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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

ANNUAL REED ISSUE

A Long Look At Stan Getz

By Don DeMicheal

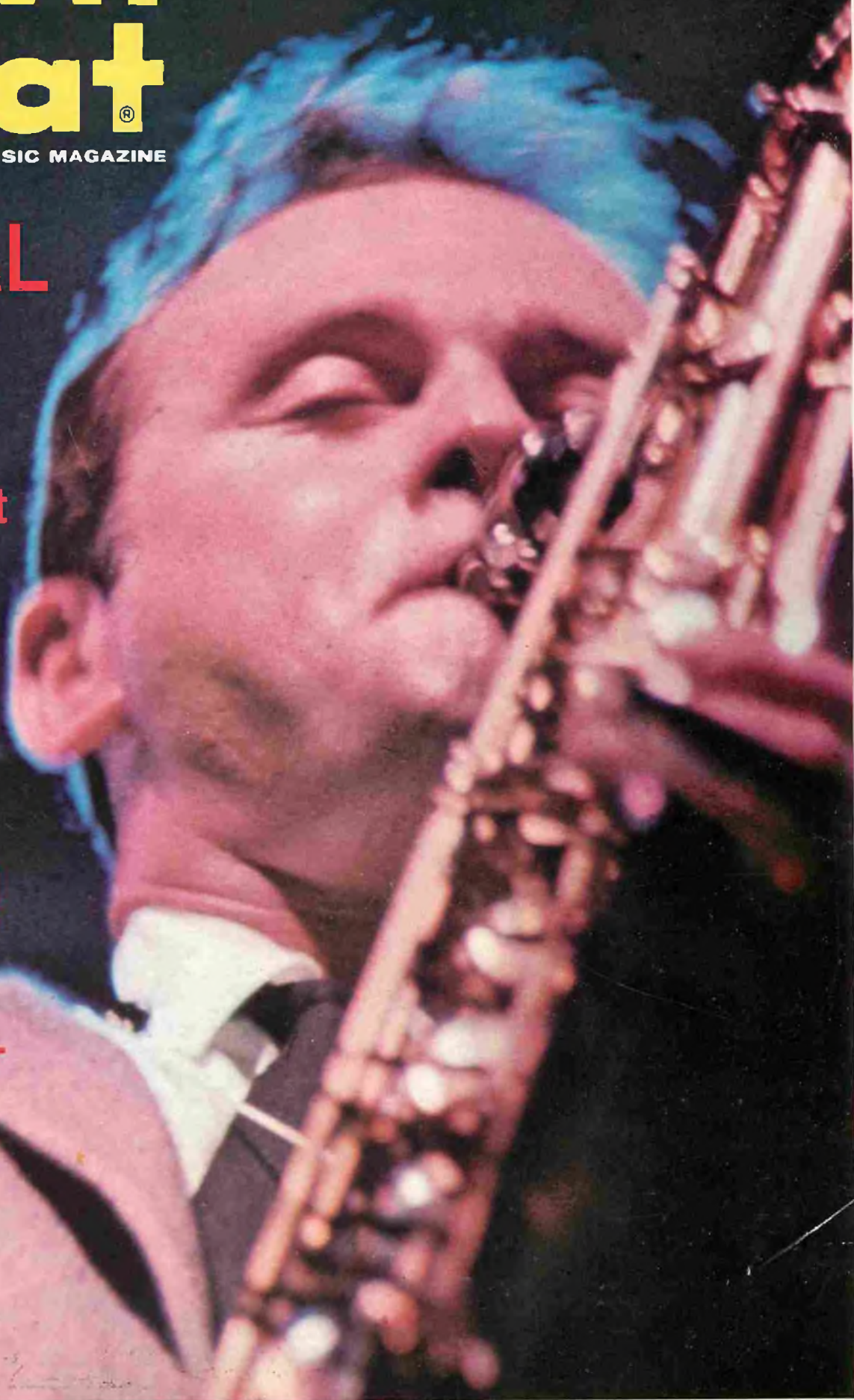
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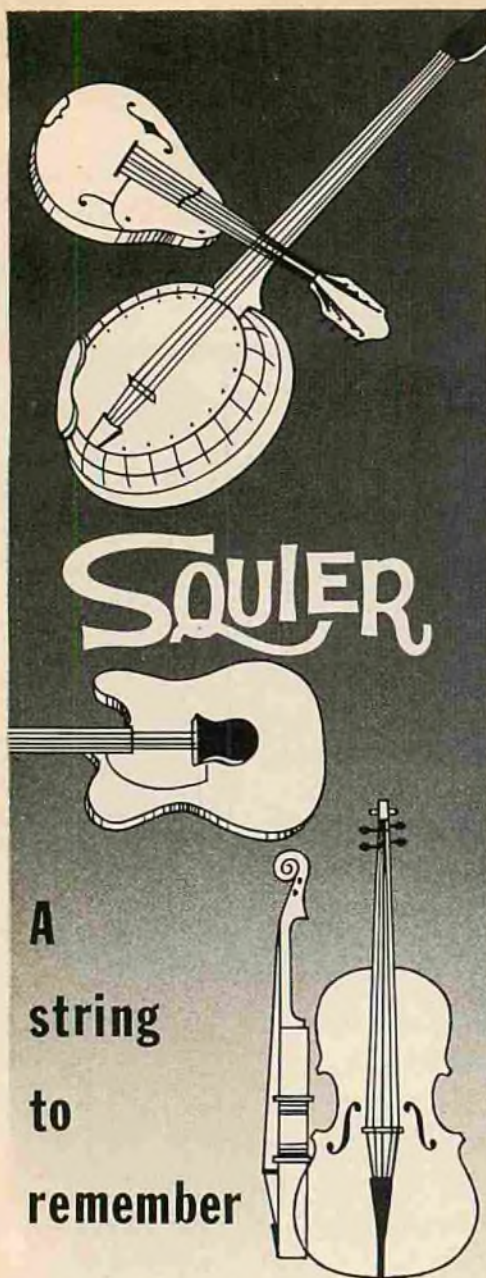
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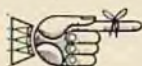
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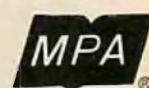
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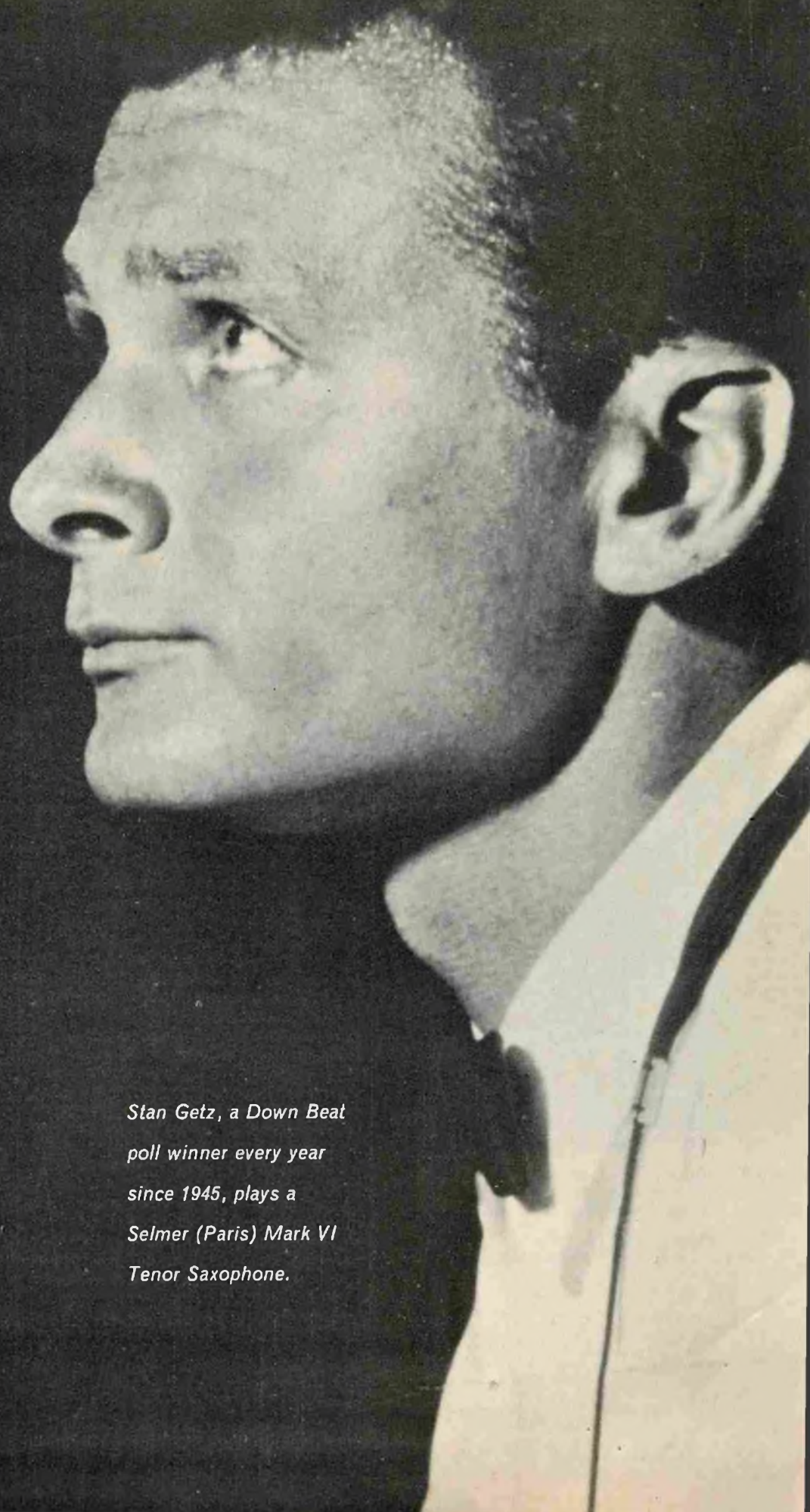
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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Hooray For Illinois!

Thank you, Burt Korall, for your article on Illinois Jacquet (*DB*, April 7). It seems in recent years, Jacquet has been somewhat forgotten and relegated to the background when jazz articles are written; yet, in our opinion, he is one of the all-time great jazz tenor men. Now he has brought the bassoon, that most difficult of instruments, onto the jazz scene.

Thanks again for this long-overdue recognition of one of the giants of jazz.

Betty & Al Mann Jr.
Haverhill, Mass.

Hardy On Hawes Hardly Satisfies

Perhaps John William Hardy's review of Hampton Hawes (*DB*, April 7) did some good, although that hardly seemed its intent. I was compelled to stop in at Mitchell's ("no relation to Red") to see if Hawes had suddenly been afflicted with a severe case of arthritis of the fingers. Fear not, jazz fans; happily the Hamp we know (obviously no relation to the Hamp reviewed) is still swinging, just as though the personal, subjective attack by Hardy had never been published.

Hardy states that Hawes disassociates himself from the angry young men of the avant-garde. What in the world is wrong with that if he has no argument with the world? Hardy seems to indulge himself in a fantasy of self-projection about how Hawes ought to play. If Hawes doesn't play the way a critic wants him to, is that important?

Because Hawes is a Negro, does he have to be angry at someone? If he's a well-adjusted human being before being a Negro, before being a musician, and wants to create beauty, can that be wrong? Hardy states that Hawes has changed very little since the '50s. Has change in and of itself suddenly become a virtue?

The review was accurate in one respect at least. Rather than playing easy, acceptable cliches, tricks, and quotes from his own recordings the whole night, Hawes does play with fierce attack and attempts to play just what he feels—spontaneously, without working solos out in advance. When a man plays with his heart and his head instead of just his fingers, everything he tries doesn't always come off.

Of course, the reader who isn't familiar with Hampton Hawes can best make up his own mind by listening to Hawes' latest recordings.

Andrew Yellin
San Diego, Calif.

A Word Of Protest

I want to take issue with Nat Hentoff's column (*DB*, March 24) in which he says, "It is at least as important for white middle-class youngsters to hear what jazz is saying. . . ."

I am a white middle-class teen, and I enjoy jazz. I have several white middle- and upper-class friends who also enjoy

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jazz (and I don't mean Ramsey Lewis or Willie Bobo pop-rock; I mean all jazz from Jelly Roll Morton to Albert Ayler). I am tired of being considered a square because of my environment. I have talked to Negroes rich and poor, stupid and brilliant, who don't know a hill of beans about jazz beyond Ramsey Lewis.

Jon Carver
Los Angeles

Letter-Of-The-Year Award

I hereby suggest an award for letters written by the readers of *Down Beat* to *Down Beat*. In doing this, I not only nominate George Russell for the first award for his letter *Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds* (DB, April 7), but I also strongly urge consideration be given him for a spot in the Hall of Fame.

Ernest Gillespie
Elmhurst, N.Y.

Clarification From Keepnews

Since I was so closely associated with Riverside records, as vice president and recording director, throughout what I guess must be called its first life (1953-64), quite a few people appear to be confused as to my possible relationship to the "reactivated" Riverside label. I think it a good idea to clarify this matter.

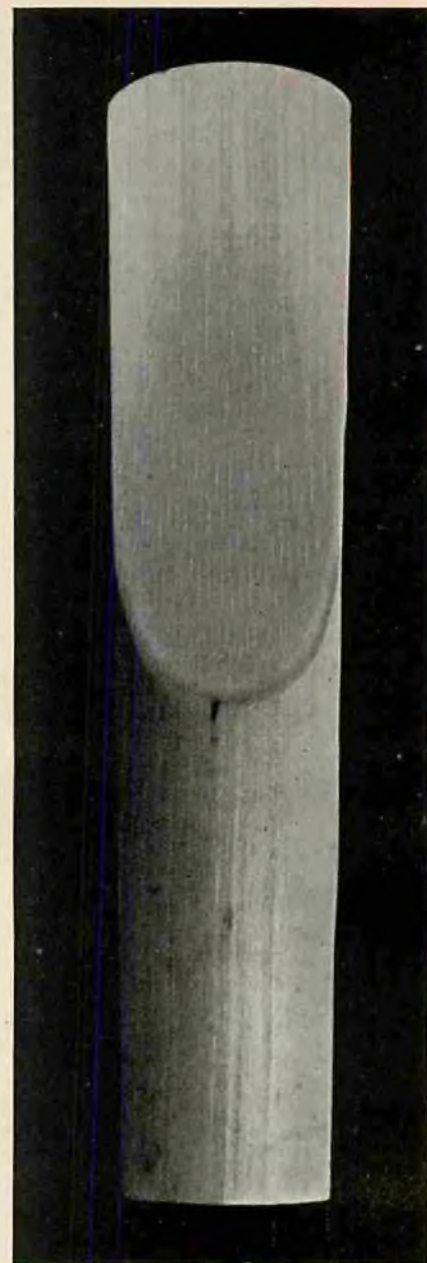
Quite specifically, there is no relationship whatever. All master tapes and existing records, and the trade names of Riverside and its various subsidiary labels, were taken over in mid-1964 by the firm's principal creditors. It is from them that the present operators of Riverside have acquired these properties.

However, it seems only fair to note in the interests of clarity that virtually all albums released to date on the "new" Riverside were produced, edited, and programmed by me (in 1963 and '64), although the present management has chosen to omit producer credits from their album sleeves. The only exceptions to the above are as follows:

The *Monk in Italy* and *Monk in France* LPs are European concert tapes (and are drawn from the "old" Riverside two-album set, *Two Hours with Thelonious*). The Charlie Byrd album (*Byrd Song*) was co-produced by Ed Michel. The Johnny (Hammond) Smith *Open House* LP includes material co-produced by Michel and also includes what I recall to be rejected versions of some selections issued on an earlier Smith album (*Mr. Wonderful*). The Wes Montgomery Trio LP (*Portrait of Wes*) appears to have been mastered from a reference tape I had prepared strictly for making an acetate disc or two for personal listening purposes, and after such listening, Wes and I agreed to reject at least three of the numbers and to re-record them or replace them with other tunes (which was done at a later, still-unissued session).

Otherwise, the recent Riverside output is artistically my product (although, of course, such aspects as packaging and manufacturing quality are not of my doing), and I would like to have the credit or blame for it.

Orrin Keepnews
New York City



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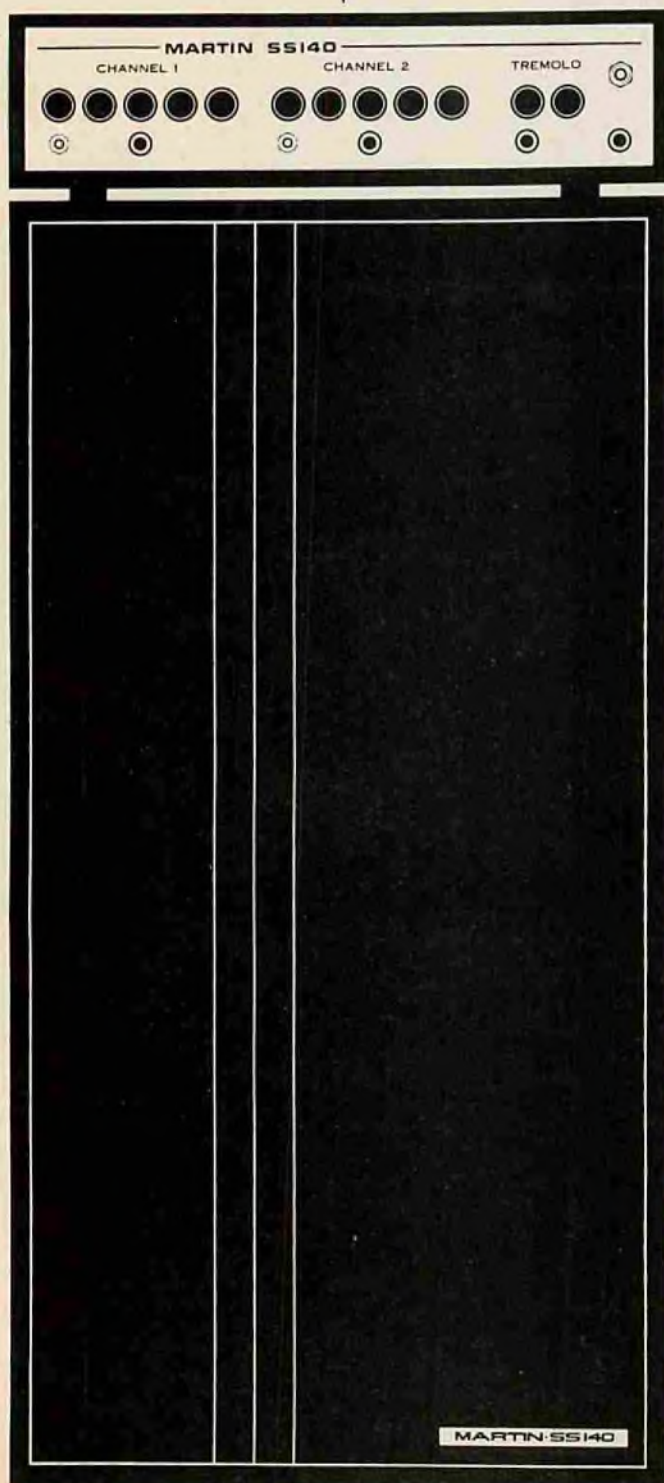
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news and views

DOWN BEAT: May 19, 1966

Rich Leaves James To Form Big Band

Drummer Buddy Rich has been in and out of the Harry James Band for the last four years. Mostly he's been in, but now he's out again. (At least, so things stood at presstime.) This time the colorful drummer, who first joined the James band in 1953, said he will form his own big band to showcase his talents, which include song and dance as well as snappy patter and drumming.

Louie Bellson—who left the Duke Ellington Orchestra in January—was to replace Rich in the James band for the final week of its engagement at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas and its current three-week stint (May 2-21) at New York's Mark Twain Riverboat.

After a return to the West Coast for a four-night stand at Disneyland and a recording session, Bellson plans to quit James and resume his growing career as an arranger-composer.

Bellson told *Down Beat*: "I told Harry I'd be able to fill in for only a month or so. The reason I left Duke originally was so I could stay in Los Angeles and do some writing. I have commissions to write and orchestrate some TV documentaries for David Wolper. That will keep me busy at least through July.

"There's an hour special called *Anatomy of a Crime* that I have to look at and then score, and I've been given free rein as far as style and instrumentation are concerned. Also in the works is another one-hour special called *Creative America* that I might be writing with Lalo Schiffrin."

Jazz And Politics Fail To Mix Well In Paris

Life really can get complicated for the small colony of American jazz musicians in Paris. Having been accused by a small but strident minority recently of taking the bread from the mouths of French jazzmen, they now find themselves under attack for their unanimous 11th-hour withdrawal from a concert designed, they understood, to help the U.S. civil rights movement.

"Pressure," announced France's Communist daily, *L'Humanite*, "was put on them by the Central Intelligence Agency, acting through the American Embassy in Paris. They risked having their passports

taken away and the possibility of not being able to work."

What *L'Humanite* did not say, however, was that the committee organizing the concert had made a small omission when it approached American musicians to donate their services. Mezz Mezzrow, Art Simmons, Johnny Griffin, Kenny Clarke, Ron Jefferson, and Lou Bennett were told, "The concert will be in aid of the civil rights campaign."

They agreed to perform. Later, however, they discovered that the concert was also in support of a campaign to get U.S. troops out of Viet Nam.

"Of course," Simmons said, "I'll support the civil rights movement because I'm a Negro. But I'm also American, and I am not inclined to give my support to an anti-American demonstration. Talk of threats and blackmail by the CIA is complete nonsense. We made individual decisions, and we all resented the fact that no mention was made of the Viet Nam issue when we were asked to play."

The day before the concert—which finally went on with an all-French program—Charles Bohlen, U.S. ambassador to France, had similarly boycotted a civil-rights-cum-pull-out-of-Viet Nam meeting at the Palais des Sports in which singer Harry Belafonte and Dr. Martin Luther King participated.

Final Bar

Trumpeter Avery (Kid) Howard, 57, rated by many as the best trumpeter in the current New Orleans revival, died March 28 of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Howard started out as a drummer in Isaiah Morgan's Band but then changed to cornet after hearing blues cornetist Chris Kelly (who had also been an influence on Louis Armstrong). Howard became popular in New Orleans and played with various groups throughout the 1920s. In semiretirement during the '40s and '50s, he returned to the scene in the '60s as a prominent figure in the revival of traditional jazz centered at Preservation Hall. He was a regular there and at Dixieland Hall and was also featured on a tour of Europe with George Lewis' band.

Howard was given a traditional funeral,

New Quarters

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paced by three bands (Harold DeJean's Olympia Brass Band, the Eureka Brass Band, and Paul Barbarin's Onward Brass Band) and attended by numerous other musicians and prominent figures in the jazz community, such as Durel Black, president of the New Orleans Jazz Club, and George Finola, assistant at the Jazz Museum.

According to guitarist Danny Barker, the Howard procession was the largest since 1928, when Clay Giles of the Excelsior Brass Band was honored with four bands at his funeral procession.

Goodman To Play For Dancing Again

Benny Goodman, whose sporadic musical activities in recent years have included a number of concerts but few night-club appearances, begins an unusual engagement on May 19 at New York City's Rainbow Grill.

For three weeks, the clarinetist, at the helm of a sextet, will play for dancing at the room, scenically situated on the top floor of the RCA Building in Rockefeller Center.

Some special material, designed for listening rather than dancing, will be included in the group's repertoire, and a female vocalist also will be featured.

At presstime, Goodman was still auditioning musicians and singers for the booking. Trumpeter Jonah Jones inaugurated the room's jazz-for-dancing policy late last year, and it has proved successful.

Festival In Pittsburgh

The Pittsburgh Jazz Festival, sponsored in previous years by the Catholic Youth Organization of the Pittsburgh diocese, will join this year with the American Wind Symphony Orchestra and present an outdoor music festival the evenings of July 2, 3, and 4. It will be called AWSO-CYO Pittsburgh Fourth of July Music Festival.

The site will be at the Allegheny River Wharf, part of Point Park, where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers join to form the Ohio.

Although jazz will predominate, other kinds of music—including popular, folk, and country music—will be programmed.

The Rev. Michael Williams said that jazz artists will include Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie, Quincy Jones, and Kai Winding, with others to be announced.

Potpourri

The spring section of Stanford University's Jazz Year program of concerts, lectures, and discussions got under way on April 8 with a lecture on "Jazz in the '60s" by critic **Ira Gitler** and a "Jazz Casual" concert-discussion by the **John Handy Quintet**, at which critic **Ralph J. Gleason**, the series' consultant, interviewed the Handy quintet members. Gleason acted in like capacity on April 22, when the **Muddy Waters Blues Band** was presented in a "Jazz Casual" program. The **Ray Charles Orchestra** was featured at a concert in the university's Frost Amphitheater April 24. The final programs in the Jazz Year are a concert by the **Miles Davis Quintet** in the Memorial Auditorium May 22 and a lecture by Gleason on "The Future of Jazz" on May 23. The Jazz Year is presented under the aegis of the student-run Tresidder Union on the California school's campus.

On May 12 and 13 composer **Ralph Shapey** will conduct the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra** in the premiere performance of his composition *Rituals for Symphony Orchestra*. The piece includes a section to be improvised by alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones and piano, the players of which will be basically jazz musicians. **Rich Fudoli**, tenor saxophone, and **Bill Mathieu**, piano, have been signed to perform. The other two instrumentalists had not been decided on at presstime. The concert will be held at Chicago's Orchestra Hall. The hall, usually the home of the city's symphony orchestra, also will be the site of a May 6 concert titled *Faces of the Blues*. The program will feature blues men **Big Joe Williams**, **Sleepy John Estes**, and **Junior Wells**, plus pianists **Art Hodes** and **Erwin Helfer**. The **Sallie Martin Gospel Singers** also are on the bill.

