to run Roy out of the picture," and Navarro turned away in disgust and refused to continue the conversation.

In late 1943, when Navarro joined Andy Kirk's orchestra, he was soon to change his mind regarding Gillespie.

Howard McGhee was the featured trumpeter in the Kirk organization, and he and Navarro quickly took to each other. Later, Navarro said McGhee "was my influence." He told how they both grabbed every chance to jam with the other trumpet stars of the time. It was during this period, in 1944, when the Kirk band was in New York City, that Navarro first showed up at Minton's Playhouse where he and McGhee would be likely to find Eldridge, Hot Lips Page, and Gillespie.

Navarro made his first recordings with Kirk, but aside from his muted obligato to June Richmond's vocals, they contain nothing of importance. The Kirk band also cut some originals for Decca, but they never were released.

When Leonard Feather reviewed the Kirk band at the Apollo Theater in May, 1944, he noted, "Ted Navarro played a fine trumpet chorus on *Stompin' at the Savoy*," which indicates that McGhee did not take all the solos.

The story of how Gillespie, who wanted to leave the Eckstine band, recommended Fats as his successor, is familiar to most readers, but it might be of interest to point out that Gillespie, when asked to select an all-star band in 1946, chose Navarro on trumpet.

Although the balance was bad and the surfaces scratchy, Eckstine's National records contain Navarro's first recorded solos. He was heard to advantage on *Tell Me, Pretty Baby*, in which he solos after Eckstine's vocal. There also were short Navarro spots, not particularly distinguished, on *Long, Long Journey*, *Without a Song*, and *Second Balcony Jump*.

As to Navarro's character during the Eckstine period, there is the testimony of Carmen McRae, published in *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*: "Fat Girl was a big, lovable character, playing the most beautiful horn, forever practicing and forever striving. He and I used to discuss the way the cats were using the stuff [narcotics], and he said he'd never do it."

In June, 1946, after 18 months with Eckstine, Navarro elected to stay in New York City. He frequented Minton's and the clubs on 52nd St. during the remaining part of 1946. Late in the summer, French discographer and critic Charles Delaunay was in New York to supervise recordings for his Swing label. A session took place Sept. 5 under the name of Kenny Clarke and His 52nd Street Boys. Four arrangements by Walter (Gil) Fuller were cut with two trumpeters, Navarro and Kenny Dorham, in the band. The best side for Navarro's playing was *Rue Chap-tal* (the title was the name of the street on which Delaunay lived in Paris, but it

was later changed to *Royal Roost* when released on RCA Victor) in which Navarro is heard in a trumpet chase with Dorham. (The performance is currently available in *The Bebop Era*, RCA Victor 519).

From mid-1946 to the time of his death in mid-1950, Navarro was an important part of the New York modern-jazz scene. He preferred small groups, as did most of the boppers. He told Ulanov in late 1947, "I must play in small bands. You can't learn anything in big bands. I hope I never work in one again. There is no chance to really play, no progress."

Yet, after this interview, he made several stabs at playing in large bands, primarily because he needed money. Bob Reisner in a short sketch of Navarro published in *The Jazz Titans* stated, "Fats took a job with Lionel Hampton, who offered him money to take Kenny Dorham's place. Hamp may have paid Fats a good salary to tweak Dorham." This would have been in late 1947 or early 1948. At any rate, the association was of short duration.

In September, 1948, Navarro went to California to rehearse with a projected Benny Goodman band that would be bop-oriented, with Navarro and tenor saxophonist Wardell Gray as featured soloists. Goodman changed his plans overnight and wound up with a bop sextet, using trumpeter Doug Mettome instead of Navarro.

It was during Navarro's short stay on the West Coast that he recorded *Stealin' Apples* with a Goodman septet for Capitol. It was a curious date, and the musicians reportedly agreed to record without payment on the condition that all proceeds from the record's sale went to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. The performance was released in an album labeled *Giants of Jazz*. Reviews stated *Apples* was the best side in the set, and Navarro's playing

was singled out as the best solo.

According to *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, Navarro spent a short time with a semi-modern dance band led by clarinetist Tommy Reynolds. This makes a curious comparison with Reisner's report that Duke Ellington offered Navarro a job. The trumpeter is said to have told Ellington, "Dad, the sound would knock me out, but I can't make it on the bread."

Some of the other groups Navarro played with after leaving Eckstine include a six-man jump crew led by tenorist Illinois Jacquet (on a one-nighter tour, 1946-47), a Coleman Hawkins group on 52nd St. (late 1946), Tadd Dameron's band at the Royal Roost (Navarro was in and out of Dameron's unit all during 1948), an all-star concert group that played at the Chicago Civic Opera House for disc jockey Al Benson (December, 1948), Oscar Pettiford's All-Stars at the new Clique in New York (January, 1949; the band featured trumpet duets by Navarro and Miles Davis), a Jazz at the Philharmonic unit (mid-1949), trombonist J. J. Johnson's Boplet at New York's Three Deuces (the group that trombonist Johnson later called an "unusual array of musicians"—Fats, J. J., Stan Getz, John Lewis, Curly Russell, Max Roach), miscellaneous groups at Birdland on Monday nights (1949-50), and his last job, a short stay with a Charlie Parker group at Cafe Society Downtown (May, 1950).

Navarro recorded with most of the aforementioned, as well as with groups under his leadership on Savoy and recording groups led by Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Dexter Gordon, Bud Powell, Howard McGhee, and Don Lanphere. He also was on the *Metronome* All-Star record made in January, 1949, and is featured on *Over-*

(Continued on page 39)

BILL GOTTlieb





FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE RECORDS

# DONALD BYRD TODAY

By BURT KORALL

**T**HE MUSICIAN not only must be prepared to cope with the world of music but the world beyond music."

The voice had the sound of authority. The words rolled out with vigor but without hostility. The man obviously was sure of his ground.

Trumpeter-composer-teacher Donald Byrd, in New York City to take care of business matters, continued:

"Thinking and planning are a big part of it. You have to be a human being and know how to deal with other human beings. A lot of musicians take liberties because they are musicians. They act up in clubs, are late for appointments and record dates. Some are antisocial. Others think getting high is part of the artist's life. All they're doing is feeding a stereotype we don't need."

Byrd, who has been planning his life with care and setting challenges for himself since he was 18, wants no part of people being so hip that opportunities and experiences are lost to them.

"You have to keep moving!" Byrd insists. "No one is going to take you by the hand. A lot of talented guys behave like a young girl at a dance. You can't wait to be asked. You have to take the future in your hands."

"Who's done it? Quincy Jones, Lalo Schiffrin, Oliver Nelson—they've gotten into other areas like films, television, without losing face or sight of the tradition from which they spring."

"Why? *They wanted to.* That's the nitty-gritty. How? *They learned* in school and on the job and kept their ears and eyes open. They have the equipment—the education and, of course, the know-how with people."

A strong advocate of education, Byrd always has studied. While he achieved recognition as a trumpeter, he worked first for a bachelor of music degree at Wayne University in Detroit and then for a master's degree at the Manhattan School of Music. Now he is working on a Ph.D.

Only 10 years have passed since New York audiences were introduced to Byrd at the now-defunct Cafe Bohemia. As a sideman with the George Wallington group, he showed he had important things to say. With the passing of years, he has taken time to know himself and the people around him. When one hears him play, experiences his compositions, listens to him at a clinic or teaching a class in the New York school system, it's there to be felt—that security, a sense of self.

Going to Europe in 1962 was part of Byrd's master plan. He explained:

"I wanted to study composition with Nadia Boulanger at Fontainebleau. What is more, I needed the relative peace and quiet of the life there. Away from the jumble of the jungle, away

from the pressures and the pace, you can progress as an artist and as a human being."

Byrd said he believes respite from "the scene" is very necessary. However, the artist needn't go to Europe. His home town will do.

"New York is not the place to reflect, except for New Yorkers, like Sonny Rollins," he said.

"My living abroad has much less to do with race than usually is the case. I have no desire to escape. I keep coming back. There is much that I want and can do here."

"But I must go where the best opportunities take me. For instance, recently I accepted a post as staff composer-arranger with the Thorleif Ostereng Band in Oslo. Why? He offered me freedom to write what I like and the opportunity to have my works performed regularly over the air. The orchestra broadcasts regularly over one of the biggest stations in Oslo."

"What is more, the job allowed me to get out of the diminishing player market in Europe. Now I can pick my spots and play where and when I want. Again a little thinking did the trick. You *can* make your luck and talent work for you."

The job in Oslo fits well into Byrd's scheme of things. His main aim is to develop as a writer—of all kinds of music. As expected, his functional approach to writing is much in keeping with the way he conducts his life.

"Each piece is an entity unto itself, designed for a particular situation," he said. "It is a combination of several things—fun and games, pure sweat, improvisation, and, of course, knowledge of the subject. You have to be aware of the guidelines and rules."

Byrd's future, consistent with his past, is filled with projects. Among them: completing works for the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and the symphony orchestra of Basel, Switzerland; writing instruction books and a book on his experiences; composing and arranging scores for Count Basie vocalist Bill Henderson and any and all who want his work; making several new albums; taking composition and theory lessons from Rene Leibowitz in France; reading some of the books he keeps buying and throwing into a steamer trunk because there's no time to read them now.

Byrd wants to use his life well.

As a parting shot, his comment on the "new thing," was typical:

"I believe in freedom and in chaos. But you have to know what governs them. There are two axioms that must be kept in mind when it comes to the new music—'He who knows the law shall be set free' and 'Ignorance is no excuse.'"





JIM TAYLOR

## Rex Stewart... In Quotes

The Noted Cornetist Talks To Leonard Feather

**T**HE APPEARANCE OF Rex Stewart's byline in *Down Beat* during the last year, and the exceptional reminiscent qualities and journalistic flair in his articles, have led to some curiosity, on the part of readers, about the kind of man behind that byline.

Rex William Stewart, those readers may not be too surprised to learn, is as remarkable a man as he is a writer.

Philadelphia-born, but raised from the age of 7 in Washington, D.C., he will celebrate his 59th birthday on Feb. 22. There is no need to recapitulate his biography here, since many of the details have been told, and will continue to be told, in his own words. The story can be picked up logically in May, 1960, when, after several years in New York, he moved to Los Angeles to be near his children. He is the father of twins, Gina and Rex Jr., 23, and of Helena, 24.

Stewart is a heavy-set man of medium height with an incisive voice that suggests he might make a first-rate disc jockey. The suggestion is logical, for this is a career he pursued for several years in the early 1950s in upstate New York and resumed in 1963 at Los Angeles' KNOB, where he has had a daily one-hour early-morning program and a longer Sunday show.

Interviewing Stewart nowadays becomes an assignment with a curious character, since he is now, at least on a part-time basis, a member of the same profession as the interviewer. Disregarding the fact that he might well save such memorabilia for an article of his own, he came to this session equipped with a daguerreotype of his great-grandmother (taken in 1875), several other photos of his ancestors, faded leaflets announcing their musical activities, and even the 65-year-old manuscript of one of his grandmother's poems.

Once convinced that such items should be preserved for a Stewart article, or for the autobiographical book on which he is working, Stewart limited himself to a brief resume of part of the family history.

"My great-great-grandfather on my mother's side—the Johnson family—was a slave. My great-grandfather, Larkin Johnson, was born a free man. His 16 children, of whom my grandfather was the second youngest, were all free and all musical.

"My grandfather, George Johnson, married Annie Ricketts Denby, and they had 11 children. The whole family appeared in musicals at churches and so forth around the turn of the century. Grandma and grandpa both played the organ and sang; three daughters, including Jane, my mother, played piano and sang.

"There was some literary talent in my background too. My grandmother wrote a good deal of poetry and is believed to have been the first Negro woman to have had a book of poems published in that area—in Philadelphia, in 1899.

"There were some oddballs in the family. Uncle Frederick was a ragtime piano player. He told me a story once about being run out of New York City, escaping over rooftops, when they had a terrible riot there back in the early 1900s. He got to the waterfront, stowed away on a Baltimore packet, and got home. Then my Uncle Jacob, too, was a professional ragtime musician; he played trombone, mandolin, and piano, but he ran away from home about 1897, and nobody ever heard from him again."

Rex' father played mandolin and violin, and his mother started him at the piano. "It didn't do me any good, though; I loathed the thing," he recalled.

He said he became aware of jazz about 1919, when he was 12. "I didn't know anything about the so-called Dixieland, but there was no difference between the music I heard around Georgetown and Washington, D.C., and the music of the Original Dixieland Band."

The inevitable question arose: did Stewart believe jazz had originated in New Orleans?

"I have gone into that matter in considerable detail," he answered. "Starting in the middle 1930s—when there was so much talk about the renaissance of this music that

originated, they said, in New Orleans—on visits to Washington and Baltimore, I always sought out the oldest musicians I could find and asked them about this. Most of them, I discovered, had never even heard of New Orleans—yet they themselves had been playing the identical music all along.

"If, as the historians say, this music is the product of a melding of African rhythms and European melodic influences, why did we have to take all the time from 1619 until the Louisiana Purchase for it to be born? Why? It makes no sense. Besides, the biggest port in the U.S. in the 1800s was not New Orleans; it was New York. And there were many slave ships that docked at Newport News, Va.

"The historians are well intentioned, but misguided factually. Jazz was a music that grew up spontaneously all over the place."

**F**ROM HERE we went into a cross section of Stewart views on a miscellany of subjects.

#### On critics:

"They serve a natural, needed function. The musician is too wrapped up in his personal view and his own music to take an objective look at the entire spectrum. But often the critic tries to project what he thinks is best for the music; and in order to do that, he needs a frame of reference. European-born critics have an advantage there: they can look at it from the standpoint of being fascinated by an aspect of life that is not native to them.

"There are two ways to seek a frame of reference. One is to go around interviewing all the older musicians, but they, of course, are looking at it from a personal viewpoint that makes their own side look brighter and prettier. The other is to go back to the people that wrote about the music, and here you come to this mass of distortions like the New Orleans legend. So it's hard to straddle the fence. Still, critics are a necessary—not a necessary evil, but a necessary facet in the recognition of music."

#### On jazz and the social scene:

"I read a recent article by a member of what people have termed the avant-garde. From my vantage point of some 47 years' experience in the profession, it seems to me that the newer musicians are off base, because their evaluation misses one very vital point: music should be communicated on the level of evoking beautiful images, accompanying joyful moments, recording moments of sorrow, things that are deeply imbedded in the subconscious, outside of the actual social struggle of life. The musician's function within the framework of this art form should be that of a bringer of joy. It's wrong to include the social struggle, because, to me, music is part of entertainment, and how can you entertain an audience if you're making them feel uncomfortable? That's not the purpose of any music."

#### On the last Down Beat Readers Poll:

"It's fit and proper that it should have turned out as it did. This indicates that the unorthodox, the abstract approach has gone as far as it can go. It is a law of nature that at this point you return to the source, to realism and simplicity, so I think this now means we shall return to music. I don't think some of these winners will be around much longer. I wouldn't be at all surprised to see a hill-billy musician win the poll next year. *C'est la vie.*"

#### On night clubs:

"There is no chance for a return of the night-club scene as people of my age have known it. There is too much money stacked up against it. How many TV jazz specials do you see nowadays? None. Television represents a huge investment of money stacked against both the return to good music and the return to the night clubs.

"People have been subliminally conditioned to refuse music. Turn on your radio in any major center. What do you get? The Top 40. Unless you go to some little FM station that hardly anyone hears. Add to that the spiraling costs for goods and services, and the attitude of the musicians' union in trying to protect members by raising their scales, and you see we have priced ourselves out of the market. If it comes to a choice between spending \$1.03 for a six-pack and looking at *The Munsters*, or going out and spending \$30 in a night club, you *know* who's got to win!"

#### On the Beatles:

"I've honestly tried to listen to all those groups, so as not to seem like a real stick-in-the-mud; but I'm sorry, it's just distasteful to me."

#### On Al Hirt:

"A marvelous technician. Quite a gifted man. His taste—that's something else.

"You know, two of the fastest trumpet players I ever heard in my life, before the advent of Clifford Brown, were Jabbo Smith and Ruben Reeves. [Reeves was a member of Cab Calloway's Missourians around 1930 and recorded with a group made up of members of that band.] Now those two men had diametrically opposed conceptions, but if it were possible to combine their velocity and their contrasting styles in one man, that would be Al Hirt. I don't consider him a jazz musician, though; it is unfortunate that he was either told, or chose, to take the particular way he is going with the instrument."

#### On the fluegelhorn:


"I think it should be used as an addition, to give a different tone color to a group or soloist, but I'd hate to think that the fluegelhorn might be replacing the trumpet. Despite the very beautiful tone you can get out of it, when it's employed as a jazz instrument it tends to diminish the jazz feeling. But I love Clark Terry. He is a true master, and I love him on fluegelhorn; he was just beautiful last year at Monterey."

**F**INALLY WE discussed Stewart's third career, the one that unhappily has taken third place behind his activities as disc jockey and writer: the career of Rex Stewart, cornetist.

Except for a year or so playing at the Royal Tahitian Room in Ontario, Calif., Stewart has had little regular work during the 5½ years since his move to the West Coast. A few weekends here, a month or two off, then a one-nighter there; this is no way to keep up one's lip. (At the end of our interview he was planning to go to a club where he thought he might have a chance to sit in, to get his chops into shape.)

"It's true, I don't get a chance to play any more," he said. "But that's also part of life. There's no percentage in being bitter about it. But the pendulum always swings, you know, and I have a feeling it may be on the upswing for me. I've signed a contract with [booker] Harold Davison to go to England for three weeks in May, and I'm also waiting for an answer from Scandinavia. Maybe I'll wind up doing several months over there."

In his lack of bitterness, in his pride both as scion of a distinguished family and patriarch of a new one, in his ability to adjust to new media of expression, and above all in the *sui generis* talent he brought to jazz when first boy met horn, Rex Stewart is truly an extraordinary man. If it were not said with such quiet dignity, there would be a weight of pathos in his summation when he says of his long life in music:

"This has been a beautiful career—if I can call it a career. I've enjoyed almost every moment of it." 

**W**HEN LAWRENCE BROWN joined the Duke Ellington Orchestra in 1932, the impact of his musical personality was soon apparent in the classic performances of *The Sheik of Araby*, *Ducky Wucky*, and *Slippery Horn*. The last was primarily a feature for the trombone section, but Ellington has affirmed that the title itself was inspired by Brown's presence and playing.

The trombone trio in which he became a vital element was unique in every way, consisting as it did of three distinctive voices. Juan Tizol, on valve trombone, was entrusted with exotic melodic statements; jazz solos were not his forte. To Brown, though, Tizol was "the pivot, the solid rock of the section," whereas Joe (Tricky Sam) Nanton was the plunger specialist par excellence.

"Tricky had a perfect feeling for it," Brown said, "and he could play the proper things to fit the plunger. His parents were from the West Indies, although he was born in New York, and I always felt that he had picked out some of those West Indian phrases and rhythms to play on his horn."

Alongside these two, Brown added a smoothly mobile style, one that he had developed out of his great affection for the cello. Yet it was not his romantic way with a ballad that originally impressed musicians—it was his speed, as exemplified on *The Sheik of Araby*. This was not the first demonstration of it on record, but because it was in the Ellington context, it was the first to command wide attention.

"I had made a record like that with Paul Howard in 1929," Brown remembered, "a take-off on *Tiger Rag* by Charlie Lawrence called *Charlie's Idea*. Victor had given us a contract, and that was the first time I ever recorded, but I was playing that fast stuff way back then."

