

JANUARY 26, 1967

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

*Bob Brookmeyer Master
Of The Brass Stepchild
By Dan Morgenstern*

*Rex Stewart's Tribute To
Tricky Sam*

*Jazz From 9 Till 2 Only
Bobby Bryant*

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down beat

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Hubbard Hurrah

Down Beat reasserts its worth by dealing with musicians such as Freddie Hubbard (*Toward Completeness*, Dec. 1). Hubbard has much to say musically—and verbally as well. The verbally expressed thoughts of certain (brilliant) musicians are predicted (mirrored) in their music, it seems—for example, Herbie Hancock, Charles Lloyd, Elvin Jones, etc. Understandably, I guess, a man's music says much about him and his mental bent. At any rate, it is reassuring to have expectations confirmed.

Rich Wills
Napa, Calif.

Red Letters For Blues

I feel that Martin Williams' *Bystander* article, *White Blues* (*DB*, Dec. 1), was totally unnecessary. You don't write enough articles about the many good Negro blues singers we do have, such as Bobby Bland, Percy Mayfield, Jimmy Rushing, and Big Mama Thornton. Since the blues is the black man's music, I feel that you should start with first things first. Don't you think we've been cheated enough?

Preston Dixon
Compton, Calif.

Re Martin Williams' piece, *White Blues*: As a serious student of Soul, the article's opening reference to Charles Keil's *Urban Blues* caught my interest, and I read eagerly on—only to be thoroughly disappointed. It proved to be a rather fuzzy, ill-conceived essay, trying to touch too many bases at once and all but lacking pertinence.

Williams dotes nostalgically on the blues merits of such "time was" performers as Jimmie Rodgers, Jack Teagarden, and Woody Herman; yet someone of more contemporary importance, like Elvis Presley, receives mere nodding mention. Nevertheless, Presley's profound influence on the commercial exposure and wide acceptance of blues and r&b, circa 1955-56, is indisputable.

On the other hand, Williams is somewhat careless to seriously consider Bill Haley a "white blues singer." Except for his steal of Joe Turner's *Shake, Rattle, and Roll*, Haley eschewed the easy route of the many white copyists of r&b material, choosing instead to carve out a separate trail.

Next, Williams puts down what we currently call "blue-eyed soul" as an embarrassing stylistic "blackface act." This applies to "some of the British rock groups" (very true!) but NOT, he insists, to the Beatles.

Aside from the plain fact that the Beatles are as remote from soul as they are from poverty, it would be interesting to know Williams' reasons for excepting the Beatles while rapping a group like the Rolling Stones. Since he offers none, though, we must assume he is reacting in concert with the rest of the jive pseudohip Establishment in its fatuous but abso-

lute reverence for all things Beatle-ish.

But more important, Williams omits any mention of that one stone soul British group, the Animals, and the incredible Righteous Brothers. Ain't no "blackface act" either; these cats and others like them are unquestionably "into something"—Williams and the Beatles notwithstanding.

Bill McLaughlin
Vineland, N.J.

Kenton Critic Criticized

In reply to Ed Mulford's letter (*DB*, Dec. 1), I don't think Mulford has heard the concerts by the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, which, since early 1965, have been a marvelous showcase for talented composers who have something new and fresh to say.

Nor perhaps has he heard Stan Kenton's exciting ventures into scrambled time signatures: *And It Really Swings* (or are we to be forever listening to big bands with 1936-to-early-'40s arrangements?).

No, Kenton hasn't lost touch with current events or his taste. The problem is that Kenton is, as usual, years ahead of current sounds and trends. Maybe Mulford may be just running a little behind. Don't worry about Kenton being around for a while. He will be!

Marty Hanson
Torrance, Calif.

On 'Newthingmatism'

I have produced jazz shows on radio for over 10 years, and I have been depressed so often that I just about buried my interest in jazz, along with the musicians I loved.

Then along came the "new thing." Just what jazz needed! Another area of complete isolation for the young, interested, and curious (musician or fan)—just what was needed to straighten out that huge, million-mass of youngsters who have no idea of jazz but who would be, should be, its greatest supporters.

I despair when I hear obviously competent musicians quoted as saying they can "do for now what people like Louis Armstrong did at the beginning," as Albert Ayler did (*DB*, Nov. 17).

No way, baby. The thing that the "new thing" needs is a new personality, a new way of making new friends and not losing the current ones, and a little showmanship.

I have often been involved in the economics of jazz, and there is not one exponent of the so-called "new thing" who is likely to experience the thrill of playing to a huge concert audience and of leaving the hall with the feeling that new friends have been made for jazz.

I would hope, for jazz' sake, that the "new thing" in jazz would be a more sincere wish to get to the people what jazz always represented—win them over, get their ear, and then get their sympathy for a new expression of sound.

What I'm depressed about is I know it won't happen. There is something heroic about being so "newthingmatic" that the complete and utter isolation from the ears of the hungry holds great appeal.

Oh well, big bands are coming back.

Garry Ferrier
Toronto, Ontario



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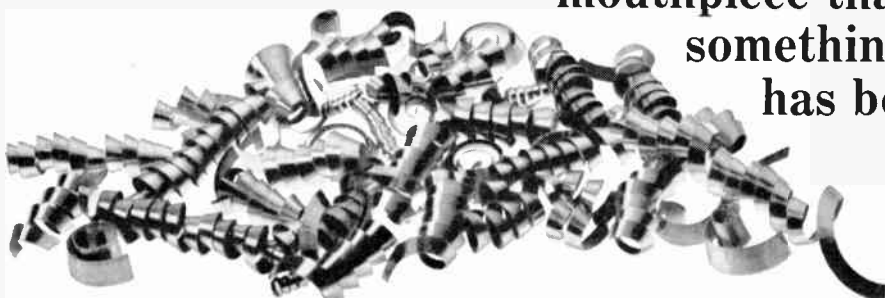


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Marshall Stearns Dies

Marshall Stearns, noted jazz historian and professor of medieval English at Hunter College in New York, died Dec. 18 of a heart attack in Key West, Fla. Stearns, 58, was serving as a visiting lecturer at Key West Junior College, at the time of his death.

He was born in Cambridge, Mass. When he was 13, he took up drums and later played with small groups around his home



STEARNS

Jazz historian felled by heart attack

town. He gave up his incipient music career, however, to enter college.

He went to Harvard Law School but found that his real interest was medieval literature, which he took up at Yale. While there, he began to write a jazz column for *Down Beat*, also contributing to other publications.

Stearns' teaching career took him first to the University of Hawaii, then to Indiana University and Cornell, and subsequently to Hunter. He also taught jazz history at the New School for Social Research and at New York University. He was a faculty member of the now defunct School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass.

A Chaucerian, Stearns was noted in academic circles for his 1949 work, *Robert Henryson: A Biographical Study of the 15th Century Scottish Poet*, the standard text on this principal follower of Chaucer. It was reprinted in 1966.

In the jazz field, Stearns was best known for his *The Story of Jazz*, published in 1956 by the Oxford University Press. A scholarly but compact survey, it traced the development of the music from Africa to post-bop, with special attention to the social and economic background of jazz. A feature of the book was its excellent biographic references. It reportedly sold 125,000 copies, in both hardback and paperback editions.

Stearns was a principal founder of the Institute of Jazz Studies, of which he served as president and director from its inception in 1952 until 1966, when it was transferred to Rutgers University. By then the institute's collection had grown to more

than 12,000 recordings; a bulging archive of books, periodicals, and clippings; and such memorabilia as Lester Young's tenor saxophone and one of Bix Beiderbecke's cornets.

Stearns also was a jazz consultant to the U.S. State Department and accompanied the Dizzy Gillespie big band on its 1956 State Department tour of the Near East.

A special interest of Stearns' was the jazz tap dance, which he referred to as "a vanishing American art form." His presentation of some of the top artists in this field at the Newport Jazz Festival was highly praised, and he organized similar showcases at the Village Gate in New York and elsewhere.

He and his wife, Jean Barnett, had recently completed a book on the jazz dance; it is scheduled for publication this year. At the time of his death, Stearns was working on a book about poet Dylan Thomas.

In his jazz writings, lectures, and concert presentations, Stearns was always concerned with gaining wider recognition for the art. "The trouble is, he wrote in 1954, 'that so few people have ever taken it seriously . . . but it is one of the few original American phenomena, and it is my deep conviction that it is a very vital part of our culture. Sooner or later, people will give it the attention it deserves.'"

Russo Jazz Operas Set For Chicago

Composer William Russo will stage two of his jazz-based operas in Chicago public institutions and churches within the next month. The works are Russo's *John Hooten*, a modern-day version of *Othello*, and *The Land of Milk and Honey*, which deals with a Jamaican in London and the prejudice that thwarts his dream of making a fortune.

The operas will be performed in predominantly-Negro areas, since both works have racial themes (*Hooten*, a Negro, is married to a white woman).

Hooten will be presented at Crane High School Jan. 12-13, Marshall High School Jan. 17-18, and Hyde Park High School Jan. 19-20. The school concerts will be underwritten, in part, by U.S. war-on-poverty funds. *Milk and Honey* is scheduled for two south-side showings—at St. James Methodist Church on Jan. 29 and at the Englewood Urban Progress Center on Feb. 3. It also will be staged Feb. 4 at St. James Episcopal Cathedral, on the city's near-north side.

The performances are part of the 1967 opera season of the Columbia College Center for New Music, which is headed by Russo. The center also plans a "symphonic festival" in the spring and, tentatively, a jazz season later in the year.

Russo's orchestra, the Chicago Jazz Ensemble, will play for the operas but not the symphony programs.

The Russo group will serve as backdrop

for baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan in a concert at Elmhurst College on Feb. 15. At Elmhurst, a suburb of Chicago, Mulligan will be featured in a new work, as yet untitled, by Robert Peaslee. The program also will include Russo's *English Concerto*, with Steven Stryk, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's first violinist, as well as performances by the Jazz Ensemble.

New Year's Swings

It was almost like the old days as the sounds of the big bands filled the air on New Year's Eve—network air, that is.

The biggest splash was made by NBC's four-hour radio special, *All-Star Parade of Bands*. Included in the remote broadcasts were the orchestras of Count Basie, Charlie Barnet, Buddy DeFranco-Glenn Miller, Harry James, Ray Charles, and . . . uh . . . Lawrence Welk. The program also included portions by the combos led by Gene Krupa, Jonah Jones, Benny Goodman, and Cannonball Adderley.

The CBS offering was longer—six hours—but not nearly as hip, though it cut through ABC's silence. Basie, Jones, Goodman, and DeFranco-Miller were also heard on the CBS show, but the other bands were either sweet (Vincent Lopez) or corny (Clyde McCoy).

Local television swung somewhat in New York City and Chicago on the last night of 1966, when New York's WNEW ran four hours of big-band telefilms, which featured the orchestras of Harry James, Lionel Hampton, Stan Kenton, Les and Larry Elgart, Tex Beneke, Si Zentner, Perez Prado, and Guy Lombardo, while Chicago's WFLD showed the film of Dave Baker's *A Modern Jazz Oratorio*.

Potpourri

Ella Fitzgerald was one of nine women chosen as Women of the Year by the Los Angeles *Times*. At ceremonies in the Times Building, Miss Fitzgerald received a silver cup engraved with the inscription, "For Outstanding Achievement." The presentation was made to "underscore her contribution not only to the southern California community, but to the status of women everywhere."

"The art of jazz dancing has nearly died out since the advent of rock-and-roll," sighed drummer Roy Brooks. But he then proceeded to demonstrate that it was still alive in some quarters, as he and his partner, dancer Susan Smith, kicked up the rug at a jazz- and modern-dancing benefit concert for the mental patients at Detroit's Lafayette Clinic. The concert, under the direction of Brooks and the Motor City's pan-arts organization, the In Stage, featured the drummer's quintet, which included pianist Kirk Lightsey (the In Stage's president and founder), trom-



A Few Notes On The Avant-Garde

Apple Cores

By LeROI JONES

Don Pullen-Milford Graves Live at Yale University. "This record is part of our self-reliance program for musicians."* This is on a piece of newsprint printed in red. Pullen, piano, and Graves, percussion. The album cover is hand-painted in delicate forms of blue-green, orangish yellow, white. A blown landscape of event.

The music is beautiful on this album. And the idea of its distribution: "Do it yourself, brother." Not, "Brother, can you spare a 10 percent?" Do it yourself, in nations, cultures, products of the mind and soul. Visions. Your own, yourself, and the other kindred selves. The music is beautiful on this album.

You know that we do not have one theater of our own? Where are the jazz record companies? Motown should show you what you can do if you got a gut product. The music is beautiful.

Sun Ra has been doing this for years. His self. Saturn hovers above all of us. Sun Ra, who is the modern master. The orchestrator.

On this record Pullen shows how deeply he has stuck his exploding fingers. His piano is similar to Cecil Taylor's, except Pullen is heavier, in the sense of carrying, perhaps, a thicker trunk. His piano waves a massier, more massive staff, hence it, his "line," seems slower, like a heavy waving carrying more harmonic implications than Cecil's.