Steel executive, jazz musician, journalist **Michael Zwerin** is a man of many parts. As president of the Capitol Steel Corporation, Zwerin had been, by necessity, involved in music and writing avocationally, but pastime has become passion. Zwerin resigned his position at Capitol Steel to become a freelance writer and musician. "I had my own five-year plan," Zwerin said, "with the goal of being able to do what I wanted while still remaining in the steel business. But I found myself working harder and spending more and more time in a very competitive field, which has no room for part-time people." Once a full-time trombonist, who worked with, among others, **Miles Davis** and **Claude Thornhill**, Zwerin has been in steel since 1951. About a year ago, he began to write a jazz column for the *Village Voice*, a New York weekly. "It's ironic," he commented. "I started to write the column with the idea that it would help me get work for my band, but since then, writing has become more important to me than anything else." Zwerin has no illusions. He has given up his duplex apartment and has moved into pianist **Paul Bley**'s down-

town loft. "If I'm faced with the choice of going back to work or starving," he said, "I'd rather do it in writing or music than steel."

The number of active music students at Harlem's **HARYOU** youth center has increased from 18 to more than 150 in recent months. Alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** is the music supervisor, and among the instructors are trumpeter **Kenny Dorham**, multireed man **Jerome Richardson**, pianist **Larry Willis**, and composers **Alonzo Levister** and **Coleridge Parkinson**. The center offers classes in harmony and theory as well as big-band, choral, and Latin-band workshops.

Reports from Poland indicate that the two concerts by pianist **Thelonious Monk's** quartet (**Charlie Rouse**, tenor saxophone; **Larry Gales**, bass; and **Ben Riley**, drums) held April 4 and 6 in the Warsaw Philharmonic Hall were highly successful and that leader Monk and his sidemen made a most favorable impression on public and press. After the pianist's press conference, attended by nearly 100 journalists, a host of enthusiastic articles appeared in local newspapers. The quartet also taped 30 minutes for Polish television. The first half of the Monk concerts, which were organized by the Polish Jazz Federation and attended by musicians from all over the country, were given over to a performance by the Polish vocal group **Novi**. The Monk quartet also played dates in most other European countries and is currently touring Japan. The group is expected back in the United States on May 16.

Winners of the eighth annual **NARAS** Grammy awards (*DB*, April 21) will take part in an hour-long special on NBC-TV May 16. **Les Brown**, who wielded the baton for the West Coast Grammy ceremonies, will direct the music for the show.

Other coming events on the small screen will have **Louis Armstrong** featured in a segment of the *Dean Martin Show* on May 12, and NBC repeating its highly successful *Frank Sinatra—A Man and His Music* special May 14. This same network will initiate a program, *The Best on Record*, with performances by top recording artists. **Robert Q. Lewis** will act as host.

In a surprise move, tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson** abruptly quit the **Horace Silver Quintet** in the midst of the group's performance before a Saturday night crowd at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop on April 2. Silver told *Down Beat* that the tenorist's reported reason for leaving was that drummer **Roger Humphries**' playing "was thwarting his solos." The pianist's group finished the Saturday night and evening performances as a quartet. Altoist **Frank Strozier**, who was "borrowed" from the **Shelly Manne** group in Los Angeles, substituted for Henderson through Silver's April 10 closing. The pianist, who said he did not plan to bring union charges against Henderson, indicated he would add a new

sideman upon returning to New York City. Silver said he had no intimation Henderson was planning to leave, though the tenor saxophonist had asked the leader for a three-month leave of absence to form a recording group some months earlier. At that time, Silver refused on the grounds that by the time a replacement was taught the group's library, Henderson would be due to return. Asked then if he wished to leave, Henderson elected to remain.

En route to a concert engagement in Kansas City, Mo., the **Quartette Tres Bien** (**Jeter Thompson**, piano; **Richard Simmons**, bass; **Albert St. James**, drums; and **Percy James**, African percussion) found time to stop at Leavenworth, Kan., to treat the inmates of the federal penitentiary there to an evening of jazz late in March. The group's performance, sponsored by the Rev. **Clyde X. Jones** of the quartet's home town, St. Louis, Mo., was greeted with wild enthusiasm by the captive audience, who gave African percussionist James a standing ovation after a tumultuous solo on *Watusi Warrior*, a group original. At the program's end, Warden **J. T. Willingham** thanked the **Tres Bien's** members for taking the time to provide the inmates a glimpse of what is happening on the outside.

Movies must be better than ever—or at least more swinging. There is, for example, a 15-minute jazz sequence arranged by **Bill Holman** in a soon-to-be-released Columbia picture, *Three on a Couch*, which stars **Jerry Lewis**. **Lou Brown**, who is scoring the film, asked Holman to arrange the music for a "wild jazz party." Holman's choice for the band were **Ray Triseari**, **Jack Sheldon**, **Bobby Bryant**, **Al Porcino**, **Bud Brisbois**, trumpets; **Milt Bernhart**, **Frank Rosolino**, **Carl Fontana**, **Vern Friley**, **Ken Shroyer**, trombones; **Red Callender**, tuba; **Bud Shank**, **Harold Land**, **Cabe Balthazar**, **Bill Hood**, **Plas Johnson**, reeds; **Victor Feldman**, vibraharp; **Jimmie Rowles**, piano; **Al Hendrickson**, guitar; **Monty Budwig**, **Joe Mondragon**, basses; and **Larry Bunker**, **Colin Bailey**, drums. Meanwhile, on the *Duel at Diablo* set, a large orchestra cutting **Neal Hefti's** score included more jazz names and a couple of duplicates: **Triseari**, trumpet; **Barney Kessel**, **Billy Gibbons**, **Tommy Tedesco**, **Bill Pitman**, **Bob Bain**, guitars; **Rowles**, piano; **Red Mitchell**, **Al McKibbon**, **Ray Brown**, basses; **Shelly Manne**, drums; and **Emil Richards**, percussion.

Pianist **Marian McPartland** and a&man **Orrin Keepnews** are the most recent additions to **WBAL-FM's** roster of jazz broadcasters. Mrs. McPartland's show is heard Wednesdays at 11 p.m. and *Keepnews' Inside the Record* on Fridays at 11 p.m. and Mondays at 11 a.m. The non-profit, listener-supported station's other regular jazz programs include singer **Dave Lambert's** show (Monday, 11 p.m., and Friday at 3:30 p.m.), **Don Schlitten's Jazz Legends** (Tuesday, 10:15 p.m.), *The Scope of Jazz* with **Ira Gitler** (Sunday,

11 p.m., and Thursday, 3:30 p.m.), Phil Elwood's *Jazz Archives* (Saturday, 8 p.m.), and a Saturday afternoon two-hour show (beginning at 2 p.m.) frequently hosted by musicians (most recently, pianist Toshiko Mariano and co-leaders Thad Jones and Mel Lewis).

Don Ellis will teach a seminar in jazz arranging and composing at the University of California at Los Angeles this summer. Currently, the trumpeter is teaching two courses that are affiliated with the university's extension branch. The courses—advanced workshop in jazz arranging and composing and jazz workshop orchestra—are for adults and can be taken for degree credit. "The level of students in the arranging course is amazing," Ellis said. "The courses are interactive. Students in the arranging class write for the orchestra and this way can hear their charts." Ellis has had close ties with UCLA since he studied there with Indian percussionist Hari Har Rao, who taught ethnomusicology. With mutual curiosity about each other's music, Ellis and Rao formed the *Hindustani Jazz Sextet*. Ellis' other venture—his 20-piece avant-garde band—is now in its sixth month at the Club Havana. Personnel of the big band is Glenn Stuart, Dalton Smith, Al Patacca, Paul Lopez, Ellis, trumpets; Dave Sanchez, Ron Meyers, Dave Wells, trombones; Rubin Leon, Tom Scott, Ira Schulman, Ron Starr, John Magruder, saxophones; Dave Mackay, piano; Porkie Britto, Frank De La Rosa, Vic Mio, basses; Chino Valdez, conga; Steve Bohannon, Russ Pollock, drums.

Plans for expansion of the National League of Musicians Wives were put into action last month in San Francisco at the organization's fifth annual convention, which also elected as president Mrs. Grover Mitchell, wife of Count Basie's lead trombonist. The league now has chapters in San Francisco, the Eastbay (Oakland, Calif.) area, Los Angeles, Las Vegas, and Louisville, Ky. The formation of a chapter in Atlanta, Ga., is in process. Units in New York City and Pittsburgh, Pa., are projected. The league has provided scholarships for worthy young musicians and has done charity work. One of its long-range projects is the establishment of a musicians' relief home.

A number of traditional jazzmen who participated in a fund-raising concert for the Hillsborough, Fla., County Association for Mental Health last December are further contributing to that cause by allowing a recording made at the concert to be sold, with proceeds going to the mental-health program. Featured on the LP, *Jazz: Bayou to Bay*—obtainable for \$4 postpaid from Mental Health Association Jazz Program, Room 709, 305 N. Morgan St., Tampa, Fla., 33602—are cornetist Paul (Doc) Evans, trombonist Munn Ware, clarinetist Raymond Burke, pianist John (Knocky) Parker, guitarist Edmond (Doc) Souchon, bassist Sherwood Mangiapane, drummer Paul Barbarin, and vocalist Julie Wilson.



BYSTANDER
By MARTIN
WILLIAMS

Jazz And The 'Operator'— Marriage Of Necessity?

I know a man who has been involved with various pursuits during his life, and more than half of these have been related to jazz. This man loves jazz and has loved it most of his life. He is a basically decent person.

But he said quite frankly that when he was briefly in the record business, he would falsify his sales reports on standard tunes to ASCAP. If he had honestly paid all the royalties he owed on those tunes, he explained, he simply could not have stayed in business. He obviously considers himself justified in what he did, and yet this same man was the first to accuse others in the business end of music of dishonesty—of lying, cheating, and stealing, or maybe just a little chiseling here and there.

In such accusations hurled at others, he is often on safe ground. Music operates as a branch of show business, and show business is riddled with opportunism and dishonesty of all kinds. Largely that is because show business is what is called "marginal."

In show biz, successes are made overnight, and so are failures. Success sometimes seems to have nothing to do with skill, artistic merit, talent, preparation, or hard work.

There are fortunes to be made in entertainment, but the chances one takes in making them are enormous. So show business frequently attracts a certain kind of man, an "operator," a man in whom can be observed a combination of brashness, rudeness, nerve, gall, fakery, opportunism, bravura, dishonesty—and frequently charm.

One comparable business is women's fashions. Dress manufacturers by and large live off of the craftsmanship of a handful of designers, plus their own business acumen and sheer nerve. They take enormous chances. They make and lose money overnight, and their world is fraught with business spying, thievery, and cheating.

So we come to a kind of paradox: apparently the sort of temperament it takes to manage and promote creative people, to put on and produce shows, simply to get involved in a managerial or production or promotional capacity in show business, often does go with a kind of personal opportunism and charlatanism.

Every time one laments the grubby characters one runs into in big-time music business, one needs to stop and remind himself that someone has to do their jobs, and that (with certain notable

and heart-warming exceptions) a certain kind of man seems to be attracted to those jobs.

The dishonesty, petty and large, that goes on in music may affect an artist so that he sees dishonesty where none exists.

One jazz musician regularly complains about the fact that he has to pay production costs on his records before he gets any royalties from them. That is, he has to pay for studio time, cover design, liner notes, and all that. He feels he's being cheated. But rightly or wrongly every musician or singer or comedian who makes records has to pay off production costs; it's standard contract procedure. (Oh, perhaps Tony Bennett's manager has swung a contract in which he doesn't, but I doubt it.)

However, consider the following:

A few years ago a record company went out of business. In the year after its demise, 700,000 of its LPs were distributed to retailers. These were not leftover, remainder, or bankrupt stock. They were new pressings, all illegally produced. The record sleeves were thin, cheaply made copies of the original. The plastic material of the discs was inferior, and the surfaces were noisy. But all the evidence points to the fact that whoever pressed these records had not dubbed the music from old LPs but was pressing from the original stampers.

From the various wholesale and retail sales of these records, neither artist nor composer, nor music publisher, nor the record company made a cent. But somebody obviously did. That money-making somebody or somebodies obviously took a chance. But how much of a chance?

If it is true that the original stampers were used, and that new stampers were not made by dubbing from old pressings, my guess is that it would not be too difficult to track down the bootleg profiteers. But suppose they were tracked down, and suppose they were prosecuted. Under existing laws, and following the lines of recent decisions, the bootleggers probably would be fined. It might seem like quite a hefty fine, but compared with the profits made, it probably would be nothing but a couple of drops in the bucket.

Certainly these men don't care about their reputations. They have already joined the ungodly number of people in the various reaches of show business—or, I am sure, business of any kind—who don't give a damn about their reputations in the first place.

ES

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: A group led by tenor saxophonist **Pharoah Sanders** and cornetist **Clifford Thornton** played two college concerts last month, the first at Jersey City State, the other at Bard. On May 28 the group will be heard in concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. A trio led by pianist **McCoy Tyner**, and including bassist **Jimmy Garrison**, also appeared at the college concerts and will be at the May 28 event . . . Tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson** was featured with pianist Tyner's quartet at Slug's in April. Also at the lower east-side club that month were drummer **Roy Haynes'** new quintet (**Charles Tolliver**, trumpet; **Bennie Maupin**, tenor saxophone; **John Hicks**, piano; **Scotty Holt**, bass), pianist **Randy Weston's** quintet, and saxophonist **Yusef Lateef** and his group. The newly formed quintet co-led by alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson** and trumpeter **Lonnie Hillyer** made its debut at the club in March; the group played on two successive Monday nights. During the second, they were joined by a notable sitter-in, trumpeter **Miles Davis** . . . British alto saxophonist-composer **Johnny Dankworth** was in New York in March to record the music for a pilot film for a projected television series. The Dankworth ensemble included trumpeter **Clark Terry**, valve trombonist **Bob Brookmeyer**, trombonists **Marshall Brown** (doubling euphonium) and **Jimmy Cleveland**, pianist **Roger Kellaway**, bassist **Richard Davis**, and drummer **Mel Lewis**. Dankworth's wife, singer **Cleo Laine**, appeared on NBC's *Tonight Show* during the visit . . . April 16 was a busy day for tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz** and his quartet. They were heard in concert at New York University and then drove to Riverdale to perform at a benefit for the City of Hope at the Horace Mann School . . . The Half Note continues its policy of adding weekend attractions to its regular bill. During multireed man **Roland Kirk's** three-week stand in May, drummer **Art Blakey's** Jazz Messengers and the **Horace Silver** Quintet will take turns on alternating weekends . . . The Metropole, returning to a part-time jazz policy while retaining its line of go-go girls and rock-and-roll, featured drummer **Gene Krupa's** quartet in April. Trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet opens May 6 . . . Guitarist **Charlie Byrd** accompanied the Rev. **Malcolm Boyd** in readings from his book *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* at a special Good Friday service at the Broadway United Church of Christ . . . In April, trumpeter **Emmett Berry** worked briefly in clarinetist **Peanuts Hucko's** sextet at Eddie Condon's (**Cutty Cutshall**, trombone; **Roger Kellaway**, piano; **Gene Ramey**, bass; **Morey Feld**, drums). Berry also participated in a benefit concert for the United Nations Refugee Fund held at the U.N. March 31; he played with drummer **Dave Poehon**'s band (**Earle Warren**, alto saxophone, flute; **Andre Persiani**, piano; **Leonard Gaskin**, bass). Also featured was **Randy Weston**, accompanying singer **Ruth Brisbane** at the piano in some of his songs. . .

Blues singer-pianist **Cousin Joe** alternates at the Top of the Gate with pianist **Bobby Timmons** and vibraharpist **Dave Pike**. Alto saxophonist **Cannonball Adderley's** quintet was on hand downstairs at the Gate for four days in April . . . Singer **Janet Lawson** did three Monday nights at the Five Spot in April; she was backed by pianist **Pat Rebillot**, bassist **Teddy Kotick**, and drummer **Paul Motian** . . . During the first of its two weeks at the Village Vanguard, pianist **Mose Allison's** trio alternated with vibraharpist **Gary McFarland's** quartet. Tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hawkins'** quartet shared the stand with Allison the second week. Hawkins also did a weekend at the Half Note in March . . . Bassist **Chris White** has joined pianist **Billy Taylor's** trio at the Hickory House . . . Pianist-arranger **Lynn Oliver**, who runs a successful recording studio, recently formed a quintet (**Albert Delgado**, vibraharp; **Marty Rosen**, guitar; **Mark Trail**, bass; **Jack Winters**, drums) that gave a concert at the Brooklyn Public Library in April. Oliver also occasionally leads a big dance band . . . Singer **Babs Gonzales** returned from a tour that included appearances in Detroit, San Francisco, and Los Angeles in time to perform at a Jazz Interactions session at the Top of the Gate . . . A concert featuring a bonanza of jazz singers was held at Columbia University April 20 as part of the school's arts festival. On hand, among others, were **Barbara Belgrave**, **Tally Brown**, **Edith Diamond**, **Jeanne Lee**, and **Gloria Tropp**, with pianist **Ran Blake** and bassist **Ernie Wilson** providing the backing . . . Drummer **Sonny Murray** leads an octet, the **Turn of the Century Orchestra**, with trombonist **Grahan Moncur III**, tenor saxophonist **Bennie Maupin**, alto saxophonists **Marion Brown** and **Charles Tyler**, clarinetist **Perry Robinson**, cellist **Joel Freedman**, and bassist **Henry Grimes**. The group gave concerts in Buffalo and Toronto in March, and on April 2 performed at the Five Spot in a benefit for Murray's 18-month-old son, **Wayne**, who died in March . . . A big band led by trumpeter **Howard McGhee** performed a special Easter Sunday service at St. Clement's Episcopal Church; the music included arrangements by **Gene Roland**, **McGhee**, and tenor saxophonist **Jimmy Heath**, as well as special material written and composed by the trumpeter's wife, **Sandy**. Vocalist **Vicki Kelly** was featured with the band, which included trombonists **Elmer Crumley** and **Matthew Gee**; saxophonists **Heath**, **Eddie Barefield**, **Lonnie Hollis**, and **Russ Andrews**; bassist **Nelson Boyd**, and drummer **Ben Dixon**. On Palm Sunday, the church presented music by vibraharpist **Ollie Shearer**, with **Virgil Jones**, trumpet; **Frank Foster**, tenor saxophone; **Howard Richmond**, guitar; **Gene Taylor**, bass; and **Al Dreares**, drums. The Rev. **John G. Gensel** officiated at both services . . . The Dom began a policy of Sunday afternoon sessions in April. Among the first groups to perform were tenor saxophonist **Hank Mobley's** quartet, pianist **McCoy Tyner's** trio, and the **Charles McPherson-Lonnie Hillyer** Quintet with singer **Leon Thomas**.

LOS ANGELES: Trumpeter **Harry Edison** is happily ensconced in his Los Angeles headquarters, Memory Lane, where he is accompanied by **Gerald Wiggins**, piano; **Bob West**, bass; and **Clarence Johnston**, drums. Vocalist **Sam Fletcher** also is featured. Edison worked under pianist **Skitch Henderson's** baton on the *Tonight* television show when it emanated from Hollywood for two weeks. Others in the band were **Ray Triscari**, **Johnny Audino**, **Zeke Zarchy**, trumpets; **Frank Rosolino**, **Vern Friley**, **Kenny Shroyer**, trombones; **Buddy Collette**, **Bud Shank**, **Bob Cooper**, **Bill Perkins**, **Jack Nimitz**, reeds; **Al Viola**, guitar; **Red Callender**, bass; and **Stan Levey**, drums . . . Tenorist **Sam Donohue's** band, formerly titled the **Tommy Dorsey Orchestra**, shrunk from 17 to nine pieces when it signed with the William Morris Agency. The band, which has been working mostly in Nevada, still has trumpeter **Charlie Shavers**, trombonist **Larry O'Brien**, and vocalist **Frank Sinatra Jr.** Gone are the **Pied Pipers** . . . The bands of **Harry James** and **Duke Ellington** are scheduled for one-nighters (May 26 and June 2, respectively) at the Golden West Ballroom in Norwalk, Calif. Ellington has also been announced as one of the midsummer guest conductors at the Hollywood Bowl . . . Pianist-arranger **Clare Fischer** signed a seven-year contract with **Albert Marx**, who backed **Gerald Wilson's** band. Fischer now is immersed in writing arrangements for a jazz album and a pop album . . . Clarinetist **Bobbie Douglas** completed a month-long engagement at the Tournament Bowl in Oxnard, Calif. What began as a trio expanded to a quartet with the addition of vibist **Harry Marshal** to **Merle Brydon**, piano, and **J. C. Heard**, drums. One of the highlights of opening night was the guest appearance of cornetist **Rex Stewart** . . . Discouraged reed man **Bob Lan** and his family left for New York, where he said he hopes he will "have a better opportunity for jazz as well as for serious writing." . . . A big event scheduled for Shrine Auditorium May 7 includes singers **Della Reese** and **Lou Rawls**, the trio of pianist **Les McCann**, and a big band fronted by trumpeter **Bobby Bryant**. The package moves to the Community Concourse in San Diego the next night.

CHICAGO: Tenorist **Eddie Harris**, backed by pianist **John Young's** trio, shared the Plugged Nickel's stand with saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** and the **Roy Meriwether** Trio last month. Originally, altoist **Bunky Green** was to work opposite Stitt. Harris has been holding Monday sessions (which begin at 4 p.m.) at the Islander, 533 E. 75th St. The **Three Souls** have been working there Thursdays through Sundays. Harris' group plays a concert May 7 at the University of Illinois' Illinois Room as part of its Chicago Showcase series . . . Bassist **Eddie Gomez** joined the **Bill Evans** Trio for its London House stint last month. Drummer with the pianist's group was **Joe Hunt**. Pianist **Oscar Peterson's** trio (**Sam Jones**, bass, and **Louis Hayes**, drums) was to

(Continued on page 50)



RAEBURN FLERLAGE

A Long Look At STAN GETZ

PART 1

By DON DeMICHEAL

HE WAS A REIGNING figure in the jazz kingdom, but he had been away from the capital for almost three years. Winds of change blew through the realm. Reigning figures toppled right and left.

But he was more than a prince of the kingdom. He was a symbol—the Cool One, the white god of jazz. A lot of people were out to get him, simply because he was who he was. He was the focus of derision—not just because of his color or his success but also because of his arrogance.

So when Stan Getz came home from Denmark in January, 1961, he would have to prove himself all over again. Perhaps not completely, for few, even his enemies, demeaned his artistry and skill as a tenor saxophonist. And though there were not many, he still had staunch friends who believed in him.

Yet the enemy was numerous.

At his first night-club engagement in New York City after his return, he was met, according to writer Bill Coss, by “the haters, musical and otherwise, who came to find out whether the young white man, who had lengthened the already legendary and unorthodox Lester Young line into something of his own, could stand up against what is, in current jazz, at least a revolution from it (or revulsion about it). . . . The still broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, bland-

faced young man met musicians backstage, and they tried him with words and with Indian-hold handshakes of questionable peace and unquestionable war.”

Recalling the earlier days, Getz’ wife, Monica, said, “There were few musicians who could upset him by their opinions about his music. He never felt insecure about his music (because I believe he has always played what he had to play, regardless of climate of opinion or trends), only himself. Outside his world of music, he always felt vulnerable and lost. In the past, he’d had a life of frightening experiences. He didn’t understand the world, and he distrusted the people in it. His reaction was to close up behind a wall of anger, to hurt before he might be hurt.”

“Stan’s the most intense person I’ve ever known,” an intimate said. “Whatever he does he does with such ferociousness that it’s a strain to be around him all the time. He lives about three times as fast as the average person. He tries harder, plays harder, lives harder, has fun harder—whatever he does he does with more vigor. He overreacts to things—he knows someone has done him wrong, and he feels he has the right to take a liberty, and does. But he invariably ends up taking a bigger liberty than he should. A lot of times he knows someone is trying to do him in, and he just defends himself against it—but then *he* gets put

down. That's really hard for him to take; he can't understand that."

Gradually Getz had become as skilled in the put-down as he was in making music. The hostility he encountered served to bring out the verbal skill more and more. And though a guarded person, he could be withering when piqued.

He was like a man with his back to the wall, a terribly proud man. He gave evidence of being alternately hurt and crushed.

"When we first got back," Monica said, "he was starry-eyed, happy, excited, and eager to hear what had been happening in the States during his absence. He eventually became disappointed at what he felt was a dead-end street of pretentious experimenting and repetitious, self-indulging choruses—the more pretentious the music, the more ecstatic the hipsters. In fact, hipsters had seemed to become the larger part of the audience. Many true jazz aficionados had quit coming, being confused and bored. Only old friends like Miles and Diz gave him solace and hope and worried with him about the directions of jazz. It was heart-breaking to see his old defense coming back."

Getz' easily triggered temper was well known, and there were those who delighted in goading him to the blast-off point. Sometimes no goading was necessary; for no apparent reason, the genial and wise-cracking, though sardonic, man would suddenly change into one withdrawn, alone against the world, his face flushed with hostility. And it was a brave person, or a fool, who tried to break through the wall.

The Jekyll-Hyde characteristic was often present in his music during this period (and still comes out occasionally): he would play with softly flowing lyricism for almost his whole solo but then blot out what had gone before with squeals, honks, and sometimes corny licks—as a child scribbles on a drawing he's afraid would not be understood.

Monica, married to him since 1956, explains it as a carry-over from his formative years and characteristic of anyone who has had the personal problems with which Getz coped early in his career.

When asked how Getz has changed in the last 10 years, she replied, "I think he has grown up. During the 10-year period before I met him, he was completely out of touch with the outside world. When I met him, he was 27 and emotionally more like 17. He was like a frightened bird—cornered, the world was a trap, distrustful. Since then he gradually has been reaching out from behind the wall of the 10 previous years, when his life was a series of escapes. He's changed; he's beginning to have faith in the world again. He never really had a natural adolescence. He was an unusually tender, kind, and open kid. When he went on the road, at 15, he was naive, shy, and totally unprepared for the cynical and hard life among musicians, most of whom were twice his age. His demands on himself were incredible. To compensate for his youth, he kept driving himself mercilessly for musical perfection and purity and left his personal development at a standstill."