The years between have brought many changes, but one of the most unexpected is that today all the traditional Ellington trombone roles are united in Brown. The melodic theme statements fall to him, the romantic variations and "that fast stuff" are delivered in the style he originated, and, despite the fact that "they affect tone adversely, tending to make it sharp or flat," he is also responsible for the plunger solos.

"I did it at first as a favor," he explained, "but I guess it developed into a saving, as when you've got one man who can do two things. So long as Ellington has his music, something has to revert to the first, basic type, and the plunger is the connection between the beginning and the band now."

Brown was born in Lawrence, Kan., in 1907. His father was a minister, and in 1914 the family moved to Oakland, Calif. After some years there, and a year in San Francisco, they went to Pasadena, where Brown remained until he was 19.

"Music was always something of a gift, something I had a feeling for," he said. "My mother used to play organ in the church, and my father always thought he could sing—there were two or three really good singers in his family. I had two brothers, and the older was a very good pianist of the concert type. The younger one and I both took piano and then studied violin together. The violin was too hard—it's the hardest of all the string family—and I shopped around a little bit, because the school system permitted us to play almost any instrument we chose. So I played tuba and even, in its infancy, the saxophone."

About this time, young Brown made a couple of observations: there didn't seem to be many trombone players, and of those there were, each seemed to play in the same limited, raucous style. Brown always had liked the sound of a cello, and even though "I'd been taught that the trombone was the violin of the brass instruments," he thought he'd try the horn—and try to pattern his style on the cello.

"It was my own idea," he said, "and I wasn't following anyone else. 'Why can't you play the melody on the trombone just as sweet as on the cello?' I asked myself. . . . I wanted a big, broad tone, not the raspy tone of tailgate, and if you think cello, you can see how it influenced me."

The public-school orchestra was excellent, and the teachers—usually symphony players—were particular that the pupils were taught correctly. Pasadena High School also tutored advanced students at the junior-college level.

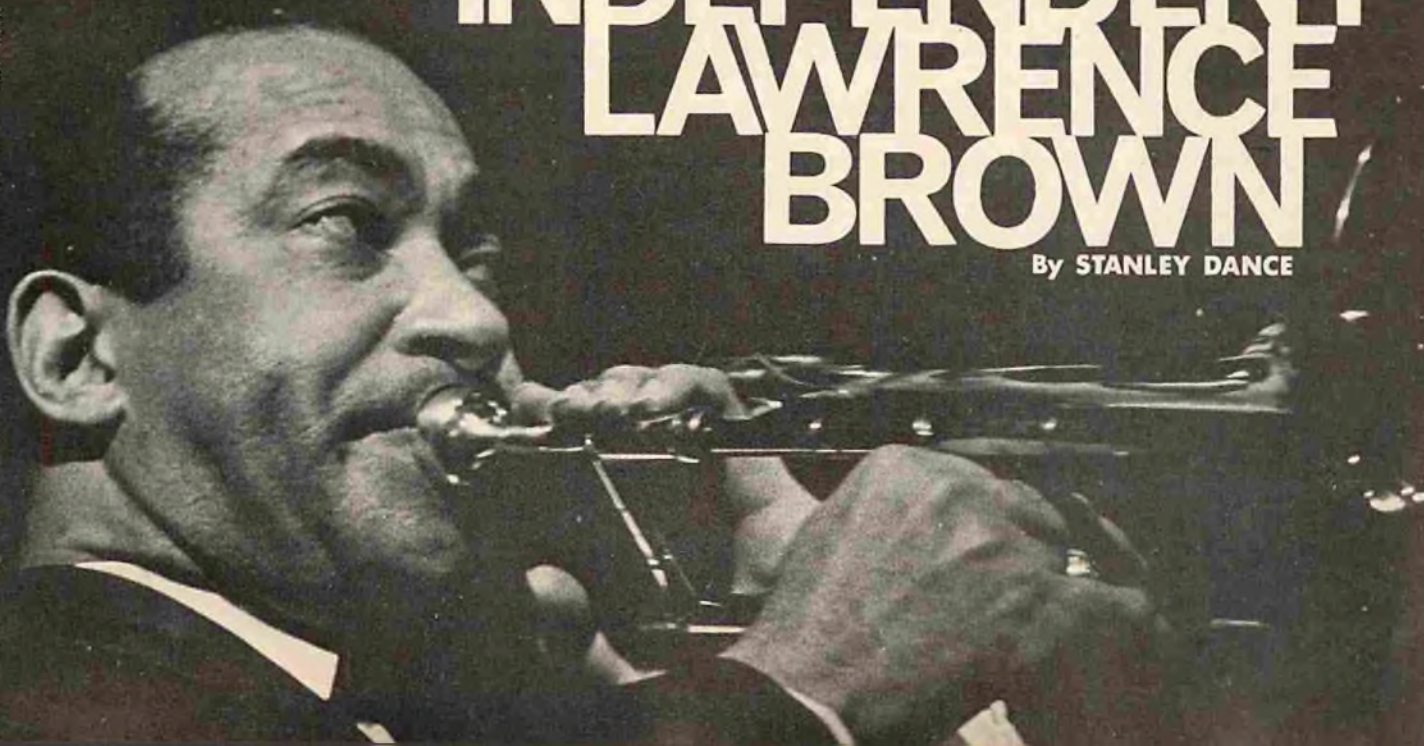
"They put on operettas and everything," Brown added, "so there was a whole lot of musical experience to be gained right there in school."

A Pasadena men's club selected Brown as a soloist on

# THE INDEPENDENT LAWRENCE BROWN

By STANLEY DANCE

LEIF WIGH



its radio show, and it was while he was at the radio station, in 1926, that he was heard by evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson, which led to his performance before a Mother's Day crowd of 6,000 in her Los Angeles temple. By that time, he had progressed with his theory of cellolike playing to the point where its originality was easily recognizable.

"After I began playing professionally," Brown said, "the musician I liked was Miff Mole. His work was very artistic and technical. To get the smoothness I wanted, I tried to round the tone too much, instead of keeping it thin. Mine, to my regret, has become too smooth. It doesn't record well, because it isn't sharp enough. I think Tommy Dorsey was the best tone man I ever heard. He could keep his tone so thin, keen and cutting. I don't have that. I have the 'ooo' but not the 'eee', and in all of the recordings you hear that baritone horn sound."

Because of this unique sound, Brown will depend on interpretive playing to convey a change. He cited as an example the climax he reaches on his interpretation of *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*. "You play along smooth," he said, "and all of a sudden you get what I call dirty, act loud and drive."

Brown faced parental disapproval of his professional activities. His older brother, Merrill, an excellent pianist, also studied organ and became good enough to be offered a job in a Sacramento movie theater. To this, his father said "no!" and in such a way that Merrill dropped music altogether and went into the post office, where he remained until his recent retirement. Lawrence reacted differently to a similar attitude.

"I had slipped around and played a lot of dances in Pasadena," he said, "although my father didn't like it, which was one reason I went professional when I was 19. 'Either behave yourself and quit disgracing me, or get out!' he told me. It was the life he was against more than the music. 'You'll wind up in prison in a year or two,' he used to say later, but I never did. He kept his eye on me for a long time—and resented me—but when I was a success, he accepted me again."

"I never smoked, drank, or gambled, but I didn't keep myself away from those who did. The bar is still the main place where I meet my friends. I have a Coke and buy them a whisky."

"When marijuana became popular in the West around 1932, I used to see them having a ball, but it never attracted me. I remember going to one party with a quart of milk. They drank their liquor and smoked their weed, and I drank my milk."

A career as a professional musician did, however, spell the end of one ambition.

"When I was in school," Brown explained, "I studied with a view to being a doctor and went through the preliminaries of medical training. I liked the idea of medicine. I like anything where success depends on your individuality. In those days, too, you didn't have so much specialization. You were a doctor and did everything. We got so far as going to the hospital to study different ailments, but I just decided I could never operate. It wasn't the actual operation but the worry about the result. I felt if I operated on anyone, and lost them, I would never get over it. Now, I think, they're taught to look at each case as a problem, which they either solve or they don't, and the person involved becomes secondary."

**W**ITHIN TWO WEEKS of leaving home, Brown was working in the 401 Ballroom in Los Angeles as a member of a seven-piece band led by one of his Oakland school fellows, Charlie Echols.

"The 401 was a dime-a-dance place," the trombonist continued. "You played one chorus, and they tore up a ticket. After that, I worked a short time in a similar place called Danceland, and there I got the invitation to join the Quality Serenaders at Sebastian's Cotton Club."

The Serenaders had two saxophones, trumpet, trombone, piano, banjo, bass, and drums. When the Cotton Club changed bands, as it frequently did, Brown got a job at Club Alabam on Central Ave. This was owned and managed by a former musician, Curtis Mosby, who eventually opened a second Club Alabam in San Francisco. The band and the show—"chorus girls, acts, and everything"—would do a month in Los Angeles and then go up to San Francisco. After a period of this kind of activity, Brown returned to the Quality Serenaders, who were now expanded to 10 pieces, directed by pianist Charlie Lawrence, and nominally led by Paul Howard. For a time, this was the best band in the West, but eventually it began to deteriorate.

"Then," Brown said, "Sebastian got the idea of handing out contracts instead of having some of the men run out on him. Lionel Hampton and I were the two he contracted to the club, and we stayed regardless of who came in. When Louis Armstrong first came, he fronted Vernon Nelson's band. Later, we were in Les Hite's, and there were others in between."

"I was doing a lot of solos, going from table to table answering requests, and I had a gimmick that was very popular. I always emphasized softness then, and I could put the bell of the horn right among the customers at their table and play so soft, with no mute, that they would be happy listening. I can't do that anymore. It was really the same principle as subtone on the saxophone, and I don't think anyone ever developed it completely. It would be good in recording on sensitive mikes—if you could keep the wind out. You know how it is with a saxophone sometimes. You'd have to back up and use enough pressure to cover up the wind."

By the time Armstrong came out, Brown was well known locally. Armstrong was sensational and was really the only player, Brown said, who influenced him. He'd stand up all night and play, Brown recalls, and sometimes broadcast for as long as three hours.

"We had little arrangements," he said, "and we'd take different choruses. If he got tired, he'd just say 'take one' or 'take another' or 'take two.' He was the kind of musician you could sit there all night and listen to and be amazed at the technique, the poise—and just everything. People used to come from 'way up around Seattle to hear him. Every trumpet player at that time tried to play *one* of his choruses."

"I think the two greatest influences in the music of this century were Louis Armstrong and Paul Whiteman: Armstrong for his melodic style, for bringing the musician to the front of the band, playing and singing, as an individual, and Whiteman for making a complete change in the band style and effecting the transition from the symphony and the dance band. If you see that picture he made in 1930, *The King of Jazz*, you can see all the components that are still in use today—the choirs, the little groups, and the big bands playing a kind of symphonic jazz. I mean this in terms of popular music generally, not just in those of straight jazz, but before him there was nothing quite like that, no joining of popular music, jazz, and symphony."

Armstrong had a manager Brown didn't like. The trombonist was an independent-minded man, and the manager made the mistake of calling a rehearsal on Easter Sunday. Brown went to see his parents Sundays, and besides, "this

(Continued on page 38)

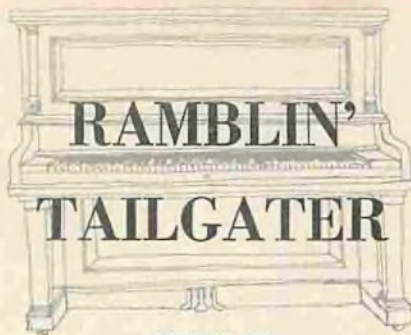
**G**EORG BRUNIS has packed his belongings and moved on down the line—back to the South. Thus ends a 20- to 30-year Chicago stay for the trombone man from the Crescent City. Somehow, Chicago and its jazz circles seem to have been shorn of a good part of their color.

Not that I've run into anyone lately who's complained of "missing" Georg's act; his collection of jokes; his asides ("this is mailbox music—it sends me"); his belly-dance (come to think of it, isn't it kind of silly to condemn Georg for something that has become fashionable?); his routine from the piano—"and then I wrote" (Frank Holzfiend of the defunct Blue Note has got to remember the night Georg did this bit while Sarah Vaughan waited a good 15 minutes to go on, and there was no interrupting Brunis or turning him off). No, though we tolerated, at times were amused by, and certainly went along with him, this isn't what will be missed. It's the whole guy, the fun-loving, gut-bucket trombone man. One of the greats; tops in two-beat music of the Chicago-New Orleans variety, the kind of player who comes along not too often.

Twenty-five years is a long time; but that's how far back I go to when I first met Brunis. New York City in 1940 was two years after I got there. It took every bit of those two years to keep from running home. That's a rough town to get a footing in. So when agent Freddie Williamson called to offer me an engagement—my own band, if I was willing to be co-leader—I grabbed it. So, the Art Hodes' Columbia Quintet was born. Brunis was co-leader, and we split the leader's money three ways; we cut the late clarinetist Rod Cless in for a third. One leader, one co-leader, a three-way split, two side men, and the difference in pay about 7½ bucks. Times were like that.

We operated at a restaurant called Childs at 103rd St. and Broadway. From what I gathered, business had fallen off alarmingly (certainly in those days bosses didn't consider hiring our type of music for such places unless extreme measures were called for—like, if this doesn't work, we may have to shut the doors).

The management carefully explained the gig to me: "You see, you start playing at 6:30 and go to 9. Then you're off till 10. Now, that first shift we want soft music, easy—waltzes, tangos, society tunes. No jazz. We've got people who've been coming here for years; we don't want to run 'em out. Why, we got a little old lady who comes here regular, who



**SITTIN' IN**  
By ART HODES

has her food weighed out on a little white scale. You know, keep the music at room temperature. That's the first shift. But when you come back in at 10, I don't care what you do. Just as long as we do business."

Well, this is something that's going to be hard to picture (in words), but you should have caught us during the first shift. We wanted a trumpet in the front line with Brunis and Cless and then just a drummer and myself for rhythm. We never found a horn man who was up to Georg and Rod, but we finally did come up with a chap who could read the parts and, sitting between these two giants, didn't wander too far away. Same with drums; after a few changes, we finally came up with a guy who worked out.

So here we go; it's the early set. We hit a waltz, and Georg operates the lights; you know, dim 'em for one chorus, red for another—flashy stuff. Or on Spanish music, Brunis hitting claves together and helping with the rhythm. No loud stuff; we played the part to the hilt; we were serious. There never were complaints about our music. And we never lost that little old lady with the white scale. We watched for her, and we observed how our music hit her and what she liked and nodded to. Yes, sir, during that early shift we made like society musicians.

Child's 103rd and Broadway was near Columbia University, and when the students were alerted to what was going on around the corner, we started packing 'em in. Of course, we got a lot of help; guys like Ralph Gleason and the late Gene Williams, who, I believe, had gone to school at Columbia, helped. At that time I was the fair-haired boy of the crowd that recently had discovered jazz and was eager to do something about it. (Come to think of it, I *had* hair then.) Gene and Ralph were putting out a jazz magazine called *Jazz Information*; Herman Rosenberg was supporting I don't know how many "hurting" musicians; Bill Russell was an "authority" (he had a book out on the music); Dan Qualey was recording pianists on

Solo Art. One of these people brought George Avakian there; it was a who's who in jazz any given night.

You could say that between 9 and 10 p.m. a metamorphosis took place in the band (at least with Georg, Rod, and myself). We had a dressing room downstairs with lockers, and each one of us set up light housekeeping immediately. We brought our supper (we ate in, and, as I recall, it was liquid).

Yes, sir, you can believe it: it was a completely different band that hit at 10. A rouser. And the crowd leaped. That was one jumping establishment. Whatever we opened with, it was like the raising of the colors. The white scale rattled, but the manager smiled; there were people—a room full to overflowing. Action; business; we were jumping.

This could be a good story; like, business continued to flourish, we broke all existing records and became Childs' favorite children. Only it didn't happen quite that way. Yeah, for a while it did; it was hoopla and hurrah. But eventually, the students (who never seem to have the big buck and have to find ways and means to scrounge) found out how to make a coffee-and last for hours or how to come in one door and go out the other. And the register showed it (that's one instrument you can't fool).

As it happened, we had decided to call a rehearsal. The usual procedure: somebody in the band remarks, "We ought to learn some new tunes; I'm gettin' tired," etc. So, call a rehearsal. Let me tell you right now—more jobs are lost that way. Another sure way to goof is take a band picture. That's for sure; you no sooner get everybody's kisser on the format than Bam! Somebody cuts out.

There we were rehearsing, when the manager calls me over and tells me they're going to have to change policy. "Nothin' personal, you know; you guys did a good job, but. . . ." So, we were through in two weeks. Altogether, we did a fast dozen weeks there, which was pretty good for those days. (What do you mean those days? These days too.)

It was then that I first heard Georg mention the delicatessen business. As I recall, he said, "Well, I think I'll go to Philadelphia and open up a delicatessen store." Funny thing was he did go to Philly; had a wife there at the time. I don't know if he sold any sandwiches, but he could have—if you knew Georg.

Now I hear that Brunis is in Biloxi helping his brother with the restaurant. I wonder what he's telling the

(Continued on page 40)

# Conover In Europe, Part II Jazz Today In Prague, Warsaw & Budapest

By WILLIS CONOVER

**I**N 1959 I touched down at the Prague airport for an hour while on a flight from Warsaw to Paris.

A big, tough-looking man in military uniform stood at the top of the ramp, checking every passenger's face against his passport photo. At take-off time there were two military men. Nobody was getting into Czechoslovakia who wasn't supposed to, and nobody was getting out.

It was different in 1965. The passport-and-customs ritual was done without a trace of the old police-state paranoia. Jazz festival week in Prague began as happily as it would end.

I was met at the airport by U.S. and Czech friends, including the warm, gentle scholar Dr. Lubomir Doruzka, for whom Paul Lukas movies had prepared me. Doruzka, a member of the jazz-festival committee, was always at hand when a conversation in up to five languages needed accurate interpreting. His co-authorship of the book *The Face of Jazz* assured fidelity to the jazz language too.

I'd given the Prague Jazz Festival a plug on my *Music USA* program. About two weeks before the first concert (Oct. 13), I thought, "Why don't I go?" And the night before I left New York, Don DeMicheal phoned asking me to review the festival for *Down Beat*. (I make this point because in applying for visas to Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and Yugoslavia I said I was a tourist, not a writer. This was true until DeMicheal's call, and music-related events in all four countries, changed my status.)

Why the interest? Because some records had shown that Czechoslovakia, always known as "the Conservatory of Europe," is an active jazz center, too; because I remembered the exquisite Czech pavilion at the Brussels Exposition in Belgium (voted best by the other pavilions) and knew the Prague Jazz Festival would be done well; because the festival was my first chance to sample in one place jazz from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, the USSR, Romania,



Polish vibraharpist, Jerzy Milian

France, Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands, Switzerland, Austria, and the United States; and because I had friends in Prague I wanted to meet again. Also, I owed my wife a vacation. And I like Czech pilsener.

Three evening and two afternoon jazz concerts were planned, plus an afternoon jazz ballet, an evening Third Stream concert, a last-evening dance, and jam sessions after everything—a total of five days filled with music.

The Ferdinand Havlik combo began the afternoon of the fourth day. Since 1959 Havlik has accompanied singers in musical plays at Prague's Semafor Theater. On the side, Havlik plays successful modern jazz concerts at the theater—and at the festival in Lucerna Hall.