Cecil wants the quicker rhythmic change, the supraphysical tap dance. Cecil seems "quicker," in the changes. But Pullen's is a deep, deep, dreamlike "funk" (more toward meta than supra), in the mood of something always ominous wanting out—and getting it. And a kind of endlessness (variations on Ommmmm) peeking out of behind everywhere. Pullen's music is beautiful. He is the strongest pianist in "Cecil's direction" I've heard, with something personal calling. And without, it would seem, that paranoid respect for "charts."

Graves, with Pullen, sounds like some kind of natural phenomenon. Like marveling at thunder's pitch and dynamics. He fills all the spaces with movement, change of direction. Time is simply *occurrence*. It happened while, if you were, measuring. Can evolutionary processes, the constants, be said to march? The

tap you hear is your own pulse, fellow being.

Do he swing?

Do anything?

The titles, *PG1* and *PG2*, on this entire record, along with the *Nothing(s)* on Milford's album *You Never Heard Such Sounds in Your Life* on ESP, are in the spirit of sensing the wholeness, the total involved in each experience. Names are different bits of a whole.

These two players, Pullen and Graves, are making some of the deepest music anywhere. It wants nothing.

Elsewhere, I've heard the second version of John Coltrane's *Ascension*. I think the second version, which Impulse is putting into the same jackets as the first and generally not hipping people to the switch, is superior. Or, it is a more gratifying experience, especially since Pharaoh Sanders' horn is heard more clearly, in something approaching its full strength (on records).

Trane's *Meditations* is, finally, purer. There is an older Trane, his maturity, as I've said before, swanlike. His feeling for what was called pastoral we know now to be the calmness of objective life—what it really is, actually without incident. Trane's ballad form, *Love*, he uses to spring the wild, exhausting section (*Consequences* and the Aylerlike *The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost*). Sanders really reaches his peak on these tunes, especially on *Consequences*.

The wide-open ensembles, the working friezes . . . the attempt at *total* definition are exciting and beautiful. It all works. The whole music seems less bound (by charts, by reading, by contracts, by spurious attentions) than before. Pharaoh's strength in this undertaking is unmistakable, as is the direction it is giving John's music.

The *Meditations* band brings Trane back to absolute contemporary expression, though Trane himself, it would seem, is content to scream less and prefers the older rhythmic feeling, and his gorgeous lyric sweep, anyway. I would like to hear Trane come full out, as flag for the heavy Pharaoh. Then the music would reach still another level. Right now Pharaoh is doing the pumping.

I saw one of the Lovebeast concerts, a name, I think, that is fully appropriate. The Beasts making money, using energy. Some dazed "adventurers" licking on some of the wheres?

Sun-Ra, naturally, could not be included in a series of concerts called Lovebeast. The purity of the SunGod's music could not be used; so it was not. And since Cecil Taylor was not gotten to play, they did not even get to that . . . that thing they say they want. The avant-garde, which finally be, in their measure, a conglomerate of freaks, superfreaks, inferior freaks, and a l'il white man off in the shadders collec'n duh gol'.

ART!

CREEPS!!

Speaking of those two subjects, Frank
(Continued on page 46)

bonist George Bohanon, tenorist Ronnie Fields, and bassist John Dana. Also on the bill of fare were pianist Harold McKinney, who lectured as well as played, drummer Ron Wilson, and dancer Barbara Willis.

As stipulated in the will of the late Mrs. Glenn Miller, her husband's trombone was donated to the United States Air Force museum in Dayton, Ohio. The museum was chosen as the display site for the bandleader's horn because he was an Air Force major. While flying from England to France during World War II, the plane carrying Miller and two others disappeared. The will's executor, David Mackay of New York City, made the presentation to the museum in December, 22 years after Miller's disappearance.

Michigan's two largest universities are starting the new year in swinging manners. The University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor, looks forward to a Jan. 15 concert, during its Creative Arts Festival, by the **Detroit Contemporary 5** and vibist **Jack Broken-sha's** quartet, and another on Jan. 21 by pianist **Andrew Hill**. The Hill concert will be preceded by a panel discussion about music and society. Meanwhile, in East Lansing, Michigan State University will host the second annual Michigan Intercollegiate Jazz Festival on Jan. 28. The event will feature four big bands from as many state colleges. The festival, which is not competitive, will be taped for television viewing.

Oscar Peterson is taking a month off to recover from an operation to remove cartilage from his right knee, which he injured playing football years ago. After his recuperation, he will record an album of piano solos.

Strictly Ad Lib

NEW YORK: For his December engagements, trumpeter **Miles Davis** borrowed drummer **Jack DeJohnette** from tenor saxophonist-flutist **Charles Lloyd's** quartet to substitute for regular **Tony Williams**, who was in Japan. The loss of DeJohnette snagged Lloyd's scheduled opening at Slug's, because Lloyd did not want to work with any other drummer. In Lloyd's place, Slug's brought in groups led by drummer **Roy Haynes** and tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson** for a week each. Reed man **Yusef Lateef** and alto saxophonist **Jackie McLean** followed, bringing the club's 1966 season to a close . . . McLean and his quartet also did a weekend opposite the **Hampton Hawes-Jimmy Garrison Trio** at the Village Vanguard (tenor saxophonist **Albert Ayler** came in for the other weekend) and participated in a benefit for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee at the Village Theater. The SNCC program also included the groups of tenor saxophonist **Archie Shepp** and alto saxophonist **Marion Brown** . . . The Village Theater presented a special holiday treat for avant-garde jazz fans

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Dec. 26—a concert by the **Ornette Coleman Trio** and the **John Coltrane Quintet**. A jazz benefit for Synanon, with a lineup undetermined at presstime, will be held at the theater Jan. 30 . . . Tenor saxophonist **Stan Getz** and his quartet (**Armand [Chick] Corea**, piano; **Steve Swallow**, bass; **Roy Haynes**, drums) did two weeks at the La Fuente Club in Mexico City in December. Brazilian singer-guitarist **Carlos Lyra** was featured with the group . . . Bassist **Charles Mingus' Jazz Workshop** will be at the Village Gate for the last two weekends of this month. Folk singer **Odetta** will share the bill . . . Trumpeter **Donald Byrd's** quintet, featuring tenor saxophonist **George Coleman**, concludes a return engagement at the Five Spot Jan. 15 . . . Alto saxophonist **John Handy's** group is scheduled to make its New York debut at the Half Note in mid-January . . . Clarinetist **Tony Scott's** current lineup at the Dom is **Walter Davis Jr.**, piano; **Charlie Haden**, bass; and **J. C. Moses**, drums . . . Tenor saxophonist **Bill Barron** was the guest lecturer at the United Nations Jazz Society December meeting; he also headed a quartet at the club's annual Christmas party at the UN Secretariat . . . Guitarist **Sal Salvador**, who spent the summer touring with singer **Robert Goulet**, has been in residence six nights a week at the Piedmont Inn in Scarsdale, N.Y., since October. His trio has organist **Leslie Braithwaite** and drummer **Tony Chirco** . . . Pianist **Horace Parlan** is currently at Stanley's Cave . . . Drummer **Dick Berk**, leading a quartet featuring baritone saxophonist **Nick Brignola**, was at the Half Note opposite singer **Carmen McRae** . . . Trumpeter **Lammar Wright Jr.**, who returned to music last year after a seven-year hiatus, led a group at a recent jazz vesper service at St. Peter's Lutheran Church. With him were trombonist **Bennie Green**, tenor saxophonist **Coleman Hoppins**, bassist **Ali Jackson**, drummer **Harry Molock**, and singer **George Rivers** . . . Trumpeter **Dud Bascomb** did three weeks in December at Ballard's in Providence, R. I., with altoist **Norris Turney**, pianist **Lester Fauntleroy**, bassist **Ivan Rolle**, and drummer **Harold Austin** . . . Critic **John S. Wilson's The World of Jazz** has returned to WQXR, thanks to the radio station's newly inaugurated split FM-AM scheduling. The program is heard Sundays, 1-3 p.m. . . . Pianist **Toshiko Akiyoshi** hosts a weekly Japanese-American program on radio station WEVD . . . The quartets of pianist **Thelonious Monk** and tenor saxophonist **Joe Henderson**, plus singer **Carol Sloane**, were the holiday attractions at the Village Vanguard. They were followed by the groups of pianists **Horace Silver** and **Bill Evans**, who are on hand till Jan. 15.

CHICAGO: On Dec. 19 the **Joe Daley Trio** and the **Chicago Symphony Orchestra** repeated their dual concert, in which they alternated classical and jazz versions of Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*, for an audience made up of underprivileged children. All three concerts were for young people, and at each the Daley trio's jazz versions were given enthusiastic acceptance from the audiences

(and the orchestra's members). The trio—**Daley**, tenor saxophone, clarinet; **Clyde Flowers**, bass; **Hal Russell**, drums—was hired by singer **Tony Bennett** for his December engagement at the Palmer House. The three men joined **Tommy Flanagan**, Bennett's piano accompanist, for the three-week run . . . Trumpeter **Doc Severinsen** was featured in a concert at the December meeting of music educators at the Midwest Band Clinic, held at the Sherman House. Later, Severinsen sat in with the **Warren Kime** big band at the Window on N. Wells St. The Kime band also was performing for a group of the educators . . . Pianist-composer **Bill Mathieu's Chicago Improvising Players** gave their third concert at Second City, where Mathieu is music director. The group included reed man **Rich Fudoli**, bassist **Clyde Flowers**, and drummer **George Marsh** . . . The **Dave Shipp Trio**, featuring pianist **John Young**, bassist **Shipp**, and drummer **Sleepy Nelson**, is the weekend attraction at the Pumpkin Room (near 71st St. and Jeffrey Blvd.). The group also backs vocalist **Paula Greer**. On Monday nights vocalist **Sonja Davis** holds forth, again with the **Shipp Trio** . . . Nearby at the Phamous Lounge (1900 E. 71st St.) is the **Anthony Braxton Quartet** (Braxton, alto saxophone; **Leroy Jenkins**, violin; **Charles Clark**, bass; **Thurmon Barker**, drums) on Tuesdays . . . The fall series of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians concluded with a concert by the **Joseph Jarman Sextet** (**Billy Brimfield**, trumpet; Jarman, alto saxophone; **Fred Anderson**, tenor saxophone; **Christopher Gaddy**, piano; **Charles Clark**, bass; **Thurmon Barker**, drums) and resumes with a concert tentatively scheduled for mid-January at Roosevelt University. Jarman has completed his first LP, which will be issued by Delmark.

LOS ANGELES: A quintet of matronly types who play a happy brand of Dixieland opened recently at Melodyland Theater. Billed as the **Frisolous Five**, the group consists of trumpeter (trumpet-ess?) **Jane Sager**, who played with **Johnny Richards'** band in 1942 and **Charlie Barnet's** in '46; **Naomi Preble**, trombone; **Frances Rosu**, clarinet; **Rose Parenti**, piano, accordion; and **Jean Skinner** (an alumna of the **Ina Ray Hutton Band**), drums. The five next go to the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev., for 20 weeks . . . Two extra rhythm men were on the stand when **Les McCann, Ltd.** (McCann, piano; **Leroy Vinnegar**, bass; **Robby Robinson**, drums) opened at the Lighthouse. They turned out to be comedian **Bill Cosby**, who brought his timbales, and actor **Ron Rich** on conga . . . Vibraharpist **Cal Tjader** began his recent engagement at Shelly's Manne-Hole minus his regular pianist, **Al Zulaica**. **Clare Fischer** filled in until the ailing Zulaica returned. The rest of the group was intact: bassist **Stan Gilbert**, drummer **Carl Burnett**, and congaist **Armando Perra** . . . Tenor and baritone saxophonist **Plas Johnson** has introduced his new combo at Marty's. The quintet is heard on Tuesday nights at the club. Trumpeter **Alex Rodriguez** (who just left the **Woody Herman Band**), alto

and baritone saxophonist **Harold Battiste**, organist **Art Hillery**, and drummer **John Kirkwood** are the sidemen . . . Trumpeter **Rodriguez** is also active with a new septet called the **Young Gyants**. The group is led by vocalist-reed man **John D'Andrea** and includes **David Dawson**, trombone; **Richard Aplan**, tenor and baritone saxophones; **Chuck Day**, guitar; **Ron Brown**, bass; and **Brian Moffat**, drums . . . Recently at the Hermosa Inn was the **Willie Jones Trio** (Jones, piano; **James Ashford**, bass; **Vonnie Holt**, drums), plus a lively character named **Claude Maxwell**, who functioned as a combination jazz singer and circus barker in order to attract the overflow lines next door at the Lighthouse, which were queuing up to catch guitarist **Wes Montgomery** . . . Manhattan Beach is jumping six nights a week. Pianist **Marty Harris** and bassist **Vic Mio** are at the Frigate; pianist **Dick Russom** and bassist **Paul Ruhlman** (filling in for **Jim Whitwood**) are at Pancho's; and **Jimmy Vann's** trio (pianist-vocalist **Vann**, bassist **Barr Doty**, and drummer **Don Manning**) is at the Buccaneer . . . Guitarist **Ron Anthony** is keeping things swinging at his apartment complex in Burbank. He recently presented the second of a series of chamber concerts that he hopes will become a monthly event. Personnel for the last concert was trumpeter **Conte Candoli**, Anthony, bassist **Monty Budwig**, and drummer **Colin Bailey**.