THE FIRST MUSICAL instrument Getz played was a harmonica, when he was 12. Six months later, he switched to string bass.

"The physical training instructor at junior high school was also the band conductor," Getz recalled. "He had a concert to play in two weeks, and he needed a bass player. One day we were doing exercises, and he looked at me and said, 'Hey, you, come here. I'm going to teach you how to play the bass part on the *Minuet* in the *Eb Symphony* by Mozart.' He took me upstairs and showed me the fingering."

"I went home after school, lugging this bass. We lived in a very small apartment in the Bronx, and my mother opened

the door, took a look at me and the bass, and said, 'It's either you or the bass—there's only room for one of you.'"

He played bass for six months, however. Then he wanted to play a melody instrument. His father bought him a "supposedly silver but it was turning green" alto saxophone for \$35.

By the time he began high school in New York City, Getz had begun learning still another instrument.

"For the one year I went to high school—James Monroe—I wanted to get into the main building because it had the auditorium, the swimming pool, and so on," he said. "But the school had so many students that it had annexes. A friend of mine—Seymour Lushinsky—was the bassoonist in the band, and he got the school to lend me a bassoon because they needed a second bassoonist. I practiced on it during the summer vacation before I started high school. I played an audition for the musical conductor—Albert Becker, a very fine man, who later offered to get me a scholarship to Juilliard if I finished high school. As bad as I played in just a few months, they needed a second bassoonist so much that he requested that I be put into the main building so I could play with the band."

Getz evidently progressed rapidly on the instrument; he was chosen for the All-City High School Orchestra, made up of the best high school musicians in New York City. The youngsters in this orchestra received free lessons from members of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and Getz studied with Simon Kovar, "one of the great bassoonists of all time."

Getz continued studying saxophone, too, and one day he attended a rehearsal of Jack Teagarden's band with another of his saxophone teacher's students, Bill Shiner.

"He was already with Teagarden's band," Getz said. "They were looking for a tenor saxophone player. So my friend said, pointing at me, 'He plays tenor saxophone.' I sat in on somebody's horn, and Teagarden—God rest his soul—said, 'Okay, gate, \$70 a week. Get your tuxedo, dress shirt, and toothbrush; we're leaving for Boston tomorrow morning.'"

"My mother was away visiting her father in Philadelphia, so when I got home, I said, 'Dad, I got to go. Just think of that—\$70 a week!' If my mother had been home, she would have said, 'No, you're going to finish high school.' But Dad said, 'I don't know if your mother is going to like it, but go ahead.' By the time my mother got home, I was halfway across the country, in St. Louis, so she couldn't retrieve me. That was it."

Getz does not talk too much about his childhood, but his upbringing was a strict Jewish one.

"I only had two years of music before I became a professional," Getz said. "Of course, I wasn't a professional—I was just an amateur—but I was in professional company. In those two years before I went with Teagarden's band, there was nothing much to do. It's not like today, where kids have so many outside activities. And in a poor neighborhood like the one I lived in, there was nothing to do but hang out at the candy store. There was nothing else to do but become a bum or escape. So I got involved in music. I stayed in the apartment and practiced."

Other young musicians who have spent much of their time practicing instead of hanging out with neighborhood friends have found that it causes hardships. They are looked on as sissies. Did his practicing cause him hardship with friends?

He was quick to answer no, but there was a long pause before he added, "Nothing but the usual thing about waiting for the Jew boy on the corner—you know, 'Let's beat him up.' It's the same thing with Negroes. All minorities have it one way or another. If you live in an Irish

neighborhood, say, and you're a Jew, you might get beat up. If you're a Jew and you live in a colored neighborhood, or if you're colored and live in an Italian neighborhood, you might get beat up."

Was he beaten up when he was a youngster?

"Sure," he said, "not too regularly. One used to grab you, and the other would go at you. It's nothing—kids can't hurt each other too much."

Getz stayed with Teagarden's band for nine months, and when it broke up around Christmas, 1943, he settled in Los Angeles. He deposited his union card with AFM Local 47, and during the three-month period when new members of a local cannot work a steady job, he and altoist Dean Howell lived in a \$4-a-month room ("it was some room") and lived on Grapenut Flakes and apples.

"After I was able to work," Getz said, "I sent for my folks and my brother. But it was hard to find a place to live during the war. The advertisements for apartments in the papers said, 'No children, no dogs, no Jews.' So we lived in the back of a barber shop until we found a place."

A few months after getting his Los Angeles card, Getz joined the Stan Kenton Orchestra, stayed about a year, until April, 1945, and then played briefly with Jimmy Dorsey before returning to Los Angeles. Later that year, he went on tour with the Benny Goodman Band and stayed until April, 1946. He played a short while in the East with groups led by Buddy Morrow, Randy Brooks, and Herbie Fields before going back to California.

After working in Los Angeles with a small band led by baritone saxophonist Butch Stone, Getz took a job that eventually led to his wide acclaim.

"There was this ballroom called Pontrelli's in east L.A.," he said. "Gene Roland [who played trumpet and arranged for Kenton while Getz was on the band] and Jimmy Giuffre—we had this clique of saxophone players . . . Giuffre, Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward. We liked the way each other played. We didn't have an alto player, so we voiced one of us as the lead alto, in close harmony. It sounded so good that this guy, Tommy DeCarlo, who had the job at Pontrelli's, hired us. I think Don Lamond was out on the Coast at that time, and he told Woody about it. That's how it started."

Lamond was the drummer with Woody Herman's band, which was disbanded then. When rehearsals with a new Herman band began in September, 1947, the sax section included Sam Marowitz, Getz, Sims, Steward, and baritonist Serge Chaloff. When Marowitz, the lead altoist, left, he was not replaced, and the *Four Brothers* sound—three tenors and baritone—became the hallmark of the band.

It was while he was with Herman that Getz began to be looked upon by numerous musicians across the country as *the* tenor saxophonist. His dry tone, clean and fast articulation, and lyrical approach gradually became the standards of their community.

The facility that has impressed musicians is something Getz says is not a result of extensive practicing.

"It's just that I've been playing every night for 26 years, that's all," he explained. "Everybody's got stories that I practiced eight hours a day—who's going to play that damn thing eight hours a day without playing with a band? I've been on jam sessions where you play 24 hours straight through. You know, you're young and play with commercial bands, Mickey Mouse bands, and you want to play what *you* want to play; so after the job, you go to somebody's house or to a club, and they close the doors and you just play as long as you want to. I guess you could call that practice, but it was enjoyable."

His manner of playing derived in great degree from that of Lester Young, and Getz' love for Young is still evident.

When it was mentioned to Getz that the horn Young used in the '30s was in the Institute of Jazz Studies in New York, his eyes lit up, and he expressed a strong desire to play it.

"He was the first tenor saxophone player I heard play melodically, to make beautiful melodies," he said of Young. "The saxophone is actually a translation of the human voice, in my conception. All you can do is play melody. No matter how complicated it gets, it's still a melody. I never tried to play like Pres, but I so loved his conception of music that maybe some of it seeped into me. It's supposed to be that way. A lot of people have influenced me. You don't try to imitate it; you digest it. Because you love it so much, some of it comes out."

Getz delights in recounting an incident that happened while he, Young, and several other saxophonists were on a Jazz at the Philharmonic tour.



Saxophonists with the 1947 Woody Herman Band included (l. to r.) Getz, Herbie Steward, Sam Marowitz, Zoot Sims, and Serge Chaloff.

For an appearance in Detroit, the troupe flew into Willow Run airport, which is more than an hour by bus from downtown Detroit. "We were all tired," Getz said, "and everybody was sort of asleep on the bus. Pres was sitting in an aisle seat, dozing, when [he named a well-known saxophonist] took out his horn and began walking up and down the aisle playing all his licks. Nobody paid any attention to him, so finally he went over to Lester and said, 'Hey, Pres, whadda you think of that?' Pres, his eyes half closed, said, 'Yes, Lady —, but can you sing me a song?'"

(The last time Getz saw Young was in a Paris night club shortly before the elder saxophonist died. Getz said he felt depressed because Young obviously was desperately ill, but when Young, who perhaps should have been even more depressed, passed him at the bar, he smiled and said to Getz, "You're my singer.")

It was while he was with Kenton's band that Getz first became aware of Young's playing.

"As a matter of fact," he recalled, "that's the reason I left the band. After I heard Pres, I went up to Stan in a restaurant after a job and said, 'What do you think of Lester Young's improvising?' And he said, 'Too simple.' Can you imagine that? So I gave my notice."

HIS STAY WITH the Herman band lasted till early 1949.

"My first wife had had our first child—he's about to enter Dartmouth now—and I wanted to get off the road," Getz recalled. "We'd been

traveling with Woody for about a year and three-quarters, I wanted to be with her, work in New York or something.

"What instigated it, though, was something that happened when we were leaving Chicago. We were going to play at the University of Illinois, in Champaign. It was the start of a concert tour with Nat Cole and Woody's band. Everybody went in the bus except Serge Chaloff, Ralph Burns, Lou Levy, and me—we were going to drive down in Ralph's car. It was winter time, and the roads were very icy. We couldn't go over 20 miles an hour and wouldn't have made the job. The bus got there because it was heavier. So we called the manager, and he said he would arrange to have the flyer stop where we were—some express train that usually didn't stop there. It took this train about half a mile to stop, and when we got on, I noticed everyone on the train looked at us in a very bad way. Ralph later found out that the brakeman had gotten off the train to see why it had been stopped and had slipped on the ice and fallen under the wheels of a local train. He was decapitated, and he was, like, two weeks away from retirement. No job is that important where somebody's got to . . . of course, it was an accident, and nobody can blame anybody for it, but I just got disgusted and quit."

Getz settled in New York. For the first few months after leaving Herman, he played various jobs, even one in a band that marched in a May Day parade.

"I needed the \$10," he explained about the parade job. "The people were throwing pieces of wood at us and spitting at us. We came down 34th St. and had to turn right and go down Eighth Ave. By that time there was a lot of abuse being directed at the band, and the trumpet player, as we turned right, kept marching straight and said to hell with the \$10."

"Then I worked with Michelito Valdez' big Latin band . . . just all different kinds of things until the record of *Early Autumn* got to be known."

Getz' starkly beautiful improvisation on the Herman band's record of *Early Autumn* turned listeners around. It had a strong influence on many young saxophonists, and they patterned their playing on Getz'. When his quartet records gained currency, his repertoire of standards (all with "good" chord changes—*There's a Small Hotel*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, etc.) became theirs. The light, vibrato-less sound lay like a gossamer wing over the jazz country. Along with the Miles Davis Nonet recordings of the same period, the Getz approach epitomized the cool school.

About *Early Autumn*, Getz observed that he now feels it "was just too pure for words. It sounded like a bass flute or something—it didn't sound saxophone. I wanted to play a little bit too clean then. Now I like to hear a little more reediness. What your sound conception is, what you want to hear in your mind, and how close you come to it, depends on the mouthpiece. The mouthpiece I used on *Early Autumn* later was stolen, and it happened to suit me at the time. We change our ideas as we grow older, and now I probably wouldn't like that mouthpiece because my conception has changed, my conceptions of sound and music. That's what I wanted at the time, but I'm sure now I wouldn't want that sound."

"But I don't think I'd been able to have my own quartet without *Early Autumn*."

The success of the record brought him an offer late in 1949 to form a quartet for the opening show at Birdland in New York City. He's had his own group ever since.

In 1952, however, his wife persuaded him to try to get off the road.

"I got a job with the NBC staff," he said. "It was just horrible. I was more like a technician than a musician—

just press the right button at the right time, that's it. I used to double on all sorts of things; I'd play clarinet, bass clarinet, alto, tenor, baritone. After about three months of it, I began taking bookings with the quintet—I think Jimmy Raney was on the band at the time.

"I would work from 12 to 5 on the Kate Smith show, an afternoon television spectacular, and then catch a plane for Rochester or wherever. So I was working seven nights and five days a week, flying back and forth every day. Or if we worked in, say, Atlantic City, where there's no plane, I'd drive . . . four hours there and back. After a while, I just got fed up and gave up the studio work."

It was back to the road. By this time, Getz was among the highest paid jazz musicians. But the promising and lucrative career stopped short in 1954, when, groggy from sleeping pills he was using to try to break a narcotics habit, he attempted to hold up a clerk in a drugstore in Seattle, Wash., using a toy pistol. But before he completed the robbery, he changed his mind, put the toy back on the counter, and fled to his hotel room.

Ironically, he would not have been apprehended if he had not called the clerk to apologize. The call was traced, and while he was still on the phone, police broke down the door to his room. They hit him in the mouth, Getz said, trying to make him tell where his "weapons" were. He had none, but they did not believe him. Handcuffed and blood-smeared, he was dragged from the hotel and into a waiting police car. The picture taken at that moment was run in papers all over the country.

The judge at the ensuing trial, though, dismissed the case. But the damage had been done.

When Getz returned to Los Angeles, where he lived at the time, the now-enlightened police arrested him as an addict—the needle marks on his arm were all the evidence needed. It was an open-and-shut case. He was quickly found guilty of a misdemeanor and sentenced to six months in jail.

At the courthouse, after he heard the verdict, he tried to kill himself by taking a large amount of a strong, sleep-inducing drug. Fortunately, a physician was called immediately and performed an emergency tracheotomy. But instead of being hospitalized, Getz, with a tube in his throat and suffering narcotic withdrawal pains, was thrown into an overcrowded cell in a temporary jail atop the courthouse.

Though a few of the inmates tried to help him, most took out their frustrations on the young celebrity. They baited him, "accidentally" kicked him if he was in their way, and generally made life a hell for him for the next six months.

Two weeks before his term ended, authorities sent him to one of California's penal farms to soak up sunshine—a tanned face photographs better than a pale, emaciated one, and photographers undoubtedly would be on hand when Getz' release day arrived.

His first contact with hard reality had left him deeply shaken. Even though out of jail, he was still emotionally bleeding. His family life was nonexistent, and his three children were scattered among relatives. The young musician walked on very thin ice.

The ice cracked a few months later when a car carrying his family crashed. The driver of the vehicle was killed and Getz' family seriously injured. His second son, David, suffered multiple skull fractures and was in a coma for several days. Getz stayed by his son's bedside, praying for the child's recovery. He felt the accident was God's punishment for his own misdeeds. The son recovered.

A short while after the accident, however, Getz' fortune brightened. He met Monica Silfverskiold.

"If it hadn't been for her, I'd be dead by now," he said.

(To be continued in the next issue)



JACK LIND

JOHN HANDY: BACK UP THE LADDER

By JACK LIND

IN THE HIGHLY competitive world of jazz, yesterday's emerging talent is frequently tomorrow's forgotten man. In the relentless search for new directions, new modes of expression, the question "Whatever happened to ____?" is rarely asked. With few exceptions, the jazzman who leaves—for whatever reason—infrequently gets a chance at a comeback.

Three years ago altoist John Handy left New York City suddenly. There were rumors that the "organization"—that is, unsavory elements in the record and night-club business—were gunning for him.

It was, seemingly, an abrupt end to a promising career. Handy had been playing around New York for four years, first for nine months with Charlie Mingus and later on his own. He had recorded three times with Mingus and had made two records under his own name. One of them, *In the Vernacular*, won considerable critical acclaim. Handy also received consistently good reviews when he played places like Birdland, where he successfully competed against much better-known artists.

And then, suddenly, he was gone—as far as the East Coast was concerned. His departure caused nary a ripple.

But now, three years later, Handy's re-emergence is causing considerably more than a ripple. The 32-year-old musician has reappeared as a mature, exciting, individual musician who has become one of the most discussed jazzmen on the West Coast—playing in clubs, at jazz concerts and "happen-

ings," and, incredibly, on the classical concert stage.

Moreover, John Hammond, the knowledgeable a&r man in the jazz division of Columbia records, recently signed Handy and his group to a five-year contract calling for a minimum of two LPs a year, quite an extraordinary accomplishment for a "forgotten man."

What had happened to Handy in the three years since he packed his bags and left New York for the San Francisco area? Was he driven out of town by pressures from the "organization"?

"It's complete nonsense," said the altoist, a quiet-spoken man, who is well read and unusually articulate on subjects ranging from Negro history to classical music and Indian raga.

"It sounds outlandish, but the simple fact was that I wanted to go back to school," he continued. "I had been attending San Francisco State College and thought I had received B.A. when I went to New York in 1958. I went through the cap-and-gown bit and didn't know that, because of some minor academic discrepancies, I had not technically graduated. New York was good to me; so I stayed for four years. But in the end I wanted to return to my studies."

All this sounds a bit unusual and might be if it weren't that Handy has been a certified member of academe, on and off, for 11 years, has a B.A., and has done graduate work in composition and instrumental music. Yet he laughs at any notion

that he is a perpetual student.

"I'm through with formal studies," he said, adding with a soft smile, "at least for the time being."

Handy is, in fact, eager to expose his new quintet around the country and is dickering with a number of clubs and concert bookers in the East and Midwest.

It is a striking group that seems certain to become of national importance; it may well bridge the gap between more "traditional" modern jazz and the ruminations of the "new thing."

"I have been completely excluded from the 'new thing' by those critics who have heard me," he said with a measure of obvious satisfaction—which is not to say that he rejects people like Archie Shepp and Albert Ayler. ("I like Ayler's music," Handy explained. "He has something to offer, but I haven't absorbed it completely yet.")

Handy has become increasingly involved in writing, and therein perhaps lies the strength of his new group—an unusual lineup that consists of drums, bass, guitar, and violin, along with Handy on alto and, on rare occasions, tenor saxophone.

The tour de force of the group is a protracted "flamenco-gypsy"-inspired piece called *Spanish Lady*, which affords members of the group rich solo opportunities and which also offers striking evidence of the scope of Handy's emotional intensity and his strongly rhythmic, modal approach to music.

The contributions by members of the group are almost consistently absorbing. Lending a unity to the group are violinist Mike White, a former high school classmate of Handy's who has considerable classical training and who plays with a persistent, sometimes shrill urgency; guitarist Jerry Hahn, who grew up in Wichita, Kan., and is a veteran of hotel and cowboy bands, and who laces his tightly constructed solos with a charismatic intensity and warmth; drummer Terry Clarke and bassist Don Thompson, a former pianist, who are both from Vancouver, British Columbia.

Such is the group's cohesion that Handy insists on keeping it together at almost any cost.

"This group," he said, "will go anywhere I go. I don't believe anybody will want to hear me without it."

Handy's playing is strong, forceful, and clean. He has shaken—or assimilated—some of his early influences, chief among them Charlie Parker.

"I think I sound more like John Handy than I ever have," he mused. "I have been influenced by all kinds of people, but now I've developed my

own style. It is really difficult to say where I fit in today. I think I've become more mature, and I don't think there's a definite way to pigeonhole me."

He feels, for one thing, that he has mastered the alto saxophone's upper register so successfully that he plays in it with more clarity than most other altoists, "although," he added, "a lot of people have begun to really extend the range of the instrument."

His own taste in soloists tells a good deal about his musical concepts. His preferences range from Jascha Heifetz, David Oistrakh, Isaac Stern, and Stuff Smith (Handy has a taste for violinists) to Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, John Coltrane, and Don Byas. Lester Young was an early influence.

IN A DAY when residence in New York is almost a prerequisite to success (but also, anomalously, because of the rough-and-tumble competition, a menace to steady employment), Handy has come a long way since he left Manhattan in 1963. It is all the more remarkable that he has achieved his current status with San Francisco as his headquarters.

In truth, he has had nearly all the work he could handle since he returned West to complete his studies. (When he returned from the Korean War in 1955—before he went to New York—Handy used to play the now-defunct Bop City from 2 to 6 a.m. and then show up for classes at 7:40 a.m.)

From time to time, before he formed his own group, he played with the young pianist Jane Getz, vibist-pianist Buddy Montgomery, and others in various bay-area clubs. In 1964 Mingus asked him to join his group for the Monterey Jazz Festival appearance that produced the remarkable LP set on the bassist's own label.

Then Handy formed his quintet. He met Clarke and Thompson in the fall of 1964, right after the Monterey festival, in Vancouver, where he had gone for an engagement. There followed a lengthy engagement at the Both/And Club in San Francisco, where, although it is far removed from the city's North Beach entertainment strip, he attracted large crowds and came to the attention of critics such as Ralph Gleason, who has done much to publicize the group.

For months, the group played Mondays at the Jazz Workshop, which, along with Basin Street West, constitutes the major jazz scene in San Francisco. Recently, the group played two weeks at the Workshop, following on the heels of a double bill of John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk. The place was packed most of the time

and the crowds enthusiastic.

Handy, however, prefers concerts to club work, and the group has given more concerts on university campuses—San Francisco State, Stanford, San Mateo, College of Marin, and others—than any other jazz group in that, or perhaps any other, area.

"I think a lot of players are looking forward to the campus opening up as a new outlet for jazz," he explained. "I think these kids know intuitively more about what's going on than older audiences in the clubs. I think it's a vast, untapped market."

Among Handy's other recent activities have been participation in a "happening" with poets Kenneth Rexroth and Allen Ginsburg ("I wouldn't want to do it again," he said; "they get in the way of your playing") and providing music for a movie soundtrack (he had done one previously while in Stockholm, Sweden, during a two-month European tour in 1959). He also has appeared twice with a symphony orchestra—once with the Santa Clara Symphony in a composition written by Teo Macero and later with a 95-piece orchestra at San Francisco State College in a work he composed and arranged himself.

Handy and his group have performed at numerous fund-raising concerts benefiting the Congress of Racial Equality and the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee. Of this activity he said, "Of course, I have always been aware of civil rights, but I had never really participated, and I became ashamed of it."

Handy took part in the Washington March of 1963, and later he organized a nine-piece band that played benefits to raise funds for the civil rights movement. Was he trying to speak of freedom in this music?

"It is difficult," he said, "to dramatize in music what you're thinking or doing..."

Whither John Handy? He would like to go to India, he says, and study with sitarist Ravi Shankar, whom he met and came to admire a couple of years ago in San Francisco, when Shankar taught on the West Coast.

"Of all the music I have heard from around the world, this is the most sophisticated by far," he said. "We are amateurs by comparison. I think music means more to the Indians. Here it's luxury we take or leave."

Sadly, music, and particularly jazz, may well be a take-it-or-leave-it luxury to most Americans. To John Handy, a musician of depth and perception, it's a profoundly satisfying way of life—one that offers boundless opportunities for exploration and expression.



COLEMAN HAWKINS

Cornetist Rex Stewart Fondly Recalls The 'Father Of Tenor Saxophone'

THE FIRST TIME I saw Coleman Hawkins was in 1919, and I was 12. I particularly remember the occasion, since it was the first time I ever had gone to a theater. Mamie Smith and Her Jazz Hounds were the stars of the show at the Howard Theater, in Washington, D.C., but running her a close second in popularity was a mahogany-colored fellow who blew the house down, playing an instrument I'd never seen before. Later, I found out that the instrument was a tenor saxophone, and the slap-tonguing sensation was Coleman Hawkins. According to Hawk's latest count—which has him born in 1904—he was just 15 then, but he looked like a man to me.

Two years later I was in New York City at the Garden of Joy, a celebrated night spot in Harlem. There, I had the experience of my young life as I heard both Hawk and Sidney Bechet, in the same band, blowing at each other.

After that high point, there was a period when I did not hear Coleman for quite a long time, and Willie Lewis (the clarinet player and my chaperone while I was with the Musical Spillers) told me that Hawk was on the road with a singer.

In any case, the next time I laid eyes on Mr. Saxophone, he was escorting a beautiful brown-skin girl into the classiest restaurant in Harlem. It was Glenn's Restaurant, which catered only to the creme de la creme of Harlem-ites.

When I saw him going in there, I thought to myself that the scuttlebutt about Hawk's playing with the biggest-time orchestra in New York—Fletcher Henderson's—must

be true. They were appearing at what I was told was the first Broadway club to feature an all-colored revue of extravaganza proportions, the Plantation Club. Shortly thereafter, all Harlem was agog over the news that Fletcher had left the Plantation for the Roseland Ballroom because of Hawk's refusal to appear in the production part of the program without being compensated for the extra stint.

This move proved to be the best thing that ever could have happened for Louis Brecker (the boss of Roseland), Fletcher, and Coleman. The orchestra quickly swung its way into the hearts of the Great White Way, and Hawk was the outstanding star.

Every night was a holiday during those early days at Roseland, and the area behind the iron railing across from Henderson's bandstand was filled with people, many of them musicians, extending all the way back to the raised booth where the electrician worked the lights. Among the illustrious music lovers there on any given night might be Cole Porter, Jack (Legs) Diamond, Walter Winchell, Benny Leonard, and even New York City's mayor, Jimmy Walker.

Every night after the band had finished, Coleman Hawkins was still on—the hero of the evening.

In several ways, Hawkins differs from the usual public conception of a musician. He is not the prototype of the affable extrovert. Coleman presents a dignified facade that often borders on the cool side, something that can be unnerving to people who do not know him.

Among old pals, however, he can be quite jovial and enthusiastic over something that interests him. One of his

DON SCHLITTEN



early and continuing interests is his love for fine clothes, which he wears with a flair (yet I can recall a phase during which he would buy the most expensive garment that Ben Roche, a favorite Broadway tailor, offered and not have it cleaned or pressed during an entire season).

After I ventured into the exalted company of the Henderson orchestra at Roseland, I really got to know the great ones in this galaxy of tremendous musicians . . . Hawk, altoist Don Redman, trombonist Big Charlie Green, clarinetist Buster Bailey, drummer Joe (Kaiser) Marshall, and the others.