First was an original Havlik composition straddling Ornette Coleman and old-time Gospel song. Next, pianist Karel Ruzicka's *Reminiscence* suggested that Czechoslovakia has cowboys and Indians too. And then 'Round Midnight: an ad lib, free-form introduction, piano strings plucked by Ruzicka, drum socks by Milos Vesely, alto saxophone bleats by Havlik; an alto solo like Phil Woods playing John Coltrane over a Charlie Mingus-like, doom-portending counterline; a free-form coda. Coltrane's *Grand Central* was a fast closer.

Poland's top-voted vibraharpist, Jerzy Milian, played a medium blues with Gustav Brom's excellent rhythm section, a slow *Darn That Dream*, and a fast *Blues for Prague*, which was especially inventive and swinging. Milian was enthusiastically applauded.

The festival's most delightful oddity was the Quintette du Hot Club de Rotterdam, organized in 1944 as a Dutch re-creation of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, with guitarist Dick van Male soloing in an approximation of Django Reinhardt over two rhythm guitars and a bass, and a bobbing little accountant named Freddy Rietdijk recreating Stephane Grappelly's violin spot. Rietdijk made a sweet violin really swing—not quite so sweetly as Grappelly, but more swinging, though breaking with Hot Club of France tradition so far as to sound occasionally like Stuff Smith. They played six tunes from the old quintet book, all in two-beat, and all but one, unfortunately, in the same not-quite-fast tempo: *Stompin' at Decca*, *Exactly Like You*, *Nuages*

The Quintette du Hot Club de Rotterdam, Netherlands, was the 'festival's most delightful oddity'



(the exception), *Lady Be Good*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, and *Hungaria*. The musicians looked happy at all times and probably were, and so were we.

The Jazz Group of the Czechoslovakia Army Ensemble has good ears. In Ornette Coleman's *Humpty Dumpty*, alto saxophonist Jiri Stivin stayed faithful to the composer's solo conception. The trumpet-alto lines were precise and clean, here and in Donald Byrd's *Low Life*. Pianist-spokesman Ludek Svabensky contributed *The Cloud* and some fleet playing.

Trumpeter Don Cherry's set was the festival's most-discussed puzzler. His suite *Complete Communion* (also the name of his group) held to tempos, time signatures, and bar lines only loosely, or discarded them altogether. Cherry and the Argentinian alto saxophonist Gato Barbieri, a well-schooled Ornette Coleman disciple, alternated singing-and-crying duets with neck-and-neck running and jumping over uneven hurdles. Although Italian drummer Aldo Romano was heavily literal, sometimes burying the horns,

the suite was a moving experience for many listeners.

At 8 p.m. the Soviet quartet, led by George Garanian, returned with Jan Hammer Jr. for fresh honors, playing *What Is This Thing Called Love?*, Nikolai Gromin's Spanish-bull-arena *Corrida*, and an easy blues. Hammer's piano showed his solid home training; Valeri Bulanov's drumming was co-operative and accurate; the Gromin guitar was relaxed and authoritative; Garanian stayed fat and confident on alto; and Andrey Egorov's bass never stopped swinging.

Hungary's Martha Szirmai could be an attractive singer, if not a jazz singer, if she would let her (I assume) operatic training guide her closer to the beautiful sounds she revealed once or twice.

The good songs she chose (*My Funny Valentine*, *'S Wonderful*, and *Night and Day*) needed no reorganization of the natural phrasing their lyrics direct, no special tone-effects, and above all no scat improvising. Scat-singing is a dead giveaway if you're not basically a jazz singer, and "jazz" isn't necessarily a synonym for "harsh." I'd like to hear Miss Szirmai singing straight. (As for her accompanists, I'll comment later on the jam session in Budapest.)

The Printers Jazz Band from Austria, essentially a Count Basie-styled combo, was especially good, and I

'Complete Communicant' Don Cherry



George Garanian



Ted Curson: 'Taking every chance'

wish it had played more than three numbers.

In *Count's Place* the rhythm section was well integrated; the alto managed to distract us from his intonation problem; the trombone was Dicky Wells-ish; the trumpet Shorty Rogers-ish; and the guitar had a country sound (our country). Pianist Humbert Augustynowicz's *Count's Bounce* was less successful, though trumpeter Ernst Dvorak turned tastefully in the direction of Bobby Hackett.

But Buck Clayton's *Outer Drive* roared straight out of Kansas City, with guitarist Gert Bienert shuttling once to Oklahoma, from Freddie Green to Charlie Christian. (I'm sorry that the last number was missing from my tape. I'm not sure the men's names are spelled right, either. For the record, the others sounded like Christian Sedlar, trombone; Hans Petrokelbe, alto saxophone; Hubert Sigmund, bass; and Helmut Schneeweiss, drums.)

Ted Curson surpassed himself at the Prague festival. Everybody dug him as a trumpeter and as a person, at the concert and in the afterhours jam sessions and conversations with musicians of all nations.

In concert, with the Junior Hammer Trio supporting, Curson played *Caravan*, a take-every-chance *Lover Man*, and two originals, his loping *The Leopard* and a *Quicksand* that ended with Curson saying through his horn, "Hello, how are you? I'm glad to be here." He'll never make the angry columns this way, but he sure made a lot of friends.

Well, now. The Karel Krautgartner Orchestra.

From 1945 to 1955, Krautgartner led the sax section of the Karel Vlach Orchestra, since 1938 a training-ground for many of Czechoslovakia's best jazz composers, arrangers, and instrumentalists. In 1955 Krautgartner organized his own band. In 1963

he was appointed artistic director of the Czechoslovak Radio Dance Orchestra, the C. R. Jazz Orchestra, the Jazz Studio, and the Jazz Trio. The Jazz Orchestra played this night.

And what an orchestra! Nineteen men whammed into Krautgartner's *Do Concentrate, Please!*, a way-up concerto grosso for four saxes (the leader's alto, two tenors, and a baritone) against five trumpets, a bass trumpet, three trombones, French horn, guitar, bass, piano, and two drummers who managed to stay out of each other's way. The brass out-Kentoned Kenton. John Hammond (the only other American in the audience) turned around in the next row, clapped a hand to his head, and shouted, "My God!"

In Prague, *Tenderly* is hardly ever played tenderly. Trombonist Vladislav Pikart took it slow at first but then quadrupled the time, the band staying with him. An original by alternate pianist Kamil Hala, in a fast multiple of 3/4 was much like Mingus' *Better Git It in Your Soul*, with a baritone solo by Frantisek Kryka, trumpet by the highly esteemed Richard Kubernat, alto by Krautgartner, and then, entering one at a time and remaining, bass trumpet, baritone, alto, and trumpet to a crashing finale.

Bassist Ludek Hulan's experimental *Suburban Litany* successfully balanced dramatic reading with instrumental music in changing tempos. The band stabbed into male voice, a horn-tenor-trumpet trio played in 3/4; the recitation resumed over cymbals; Kubernat trumpeted blues calls with the ensemble answers; the rhythm section took it; tenor soloed; then French horn; arco bass played out of tempo over dissonant muted trumpets with clarinets and rock-breaking drums; the piano entered; the whole band leaped into a frantic pace and returned to ad lib for a closing recitation and a single massive stab by the band.

Krautgartner brought on a hand-

some lad named Karel Gott, "the Frank Sinatra of Czechoslovakia." Although not a jazz singer, Gott could knock young Americans silly with his personality and his rhythmic singing, blending a clear-Mel Torme with a cleaner-Elvis Presley.

The cultural lag has its benefits: in this area of the Continent, an occasional rock-and-roll song is done by good singers rather than by animals with guitars. Gott sang twice: Ladislav Staidl's *Rusty Knife*, a Ray Charles Gospel r-and-r waltz with, by George, three girls skillfully coached into Raylettes, and a *Fascinatin' Rhythm* that moved inevitably into pleasant scatting vs. Kubernat on trumpet.

Pianist Rudolf Rokl began Krautgartner's furious *Festival Praha 1966*, then an intensifying bass solo by Luděk Hulan, the two drummers exchanging fours and all-stops-out by the band—and the 1965 Prague Jazz Festival was over. . . . Except for the jam session, till 5 a.m. . . . the press-radio conference five hours later . . . a four-hour roundtable jazz discussion with 20 Soviet composers, bandleaders, and soloists . . . a cocktail party with festival executives, radio men, and musicians . . . a dance, played by a dozen bands . . . another all-night jam session . . . a private concert by Curson and a question-and-answer session at the Prague Jazz Club . . . and quick kisses, gifts, tears, and goodbyes at the airport.

**W**E STOPPED TOO BRIEFLY in Warsaw. The Hybrydy youth club's affable young manager led us upstairs to hear alto saxophonist Zbigniew Namysłowski, one of Europe's best, who would be fully acceptable in the United States. A deep-voiced, dark-haired girl, Frederika (her last name eluded me) sang with the Namysłowski combo; I'd enjoy hearing her any time. As we entered and as we left, the band broke into the *Music USA* theme, and people applauded.

Two old friends, pianist-trumpet-valve trombonist Andrzej Kurylewicz and his wife, singer Wanda Warska, have their own tiny night club now. I went down deep steps to hear them in candlelight. Their drummer, Jerzy Bartz, was a rare swinger. The president of the Polish Jazz Federation, Jan Byrczek, sat in on bass and was first rate. The group continued swinging when the regular bassist Edward Dylag returned to the stand.

Miss Warska sang U.S. and Polish songs. *The Girl from Ipanema* was in Polish—appropriately, inasmuch as Brazilian Portuguese often sounds to American ears like a Pole talking

Spanish. She closed with the old Jewish song *Rebecca*, in bossa nova rhythm.

A painter named Jacek Brodowski sat in on piano while Kurylewicz and Miss Warska joined our table, Kurylewicz with the good news that he now conducts both the symphony orchestra and the jazz orchestra of Radio Warsaw.

We had pleasant conversations in Warsaw with Andrzej Trzaskowski, pianist and composer, whose *Nihil a Novi* had been danced at Prague's jazz ballet, and with Roman Waschko, a dominant figure in Polish jazz activities whose importance in bringing international respect to the Polish people should be more widely recognized.

We joined Josef Balcerak, editor of Poland's *Jazz* magazine, at his office in the new Warsaw Opera House and then went for a roundtable talk (with vodka, beer, brandy, and coffee) at the Polish Jazz Federation. And I renewed my appreciation of Polish warmth, hospitality, and humor.

In Budapest, we heard two kinds of music, gypsy and jazz—some of Hungary's best jazz musicians are gypsies. The traditional gypsy ensembles were superb—a small group at the Apostles Restaurant, a larger one at the Astoria Hotel dining room, and another one at the Matyas Pince Restaurant, somewhat less audible over the sounds of dishes and the oohing and aahing at wonderful food. If you're ever in the neighborhood, don't miss Budapest's gypsy music.

On the other hand, pass up Budapest entirely if your travel agent tells you he can get you a room only at the Palace Hotel. There are two kinds of people in Budapest: real people (the great majority) and anti-people, a very few of whom still slither around. The old daytime concierge at the Palace is an anti-person who will do his best to make your stay in Budapest as unpleasant as possible. Be sure you follow all the official tourist regulations too. Forget one formality and they turn the juice on you. If Hungary wants tourist dollars, it should ship the movie-villain types back to the concentration camps they used to run.

Stay at the Astoria Hotel, and you'll get efficient service and the friendly courtesy that is part of the true Hungarian character. Or try the Gellert Hotel, on the beautiful Buda side of the Danube, or the Duna Hotel on the Pest side, where you eat and drink well and watch the sun setting over Buda across the river.

The first jazz I heard in Budapest was in the new Freedom Hotel, in an attractive cocktail lounge with a small

dance floor. The leader of the quartet was a gypsy musician turned jazz bassist, Aladar Pege. Apart from Mingus, Dave Izenzon, and Richard Davis, I've heard no bassist anywhere who surpasses Pege's virtuosity. I'm tempted to regard him as simply a great gypsy violinist playing jazz on a bass.

The circumstances (playing for ballroom dancing) kept the damper on Pege's fire most of the time; but toward the end of several bop-based sets he showed he can blaze and swing too. He lacks only an association with more good jazz musicians from the West, and he needs to feel a little angrier, in order to swing into his potential as an international star. It's obviously in him; his lyrical bowed solos are fully passionate. He is quite remarkable. Pege's sidemen—alto saxophonist Dezso Lakatos, pianist Janos Fogarasi, and drummer Imre Koszegi—are good too.

I heard the Pege quartet again in a jam session at the National Philharmonic Hall's recital room. The first group was that of Vilmos Lakatos, a fiery pianist who touched on McCoy Tyner and Red Garland, with Norbert Duka, another good bass technician, and Vilmos Jaroka, a drummer with good time (that accelerated slightly under pressure). Pege's drummer, Imre Koszegi, replaced Jaroka, and his saxophonist, Lakatos, was added on soprano. The third piece, a Coltrane-India excursion, added tenor saxophonist Janos Nemet, facile and hot a la Coltrane. A mature singer, Tamas Hardy, sang *My Funny Valentine* better than I'd expected.

There was a complete change of musicians for Hardy's second song, *Hallelujah, I Love Her So*, which went into Jon Hendricks scatting. The new pianist, Attila Garai, was hard to hear over the drummer, known only as Sam, who had a lot of drive and, despite the paucity of first-rate jazz drumming in the East, came very close indeed. The new horns were Jozsef Szajko, a swing-era alto with Eric Dolphy eyes, and Rudolf Tomsits, a modern trumpeter who took it easy, obviously keeping much in reserve.

Because I'm not sure the public airing of critical opinions is always more helpful than it is hurtful, I gave mine privately when requested. Some musicians, however, clearly earned special mention here. Bassist Balazs Berkes played with a steady swinging beat, moving the group he played in irresistibly yet without ostentation. Berkes has all the technique he needs and knows how to use it best. In an entirely different way from Pege, Berkes was one of the best bassists I heard in Europe.

Hungary's best-known drummer, Gyula Kovacs, played two numbers, a fast *Take the A Train* with the same group and an unaccompanied African safari. However his conception might be regarded by younger Americans, Kovacs showed a long and experienced understanding of drum techniques. His exceptionally steady time never wavered, even in some difficult cross-rhythms. And his impish sense of humor made the performance even more beguiling.

The Pege quartet played five numbers. In *So What?* altoist Lakatos was authoritatively Bird-borne, and pianist Fogarasi bowed to Bill Evans but not slavishly. *Nancy*, a ballad for alto, erased the last thought of the incongruity of hearing modern jazz in Budapest: I was back home in a jazz club, taking it for granted, and enjoying it. *Stella by Starlight* was a bass solo by Pege, arco to pizzicato to arco, ad lib slow to pretty fast, with an ad lib cadenza at the end. The next number might have been titled *Ah, Czardas!*, moving in and out of tempo and finally accelerating from fast to very fast. They stayed way up for the closing *Milestones*, with drummer Koszegi at his most convincing.

**S**OME TAPES at Radio Budapest indicated there's more good Hungarian jazz around. I was particularly impressed by Csaba Deseco's jazz viola on *What Is This Thing Called Love?* If Radio Budapest officials will send me tapes, I'll ship them some U.S. jazz. Radio Moscow, too. There are outstanding musicians in both countries who should be heard and admired around the world. I've exchanged music (officially) with both Poland and Yugoslavia. And Radio-TV Prague sent tapes of the whole 1965 festival, with permission to broadcast them. I congratulate Radio Prague, incidentally, on the matchless balance and fidelity of its festival recording.

I've mentioned Dr. Doruzka, Dr. Hammer, and Mr. Soucek. Alexej Fried, president of the Prague festival committee, was also an effective bridge between guests and officials. Composer Harry Macourek amiably shepherded visiting composers. The secretary of Prague Jazz Club, Jaroslav Kladubsky, served the artistic cause devotedly. Jeri Tunkl wrote friendly words in the Czech newspaper *Mlada Fronta*. Stanislav Titzl's program text was immensely helpful. There were many others whose names I couldn't remember in the continuous verbal jam session, hundreds of names like Jan, Milan, Musil, Miroslav, Pavel, Karel, Gustav, Bulcsu, Attila, Andrey,

Andzrej, Josef, Ivan, Jiri, Jerzy, Iancy, Ludek, Marek, Vacslav, Aladar, and Zbigniew, a bit odd looking and often hard to pronounce, that became real people and real friends, helping to crumble walls nobody needs.

Although I have been associated with U.S. jazz festivals for 10 years, the 1965 Prague festival was, in many ways, the best festival I ever attended, for reasons other than musical as well as for musical reasons. There was no rushing, no "Okay! Get 'em off!" and no stage-waits either. There was the feeling *let's go for the music and the fun*, not for the big names and the glossy, fat packaging. A festival should be happy, warm, alive, and spiritually as well as musically creative. A festival should be festive. The Prague festival was.

A final comment, first on the personalities of the Eastern European jazz musicians I met and then on their musicianship.

The Russians: Clearly patriotic, though we never discussed politics. Modest almost to the point of self-effacement, though obviously responsive to friendly overtures, quiet and genuinely dignified. Deep wells of emotion below the surface reserve. Excellent public relations for their people.

Poles: Also reserved, but more likely to argue, partly because their wider exposure to music of many nations has given them self-assurance. Highly sentimental behind the mask of their wonderfully ironic sense of humor.

Czechoslovaks: Always courteous, with a more open sense of humor. No attempt to hide personal warmth. Well-justified self-confidence and verve.

Hungarians: Intelligent, enthusiastic, argumentative, friendly, courageous, with great sense of humor and joie-de-vivre.

Yugoslavians: Less old-world courtesy, more outspoken (in this sense, more like Americans). Widest variety of personal characteristics: sophisticated, naive, jolly, stubborn, abrupt, warm, chic, generous, confident.

All of them: Friendly.

As for their jazz musicianship, Eastern Europeans in general seem strongest on alto saxophone and bass but with first-rate pianists, trumpeters, etc., too.

Their most serious lack is good jazz drummers; there are, of course, notable exceptions. The drummers have technique, fire, musicianship, a sense of time, a familiarity with the jazz idiom; they may swing. But one element is usually missing: a feeling of strength—not loudness but crispness.



MAREK A. KAREWICZ

Aladar Pege: 'A great gypsy violinist playing jazz bass'

A feeling of harnessed power, of pulled punches. You can't get this from records. Drums must be heard live to be understood. The drums are only an instrument; the drummer must make the drums into an additional set of muscles . . . must, in a sense, be inside the drums, transforming the instrument into a human being experiencing both anger and joy.

I think the only way to strong jazz drumming is through association with musicians of the West. The only way musicians of any country can arrive at their individual musical goals and become themselves is to experience firsthand the work of other musicians, to have something as a point of departure.

U.S. musicians, having had a head start at playing jazz, were the first to tap all the vitality in jazz. The best jazz musicians in Western Europe often play with more assurance because they travel and associate with our best. The best jazz musicians in Eastern Europe should be able to do so. If there are barriers, what reasonable (rather than emotional and unreasonable) excuse is there for barriers?

All we have in the United States—including the elements of jazz—was given to us by our people, all of whom came here from other countries. There is nothing we can steal from the East. Bluntly, we have everything we need.

To our advantage, however, we may borrow what they have: their great sense of courtesy, their centuries-old culture, and — yes — their musicianship.

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## TWO VIEWS OF THE NEW WAVE

### Various Artists

THE NEW WAVE IN JAZZ—Impulse 90:  
*Nature Boy*; *Holy Ghost*; *Blue Free*; *Hambone*;  
*Brilliant Corners*.