SAN FRANCISCO: For the time being at least, altoist **John Handy** plans to continue with a quartet. Rather than hire another violinist (to replace **Michael White**), Handy said he has decided to explore the musical avenues open to the smaller group. The quartet appeared at El Matador here, after a week in Vancouver, British Columbia . . . More than 500 acquaintances or friends of the late **Darnell Howard** attended the 3 p.m. to midnight Tribute in Jazz to the famed clarinetist. Among the participants, which included eight bands, were bassists **Pops Foster**, 74, and **Ed Garland**, 71 (who came up from Los Angeles for the occasion). Honored guest was Howard's widow, to whom net proceeds of the event were given . . . Pianist **George Duke's** trio (**John Heard**, bass, **Pete Magadini**, drums) played a concert in December at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. The program included Duke's suite based on the music of *West Side Story* and a composition by Magadini based on an East Indian scale. The trio is the house band at the Half Note Club here . . . The **Bola Sete Trio** and the 19-piece **Sonoma State College Concert Jazz Band** played a concert in Petaluma, sponsored by the student body. The band, directed by **Jerry Moors**, is part of the Jazz Workshop of the college music department . . . African singer **Letta Mbulu**, a protege of trumpeter **Hugh Masakela**, was joined by Masakela for the last weekend of her engagement at the Both/And club . . . Jazz and the Christmas Carol, a concert featuring pianist **Jean Hoffman** and the 75-voice Chancel Choir and Choristers of the Congregational Church of San Mateo, was presented

(Continued on page 42)

Bob Brookmeyer Master Of The Brass Stepchild



By DAN MORGENSTERN

BOB BROOKMEYER is a big, solidly built man who looks like anything but a jazz musician. Behind his often somber mien lurks a dry, caustic wit (his humorous barbs are frequently delivered with a dead-pan expression that catches the listener off guard) and a keen, lively intelligence that encompasses considerably more than the world of music.

For the last 18 months or so, watchers of late-evening television have heard (but rarely seen) Brookmeyer in his role as a member of the *Merv Griffin Show* orchestra, an excellent ensemble unfortunately not featured as much as its counterpart on the *Johnny Carson Show*.

The job keeps Brookmeyer busy each weekday from 3:30 to 8 p.m. with rehearsals, run-throughs for blocking, and the actual taping of the program.

"It's a fairly relaxed job," he said recently. "The conductor, Mort Lindsay, is a very nice man and respectful of musicians—not like some other show conductors I have known. And it's a very hip band. . . ."

A glance at the personnel, which currently includes trumpeter Bill Berry, saxophonist Richie Kamuca, guitarist Jim Hall, bassist Art Davis, and drummer Jake Hanna, bears out Brook-

meyer's contention, but these talents are employed mainly to back visiting singers and to entertain the studio audience during commercials.

More satisfying from a creative standpoint is Brookmeyer's association with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band.

"The band is a joy," Brookmeyer said without hesitation. "We've prayed for a band like this in New York for years. Some time ago, I went to extraordinary lengths to arrange for something like it to happen—George Russell and I recruited for a band which never had a rehearsal, but we lined up an amazing lot of people. This time, we have a band first, and it took Thad and Mel to do it.

"The band includes diverse musical attitudes, people from different eras, but the result is homogeneous and happy. There's a great spirit in the band."

Brookmeyer has contributed several excellent arrangements to the growing book, notably a lovely setting of *Willow, Weep for Me*, but he doesn't have time to write as much as he would like.

"I deeply regret it," he reflected. "I'd love to do more writing. When I finished the *Gloomy Sunday* album [a 1962 Verve release highly praised by

reviewers and musicians and characteristically titled, in full, *Gloomy Sunday and Other Bright Moments*], I was just getting on to some ease and facility and knowledge. But I had to go back to playing."

Not that playing is a chore to Brookmeyer—except when it is pure routine. This is evidenced not only by his sparkling work with the Jones-Lewis band but also in infrequent small-group settings, as with a recent quintet led by Griffin teammate Kamuca at New York City's Half Note or with the splendid little band he has co-led for some years with his friend, trumpeter-fluegelhornist-singer Clark Terry.

The Terry-Brookmeyer quintet has not been very active during the last year, but the group has not disbanded.

"It's just that we've both been busy," Brookmeyer said, "and Clark has been working a lot on his own recently. Things have broken for him, as they say in the trade, and he's getting some long overdue recognition.

"So we haven't been able to work together as much as we'd like. But the group is getting better and better; last time we played, the musical and personal elements really seemed to fuse—we could tell from the audience reaction."



WITH ALL these groups, Brookmeyer plays an instrument that, mainly through his efforts, has begun to gain some recognition but is still often regarded as something of a hybrid—the valve trombone.

Brookmeyer started out in music on clarinet. He also is an accomplished pianist; during most of his early big-band career, which included service with Ray McKinley, Louis Prima, Jerry Wald, Woody Herman, and Claude Thornhill, he held down the piano chair. Before taking up the valve horn, Brookmeyer played a conventional slide trombone. "I was really a frustrated trumpet player," he said jokingly. "I didn't make the complete switch to valve until 1952, when I was with Thornhill. The other trombone player had a 78 H Conn—a monster—much too big and loud for the band. So I sold him my slide.

"I was a pretty bad slide trombonist. I sounded like Bill Harris and Earl Swope under the weather, not at all fashionable. I last heard Bill a couple of years ago at the Silver Slipper in Las Vegas. He was working with Charlie Teagarden, and I was there every night. He can still make your heart

leap... It's a shame that he was so rarely recorded like he deserves. And Earl, too, was never heard enough."

Do parts written for slide trombone present any problems to a valve player?

"It depends on what kind of part it is," he replied. "If there is a long glissando, you're in trouble. But I have learned to fake glisses with half-valve effects. Manny Albam is really responsible for the acceptance of the instrument in the section. He was always insisting that you can't tell the difference.

"I play lead trombone with Mel and Thad and also did it with the Gerry Mulligan band. It's good for lead—remember Juan Tizol with Ellington? You're just an octave under the lead trumpet, and the fact that you have identical execution makes things sound more crisp... at least I think so, but I'm prejudiced."

One of the reasons why musicians, by and large, are "still suspicious" of the valve trombone, Brookmeyer said, is "that most people play it rotten. Even excellent slide men play it in pedestrian fashion. It takes an awful lot of woodshedding to get what you want from the instrument. But to me, the valve trombone is the most satisfying medium

for what I like to express."

Brookmeyer suggests a reason for his loyalty to the valve when he said that "the trombone became a victim of the system. Until the new wave came along, all trombone players were sounding like J. J. Johnson—which is a fine way for J. J. to sound. But the new-wave trombonists seem to have more personalization and variety."

Brookmeyer, however, disclaimed any expertise on what he refers to as the new wave.

"Coltrane, Rollins, and Ornette Coleman are the last part of the new wave I knew intimately," he said. "The new fellows around remind me uncomfortably of the Charlie Parker wave when I was very young: there was just one way to play and one way to live. That's OK with me, but I can't do it that way."

But Brookmeyer's mind is far from being closed to what young musicians are doing. Quite to the contrary, he is concerned about the lack of real contact between musical generations:

"It is very satisfying for a man of years—I may not seem that old [he has just turned 37], but believe me, I feel it—to be able to bridge the gap of age, especially with young musicians who are



PHOTOS/GEORGE KU

in another bag. To make contact, personal and musical, with young musicians is rewarding.

"The young people often seem withdrawn and have only hostile words for the older chaps, which is a frightful mistake on their part. When I first worked with Coleman Hawkins or Ben Webster, it was an honor to me, and that still goes for anyone in that age group. It's a pity that musicians have to shut themselves off from others. They could profit by the association, become a little hipper and a little wiser in their lives. A fascist attitude in music is as absurd as any fascist attitude."

It is natural, Brookmeyer said, for young people to strive to overthrow the old, "but when you get older and wiser, you learn that things don't change 100 percent for the better through revolution. There's no good will or approbation—Southerners and Nazis live that way.

"Anger and protest movements are fine; people overthrowing outmoded ideas is marvelous—but. . . I don't know the new wave personally, but all the pronouncements and manifestos I have read reflect this abrogation of contact between generations. It seems silly. People can differ widely and still make contact and talk. Music is still part of life."

Brookmeyer's own musical youth, spent in his native Kansas City, Mo., was not marked by hostility between old and young. He recalled:

"I grew up with those Kansas City bands: trumpet, alto, tenor, and an excellent rhythm section. The great jazz scene was fading, but at 14 and 15, I was sitting in at clubs, Negro and white, with people 20 or 30 years my senior, and there was no thought of protesting the music.

"The racial scene was terribly formal, but we went to each other's outings and functions, etc.—it was not like the big-city situation today. I didn't even think about it until much later; we thought about music, and playing well, and having a good time. It was a very relaxed scene."

Brookmeyer went to the Kansas City Conservatory of Music with persons who had gone to school with Charlie Parker, and he heard many stories about how Parker grew up.

"There was a drummer in town, Edward Phillips (we called him 'Little Phil'), who'd come to sessions with just a snare drum, a sock cymbal, and brushes and play all the drums you'd want to hear," Brookmeyer recalled. "Bird used to write to him about coming to New York. 'Those bebop drummers are driving me crazy,' he said in one letter. But Phil never left town."

Brookmeyer gets angry when he hears people "put down Charlie Parker for the way he lived. They don't know what he had to go through. If they did, they wouldn't criticize but be amazed that he accomplished what he did."

By 1950, according to Brookmeyer, the Kansas City jazz scene was dead.

"The populace and the boppers helped to kill it," he said. "But when I was growing up, the guys I played with were still telling stories of those 14-hour jam sessions."

THE TROMBONIST is outspoken about the state of popular music today:

"I thoroughly deplore the worship of amateurism that has crept into the arranging field. In the past five years, I have witnessed a change from seeing talented, knowledgeable arrangers working for pop record dates to the present morass of ignorance. Now the question

of talent doesn't enter into it; pop music, like pop art, is the supreme effort of people who don't know anything, can't do anything, and assert their right to artistic expression."

Warning to his subject, Brookmeyer continued, "No talent or experience is required. It's all part of the cult of adolescence—selling Brillo pads and fried eggs. In all the arts, we have the cult of the ignorant. If you can't do something, you're a success."

This is not a total condemnation of the current pop scene ("John Lennon writes some good tunes"). Nor is it an expression of bitterness. Rather, it is a matter of personal choice: "You either accept the world you live in, or you don't. When you're sold a bad bill of goods, you don't have to say 'thank you.'"

For relaxation, Brookmeyer indulges in a pastime for which his enthusiasm is shared by such notables as Sen. Robert F. Kennedy and Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York City.

"I'm a complete addict to touch football," he confessed. "Last year, I had five footballs and about 25 books on the subject; today, I have a few more books but I've lost two footballs. It's a marvelous release when you have to sit and read music all week."

The clock at Jim Downey's, where this interview took place, indicated that it was time for Brookmeyer to return to the studio for the taping of the Griffin show. Polishing off his last Scotch sour, the trombonist fired a parting shot: "You said this interview was for the brass issue? I have a pertinent comment about the trombone: it's cold in the morning and it hurts at night!"

But when Brookmeyer plays his big brass horn, the music comes out warm and doesn't hurt one bit.



OVER THE YEARS, many musicians have been capable, many ordinary. Some display talent momentarily and then fade into oblivion. Only a few have had that something, that rare gift of communication that Joseph Nanton had.

Better known as Tricky Sam, Nanton was one of the most important voices in Duke Ellington's orchestra, and during his tenure (1926 to 1948) he became internationally famous. The nickname Tricky Sam was probably coined by the ubiquitous Otto Hardwicke, since Toby (as the musicians of Harlem nicknamed the elegant Washingtonian) enjoyed giving muscos noms de plume that fitted their personalities. In this instance, no better sobriquet could have been found, because Nanton was a complex man. On the surface, he was mild-mannered. Before the public he was at various times a clown, a tragedian, or merely the fellow on the corner, depending on the role that Duke had assigned him.

Joseph Nanton in private was a scholar, a fierce nationalist and devoted follower of Marcus Garvey back in the '30s (when political awareness was unheard of from a musician). However, this thinking, knowledgeable man kept his lives separate, and only a few of his chums were ever aware of his inner thoughts. But the external facade he presented was always warm and friendly.