At first, I felt very strange in Smack's band, perhaps because of the idiosyncrasies of the fellows. For instance, Big Green had to have two things with him at all times—his big pistol and a bottle of gin. Then, Coleman amazed me by consuming more food at one sitting than I had ever seen anybody else eat. Perhaps that's where he gets his tremendous energy. A typical meal for Hawk would start with ham and eggs and hot cakes, while his steak covered with onions was being prepared. The steak would not be a breakfast-size portion. It would be a full-size porterhouse, accompanied with hash browns or French fries. This snack would usually be topped off with a slab of pie and ice cream. Being both young and impressionable, I copied Hawk's eating habits with gusto, and by the time Fletcher's band had returned from our first road tour, I had gained a bit of weight, jumping from 145 to 180 in one summer.

Hawk had some other habits that seemed strange to me at the time. One of them came to my notice when we went on the road in the spring after our annual stay at Roseland. As usual, on hitting a town, we all went to look the burg over, and it so happened that I found myself with Coleman in a department store. He went to the cosmetic counter and bought several bars of a very expensive soap. Hawk's remark that this was a year's supply and a great bargain made me wonder how he could figure that six bars of soap would last him a whole year.

But the next morning in the hotel, I found out. First, out came a pair of ornate washcloths, then the special soap, then some ordinary soap. One cloth was for the special soap, the other for the ordinary, and never the twain should meet. The fancy soap was daintily applied to a corner of washcloth No. 1. That was for his face and around his eyes only. Then, the ordinary soap, applied to the other cloth, was used on his body. I had never seen such a production in my life. Years later, however, I came across an article on the bathing habits of the French court. Perhaps Coleman's method wasn't so odd after all.

Another facet of Mr. Saxophone's character is his frugality, and I am certain that there will never have to be a benefit given for Coleman Hawkins. I well remember in the slap-happy days of hail-fellow-well-met how we'd take over Big John's bar and each of us in turn would set up the bar for the gang. But invariably, when it came Bean's turn, something happened. He would be in the telephone booth or the men's room, or he had cut out for the evening. This is not to imply that Hawk is cheap; it's just that he is cautious. Before he got over his mistrust of banks, it was common for him to walk around with \$2,000 or \$3,000 in his pockets! One time, he carried with him his salary from an entire season of summer touring, about \$9,000. When we became stranded, for some reason or other, Hawk laughed while showing his roll. But he wouldn't give a quarter to see the Statue of Liberty do the twist on Brooklyn Bridge at high noon.

There was the time, however, when Coleman and his buddy, Jimmy Harrison, got their comeuppance. This was when there was a great turnover of bass players in Smack's band, and, among them, there was a fellow named



Hawkins and his 'jump band' play for dancers at the Tabarin in Zurich, Switzerland, in the late 1930s.

Delbert Thomas. Perhaps some of the remaining old-timers around New York will recall Delbert. He was a seemingly slow-thinking person who spoke with an even slower drawl. We thought he was a real country boy, but later we understood otherwise.

This episode dates back to the days when college youngsters started hiring big bands to play for their weekend dances. Accommodations were quite a problem, and one weekend we all had to stay in a little old shacklike house on the edge of town. Because of the college curfew, the town folded up early, but we were unaccustomed to going to bed at such an hour, so we started up a few games—a blackjack operation and a poker session. Del asked to be shown how to play and then broke most of us guys in the blackjack game.

At the poker table, Smack, Jimmy, Hawk, and Buster were battling. When Delbert asked for a hand, I caught the smirk on their faces, and I felt sorry for him. The feeling was even more positive when Hawk and Jimmy started kidding him, saying that the game was too rich for his blood and that they hated to take candy from a baby. But Del persisted, saying that he trusted them to show him how to play. They finally dealt him in, and needless to say, Del won the table, leaving Jimmy broke and Hawkins badly bent. The capper came years later when we found out that Delbert previously had earned his living hustling three-card monte and all the rest of the card games in a carnival.

COLEMAN is essentially a loner, and with the exception of Harrison, I don't know anyone with whom he was ever really close. Although Hawk and Roy Eldridge played a lot together, somehow they didn't seem to be with it together when off the stand. I realize that this is mostly speculation on my part, since I don't really know, not having been on their scene most of the time. However, I do know how close Bean and Jim were.

There was always a lot of good-natured teasing between them, but when Jimmy bought a Pontiac, Hawk accorded him a lot more respect than he had previously and stopped kidding Jim so roughly. They ate together, hung out as a team, and got along fine, until Coleman made the mistake of buying a raccoon coat, which became the talk of Harlem. I've heard how a woman can break up a friendship between two men, but this is the first time I ever came across a situation in which a fur coat was the cause.

It started at one of those breakfast dances that Harlem was noted for at the time. At the peak of the evening, Hawk made his entrance looking like an Oriental potentate, with a beauty on each arm. When he was seated, all the pretty little showgirls converged upon his table, where, of

course, Jimmy also was seated with his date. The showgirls went into ecstasies, raving about Hawk's coat. And Jimmy's date, not to be outdone, draped the garment around herself, remarking in a loud, clear voice, "This fur piece is the living end, and to get its twin, I, for one, would take anything that goes along with it, including you, Coleman."

I'm sure she was only joking, but by a strange coincidence, two weeks later she was sporting a coat that looked exactly like Hawk's. Jimmy looked rather glum for a spell. I don't know if it was poetic justice or not, but only a few months later Coleman's raccoon went up in smoke. It caught on fire from the exhaust pipe that heated the bus we were using to make a series of one-nighters.



Prior to his return to the U.S. in 1939 Hawkins worked with drummer Maurice van Klee and pianist Freddie Johnson

Hawk's flair for clothes is one of the striking aspects of the man, and this has been evident since that first time I saw him. On that occasion, he was wearing bell-bottom trousers and what was called in 1919 a shimmy-back coat. I expect him to deny wearing any such garment, but that was high style in those days.

As a youngster, Hawkins was very fond of sports and knew all the batting averages and pitching records by heart and, as a matter of fact, baseball appeared to be his consuming interest. But you could have knocked us all over with a feather when Coleman came out to play baseball on one of those rare occasions when we were all sober enough to think it would be fun. I still chuckle over it.

The Hendersons had been challenged by some other band when we were playing at the Southland Club in Boston, Mass. The game was to be played with regulation equipment, hard ball, etc. Smack was the starting pitcher and did pretty well for an inning or so. Then Jimmy Harrison left first base to take over the pitching chores.

Just then, a weird sight ambled across Boston Common. I looked, blinking my eyes from left field, at the spectacle of a fellow wearing a panama hat, tuxedo, and patent-leather shoes, Coleman Hawkins' uniform for participating in the national pastime. The ensemble was set off by an even funnier note—the tender way he carried a new first baseman's mitt.

When he announced that we were in the presence of the world's greatest shortstop, Jimmy laughed until tears came to his eyes and said, "Hawk, that's a first baseman's mitt you've got there." This made Coleman quite indignant, and he replied, "Any damn fool knows that, Stringbeans, but I've got to protect these valuable fingers or *you* won't eat." So, to keep peace, Fletcher put Bean in at shortstop. Batter up. And the first ball was hit right to Hawk. He

fielded the ball, threw the man out, stuck his mitt into his hip pocket, and walked off the field. That was the end of Coleman's baseball career, as far as I know.

Hawk was not just bragging when he spoke of his valuable fingers, since his inspired tenor saxophone playing began to make history as it sparked Smack's band. Rose-land started doing capacity business as a result of presenting the first really down-home swinging colored band. It differed from Piron's Creole Orchestra, a more sedate group of musicians from New Orleans who had previously played the spot. So Fletcher hit Broadway just at the right time for the dancing public.

At that time, the only rival in the group that could come close to competing with Hawk for the crowd's favor was Big Charlie Green, an ex-carnival trombonist from Omaha, Neb. Green, a 6-footer, was a beautiful instrumentalist with perfect command of his horn, and his playing ran from very sweet to a braying, raucous shouting style.

Bean used to cool Charlie's horn off whenever he wanted to by saying to Buster Bailey or Don Redman, in Green's hearing, "Well, I guess I'd better call my old lady. It's not that I don't trust her, but I want her to know that I'm thinking about her." This remark never failed to upset Green, who was a jealous husband, and when he got upset, he'd hit his gin bottle. As the evening drew on, Charlie's playing grew sadder and sadder. Yet, he never seemed to realize that Hawk planned it that way. They called it "signifying" in those days.

If there is any validity in my feeling that a sense of



With the touring JATP show in the early '50s: Buddy Rich, Oscar Peterson, Harry Edison, Bill Harris, and Hawkins

humor is a prime requisite in music, then many things about Coleman Hawkins become clear. In him we have a person who, despite his facade, actually enjoys life but paradoxically goes to great lengths to conceal his enjoyment and even his admiration for the work of others.

He especially enjoys putting people on. Both in print and in recorded interviews, he seldom has a good word for his peers. You may question Hawk for an opinion about anyone from Duke Ellington to Louis Armstrong, and the best you can expect is some kind of derogatory remark or a grunt, which may indicate anything or nothing. Then, later he has been heard gleefully telling how he fooled someone again.

There's also the preoccupation Bean has always had with age. As far back as I can remember, he would kid Jimmy or Don about how much older they were than he, and this was in the '20s, mind you. As recently as the '40s, in the war years, when I ran into Hawk in Chicago, he was still at it, bemoaning the fact that his mean old draft board had reclassified him 1-A. Then, pulling out a draft

card that give his age as 35 (the draft limit at that time), he continued to rave on, cussing out Gen. Louis Hershey, the draft board, and himself for being unfortunate enough to be so young. Roy Eldridge looked at me, and I looked at Roy, both of us thinking the same thought—who's he kidding? Then John Kirby said, "Damn, Bean, if you keep getting younger, you'll have to start wearing diapers again."

ON THE PLUS SIDE, there are the many facets of Hawk's talent. He plays the piano beautifully, though not in public. I have sat, unknown to him, enthralled for hours as he rhapsodized at the keyboard. I'm sure he'll never figure out when this took place. Then, too, Hawk is a fine arranger, but few people would ever guess it. I remember well the splendid scores he made for Henderson while he was in the band. Of course, it took him about two years to come up with *Singing in the Rain* and another gem, the name of which I've forgotten, and there was also a wonderful ballad he composed and arranged that was so great Smack used it for a theme song on our network broadcasts from Connie's Inn.

There's another dimension to this extraordinary man of music, which has to do with his almost superhuman strength on his instrument. This is not to say that brute strength could be considered a prerequisite for greatness. However, this feat impressed me so much that it bears repeating.

Fletcher, en route from Kentucky to Detroit, roused me out of bed in Cincinnati (I was in the Queen City working with his brother, Horace) and told me that there'd been an auto accident that left him short two trumpet players and that I was to be a replacement until they rejoined him. Most important of all, the job that night was to be a battle of bands between McKinney's Cotton Pickers and Smack's outfit in the Greystone Ballroom in Detroit. As we burned up the familiar road between Cincy and the Motor City, I wondered who would play the first trumpet book, since Russell Smith had been one of those injured.

On arrival, we set up and, much to my surprise, Coleman—on tenor—took over the first trumpet book and not only played the parts so well that we scarcely missed the first trumpet but also carried the orchestra with volume such as I had never heard coming out of a tenor sax. And the Greystone was a huge place!

Speaking of Bean's prowess reminds me of the three distinct changes in his playing that I've noticed over the years. First, the slap-tongue effect. Then, later, when we played Toledo, Ohio, Hawk, like the rest of us, was greatly impressed by a young fellow named Art Tatum, who displayed such a wealth of talent on the piano. His then-new conception of anticipating the chord changes within the framework of a tune left us numb from the experience. But on leaving Toledo, we overlooked the significance of what we'd heard.

Months later, Bean put this approach on record, making several sides with the Mound City Blue Blowers, and a new style was born, as New York went crazy over *Hello, Lola* and *If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight*.

The third change became evident in a rather humorous way and took place after Coleman returned to New York after four or five years in Europe. There, his international image grew considerably as a result of being featured with Jack Hylton, who led the most prestigious orchestra in Europe at that time.

Even before he returned, many stories were being told around the bars where we hung out. Hawk, it was rumored, had a chalet in Switzerland and was retired; another story had a certain Spanish countess committing suicide over the loss of his affections. The most-repeated rumor was that Coleman had decided to live out the rest

his life abroad, rather than return to Jim Crow. But despite all the talk, return he did, and unveiled a third style—an extension of the earlier, Tatum-influenced approach but with a difference. Now, Hawk punctuated more, and he often employed in contrast such a continuous flow of changing chords that people marveled at his control and stamina. He was still too much for every tub on that horn, it subsequently turned out.

However, the prelude to the unveiling of these new effects was an incident that will be recalled with amusement by everybody who was on the scene.

Nightsy Johnson, a drummer, had opened a small joint catering to musicians only, and that's where the hippies hung out. I can see in retrospect that Billie Holiday's favorite tenor sax man and his followers really made the place. Lester Young was the man, and it didn't hurt business when the news got around that Lady Day could be seen there almost every night. The location was 134th St. and St. Nicholas Ave., a basement club, and the pad was always bad.


But then the word spread like wildfire: Bean was back! Hawk started falling into the joint every night, immaculate, sophisticated, and saxophoneless. The tension continued to build—is this the night he will play? Coleman just sat there sipping, with a smirk on his face, as they all paraded their talents before him. And, from time to time, they all had their innings—Illinois Jacquet, Chu Berry, Don Byas, Dick Wilson, and so on—all leading tenor men. Then came the second-liners, tooters like Julian Dash, Big Nick Nicholas, Bob Carroll, and Elmer Williams, while Hawk still sat and sipped, evidently enjoying the drama he was creating.

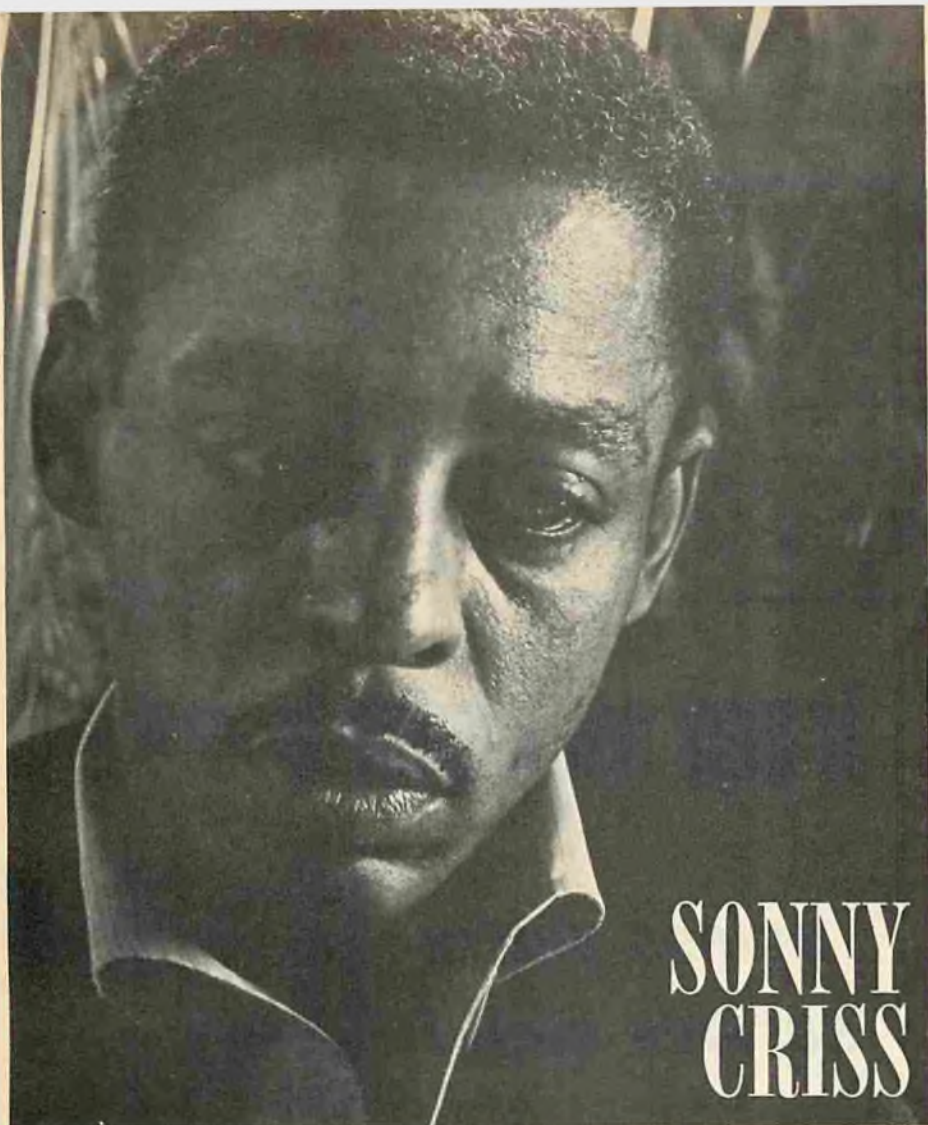
The sight of the comrades ensconced all over the place reminded me of a bunch of vultures, waiting and licking their chops in absorbed anticipation of fattening up their reputations on Coleman.

Finally, the great event took place. Hawk fell in later than usual—it was about 3 a.m.—and as luck would have it, Lady Day was singing, which rarely happened uptown in those days (1939). Of course, Lester accompanied her. Bean strode in, unpacked his ax and joined them, to everybody's surprise. Then, when Billie finished, she announced to the house that it had been a pleasure to have had the world's greatest tenor saxophonist backing her up—Lester Young!

You could have heard a pin drop after that remark, but the Hawk ignored it, turning to the piano player and saying, "Play me a few choruses of ____." I've forgotten the name of the tune, but I do recall that the tempo Hawk set was almost unbelievable, it was so fast. And he had the tune all to himself.

Then, he sauntered to the bar, had a big drink, and waited to see how the cats would follow this avalanche of virtuosity. For some reason, nobody felt like blowing at the moment. So Coleman picked up where he had left off, this time with a ballad, in which he proceeded to demonstrate the various ways the tune could be embellished, finishing up with an incredible cadenza, to thundering applause. He then gallantly started toying with *Honeysuckle Rose*, motioning for Chu and Don Byas to join him, which they did.

Lester sat on the sidelines, drinking with Lady Day, and I must say that he kept his cool. This I know, because I, along with everybody else, was watching Lester to see how he reacted. And after Bean again took charge of the situation on *Honeysuckle*, guys started leaving, and I heard Dick Wilson say to Elmer Williams, "Well, that's that. Coleman is still the boss, and when you tangle with him, you'd better know what you're doing or you'd better ask somebody." 



FRED SELIGO

By HARVEY
SIDERS

ONE-HORN MAN

IT IS A CURIOUS paradox: in an age of increasing specialization in so many areas of American life, why should a jazz musician who has spent the greater portion of his life acquiring a mastery of the alto saxophone find fewer and fewer avenues of expression open to him? But that's been the recent situation faced by Sonny Criss, one of the most exciting and individual jazz altoists to follow Charlie Parker.

Not too long ago Criss was working just one night a week, at Marty's, a lounge in south Los Angeles, but recently even that Tuesday night gig has vanished.

The situation is perhaps doubly distressing in light of the musical activity in the Los Angeles area, where some musicians are working two or three recording-studio sessions a day, where even the Neophonic Orchestra is often deprived of its sidemen by their film and television studio commitments—where, in short, there is plentiful work for good musicians.

And Sonny Criss, make no mistake,

is a good musician, the agony and the ecstasy of whose playing provide some of the most soulful and joyous sounds to be heard in contemporary jazz. His club and record appearances attest eloquently to that.

His credentials, which date back more than 20 years, are in order. He has been playing professionally almost since, as a youth of 15, he moved to Los Angeles from his native Memphis, Tenn. He served his apprenticeship in the bands of Shifty Henry, Sammy Yates, Johnny Otis, Howard McGhee, Al Killian, and a small group Billy Eckstine was leading at Billy Berg's, before joining the Gerald Wilson aggregation, which he then left in 1948 to go with Norman Granz' barnstorming Jazz at the Philharmonic. Leaving JATP in the early 1950s, Criss freelanced around Los Angeles for several years, and before forming his own group for appearances in Chicago, New York, and other major cities in the late '50s, toured with the Stan Kenton "Jazz Showcase" package in 1955. Since disbanding his group

in the early '60s, Criss has been working mainly as a single, mostly in France.

So, it would seem, his lack of work opportunities is due not to musical shortcomings. Nor is there evidence of racial bias operating to keep him out of the studios and clubs of the movie capital, which—in the musical sphere of its activities, at least—has been integrated for years.

Could the reason be personal? Again, no. Criss is very likable. He's far removed from the stereotype of the dissipating jazzmen. He's a tasteful dresser. He's soft-spoken, though intense, a member of that growing school of musicians who can be as articulate away from their horns as with them. As far as personal habits, Criss is not hell-bent on self-destruction.

"I'm 38 now, but when I was much younger, I was pretty wild," he admitted frankly. "I grew up a long time ago and saw that it doesn't mean a thing. None of that stuff affects me now . . . except in a reverse way. What I mean is, maybe I should show up dirty or drunk some night just to show the people I'm 'normal.' I sometimes wonder if they think I don't *need* the work."

What about politics? Here one gets closer to the effect rather than the cause. Wherever men gather, there are cliques. Obviously, Criss is not a charter member of the "in crowd" that gets most of the recording dates and studio calls.

Since that seemed the crux of the matter, would another musician perhaps offer an explanation for why Criss' talents are not in demand?

Bud Shank, another intense swinger on alto and a participant in most of the lucrative or important musical undertakings in Los Angeles, was putting away his gear after a Saturday afternoon rehearsal of the Neophonic orchestra. Not surprisingly, he was effusive in his admiration for Criss' playing. "He really says a lot on his horn," he remarked. "He's one of the best around for pure jazz."

Why, then, is it a struggle for him to make ends meet?

Shank's answer at first was wordless. He simply held up the black satchel that was next to his chair.

"The reason is here in this bag," Shank said. As he opened it, he took out various mouthpieces, reeds, and bores. "In order to work regularly today, you don't just play sax," he said. "You play as many reed instruments as you can. I play all the saxes, even soprano sax. I play clarinet and various flutes. Certain conductors know they can rely on me for any kind of reed sound they may want for a jazz date, or show, or pop session. So I'm kept busy."

It made sense. It smacked of reality

and gave no hint of a sell-out on Shank's part, no sacrifice of artistic expression. No matter what the assignment, Shank would be equipped to handle it.

Yet this would be foreign to Criss.

"I don't get any satisfaction playing anything else but jazz," Criss said. "I've put too many years into my horn. If I had to, I could play clarinet, or other saxes, but alto is my instrument. Everything I have to say, I want to say only on alto."

There was also a related factor: how one reads is as important as how many reads.

"Well, it's true," he went on. "All my life I've been playing jazz, all my life I've been reading music—maybe I can't read as quickly as someone who has had classical training. It might take me a shade longer, but I know what's happening. It's just a matter of time. I could cut anything."

Criss' answer was honest, but its significance was related to those occasions when cutting something cold could make the difference between working and not working.

"I remember being called for some record dates, and, believe me, I went to them starry-eyed," he said. "There were a lot of musicians there whom I respected—but I was astounded when I saw the arrangements. Man, they were nothing but trash. I can't and I won't play junk like that."

Extending beyond his unwillingness to compromise musically is an inherent inability to promote himself.

"I can't seem to reach the record company executives," he explained. "I know it's important, but it seems to run around in a circle. I feel that if I could record something properly, I'd be able to work good clubs. Yeah, I would say right now—recording is my main problem. But I have a thing about approaching businessmen and recording executives. They're in a world all their own. Perhaps I need an agent. I sure can't sell myself. I just want to play my horn."

Although Criss gives the indication that this single-mindedness might even mean he's uninterested in the reaction of the listening public, nothing could be farther from the truth.

"I don't like to analyze," he went on, "and, at the same time, I don't like being analyzed, but it's important to me that the laymen like what I'm doing. I feel that it's important for me to communicate with them. You can say the same for some of the way-out avant-garde jazzmen. Their sounds don't mean much to me, but it may be important to some people. If they like it, that's all that counts."

"Ordinarily, I prefer just a rhythm

section behind me. If there has to be another horn, I like trumpet the way Lee Morgan plays—or better yet, the way Fats Navarro or Clifford Brown used to blow. You know, Fats and Cliff used to play all over their horns."

"I love ballads. But one thing is absolutely necessary to get me in the right spirit. I've got to be familiar with the lyrics. In fact, I never play a ballad unless I know the lyrics. It's just as important to me as the changes."

A FEW YEARS AGO Criss underwent another kind of change—one that provided him, he says, his greatest esthetic experience and which was fol-

lowed by the bitter reality of his current dilemma.

Four years ago, as Criss related, "I got fed up with the local scene. Los Angeles is a strange town, you know. Sometimes there's a lot happening—other times nothing. Well, I'd had it. So I just upped and left. I went to France. There was no tour or bookings involved. I simply went."

"When I arrived in Paris, I decided to kill some time until I could go down to the Blue Note. It was early. I went into a restaurant and ordered a hamburger—doesn't every American do that in Europe? I still had plenty of time, so I went to three movies."

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"Finally, it was 10 p.m., and I went to the Blue Note and had a great reunion with Kenny Clarke and Kenny Drew. It was the beginning of the most productive period of my life. I did everything I ever wanted to do there. I worked with both Kennys, John Griffin, Ron Jefferson, and some fine French musicians.

"We worked in quite a few clubs in Paris—played concerts, did TV work and recording sessions in Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. Ah, but Paris, that is *the* place. People listen there. And racially . . . oh, man, racially, it is the greatest feeling over there. I wish more American Negroes would

go there to see how everyone gets along.

"I must admit, for the first time in my life—and that means from my childhood in Memphis right up to Los Angeles—I was completely relaxed. What a wonderful thing it is to know there's no pressure to prove anything. Result? I played in a way that I never played before.