Personnel: Track 1—John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Track 2—Donald Ayler, trumpet; Albert Ayler, tenor saxophone; Joel Freedman, cello; Lewis Worrell, bass; Sonny Murray, drums. Track 3—Grachan Moncur, trombone; Bobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Cecil McBee, bass; Bill Harris, drums. Track 4—Ashley Fennell, trumpet; Marion Brown, alto saxophone; Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; Fred Pirtle, baritone saxophone; Virgil Jones, trombone; Reggie Johnson, bass; Roger Blank, drums. Track 5—Charles Tolliver, trumpet; James Spaulding, alto saxophone; Hutcherson, vibraharp; McBee, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★

These performances are from the Black Arts Repertory Theater/School concert in March, 1965, at the Village Gate in New York City. With a good representation of leading "new thing" players, this album strikingly shows the series of problems that have expanded into the crisis facing the jazz avant-garde today.

Analogies in art are dangerous, and especially so when dealing with something as fluid as the avant-garde, but the current situation is so palpably similar to that of the post-Renaissance period in European art that it is fitting to consider the parallels.

Classical beauty and harmony and "correctness" had reached a peak during the Renaissance, and the new artists, seeing the futility of working the same ground as Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci, began to search for new approaches to expression. The mood of the Renaissance age, moreover, was jarringly out of place in the turbulence of the 16th century.

Unable to manifest the pulse of the times in any conventional manner, some artists, in their frustration, turned completely to the startling, the unexpected, the unheard-of effects, and their commitment was such that many developed a rage against tradition.

Their works, while different, were not always successful. Zuccari's windows in Rome (1592) are simply bizarre; Parmigi-

ano's *Madonna with the Long Neck* (c. 1532) is grotesque; and Giovannie da Bologna's 1567 statue *Mercury* is eccentric.

It was a time of crisis: the old forms did not fit the new sensibilities, and the shock tactics of the new wave could not produce art.

The day was saved by the Venetian painter Tintoretto and El Greco of Spain, both of whom, showing the substance of the creative spirit, refused to be trapped in ideologies that negated the past.

Both were tired of old forms but not old art; and both, painting pictures that transcend time and age, showed the others how to be new. El Greco's *View of Toledo* (c. 1600), rooted in tradition but with its avant-garde foreground and shaking sky, tells a thousand more secrets of the heart and mind than any of Zuccari's caprices.

Much of the avant-garde in jazz today can be equated with post-Renaissance art. The syndromes are identical: the shock tactics, the rage against tradition (this, in spite of what some critics say), and the dominance of ideology over esthetic sense.

Of the "new thing" players at this session, only the Tolliver-Spaulding group treatment of Thelonious Monk's difficult and beautiful *Corners* succeeds in performing work that is esthetically satisfying, and this is so because the musicians are faithful to Monk's great sense of tradition.

On *Ghost* Albert Ayler shows us the labored journey he's made to free himself from the bondage of meter, harmony, and even melody; but, like Zuccari, having forced the change, he's made only a bizarre artifact—not art. His refusal to use tradition puts him in a more rigid, cold, and cramped place than convention could ever be. His whole approach, moreover, seems dictated by ideology, and not by artistic impulse. Would he feel free to use tradition? I think not—at least not now.

The men in Coltrane's group relate to each other for a few brief opening phrases on *Nature Boy* and, then, in extended "free" improvisations, the group skitters in chaos, failing in the same way Lennie Tristano failed with *Intuition* 16 years ago. With no collective point of reference, not even intermittent ones, the players simply don't get anything going.

There is a dazzling McBee-Hutcherson duet on *Free*, and some original compositional structure, especially in the opening section, where the melody direction seems to backtrack on itself instead of going forward. But the continual, relentless string of augmented chord changes is a capricious and boring device.

Shepp, one of the most heralded and interesting of the "new thing" musicians, would have most modern-mainstream tenor men in trouble if he played their style. His ear is fine, and he has a fantastic imagination.

### 10 On 1 In Music '66

The New Wave in Jazz album reviewed on this page is the subject of 10 far-ranging critical evaluations in *Down Beat's Music '66*.

Like the painter Goya (1746-1828), who spent a great deal of time and energy depicting the horrors of man's inhumanity to man, Shepp's playing reflects the cruelties of racism. It's all there—the slave exploitation, brutality, white treachery, the doctrine of "separate but equal," the ghettos—and, like Goya, there is no alternative; it is something he *has* to do. Unfortunately for jazz, this phase of Shepp has more social import than esthetic jazz value.

LeRoi Jones' notes are hurried and inadequate, and his subservience to the black nationalists cancels his effectiveness, as a critic. At one point he says, "In order for the non-white world to assume control, it must transcend the technology that has enslaved it . . . these players [show the way by] transcending any emotional state the white man knows," showing by another kind of cunning his willingness to use the jazz avant-garde for his own racist ends. (G.M.E.)

### Various Artists

THE NEW WAVE IN JAZZ—Impulse 90.

Rating: ★★★★★

There is no moment on this record when the spirit falters. The recording is live from the Village Gate, March 28, 1965, for the benefit of the Black Arts Repertory Theater/School. Aside from tiling the album with their own trade-motto, Impulse has presented the music with exemplary noninterference.

The five groups cover a stylistic range from neo-bop (Tolliver) to the most severe avant-garde (Albert Ayler); they can be discussed in that order.

*Corners* is formed around a heavy unison post-Parker line, and the playing, especially by Spaulding, fits with the other groups mostly by virtue of contrast, as if to show us how much jazz has learned in so short a time. Spaulding's wide, lush, and very beautiful vibrato might make someone born before 1940 exclaim, "My God, it's getting late!"

Coltrane's long *Nature Boy* solo presents him with his usual intensity and with more than usual coherence; the group seems especially receptive.

*Free* is the most compositionally organized piece and, not surprisingly, is also the most calm and controlled statement.

Hutcherson's work is deliberately beautiful. The compositional spirit goes beyond the written music, however; the improvising is compositionally sensitive on a level rarely found in unwritten music. Even if the materials are less adventurous (whole-tone modality, for instance), the commitment of the individuals to the quartet is highly rewarding.

*Hambone* is a most brilliant and subtle musical satire.

There is no specific object; rather a general posture toward human life, human dignity. (The San Francisco Mime Troupe is called to mind.)

Shepp's playing is less vaulted than on other occasions; but this piece is so purposefully eclectic, so intentionally extra-musical that we listen with dramatic as well as musical ears and tend to think of the voices as principals as well as instru-

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ments. The piece uses a great variety of stylistic reference, from triadic harmonies and simple rhythms and sardonic quotes to avant-garde pan-meter and pan-modality; it begins somewhere past the middle of Duke Ellington and goes beyond.

Albert Ayler's *Ghost* is to my ears the top of the crest of the wave. To an astonishing degree it commands the suspension of critical judgment and succeeds in presenting itself full face forward to the listener on a level above quality, above personal like or dislike. It simply *is* what it is; it arrives at mere experience, much like a raga. Perhaps when there is more cultural and temporal separation between us and it (some more enlightened day?) this feeling will change.

Freedman's cello solo is like a dawn.

The music on this record strikes me as being completely true. I don't believe it can be meaningfully approached without interest in contemporary black culture. I don't believe that the isolationist position that conditions much of its origin is musically inaudible; nor can it be ignored. It is not necessary to know fully the relation of this work to its social climate. No one can; not now. It is enough to know that this direct song comes from something central to all our lives.

This LP is a set of definitive performances right off the top. The music is as full of bitterness as it is of restraint—but it is more full of *everything* than any other contemporary music (that's not a remark about quality). Human activity cannot become more serious (though no doubt it has been more mature when springing from periods less characterized by revolution).

Whatever it is, then, it's not entertainment. Highly recommended for both serious beginners and connoisseurs. (B.M.)

### Ornette Coleman

AT TOWN HALL, 1962—ESP 1006: *The Ark*; *Doughnut*; *Sadness*; *Salute to Artists*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—Coleman, alto saxophone; Dave Izenzon, bass; Charles Moffett, drums. Track 4—Selwart Clarke, Nathan Goldstein, violins; Julian Barber, viola; Kermie Moore, cello.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This rewarding album preserves a portion of the well-received New York Town Hall concert Coleman gave in December, 1962; though supposedly to be issued on Blue Note, the concert recordings have turned up on ESP. It is a pleasure, in any event, to have these additions to the Coleman discography, for he has been too long away from the recording microphones.

Three of the selections in this set are played by the altoist's trio; the fourth, *Salute*, a Coleman composition for string quartet and dedicated to the nonpareil Fine Arts Quartet, is executed by a group of top New York string players. This latter work, though employing occasionally interesting sonorities, is generally unadventurous and gives the impression of aimlessness—rather surprising considering the strong, exciting, daring stamp of Coleman's own playing-instantaneous composition.

*Salute* is little more than tepid Bela Bartok; there is little forward movement to the music (it never *leads* anywhere but,

rather, like one of those Moibus rings, seems forever wrapped up in itself), and it is surprisingly sedate melodically and rhythmically. The fault would appear to lie with the work itself, for the string players give it a handsome reading. The piece does reveal, however, that in 1962 Coleman had attained a mastery of the vocabulary of string-quartet writing (in that respect, the composition is not in the least lacking); all that remained was for him to speak in the idiom with the same fluency and persuasive force he brought to his own improvising at the time.

That instrumental and improvisational strength is evident in the three performances by his trio; they have the directness and sweeping power absent in the quartet performance. There is no hesitation, no letup in invention or intensity in Coleman's work on his horn. And his mastery is evident in every note he articulates.

I found the short, impressionistic piece, *Sadness*, the most effective track. Over Izenzon's iterative bass, Coleman's alto oozes the emotion of the title; it's a remarkable evocation of desolation and loneliness and is quite overpowering as a musical experience.

*Doughnut*, too, is interesting: there is a sort of sardonic calypso quality to the theme in parts, and Coleman's improvisation is fleet and unequivocal. Coleman often gave the impression of engaging in call-and-response playing—dueting with himself, as it were—and this antiphonal device is both quite pronounced and well conceived on *Doughnut*.

*Ark*, which comprises the whole first side of the album, goes on much too long to be wholly effective. Though Coleman's playing is shot through with marvelous things (he always surprises), and though there is a considerably higher percentage of wheat to chaff in his playing when contrasted with the work of some of his followers, there is just too much treading water while waiting for something to happen.

In Izenzon and Moffett, Coleman had—and has—two remarkably sensitive collaborators. The bassist in particular is a remarkable instrumentalist who creates considerable interest in his responsive playing to the leader's alto. Moffett is equally sensitive in his reactions to and anticipations of the work of the others.

One hopes that this is merely the first of a series from ESP that will document the December, 1962, Coleman concert in its entirety. There were, as I recall, a number of other important Coleman works given imaginative readings at the concert. This present LP is an important waystop on Coleman's musical odyssey. (P.W.)

### Coleman Hawkins

COLEMAN HAWKINS AND THE TRUMPET KINGS—Emarcy 26011: *I Only Have Eyes for You*; *'S Wonderful*; *I'm in the Mood for Love*; *Bean at the Meiz*; *Through for the Night*; *I'm Yours*; *Under a Blanket of Blue*; *Beyond the Blue Horizon*; *A Shanty in Old Shanty Town*; *My Man*; *El Salon de Gutbucket*; *Embraceable You*.

Personnel: Roy Eldridge or Joe Thomas or Buck Clayton or Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Trummy Young, trombone; Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson or Earl Hines, piano; Teddy Walters, guitar; Billy Taylor or Siam Stewart, bass; Cozy Cole or Denzil Best, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

These performances originally were

recorded for the Keynote label in 1944 and most were reissued on Emarcy LPs several years ago; these LPs have been unavailable for some time.

Not all the tracks in this album are excellent, but there are some great moments.

The first four selections are by a Hawkins quintet that included Eldridge and Wilson. The best of these is *Mood for Love*, a classic Hawkins ballad performance. He employs double-time runs, a soft tone, and a gentle attack. His lines are very well resolved and, despite their complexity, highly lyrical.

On *'S Wonderful* and *Eyes for You* he solos well, his playing again notable for its restraint. But Hawkins is disappointing on *Bean at the Met* (based on the chords of *How High the Moon*), on which he makes such a violent and tasteless entrance that the remainder of his solo is anticlimactic. Moreover, he phrases stiffly.

Eldridge's work on the date is quite satisfying. His playing packs a wallop, but he doesn't lose control of himself. Especially good is his imaginative, well-sustained muted spot on *Bean*. Wilson's discreet accompaniment helps the trumpeter considerably here. The pianist's solos are delightful—full of graceful turns of phrase, neatly structured, and crisply articulated.

*Through for the Night* is from a septet date led by Cozy Cole. It was issued originally on a 12-inch 78, but when it was first reissued on LP in the '50s, solos by

Walters, Thomas, and Young were cut out, and it is the edited version (the only one available to Emarcy) that is used here. The Hawkins and Hines solos are intact and are fairly well done.

The next four tracks are by another quintet, with Clayton, Wilson, Stewart, and Best. Hawkins' complicated lines on *I'm Yours* (a previously unreleased selection) and *Blanket of Blue* are similar to—if not quite as interesting as—those on *Mood for Love*. However, his tone is a little harder, and he's more aggressive on these tracks. His smoother-than-usual up-tempo *Horizon* improvisation recalls Don Byas; by contrast, his *Shanty Town* playing is less supple rhythmically.

Clayton is always a pleasure to hear; he seems incapable of playing badly. I especially dug his tart-toned *Shanty Town* solo. He demonstrates a fine sense of pace, staying in the middle register most of the time so that his upper-register peaks are all the more striking.

The final tracks are again by a quintet, this one led by Shavers. I'm not very enthusiastic about Shavers' work. His muted playing on *Embraceable* (another previously unissued performance) and *My Man* is oversentimental; he employs a corny vibrato. He does play imaginatively, if stiffly, on *Salon*, his ideas suggesting the influence of Dizzy Gillespie.

*Salon* contains perhaps the best blues solo Hawkins has ever recorded. He rips off some finger-popping passages that'll tear a listener's head off but sets them up

beautifully with simpler phrases. On *Embraceable*, another ballad gem, he plays with even more warmth and tenderness than usual.

Hawkins has had many outstanding years, but 1944 was one of his greatest. Get the album; I think you'll be inclined to agree. (H.P.)

**J. J. Johnson**

**GOODIES**—RCA Victor LMP 3458 and LSP 3458: *Feeling Good*; *The Seventh Son*; *How Insensitive*; *Pense a Moi*; 008: *In the Name of Love*; *G'won Train*; *No Particular Place to Go*; *Agua de Beber*; *Incidental Blues*; *I'm All Smiles*; *Billy Boy*.

Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Marlene Ver Planck, Osie Johnson, vocals; unidentified orchestra; Dick Hyman, Billy Byers, Slide Hampton, J. J. Johnson, arrangers/conductors.

Rating: ★★½

Interspersed among these goodies are a number of mediocrities and even some baddies. It makes for a motley collection, distinguished by a few moments of inspired jazz, more frequent bossa nova pleasantries, and too much commercial gimmickry.

Taking the few goodies doled out to sensitive ears first, *How Insensitive* is an enticing bossa nova, made more haunting by Miss Ver Planck's wordless comments. Her doubling of Johnson-and-ensemble passages—both one octave higher—are the reasons *Pense* (a tour de force in 5/4) sounds so great.

*Smiles* boasts some excellent voicings. Its lilting 3/4 is enhanced once again by Miss Ver Planck's heavenly obligato, especially over the flutes.

Among the so-so's, 008 and *Agua* share a common advantage: Johnson's mellow

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tone. But the latter combines trombone with soprano voice and comes out a shade more interesting.

*Feeling Good* and *Incidental* reveal some more tightly scored, small-ensemble arrangements. The latter is a shuffle blues that is blessed with a musical sense of humor and some fine baritone playing.

The preoccupation with being cute on *Billy Boy* interferes with a tempo that cooks. *Name* is just a throwaway. In fact, all the tracks with Osie Johnson singing should be thrown away. *Seventh Son* has nothing to recommend it; it's commercial trash aimed at the acne set. What makes it worse is that it was scored about three keys too low for Osie.

*Particular* is another waste of grooves. All attempts at humor fizzle. And again, the key is too low. Of course, this has its merciful side: it makes the words difficult to decipher.

All in all, it's a disappointing disc. Johnson's tone never sounded better, but he has little chance to blow. It's more than putting a mute on his trombone; it's closer to a muzzle. (H.S.)

#### Wynton Kelly-Wes Montgomery

**SMOKIN' AT THE HALF NOTE**—Verve 8633: *No Blues*; *If You Could See Me Now*; *Unit 7*; *Four on Six*; *What's New?*

Personnel: Kelly, piano; Montgomery, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

The addition of Montgomery to the Kelly trio has provided the guitarist with a strong and supple setting for his consistently enlivening work, and it has given the Kelly trio a kind of distinction it never achieved on its own.

Montgomery romps through this set, filling his solos with a fascinating variety of attacks and ideas. Kelly works with him excellently as an accompanist, but the pianist is in a distinctly subordinate role. His solos are in the blandly bouncing but relatively anonymous style in which he seems to play everything. Kelly does his best solo work on *New*, during which he digs in under the superficial level on which he works through most of the disc.

But Montgomery never lets down. He is, fortunately, out front most of the time, building solos in a seemingly casual fashion, yet developing and broadening them with every passing chorus. This is his record completely. (J.S.W.)

#### Yusef Lateef

**YUSEF LATEEF WITH DONALD BYRD**—Delmark 407: *Blues*; *Tortion Level*; *Woody'n You?*; *Dancing in the Dark*; *Parisian Thoroughfare*; *Yusef*; *Shaw Nuff*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Bernard McKinney, euphonium; Lateef, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Alvin Jackson, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★

This is a recording of a concert given in Detroit in 1955, a time when the Motor City was one of the most important jazz centers in the nation. Though the record is now released under Lateef's name, Byrd actually was the leader of the group when it was first issued on the Transition label several years ago.

In any event, Lateef is the most impressive soloist. His playing is controlled but forceful. He drives ahead with deliberate bull strength on the medium- and up-tempo tunes, sustaining momentum

well and displaying a booming tone. He dominates the session with his authoritative presence.

On the pretty *Yusef*, a Harris original, the tenorist is at his most romantic—employing a warm, Ben Websterish sonority and spare, songlike lines.

Byrd's work is sometimes a little precious and not as incisive as it later became, but on the whole he gives a good account of himself. His solos are lyrical and neatly constructed. McKinney also performs well; his buoyant, unhurried improvisation is easy to take.

Graceful work is turned in by Harris, one of the most consistently good jazz pianists. Here, his Bud Powell roots are apparent, though his lighter touch and more economical spots are enough to distinguish him from Powell (that is, the Powell of the late '40s and early '50s who influenced Harris).

Incidentally, those who like to get more for their money will be interested to know that this LP runs for more than 50 minutes. (H.P.)

#### Jack McDuff

**SILK AND SOUL**—Prestige 7404: *Silk and Soul*; *If Ever I Would Leave You*; *What's Shakin'?*; *The Morning Song*; *Hey Lawdy, Mama*; *Scufflin'*; *From the Bottom Up*; *Lexington Line*.