ELLINGTON'S JOE NANTON was a gingerbread-colored man, kind of on the squatty side. His facial contours reminded me of a benevolent basset hound, with those big brown eyes that regarded the world so dolefully, framed in a long face with just a hint of dewlaps.

Of much more importance are the motivations, the strengths, weaknesses, and all the other facets that comprised this extraordinary individual.

Nanton's playing differed from that of virtually all other trombonists in jazz. His sound was a voice unique to the instrument, and although many of his fellows played sweeter, faster, louder, and with considerably more technique, still Tricky possessed the gift of communication that is the essence of any music. Others have tried to copy his plunger style, including Al Grey, Tricky Lofton, Quentin Jackson, and even the impeccable Lawrence Brown, but none has been able to capture his sound and nuance. They were all mere echoes of Tricky.

What a variety of sounds he evoked from his instrument! From the wail of a new-born baby to the raucous

hoot of an owl, from the bloodcurdling scream of an enraged tiger to the eerie cooing of a mourning dove. Tricky had them all in his bag of tricks, and he utilized them with thoughtful discretion and good taste. He was a natural musician, gifted with that extra something that cannot be taught by teachers, although he credited two fellows with forming his style, Charlie Irvis, who preceded him with Ellington, and Jake Green, of Charleston, S.C., whom we called Gutbucket.

THE NEW YORK cabarets were jumping back in the days when Joe Nanton appeared on the Turf, the center of which was 135th St. from Fifth Ave. to Lenox Ave. There were a lot of clubs in the area—there was O'Connor's on the uptown side of the street and the Green Parrot upstairs over the Gem Theater. Tricky once worked at the Green Parrot but later remarked that

he quit because he got tired of going to jail every Saturday night. On the corner of Fifth Ave. was Leroy's Club, which was considered a big-time spot, since Leroy was the brother of Baron Wilkins (at that time, the boss of Harlem). Wilkins' 134th St. club catered strictly to the underworld, and this is the place where I first saw Tricky. He was working there with piano man Fat Smitty and a hell of a drummer, known simply as Crip.

Down Fifth Ave. a few doors, across 135th St., Edwin Smalls operated his first club, the Sugar Cane. Then, farther down, between 132nd and 133rd, as I recall, was a joint run by a fellow named Edmonds, whose claim to fame is that Ethel Waters sang there. This was also the place where I first got acquainted with Nanton, around 1923.

The group consisted of Tricky, pianist Earl Frazier, Crip again on drums, and Seminole the Indian on banjo (who later became better known as a piano man). Nanton was then fresh out of San Juan Hill and about 18 years old. He had an indefinable quality about him even then that made him ageless. Perhaps it was his high, squeaky voice, which sometimes would fade away to a mere whisper. Or maybe it was his general air of insouciance. When we got to hanging around together, I knew Joe as a Charleston-dancing, uke-playing funster.

DURING THE '20s, musicians had it so good that you could get fired at 11 p.m. and by midnight be sitting on another bandstand blowing for the tips. The kitty was soon full of folding money, which visiting musicians shared in as well as the regulars, as long as the visitors were well liked and could blow. Tricky, being well liked, was all over Harlem. Of course, some clubs had better-spending patrons, and some drew bigger crowds. Consequently, the guys battled for those choice spots. A job at Edmond's club was one of the most sought after, since the place catered to ladies of the evening, who were notorious for drowning their sorrows and throwing money away.

But everyone moved around a lot, since a few weeks or months was long enough to stay in one spot, and, too, the fellows would move about on account of their teammate. In those days, a pair of brass men (trumpets and trombones) usually hung out as a team, eating and drinking and especially playing together. There were Bubber Miley and Charlie Irvis, Geechy Fields and Gus Aikens, Jimmy Harrison and June Clark. My partner



was a New Jersey trombonist named Herb Gregory. Tricky's trumpet buddy was Louis Metcalf.

TRICKY SAM was always the life of any party, a great trencherman who could put away two or three orders of corned beef hash at Tabb's famed hash house. And when the cats gathered at a cabaret like the Bucket of Blood or Gold Grabens to jam and talk, Tricky's high-pitched voice could be heard above everybody else's. Before he got the name Tricky Sam, Joe was sometimes called the Professor, because he knew something about almost everything.

I can see him now, tuxedo crumpled, board-stiff tux shirt speckled with stains of "top and bottom" (a lethal mixture of gin and port wine that we drank only in Harlem).

We had a curious way of choosing friends in that era. It depended on how well the man played and how free he was with his money (it was the custom for everyone to buy everybody drinks). And, to be considered a regular cat, a fellow had to hit the Turf (that meant anywhere in the vicinity of the Rhythm Club) immaculate, in a clean, boiled tux shirt between 6 and 10 p.m. After midnight, however, if a guy showed up without "top and bottom" stains on his shirt, the gang would drift away sneering that he was not fit to drink with. During those days, it was a rare and square tooter who hit the sack before the sun was high in the sky.

AFTER THOSE frequent nights on the town, Tricky noticed that no matter how much money he had had on him when he and his buddy, Charlie Irvis, started drinking, the next morning he woke up with empty pockets. Not wanting to accuse his buddy, Tricky decided to play detective. He filled a whisky bottle with tea and proceeded to put on a very convincing drunk act. The pair started home, Charlie high as a kite and Nanton cold sober. When the bar-hopping got hot and heavy, after several stops at various joints, Tricky poured tea into his whisky glass for the umpteenth time. Then, he heard Irvis say to the bartender, "Rack 'em back, give every tub a taste on me, 'cause me and my buddy got nothin' but money," as he attempted to reach into Tricky's pocket for his wallet. Tricky, sober as a judge, wheezed out in his falsetto voice, "Ya g.d. right, Charlie! Give everybody a drink! And, bartender, give everybody a check or else give their checks to Charlie, because this has been going



Drummer Sonny Greer, Nanton, clarinetist Barney Bigard, and tenorist Ben Webster.

on long enough. I'm cutting out. So long, Charlie."

All the cats in the bar laughed until they cried as Charlie, shocked to his toes, quickly sobered up and slunk out the door. He called to the retreating Tricky, "Hey, man, wait for me! That ain't no way to treat a buddy." But Tricky was hot-footing it down Seventh Ave., having learned how his money disappeared.

STARTING with this episode, we all noticed a change in Nanton. He stopped being a bar buddy. He kept a bottle in his trombone case, and when he'd go to a joint after working hours, he'd sit at a table and order a setup of glasses and ice. He also switched from "top and bottom" to bourbon. Though the feud between him and Irvis did not last long, the relationship was never really the same.

Tricky began holding court at his special table, and almost any morning there'd be at least a dozen fellows sitting around discussing, gossiping, and sometimes heatedly arguing, about anything under the sun.

This was during the period that Joe was playing at the Nest Club in Harlem with Cliff Jackson's Westerners. That was Elmer Snowden's second band, which had replaced us (the first band) while we were at the Bamville Club. And it also was at this time when I really began to develop an insight into Joe Nanton's vast store of knowledge. To my amazement, I discovered what a brain the man possessed. He was well acquainted with such erudite and diverse subjects as astronomy, how to make home brew, and how to use a slide rule. He could recite poetry by ancient poets that most of us never knew existed, and he knew Shakespeare.

In a sense, the Nanton changeover was good for all of us, because it

made us think in new directions, and for Tricky too, since he had to stay sober enough to cast his pearls before his audience.

There was one time when I had been put out of my rooming house for being unruly. Russell Procope, my old buddy, came to my rescue with a bed for a few days in his place, which was just down the street from where Tricky lived with his family on 137th St. One morning, Joe, Russell, and I were meandering home, when on turning the corner, we saw fire engines in the middle of the block. Procope noticed them first and gasped, "Oh my God, my house is on fire!" It turned out to be Tricky's place instead. Smoke was billowing from the windows of the floor above Nanton's apartment, and firemen were evacuating people from the building. Tricky took a startled look at this sight and rushed for the front door. The firemen tried to stop him, but he pushed them aside. In no time at all, he emerged triumphantly clutching a paper bag to his chest. He explained that his money had been hidden under the living-room rug. We didn't believe him until he opened the bag and showed us gobs of \$50 bills among the 20s and 10s. He must have had a thousand dollars in that stash.

WHEN JOE NANTON replaced his old buddy, Charlie Irvis, in the Ellington band, he played his trombone parts capably and eagerly waited, night after night, for Duke to let him take his "Boston," what the cats called soloing in those days. This went on for weeks as the newcomer literally sat on the edge of his seat waiting to show what he could do, but Duke never gave him the nod, doubtless because the arrangements were mostly built around Bubber Miley and Toby at that time. Duke seemingly remained oblivious until Otto Hardwicke, Duke's home-town crony and first sax man, yelled, "For Christ's sake, Dumpy, how long are you gonna let this man sit here without taking a Boston?"

Duke, with that famous sheepish grin, said, "Oh, yes. I've been saving him for the big punch. Sure, take it, Tricky."

ONE OF TRICKY'S most admirable attributes was his loyalty to Ellington, and this extreme devotion is so rare that it is worthy of mention. Often in the profession, a bunch of fellows will get together and like what they produce so much that it takes a lot of adverse circumstance to pry

them apart. However, nine times out of ten, the inevitable breaking up of the group happens—it's one of the hazards of the game.

In the case of Tricky Sam, it's possible that some reader may comment, "Big deal—so he stayed with Duke for 22 years. Why wouldn't he stay with one of the better bands, with a steady paycheck coming in all of that time?" The truth of the matter is (and probably not many people remember) that there was a time around 1926, when Tricky joined Ellington, that there were plenty of lean weeks. Any job could well turn out to be of short duration, and back in those days, any road trip might wind up in Strandsville. Tricky was a tower of strength, whether times were good or bad. Duke could always count on him to make the job, and not only that—Joe was so loyal that he refused to work for anyone else, not even a casual club date or a recording session. I consider myself fortunate to have had him on one of my small-band Ellington dates.

To the fellows in the band, an unforgettable sequence will always be remembered as an example of Nanton's savoir-faire put to an exacting test.

The setting was New York City's Grand Central Station, and the audience was a large contingent of priests and nuns congregated in front of the gate where the Ellington party was scheduled to depart for Chicago. I gathered that some dignitary of the church was leaving on the same train and the throng was there to see him off.

Meanwhile, we Ellingtonians grew saltier and saltier by the minute as we waited for the last member of our troupe. An officious gateman refused to let us board until we were all present and accounted for. The departure time drew closer and closer—still no Nanton. Finally, just when it began to look as if Grand Central Station and Mr. Duke Ellington were going to have a falling-out, there appeared a swirl of motion at the far edge of the crowd. Tricky dashed into view, and we all felt like cheering, until the moment he burst through the crowd. Suddenly, there was an unmistakable crash. The familiar scent of good bourbon pervaded the air. We looked at each other with the same thought: "Oh my God, Tricky's dropped his bottle—and among all of these religious people." That's where Joseph Nanton proved himself. He greeted Ellington without breaking stride or looking at all discomfited: "Greetings, governor. I thought that I was not going to make it. Sorry, old chap."

On occasion, Nanton could be very

British. He wore Brooks Brothers clothes, English hand-made shoes, and generally attired himself like a British gentleman. But despite the elegance of his wardrobe and care of grooming, his appearance never transcended that of the man in the street. He always reminded me of Charlie Chaplin. There was a similarity in spirit—they both projected the image of a born loser. Tricky's sad-looking face shows how much appearances can deceive, since sadness could not have been further from the fact. He was a fun lover from 'way back, a practical joker, a convivial drinker.



Trombonists Nanton, Juan Tizol, and Lawrence Brown. Otto Hordwicke is in foreground.

BORN IN 1904, Joseph was the middle of three sons of the West Indian Nanton family. He was proud of being West Indian and was brought up in San Juan Hill, one of the scattered colored ghettos of New York City. The Hill area consisted of six square blocks bounded by 97th St. and 103rd St.

Tricky once confided to me that he felt fortunate in having been born in New York City, where the educational advantages for Negroes far surpassed those of most other cities, particularly those below the Mason-Dixon line. Moreover, he was convinced that the West Indians particularly appreciated and took advantage of the opportunities that the North offered them. This brought on a heated discussion, until he quoted statistics (which he documented with printed material) showing how many different businesses the West Indians owned and operated.

Nanton had no patience with ignorance and, commenting on the stupidity of the bulk of the masses, used to say, "Look at them! Head buried in that newspaper, and if you ask them what they are reading, the only thing they can tell you is the baseball scores or about Little Orphan Annie."

To me, this smacked of snobbism, West Indian style, until I questioned him and was amazed at his depth. He

owned hundreds of books on the most erudite subjects, ranging from psychology to philosophy, from history to astronomy.

Joe Nanton usually acted calm, cool, and collected and almost always gave the other fellow the benefit of the doubt. But when someone tried to take advantage of him or his friends, Tricky would stand up for what he believed to be right.