"Funny thing—talk about Los Angeles. I lived here since I was 15 and never saw the inside of a movie studio. In France, within six months, I was on the Riviera playing in and for a high-budget film (I forget the name) with Tony Perkins—making \$200 a day!"

The idyllic setup lasted for three

years. Early in '65, Criss returned home to an uncertain future. When asked why he left Paris, he gave a quizzical expression and then answered in a tone that seemed admonishing: "Man, this is my *home*. Sure, I had a ball over there, but I've got to give myself a chance to make it in my own home town."

The irony in leaving such a pleasant setup in Paris was that a few months after he returned, the violence of Watts erupted. And Criss lives in Watts.

"That's one memory I'll always have," he recalled. "I was working at Shelly's Manne-Hole at the time. I couldn't get home because the area was completely sealed off, and there was a curfew in effect. Well, I had no desire to try to get home, so I stayed in Hollywood."

There was a terse analysis of the Watts situation—its causes and its chances of recurring. But it was the current musical scene that occupied most of Criss' observations:

"There aren't too many groups around today that excite me. In fact, it's been a long time since I've been able to hear a group and say, 'Wow!' As far as getting goose pimples, I'd have to go back to Billie Holiday.

"Other alto players saying anything worth hearing today are few and far between. I'll tell you who I enjoy: Frank Strozier, Phil Woods, and Charlie Mariano."

Criss also has unmistakable preferences when it comes to pianists, and though he's less willing to talk about them or to put anyone down, there are some pianists with whom he cannot establish rapport under any circumstances. However, it seems that he and Hampton Hawes hit it off most compatibly.

"There's no doubt about that," Hawes said. "Sonny needs the right kind of backing, and not everyone can give it to him. We happen to speak the same language. There's another musician he relies on for the same kind of sympathetic backing—that's Buddy Woodson, the bass player."

When asked about Criss' no-compromise attitude toward playing, Hawes said, "It's a tough thing to do. But he sure can blow, can't he? What a ball it would be if he could work with us here [Hawes' trio with Red Mitchell, bass, and Donald Bailey, drums, at Mitchell's Studio Club]."

There are many places where Criss should be working. But there aren't enough places that can meet their overhead, pay musicians more than scale, and attract an audience for pure, unadulterated jazz. The problem is widespread; Criss' attitude, like his music, is much less common.



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Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

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

Benny Goodman

MEETING AT THE SUMMIT—Columbia 6205 and 6805: Bernstein: *Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs* (Leonard Bernstein conducting Columbia Jazz Combo); Copland: *Concerto for Clarinet and String Orchestra* (Aaron Copland conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra); Stravinsky: *Ebony Concerto* (Igor Stravinsky conducting the Columbia Jazz Combo); Gould: *Derivations for Clarinet and Band* (Morton Gould conducting the Columbia Jazz Combo).

Personnel: Benny Goodman, clarinet; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★ ★

That chestnut that feature writers lovingly attribute to Fats Waller or Louis Armstrong or Al Hirt—the phrase “if you don't know what jazz is, don't mess with it”—has rarely been as aptly illustrated as it is in these four attempts by classically-oriented composers to fulfill commissions from jazz musicians.

Stravinsky's and Bernstein's pieces were written for Woody Herman, Copland's and Gould's for Goodman.

Stravinsky obviously knew nothing about jazz in 1945, and his piece shows it. His conception of jazz involves borrowings from minstrel shows, vaudeville hokum, and a generally nervous, staccato attack.

One could understand this in a man whose only previous contact with jazz apparently was his reading of some piano-rag sheet music in 1919. But the fact that this was written as a result of a moment of enthusiasm for the Herman Herd indicates that it must have been one of those moments we have all looked back on with horror on mornings after. It's a joke but not a funny one.

Copland, on the other hand, is presumably more cognizant of jazz than Stravinsky, and, whether because of this or for other reasons, he fulfilled his commission by writing a clarinet concerto on his own terms, a piece that is, for the most part, a charming and engaging clarinet showcase but which makes no attempts to become involved with jazz. Goodman plays it with a fine lyrical touch.

Bernstein, who has done television shows and records explaining jazz, was presumably not paying attention when he wrote his *Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs*.

This is a more contemporary version of

the staccato style Stravinsky used. Actually, it is very much in Bernstein's *Fancy Free* manner, and, for a time, it was to be used for a ballet in *Wonderful Town* (the ballet was dropped before the show reached Broadway). For ballet purposes, there is probably nothing wrong with this piece, but as a use of the jazz idiom in composition, it misses by a considerable distance.

Of the four composers, only Gould has produced something that uses jazz coloration and jazz attack.

Gould has the great advantage of knowing what a jazz horn sounds like (Stravinsky, on the other hand, does not), and he makes use of this. He knows how a big band swings, and he makes use of that. As a result, his *Derivations* has a jazz quality that none of the other pieces has. Yet one ends up asking: so what? What Gould has done is, essentially, what any number of good arrangers were doing in the 1940s and '50s—notably Eddie Sauter, whose writing for the Goodman band of the early '40s (a decade before Gould wrote this) is reflected particularly strongly in the opening *Warm-Up* section.

If the classical world can't do more with jazz than this—even the Gould piece—it shouldn't mess with it. (J.S.W.)

Gil Fuller-James Moody

NIGHT FLIGHT—Pacific Jazz 10101 and 20101: *Sweets for My Sweet; A Patch of Blue; Wild Chestnuts; Blues for a Debutante; I'm in the Mood for Love; Night Flight; Seesaw; Balcada Surging; 17-Mile Drive; Latin Lady; Tin Tin Deo; Our Man Flint*.

Personnel: Conte Candoli, Melvin Moore, Al Porcino, Jimmy Zito, trumpets; Lou Blackburn, Bob Enevoldsen, Ernie Tack, trombones; Sam Cassano, Alan Robinson, Gale Robinson, French horns; Moody, Gabe Balcasar, Bill Green, Bill Hood, Ira Schulman, Clifford Scott, reeds; Mike Wolford, piano; George Semper, organ; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Chuck Flores, drums; Francisco Aguabella, Latin percussion; Fuller, arranger, conductor.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

This could have been a great album. However, Moody doesn't have sufficient solo space and isn't featured enough on tenor saxophone, his best instrument.

Too, some of the arrangements are surprisingly commercial. For instance, *Sweets* is a rock-and-rollish tune featuring the spirited but far-from-fresh organ work of Semper, and *Seesaw*, a dull Fuller original, also has a down-home, rock-and-roll quality. Too many of the original themes used here have an anonymous quality, but Fuller's orchestration is rich, and the band plays spiritedly.

Moody provides most of the interest. His darting, building flute work is very impressive on *Tin Tin Deo* and *Latin Lady*. He also contributes fine alto improvisation, his playing ranging from limpidly beautiful (*Mood for Love*) to savage and convoluted. Moody's tenor playing is excellent, particularly his flowing improvisation on *Chestnuts*.

Aside from Moody's work, there are few solos. Scott has a fulsome tenor spot on *Night Flight*, sounding like Vido Musso on a bad day, and Hood takes a cornily funky baritone solo on *Seesaw*.

Despite disappointing results here, the idea of a Fuller-Moody album remains an exciting one. They should have another crack at it.

Also, the LP is poorly recorded. (H.P.)

John Handy

JOHN HANDY—Columbia 2462 and 9262: *Spanish Lady; If Only We Knew*.

Personnel: Handy, alto saxophone; Mike White, violin; Jerry Hahn, guitar; Don Thompson, bass; Terry Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ ★

On the evidence of this recording, it is easy to hear why the Handy quintet created such an impact at the 1965 Monterey Jazz Festival. Not discounting the visual impact afforded by Handy's somewhat bizarre dress and the group's unusual instrumentation (but, then, what is orthodox instrumentation these days?), it is patent that Handy's is an exciting and provocative group.

Handy and his cohorts have developed an approach that hews a delicate line between conventional modern jazz and the avant-garde. The individual approaches of the quintet's members—especially altoist Handy—would appear to be greatly directed by the imperatives of the “new-thinkers,” while the group's work as a whole would seem to be ordered by a fine regard for discipline and more-or-less formal organization.

The music is, as a result, an appealing blend of freedom and tight organization. And what is most remarkable is that this organization is the result of the empathetic relationship the members have spontaneously achieved after joining forces. Their interaction is complete, and the cohesiveness these two extended performances reveal is the result of the sensitivity and completeness of the rapport.

Handy is an impressive soloist, and his improvisations here—especially on *Spanish Lady*—are as strong and vigorous as they are shot full of surprise.

His tone at the upper end of his instrument recalls the liquid nasality of the soprano saxophone, and his playing makes telling use of semitones, cries, and piercing ejaculative bursts of sound. And it moves forward restlessly and never tentatively. He knows where he's going, and it's a fascinating trip as it unfolds.

White's amplified violin is capable of generating considerable intensity, and the mounting fervor of his solo on *Spanish Lady*, on which the excitement and urgency pile up as he slashes out harsh phrase after phrase in mounting passion, is fascinating. His lines are often of quite surprising complexity and density, and he makes effective use of double stops and drone figures.

Much the same is true of guitarist Hahn in his solo on this same number, and he seems to make even fuller use of the drone device—to potent effect. It is in the ensemble, however, that Hahn shows to best advantage, for his rhythmic displacements, bursts of notes and chords, stuttering chordal punctuations, and use of tremolo effects heighten an already stimulating rhythmic climate.

I found *Spanish Lady* much the more stimulating performance, one that beguiled continually, moved forward with daring and inevitability, and held together stunningly.

The more lyrical and pensive *If We Only Knew*, despite the astringent charm and affecting melancholy of its themes, failed to cohere as tightly. It did not have

the compression and incisiveness of *Spanish Lady*, nor was there the ribbing of inevitability about it. It is a compelling, dramatically reflective piece, however, and I would like to hear it in more tightly organized performance.

The rhythm team of Thompson and Clarke is a pairing of equals; the encircling waves of rhythm they send out are responsible, as much as anything, for ordering this group's music so finely, as well as providing it a shifting rhythmic tessellation that must be a joy to play on. Certainly the soloists respond beautifully.

This group's next set can be awaited with excited anticipation. (P.W.)

Jimmy Heath

ON THE TRAIL—Riverside 486: *On the Trail; Cloak and Dagger; Vanity; All the Things You Are; Gingerbread Boy; I Should Care; Project S.*
Personnel: Heath, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Al Heath, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

Since Heath is noted for his compositional as well as instrumental achievements, it's a little surprising that the writing on this album is skeletal. The arrangements function as springboards and aren't greatly interesting in themselves.

The emphasis is on the solos, then, and they are quite satisfying.

Heath has been, recently at least, not only a top-notch improviser but one who also is consistently at or near the top of his game. His style has been influenced by several men, from Charlie Parker through John Coltrane (possibly including the Son-nys—Rollins and Stitt), but it is an indi-

vidual one. Heath's lines are complex and rich; his attack is forceful, his phrasing supple. He employs a lean, rather hard tone that softens somewhat on the ballads (*Vanity, I Should Care*). His solos also have good continuity. In short, as his performance here indicates, he is a compleat musician with no major faults and plenty of virtues.

Burrell, another jazzman who is solid in all departments, performs very well. He's sort of the Hank Jones or Tommy Flanagan of the guitar. His work is tasteful, lyrical, and lucidly structured. His articulation is clean, his tone warm. Burrell's ability as an accompanist is demonstrated on *Vanity*, on which he backs Heath quite sensitively.

Kelly's playing is neat and easy to take, though it's marred in spots by his use of commonplace funky devices. His smooth solo on Heath's complex original *Project* is particularly good. (H.P.)

Roland Kirk

SLIGHTLY LATIN—Limelight 86033: *Walk on By; Raouf; It's All in the Game; Juarez; Shaky Money; Nothing but the Truth; Safari; And I Love Her; Ebrauqs.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor and baritone saxophones, strich, manzello, flute, piccolo, bagpipe chanter; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Martin Banks, flugelhorn; Garnett Brown, trombone; Horace Parlan, piano, celeste; Eddie Mathias, bass; Sonny Brown, drums; Nagoya harp; Montego Joe, conga drum; Manuel Ramon, percussion; vocal group, Coleridge Perkinson, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★★

One never knows what to expect from a Kirk album, except that it will not be dull. The multi-instrumentalist has a seemingly limitless imagination, and when he hears

something in his mind, he knows how to convert those sounds into reality.

With the help of trombonist Brown, Kirk has fashioned interesting voicings from the three brasses and his own one-man reed section, and skillful engineering and plentiful percussion add further dimensions. The voices, heard on *Raouf* and *Truth*, are used tastefully.

Kirk's tenor, which he plays so well that one could speculate that he could have made a reputation for himself on that instrument alone, is prominently featured, particularly on *Game*, a pleasant old tune composed by Gen. Charles Dawes, once vice president of the United States. A straightforward performance, it also has a nice spot from pianist Parlan.

Juarez has brief solos from Brown and Banks, but the main feature is Kirk's robust baritone solo. He handles the large horn with the same ease and facility as he does the tenor. On *Safari* he plays piccolo over a lively background of percussion, bells, and toy flutes.

The plaintive sound of a bagpipe chanter is heard on *Shaky*, a brief but effective track. The Beatles' *Love* swings, with Kirk on tenor and manzello in a Latin framework. On *Walk*, a rock-and-roll tune, Kirk's vocal exhortations add to the general excitement, and *Ebrauqs* again features a variety of exotic instruments, including pipes, chimes, bells, and the Japanese Nagoya harp. *Raouf* has a surging tenor solo, and Perkinson's use of the chorus is refreshingly different from the customary oo-aahing of most "jazz" choral writing.

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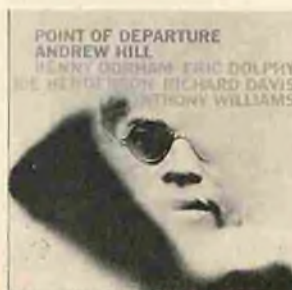
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Brown, a drummer who has worked often with Kirk during the last decade, makes a notable contribution throughout, providing a swinging foundation for the augmented rhythm section. The brass ensemble parts are deftly executed.

In this age of electronic music and arid experimentation with recording tricks, etc., it is refreshing to find an artist like Kirk, whose experiments in sound never become artificial or mechanical but retain that basic human and emotional quality so essential to jazz. Though he may dazzle with his reservoir of the unexpected, this only serves to highlight the core of his art: that of a swinging, driving, vital jazz improviser whose joy in making music is one of the most directly communicative forces in contemporary jazz. (D.M.)

Eric Kloss

INTRODUCING ERIC KLOSS—Prestige 7442: *Close Your Eyes*; *Old Folks*; *S' Bout Time*; *That's the Way It Is*; *All Blues*; *Embraceable You*.

Personnel: Kloss, tenor, alto saxophones; Don Patterson, organ; Pat Martino, guitar; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

On *Eyes* the melody is underlined by organ-rhythm section punctuations, and the vigorous, horizontal-vertical improvising by Kloss is intelligent and swinging. Martino plays some nice single-string before going "Wes" with unison octaves, Montgomery style. Then Patterson sits pat on some choruses before Kloss exits in much the same way he entered.

Old Folks is sweet, soft, thoughtful, and Sonny Stitt-ish, meaning refined, stitched... a refinement of the Charlie Parker type of raw creation, original for the most part but raw. Mostly melody with fills. It's Kloss all the way.

After two groups of 16 bars apiece of outline sketches, Kloss swings through *S' Bout Time* to Martino's driving guitar, which really picks this one up, as Kloss in his solo seems to play a few book exercises. It eliminates repetition; however...

On this number Patterson sounds better than I'd heard him before. He seems more sure than the last time out. He plays exchanges of fours with drummer James, and after repeating the ensemble chorus, they vamp out—*Parisian Thoroughfare*-like, an often-used gimmick.

After the organ introduction to the slow Eb blues, *That's the Way*, Kloss plays some blues—like from way back. I don't care for the timbre of his upper register; it's kind of squeaky. But it is in good tune.

Here Martino is exciting, blues-rooted. Patterson plays, and then Kloss comes back to take it out, with a short clambake at the end.

All Blues is one of those lurking, vamp-underneath, improvised bluesy solo melodies. It includes a solo by Patterson, with Martino comping underneath before soloing and really blowing and cramming for unit area—busy. Then there is a return to the original vamp, and they lurk out as quietly as they came in.

After an organ-and-guitar introduction to *Embraceable*, Kloss reminds one of Bird, but he is not that deep emotionally except where he goes Paul Desmond-ish in the upper register. He probably uses a close-lay mouthpiece, which makes the notes closer together, allowing possibly

longer durability and faster execution but not as much emotional breadth or expression. The mouthpiece is almost too close to get anything more than air in, but I think he gets much more originality out of it because of this.

Patterson sounds alert on his improvisational contribution before Kloss takes it out with the melody.

With such good aspects of his many alto saxophone influences, Kloss couldn't sound bad musically... maybe inexperienced (he's only 17), but this is a pretty well-planned set. He is an excellent standard for any 17-year-old—or 19 or even 25—in view of the current scene. (K.D.)

Yusef Lateef

PSYCHICEMOTUS—Impulse 92: *Psychicemotus*; *Bamboo Flute Blues*; *Semiocito*; *Why Do I Love You?*; *First Gymnopedie*; *Medula Sonata*; *I'll Always Be in Love with You*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*.

Personnel: Lateef, flute, tenor saxophone; George Arvanitas, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; James Black, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★★

This album may not be Lateef's best, but it probably has a greater variety of material than any of his others.

Psychicemotus is held together by Workman's strong section work, which is deliberately repetitive but still varied enough to be interesting. On top of this, Lateef on flute, Black, and Arvanitas make fragmentary statements, in places creating a kind of pointillistic effect. It's a sometimes interesting but rather lightweight performance.

On *Bamboo* Lateef achieves a soulful tone from a home-made flute, but his work is static and dull melodically, harmonically, and rhythmically. There's more to music than sonority.

Semiocito seems inspired by John Coltrane; it's a simple, up-tempo tune. Lateef, on tenor, solos forcefully, exhibiting his own brand of sheets-of-sound playing.

Why Do I Love You? is taken at a medium-slow tempo. Lateef's tenor work here is complex and harmonically fresh, and Arvanitas has a lucid, crisply articulated spot.

Gymnopedie is by Eric Satie, the French innovator who influenced Debussy (and possibly pianist Bill Evans, whose *Peace Piece* is strongly reminiscent of Satie's work). Lateef, playing flute, confines himself to stating the melody—and with a good deal of warmth and sensitivity.

Medula is a free-tempo piece that almost might be thought of as improvised modern classical music. Lateef's economical tenor work is pretty good, though Arvanitas' ruminative playing may be the highlight of the track.

In Love features Lateef's outstandingly lovely tenor improvisation. His tone is huge and warm, his lines lyrical.

Ain't Misbehavin' is an unaccompanied feature for Arvanitas, whose work on it is competent, though derived in large part from Art Tatum.

The best tracks are the ones that are closest to the jazz mainstream. Lateef's "experiments" are less interesting simply because they aren't very experimental; he attempts to synthesize jazz and classical or folk music rather than moving into unexplored territory. (H.P.)

Charles McPherson

CON ALMA!—Prestige 7427; *Eronel*; *In a Sentimental Mood*; *Chasing the Bird*; *Con Alma*; *I Don't Know*; *Dexter Rides Again*.

Personnel: McPherson, alto saxophone; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; George Tucker, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★★½

McPherson knows his Charlie Parker perhaps better than any other altoist. He knows not only the way Bird sang (and McPherson's alto sings beautifully) and the large things about the man's music that most other modern musicians know, but he also knows the discrete components of Parker's playing, the phrase endings, the inner accenting, and, most importantly, the overriding simplicity in what was sometimes a welter of notes. He has digested Bird. And even though McPherson speaks in another's voice, the poignancy and conviction he brings to his playing is of such intensity, that I, for one, will not fault him because he sounds like Parker.

The music that McPherson & Co. play is bebop, and though it is out of fashion in some circles, this music has a strength and buoyancy that is wonderful to behold. When it is played right, as it is on this record, it is filled with life. When it is played superbly, as on *Dexter*, it is exhilarating—so light it seems to float.

The strongest soloists are McPherson and Harris. Both are generally tasteful, thoughtful improvisers.

Harris sparkles with exceptional luster as he heads full tilt through his *Dexter* solo. In all his solos, Harris commands attention with his mastering of the bebop idiom—he rolls along, punching and sparing, never overplaying his hand. Bud Powell is in his soul, for sure, but Harris has developed his self out of the influence.

McPherson has not reached the point of self-development in regard to Parker that Harris has in relation to Powell. Nonetheless, the alto solos on this record have a lot to offer . . . like feeling, lyricism, and fire (McPherson is one of the *hottest* players to come along in a long time). He is especially moving and forceful on *Don't Know*, a slow blues that uses basically the same introduction and coda as *Parker's Mood*. The only incidence of McPherson's taste not being what it could be is on *Sentimental*, on which he indulges in some overemphatic runs (Harris' reflective solo on the track points up McPherson's momentarily lost perspective.)

Jordan seems to hold back somewhat from joining the controlled heat on *Eronel* and *Chasin'*, but he warms up considerably on *Con Alma* and really comes to life on *Dexter* (he does not solo on *Sentimental* and *Don't Know*).

If all the tracks had been as beautiful as *Dexter*, this would have been a five-starrer. (D.DeM.)

Pee Wee Russell

ASK ME NOW!—Impulse 96; *Turnaround*; *How About Me?*; *Ask Me Now*; *Some Other Blues*; *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain*; *Licorice Stick*; *Prelude to a Kiss*; *Baby, You Can Count on Me*; *Hackensack*; *Angel Eyes*; *Calyso Walk*.

Personnel: Marshall Brown, valve trombone, bass trumpet; Russell, clarinet; Russell George, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

We've had to wait far too long for this album, the sequel to *New Groove*, issued by Columbia in 1963. That album (by the same group, with Ron Lundberg in place

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of Bedford) led a lot of people to rediscover Russell. It presented the veteran clarinetist in a new setting, one far removed from the Eddie Condon-Chicago musical environment in which he has so frequently functioned.

Though universally acclaimed by the critics, that first album was no runaway seller, and the group disbanded. This new release, superior to its predecessor, was independently produced by George Avakian (who, by the way, receives no credit in the notes or on the liner) and finally placed for release through the persistent efforts of Brown.

Perhaps it will stir up enough interest to cause the quartet to be re-formed; potentially, it was one of the most rewarding and original units in contemporary jazz.

For Russell's playing is contemporary, fresh and moving and full of the unexpected, as alive and meaningful today as when he made his initial impact in the late '20s. He has never stood still, has always been a uniquely original player and has always remained himself, defying all attempts at categorization.

Like other great individualists in jazz, Russell has the ability to make a song wholly his own without really seeming to depart from the melody, as he does here on Thelonious Monk's *Ask* and Duke Ellington's *Prelude*. There is just a single chorus of each, played almost straight but with a lovely, completely personal sound and steeped in a very special climate of feeling. The excellent recording captures every nuance of these performances.

In a similarly gentle, yearning mood is *Mountain*, a favorite of Russell's that he has recorded before but never as movingly. It is perhaps the album's high spot.

The choice of material is excellent throughout, and Brown's arrangements make skillful use of every resource of the four horns. "Horns" is the appropriate term, since bass and drums are deployed in melodic as well as rhythmic roles.

The inclusion of a John Coltrane piece in the quartet's first album caused considerable comment. Here, there is not only a second composition by the tenor saxophonist (*Blues*) but also a work by Ornette Coleman, *Turnaround*.

Both lines have been adapted to function as bases for harmonically oriented improvisations, and both are blues-tinged without being actual blues. The Coltrane piece is brisk and bright, featuring stop-time devices and a stirring solo by Russell that ends too soon—the way he bites off his last note indicates that he felt that way too.

On *Turnaround* Russell is mellow, and George's bass assumes a prominent role in the ensemble exposition of the theme. The bassist is excellent throughout, not least in a free-form dialog with the clarinetist on Brown's *Licorice*, a blues with frills.

Brown provides a steady, clean, and reliable anchor voice in the ensembles, but his solos often seem a bit stodgy when contrasted with Russell's. His phrasing is almost symmetrical and very much on the beat, while Russell is fluid and wholly unpredictable.

At times, this contrast is very effective,

as in the exchange of fours on *Baby*. Brown is at his best on the more agile bass trumpet in *Hackensack*. His feature, *Angel Eyes*, is a warm valve-trombone showcase.

Bedford is supple, propulsive, and tasteful. He solos on *Blues* and is prominently featured on *Calypso*, but his main role, which he performs admirably, is to be an integral part of the ensemble.

Though 1966 is far from over, this will have to be one of the records of the year. It should not be missed. (D.M.)

Sonny Stitt

BROADWAY SOUL—Colpix 499: *Hello, Dolly; Better All the Time; You'd Better Love Me; Night Song; A Room without Windows; Gimme Some; Loads of Love; If I Gave You.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Stitt, Zoot Sims, Phil Woods, Budd Johnson, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Roger Kellaway or Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

NIGHT CRAWLER—Prestige 7436: *All God's Chittlin Got Rhythm; Answering Service; Tangerine; Night Crawler; Who Can I Turn To?; Star Eyes.*

Personnel: Stitt, alto saxophone; Don Patterson, organ; Billy James, drums.

Rating: ★★ ★ 1/2

Stitt, one of jazz' hardy perennials, is shown to excellent advantage in both these markedly different sets.

The Colpix album places Stitt's alto and tenor against the shifting textures and rhythms of a band of top New York studio men in a program of recent Broadway fare that comes off quite nicely.

The arrangements—the liner notes make no mention of the orchestrator—are quite deft and ingenious in their play of movement behind the saxophonist's bristling improvising. This continually changing screen of contrapuntal and harmonic motion throws his improvised lines into effective relief and lends the album more than a little excitement.

One reservation about the arrangements, however well crafted and executed, derives from their conservatism, for they merely retrace lines previously drawn (though vigorously), and they substitute cleverness for real wit, solid craft for real invention.