Personnel: Red Holloway, tenor saxophone, flute; McDuff, organ; George Benson, guitar; Larry Gales, bass; Montego Joe, conga drums; Joe Dukes, drums; unidentified orchestra, Benny Golson, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

This album presents McDuff, probably the leading contender for Jimmy Smith's organ crown, in a variety of settings. His basic quartet, (Holloway, Benson, Dukes) heard on *Scufflin'*, is augmented by Gales on *Soul*, by Montego Joe on *Shakin'*, and by both the bassist and the conga drummer on *Song*. The remaining tracks incorporate the quartet in big-band settings by Golson, recorded in Europe in 1964.

McDuff's popularity is well deserved. He is a swinging, robust player, capable of setting and sustaining a rocking groove (*Shakin'*), but he can also play with surprising delicacy, as on the bossa nova flavored *Song* (a line that is at least a first cousin to Antonio Carlos Jobim's *No More Blues*). He can construct agile single-line solos or dig in with all registers wide open, but his sound never becomes cloying or unmusical.

This music is meant for entertainment and dance, so the listener searching for profundities or new paths in jazz had best look elsewhere. But taken on its own terms, this is functional contemporary jazz of excellent quality.

Benson, a good guitarist, has several solos. He can be heard in a characteristic blues groove on *Mama* and has a nice chorded spot on *Song*. Holloway, a good, straightforward tenorist, also takes a pleasant flute solo on this track.

Golson's competent arrangements are well read by the anonymous band. *Bottom* spots a tuba below the punching brass, and this track and *Mama* swing easily in a mainstream groove. *Leave You* adds strings, woodwinds, and voices to the standard big-band instrumentation and is the most obviously commercial track.

*Lexington*, a modal line, also features the augmented instrumentation, with an opening reminiscent of Miles Davis' *All Blues*. The balance between organ and band could have been improved. Dukes does yeoman service throughout.

Golson also contributes the well-written liner notes, replete with such words as "equiponderate," "pandemic," and "philoprogenitively." Nat Hentoff, watch out!

(D.M.)

#### Thelonious Monk

**MONK MISTERIOSO**—Columbia 2416: *Well, You Needn't*; *Misterioso*; *Light Blue*; *I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You*; *All the Things You Are*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Bemsha Swing*; *Evidence*.

Personnel: Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; Larry Gales or Butch Warren, bass; Ben Riley or Frankie Dunlop, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

There's applause (the album was recorded live) before Monk plays eight bars of the *Needn't* melody as an intro. Rouse solos after the melody statement; he ad libs with good continuity. Then Monk solos. Bassist Gales takes care of business in his solo. Drummer Riley smashes some open bars in his solo. Ensemble out with Monk's identification strong at the exit.

*Misterioso* is a weird blues that appears to be in cut-time up to Rouse's solo, which is common-time blues—not at all mysterious.

There are very few chords in *Light Blue*. The "new thing" concept? This is "old thing" for Monk. But Monk's area doesn't get cloudy like the "new thing's" smokescreen of sound. Monk is clear.

*Sentimental* has a fresh concept of an old standard with unaccompanied ad lib melody played by Monk, including some stride. Rouse strolls some here, making for refreshing listening. A delight.

After an eight-bar piano introduction by Monk, the group swings into the melody of *All the Things*, spearheaded by Rouse and backed with some infectious chords and an assertive comp by Monk. Rouse solos after the statement of melody, and then Monk plays some really beautiful avant-garde (unusual) single-line syncopation—fine humor too. Rouse returns to play after Monk, but nothing really happens upon his return. Monk's climax starts the descent.

Monk plays *Honeysuckle* with some of his personal interpretation of chords. It's a long way from the sheet music. But that's Monk. He treads into some right-hand flurries in the upper register during his solos. Rouse doesn't play on this track.

*Bemsha* is in a form of AABA, four bars each—short format and an easy ad lib vehicular tune. Rouse solos first; then it's Monk and out.

*Evidence* takes care of the second side as far as originality and dramatics are concerned—that is, the relationship of melody to title.

This is an easygoing, 1940s "hard jazz" solo format album in general. The rest is quite fresh in harmonic and linear concept; however, in some ways this is like a local on an express track—with the current avant-garde as the express. Which makes this sound like an old record. Loaded freight. Too passive, not enough hustle. (K.D.)

## Tracy Nelson

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS—Prestige 7393: *Motherless Child Blues*; *Long Old Road*; *Startin' for Chicago*; *Baby, Please Don't Go*; *Oh, My Babe*; *Ramblin' Man*; *Candy Man*; *Grieving Hearted Blues*; *Black Cat*; *Hoot Owl Blues*; *House of the Rising Sun*; *Jesus Met the Woman at the Well*; *Trust No Man*.

Personnel: Miss Nelson, vocals, guitar, piano; Charles Musselwhite, harmonica; Harvey Smith, piano; Peter Wolfe, guitar.

Rating: ★★☆☆

According to Federigo Coizon's liner notes, this introductory disc by the 20-year-old Miss Nelson gives only a partial indication of the scope of her singing talents. That's quite a prospect because most singers would do well to settle for what Miss Nelson presents as "partial."

She offers in this collection two facets—a folkish approach to the blues and the forthright, big-voiced manner of such classic blues singers as Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. Not that she tries to copy either Bessie Smith or Ma Rainey. Miss Nelson is distinct from the recent rash of followers of those great singers in that she conveys no sense of straining to achieve an effect. Her singing is easy, relaxed, and perfectly natural in phrasing and timbre so that there is none of the phoniness that has hung around most of her predecessors in this area.

Miss Nelson has a distinctive accent—suggestions of the Southern hills flavored with a touch of Midwestern flatness—which she makes no attempt to disguise and which gives a highly individual flavor to her work.

To basic ease and naturalness, she adds a voice that just pours out—not in the big, overpowering fashion of Bessie Smith or Ma Rainey but with the directness and authority of a singer who knows what she's doing and knows she can do it. It is particularly interesting to hear *Rising Sun* refreshed and revitalized by returning the inflections that have been drained from it by the recent all-too-popular versions.

Musselwhite's harmonica is a particularly helpful voice in Miss Nelson's accompaniment. (J.S.W.)

## Stanley Turrentine

JOYRIDE—Blue Note 4201: *River's Invitation*; *I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone*; *Little Sheri*; *Mattie T.*; *Bayou*; *A Taste of Honey*.

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Snooky Young, trumpets; J. J. Johnson, Jimmy Cleveland, Henry Coker, trombones; Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Jerry Dodgion, Phil Woods, Robert Ashton, Budd Johnson, Danny Bank, reeds; Herbie Hancock, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Oliver Nelson, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

This is Turrentine's first venture in a big-band setting. A glance at the impressive personnel will suffice to convey the high caliber of professionalism brought to this task by Nelson, who has few peers in this kind of assignment.

Turrentine is an honest, straightforward player with a big, warm sound and a strong beat. Though an accomplished musician, he does not strive and strain for effects but is content with direct communication. Here, he responds with zest and enthusiasm to Nelson's effective and ungimmicked settings.

*River's*, a Percy Mayfield blues, builds to a fine climax, with the tenor on deck for all of the track's six minutes and 20 seconds. *Wonder*, a good Buddy Johnson

ballad, has some of Nelson's best work for the date; done in a Billy Strayhorn vein, the score makes tasteful use of woodwinds. The track has relaxed, persuasive Turrentine.

*Sheri*, a nice line by Turrentine, has unison flutes, a good Hancock solo (the album's only non-Turrentine solo spot), and buoyant swing. *Mattie T.*, another Turrentine original, with a modal feeling, has biting, punchy brass and hollering tenor. *Honey* is at an up tempo, with lots of brass and fine tenor.

*Bayou* is an atmospheric mood piece by organist Jimmy Smith, with interesting coloristic touches from bass clarinet, guitar, and English horn. Turrentine is at his best here, in a mellow, romantic vein.

This is good, solid, mainstream fare, with high marks for musicianship. (D.M.)

## Various Artists

OUT OF THE HERD—Emarcy 26012 and 66012: *The Man I Love*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Northwest Passage*; *Cryin' Sands*; *Characteristically B.H.*; *Mean to Me*; *She's Funny That Way*; *Sam's Caravan*; *Herd Quarters*; *Everything Happens to Me*; *I Woke Up Dizzy*; *The Goofer* and 1.

Personnel: Track 1—Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Red Norvo, vibraharp; Teddy Wilson, piano; Remo Palmieri, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; Eddie Dell, drums. Track 2—Joe Thomas, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Norvo; Wilson; Stewart; Specs Powell, drums. Tracks 3, 4—Howard McGhee, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Flip Phillips, tenor saxophone; Ralph Burns, piano; Billy Bauer, guitar; Chubby Jackson, bass; Dave Tough, drums. Tracks 5-7—Pete Candoli, trumpet; Harris; Phillips; Burns; Bauer; Jackson; Alvin Burroughs, drums. Tracks 8, 9—Tony Aless, piano; Bauer; Jackson; Arnold Fishkin, basses; Shelly Manne, drums. Track 10—Harris, valve trombone; Ted Wheeler, flute; John LaPorta, Salvatore DeLegge, clarinets; Micky Folus, bass clarinet; George Barnes, guitar; Jackson; Barrett Deems, drums. Track 11—Neal Hefti, trumpet; Kai Winding, trombone; Charlie Ventura, tenor saxophone; Aless; Bauer; Jackson; Alvin Stoller, drums. Track 12—Red Rodney, trumpet; Allen Eager, tenor saxophone; Serge Chaloff, baritone saxophone; Al Haig, piano; Jackson; Tiny Kahn, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The Woody Herman bands of 1945-47 are the basic source of the set of small-group recordings produced by Harry Lim for the Keynote label in the mid-'40s that make up this reissue.

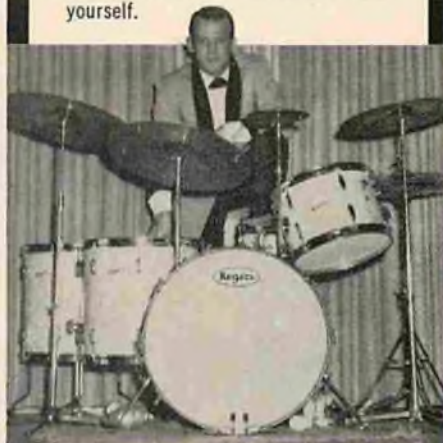
Two groups led by Red Norvo (on *Man* and *Rhythm*) qualify as Herman extracts only by association, since Norvo was to join the Herd soon after these recordings were made in 1944, while one Bill Harris-led group (*Everything*) has several non-Hermanites. But the rest of the combos, under the leadership of (for the record, anyhow) of Chubby Jackson, Harris, Neal Hefti, and Red Rodney, are straight out of the Herds—and they have that Herd sound.

One of the most striking aspects of this Hermanesque collection is the way Harris emerges as such a distinctively dominant voice that this is, to a great extent, a Bill Harris collection. His richly coarse way of kicking a ballad around is spotlighted several times—superbly on *Sands* and with a hauntingly brooding quality on *Funny*. And his dusty up-tempo attack provides high spots on *Passage* and *Characteristically*. Phillips, sounding very Hawkinsish, is right there with Harris on most pieces.

The exuberant power that marked the 1945 Herd is strongly and idiomatically present on *Passage* and *Sands*, which have

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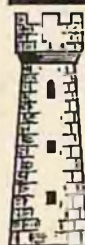


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that Herman band's rhythm section—Burns, Bauer, Jackson, and Tough. Jackson also has a fine bowed bass solo on *Caravan* which gets globbed up, but only briefly, with his hokum. The latter pieces (*Dizzy*, *Goof*) reflect a dwindling distinctiveness in the big band itself.

Norvo's *Love* is practically the same as the Town Hall concert version on Mainstream, and, while it is good, it does not build to quite the slam-bang finish the group hit at the concert. Norvo's *Rhythm* has a John Kirby-like tightness and precision of phrasing and is a delight all the way. *Goof* apparently is the only piece in the set that was never issued on 78-rpm, but it has turned up before on an earlier LP, Emarcy 36016. (J.S.W.)

#### Mama Yancey-Art Hodes

BLUES—Verve-Folkways 9015: *Good Package Blues*; *Cabbage Patch*; *Good Conductor*; *How Long?*; *Every Day in the Week*; *Get Him Out of Your System*; *Sweet Lovin' Daddy*; *Trouble in Mind*; *Grandpa's Bells*.

Personnel: Hodes, piano; Mrs. Yancey, vocals.

Rating: ★★★★★

Mama Yancey is, among other things, something of a geriatric marvel. Barbara Dane, who supervised this recording, is politely unspecific about Mrs. Yancey's exact age, saying merely that she has been "kicking around the planet for about seven decades." The precise number of years is unimportant—the point is that it's been a long time, long after most vocal cords have lost their ring and vibrancy.

Mrs. Yancey still has a remarkably viable voice, but even though she makes

considerable demands on it, she knows what she can't do and wisely avoids (except for some parts of *Package*) trying to reach beyond her comfortable range. In general, she uses her high-pitched and surprisingly pure-toned voice extremely adeptly in these performances, phrasing with long-established knowledge and constructing her performances skillfully.

*Long* and *Trouble* (which she does with a bow to Chippie Hill but with no attempt to emulate her) are the only standards in the set. But a good blues is a good blues, and Mrs. Yancey makes all these pieces sound like standards.

No small part of the success of these performances is the presence of Hodes, whose piano work is probably as close to Jimmy Yancey's as could be found. Hodes plays an introductory chorus or so on several pieces (using *Yancey Special* to introduce *Patch*), which, besides his perceptive support, gives him considerable solo space. *Bells*, in fact, is a straight Hodes solo and, unlike the rest of the album, is lively and gay, with that jaunty bounce that is typically Hodesian. The tune is Jelly Roll Morton's *Grandpa's Spells*, but *Grandpa's Bells* seems a perfectly appropriate title in view of Hodes' ringing attack. (J.S.W.)

#### Windjammers

JAMMIN' WITH THE WINDJAMMERS—Argo 4047: *It's Not Unusual*; *She Loves You*; *A Hard Day's Night*; *All My Loving*; *Von Ryan March*; *I'll Cry Instead*; *Don't Rain on My Parade*; *Albatross*; *Original Dixieland One-Step*; *Rosetta*.

Personnel: Jack Howe, trumpet; Ron Hockett, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Jim Guetzkow, trombone; Mike Katz, piano, valve trombone; Will Bogaty, piano; Jimmy Mullerheim, guitar; Don Farquharson, bass; John Barry, drums.

Rating: ★★★

In the best Chicago tradition, these musicians formed close associations with one another while in high school. (The average age of the group is only 18.) With the bluster of youth and enthusiasm there also comes the heartening signs of musical proficiency, intelligence, and mature handling of jazz material. Fresh, impressionable, and on the threshold of their best formative years, all of these musicians have entered college (the front line enrolling en masse at Princeton); they will have to scramble to keep together, but the rapport they show here will make the scramble worthwhile.

Oriented along mainstream-traditional lines, a variety of influences are evident. Katz sounds like Brad Gowans on *Albatross*; Hockett's tenor work is for all the world like Boomie Richman's and his clarinet playing like Peanuts Hucko's; and Howe, occasionally playing a Wild Bill Davison or Bobby Hackett phrase, shows a predominate Jimmy McPartland influence.

*Von Ryan* is given a pop treatment, but for a real measure of these musicians listen to the biting jazz on the John Lennon-Paul McCartney *I'll Cry Instead*, when Howe, Hockett, Katz, and Guetzkow slice up the first ensemble, or to *Albatross*, with the ebb and flow of feeling in the ensemble work.

These youths still have much listening and woodshedding to do, but they have already come a long way. (G.M.E.)

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## CONTE CANDOLI

BERNIE THRAHER

# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the perils of consistency is the fate of being taken for granted. For too many years now the name of Conte Candoli, while respected in the immediate circle of Hollywood musicians among whom he works, has been overlooked in discussions of the important modern brass men.

Secondo Candoli, younger brother of Pete, native of Mishawaka, Ind., has spent most of the last five years either as a regular member of the Shelly Manne Quintet at the drummer's Manne-Hole club in Hollywood or with a jazz-oriented group nightly on television.

At his best, on numerous occasions during this period, Candoli has reminded listeners that he is not merely a reliable, fluent studio type of musician but also an artist, capable of moments of inspiration, with a warm sound and impeccable technique.

This *Blindfold Test* was Candoli's first in almost 10 years. The selections played for him involved a wide assortment of trumpet players. He received no information about the records played.

1. Miles Davis. *Diner au Motel* (from *Jazz on the Screen*, Fontana). Davis, trumpet; Pierre Michelot, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Miles sounds superb on this fast blues. He sounded strong and very creative.

I didn't hear any piano; they just decided to stroll throughout this particular track, I guess. I would have liked to hear the drummer play sticks, or change to sticks, but I guess it was a certain mood they were trying to create. Miles' playing, alone, makes the record worth while. When you can create at a tempo like that, you're really saying something.

Five is the most you can give? I would give it four, anyway.

2. Jonah Jones. *Side by Side* (from *On the Sunny Side of the Street*, Decca). Jonah Jones, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; John Brown, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

A typical Jonah Jones performance. Jonah plays great—a fine trumpet player with great control. I liked the second chorus, where the piano and trumpet went into a little thing they had worked out together.

Everything he does is well organized, carefully thought out. Probably most of it is written out. I don't particularly care for the style, the ideas, but I like his general approach to the trumpet. I find it hard to believe that not too many years ago he was so out of luck that he almost retired from music. For someone who has been playing as good and as long as he has, it's unthinkable.

The record didn't knock me out too much. The arrangement was so-so. Good piano solo, incidentally. I'd give this three stars—for Jonah.

3. Dizzy Gillespie. *Trinidad Hello* (from *Jambo Caribe*, Limelight). Gillespie, trumpet; James Moody, tenor saxophone;

Kenny Barron, composer, piano.

Dizzy is the all-time undefeated heavyweight champion of the trumpet. I liked the song on this, but I really didn't care too much for the arrangement. I think it's Dizzy's song. He played great on it, as usual. Whenever I hear Diz, I want to hear him play more; I wish he would have stretched out on that and played a little longer.

Moody is great, too—fantastic. He amazes me on flute too. Last time I worked opposite him at Shelly's he sounded wonderful both on tenor and flute.

For Diz and Moody, five stars.

4. Don Ellis. *Irony* (from *Essence*, Pacific Jazz). Ellis, trumpet, composer; Paul Bley, piano.

Well! The bird calls were genuine, weren't they?

I couldn't guess who that was—perhaps Don Ellis. Strangely enough, I liked the piano player; I think he probably has good jazz roots.

I didn't understand hardly anything on this. It's a mood they were trying to create, and it's just not my cup of tea. I feel it has no validity as music. It's pointless—it really is. Maybe they could use it for a background as movie music or something like that, but it has no place in jazz, in music as I know it.

Was that an electric razor they started out with? It sounded like my electric shaver! No stars.

5. Al Hirt. *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?* (from *At the Mardi Gras*, RCA Victor). Hirt, trumpet; Eddie DeLange, Lou Alter, composers; arranger not credited.

Of course that was Al Hirt. Al's a fantastic trumpet player. One of my favorite trumpet players.

I don't particularly care for the tune—I've never been fond of this song. I like

the way Al plays, but I'm not too crazy about the arrangement on that. At least, though, it does show Al off to best advantage.

I would rate that three stars for Al.

6. Maynard Ferguson. *People* (from *Color Him Wild*, Mainstream). Ferguson, trumpet; Don Sebesky, arranger.

I think that was Maynard Ferguson. He's a great trumpet player. We worked together in Kenton's band, and I know how great he is and the things he had to do night after night.