The last time I observed Tricky in this role, the Ellingtonians were doing a tour of Texas. Among the dates there was a peculiar one-nighter scheduled for the 4th of July in a remote section. Everyone felt a bit nervous because this burg was way off the beaten track, and I guess we subconsciously expected to see Indians jump out from the bushes, shooting arrows at our special train, which was only a Pullman, baggage car, and an engine. After miles of sagebrush, jack rabbits, and nothingness, not seeing even a single Indian, we finally arrived. By that, I mean that the train stopped at a water tower, and we piled into several vehicles that took us over the prairie. I remember Barney Bigard's saying, "Hmmm, this sure is a nice section for a necktie party." The remark was not amusing at the time.

In any case, smack in the middle of all that nothingness stood a dance hall. We played harder than usual, not wanting to rile these people who had come in droves (from Lord knows where). They liked what we played until we played *Home Sweet Home* and started packing up. Then the cheers turned to jeers, and we hastily put our horns away and headed for the door. A giant of a fellow leaped onto the bandstand, grabbed the microphone, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this heah dance was advertised as a dawn dance. Now I know that I am full of red eye, jes' lak evahbody else heah, but ah don' see nairy dawn breakin' no wheah, an ah 'spect to heah this music goin' till dawn. Right?"

REBEL YELLS and Indian war whoops greeted this speech, and for the moment it looked as if our time had come, way out there in the lone prairie.

We were thunderstruck, not knowing if this character was serious or not, but we were resigned to doing whatever we had to, even if it meant unpacking and playing more hours.

Duke appeared cool, although I heard him whisper to the band manager, "Go get the sheriff. Go get the sheriff, for Christ's sake." Ellington was smiling when he said it, but we

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DELLA REESE was the one who said it. She was standing in the rear of the old Marty's, listening to Bobby Bryant exhort his quintet through *58th Street*, an original dedicated to the club's location in south-central Los Angeles. "This isn't a lounge," said the singer, "this is a Baptist church, and we're havin' a revival meeting."

The rest of the "congregation" seemed to agree. Their reactions to Bryant's funky sermons completed a veritable call-and-response pattern.

Several months later, Bryant explained it all—with the same kind of directness that he saves for his trumpet-ing: "Basically, I'm very basic. We get this church feeling going because I like the sound, the fellows in the band like it, and so do the people. They must. They keep coming back for more. In fact, business was so good, we had to expand!"

This time the setting was the new and larger Marty's, located in the fashionable Baldwin Hills section of Los Angeles (how many other jazz clubs in the country have oil wells in their back yards?). The congregation had just retired to more secular activities, and the club—one of the few that look good with the lights on—was empty. Bryant, now one of its owners, sat at a rear table, soaking up the rarity of quietude. He was "soaking" in another way also, clad in a trench coat and still perspiring from a hard day's night.

He was thinking back to how it began—from his childhood in Hattiesburg, Miss., through his musical apprenticeship in Chicago, plus the usual activity on the road, to his current status in Los Angeles.

That status is an enviable one: by day, one of the most sought-after freelance musicians in Hollywood's recording, film, and television studios and, by night, a swinger of the first magnitude, in a club that is fast becoming a haven for the sitting-in fraternity.

"I came to Los Angeles determined not to play any more night clubs [he gave a long, sardonic laugh as he pointed his chin toward the empty bandstand]. I'd had my fill of it in Chicago, which is basically a night-club and theater town."

Another reason he had no regrets about leaving the Windy City was the existence of segregated musicians' union locals. He said:

"When I was there, they had two locals: one predominantly white, the other almost 100 percent Negro. There were many capable musicians in the Negro local who never got called for the downtown theaters simply because they were from the wrong part of town. As long as I lived in Chicago, I was a member of that south-side union [which since has been merged with the white

local], and consequently the only work I did was in night clubs."

That's hardly been the case since Bryant headed west.

"I tell you, Los Angeles is a wide-open town for anyone with ability, and it makes no difference if the cat is green," he said. "If he's capable, a musician here stands a good chance."

When he said "green," Bryant was not referring to inexperience; he stated unequivocally that he had never experienced any racial prejudice in Los Angeles. Then he qualified that by saying, "Be mindful that I came here in 1961, under Class A circumstances: playing lead trumpet for Vic Damone."

Earlier that year, Bill Green, who had fronted the group there, called Bryant and asked him to join the combo. The trumpeter recalled the circumstances:

"He offered me such a ridiculous price, I couldn't refuse. Besides, I was anxious to play some jazz. You know, I consider myself a professional musician. I can play anything that leaders, contractors, or arrangers hire me for—any style, any chart. But between 9 p.m. and 2 a.m., I'm a jazz musician."

Eventually, Green became too busy with his own studio commitments, and Bryant took over the band. Its instrumentation included two tenor saxo-



Bryant has nothing but the highest praise for Damone, who likes to surround himself with jazz-oriented musicians. "He gives everyone who deserves it a chance to be creative," said the trumpeter.

Bryant's regular appearances at NBC-TV for Damone's show led to an ever-increasing series of calls for other shows, the most regular of which has been the *Andy Williams Show*. The freelance activity for recording dates, plus the movie calls, began to pile up in nonstop fashion, and at about this time (September, 1965) he inherited the band at Marty's.

phones, organ, and drums behind the leader's trumpet.

The two tenors he described as "a coming together." In the early '60s the rage for anyone who wanted to form a band was to put a trumpet and a tenor over a rhythm section. "But since I play so loud," he said, "I wrote an original book for trumpet and two tenors." So the band he took charge of fit almost perfectly into his plans.

The organ wasn't part of his original scheme, Bryant said, "but, in all fairness, Henry Cain played some interesting bass lines and comped very well."

"I was lucky to have him behind me,"

declared Bryant. "But I never learned to like organ—I learned to *cope* with it. In the final analysis, however, Henry was doing the work of two men, and no musician can do that."

When the band opened at the new Marty's, the same tenor men were in the front line—Herman Riley and Hadley Caliman—and Carl Lott was still on drums; but Mike Wofford (later, Joe Sample) was on piano, and Johnny Duke was added on bass.

Bryant was hard put to categorize what his combo plays, saying, "It covers a wide area of styles. We go back to *Groovin' High*, of the bebop era, and we play the contemporary things like

among trumpet players.

"The only guy I loved to sit and just listen to was a saxophone player: Gene Ammons. I don't know of anyone who communicates with an audience the way he does. I've always dug the way he plays—especially ballads—and, as you know, I'd rather play a ballad than anything else. Ammons could play "up" tunes just as well too. No matter what style he played, there was a certain take-your-timeness about his playing that I admired. And his approach—he had peaks and valleys—and he would build to climaxes with such great dynamics. If there's an identification in my style, it has to go back to Gene Ammons. He really influenced me"—and this even though Bryant never played with Ammons and met him only fleetingly.

Many musicians are influenced by those who don't play the same instrument, but in Bryant's case there was a closer link: while in high school at Hattiesburg, the tenor player in his dance band left, and, out of necessity, Bryant "just picked up the saxophone and taught myself how to play."

He paused and then said:

"I was a teenage rhythm-and-blues tenor saxophonist."

The trumpet was hardly a spontaneous necessity. He began studying it while he was in grammar school. "I went through the band-director's scene, with the usual frustrations," he said. "They told me, 'You shouldn't do it . . . you're not gonna make it . . . it won't last.' But it did."

He paid his dues around his hometown working with stock bands ("you know, the Harry James charts") and jukebox bands ("the closer you could come to copying the records that were big on the jukebox, the more work you got").

With high school behind him, Bryant made the move to Chicago, where he entered the Cosmopolitan School of Music. He received a bachelor's degree in music education but shows little love for teaching. He maintains that "fighting a youngster to go home and practice his B-flat scale is hardly a challenge."

When he left the music school, Bryant had to make a decision: whether to seek the glamour and sometimes fame that accompany big bands and successful combos or to aim for the security-cum-obscure in the shows and revues that travel the country. It's difficult to accumulate both in one lifetime.

"I've played first trumpet in a lot of shows," Bryant said. "I went to New York with the Larry Steele Revue. I've traveled with the Billy Williams show and the Vic Damone show. As for jazz combos, I worked with only one—the MJT+3. Frank Strozier was on alto; Harold Mabern, piano; Bob Cranshaw,

bass; and Walter Perkins, drums. So the public doesn't really know who I am. I'm not the kind who generally gets written about. On the other hand, I reached a financial plateau years ago that most jazz musicians will not reach by the time they're my age [32]."

Now that he is as committed on the jazz scene as he is in freelance work, Bryant has developed some bandstand habits that have made him one of the most easily identifiable leaders in Los Angeles. Probably the most eye-catching is his mode of time-keeping—he has the distinction of being "the only counterclockwise trumpeter in the business." He demonstrated, snapping his right-hand fingers on an imaginary 2 and 4—and moving his arm counterclockwise. Many of his friends don't use "hello" as a greeting anymore; they simply go into reverse motion with an arm.

How did it start?

"Well, for years," Bryant said, "everybody tried to make me a singer, a dancer, everything except what I paid all that money to become—a trumpet player. But, of course, I knew what they were getting at; basically, I'm a very shy person, and it's only during this past year that I've been able to get out of myself."

At a recent Hollywood Playboy Club gig, Bryant showed a flair for comedy, one element of which was an effective dead pan and an acute sense of timing. As for the dead-pan routines, Bryant had a further explanation: "I do so much work around town, I'm just plain tired. You know, you work till 2. Then you might have an 8 o'clock call at Warner Brothers. In order to make it to the studio, you've got to get up at 6."

Fatigue is one of the criteria for success in Los Angeles. What Bryant said about being "just plain tired" is true of so many local musicians that theirs is a community of late swingers and early readers. When Bryant first hit Los Angeles, his ambition was to concentrate on freelancing, but his love of playing and stretching out widened his spectrum and began to take its toll.

"I got so far over my head that I actually had to leave town in order to get away from it all," he said.

That was when he undertook an extensive tour fronting the quintet behind Miss Reese.

Of other trumpeters, Bryant speaks of Clifford Brown's unrealized potential ("if only Clifford had lived—most of the trumpet players today couldn't even get to first base by comparison") and Freddie Hubbard's emerging potential ("the most improved of today's trumpeters"). He said he loved the way Louis Armstrong plays—especially the "excitement, the drive, the sheer force that goes along with that style of Dixie-

**Bobby
Bryant's
Powerful
Trumpet Playing
Can Be Heard
In Many
Places
But It's**

**JAZZ
FROM
9 TILL 2
ONLY**

Watermelon Man." The latter title led to a digression about rock-and-roll, which Bryant calls beneficial.

"One thing for sure—it made people beat-conscious," he said. "And it actually helped jazz musicians—you know, the fellows who have been around for years. Any of them can do it a lot better than the kid who just bought himself a guitar and knows how to play one rhythm."

When asked about his own style of playing, Bryant used the question for his answer. "I guess that's what you can call it—'my own style of playing,'" he said. "I never did have an idol

land.”

Suddenly, Bryant became the interviewer:

“Wanna talk about Miles?”

Without waiting for an answer, Bryant volunteered a fascinating thesis: “I think it’s unfortunate that Miles is a trumpet player.”

Miles Davis, Bryant said, has so much lyricism, sensitivity, and awareness of beauty in him that he needs a better medium than the trumpet to express them.

“He is such a beautiful musician that many times he is not able to get across what is in him,” Bryant said. “Trumpet playing involves more than what’s inside you; it’s a very physical act. That’s why I think Miles should have been a writer.”

Not that Davis’ playing leaves anything to be desired, in Bryant’s estimation.

“I love the way Miles plays,” he said. “I dig what he says—it’s so meaningful. I even like what he *doesn’t* say.”

Which led Bryant to speculate about

man. “First of all, he uses a horn that is out of tune with itself. Secondly, he tries to blow atonally. Why he’s *already* atonal! Sure there’s a lot of emotion, but a lynch mob shows a lot of emotion too.”

Bryant told about his first encounter with avant-garde. It happened at the 1964 Monterey Jazz Festival. Bryant and another trumpeter, Melvin Moore, and trombonist Lou Blackburn were hired by the festival to be part of the house band for Charles Mingus.

The rehearsals were “utter chaos,” Bryant said. Jaki Byard had written an arrangement of a then untitled work. Bryant asked Mingus about the arrangement: “Like when do I bring the brass in at letter C?”

“Mingus said, ‘Just follow me. When I jump up and down on one foot, that’s your cue.’”

“Well, look, Mingus, if I don’t happen to see you jump up and down on one foot, then I’m sorry. I’m apologizing now for not bringing in the section on cue.”

do with music. You simply react—you react to people you owe money to, to your old lady. Let me tell you, it was wild. I didn’t know what the hell was going to happen.

“So we go on—and instinct took over. Mingus jumped on one foot—I brought in the brass section. By the time we got to the end of this thing, there was so much intensity it got a standing ovation. And Mingus was out of breath and overwhelmed, and he went around shaking everybody’s hand.”