Stitt plays with his customary assurance and chord-gobbling swagger, throwing off glistening phrase after phrase with the ease and elan of the professional he surely is. There are occasional solos by some of the other participants—most notably pianist Kellaway (I suspect), who has several invigorating moments to himself.

The Prestige set is one of those gutsy, straight-ahead, damn-the-torpedoes blowing sessions on which Stitt shows up to such excellent advantage and which have maintained his reputation for almost 20 years.

By now the Charlie Parker vocabulary has become Stitt's natural mode of expression, and the authority and fluency with which he speaks it course through every lineament of his assured, eloquent playing on this album. The slightly acid tone, the rhythmic thrust, the staccato bursts of sound, the spiraling intensity of his playing—all are demonstrated stunningly here.

The debt to Parker is manifest most particularly on the blistering, charging lines of his *Star Eyes* work and on the



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ballads. But, of course, there's no doubt that it is Stitt who is doing the Bird-calling, no matter how many Parkerisms one might care to excerpt from the fabric of his improvisation. Stitt is more properly evocative, rather than imitative, of Parker.

Behind Stitt, Patterson supplies firm, unobtrusive support. The organist's solos, however, I found rather unimaginative for the most part, though his understatement surely is to be counted in his favor.

James' inventive, stimulating drumming is another positive factor in this disc's success. He drives all before him yet never overpowers or attracts undue attention to himself. He's a quiet powerhouse generating both heat and light.

(P.W.)

Lucky Thompson

LUCKY IS BACK!—Rivoli 40: *Love; Evil Eva; Passionately Yours; Slow Dough; Willow, Weep for Me; On Tippy Top; My Old Flame.*

Personnel: Thompson, soprano and tenor saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Willie Ruff, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆

There is so much warmth and lyric beauty in this album that it deserves playing and replaying by the discriminating fan. It is not without fault, but any defects—recording or otherwise—are overwhelmed by the moving, forceful, personal power of Thompson.

The programming is good, a judicious mixing of standards and originals taken in differing tempos. Furthermore, Thompson varies the sound texture by interpreting four of the six tunes with a soprano saxophone—and with this ornery machine he is a virtuoso.

Dan Morgenstern has argued that Thompson's soprano conception is "wholly original." I agree. His is not the thin, harsh, reedy sound. It is warm, full-toned, at times approaching the mellowness of a flute and capable of suggesting many colors. Odd that this approach hasn't been investigated before, but perhaps the tenor men who speak in a similar tone of voice hesitate to take on the added woes of a difficult instrument.

On tenor, Thompson reduplicates his melodious singing. His slow original, *Passionately*, is an immensely moving exposition of personal feeling. Fortunately, Flanagan is given plenty of space here and throughout. He is just the man for Thompson, for, like the leader, he is technically adroit, harmonically rich, lyrical, tasteful.

Ruff and Perkins keep the time going well but contribute little in the way of compelling punctuation.

What does this group sound like? Parallels can only be suggested, never exact. But, for similar lyricism, warmth, depth, feeling for melody, consider the combination of Stan Getz and Bill Evans. Or Lester Young and Teddy Wilson.

In view of post-Ornette Coleman developments in jazz, some may find these sides a trifle "old-fashioned," too wedded to the cool sounds of the 1950s. Occasionally, as on *Top*, where the play is not very inspired, such may seem the case; but, in all, this album is a joyful experience. Lucky is back—and lucky for us.

The record has limited distribution but can be obtained from Rivoli Records, 1650 Broadway, New York City. (D.N.)

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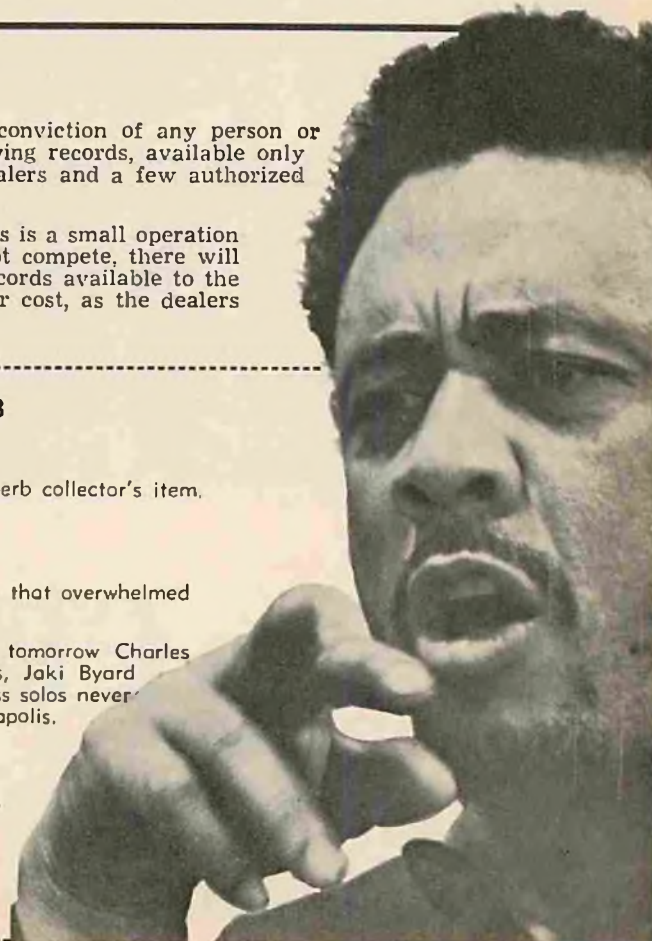
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of returning to circulation performances from the vast Verve catalog.

Most of these, of course, were recorded originally under the aegis of Norman Granz, who has received scant credit for his herculean labors as a jazz a&r man. Never has so much music by so many artists been recorded by a man with less regard for what was considered "commercially" acceptable.

Inevitably, some of this output is less than memorable, but most of it is worthwhile and much of it superb.

One hopes that VSP will get to work on restoring to currency some of the Art Tatum, Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Lee Konitz, Stuff Smith, and other superior material in its vaults. Meanwhile, VSP's first batch of 19 releases, eight of which are reviewed here, is a promising start.

VSP's general approach is to combine material from different sources, but some albums are merely repackaging of original Verve items. One such is *Two for the Blues*, originally issued in 1963 as by the Ray Brown All-Star Big Band (with Adderley billed as guest artist). Six arrangements by Ernie Wilkins and three by Al Cohn are expertly performed by a crack band of New Yorkers, including soloists Nat Adderley, Clark Terry, and Yusef Lateef.

Brown plays cello in addition to bass, and his cello showcase, *My One and Only Love*, is one of the great jazz performances on that instrument. Wilkins was in fine fettle, as was Cannonball. The latter's work on *Cannon Bilt*; *Day In, Day Out*; and *Baubles, Bangles, and Beads* is among his best on record—succinct, fiery, and persuasive. Lateef has a broiling solo on the title tune. Terry's solo here is wrongly attributed to Nat Adderley, but the VSP practice of full personnel listings and solo credits is a boon. Brown solos with the flexibility and authority of a horn man on nearly all tracks.

The *How High the Moon* represented here is *not* the famous first JATP 78-rpm version starring Illinois Jacquet but is taken from a 1947 bash featuring tenor saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Flip Phillips, alto saxophonist Willie Smith, trumpeter Buck Clayton, and trombonist Trummy Young, with a good rhythm section anchored by Buddy Rich. The same team, with Hawkins sitting out, also handles *Bell Boy Blues*.

Another 1947 JATP gathering has Phillips, Illinois Jacquet, trombonist Bill Harris, trumpeter Howard McGhee, pianist Hank Jones, bassist Brown, and drummer Joe Jones in *I Surrender, Dear*, but the results are not particularly distinguished.

From a 1955 concert, Phillips and Jacquet do *All of Me* and *Tenderly*, respectively, while Eldridge's heartfelt trumpet takes *I Can't Get Started*.

The *Surrender* lineup is featured on the *Perdido* album, playing the title tune and *Mordido*, two typical marathon performances. Phillips' *Perdido* solo was the biggest hit in JATP history, rivaled only by Jacquet's earlier *Blues, Part Three*. Though the solo opens well, it soon descends to the honking level. But, oh, how the crowd loved it!

Jacquet fights valiantly but loses this round. He recoups on *Mordido*, however, and outdoes Phillips, both in playing and screaming. McGhee is shrill and mechanical, while Harris bleats and moans.

This album is JATP at its musical worst, but the concerts had their moments nevertheless. One of these is included in *The Art of the Ballad* set, devoted mainly to saxophonists, except for one, long JATP track featuring trumpeters Eldridge and Dizzy Gillespie and pianist Oscar Peterson (their 1954 *I Can't Get Started* is satisfying and relaxed).

The album's other featured soloists are tenorists Stan Getz, Paul Gonsalves, Hawkins, Jacquet, and Ben Webster and alto saxophonist Lee Konitz.

Jacquet's *Pastel* shows his nonviolent side; Gonsalves shines on *Without a Word of Warning*; Hawkins is majestic on *Small Hotel* (with a vintage bebop rhythm section of Al Haig, piano; Nelson Boyd, bass; and Shadow Wilson, drums); Webster sings on *When I Fall in Love*; Konitz is poignant on *Stairway to the Stars*; and Getz is wistful and tender on *I'm Through with Love*. This is a first-rate album.

Getz' *Eloquence* is not mistitled. He shouts and stomps on two long jam tracks with vibraharpist Lionel Hampton, *Cherokee* and *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, which are great blowing lines featuring two born improvisers. *Cherokee* takes the cake, while *Woodside* brings out the humor in both players. Pianist Lou Levy, bassist Leroy Vinnegar, and drummer Shelly Manne work up a fine head of steam. *It Never Entered My Mind* is the romantic Getz in fine form.

Two tracks, *Soft Winds* and *Blues for Janet*, were originally on a notable Herb Ellis album and feature the Texas guitarist at length. There is also room for Getz and trumpeter Eldridge, who seem to inspire each other. Getz' solo on *Janet* is one of his most bluesy on record, and Eldridge sparkles on *Winds*. The sole weak track is *I Hadn't Anyone 'til You*—an undistinguished 1954 quartet effort.

Getz is much in evidence on *Gerry's Time*, most of which stems from a Granz summit meeting (*Jazz Giants of 1958* in the original issue). Trumpeter Harry Edison, pianist Peterson, guitarist Ellis, bassist Brown, and drummer Louie Bellson join the two saxophonists in *Woody 'n You*, *Candy*, and *When Your Lover Has Gone*, with Edison and Getz more impressive than the baritonist, who doesn't seem comfortable with the rhythm section on the up tempos. He comes through on the relaxed *Candy*, however, and his single chorus of *Lush Life* (from the session's original ballad medley) is a model of restrained lyricism. The album's remaining track, *Bread and Wine*, stems from the score for a film, *The Subterraneans*. It has solos by trumpeter Art Farmer, alto saxophonist Art Pepper, tenor saxophonist Bill Perkins, pianist Russ Freeman, and Mulligan. Nothing overly exciting happens, but Farmer is crisp and clear.

Paris Concert, recorded in mid-1954, finds Mulligan in more inspired form.

This Pacific Jazz reissue adds three tracks (*Makin' Whoopee*, *Soft Shoe*,

Motel) to the original album, but omits *The Lady Is a Tramp*. This was the first recording with valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer as trumpeter Chet Baker's replacement in the Mulligan quartet, and the interplay and collaboration between the two horn men was fresh and full of newfound empathy. Red Mitchell's bass and Frank Isola's drums gave the kind of rhythmic support Mulligan wanted.

Both Mulligan and Brookmeyer have grown musically since this record was made, but this was warm and happy music, and it stands up well.

The somewhat dry and nasal sound of the horns has its own charm, and so has the distinctive ensemble style. The program (as is still Mulligan's way) consists of standards and his own originals. And, of course, *Bernie's Tune*. The most relaxed pieces are *Whoopee* and *Soft*; the most swinging (in their own way) *Motel*, *Five Brothers*, and *Come Out, Wherever You Are*.

Of Johnny Hodges it can well be said that he has never made a bad record. *All the Duke's Men*, which includes several non-Ellingtonians, is not his best, but there are fine moments.

Most of the tracks stem from a big-band session, vintage 1961, featuring Billy Strayhorn arrangements. The personnel is that of Ellington's band at that time, excepting pianist Jimmy Jones.

Hodges holds the spotlight on *Azure*, *Jeep's Blues*, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *The Gal from Joe's*, *I'm Just a Lucky So-and-So*, *Day Dream*, and *I've Got It Bad, and that Ain't Good* with no solos from other quarters, except a brief Harry Carney passage on *Joe's*. *Bad* is beautiful.

The three remaining tracks, with a small group that included trumpeter Eldridge, trombonist Vic Dickenson, and tenor Webster, follow the Hodges-showcase pattern on *Satin Doll* and *I Didn't Know About You* but break out of it on the album's most exciting track, the lengthy *Saturday Afternoon Blues*. It has solos from all four horns, Eldridge's trumpet and Dickenson's sly trombone taking top honors. A nice record, but there is greater Hodges in the Verve vaults—notably the sextet session with Ellington himself, Harry Edison, and Jo Jones.

Last and least, Herbie Mann. The 1959 selections stem from the flutist's earliest efforts in the Latin bag that later proved so successful, but the ingredients hadn't jelled as yet.

Vibraharpist Johnny Rae is the only other soloist (aside from a drum bit), and nothing much happens. *Come on, Mule*, on which Mann plays bass clarinet, is faintly interesting and has a relaxed beat. *Fife and Tambourine Corps*, a short track, is enlivened by a four-trumpet front line, but even the trumpets can't save *I'll Remember April* and *You Stepped out of a Dream* from Mann's uninspired flute excursions. *Cuban Potato Chips* (recorded live) is less than crisp.

This album doesn't do justice to Mann's current reputation and is the kind of release that seems quite unnecessary.

—Dan Morgenstern



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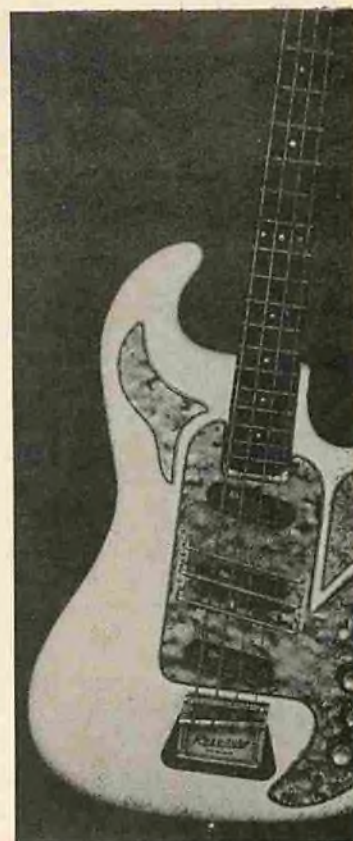
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BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

ARCHIE SHEPP, Pt. 2

'This is a nation which is at war. A nation which, I think, is fighting an unjust and a dirty war, and it's all reflected in its art, that's all. You can't blow up three children and a church without it somehow reflecting itself in some aspect of your cultural experience. That's what the avant-garde is about, I think.'

This introduction to Archie Shepp's second of two *Blindfold Tests* will be brief, in order to leave as much room as possible for an unusually long test. As it is, substantial cuts had to be made, but in accordance with a promise to Shepp, deletions were restricted to those remarks that seemed least directly related to the records.

1. Ben Webster. *Lullaby of Jazzland* (from *See You at the Fair*, Impulse). Webster, tenor saxophone.

It's ironic I've been linked a lot with Ben. Actually, I heard very little of Ben when I was a boy. That's unfortunate, because I've begun to listen to him a lot recently. I heard a lot of Eddie Davis, and I'm sure Eddie heard a lot of Ben. Because Ben is one of the elders. And a great man. A great man.

Well, what? He's a fantastic musician, and what can you say about men like that? You've got to listen to him, you've got to hear him. . . . It's unfortunate—I think it's really tragic that many of my own peers, men of my generation, seem to have forgotten how to listen to men like Ben Webster, because if you intend to play the saxophone, you can't really do a thorough job unless you listen to men like him.

Many of our contemporary idols come right out of that kind of school. It strikes me as unfortunate that America does by no means pay her artists . . . there's no remuneration as far as the artist is concerned.

I saw Coleman Hawkins at the Five Spot, and the man seemed to be propped up on the piano there. Coleman Hawkins is a giant of a man. Why is it that he can't go into Carnegie Hall and have them queued up around the corner—you know, \$15 seats and all that sort of thing?

People think of Satch . . . you know, Satch, buckin' and wingin', teeth showing all over the place. . . . Satch is a great old man. He's been going. Horowitz would be dead if he'd had to travel the road that that man traveled. And that man still plays. He still plays. He's still a man.

Ben, yeah. Ben is a great man. I like anything Ben plays. He can play anything for me.

2. Zoot Sims. *Cano Canoe* (from *New Beat Bossa Nova*, Colpix). Sims, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar.

Well, that sounded like a white player on the stand, to me. Zoot or Al. . . . I don't know, who was it? Zoot! Yes, I like Zoot's work, I like him a bit better than Stan Getz, as a matter of fact. I think he's, on the whole, a stronger player. I have met him, though I doubt that he remembers having met me. . . . I like Zoot.

Of course, that's very much Lester Young kind of playing. But I think what that school lacked, that whole cool school of playing, was the energy and vitality that Lester brought to his music. It was a little too cool.

L.F.: In Zoot's case, you mean?

A.S.: Well, Zoot probably came closer to approximating Pres' sound. Stan, of course, had the technical facility to do a lot of things, and I think a lot of Getz' best work was done when he played with Negroes.

I remember making sessions at lofts in New York where white men were playing, where I wasn't even welcome. Zoot Sims was at one of those sessions, as a matter of fact. He doesn't remember that. The only person who made me feel welcome was Don Friedman, as a matter of fact. That was years ago, at Larry Rivers' loft, in New York.

One of the first records I owned was by Zoot Sims. Another was a record by Dave Brubeck. Oh, yes, because they make white musicians available to us. They don't make many black musicians available to us.

All right, what did he play? He played a thing called *Memories of You* . . . he was playing very well at that time. Quite well. But it wasn't until Lee Morgen introduced me to some of the other musicians that I began to really get to know what

was happening.

Oh, I like Zoot. He's one of the best of the white players, I think. I liked the melody and arrangement in general.

3. Sextet of Orchestra U.S.A. *Alabama Song* (from *Mack the Knife*, RCA). Michael Zwerin, bass trumpet; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Kurt Weill, composer.

Well, of course Kurt Weill was anti-Fascist, and I'm very fond of anti-Fascists. I suppose I am right now in one of the bastions of fascism and reactionism, which is the City of the Angels, by name.

Well, as I say, Weill was very definitely an anti-Fascist, along with Brecht—Brecht, of course, a tremendous man.

I'm glad that Eric saw fit to do an album of Weill's tunes. I was, of course, very fond of the late Eric Dolphy; you know, he died like a soldier, he died in that tradition. The circumstances surrounding his death have never been made clear, as far as I'm concerned. There are rumors that exist that should be cleared up. I don't know why they haven't been cleared up. The only thing I can assume is that when Negroes travel on the road, nobody gives so much as a damn what happens to them.

I liked Eric's work best, of course. If you consider Eric and Ornette, you might think of Trane and Sonny Rollins. Eric never got a chance to work that thing out the way he would have undoubtedly done. But the more I hear the two styles. . . . I've been listening to a lot of Eric Dolphy lately.

L.F.: How about the instrument that played the melody?

A.S.: Oh, the trombone played the melody. I don't know who that was. Trombone . . . I won't call it adequate. I won't judge the person. I don't know who it was. J. J. Johnson laid down certain things on the trombone well; he is a milestone in the trombone, because he taught cats how to use the slide fast, staccato. He did it because he was in the company of Bird, and Bird was a teacher, a mentor. He was teaching all the men around him just exactly what to do with their instruments.

L.F.: I have to tell you before you go any further that this was not a slide trombone.

A.S.: It was a valve.

L.F.: It was not necessarily even a valve trombone.

A.S.: What was it—a trumpet?

L.F.: A bass trumpet.

A.S.: A bass trumpet! Oh, yes. Maybe that's why I didn't like it so much. Not because of the timbre, but there's a way to play the bass trumpet. Who was playing that?

L.F.: A fellow named Michael Zwerin.

A.S.: I know Mike! Very well. Of course. We rehearsed some together. He's the president of a steel company, I believe, and he writes for the *Village Voice*. Well, Mike's a very intelligent man. I assume he's a sensitive man, and as soon as he starts to share a few of the shares, his music's going to get better. You know? He's going to play stronger. That's right—you've got to be a little poor to play. It's folk music, you know.

4. Giuseppe Logan. *Dance of Satan* (from

Giuseppe Logan Quartet, ESP). Logan, tenor saxophone, composer.

Giuseppi, no? I like Giuseppi's work very much; I know him very well. . . . I think he's been treated very unfairly in print, thus far. It seems to me people who have reviewed him to date, in *Down Beat*, have been somewhat unknowledgeable about the kind of music he's playing.

Giuseppi's, of course, one of the younger members of the so-called avant-garde. He's a good writer. He has certain lessons to learn, but he's going to learn them. I would say that he could become a very important saxophonist.

There were certain things I learned working with Cecil Taylor, which was an invaluable experience. About utilizing one's own roots. That's the one thing that stayed with me, as far as composition is concerned. You can hear Webern and Stravinsky and all these people—you can hear them. But the meat of the music is right in your own cultural experience. That is what makes the most original art in the world. I think right now what we're experiencing in art is only an extension of what we're experiencing in life.

This is a nation which is at war. A nation which, I think, is fighting an unjust and a dirty war, and it's all reflected in its art, that's all. You can't blow up three children and a church without it somehow reflecting itself in some aspect of your cultural experience.

That's what the avant-garde is about, I think. We're not simply angry young men—we are enraged. And I think it's damn well time. There has been too much death among us.


Giuseppi. It was in the music. That's what the music is about. I think . . . well, Giuseppi's going to be one of the cats. And *Down Beat's* got to start getting some younger men . . . putting them on full-time salary, so they can get people who know what they're talking about, who are at least sensitive. . . .

Five stars!

5. Art Blakey. *Between Races* (from *Buttercorn Lady*, Limelight). Chuck Mangione, trumpet, composer; Frank Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Blakey, drums.

Who was that? Art! Yes. Who was on tenor? . . . Yeah, I liked him. That was all right. Frank Mitchell? Yeah, I know him! Sure! He's a young cat. He's only about 18 years old, and he's a beautiful player. Frank can play, yeah.

That's Art, and he had this boy on the trumpet, the Mangione fellow. I've heard that group several times at the Five Spot, where they don't allow me in any more. . . . I've admired Art Blakey's work for many years. Art Blakey is a giant. He was the first who brought the concept of energy into the music. Energy. That Elvin Jones developed . . . that kind of energy. To the extent that musicians are gymnasts today. We're long-distance runners. We're athletes.

Anything that Art does is all right with me. Art is getting older, but he's just as strong as he ever was. The young men around him have to understand that, see? That this is a very hard business. And you have to keep going for years. 

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Reviews Of In-Person Performances

Dexter Gordon Blue Note, Paris

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Rene Urtreger, piano; Alby Cullaz, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

While other tenor players flirt with a variety of styles, often desperately seeking evolution if only for evolution's sake, Dexter Gordon goes on being Dexter Gordon. He is superlatively good at it.

Gordon is a mature, thorough, hard-bop stylist who clearly enjoys playing the way he does and is not lured from the narrow path of sincerity by superficial innovations. His sticking to his own well-established style endows his playing with a certain nostalgic quality, but to conclude from that fact that his playing is musty would be a giant false step. He is an invigorating soloist, with a hard, staccato attack, plenty of fresh ideas, and a notable ability to toss off an arresting phrase and proceed to thread it skillfully through the changes.

At the Blue Note, Gordon benefited from an able, driving rhythm section that had the impassive sheet-anchor man himself, Clarke, keeping time as steady as a metronome.

Cullaz, a young bassist who has worked with a number of visiting Americans, notably tenorist Johnny Griffin, is a diligent and sensitive player with firm intonation, good time, and a fine harmonic sense, but—either because of acoustics, his instrument, or overdelicacy—he lacked volume.

The comping and solo work of Urtreger, an immensely reliable pianist who conspicuously listens to what's being played around him, were of a high standard. On Charlie Parker's *Confirmation*, Urtreger cooked to the extent of coaxing a smile from Clarke and brought a sudden extra vigor into the drummer's playing.

The set opened with *Moonlight in Vermont*, and Gordon made a direct and untrammelled statement of the theme. In his solo he coaxed and dragged notes from his horn, caressing them and letting them fade, and took the piece out with a long, sinewy ritard.

Woody 'n You followed, and Gordon swung through it with great verve. He was not reluctant to develop a riff to kick the piece along, letting the rhythm section come through between the phrases. He also made extensive use of a high, plaintive upper-register cry before descending in a flurry of notes. Sometimes there was a guttural, baritonelike quality about Gordon's solo. Altogether it was a model of construction.

Body and Soul brought forth a warm and vibrant solo from Gordon, who, by sticking pretty close to the original line, showed just how much a fine musician can make another's melody something of his own.

The set ended with *Straight, No Chaser*, and again Gordon demonstrated his stature

as a musician. He dug steadily into the blues bag, picking out the top layer of familiar licks, toying with them for a few bars, and then discarding them when he finally got into some new things. It was another fine workout, enhanced by an absence of flashy runs and by the judicious use of tacit bars, sometimes four or five in a row.

For my money, jazz can evolve all it wants, as long as Gordon stays right where he is.
—Mike Hennessey

Mobile Jazz Festival

Municipal Auditorium, Mobile, Ala.

Mobile, Ala., might seem an unlikely setting for an intercollegiate jazz competition. But this port city takes pride in its enlightened administration and proved itself to be a friendly and hospitable host to the first Mobile Jazz Festival, held April 1 and 2.