I didn't care for the arrangement, but I'd give it three stars for Maynard. I admire his technique; I admire his fantastic range. I think he has developed over the past 10 years, jazzwise, quite a bit. It's nice to see that happen in somebody you admire. But I've heard other things of his that I like better. I'll give it three stars.

7. Freddie Hubbard. *Blue Frenzy* (from *Breaking Point*, Blue Note). Hubbard, trumpet, composer; James Spaulding, alto saxophone, flute; Ronnie Mathews, piano; Eddie Khan, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

A very good record. It got an excellent feeling throughout; splendid trumpet solo, and I wish I could guess who it is. . . .

Good saxophone solo, good piano solo. The whole band had a great feeling throughout. I like the idea of the blues in three-quarter time; it's a lot of fun, and you can get a lot of things going with it.

This is a four-star record if I ever heard one. Just fine. I've got to get this one.

### Afterthoughts by Candoli

A five-star record? Anything by Dizzy. Can I change my mind? I've got to give this last record a five-star rating. I can't find *anything* wrong with it; it's just great throughout, so it can't be worth less than five.

[TS]

# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

## Duke Ellington

Philharmonic Hall, New York City

**Personnel:** Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Russell Procope, clarinet, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, bass clarinet, baritone saxophone; Ellington, piano; John Lamb, bass; Louie Bellson, drums.

This concert, part of Lincoln Center's "Great Performers" series, afforded an interesting and unusual opportunity to witness Ellington's wizardry with a small ensemble—an interest heightened by the fact that he restricted himself to a palette of woodwinds.

The Ellington reed section, complete except for the omission of Johnny Hodges, is a noble institution. Seldom has its versatility and unique togetherness been better demonstrated than on this occasion, which also served to introduce several new works by Ellington and Billy Strayhorn.

Ellington began with a new piece for solo piano, *Wild Cherry*, a rhapsodic evocation of romantic nostalgia, with an improvised quality explained by the composer with the comment that it was "not written yet."

There followed two excerpts from the suite dedicated to England's Queen Elizabeth, *La Sucre de Velour* and *Single Petal of a Rose*. On the latter, Lamb's softly bowed bass joined with the piano. The harmonic language of these three pieces was that of impressionism and late romanticism but with a distinct Ellington touch.

The jazz beat, until now barely implied, was fully present on *Tune Up*, with drummer Bellson added. Ellington shook out of his reflective mood with beautifully shaped and swinging phrases. A half-chorus here could have passed for Thelonious Monk, though the Ellington piano sound is rounded and less percussive.

Ellington then invited the reeds to join the party with "a suggestion, much to their surprise," of *Creole Love Call*. This lovely evergreen (written in 1927) was given a gentle, haunting interpretation by the two clarinets and Carney's bass clarinet, with a full-toned solo by Procope. Ellington's fills behind the trio passages—no two alike, and each a surprise—were delightful.

A Latin feeling was predominant on something described by Ellington as "a little thing in B-flat," the highlight of which was a Gonsalves solo in 4/4. The tenor saxophonist remained front and center for *Happy Reunion*, one of his finest showcases with the band. Here, it was more relaxed than customary, with the soloist in his best ballad form. It was a moving performance and received the most applause up to then.

Always alert to audience response, Ellington called Gonsalves back, beat off a swinging tempo, and gave a piano cue to *Tea for Two*. Gonsalves, now thoroughly warmed up, delivered a series of voluptu-

ous, serpentine choruses, the rhythm section stoking the fire beneath him. For the final chorus, his section mates created an appropriately climactic riff.

Gonsalves, a player sometimes overlooked when the roll of great tenor saxophonists is called, emphatically confirmed his place in their ranks. When he is right, Gonsalves has few peers.

Now the magic of the four reeds was brought into full play, in a charming, new, and as yet untitled Strayhorn blues.

Hamilton's flawless clarinet had the leading ensemble role, weaving in and out. Gonsalves returned for a very blue solo, followed by Carney on baritone—with

winds conversed.

An interlude for piano with gentle tomtom backing followed, moving gradually into 4/4 and tempo. A gorgeous all-saxophone ensemble now took up a singing melodic line, with an eight-bar spot for Procope's bright alto. This segment ended with a piano and bass duet, highlighted by Lamb's deft slides.

A bright section followed, a catchy 32-bar song, scored for three saxes, with Hamilton's clarinet lead an octave above. The final segment of the piece, an example of exotic Ellingtonia, featured a long piano solo, with effective double octaves. The suite ended as it had begun—on a subdued note.

Ellington will seduce the listener with gorgeous sounds, and the reeds supplied a truly amazing variety of such throughout the piece. But the suite is not merely a matter of magic sounds; it is also substantially structured and plumbs a wide range of moods and feelings. The opening section is a prime example of Ellington's (and Strayhorn's) ability to create with a minimum of instrumental resources and, one might add, to create music beyond categorization.

The concert's second half provided a less challenging context for the players, who certainly deserved a rest on their laurels after the taxing baptism of the suite. However, what transpired could hardly be described as resting, though the musical territory was familiar.

It was, in fact, a series of showcases. Ellington and Lamb led off, with the first part of *Ad Lib on Nippon*, the bassist displaying, as he did throughout, a masterly instrumental technique and great musical sensibility. Lamb certainly merits the title of discovery, and there is no doubt that his name will be mentioned with increasing frequency.

Hamilton was featured on *Tenderly*, and just as several hardened Ellington followers were about to register a "what—not again" reaction, the clarinetist squelched such thoughts with a perfect introduction. The hall, still an acoustic nuisance, favors the clarinet, and Hamilton's beautiful, clarion sound filled its spaces.

Carney, up next with his familiar *Sophisticated Lady*, also managed to turn the tried-and-true into something refreshing and spectacular. A great virtuoso is never boring, and the tune, to say the least, bears rehearing. The held-note ending elicited the expected response from an audience that contained a not inconsiderable portion of surprisingly well-behaved and appreciative children.

Bellson climaxed the show portion of the concert with a rousing solo on *Take the A Train*. With his eye-catching display of equipment (five cymbals of varying sizes, hi-hat, two bass drums, two floor toms, and snare), Bellson is the most glamorous Ellington drummer since Sonny Greer. But he is no show-off. Throughout the afternoon, he had distinguished himself with unselfish, musical support. Now it was his moment, and he was ready.

With a firm sense of contrast and construction, Bellson built his long solo, first from a single-stroke roll to a snare-and-

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that sound that makes all other baritone saxophonists sound like hoarse children.

Ellington now introduced the piece de resistance of the afternoon, a four-part suite, *A Blue Mural from Two Perspectives*, co-written by Strayhorn and Ellington, and, according to the latter, "just finished today." This being an afternoon concert, there had obviously been little if any time to rehearse the piece, and though Ellington warned of impending clinkers, they were notably absent.

The opening section, soft and mysterious, was scored for only three instruments: Hamilton's clarinet, Carney's bass clarinet, and Bellson's drums—the latter a mere suggestion of rhythmic backdrop played with the hands only, while the two wood-

bass-drum crescendo, down again to almost inaudible brush strokes, and then back up, from a stint with sticks that had bells attached to a roaring climax with all his equipment in action.

A few perfunctory encores, the Ducal finger-snapping ritual, and it was over—a most rewarding afternoon with the two sections that constitute the real backbone of the current Ellington band.

It was, among other things, a demonstration of the ultimate in musical unity. Every man on stage was an artist and an individual, but together they formed a unit. It was truly an afternoon with the great performers. —Dan Morgenstern

## Chicago Jazz Ensemble

Educational Television Center, Chicago

Personnel: John Howell, Warren Kime, Niel Dunlap, Marty Marshack, Lennie Morrison, trumpets; Cy Touff, bass trumpet; Herb Wise, Harry Lepp, Jim George, Fred Luscombe, trombones; Art Lauer, Chuck Kainz, Sandy Mosse, Bob Ericson, Ron Kolber, reeds; Robert Roberts, guitar; Cleveland Eaton, bass; Harold Jones, drums; Leonora Glazer, Sam Sciacchitano, Robert Smith, Roberta Jacobs, cellos; William Russo, conductor.

After three months of rehearsals, Russo's orchestra made a splendid debut at this concert sponsored by the Music Performance Trust Funds of the Recording Industries. The varied program was well received by the approximately 300 listeners who crowded into the rather small auditorium.

The orchestra was set up according to Russo's ideas on the matter: the brass and reed sections were divided by the rhythm section (guitar with the reeds, bass with the trombones, drums with the trumpets), and the four cellos were across the front. Perhaps it was this seating arrangement that accounted for the orchestra's fine blend, though it might seem the opposite would be true.

The arrangements and compositions by Russo, Donald Venable (the group's assistant conductor), Edward Baker, Fred Karlin, Gary Slavo, Warren Kime, Tony Russell, and Richard Peaslee were deftly done, though perhaps a little too much on the conservative side. Yet the writing's conservatism was in keeping with the general musical outlook of the orchestra's members, most of whom center about the jazz orientation prevalent in the mid-'50s. That the composers write and the players improvise quite well in this style is undeniable; but much has happened in jazz since 1955, and an orchestra as musicianly as this one, with the number of skillful writers contributing to its library that it has, should—and I hope, will—be more adventurous in future concerts. Certainly the talents of the musicians and Russo are such that the broadest of musical palettes is called for.

The ensemble passages were finely executed, with Russo always in command, shushing this section, bringing out that one. Russo's conducting was excellent.

Most of the members had a chance to solo, though Touff and tenor saxophonist Mosse were most frequently called upon. Mosse was his usual relaxed self, spinning out richly melodic solos with invention and aplomb. Touff, who is even more relaxed than Mosse, turned in a rewarding performance. Starting a trifle slowly, he gradually warmed to his improvising tasks so that by his last two solos he was play-

ing better than I have heard him in the last five years—and he's been far from a slouch in that time. His solos brimmed with humor (especially when he used a plunger mute) and warmth, but beyond that, they displayed exceptional discipline and editing; seldom was there a wasted note.

Though they soloed little, Jones and Eaton deserve accolades for their superb work throughout the program. That they are among the strongest men in town on their instruments is well known, but at this concert the vigor of their playing was under seemingly greater control than at other times. There was a finesse to their work that was delightful, and I imagine at least some of the subtle difference in their performance with the orchestra was the doing of Russo. Who did what is unimportant; the fact is that the orchestra had a backbone of flexible steel in these two outstanding musicians.

The concert's most ambitious work was Russo's *The English Concerto*, a three-part composition (*The Thames*, *Salisbury Plain*, and *Leicester Square*) for solo violin and jazz orchestra. The violin soloist, Steven Saryk, concertmaster of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, ran through his part in what seemed a rather casual way, though he seemed to have to dig hard in the most jazz-oriented segment, the third. The first and second parts were in the older styles of concert music, and Saryk seemed more at home there, as did the cellists, who appeared ill at ease in the full-blown jazz works.

The rest of the program, which I found of more interest than the concerto, consisted of Karlin's *Rondo*, Russo's *Golden Apple* (an attractively simple theme with good stop-time plunger-mute trombone by Wise), *Indiana* (fine unison sax work in a passage based on a Stan Getz solo transcribed by Russo and John Thorp), Slavo's *El Prado* (reminiscent of Gil Evans' writing for Miles Davis with its dissonant woodwinds), Baker's arrangement of Sonny Rollins' *Veird Blues* (slightly dated writing but good solos by Mosse, Touff, and baritonist Kolber), Russell's *Love's Labour* (a somewhat overarranged concerto grosso), Russo's *The Death of Anne* (despite its title, a witty theme, filled with Ellington-like plungers and making good use of soprano and bass clarinets), Kime's mild *Life Line*, Peaslee's arrangement of *Yesterdays* (more than a touch of Kentonish bombast), Venable's arrangement of Gerry Mulligan's *Limelight* (excellent Touff), Peaslee's *Black Pedro* (cellos in emulation of a Spanish guitar, plus a slightly heavy Wise trombone solo), Russo's *23°N/82°W* (weighty Latinesque giving way to a light four and darting Mosse tenor), Baker's *Dr. Bop* (a blues), Russo's *The Blues* (from *Newport Suite* and *Three Blind Mice*, with a plunger duet by Howell and Kime and rollicking Touff), and *Sweets* (with a screamer ending by trumpeter Morrison).

Hopefully, Russo's orchestra will come to be an important part of Chicago's jazz scene. Judging by this concert, the orchestra could do much to bolster sagging jazz spirits in the Windy City.

—Don DeMicheal



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## LAWRENCE BROWN

(Continued from page 22)

rehearsal wasn't important," he said, "because it was chiefly to take pictures for him to put in the press Monday."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I don't work on Sunday, and I have this contract here."

"If you don't want to make it, we'll get one of those studio men!"

"You do just that."

"He made me mad right quick, and that was the first fight I had with a manager. Until then, I hadn't run into much of what we have now with managers, agents, bookers, leaders, and everything. All that was just coming in. Anyway, although I still had my contract, this meant that I had more or less refused to play with Louis Armstrong."

It happened that Duke Ellington was in town, playing the Orpheum, and that his manager, Irving Mills, came out to the Cotton Club a couple of nights later. The club was a huge place, the most popular night club west of Chicago, and usually there was a packed house, well sprinkled with stars and starlets. Brown came out on the floor during each show and was featured playing *Trees*.

Mills liked what he heard and sent for Brown and asked him if he would like to join the Ellington band. Because of the trouble with Armstrong's manager, this suited the trombonist, although he wasn't enthusiastic about the prospect.

"I don't know you, and I've never heard anything about you," were Ellington's first words to him, "but Mr. Mills says to get you. So come on in the band."

Soon afterwards, Brown found himself on the train with the band in which he was to play for the next 19 years.

"I really meant to stay only a year," he remarked with a wry grin, "because I had just bought a great big automobile—a 16-cylinder Cadillac. . . ."

"Now, it seemed that as soon as I went with Ellington, the bottom began to drop out of the night-club business in L.A. This was 1932 and the depression, and at the end of a year I said to myself, 'This looks like the best deal to stay in right now.' So I stayed."

"There were soon things written for me like *Ducky Wucky*, but we also kept *Trees* for the theaters. It was a big number at that time, quite different from most of what was going on in the music field, and no one before had ever come out with a trombone playing a concerto, a whole, complete number built around the trombone. I did that for several years. Then Tommy Dorsey started playing that way, five or six years after I'd been with Ellington, and

I don't know where he developed that beautiful tone, because he hadn't sounded like that before. I really don't know how he did it. Trombones didn't work like that."

Every time the band played a concert tour, there would be a new showcase for the trombone, Brown said, and one year he decided to write his own—*The Golden Cress*. Later he composed *On a Turquoise Cloud*.

"When I left in 1951," he said, "it was because I was tired of the sameness of the big band. It's the worst thing in the world if you get in a big band and have to play the same old mess, night after night, show after show, especially if you're doing theaters. Pretty soon, you know, you just can't play anything. Things were at their peak when I quit so far as my money was concerned, but the flexibility of the small band, the opportunity to spread out, make it interesting to the musician. And Johnny Hodges [who left Duke at the same time] had a terrific little band."

For about a year after the Hodges band broke up in 1955, Brown freelanced successfully in New York, playing in various shows and on recordings. Then he secured a staff job at the Columbia Broadcasting System when Warren Covington resigned.

"That's the only way you get one of those studio staff jobs—when somebody gets out," Brown said. "I had been over to see the contractor, and you have to spread your name around, of course. Maybe they can use you when somebody's on vacation. Anyway, I took Warren Covington's place. How did I like that? That's the best job in the business! No headaches. Everything was beautiful. You could record, do anything you wanted, so long as it didn't conflict with the studio schedule. But then came the cancellation of all the transcontinental radio programs, and everything started going onto tape, and they didn't need the same setup or number of men. Three or four others came out the same time I did."

"The field is crowded in the first place. And then there's a peculiar thing about studio musicians: they all sound alike. They're great musicians, and any one can sit in another's chair, and it doesn't change a thing at all. My thing is too individual, and I usually played second parts. There are more seconds than firsts around, anyway."

After working clubs for a while, Brown received a call from Ellington and rejoined him in Las Vegas, Nev., in 1960. He has remained with the band since.

Independent as he is, Brown doesn't hesitate to express his distaste for many aspects of the music world. "When I was attracted to music in the beginning," he said, "there were no com-

mercial challenges, and I played as I felt. Then I got deeper into it and found out it was a business, and a rotten business—and, well, I resented that."

"I've always had an eye for what should be and what shouldn't be. I don't go along like some of the fellows who'd rather play their horns than eat. I quit the Armstrong band on a matter of principle, and I've tried to be like that all the way. The business, as it is, is nothing but a series of similar situations, so you get disgusted, and music has come to mean nothing but a job to me."

Yet it is a job he does well, conscientiously, despite circumstances, as was shown by his assumption of an additional role in the Ellington orchestra.

"I don't like using the plunger," he declared, "but I imitate the tops—Tricky. That buzzing breaks your lip down, and you have to wait a little while to get back to normal. Another problem is that there's no way to get anything to fit in there unless you change the tuning. The back pressure from the plunger and the mute takes the horn out of tune, so you have to try to tune it with your hand. At least, I try to tune it there, because I don't feel like changing positions to fit the tone. It's all right when you've got someone who can do it in the third chair, where the parts are neither high nor important, but the first chair is important, and usually the first man won't touch it. It can really mess your lip up so that you won't be able to play straight at all."

Concerning modern developments on the trombone, he expressed himself with similar candor:

"In each case something has been sacrificed to get something else. Where's the tone? If you're going fast, executing all those gymnastics, you give up tone. I feel it would be better to get a little of each of these things and to hold on to others, rather than to go all out in one direction."

"We have to recognize that being popular is nowadays more important than producing something of value. Take the most popular of these singing groups—they sound like hell! Somebody thought of something different, and the publicity department decided it was a great way to make a million dollars. The music business has never been so commercial."

As Lawrence Brown comes gravely down from his chair, through the Ellington saxes, and up to the mike to participate in the *Mood Indigo* trio, to solo on *Irresponsible*, or even to answer a request for the old favorite, *Rose of the Rio Grande*, he is the epitome of the professional musician who maintains his standards despite the dictates of fashion and commerce.



## FATS NAVARRO

(Continued from page 17)

time with a trumpet section that also included Gillespie and Davis (reissued on RCA Victor 519). He also recorded with vocalists Earl Coleman (Dial), Kay Pention, Billie Stewart, and Milton Bugg (all three on Savoy).

Another record with Navarro is from an April 12, 1947, broadcast of WNEW's *Saturday Night Swing Session*. The band, which also included tenor saxophonists Charlie Ventura and Allen Eager, trombonist Bill Harris, pianist Ralph Burns, bassist Chubby Jackson, and drummer Buddy Rich, does *Sweet Georgia Brown* featuring Navarro.

*Down Beat*'s Mike Levin, reviewing the performance, stated, "Navarro's choruses are a sample of how melodic and integrated some of the better bop men are learning to be." (The record was first issued on Vox and later on Counterpoint.)

In the early '60s, Jazzland issued two LPs made up of air shorts of the Dameron band playing from the Royal Roost in 1948. They included versions of Dameron's *Good Bait*, *Eb Pob*, *Symphonette*, *Anthropology*, *Lady Be Good*, *The Squirrel*, *Our Delight*, *Dameronia*, and *The Tadd Walk*.