Bryant conceded that as far as bass players go, Mingus is a superb musician. But as far as the avant-garde shenanigans are concerned, Bryant sighed, “I don’t know—you’ve got to draw the line somewhere.”


THE LINES THAT Bryant would draw no doubt separate tradition from “the way of gimmickry.” His own firm rooting in the basics of music is reflected in the pride he shows when talking about the musical development of his 11-year-old son:

“Bobby Jr. is enrolled at a University of Southern California preparatory school, studying clarinet and getting a good musical background. Man, when I was his age, I was still looking for middle C.”

For himself, Bryant is content, “not angry with anybody, and I don’t know how to be controversial.” Most of his urges have been satisfied, except in the writing end. He’s done some arranging for Della Reese, but it has been largely commercial (as well as commercially large).

He has expressed a desire to gather “the best brass men in Los Angeles and Las Vegas and do strictly jazz writing for a band like that.” This is something, he pointed out, that New York arrangers are coming to realize. “Oliver Nelson, for example—now, he’s a very hard writer, and he’s found that the trumpet players out here will stick to it and run down his arrangements until they can play them,” Bryant said.

Bryant is enthusiastic about Los Angeles brass men, citing, as an example, Lee Katzman as “the finest jazz trumpeter around here. And Frank Rosolino is the best there is on trombone. And there are others: Freddie Hill and Nathaniel Meeks on trumpet, and Carl Fontana on trombone. You know, it’s a funny thing, but you never read anything about those guys. They certainly are deserving of it, but somehow they never get the acclaim that’s coming to them.”

He’s got a point there. The ones he mentioned are at least as good as he when it comes to playing skill. But it takes more than brass to blow your own horn. Sometimes it even helps to keep time counterclockwise. 



PHOTOS/FRED SELIGO

the influence of Ahmad Jamal on Miles. “The story goes that Miles was having a lot of trouble at one point—overplaying instead of being his lyrical self,” Bryant said. “Well, he hung around the Pershing Hotel in Chicago and heard Ahmad and Vernell Fournier and Israel Crosby. This was when Ahmad was really a sparse player. It must have sunk in, ‘cause this is when Miles began his don’t-play-so-much-don’t-fight-it kind of thing. I’m so glad it happened. There’s no sense in fighting the trumpet; you just can’t win.”

Bryant’s feelings toward the avant-garde were summed up succinctly:

“If I played that style once a month, it would be more than enough. It’s very ungratifying.”

His main objection to the avant-gardists is their lack of regard for what has happened in the past. He cited Ornette Coleman’s trying to change the existing structure of music without getting a firm foundation in that structure.

“And when he picks up that trumpet, I can’t stand it,” Bryant said of Cole-

“Mingus kept looking at me like I was an evil cat, but I wasn’t afraid of him. He weighs a little more than I do, but I’m as tall as he is—6’ 1”.

“Meanwhile, Melvin Moore was scared to death; he’s just a little cat. And Lou Blackburn, watching the whole scene, just rolled on the floor and laughed himself silly. Finally Mingus said to me, ‘Bryant, you’re as crazy as I am. You’re getting too high falutin’. You’ve been playing in studios too long, reading too much. You can’t play jazz anymore.’”

“Mingus gave the final instructions,” Bryant continued, “on how he wanted the thing (which was eventually titled *Meditations on Integration*) played: ‘You—pray to those you owe money to. You—pray to your old lady. You—make like a priest. And you—you’re the rabbi, overseeing everything.’”

“Now, what did anybody in the band know about a rabbi—or how a priest thinks? But this is what Mingus was after, and somehow, I must admit, there was a certain inspirational quality to his method, even though it had nothing to

WILBUR ODELL (DUD) BASCOMB, unlike many an unsung jazz musician, gives no indication of considering himself unjustly neglected. Obviously amused by much that makes others excited, the trumpeter speaks with quiet confidence and no complaint about a long career in jazz and his current lot: backing rock-and-roll acts. He is slow to criticize, and when he does, it is without rancor.

Perhaps he is supported in his philosophical attitude by the esteem of his professional colleagues. In a *Down Beat* story (June 17, 1965), Dizzy Gillespie described Bascomb as one of the most underrated musicians he knew. "He's beautiful," he said. "A lot of the harmonies that Clifford Brown used to play remind me of Bascomb."

Such renown as Bascomb, a native of Birmingham, Ala., has in his profession probably derives from his lovely muted trumpeting—a type of playing he never especially enjoyed—on Erskine Hawkins records of three decades ago. Bascomb, although a trumpet player professionally, always has liked to play blues piano as well and credits his older brother, Arthur, with being his biggest musical influence.

"He was a great blues pianist, and we all played piano after him," Bascomb said. "I played good blues piano, too, and I still like to play when I come across a good instrument, but I knew my hands were small and that I wouldn't be able to play all the things I wanted, so I switched to trumpet. A lot of the ideas in Avery Parrish's *After Hours* came from me. My brother used to call it *Mississippi Blues*, and practically everything in it was his. Avery was a very good jazz pianist, but not a blues pianist. He liked the way I played blues and took a lot of things from me."

Bascomb began playing trumpet at Lincoln Elementary School in Birmingham. Eventually, he went to the senior high school on the campus of Alabama State Teachers College in order to be near another brother, Paul, who was in the college. But Dud also wanted to hear the college band, called the 'Bama State Collegians, which had acquired a considerable reputation, and it was in the band that he met Hawkins. After a year and a half, Dud traveled north—in 1934, as a member of the band, playing dances.

"When we played in Louisiana, in Mobile and all those places," Bascomb said, "we were supposed to be paying for our tuition, but when we went east in the summer, the school put us on a salary of \$12.50 a week. The school paid our transportation and hotels, but they took the money when we played dances, and it went towards our schooling in the winter."

This arrangement worked satisfactorily—until the band hit New York City. That was the end of college—the whole band quit school. It played at the Harlem Opera House, a few doors east of the Apollo Theater, and some of the men ran into one Feets Edson, who turned out to be an unexpected benefactor. He got overcoats for the band members from a pawnshop—and he got them work. They were all young, and Bascomb, going on 18, was the youngest—until Sammy Lowe,

who was to become the band's top arranger, joined a bit later.

"We got 40 bucks a week at the Harlem Opera House," Bascomb said, "and we were all very excited. We laid around the Woodside Hotel waiting for Edson to get us dates. We played the Academy of Music on 14th St. downtown, the Brooklyn Fox Folly, and a few places upstate. Then we went into the Apollo, playing the show and a speciality and getting union scale. From there we went to the Ubangi Club, where we had quite a run. In 1937 we went downtown to the Harlem Uproar House.

"It wasn't a big place, and we were still playing loud, the way we did down south. We were really a dance band then. Avery Parrish did all the arrangements until Sammy Lowe came into the band. Avery liked Sy Oliver's arrangements for Jimmie Lunceford, so a lot of ours were in that pattern. Lunceford's was the band I liked too. Later on, we had three top-notch arrangers when Bill Johnson began to help out. He had been to a conservatory out in Illinois. Sammy Lowe picked up arranging around Birmingham, and he kept after it till he got to be a top man, but he was never taught. Avery picked it up the same way, and, being a piano player, he had a mind for chords."

Feets Edson arranged a one-nighter tour through the South, but when the band got back to New York, the men had decided they would have to do better than they had; so every chance they got, they worked the Savoy Ballroom. Before long they came to the attention of booker Moe Gale, who thought the band was pretty good and signed it to a contract. It was still using the name 'Bama State Collegians, but, Bascomb recalls, the men realized they would have to have a front man. Until then they had been using J. B. Sims, Bascomb's teacher in high school, as director. "He wore tails and sang pretty well, like Cab Calloway," Bascomb recalled, "and that was what the people went for."

But now Erskine Hawkins was elected leader, and the college days were gone forever.

"He was one of the best first trumpet players I ever played under," Bascomb said. "He also played trombone, tenor, and drums—and quite well. He never got credit for his lead trumpet playing because they had him play solos. I must have been about 14 or 15 when I first met him, and I know what happened to him at 'Bama State, where we were both copying Louis Armstrong solos verbatim, like those on *Chinatown* and *Shine*.

"That was what Erskine was doing all through the South—playing like Louis. He had no time to think of doing something for himself before he was drawn out front. He was at the Apollo when Louis came back from Europe, and Louis stood on the stage to hear him hit those C's and make F on *Shine*. So Erskine's own individuality never came out, although his gifts were more those of a studio musician. He could play all the way up to altissimo C, and that's kind of hard!

"Louis was my only influence, and I never forget hearing the whole Earl Hines trumpet section play his *Chinatown* in four-part harmony when they came through Birmingham once. But after Louis, I think I was my own man. I got on the plunger through numbers like *Ring Dem Bells*, which we used to play like Duke. Avery Parrish copied it off Duke's record. At that time, everybody in the South wanted to hear that number, and I think every band down there had an arrangement on it. I didn't particularly like the plunger sound, but the public did. And I didn't like using the mute with it because of the feedback."

Moe Gale succeeded in getting the Hawkins band a recording contract on Vocalion and a number of dates in New Jersey, but his main interest at that time, 1936, was Chick Webb. When Webb died

The Dud Bascomb Story

neglected mainstreamer

By Stanley Dance



in 1939, Gale asked musicians which band he should build as its replacement—Teddy Hill's or Erskine Hawkins'. The consensus, according to Bascomb, was that the latter's had the most to offer, and Gale went to work. The band became a great favorite at the Savoy, and after a long series of successful records on Bluebird it was promoted to the major label, Victor.

"I think we were tops then among the colored people," Bascomb said. "Every now and then we would play a country club with a white audience, but most of the time we played for Negro audiences."

The money was big on one-nighters in the South then. When Bascomb left Hawkins in 1944, the band was getting about \$1,700 a night, seven nights a week and was outdrawing Count Basie. Bascomb remembers once playing for 15,000 people in an auditorium in Kansas City, Mo. In Norfolk, Va., the band would play double dances—clear out the hall at a specified time after one dance and then play another.

"Other bands drew in the South, but we played simpler music," Bascomb said. "We could even draw the coal miners, because they could understand what we were playing. We had talked that out in our conferences. We had decided that the more simply we recorded the better it would be for us. We had guys who played more horn than you heard on records. I think we could run over those horns as fast as anybody, because we had the know-how, but we'd stick to the same solos at dances as on the records. Of course, we would run into guys who wanted to jam, and we would get together in hotel rooms. Budd Johnson and my brother Paul used to sit down every time we'd meet up with Earl Hines [with whom Johnson worked]."

Paul Bascomb was one of the originators of the band. When he was still a junior in college, he had gone with C. S. Belton's band from Florida. Belton was supposed to be the Duke Ellington of the South, Dud recalled, and had a very good band of 17 or 18 men, playing ballrooms as far north as Cincinnati. The Hawkins band had come on good times now, with good personnel, and Dud thought back over some of the players:

"Bill Johnson, the guy who wrote *Tuxedo Junction*, came out of the Belton band. Erskine Hawkins and Julian Dash have their names on the number, too, but the last chorus was mine. We weren't even expecting the tune to hit, because we'd made other things that day which sounded better [other titles from the session were *Hot Platter*, *Gin Mill Special*, *Cherry*, and *Weddin' Blues*]."

"Haywood Henry, who played clarinet and baritone, had been in the 'Bama State band, but he came to New York before we did to work in a church on 131st and Seventh that had a big jazz-and-singing thing going. He was playing at the Arcadia in Leon England's band with [trombonist] Dickie Wells and [drummer] Kaiser Marshall, and he joined us again when things began to go pretty good. [Saxophonist] Bobby Smith came in from the Sunset Royals just before I left. He took Bill Johnson's place and wrote *Tippin' In*,

which put a little fire into Erskine again. Bobby's out in Los Angeles now, I hear, playing in some club. Bill Johnson went to work in Canada for Joe Glaser and died of lung cancer four or five years ago.

"What happened to Avery Parrish? Following the success of *After Hours*, he decided to stay in California and work on his own. He began to get some nice stakes out there, and then, the way I heard it, a friend of his came by the club, a young kid, and they decided to go into the bar. A ruffian there came up and wanted to pick at the boy, and Avery took it up. When Avery turned around, this guy hit him across the head with a bar stool. It crushed his skull in, and a piece of his brain was damaged.

"When I went to see him in the hospital . . . his hands were paralyzed. But he

strengthened them by exercises—squeezing a board, and so on—and he did make another record of *After Hours*. He started working in restaurants, washing dishes in the kitchen, and things like that. He was still living with his mother in New York when he went to a place on 127th one night [in 1959]. He fell down a flight of stairs and hit the same spot on his head again and died. He was still making good money from *After Hours*, and he'd just had a check for \$800."

The fact that the band toured successfully—and experienced relatively little racial trouble in the South—was due, Bascomb said, to the fact that most of its members had been brought up there and knew what to expect in the way of segregation attitudes. In the early days, too, it was almost entirely a nondrinking band.