Most college festivals take place on the campuses of sponsoring institutions, but this one was held in the city's recently built Municipal Auditorium, an imposing, ultramodern structure with a huge stage and a seating capacity of more than 12,000. Sponsored by two local schools, Spring Hill College and the University of South Alabama (the state's oldest and newest institutions of higher learning, respectively), the festival was organized by a local public-relations firm, one of whose members, Bob Yde, served as its president.

Seven big bands, seven combos, four vocalists, and a vocal group competed in the festival. Though efforts were made to attract the best possible talent, the overall musical level fell well below the standards set by such competitions at Notre Dame and Villanova universities.

Still, the festival had moments of excellence. The Florida Jazz Quintet, winning eight of the event's 15 awards, is a group that could have held its own in the toughest competition, and in organist-composer-arranger Ed Kalehoff, the festival uncovered an unusually talented musician.

Three big bands, two combos, two vocalists, and the vocal group competed in the finals—a lineup to some extent determined by the festival's planned format. Certainly the vocal representation was disproportionate. But the finals were taped for later nationwide broadcast on ABC radio, which apparently wanted a "balanced" show.

The winning big band, the Fredonia College Dance Band from Fredonia, N.Y., was a pleasantly musical and relaxed organization, distinguished by an excellent trombone section, good rhythm, and a fresh and lively soloist in alto saxophonist Jack Lis (who was voted best altoist at the festival). Featuring arrangements by such now-professional alumni as Don Menza and Steve Willis, the Fredonians ran into close competition from the runner-up, the Millikin University Lab Band from Decatur, Ill.

The Millikin band, more showy and hard-driving than Fredonia, played with fire and enthusiasm in the semifinals, but in the finals, with an entirely different program, the spark failed to ignite, and even the first-rate trumpet section couldn't carry the band. A tendency to blast and

a rather stiff conception of time didn't help, either. Musically, neither band had anything extraordinary to offer. Millikin's baritone saxophonist, Alan Coutant, won in his category, but while good, he had no competition.

The third big band, the Texas Christian University Stage Band, exhibited a pleasantly light touch in its first appearance but chose to present a pretentious and labored program in the finals. For his amazing high-note work on *Ole* (in the Slide Hampton arrangement for Maynard Ferguson), more impressive technically than from a jazz standpoint, trumpeter Ronnie Puckett won himself the top award on his instrument.

The finalist combos were the Florida Jazz Quintet and fluegelhornist Bruce Cameron's quintet from Bucknell University. Cameron's group, which also performed at Villanova and Notre Dame, was competent and polished in a Miles Davis mold, and its one original, *Mellifluity* (by tenor saxophonist Gordon Fels and pianist Steve Robbins), was impressive. Cameron won as best fluegelhornist (a category instituted by the judges in lieu of best clarinet, for which there were no candidates).

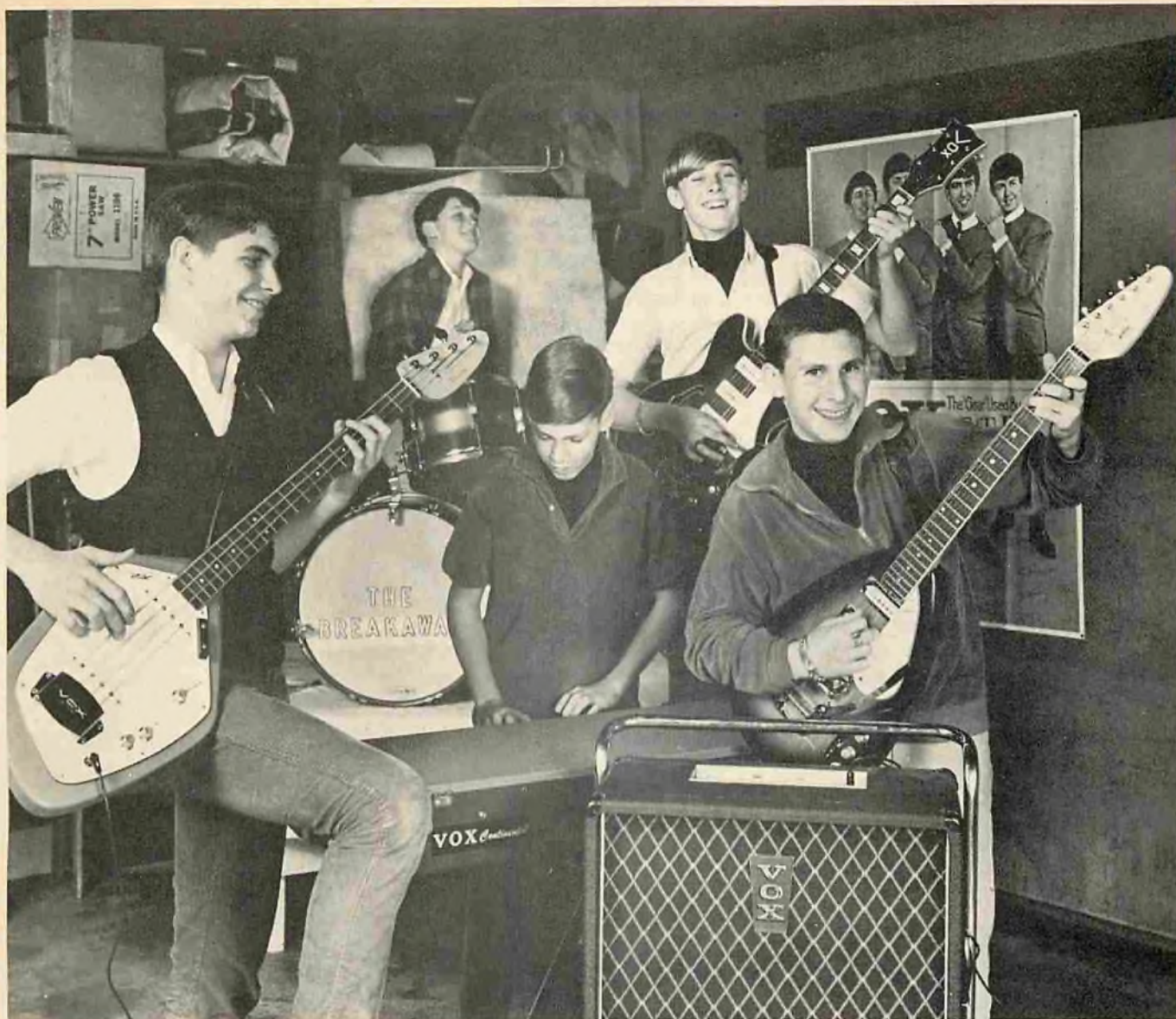
The Floridians, however, were in a class by themselves. With members from three schools (Florida A&M, Florida State, and Jacksonville University) and a trombonist, Al Hall, who had joined only 10 days prior to the festival, the group nonetheless displayed the cohesion and ensemble unity of a seasoned professional band.

The judges—critic Stanley Dance, arranger Jerry Gray, record executive John Hammond, *Down Beat* columnist Rev. George Wiskirchen, and this writer—chose the group as the most outstanding performers at the festival as well as the best combo. In addition, individual awards went to tenor saxophonist Robert Mack, trombonist Hall, bassist Rudy Aikels, drummer-leader Elbert Hatchett, and pianist Steve Davidowski (the group's sole white member, who also won the arranger-composer award).

The quintet's music, though distinctly contemporary, is not avant-garde. Mack, the featured soloist, is a strong, passionate player, definitely John Coltrane-influenced (but not copying his idol except in the group's one standard, *Out of This World*). Trombonist Hall is firm and fluent, with a fine brass sound and good conception.

The rhythm section, propelled by Hatchett's strong but never overpowering drumming (for a young musician, he was exceptionally subtle), never stopped swinging. Big-toned bassist Aikels contributed an outstanding solo and kept firm time. Davidowski's solos were well constructed, his comping excellent; of his four originals, three were modal—pleasant and workmanlike blowing lines—but it was his tender and affecting *Molly's Lullabye* that won him the writing award.

Vocalist Trudy Desmond, in much better form than at Villanova and with intelligent choice of material, was easily the best singer of the festival. The other contenders (two male, one female) had no jazz



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The winning vocal group, Ed Kalehoff's Jazz Choir from the University of Southern Mississippi, was a pleasant surprise. Though obviously influenced by the Swingle Singers, Kalehoff showed original touches, and the instrumental accompaniment, by his own organ, and bass and drums, gave the music a different flavor.

Among other participants, trombonist Joe Gallardo of the University of Corpus

The University of Miami big band, though a bit sloppy, had commendable spirit and drive, its seemingly thin sound later revealed to have been caused by the leader's insistence on reduced amplification. (The hall's acoustics were not the best.)

The Ill Winds, an eight-piece group of students from as many different colleges who had played together through high school in the Chicago area, were spirited but suffered from insufficient rehearsal and

A second Mobile festival is being planned for next March. Having proved that such an event can proceed smoothly and fairly in the Deep South, the caliber of talent can surely be expected to rise, along with attendance, which was approximately 11,000 for four concerts. In taking the collegiate jazz festival from the campus into the heart of a city, Mobile has set an example for the nation.

—Dan Morgenstern

Mandel Hall, University of Chicago

Personnel: Mitchell, alto saxophone, clarinet; Gene Dinwiddio, tenor saxophone, flute; Lester Lashley, trombone, cello, bass; Richard Abrams, piano, clarinet; Charles Clarke, bass; Alvin Fielder, drums.

Having heard altoist Mitchell several times over the last several months, I have come to the conclusion that his is among the most completely successful, and among the most promising, of Chicago groups working the avant-garde vineyards. There are several reasons for my saying this.

First, there's Mitchell himself. A quiet, diffident, self-contained young man, his music possesses tremendous sweep and power. He's a strong altoist who always plays with directness, force, and a palpable assurance. He knows where he's going in his extemporizations, and his thorough command of the alto, his major instrument, gets him there with a minimum of trouble. His tone is full and glistening throughout the alto's range, always consistent and controlled—broad and full at the lower end, bright and hard at the upper reaches.

But beyond the technical, Mitchell is a fertile improviser whose command of the avant-garde vocabulary is unquestionable. He speaks it authoritatively and unequivocally; it's his natural language.

His solos are full of the purposeful harshness, the agitated, explosive crudeness, the encircling cries, swoops, and glissandi that have marked the work of mature spokesmen in the idiom, but there is also a warmth and a gentleness in Mitchell's playing that I find particularly appealing. But above all, what I like about his musical personality is its completeness—he's a whole man in his music. It is the tension of opposites that makes his music—and that of his group, as a result, for he is a very strong leader—so compelling. Surely there are frenzy and abandon in his playing, but there also are discipline and control. The music is emotional and cerebral, heart and mind, chaos and order, and it is the balancing of these polarities that gives his playing much of its excitement.

Like several of the avant-garde leaders around Chicago, Mitchell is *the* force in his group; it is his playing that is most forceful, his direction that prevails, his the dominant personality. But unlike the others—and this is the crucial difference—Mitchell has surrounded himself with a group of co-workers who are much closer in thought and instrumental ability to him than are the sidemen of the other leaders

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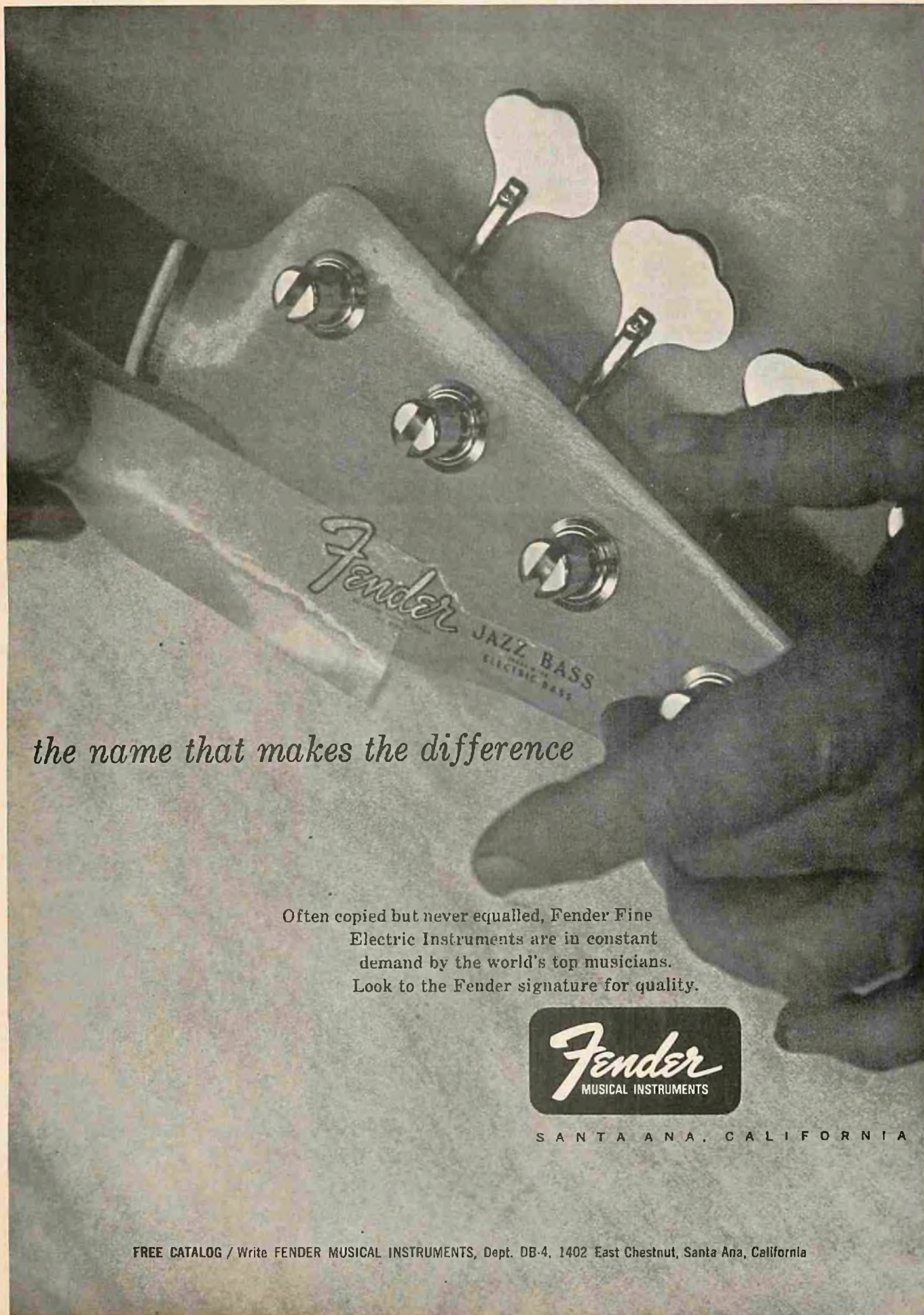
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in the Chicago area.

His is properly a group music, with a much fuller interplay among its members, and—because of their empathy and technical fluency—a much more successful interplay too. Though he is the consistently rewarding soloist, it is the group work that marks the music.

How closely and successfully the members work together is best demonstrated in the repertoire they have evolved, and this aspect of the music was on display in the second half of this long, not always successful concert.

Much of the difficulty stemmed from the presence of interloper Abrams, who was added to the Mitchell quintet for this concert appearance. In a nutshell, Abrams

contributed little, and in not a few instances simply got in the way.

This was particularly true of the second half of the program, which was given over to Mitchell compositions (the first half consisted of a seven-part Abrams composition, *The Ethereal Chain*, that consumed more than an hour and a half and produced little that was meaningful or rewarding).

On the Mitchell pieces, Abrams frankly was at a loss; first, he seemed wholly unfamiliar with Mitchell's music (in a few cases I got the impression that he had never played—or even heard—the music before); second, he did not know how to integrate his playing into the group's work; third, he blithely played ahead whether he

knew what was coming off or not. His playing, on both piano and clarinet was intrusive, often working at cross-purposes to the music the rest of the group was playing.

The concert's organizers could have better served Mitchell's music by having restricted Abrams' playing to the first portion of the concert.

The gentle, sardonic slyness of Mitchell's *Old* was undermined by Abrams' erratic clarinet interjections. Mitchell's theme, with its burlesquing of jazz tradition, and with the colors produced by alto, tenor, and trombone in the ensemble, vividly recalled the music of Charles Mingus, and the group's strong playing relationship was well demonstrated in its performance of the number.

At its beginning, *The March*, which followed, suggested a train, but as the piece developed, its point of view revealed itself more fully. The composition is a funny and effective parody of the military mind. The vision one got is of a child's nightmare of a world overrun by menacing but slightly ludicrous toy soldiers—rapid, mechanical, taut, jerky—mechanical energy gone awry.

People in Sorrow was an effective tone poem with a very lonely, ululant theme voiced by Dinwiddie on flute, Abrams on clarinet, with fluttery interjections and comments by Mitchell on clarinet. Mitchell's agitated alto solo followed. With his rubbery tone, shrieks, bleats, and wails, he constructed an improvisation that pointed up the desolate mood of the composition. Abrams' woody clarinet solo was followed by a peaceful, pastoral trio of flute, arco bass (Clarke), and cello that was one of the loveliest, most effective segments of the evening.

Jo Jar, dedicated to Chicago saxophonist Joseph Jarman, featured Mitchell's vigorous alto over the walking plucked cello of Lashley, who is astonishing. Then arco bass entered and, finally, drums. Abrams' piano solo was, in comparison with the tensile strength and liteness of Mitchell's alto, all bombast—recalling Dave Brubeck at his most ponderously classical.

For this listener the second half of the program was much the more effective, and this despite the interference of Abrams. The Mitchell group has a distinctive character to its work, and much of this was in evidence during the second half.

The first half, however, despite moments of strength, fire, and brilliance from Mitchell, Lashley, and Clarke, was not really very rewarding.

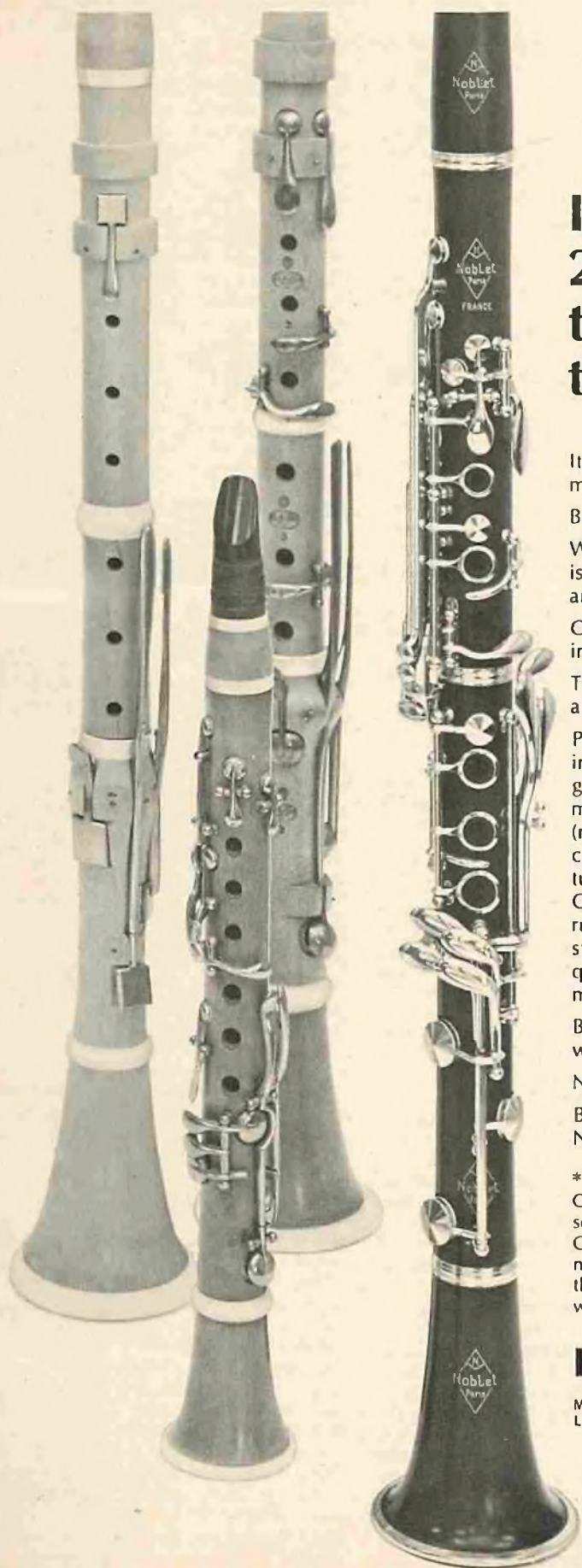
What one heard in this extended suite, despite the listed seven "links" of the *Ethereal Chain*, was insufficiently varied in content and emotional range to engage one's mind for the length of its performance. With the exceptions of an attractively lyrical third "link" and a volatile, humorous concluding segment, which was, in any event, drawn out too long to be completely effective, the piece was too much of the same thing. Such differences as might have existed in theory from link to link were blurred by the similarity of solo statements by each of the participants.

—Pete Welding



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(Continued from page 16)

follow Evans for two weeks beginning April 28 . . . The **Duke Ellington** Orchestra was scheduled to give a concert at the Civic Opera House on April 28 . . . **Oscar Brown Jr.** was among the supporting cast when the Rev. **Malcolm Boyd** read parts of his book, *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*, last month at the First Congregational Church . . . **Jan Seobey's** Dixie Cats did a week at the New Ramada Inn recently . . . The **Virgil Pumphrey** Double Quartet gave a free concert at Dunbar High School May 2. The personnel included altoist Pumphrey, trumpeter **Machaiel Davis**, trombonist **Bill McFarland**, tenorist **Richard Brown**, bassists **Mal Favors** and **Charles Clark**, and drummers **Paul Dupart** and **Thurman Barker** . . . At Mother Blues tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp's** group is the scheduled replacement for **Roland Kirk** in the club's month of split-week jazz bookings (*DB*, May 5). Shepp, with trombonist **Roswell Rudd** and drummer **Beaver Harris** (bassist was not set at presstime), is to appear May 5-7 . . . The **Dave Brubeck** Quartet gave a concert at the Illinois Institute of Technology April 23 . . . The **Count Basie** Band played the Aragon Ballroom last month before flying to Las Vegas for an appearance with **Frank Sinatra** and **Quincy Jones** . . . Saxophonist **Joseph Jarman** will be featured in trio, quintet, and octet formats at a May 5 evening concert at Mandell Hall at the University of Chicago.

SAN FRANCISCO: Pianist-composer **John Lewis** will be music consultant for the ninth annual Monterey Jazz Festival, Sept. 16-18, according to a festival announcement. Lewis filled this post for the festival's first several years and again in 1964 . . . A "Sacred Sounds Spectacular" featuring a 32-piece orchestra that included four trumpeters, four trombonists, a pianist, guitarist, and drummer—all from the jazz ranks—plus strings, flutes, oboes, clarinets, and French horns drawn mostly from the San Francisco Symphony was presented at the Oakland Auditorium Theater on April 12. Singers **Mary Jayne** and **Bob Daniels**, whose realm is sacred song, and the 45-voice **Cathedral Choralaires** of Oakland's Neighborhood Church provided the singing. **Jim Owens**, the church minister of music and himself a former jazz trumpeter, wrote most of the arrangements. **Ralph Carmichael** did the others. The idea of the concert was to present sacred music on a level where it had general appeal, Owens said.

PHILADELPHIA: Blind Pittsburgh saxophonist **Eric Kloss** was scheduled for a Show Boat date with saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** and organist **Don Patterson**. Prestige records plans to record the group at its appearance here . . . Pianist **Oscar Peterson**, kept in Toronto because of the illness of his mother, was unable to make an Academy of Music double-header concert, where singer **Billy Eckstine** missed the first show, but the promoters had a good sub

—**Arthur Prysock**, who was appearing at the East End Club. Eckstine appeared in time to sing at the second show. Also featured were trumpeter **Maynard Ferguson** and comedian **Nipsey Russell** . . . **Mongo Santamaria** and his band have been added to the two-show May 8 Academy of Music concert featuring the **Ramsey Lewis Trio** . . . Veteran **Dee Lloyd McKay** is singing and playing the piano at the Patio Lounge in Levittown.

PITTSBURGH: The Young Republicans of Allegheny County have turned to jazzmen to provide music at rallies and dances. **Walt Harper's** quintet has been swinging for monthly matinee rallies at the Penn Sheraton Hotel since the beginning of 1966. The popular pianist's music has proved so successful that another group has been formed to play at the sessions; it is led by tenor saxophonist **James Pellow**. His sidemen have been **Robert Boswell**, bass; **Ray Crummie**, piano; and **Lenny Hosack**, drums . . . The Riverboat Room of the Penn Sheraton gave a five-day gig to trumpeter **Hershey Cohen**, whose combo played more swing than Dixie in the two-beat room early in March . . . Drummer **Jim Spaniel** has joined bassist **Harry Bush's** trio at the Win, Place, and Show. The leader has a mainstream jazz audience . . . Educational television channel WQED is devoting another series of weekly half-hour shows to jazz personalities. The first artist was trombonist **Harold Betters**, riding high with new record releases on Reprise and Gateway and a mid-March guest shot on *The Mike Douglas Show*, nationally syndicated by the Westinghouse network.