The last recording of Navarro were the broadcasts from Cafe Society. These are the only recordings Parker and Navarro made together. (They were first issued on Le Jazz Cool and later on the Charlie Parker label.)

Navarro made two records with Jacquet for Aladdin. On the first record, made in February, 1947, Navarro was listed as "Slim Romero" because of his Savoy contract. Under the supervision of Leonard Feather, the sextet recorded *Jiving with Jack the Bell Boy*, in honor of a Detroit disc jockey. (Jacquet's next engagement was in the Motor City.) The rendition spotted some fine trumpet. (It was reissued on Imperial 9184 but is no longer listed in the Schwann catalog). The second Jacquet session, held in April, 1947, used an augmented personnel. Navarro did not bother to disguise his presence, but he is heard only in a three-way trumpet ensemble with Joe Newman and Russell Jacquet on *Blow, Illinois, Blow*.

With Hawkins, whom Navarro called "one of the peaks of jazz, because whatever happens he knows," he recorded *Bean and the Boys*, on which he played 16 bars of variations based on the chords of *Lover, Come Back to Me* (it was issued on Sonora). Around the same time, Navarro and Hawkins were together on an RCA Victor date supervised by Feather. Navarro plays 16 bars on *Jumping for Jane* and a full chorus on *Half Step Down, Please*. (The latter was recently reissued on the Hawkins collection titled *Body and Soul*, on RCA Victor.)

Two Blue Note LPs titled *The Fabulous Fats Navarro* (1531 and 1532) are currently available. The first album includes the original issue of the two-part *Double Talk* by the McGhee-Navarro Bopset; alternate takes of *Wail* and *Bouncing with Bud* by Bud Powell's Modernists; and the

original and alternate takes of *The Squirrel*, *Our Delight*, *The Case*, and *Dameronia* by the Dameron sextet. The second album has the original and alternate takes of *Lady Bird*, *Jahbero*, and *Symphonette* by Dameron; alternate masters of *Double Talk*, *The Skunk*, and the original master of *Boperation* by McGhee-Navarro; an alternate take of *Dance of the Infidels* and the original take of *Bouncing with Bud* by Powell.

There is another example of Navarro's artistry available on Blue Note 1503 under Powell's name. The number, *52nd Street Theme*, was cut on the same session that produced *Wail* and *Bouncing with Bud*.

Another collection—*Fats, Bud, Klook*, Sonny, Kinney on Savoy MG 12011—has the Bebop Boys playing *Webb City*, *Fat Boy*, *Everything's Cool*, and *Boppin' a Riff*. The personnel includes trumpeters Dorham and Navarro, altoist Sonny Stitt, pianist Powell, and drummer Clarke. Navarro plays a long solo on *Boppin'* that well illustrates his technical proficiency.

A second Savoy collection—*Nostalgia* (12133)—includes titles Navarro made under his own name in September, 1947: *Nostalgia*, *Barry's Bop*, *Bebop Romp*, and *Fats Blows*. The Navarro solo on *Fats Blows* is a good example of how the trumpeter integrated humorous quotes into his improvisation. This LP also has four tracks Navarro made with tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon in December, 1947 (*Dexterity*, *Dextrose*, *Dexter's Mood*, and *Index*), plus four with Eddie Davis (*Stealing Trash*, *Hollerin' and Screamin'*, *Fracture*, and *Calling Dr. Jazz*).

Navarro can be heard on a various artists LP titled *Opus De Bop* (Savoy 12114). Included are four tracks he made with his group that included baritonist Leo Parker and Dameron; *Fat Girl*, *Goin' to Minton's*, *Ep Bop*, and *Ice Freezes Red* (a Navarro original based on the chords of *Indiana*).

Other Davis performances with Navarro are on *In the Beginning . . . Bebop!* (Savoy 12119): *Spinal*, *Maternity*, *Red Pepper*, and *Just a Mystery*.

Navarro's last formal recording session was at New Jazz in September, 1949, with tenor saxophonist Don Lanphere as leader. But when the records came out as 78-rpm singles, they were under Navarro's name. The numbers recorded were *Stop, Go*, *Infatuation*, and *Wailing Wall*; they have been reissued in *Trumpet Giants* (New Jazz 8296).

That completes the list of currently available catalogued Navarro recordings.

Navarro died at Bellevue Hospital in New York City on July 7, 1950, of tuberculosis. Although many knew the trumpeter was ill—his weight had dwindled from 200 pounds to around 110—his death was unexpected, and it chilled many.


Miles Davis was quoted in *Down Beat*: "His ability to play high and fast and still sound pretty was amazing."

Gillespie said in an interview, "Fats was the best all-around trumpeter of them all. He had everything a trumpeter should have: tone, ideas, execution, and reading ability. But what a shame that so much great talent had to be wasted." [25]


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## GEORG BRUNIS

(Continued from page 23)

good people of Biloxi. You can bet he's talking up a storm. You can bet another thing: he's making that daytime gig straight. You get Georg out of the saloon, and he's straight; straighter than the next guy.

I remember that Mercury album we did a few years ago—*Meet Me in Chicago* was the title. There were 13 musicians on that session—two bands. It was reunion time for G. B. You'd think he'd celebrate; not Georg. He was straight; right down the middle. And then I had him on an educational television date. He didn't need anything; just talent. It must be the saloons that bring out the circus approach in Georg. He just feels he has to perform for the people.

Hey, Brunis, remember when Frank Holzfiend used to introduce you at the Blue Note by saying, "And now, folks, here's one of the all-time jazz greats; born at the turn of the century, and there's some talk that he helped turn it"?

Yeah, Frank's out of it; so is the Blue Note. Bit by bit, chunk by chunk, Chicago loses another piece of color. Wasn't too long ago when we had drummer Danny Alvin and trombone star Miff Mole; both gone. Doc

Evans and Muggsy Spanier both hung their hats here; both have moved, the first back to Minneapolis, the second to San Francisco. Of course, nothing stands still. Even Hull House got moved. We do have Wells St. and Rush St., and there's action. But jazz that will outlive its press releases, and jazzmen who will be remembered? They play the town at times and pass through. They don't stick around.

It's funny: a guy like Brunis can be around, and you go for months and don't see him, but every once in a while you hear of him.

There was the time he was rehearsing a band. "Hey, did you hear Brunis is getting a band together? Yeah, he's going into the\_\_\_\_\_." When Georg rehearses a band he cools it. Figures everything out soberly, sticks to his milk diet and conducts himself on a daytime basis. And you'll hear him rave about his new band.

But comes opening night and Brunis is back on his "diet-reet"—vodka and milk.

Mr. B. explains, "Vodka gives me ulcers, but the milk dries 'em up." And with the band's opening notes the truth hits G. B. The truth is that cold sober the band sounded okay, but after having a few, it wasn't the same thing. It doesn't send him; and

if you know Georg, with him the thought and expressing the thought are simultaneous. So there's Brunis on the mike explaining to the people that "this band is from hunger; they can't play . . . I can't play with 'em." Funny part about it was that a few months later G. B. would be performing with some of these same guys.

So now the South has got our local-color slush-pump tooter. He used to tell us, "New Orleans is good for three things: the food, the music, and a ticket to get out of town" (or some such statement).

Now that he's down that way, he'll have to rewrite his act. But when he loosens up his horn and blows, that's something else. For there's no substitute for jazz ability; that's still a rare commodity. You go to counting the guys who through the years played great jazz trombone. How many? How many would you care to hear? Truthfully. There was Jack Teagarden, Miff Mole, Charlie Green, Kid Ory, and you've got to name Brunis. No way in the world you can let him off any trombone jazz list. Not if you're talking about traditional jazz.

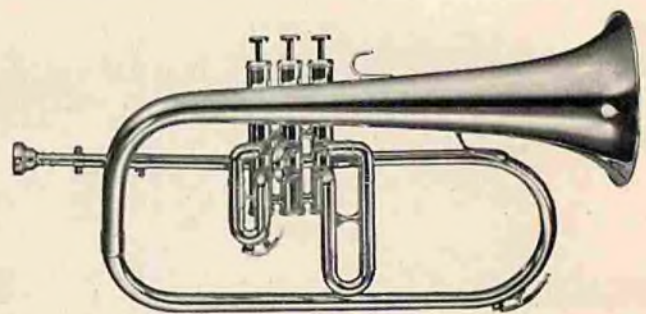
So it looks as if I'm going to have to go to Biloxi to get a corn-beef-on-rye. A Georg Brunis special; with jokes yet. . . .

GB

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# JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Jazz activity on the college level is by no means limited to the large state universities. Many of the smaller state schools and private schools also are building good programs. Again this year colleges are taking the lead in encouraging high school directors and students, as disclosed in information on up-coming college-sponsored clinics and festivals.

Millikin University in Decatur, Ill., reports that it is establishing a broader and firmer base for its jazz program. Although the program there is in only its second year, the school is establishing two 18-piece bands this semester. The program is under the direction of faculty member Roger Schueler. The school will sponsor a clinic-festival for high-school bands from Illinois on Jan. 15.

Another young program is progressing at Northern Michigan University in Marquette. Its Jazz Workshop Band was organized in 1963 and is under the direction now of senior music student James Bogetto, who also plays lead trumpet. The administrative leadership is provided by Dr. H. Erik Shaar, the band's adviser and personnel manager. Dr. Shaar, responsible for the organization of the band, is assistant professor of strings at the university.

The band performs at regular jazz concerts in the student union and for dances at Northern. It also played Gov. George Romney's inaugural ball at Iron Mountain, Mich., in addition to appearing on television and FM programs.

The band has received strong support from the school's administration, and the university president, Dr. Edgar L. Harden, sent the band on a cultural jazz concert tour of high schools last February. This one-week tour was successful in presenting big-band jazz to schools in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

The band is composed primarily of music majors but is also open to others. It rehearses once a week for three hours in the evening, but no credit is given for participation. Plans are being made for regularly scheduled noon-hour jazz concerts on campus as well as another spring tour of high schools.

Soloists with the band this year are Ray Pelissier, also saxophone and clarinet; Doug Doty, tenor saxophone; Loren Wangerin and Mark Skubick, trombones; and John Kobasic, trumpet.

The Houstonians of Sam Houston State Teacher College in Huntsville, Texas, under the direction of faculty member Harley Rex, are in the midst of an active year. They play one-hour concerts at the new Lowman Student Center every Wednesday afternoon in addition to more formal concerts. They had a fall tour in November.

Rex is assisted this year by Bob Morgan, now on the staff of Sam Houston and who formerly had worked with Leon Breeden at North Texas State University.

Sam Houston is sponsoring an arrang-

ing contest for original stage-band material with both a high school and college division and with cash prizes.

Buddy DeFranco and Mark Azzolina are scheduled as guest clinicians and conductors for the Sam Houston clinic-festival this year. Dates are Feb. 4 and 5, and more than 30 high school bands are expected to participate. Local professional dance-band bookers, agencies, leaders, and union officials are helping in the judging and sponsoring of the festival.

North Texas State University, in Denton, Texas, is again expanding its huge stage-band program under the leadership of Breeden. It added its sixth official band for the fall semester—and could have had eight, except that scheduling prohibited it. The school sponsored a music-reading clinic on Dec. 4 that was open to directors and students. Part of the clinic was a session devoted to "festival pointers" to help directors prepare their bands for festivals later in the year.

Student leaders at North Texas presented their annual award for outstanding professor to Breeden. He received the "Fessor Graham" Award, given to a member of the faculty who has contributed significantly to the school. The award is named for its first recipient, Floyd Graham, music faculty member who for 32 years conducted the Saturday night stage show at NTSU. This show produced such stars as Pat Boone and Ann Sheridan.

The Lettermen of Notre Dame University have achieved more of a degree of organization this school year than in the past by the addition of an adult director and coach, Bud Doty. The band faces an uphill battle with no music department support and few music majors in the band. The biggest assets of the band this year are Larry Dwyer, who won the outstanding trombonist award at the 1965 Collegiate Jazz Festival, and Bill Hurd, a promising new alto saxophonist. Mike Turre plays tenor saxophone and arranges for the band along with Dwyer. Bob McClelland is the lead alto saxophonist; Chuck Snow plays lead trumpet.

Paul Tanner continues to serve as faculty adviser for the UCLA Jazz Ensemble. Alto saxophonist Fred Selden handles the actual direction of the group. At present no credit is given for participation, and the group is sponsored financially by the University Recreational Activities Committee.

Tanner also teaches a course at UCLA, "The Development of Jazz." Enrollment has to be held to 528 students, the capacity of the largest hall in the music school; each semester the course is overenrolled. (One of the advantages of being in the Los Angeles area is that there are plenty of professionals to do guest lecture spots.) The course now is stipulated as "nontechnical," given for the general university student. It is hoped that before long the course will be given in sections, with one for the music students.

While in reality only in its infancy, the jazz program at UCLA has already borne fruit in last year's West Coast collegiate competitions and in breaking down the barriers to jazz at the school.



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## AD LIB

(Continued from page 15)

pianist Carl Schroeder, bassist Phil Morrison, and drummer Peter Donnell . . . Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike brought Thelonious Monk back for a week. Appearing with the pianist were tenorist Charlie Rouse, bassist Larry Gales, and drummer Ben Riley. Monk was also the subject for a cover story in the magazine/television section of the Boston *Globe*. The article appeared concurrently with his appearance on *Jazz*, the weekly television program with trumpeter Herb Pomeroy as host. Lennie's also had an interesting week with comedian Flip Wilson, plus the Alan Dawson Trio. With drummer Dawson were the Neves brothers, pianist Paul and bassist John . . . Trumpeter Rudy Bruff's appearance at the Jazz Workshop was followed by pianist Horace Silver's quintet . . . The Club 47 presented reed man Ken McIntyre and his trio. The octet of another Boston reed player, Danny Wright, was featured the next week . . . Pianist Dave Blume broke his wrist while helping to move an organ, but he managed singlehandedly (really) to finish his two weeks at Paul's Mall with his left hand in a cast. Appearing with Blume were bassist Mel Knowel and drummer Wayne Waylette.

**PITTSBURGH:** Two groups are rapidly gaining local followings: guitarist Kenny Burrell's quartet and pianist Red Richards' Saints and Sinners. Burrell's most recent visit, in late November, saw the suave guitarist mobbed by admirers who caused the SRO signs to be put up at the Crawford Grill. His sidemen were Richard Wyands, piano; Oliver Jackson, drums; and Martin Rivera, bass. In the more sedate downtown atmosphere of the Riverboat Room in the Penn Sheraton Hotel, the Saints and Sinners pleased holiday crowds when they checked in during Thanksgiving week for three weeks. The group includes Herman Autry, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Rudy Powell, clarinet; Don Mastri (a Pittsburgher), bass; and Jack Williams, drums . . . In another part of the Penn Sheraton, the Terrace Room, Sunday afternoon crowds for "Jazz on the Terrace" saw Eddie Jones, onetime Count Basie bassist, sit in with the Walt Harper Quintet in a set that really had the hotel jumping. Early in December the Harper quintet did a concert at Steubenville College and inaugurated a jazz policy at the Cardinal Lounge in Oakland, Pa. . . . "Which Beters is Better?" read ads promoting a battle of bands lead by the Beters brothers, trombonist Harold and drummer Jerry. The Cain-and-Able session took place Nov. 28 at the Aurora Lodge Club . . . *Jazz Beat*, a regular feature of educational television station WQED, came up with a winning program featuring altoist Eric Kloss with organist Richard (Groove) Holmes' trio. Other groups on the show recently included the Johnny Costa Trio, the Ron Anthony Quartet, and the Silhouettes.

**DETROIT:** The Wayne State Artists' Society presented its first concert featuring a name artist Dec. 10 when pianist Andrew Hill appeared. Accompanying Hill in a program of his compositions were Detroiters John Dana, bass, and Ronald Johnson, drums . . . When Roy Haynes was forced to cancel his engagement at the Drome, drummer Roy Brooks took over for two weekends with a group billed as the Prophets. The first edition of the Prophets consisted of Brooks; Floyd Jones, trumpet; Marvin Cabell, tenor saxophone and saxello; Will Davis, piano; and Fred Housey, bass. The second weekend found the entire personnel changed. The band consisted of George Bohanon, trombone; Ronnie Fields, tenor saxophone; Kenny Cox, piano; and Will Austin, bass. The same group, minus Fields, appeared at a Monday night benefit for injured drummer Bert Myrick at the Drome. Many musicians sat in, but the surprise of the evening was a well-rehearsed quintet led by pianist Willie Metcalf, with John Hare, trombone; Melvin McRae, tenor saxophone; Robert Allen, bass; Ike Daney, drums; and Jewell Diamond, vocals. Soon after the benefit Myrick was able to return to his regular gig with Bohanon's group at Paige's . . . Drummer Brooks remained at the Drome to join the group co-led by pianist Barry Harris and altoist Sonny Red. Rounding out this all-Detroit quartet was bassist Ernie Farrow . . . Good news for jazz fans was the reopening of Half Pint's. Pianist Bob McDonald's trio was the first group to work the club and was followed by Keith Vreeland's trio with Dick Wigginton, bass, and Jim Nemeth, drums . . . The new group at Odom's Cave, still one of the quietest listening rooms in town, is the Gary Chandler Quintet. With trumpeter Chandler as tenor saxophonist Melvin McRae, pianist Gene White, bassist Sam Scott, and drummer Doug Hammond . . . Some swinging jazz is going largely unnoticed during cocktail hours at the Act IV. Re-

sponsible for the sounds is the duo of pianist Lenore Paxton and bassist Fred Housey.

**MILWAUKEE:** The Stan Getz Quartet did two concerts at Marquette University in mid-December . . . Educational radio station WUWM programed another weekend marathon of jazz recordings . . . WMVS-TV began telecasting the *U.S.A.: Music* series in January; the first several programs dealt with jazz and featured such artists as Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, and Cecil Taylor . . . The Main Event Lounge has revived "Blue Monday" sessions, which at one time were the source of some of Milwaukee's most exciting music . . . Trumpeter Dick Ruedebusch is being considered as a replacement leader for the Glenn Miller Orchestra; the band's current leader, Ray McKinley, has been ill and reportedly wants to leave the band.

**BALTIMORE:** The new sound of the African Jazz Quartet (Al Doctor, alto saxophone; Donald Criss, piano; Sterling Pointer, bass; and Gary Wilmore, drums) at Le Coq D'Or these weekends is due to the sitting in of trumpeter Charles Tolliver and tenorist Luqman Abdul Lateef. Tolliver, who has been commuting from New York weekends, is now doing arrangements for the sextet . . . A lot of big-band action the weekend of Dec. 10-12: Lionel Hampton at the Tail of the Fox, Si Zentner at the Surf, and Duke Ellington at the Eastwind, providing local dancers with a rare treat. The Mardi Gras, which occasionally sports a jazz name, brought in drummer Gene Krupa and his quartet for five days the same week.