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"There were some incidents, of course," Bascomb said. "During the war, Moe Gale decided to send us in cars instead of by train. There was a rubber shortage, and tires were bad. We had pulled out of Macon, Ga., when one of the tires blew. Erskine went on ahead to try to find a couple of spares, and we sat on the highway from 9 o'clock in the morning until about 3 the next night. Now, there was a sheriff who kept passing us in his car, keeping an eye on us. About the third time he came by, he had a soldier with him, and he came over and said:

"'You all been sitting out here all day, and you can't be up to no good.'

"We had a driver with us who had never been down south before, a big fellow, 6 foot tall, 220 pounds. He'd been teasing a lot during the whole trip about

the way they treated us. 'Hey, get up off that stool, boy!' he'd say, when we went into a restaurant to eat.

"Well, about 1 o'clock this morning, when everybody was trying to sleep, the valet started fooling around, shining his flashlamp in everybody's face. 'Go on away!' the driver said. 'Don't do that again!' A little later, it was the sheriff who was shining a light in his face, and he woke up cursing.

"'Didn't I tell you not to do that, you. . . .?'

"'What did you say, boy?' the sheriff roared. 'Get out of that car!'

"As soon as our driver got out, the sheriff hit him on the head, so that the blood flew like an oil well, and he fell over in the ditch. Then the sheriff made us all get out of the car, but the soldier

cooled him down, and he didn't do anything else."

WHEN DUD BASCOMB left the Hawkins band in 1944, it was with very considerable regret.

"I really didn't want to leave," he said, "because Erskine and I were very close. Every time I would ask for a raise, he would give it to me, so I had no kick coming. But Paul and Erskine didn't get along so well."

Dud's brother left to form a combo and wanted Dud to come along. Finally, after a year or so, Dud did come out. He bought a lot of arrangements, he said, and the group went down to 52nd St. There were seven pieces—four rhythm, Dud, tenorist Paul, and altoist Rudy Williams, who had left the Savoy Sultans.

"Rudy was a good musician," Bascomb said, "but he would get nervous if he looked out the front door and saw Charlie Parker sitting across the street in his shirt-sleeves, listening to him.

"'God, if that man's gonna come in here he's gonna . . . ' he'd begin.

"'I'm not gonna let him play,' I'd say, because it never was good policy to let another musician come and embarrass one in your band. But he got in there somehow once—borrowed a coat from somebody—and when I came down the stairs, they were into *Cherokee*, and Rudy was having a fit. Rudy was advanced, too, and Charlie liked to hear him play *Cherokee*, but he just wanted to get in there and play it for him.

"We had a nice little group, but it wasn't as good as the six pieces Red Norvo had there. Being a musician, I know that! I'd been in the night before we opened, and I knew what was going on."

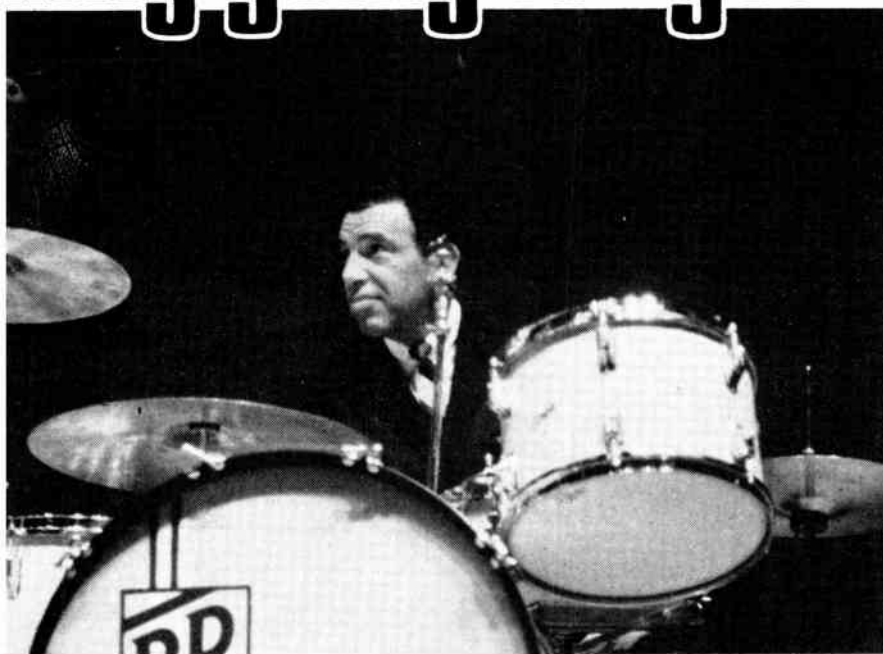
After 52nd St., Moe Gale got the brothers engagements with a 15-piece band, which they kept together for three years.

"We'd run into bands like Lucky Mil-linder's at the Savoy and get arrangements of their best tunes by Bill Doggett and Buster Harding," Bascomb said. "Andy Gibson was doing a lot of arranging then, too, but to my mind the best arrangement he ever did was of *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* for Teddy Hill's band. It was terrific, and we used to hate to hear them start it out. We knew what they were going to do to us when they played that one! It was an up-tempo thing, and in the last chorus [trumpeter] Al Killian would come over the ensemble, playing an octave higher. I think that was the first band Al played with in New York.

"We played St. Louis, Buffalo, and about 14 weeks for the USO. The band didn't sound bad. . . . Some of the people in the band were [trumpeter] Kenny Dorham . . . [bassist] Al McKibbin, and [drummer] Sonny Payne. I think the first time Sonny ever worked a theater was when we went into the Apollo.

"There were a lot of Paul's friends in the band, because he goes mostly by friendship. Charlie Parker would sell him a lot of stuff, which we were not going to use, because I was standing in front of the band and knowing the people didn't want it, not back in those days. I've still got

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some of it home. But when it comes to playing the horn, Paul plays. He's been working in Chicago with an organ for some time now."

The Bascombs' band broke up in 1947, and the trumpeter joined Duke Ellington.

"He sent for me," Bascomb recalled, "and asked what I was doing. 'Nothing,' I said. Then he asked what I would have to get, and I said around \$175. So he said, 'I'll send you a ticket,' and I joined him in Chicago and found myself playing first trumpet parts that night. I don't think I took anyone's place. He had a whole load of trumpet players when I got there: Ray Nance, Shelton Hemphill, Taft Jordan, Francis Williams, and Shorty Baker.

"I played the last eight bars of solo trumpet on Duke's record of *Women*, but I was supposed to have been showcased on one number. I didn't feel I could do a good job on it, because I didn't like it. I used to be the same way in Erskine's band. If I didn't like a tune, I wouldn't record it. And I'm still like that. [Trombonist] Tyree Glenn was featured on this particular number when Duke recorded it in Los Angeles. On the older things, like *Black and Tan Fantasy*, Ray Nance had seniority and took care of the plunger solos, but Duke wanted me to record *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* before I left.

"When Taft Jordan left, Duke said I was to take his solos, but there were others in the band who were ready to fight for them. Duke is a very nice fellow, and he didn't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but he asked me why I didn't play them. I told him that I just didn't feel like fighting over them. It wasn't a band like Erskine's, where a guy would turn round and say, 'No, man, I think you ought to have this solo.' In Duke's band, every man was fighting for himself.

"I finally left because my wife was ill. Duke called me again for a concert in Ithaca. All the trumpet players had left except Shelton Hemphill. 'I'm going to charter a plane for you and Ray Nance,'

Lou Donaldson on alto saxophone and Harold Austin on drums. Occasionally on theater dates and one-nighters, he would use tenorist Ike Quebec.

"It was just a chicken shack with a show in the back," Bascomb said, "shake dancer, emcee, and everything. Everybody would come out there and jam, guys like Milt Jackson and Sonny Stitt, because it was only 25 miles from New York, and it was the kind of place I like to play in."

Unfortunately the woman who owned it was killed when her car and a truck collided one night—"that was the end of Tyler's Chicken Shack. It used to be packed every night," Bascomb said.

After that he started doing one-nighters, which kept him busy until 1961, but jazz on those one-nighters was hard—if not impossible—to sell. Bascomb says he can't remember one time when it was really accepted.

"Everything was very confused then, in 1960-61," he said. "Half the people wanted jazz, and half wanted rock-and-roll. When we played jazz, the agency would get a bad report, so we had to turn around and play rock-and-roll. A lot of kids would walk in, say, 'Oh, man, they're playing jazz,' and walk out. So we'd give them a big beat. We had Skeeter Best on guitar, and he'd let the guitar ring, and they liked that. We got fired off one job in Jersey for playing jazz. I had Lou Donaldson, alto; Sam Jones, bass; Elmo Hope, piano; and Arthur Taylor, drums. The owner of the joint said jazz brought in beer drinkers and he wanted whisky drinkers. This night, while I was in the telephone booth, Lou and Sam Jones went into *The Song Is You* at up tempo, and that did it. The man paid us off."

That about did it on the road for Bascomb too. He quit and went into recording. He hasn't done badly. Sometimes he may do two dates a day. Most of the work is background music for groups like the Shirelles. Trumpeter Lammar Wright and he made *Twist and Shout* with the Isley

me for him."

During these later days, Bascomb has played club dates and led bands for Dinah Washington, Wynonie Harris, Arthur Prysock, Eddie Vinson, and Sam Cooke, but when that kind of work fell off, almost his entire livelihood has depended on recording. However, he really has enjoyed himself the most in recent times on trips he has made to Japan with tenor saxophonist Sam Taylor. Then he could play his way.

"The trips started in 1963," Bascomb said. "And I've been there three times already. Sam takes a pianist and a drummer and augments with Japanese musicians. He has taken Sol Hall and Earl Williams twice each on drums, and on piano he has had Al Williams and Bill Black. We play mostly concerts, just one or two clubs. We stayed six weeks once, another time ten, and the last time five. Sam Taylor is a big draw there, second to Sammy Davis. It's the ballads he plays. He plays them slow, so they can understand them. They may have a few kids who understand jazz, but it's the older people who pack the halls. Sam has a lot of gimmicks, and a tendency to make F's and G's on the ends of his ballads like Louis Armstrong."

Beyond the rock-and-roll-flavored recordings of today, recorded evidence of Bascomb's artistic career is, unfortunately, far from plentiful. There are recordings by his big band and small groups on obscure labels like DeLuxe, Alert, and Sonora, and there are the more widely circulated Bluebird and Victor records with Hawkins.

In his *Discographie Critique*, Hugues Panassié credits Bascomb (unless otherwise noted) with the first trumpet solo on each of the following Hawkins titles: *Weary Blues*, *Easy Rider* (second trumpet solo), *Swing Out* (after the Hawkins introduction), *Raid the Joint*, *Swingin' on Lenox Avenue*, *Hot Platter* (second trumpet solo), *Weddin' Blues*, *Gin Mill Special*, *Tuxedo Junction* (second trumpet solo), *Uptown Shuffle*, *Midnight Stroll*, *Norfolk*



Photo 1: The Erskine Hawkins Band—(back row) Hawkins; Ida James, vocals; Jack Morrison, drums; Avery Parrish, piano; Bob Range, trombone; Lee Stanfield, bass; Marcellus Green, trumpet; Edward Sims, trombone; Julian Dash,



tenor saxophone; (front row) William McLemore, guitar; Sammy Lowe, trumpet; Haywood Henry, clarinet, baritone saxophone; Dud Bascomb, trumpet; Jimmy Mitchell, alto saxophone, vocals; Bill Johnson, alto saxophone. Photo 2: Bascomb

he said, 'because I want you to be here.' So Ray and I went off to Ithaca in a seven-seater. I stayed for quite a while then. I remember we did four weeks at the Paramount, but I quit again when the band was getting ready to be out of New York for almost a year.

Bascomb remained in the New York area, playing at Tyler's Chicken Shack near Rahway, N.J. For nearly four years he held together a quintet that included

Brothers and just finished *It's a Man's World* with James Brown, which has become a hit ("a monster—Sammy Lowe arranged it, and he's a big moneymaker in rock-and-roll records").

"There's a sort of clique making most the rock-and-roll records," Bascomb said. "They very seldom call an outsider unless they get stuck. Sammy Lowe likes Ernie Royal, and liked him before I came into the field, so it's got to be either Ernie or

and his band at the Savoy Ballroom in New York City, 1946. Photo 3: Bascomb, Russell Procope, Johnny Hodges, and Duke Ellington during one of the trumpeter's two stays with Ellington's band during the late '40s.

Ferry, *Uncle Bud*, *Shipyard Ramble* (second trumpet solo), *Bicycle Bounce*, and *Bear Mash Blues* (second trumpet solo).

Bascomb himself has his eye on the future. "My son, Dud Jr., is 16, and a good bass player," he said. "He likes Ray Brown and Wilbur Ware, and he's working little gigs already." A record date that presented the Bascombs, father and son, under favorable conditions, should have a lot of potential. EDB

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Buddy Rich

Basin Street East, New York City

Personnel: Robert Shew, John Sottile, Yoshito Mura-kami, Walter Battagello, trumpets; James Trimble, Johnny Boice, Mike Waverly, trombones; Gene Quill, Pete Yellin, Jay Corre, Marty Flax, Steve Perlow, reeds; John Bunch, piano; Carson Smith, bass; Rich, drums.