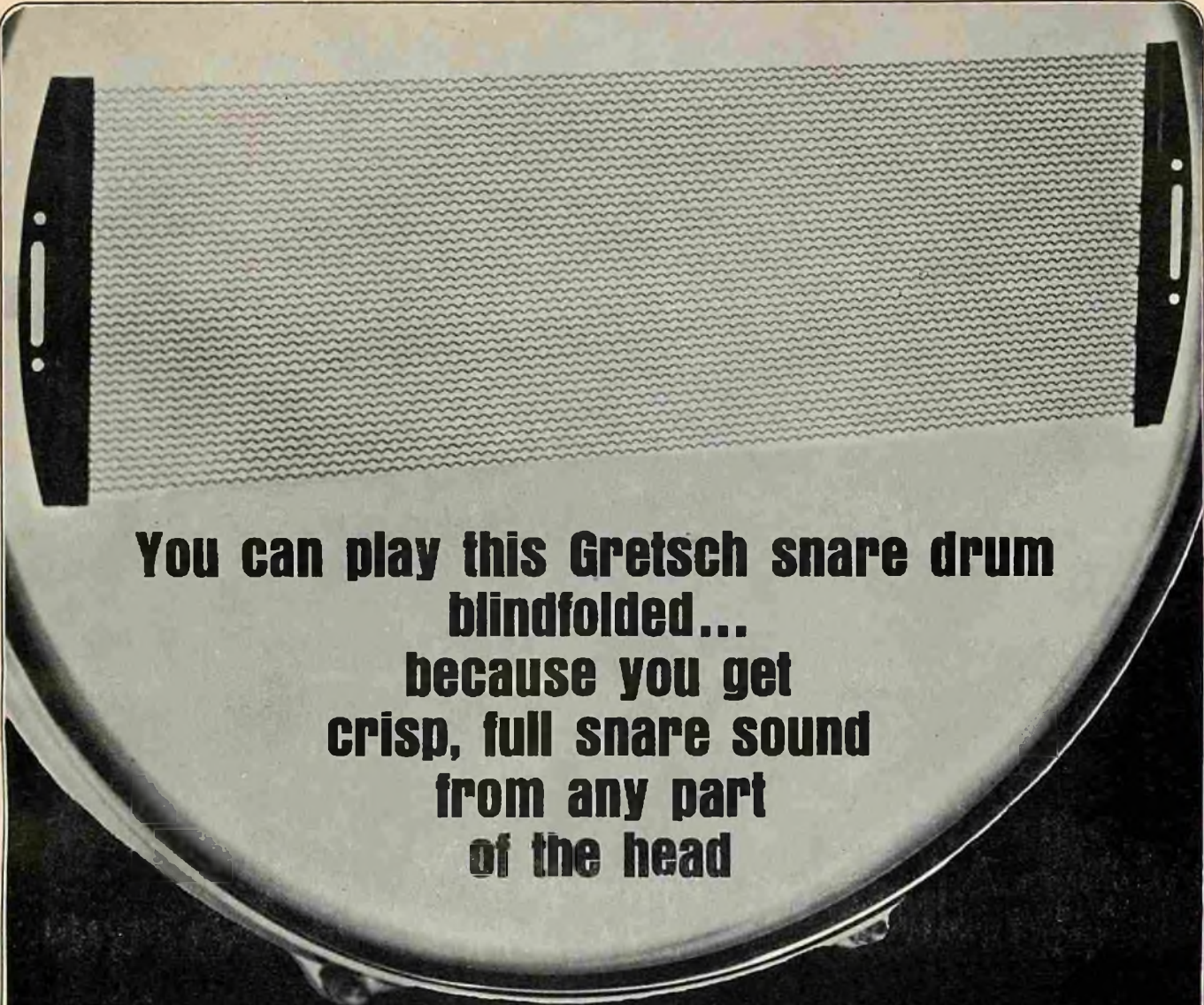
DETROIT: A recent guest with trombonist **George Bohanon's** quintet at the Village Gate was tenor saxophonist **Wendell Harrison**, formerly of Detroit, now with altoist-pianist **Hank Crawford's** group. The Village Gate has been forced to drop music on Sunday night because of poor attendance. The Bohanon group is now heard only two nights . . . **Jim Bruzese** has replaced **Duke Hyde** as the drummer with **Jimmy Wilkins'** big band . . . While bassist **Dan Jordan** was working with **Mose Allison**, his place in vibist **Jack Brokensha's** group was taken first by **Will Austin** and then **Jim Bunting** . . . **Kirk Lightsey**, formerly accompanist for vocalists **Damita Jo** and **Jean DuShon**, has replaced **Will Davis** on piano with bassist **Ernie Farrow's** quintet at Paige's . . . **Gene's Lounge** in Inkster is having Thursday night sessions. The latest group to be featured was the **Norman O'Gara Quintet** (O'Gara, trombone; **Bu Bu Turner**, piano; **Roderick Hicks**, bass; **Bobby Smith**, drums). On weekends organist **Clarence Price's** group takes over . . . The New Olympia Bar is holding the only Monday night sessions in the city. The house group is the **Don Davis Trio** (Davis, guitar; **Clarence McCloud**, organ; **George McGregor**, drums) . . . Organist **Richard Holmes** used Detroit drummer **Clifford Mack** and guitarist **Gene Evans** during his stay at the Drome. A guest one Sunday was drummer **Charlie Persip**, in town with **Lloyd Price's** band . . . A

concert April 17 at the Masonic Temple featured trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie**, singer **Carmen McRae**, and **Maynard Ferguson's** band.

CLEVELAND: Case Institute presented a successful stage-band clinic April 23; the featured guest was trombonist **Alan Raph** . . . The newly formed **Tom Baker Quintet** opened April 15 at the English Grill, a club promising to be a center for local jazz talent. The trumpeter's quintet includes **Ernest Krivda**, tenor saxophone; **Hugh Thompson**, piano; **Lamar Gaines**, bass; and **Val Kent**, drums . . . Organist **Melvin Jones** and drummer **Tony Haynes** are swinging at the Esquire . . . The Tangiers features well-known pianist-teacher **Bill Gidney** and his trio (**James Peck**, bass, and **Leon Stevenson**, drums) . . . The LaPorte Rouge is now named Pinnocchio's. The club policy presents female vocalists backed by pianist **Dick Mone** and bassist **Dick Sardelli**.

MINNEAPOLIS: Reed man **Paul Horn** and his quintet highlighted a Lenten program at the Hennepin Ave. Methodist Church in Minneapolis with a performance of **Lalo Schiffrin's** *Jazz Suite on the Mass Texts*. The performance was broadcast on KQRS . . . Pianist **Andre Previn** sat in with Horn at the White House in suburban Golden Valley and then turned to the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra for rehearsals . . . The **Hall Brothers** have opened the Emporium of Jazz in suburban Mendota with their skilled interpretation of the New Orleans style . . . Pianist **Johnny Eaton** and clarinetist **Bill Smith** were featured recently at a concert at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater . . . Dayton's department store booked tenorist **Stan Getz** and the Men of Hathaway for a jazz concert and fashion show in their Skyroom Restaurant. The event sold out at \$1.50 a person . . . Pianist **Wynton Kelly's** trio plus guitarist **Wes Montgomery** played at the Minneapolis Vocational High School Auditorium in a recent Sunday concert . . . Southdale Shopping Center in suburban Edina will be host to the Minneapolis Symphony Ball. **Buddy DeFranco** and the **Glenn Miller Orchestra** are to provide the music along with **Doc Evans** and his Dixieland band.

NEW ORLEANS: Pianist **Joe Burton**, who owned and played in the only six-night-a-week modern jazz club in the city during a lean period in the late 1950s, is back in town after an absence of three years, during which time he lived in Chicago and then in Las Vegas, Nev. Burton said he plans to settle in New Orleans and open another club. Currently lined up to work with the pianist is drummer-vibist **Joe Morton** . . . The Louisiana State University stage band blew in from Baton Rouge for a series of concerts at local high schools. The band was formed last September by graduate student **John Berthelot** and is directed by **Irvin Wagner** . . . The Jazz Museum is sponsoring a tour of Florida by cornetist **George Finola** and an all-star group . . . The Downtowner, a new French Quarter lounge with an



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emphasis on audience participation, is employing numerous jazzmen in its house groups. The club currently features pianist **Ed Fenasci**, drummer **Lee Johnson**, and reed man **Don Suhor**.

MIAMI: Alan Rock, WMBM disc jockey, produced a successful jazz show recently at the Red Road Lounge in Hialeah. The following musicians were billed as the Miami All-Stars: **Charlie Austin**, tenor saxophone, flute; **Ira Sullivan**, reeds, trumpet; **Dolph Castellano**, piano; **John Thomas**, bass; and **Buddy Delco**, drums. Alternating with the quintet was pianist **Tony Castellano** and his trio, featuring **Bill Peeples**, drums, and **Jimmy Glover**, bass. **Gay Perkins** was the vocalist, and comedy was furnished by **George Hopkins**. . . **Tony Bennett's** pianist for his date at the Diplomat Hotel in nearby Hollywood was **Tommy Flanagan**. Cornetist **Bobby Hackett** was also on hand . . . **Sammy Davis Jr.** and the **Dave Akins Trio** were featured at Miami's Equal Opportunity Center for a benefit appearance . . . Bassist-vocalist **Ricky Thomas** and pianist **Rudy Ferguson** have returned to the Stuff Shirt Lounge in Miami.

LAS VEGAS: Pete Fountain and his Dixieland group filled a two-week gap in the steady roster of big bands booked into the Hotel Tropicana's plush Blue Room. With the clarinetist were **Godfrey Hirsch**, vibraharp; **Paul Guma**, guitar, banjo; **Earl Vuioovich**, piano; **Oliver Felix**, bass; and **Jack Sperling**, drums . . . Vibraharpist-drummer **Tommy Vig**, having completed a composition for **Stan Kenton's** Neophonic concert April 4, took over the drum chair in organist **Ron Feuer's** group in backing the **Four Freshmen** at the Thunderbird, replacing **Tony Marillo**, who left for a gig in San Diego . . . **Bob Shew** replaced **Carl Saunders** on lead trumpet in the **Steve Perlow Nonet**, which recently embarked on its spring series of high school concerts. **Saunders** joined the **Harry James Band**. Another recruit to the **Perlow** group is drummer **Tom Montgomery**. He replaced the aforementioned **Marillo**. Guest stars for the school concerts included trombonist **Tommy Turk** and altoist **Dick Palladino** . . . The newest scheduled addition to the strip's hotel-casino-showroom operations is the **Alladin**, which was due to open March 31. Its house band, under the leadership of **Brian Farnon**, includes **John Bennett**, **Fred Thompson**, **Lee Jolley**, trumpets; **Jimmy Quinn**, trombone; **Carl Lodice** and **Buck Skaluk**, saxes; **Hank Shank**, piano; **Al Weid**, bass; and **Mo Mahoney**, drums . . . A summer opening is set for the **Caesars Palace**, now abuilding, and rumor has it that **Russ Black**, leader at the **Flamingo**, and saxophonist and recording executive **Jack Eglash** have written the **Palace's** opening show, an as-yet untitled jazz musical . . . The **Harry James Band** returned to the **Flamingo** lounge bandstand for a month . . . The **Si Zentner Band** moved into the **Tropicana**, where the booking duties have been taken over by former singing star **Johnny Holiday**, who takes the place of **Larry Grayson**. The latter returns to performing,

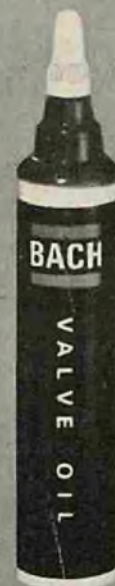
taking a singing spot in the *Hello, America* extravaganza at the **Desert Inn**. **Mel Torme** is featured along with the **Zentner crew** . . . The **Colonial House** returned to a jazz policy, and recent bookings included a quintet led by **Jimmy Cook**, featuring trumpeter **Buddy Childers** . . . Trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** did a clinic and concert at the **Stardust Auditorium**, sending many local horn men back to the woodshed in tears.

LONDON: Following a month's engagement at the **Ronnie Scott Club** that began April 12, alto saxophonist **Ornette Coleman**, with bassist **David Izenzon** and drummer **Charles Moffet**, is scheduled to make a week-long concert tour of Britain. Sharing the bill with the **Coleman** trio at **Scott's** club is American singer **Joy Marshall**, long a resident of London . . . Pianist **Thelonious Monk** opened a short concert tour April 23 at **Royal Festival Hall** . . . Saxophonist **Ronnie Scott** was one of many leading musicians who took part in a recent recording of **Stan Tracey's** *Alice in Wonderland Suite*. Pianist **Tracey** is enjoying overdue recognition as a composer, and the session was attended by several photographers and representatives of the press, a practically unheard-of event in British jazz . . . Soprano saxophonist **Steve Lacy** took part in a March 21 concert at **Conway Hall**; with him were Italian trumpeter **Enrico Rava** and South Africans **Johnny Dyani**, bass, and **Louis Moholo**, drums. The same group also is set to record. Other artists taking part in the concert, organized by photographer **John Hopkins**, included the **Pete Lemer Trio**, **Dave Tomlin**, and the **Pete Floyd Sound** . . . Britain's top vocalist, **Cleo Laine**, gave a March recital at **St. Pancras Town Hall** as part of a local arts festival. She was accompanied on five Shakespearean songs by her husband **Johnny Dankworth**, alto saxophone; **Laurie Holloway**, piano; **Kenny Baldock**, bass; and **Tony Kinsey**, drums . . . Singer **Dakota Staton** had a week's engagement at **Annie's Room** in late March. **Timi Yuro** followed with a three-weeker.

POLAND: The Polish Artists Agency (Pagart) has gathered together top-line jazz artists and plans to stage a jazz spectacular in the near future. On the bill will be the **Andrzej Trzaskowski Sextet** with U.S. trumpeter **Ted Curson**; the **Phantom** ballet troupe; and the **Novi Quintet** (a vocal group similar in style to the **Double Six of Paris**). The show will be staged by leading Polish producers, and sets and costumes will be the work of top designers . . . Poland's representatives at **Friedrich Gulda's** International Competition for Modern Jazz are alto saxophonist **Wlodzimierz Nahorny**, a member of **Trzaskowski's** group; trumpeter **Tomasz Stansko**, a member of **Krzysztof Komeda's** group; drummer **Czeslaw Bartkowski**, a member of **Zbigniew Namyslowski's** band, with which he has made several tours abroad; and bassist **Jacek Ostaszewski**, another member of the **Trzaskowski** group. Chairman of the jury that will decide the competition's winners is Poland's **Roman Waschko**.

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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**, 222 W. Adams, 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.
Basic's: Willie Bobo to 5/8. Stanley Turrentine—Shirley Scott, 5/10-22. Harold Ousley, Sun.—Mon.
Carnegie Recital Hall: McCoy Tyner, Pharoah Sanders—Clifford Thornton, 5/28.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Mon., Fri. Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed. Counterpoint (West Orange, N.J.): John Gamba, hb. Sessions, Sun.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.—Sat. Vinnie Burke, guest stars, Sun.
Dom: Tony Scott.
Eddie Condon's: Peanuts Hucko.
Embers West: Roy Eldridge, Harry Shephard, to 5/22.
Fairfield Motor Inn (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Mon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood.
Five Spot: Janet Lawson, Charles McPherson—Lonnie Hillyer, 5/9. Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano.
Half Note: Roland Kirk to 5/22. Horace Silver, 5/6-7; 5/20-21. Art Blakey, 5/13-14. Clark Terry, 5/31-6/19. Carmen McRae, 6/3-5; 6/10-12; 6/17-19.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, Eddie Thompson.
Hunter College: Byron Allen, 5/18.
Jilly's: Guy Pasiciani, Link Milman, George Peri, Sun.—Mon.
Kenny's Pub: Gene Quill, Mon.
Key Club (Newark, N.J.): name jazz groups.
L'Intrigue: Ronnie Ball, Jimmy Rowser, Nancy Steele, guest stars, Sun.
Metropole: Dizzy Gillespie to 5/14.
Plantation (Asbury Park, N.J.): Vinnie Burke, Don Friedman, wknds.
Playboy Club: Kai Winding, Walter Norris, Larry Willis, Clea Bradford.
Prelude: Gracella Oliphant, Etta Jones.
Rainbow Grill: Jonah Jones to 5/15. Benny Goodman, 5/19-6/8.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown, hb. Don Frye, Sun.
Shore Cafe (Brooklyn): sessions, Sun.
Slugs: name jazz groups. Guest stars, Mon.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Toast: Scott Reid.
Tobin's: Lee Blair, Jimmy Green.
Top of the Gate: Bobby Timmons, Mickey Bass, Dave Pike, Cousin Joe.
Village Gate: Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/28-29. Miriam Makeba, 5/31-6/18. Ramsey Lewis, 6/21-25.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones—Mel Lewis, Mon. Wells: Lee Shaw, Dodo Greene.
Western Inn (Atco, N.J.): Red Crossett, Sun. Your Father's Moustache: Stan Levine, Sun.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown): Tony Spair.
Club 50 (Trenton): Johnny Coates Jr.—Johnny Ellis—Tony DeNicola.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, hb.
Pepp's: Randy Weston, 5/30-6/5.
Pilgrim Gardens: Good Time 6.
Show Boat: Hank Crawford to 5/8. Joe Williams, 5/9-14. Clara Ward, 5/16-22. Junior Mance—Jimmy Rushing, 5/23-29. Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly, 5/30-6/5.
Tremont Lounge (Trenton): Dick Braytenbah.

CHICAGO

Big John's: various blues groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Lil Armstrong, Sun.
London House: Oscar Peterson to 5/8. Willie Robo, 5/10-22. Ramsey Lewis, 6/7-19.
McCormick Place: Petula Clark, Count Basie, 5/15.
Mother Blues: Archie Shepp, 5/5-7. Lou Donaldson, 5/8-11. Elvin Jones, 5/12-15.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Wed.—Sun. Jug Berger, Mon.—Tue.
Playboy: Harold Harris, George Gaffney, Ralph Manzetti, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: Redd Foxx to 5/15. Jimmy Smith, 5/18-29. Nina Simone, 6/1-12. Dizzy Gillespie, 6/15-26.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb. Lenore Paxton.
Artists' Workshop: Detroit Contemporary 4, Lyman Woodard, Sun.

Baker's Keyboard: Gene Krupa, 5/6-15. Joe Williams, 5/20-28.
Cafe Gourmet: Dorothy Ashby, Tue.—Sat.
Caucus Club: Lenore Paxton, Mon.—Sat.
Chessmate Gallery: Harold McKinney, Fri.—Sat.
Chit Chat: Earl Marshall, Thur.—Sun.
Driftwood Lounge: Chris Peterson.
Drome: Rufus Harley, 5/6-15. Yusuf Lateef, 5/29-6/5.
Frolie: Bob Love, Thur.—Sat.
Gene's (Inkster): Norman O'Gara, Thur. Clarence Price, Fri.—Sun.

LOS ANGELES

Blinky's (Garden Grove): Southside Jazz Band, wknds.
Chico's (Long Beach): Gene Palmer, Fri.—Sat.
Cocoanut Grove: Tony Bennett, 5/10-23.
Dean-O's (Santa Barbara): Bill Dods, Hub Kiefer.
Florentine Room: Dave Mackay, Vicki Hamilton, Sun.
Glendora Palms (Glendora): Johnny Catron, wknds.
Golden West Ballroom (Norwalk): Harry James, 5/26. Duke Ellington, 6/2.
Havana Club: Don Ellis, Mon.
Hermosa Inn (Hermosa Beach): Walt Ventre, wknds.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Burkner.
International Hotel: Kirk Stuart.
Jack & Sandy's: Al McKibbin, Stan Worth.
La Duce (Inglewood): Harold Land, David Bryant.
Leapin' Liz's: Jack Langlos, Fri.—Sat.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Mose Allison to 5/8. Howard Rumsey, 5/9-12. Three Sounds, 5/13-6/4. Herbie Mann, 6/5-18. Eddie Cano, 6/19-7/2.
Morty's: Bobby Bryant, Henry Cain, Tue.
Melodyland (Anaheim): Duke Ellington, Cal Tjader, Eddie Cano, 5/9.
Memory Lane: Harry Edison. Various groups, Mon.
Mitchell's Studio Club: Hampton Hawes, Red Mitchell.
Officers' Club (Long Beach): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee, Wayne Robinson.
Pasadena Art Museum: Don Ellis, 6/12.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Clarence Daniels.
Pied Piper: Ocie Smith, Ike Isaacs.
P. J.'s: Eddie Cano.
Playboy Club: Joe Parnello, Marv Jenkins, Bob Corwin, hbs.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Thur.—Sat.
Reuben's (Whittier): Edgar Hayes, Tue.—Wed.
Rose Marie Ballroom (North Hollywood): Lionel Hampton, 6/10.
Santa Monica Civic Auditorium: Nellie Lutcher, 6/6.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Bill Evans, 5/8. Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly, 5/10-22. Miles Davis, 5/24-6/5. Shelly Manne, wknds. Ruth Price, Mon.
Ward's Jazzville (San Diego): Leon Petties, Mon. George Semper, hb.
Whittinghill's (Sherman Oaks): Bobby Troup.

SAN FRANCISCO

Busin Street West: Herbie Mann, Arthur Prysock, 5/10-15. Lionel Hampton, 5/18-28. Oscar Peterson, 6/7-19. Duke Ellington, 6/20-25.
Count Basie, 7/12-24. Ramsey Lewis, 8/9-21.
Billy Eckstine, 8/23-9/4.
Roth/And: Andrew Hill to 5/8. Bill Evans, 5/24-6/5.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes.
El Matador: Vince Guaraldi to 5/7.
Half Note: George Duke.
Holiday Inn (Oakland): Merrill Hoover, Mon.—Fri. Bill Bell, Thur.—Sat.
Hungry 1: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jack's of Sutter: Merl Saunders.
Jazz Workshop: Wynton Kelly, Wes Montgomery to 5/8. Mose Allison, 5/10-20. Aretha Franklin, 6/14-26. Mongo Santamnia, 8/30-9/18. Cannonball Adderley, 9/20-10/2.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, Bill Erickson.
Playboy Club: Ralph Sharon, Al Plank, hbs.
Soho Club (Broadway, Burlingame): Norman Bates, Sun.
The Apartment (Oakland): John Coppola, Thur.—Sat. Escovedo Bros., Sun.
The Hearth: Jean Hoffman, Gus Gustafson, Sun.
Trident (Sausalito): Bola Sete to 5/29. Roy Meriwether, 5/31-6/26. Willie Bobo, 6/28-7/10. Joao Donato, 7/12-9/4. Denny Zeitlin, Mon.

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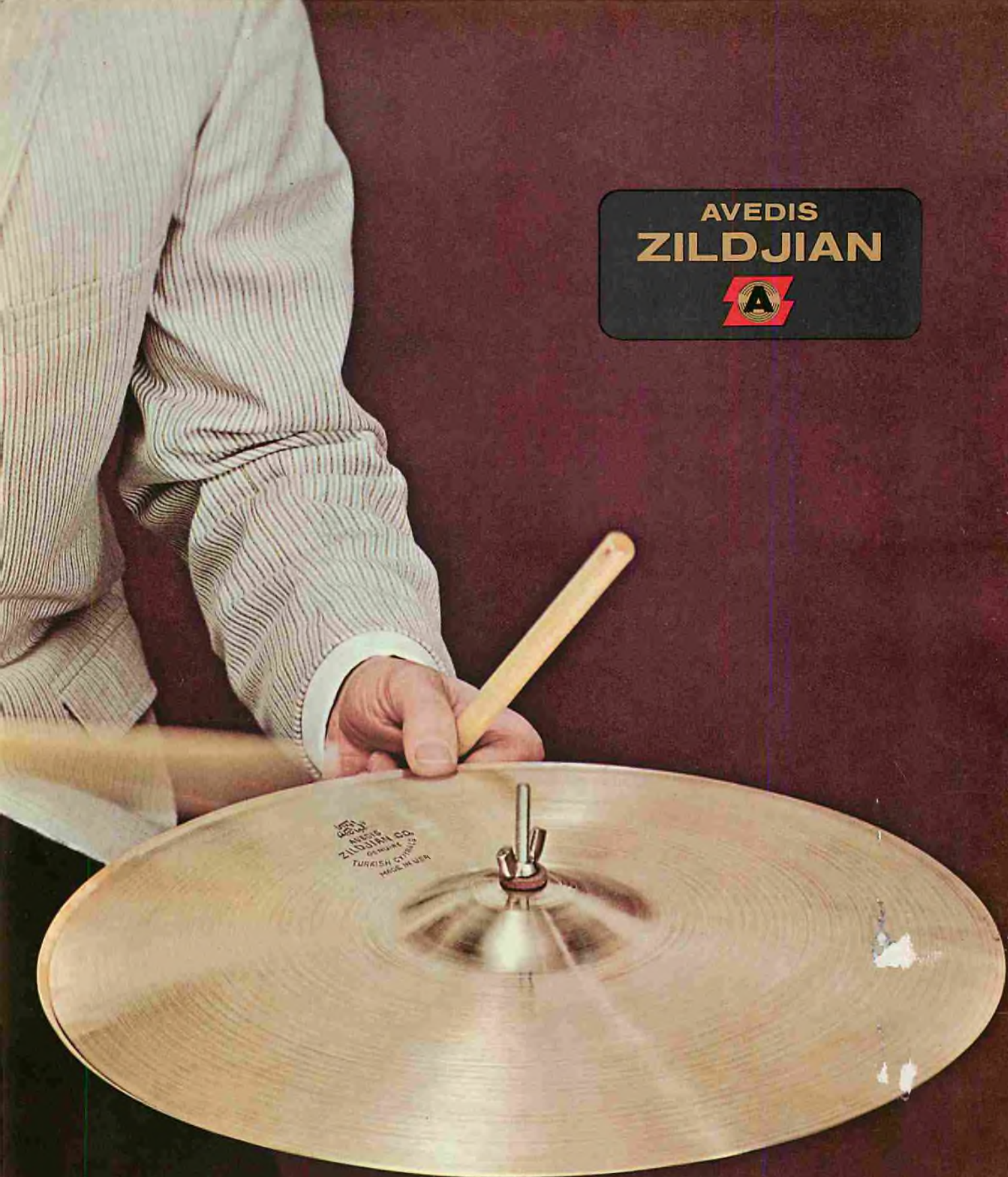


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