**MIAMI:** The University of Miami was the scene of a concert Dec. 4 featuring the University Jazz Sextet and the Contemporary Jazz Quintet . . . Vocalist Lou Rawls closed Dec. 13 after a suc-

## GROOVE FIRSTS

A HIPSTER'S QUIZ BY GARY A. SOUCIE

Here's one for jazz archivists, history majors, and mouldie figges. Fill in the blanks to answer the following questions about significant firsts in the recorded history of jazz:

- |                                      |                                   |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| A. First Jazz Record                 | What year? _____                  |
| Who made it? _____                   | Who was the leader? _____         |
| In what year? _____                  | F. First Jazz Recorded in Concert |
| B. First Negro Jazz Band to Record   | What year? _____                  |
| Whose was it? _____                  | What group? _____                 |
| In what year? _____                  | G. First Jazz LPs                 |
| C. First Recorded Jazz Vibes Solo    | What year? _____                  |
| What year? _____                     | H. First Jazz Show-Tune Album     |
| What vibist? _____                   | What year? _____                  |
| Whose band? _____                    | What show? _____                  |
| D. First Recorded Jazz Solo on Flute | Whose group? _____                |
| What year? _____                     | I. First "New Thing" Records      |
| What flutist? _____                  | What year? _____                  |
| E. First Bebop Record Date           | Whose group? _____                |

ANSWERS: A Original Dixieland Jazz Band in 1917. B. Kid Ory in 1921. C. 1930, Lionel Hampton in Louis Armstrong's band. D. 1937, Wayman Carter. E. 1944, Coleman Hawkins. F. 1944, Norman Grantz' Jazz at the Philharmonic. G. 1949, H. 1957, My Fair Lady by Shelly Manne trio. I. 1958, Ornette Coleman.

cessful 10 days at Harry's American Bar in the Eden Roc Hotel in Miami Beach . . . The Ring-a-Ding Room in Fort Lauderdale presented a Sunday evening jazz concert featuring saxophonist-trumpeter **Ira Sullivan**. **Bobby Kendrick's** quartet with vocalist **Barbara Russell** also were on hand . . . A concert at the Gaslight Inn in Coconut Grove Dec. 5 featured Sullivan with **Dolph Castellano**, piano; **Bill Fry**, bass; and **Buddy Deko**, drums. Another group consisted of **Conte Malino**, bass; **Nick Jellius**, piano; **Joe Single**, drums. On Dec. 26 these musicians again were featured, plus Miss Russell and the **Nilo Afro-Latin jazz group**.

**NEW ORLEANS:** Drummer **Monk Hazel**, guitarist **Danny Barker**, and trumpeter **Punch Miller** have been guest speakers at **Dick Allen's** course in jazz history at Tulane University's night school . . . The **Eureka Brass Band** played for the opening of the plush new **Downtown Hotel** on Bourbon St. The combo in the hotel's lounge is led by pianist **Ed Fenasci** . . . Singer **Betty Farmer** joined pianist **Ronnie Dupont**, whose trio is playing at the **Cellar in Algiers, La.** . . . Pianist **Pete Monteleone** is at the **Famous Door** with trombonist **Santo Pecora's** Tailgaters. Another recent addition to Pecora's band is clarinetist **Bill Kelsey** . . . A spasm band is reportedly being re-created for *This Property Is Condemned*, a movie set in New Orleans during the depression. Spasm bands were New Orleans street bands, usually composed of young boys playing crude instruments and dancing. The band in the movie will include **Jerry Stovall**, son of blues singer **Babe Stovall**.

**DENVER:** The **Pair Extraordinaire** are at the **Huddle** in Boulder. Bassist **Marcus Hemphill** is sole accompaniment for vocalist **Carl Craig** . . . Pianist **Joe Lucaro's** quartet is at the **Merry-Go-Round** and includes **Jim Gallagos**, saxophone; **Manuel Salazar**, bass; and **Gene Stanley**, drums . . . The **Red Vest** is still holding the crowds with the **Lee Arellano Trio** (**Lee Arellano**, drums; **Andy Arellano**, bass; **Les James**, piano) . . . Trumpeter **Chet Baker** is doing well at **Club Casi**, sharing billing with tenorist **Phil Urso**. **Stew Jackson's** 16-piece band takes over on Sunday nights . . . Bassist **Paul Black**, pianist **Walt Smith**, and vocalist **Yvette Stewart** are back at the **Celebrity Lounge**. This is the group that so impressed pianist **Oscar Peterson** that he had them record for him last spring. **Black**, along with **Bill Sloan**, piano, and **Randy Incino**, drums, opened with vocalist **Jerri Winters** in **Aspen, Colo.**, Dec. 12 . . . **Mel** and **Dawn Norfleet** are still doing well at **Ramon's** . . . Guitarist **Johnny Smith** and the **Neil Bridge Trio** continue to pack **Shaner's** on **Fridays** and **Saturdays** . . . Pianist **Ellyn Rucker** swings as ever on weekends at the **Robin's Nest**. With Miss **Rucker** is **Dave Rucker**, bass, and **Larry Brown**, drums. During the week, the **Nest** is host to pianist **Bill Sloan**, bassist **Dale Bruning**, and drummer **Brown** . . . The remodeled **Showcase**

was set to have a house trio of **Bobby Green**, piano; **Paul Warburton**, bass; and **Bob Jones**, drums.

**LAS VEGAS:** Drummer **Bobby Morris** leads a swinging group behind the **Sun Spots** at the **Stardust Lounge**. The group includes **Alan Ware**, trumpet; **Jimmy Fitzgerald**, trombone; **Phil Mascellino**, bass, valve trombone; and **Ron DiFillips**, piano . . . A large crowd was at the opening of the new **Colonial House**. **Las Vegas's** newest jazz club features the **Carl Fontana Quartet** (**Fontana**, trombone; **Ron Feuer**, piano; **Billy Christ**, bass; and **Santo Savino**, drums) alternating with singer **David Allen**, who is accompanied by **Don Overberg** on classical guitar. The **Steve Perlow** nine-piece takes over from **Fontana** on weekends. **Perlow** also doubles as music director for the club . . . One of the original "Four Brothers" of the second **Woody Herman Herd**, **Herbie Stewart**, is now lead alto man with **R. V. Brand's** band at the **Thunderbird's Continental Lounge**.

**TORONTO:** Clarinetist **Phil Nimmons** and his band were highly praised for their performance on a pre-Christmas tour of United Nations outposts in **Cyprus**. Members of the band included **Julius Piekarz**, **Erich Traugott**, trumpets; **Butch Watanabe**, **Teddy Roderman**, trombones; **Jerry** and **Tony Toth**, saxophones; **Ed Bickert**, guitar; **Vic Centro**, accordion; **Murray Lauder**, bass; and **Ron Rully**, drums. Taped excerpts from the shows were heard on a CBS radio network program, *Cyprus Showcase*, Dec. 26 . . . **Vibraharpist Hugood Hardy**, last in town with the **George Shearing Quintet**, returned to lead his own group during the holiday season at the **Town Tavern** . . . Trumpeter **Buck Clayton** returned to the **Colonial** where he played for **New Year's Eve** audiences . . . Pianist **Don Ewell's** long-term engagement at the **Golden Nugget**, which began last winter, terminated with a farewell party. He said goodbye to clarinetist **Henry Cuesta**, who shares the bill with guitarist **Marty Grosz** and vocalist **Olive Brown** . . . Singer **Joe Williams** wound up his best week yet at the **Town** (they were turning away the customers every night) by celebrating his 47th birthday.

**MONTREAL:** Guitarist **Nelson Symonds's** jazz group played a concert at **Gesu Hall** on Nov. 28 . . . **Mel Howard** is the focal figure in the "Jazz a la Jam" sessions being presented Sunday afternoons and evenings at the boxlike **Revue Theater** in downtown **Montreal** . . . Heavyweight **Boxer Ernie Terrell** appeared at the **Esquire Show Bar** last month as a rock-and-roll singer complete with guitar. He followed, by a few days, a similar booking for **Minnesota Twins** pitcher **Jim (Mudcat) Grant** . . . **Montreal-born jazz pianist Brian Browne** is making a second album for **RCA Victor** in this country. His first, *Toronto Scene*, was released last fall . . . The **Swingle Singers** played a week-long set of concerts at **La Comedie Canadienne Theater**.

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# WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to **Down Beat**, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago, Ill. 60606, 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.  
Basle's: Willie Bobo to 1/23.  
Carlton Terrace (Forest Hills): Johnny Fontana, tfn.  
Chuck's Composite: Dick Garcia, Sy Johnson, Jack Six, Jimmy Raney, tfn. Jazz at Noon, Mon.  
Concerto West: Jesse Wilks, hb.  
Coronet (Brooklyn): name jazz groups  
Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gam-ba, hb. Sessions, Sun.  
Dom: Tony Scott, tfn.  
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko, tfn.  
Embers West: Illinois Jacquet to 1/8. Joe Shul-man, hb.  
Five Spot: Charles Mingus to 1/30.  
Gaslight Club: Clarence Hutchenrider, Charlie Queener, George Wettling, Mike Shiffer, tfn.  
Golden Dome (Atlantic Beach): Leo Shaw, tfn.  
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims, Jimmy Rushing, to 1/16.  
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.  
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.  
Kenny's Steak Pub: Smith Street Society Jazz Band, Wed.-Fri.  
Lincoln Center: Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rol-lins, John Coltrane, 1/14. Gary McFarland, 2/6.  
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, tfn. Guest stars, Sun.  
Luigi II: John Bunch, Mark Trall, tfn.  
Mark Twain Riverboat: Lionel Hampton to 1/26.  
Open End: Scott Murray, Wolfgang Knittel, Gary Newman, Eddie Caccavelli, tfn.  
Plantation Room (Asbury Park, N.J.): Tal Farlow, Don Friedman, Vinnie Burke, wknds.  
Playboy Club: Monty Alexander, Ray Starling, Nat Jones, Harold Francis, Walter Norris, tfn.  
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, tfn. Don Frye, Sun.  
Slugs: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.  
Toast: Jack Brooks, Dick Carter, Effie, tfn.  
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Greene, tfn.  
Town Hall: Bill Evans, 2/21.  
Val Anthony's (Roslyn Heights): Sol Yaged, Mon.  
Village Gate: jazz, wknds.  
Village Vanguard: Miles Davis to 1/31. Sessions, Mon.  
Well's: Abbey Lincoln, tfn.  
Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

## TORONTO

Chez Paree: Sir Charles Thompson, tfn.  
Colonial: Red Richards, 1/17-2/5.  
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 1/24-29. Phil Antonacci, 1/31-2/6.  
Inn on the Park: Don Thompson, tfn.  
Last Chance Saloon: Larry Rubin, tfn.  
Penny Farthing: Jim McHarg, tfn.  
Town: Junior Mance, 1/24-2/5.

## BOSTON

Chez Freddie: Eddie Stone-Maggie Scott, tfn.  
Driftwood (Shrewsbury): Jeff-Tones, tfn.  
Floral Steak House: Danny Camacho-Bill Tan-nebring-Bob Purcell, tfn.  
Gaslight Room: Basin Street Boys, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Roland Kirk to 1/16. Freddie Hubbard, 1/17-23.  
Lennie's-on-the-Turnpike: Joe Bucci to 1/16. Sonny Stitt, 1/17-23. Joe Thomas-Bill Eliot, 1/24-2/6.  
Maridor (Framingham): Al Vega, tfn.  
Paul's Mall: Al Natalie-Dick Wright, tfn.

## MIAMI AND FLORIDA

Bon Fire: Myrtle Jones, hb.  
Hampton House: Charlie Austin, Medina Carney, Eric Knight, Bob Thomas, Dave Nuby, tfn.  
Mickey's Cricket Club (Pompano Beach): Andy Bartha to 4/13.  
Playboy Club: Bill Rico, hb.  
South Seas Yacht: Matty Cortese, tfn.

## PHILADELPHIA

Cadillac Sho-Bar: Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer, 1/31-2/5.  
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates-Tony De-Nicola-Johnny Ellis, tfn.  
Downtown Club (Trenton): Bernard Peiffer, tfn.  
Fuzle (Trenton): Wolverines, tfn.  
Krechner's: Billy Krechner-Conrad Jones, hb.  
Latin Casino: Ray Charles, 3/28-4/10.  
Showboat: Chris Connor, 1/17-22. Carmen Mc-

Rae, 1/24-29. Bill Evans, 1/31-2/5.  
Starlight Supper Club: Rufus Harley, tfn.  
Three Chefs: Demon Spiro, tfn.  
Tremont Lodge (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah, tfn.  
Trenton War Memorial: Louis Armstrong, 1/28-2/6.  
Woodland Inn (Ablington): Ron Parker, tfn.

## BALTIMORE

Buck's: Fred Simpson, tfn.  
Colonial House: Dixie Alley Cats, tfn.  
Heritage House: Jerry Clifford, tfn.  
Kozy Korner: Earl Omar, tfn.  
Le Coq D'Or: African Jazz Quartet, tfn.  
Living Room: Harry Steiert, tfn.  
Madison Club (Left Bank Jazz Society): name groups, Sun.  
Martick's: Brad Wines, tfn.  
Moe's: Dave Ross, tfn.  
North End: Bill Byrd, tfn.  
Phil Burke's: George Ecker, tfn.  
Playboy: Ted Hawk, Jimmy Wells, tfn.  
Sperl's: Gene Franklin, Pier 5, tfn.  
Steve's: Jolly Jax, tfn.  
Surf: Al Haight, Sun. afternoon.  
Well's: George Jackson, tfn.

## WASHINGTON

Blues Alley: Roy Eldridge to 1/22. Tommy Gwaltney, hb.  
Bohemian Caverns: name jazz groups.  
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor Jr., Suzanne Greene, tfn.  
Charley's: Jimmy Adams, tfn.  
Place Where Louie Dwells: Shirley Horn, wknds.  
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, tfn.  
Silver Fox: John Eaton, tfn.

## CHICAGO

The Bulls: Pieces of Eight, Sun.  
Hungry Eye: Three Souls, tfn.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, tfn. Art Hodes, Thur.  
London House: Jonah Jones to 1/23.  
Midas Touch: Judy Roberts, tfn.  
Mister Kelly's: Larry Novak, John Frigo, hbs.  
Moroccan Village: Kansas Fields, Joe Killian.  
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, tfn.  
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Maszetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.  
Plugged Nickel: unk.

## NEW ORLEANS

Black Knight: Bill Gannon, Jan Allison, tfn.  
Collar: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, tfn.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
El Morocco: Magnificent 4 + 1, tfn.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, tfn.  
541 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, tfn.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, tfn.  
Goliwog: Armand Hug, tfn.  
Haven: Ed Frank, wknds.  
Holiday House: David Lastee, afterhours wknds.  
Loyola Field House: Henry Mancini, 1/22.  
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole, tfn.  
Outrigger: Stan Mendelson, tfn.  
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn. Marvin Kimball, Wed.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Effie, tfn.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
Red Garter Annex: George Lewis, Sun. after-noon.  
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.

## ST. LOUIS

Blue Note: Leo's Five, hb.  
Corinthian Room: Jim Becker, Sandy East, tfn.  
Fats States Lounge: Freddy Washington, Sat. afternoon, Mon.  
Iron Gate: Rickey Valentine, tfn.  
Mainlander: Murion Miller, tfn.  
Mr. Franks: Joe Murphy, tfn.  
Opera House: Singleton Palmer, hb.  
Oyster Bed: Connie Morris, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno 4, hb. Jim Bolen, wknds.  
Playgirl Club: Sammy Gardner, tfn.  
Renaissance Room: The Marksmen, hb.  
Silver Dollar: Muggsy's Gaslighters, tfn.  
Sorrentos: Herb Drury, Thur-Sat.  
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet, wknds.

## LAS VEGAS

Colonial House: Steve Perlow, Carl Fontana, David Allen, tfn.  
Flamingo Hotel: Russ Black, hb.  
Fremont Hotel Theater: Nat Brandywynne, hb.  
Riviera Hotel: Marty Heim, Jack Cathcart, hbs.  
Sahara Hotel: Louis Basil, hb.  
Sands Hotel: Frank Sinatra-Count Basie to 2/1.  
Dinhann Carroll, 2/16-3/1. Buddy Greco, 2/2-3/1. Sonny King-Vido Musso, tfn.  
Torch Club: Jimmy Cook, Tue.  
Tropicana: George Shearing to 2/9. Mel Torme-Si Zentner, 3/10-4/6.

## LOS ANGELES

Beverly Hilton Hotel: Freddie Karger, tfn.  
Beverly Rodeo Hotel: Morty Jacobs, tfn.  
Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.  
Bowman-Mann Galleries (Beverly Hills): jazz concerts, Sun.  
Cappy's (Van Nuys): Ray Bauduc, Bob Mc-Cracken, Mon-Tue.  
Cascades (Anaheim): Alton Purnell, Sun.-Mon.  
Cavalier (Montebello): Al Morgan, Buddy Hanks.  
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.-Sat.  
Coronet Room: Dave Mackay, Sun.  
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, tfn.  
400 Club: Mirth Francois, Frank Perry, tfn.  
4 Winds (Huntington Beach): Charlie LeVere, Sun.-Mon.  
Gilded Cage (Anaheim): Lee Countryman, Tue.-Sat.  
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.  
Hacienda (Fresno): Four Freshmen, Sue Raney, 1/27-2/9.  
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.  
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): French Quarter Jazz Band, wknds.  
Hollywood Plaza Hotel: Johnny Guarnieri, tfn.  
Hot Toddy's (Glendale): Mike Riley, Fri.-Sat.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, tfn.  
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart, tfn.  
It Club: Jimmy Smith, 1/28-2/7.  
Kabuki Theater: afterhours sessions, Sat.  
Leapin' Liz's: El Dorado Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.  
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Jazz Crusaders, 1/14-23. Mongo Santamaria, 1/28-2/13. How-ard Rumsey, 2/14-17.  
Marty's: Bill Green, tfn.  
Memory Lane: Harry Edison, tfn. Various groups, Mon.  
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell, tfn.  
Officer's Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.  
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson, tfn.  
Pasadena Civic Auditorium: Nancy Wilson, 2/19.  
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Kellie Green, Mike Melvoin, hbs.  
Ram's Horn (Encino): Calvin Jackson, Chris Clark, tfn.  
Raven Room (Westminster): June Derry, Tue.-Sat.  
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.-Sat.  
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed.  
Reuben E. Lee (Newport Beach): Jackie Coon, Wed.-Sat.  
Roaring '20s (Beverly Hills): Hot Toddy's Dixie-landers, Wed.-Sat.  
Shakey's (Hollywood): Nappy Lamare, Carlo Duncan, tfn.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Thelonious Monk to 1/23.  
Cal Tjader, 1/25-2/6. Carmen McRae, 2/8-20.  
Shelly Manne, wknds.  
Velvet Turtle (Redondo Beach): Louis Santiago.  
Wagon Wheel Inn (West Covina): Rick Fay, Paul Gardner, Billy Devroe, tfn.  
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Adam Cato, Leon Petties, hbs.  
Woodlake Bowl (Woodland Hills): Gus Bivann.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: Oscar Brown Jr. to 1/22.  
Woody Herman, 2/2-5. Count Basie, 2/7-8.  
Jimmy Smith, 2/9-26.  
Both/And: John Handy to 1/16.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.  
Gatsby's (Sausalito): Lou Morell, wknds.  
Hungry i: Eddie Duran, hb.  
Jack of Diamonds: Vernon Alley, Sherry Rob-bins, tfn.  
Jazz Workshop: Mongo Santamaria to 1/15.  
Les McCann, 1/11-23. Thelonious Monk, 1/25-2/6. Hank Crawford, 2/8-20. Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee, 2/22-3/6. Zoot Sims, 3/8-13.  
Jimmy Rushing, Junior Mance, 3/15-27. Horace Silver, 3/20-4/24. Wynton Kelly, Wes Mont-gomery, 4/26-5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-29. Herbie Mann, 5/31-6/12.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson, tfn.  
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, Merrill Hoover, hbs.  
Trident (Sausalito): Jean Hoffman to 1/23.

# MUSIC '66

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