On the night I ventured to Basin Street East, a sprawling emporium catering to a well-heeled clientele, the place was dominated by a large party of teenage girls from Brooklyn. They had come to see and hear singer Dusty Springfield, a dubious running mate for the swinging Mr. Rich and his crew in their New York debut. (Also on the bill was a strictly show-biz group of Mexican vocalists and instrumentalists, who didn't do much to warm up the audience.)

Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that the band was less impressive than on its new record album or than it was in a half-hour television appearance earlier in its Basin Street run.

But even at less than its best, this band is something else.

In a short time, Rich has whipped his men into a disciplined, unified ensemble, responsive to his subtlest cue and capable of swinging most other big bands into bad health. (It also backed Miss Springfield's turn with assurance, Sol Gubin and Roland Hannah replacing Rich and Bunch.)

The trumpet section sparkles and crackles, paced by Shew's brilliant lead. The trombones (two tenors and one bass) are smooth and full-bodied, and the saxophones, led by Quill, have a fine blend and are capable of executing intricate, high-speed passages with ease.

The rhythm section—well, with Rich at the helm, there were no problems, of course. Pianist Bunch's fills and introductions were most apt, and the bass department was also in good hands.

Rich can play with any size or shape of group and lift the performance to a higher level, but he is in his element with a big band. During his recent years with Harry James, he had to adjust his conception to the leader's needs, and though he made the band swing like nobody else could and had the opportunity to provide climactic drum solos every now and then, he was not really making his own kind of big-band music.

With this band it's another story. Rich picks the material and sets the tempos, and the band has a sound and feeling all its own. The book includes fresh work by several skilled hands, notably Oliver Nelson and Bill Reddy. It has a definitely contemporary sound, and it doesn't copy anyone.

It is, quite simply, a big band led by the greatest big-band drummer since Chick Webb, and that alone sets it apart from the others.

Yet the band is not merely a foil for Rich, who is too much a musician to be satisfied with merely showcasing himself. Though he is always the sparkplug, there is no overabundance of feature spots for the drummer; when they do come, they have an electrifying effect. He is the leader, in every sense.

Rich, obviously not pleased with the audience, hardly gave his men a chance to change parts when stomping off the tunes, but they stayed with him. For openers, the band tore into a Latin-flavored original (there were no announcements of tunes or introductions of soloists this night) that featured the band's star soloist, tenor saxophonist Corre, and punching trumpet section work.

Next came *In a Mellotone*, with several bows to the Duke Ellington arrangement, though the tempo and texture were different. A Nelson arrangement, this spot-

RICH—In his element in a big band.



CHARLES STEWART

lighted the saxophone section in a swirling chorus, good work by the trombones, and a nice trumpet solo.

A rock-and-roll (or, rather, rhythm-and-blues) flavored Nelson piece, *More Soul*, followed. During it the versatile Corre showed a flair for "soul" tenor, and Rich made the well-worn rhythmic patterns swing as they rarely do. *Love for Sale*, fast, had a biting solo from Quill, more excellent sax-section scoring, and brilliant drum fills by the leader.

A Beatles tune, *Norwegian Wood*, showed that current pop material can be adapted to the jazz language with neither losing character. The trombones were outstanding here, and Rich kept the pots boiling. This one seemed to reach the youngsters.

For an effective change of pace, Rich featured his own tasteful brush work and pianist Bunch's solo talents in a trio version of *Cute*. It was a delightful interlude, highlighted by drum patterns reminiscent of tap-dancer Baby Laurence in their ease and inventiveness, plus crisp, clean piano and bass interplay.

For a fitting finale came the band's showpiece, a sparkling *West Side Story* Suite by Reddy, who must be rated a top arranger on the strength of this score. Trimble's trombone was warm and singing on *Somewhere*, the trumpet section shone on *Something's Coming*, there was more of Corre's swinging tenor, and the band was on its toes throughout, playing with fire and power.

Rich, using his drums with the skill of a great conductor, paced the demanding performance flawlessly. His fantastic coordination, the sound he achieved from

every component of his set, his phenomenal swing and drive, and his astonishing ability to be everywhere at once all merged into a commanding force always at the service of the music.

When the time came for his concluding solo, brought on by big crashing chords from the band, he gave it everything he had, creating a climax of stunning impact.

It is an extraordinary experience to see and hear Rich at work, doing what he loves to do and does so phenomenally well. There are other great jazz drummers, to be sure, but there is only one Buddy Rich.

If all goes well, his new band, already a unit to contend with, might well become

the best he's led (and there were some good ones) and an important stimulus to the growing revival of interest in a kind of music that still has plenty to offer.

One hopes that his next visit to New York will be spent in more appropriate surroundings. —Dan Morgenstern

Jazz at the Philharmonic

Royal Festival Hall, London, England

Personnel: Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Clark Terry, flugelhorn; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Zoot Sims, Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophones; James Moody, alto and tenor saxophones, flute; Teddy Wilson, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Louie Bellson, drums; Aaron (T-Bone) Walker, guitar, vocal.

Seldom does JATP prove to be more than a lot of names making a lot of money for Norman Granz, usually at the music's expense. This time another factor emerged: however big their names, musicians can still be some of the smallest-minded people around.

The concert opened with Gillespie, Terry, Moody, and Sims blowing a few conventional choruses each on an up-tempo number before taking the stage in turn for a solo ballad feature. Moody's *Yesterdays* was notable for rejecting sentiment in favor of lyricism, but four ballads on the trot, although it is the usual JATP custom, was a bit too much. Jazz is supposed to be exciting. I looked down at my feet—they'd stopped tapping.

All these musicians are masters of the art of playing jazz and reaching the people, but as far as I'm concerned, they could have done with a good kick in the behind. The kick was provided by the ebullient T-Bone Walker, and that was where the trouble started. (Continued on page 40)

RECORD REVIEWS

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Kenny Dorham, Barbara Gardner, Erwin Helfer, Bill Mathieu, Marian McPartland, Dan Morgenstern, Don Nelsen, Harvey Pekar, Bill Quinn, William Russo, Harvey Siders, Pete Welding, John S. Wilson, and Michael Zwerin.

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

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

Donald Byrd

FREE FORM—Blue Note 4118; *Pentecostal Feeling*; *Night Flower*; *Nai Nai*; *French Spice*; *Free Form*.

Personnel: Byrd, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Herbie Hancock, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★★★★★

It's only a suspicion, but I believe the material here is more than two years old. The liner notes stress the newness of the tunes, but there's not much startlingly "forward" about this album.

This is unfortunate, because—though the music here is far better than average—it would have had a much greater impact had it been distributed shortly after it was created, if my suspicion is true.

But good jazz isn't a Detroit automobile—it has no dateline. Byrd is a fine musician—much integrity and technique are found in his efforts. He has, at times, had trouble with his lip, but that problem is not found on this date; his high range comes in sharply, and there are few unresolved phrases.

Pentecostal, as the title implies, borrows a page from the good book of Gospel entreaties that is becoming somewhat dog-eared these days. However, the mood is strong and the feeling intense.

Flower, written by Hancock, is a sensitive, gossamer ballad in warm pastel tones. Everyone responds appropriately.

Nai Nai flows smoothly in a brisk walk. Shorter loses some reserve in his solo, and Hancock ushers in fine chord work.

Warren's ground-bass line provides the foundation for *Spice*. It also introduces the soloists, who break away straight ahead, only to work back into the anchoring phrase at arranged intervals. An emphasis on 1 and 3 in the bridge seems, at first, to be a meter change but isn't.

The title track is an interesting discourse in atonality. Though written by Byrd, as are all the tracks but *Flower*, it is reminiscent—in its swirling extensions—of Hancock's *The Egg*.

After Byrd's introspective modal introduction, Higgins slams into a driving bottom—atop which the soloists cavort freely, disregarding the tempo. The work's mood

varies from one of dark brooding to soaring moments when the soloists seem to fall into tempo. The piece moves from its starting point never to return; Hancock's solo comes as a climax.

A firm set of tracks.

—Quinn

Ella Fitzgerald

WHISPER NOT—Verve 4071: *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Whisper Not*; *I Said No*; *Thanks for the Memory*; *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*; *Old MacDonald*; *Time after Time*; *You've Changed*; *I've Got Your Number*; *Lover Man*; *Wives and Lovers*; *Matchmaker*.

Personnel: Harry Edison, Stu Williamson, trumpet; Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone; Jimmie Rowles, piano; Al Viola, guitar; Joe Mondragon or Chuck Berghofer, bass; Shelly Manne or Louie Bellson, drums; Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Marty Paich, arranger; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Realizing that Ella Fitzgerald was an excellent and musical singer, as well as an inventive improviser, didn't help. Although I knew she was good, emotionally I couldn't get with her. But that all changed when I worked with Earl Hines' band backing her at the Mark Twain Riverboat last November.

She has an engaging microphone manner—a pleasure considering the vulgarity of some of her "competitors"—and the full impact of her talent comes completely across only, I think, in person.

Although we played many of the arrangements on this album at the Riverboat, I didn't get the record until after the gig was over, so I have listened to it through a strange perspective.

Seriously, the band doesn't sound nearly as good as we did playing these. Maybe it's only the difference between live and recorded presence, or maybe I miss whatever that vibrant thing Ella has in person. *Georgia Brown*, for example, sounds bland to me on the record. It is a beautifully voiced arrangement by Paich, and I used to look forward to playing it every night. It just about played itself—almost impossible not to swing. The figures, the voice leading—everything is as close to perfect as possible, short of Gil Evans.

But for some reason, the recorded version fails me. I know it's a good record—it's one of Ella's best, in my opinion—but I don't have that feeling that I'm listening to an extremely special thing, as I did hearing her in person.

An analogy: many people said that *Juliet of the Spirits* was not as good a motion picture as 8½ so Fellini must have peaked out. However, 8½ is one of the best films ever made, so to say that *Juliet* is not up to that level can hardly be considered derogatory.

Perhaps one of the reasons I like this record better than most of her earlier ones is because there is no scatting. I never could get past the guttural, simple-minded syllables of scat singing, regardless of the quality of the artist using them.

Until the Riverboat and this record, I didn't know how extraordinary Ella can be singing a ballad. When I used to think of *You've Changed* or *Lover Man*, the tunes were inseparable from Billie Holiday. Ella now gives me something in addition to think about.

The groove here is so right, the musical personalities of Paich and Ella so compatible, that it sounds to me as if she may have found her Nelson Riddle.—Zwerin

Woody Herman

THE JAZZ SWINGER—Columbia 2552 and 9352: *Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody*; *April Showers*; *Swanee*; *Dinah*; *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee*; *Carolina in the Morning*; *Toot, Toot, Tootsie*; *There's a Rainbow 'round My Shoulder*; *I'm Sitting on Top of the World*; *Sonny Boy*; *San Francisco*.

Personnel: Bill Chase, Marv Stamm, Alex Rodriguez, Paul Fontaine, Bill Byrne, Dave Gale, Linn Biviano, trumpet; Carl Fontana, Jerry Collins, Henry Southall, trombones; Frank Vicari, Bob Pierson, Sal Nistico, Andy McGhee, Tom Anastas, reeds; Nat Pierce, piano; Mike Moore, bass; Ronnie Zito, drums; Herman, vocals, alto saxophone, clarinet.

Rating: ★★

Never in my wildest fantasies did I imagine I would rather hear Al Jolson sing these numbers. Nor did I ever conceive of assigning just two stars to one of my favorite bands. Let it be understood that both stars are the property of the sidemen; there is nothing for their leader, who dominates each track with his Tex Beneke-blighted vibrato.

His vocal aspirations detract from some excellent background arrangements—scores that seem to go begging for a horn solo rather than a vocal. Particularly effective are Bill Holman's writing on *Swanee*, his "rocking" motion on *Robert E. Lee*, his rousing "awakener" on *Toot, Toot*, Ralph Burns' extended rhythmic treatment of *Carolina* and his explosive brass on *Sonny Boy* (helped considerably by Southall's uninhibited trombone).

In terms of solos, trumpeter Stamm spreads good cheer all over the place. And his muted fluegelhorn statements on *April Showers* almost make one forget Herman's futile attempts at a ballad.

—Siders

Richard (Groove) Holmes

BOWL OF SOUL—Loma 5902: *Bowl of Soul*; *In the Dark*; *I'm Gonna Move*; *Night Train*; *R.F.K. Flies Home*; *How Long*; *How Long Blues*; *Roll 'Em, Pete*.

Personnel: Holmes, organ; Onzy Matthews, arranger, conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★★★★

Bowl of Soul is a blues-based, 12-bar woodchopper with the second and fourth beats heavily accented by the drummer—monolog, monobore.

Dark is a blues at a slower clip with plush "in and out" sustaining tones and phrases.

Holmes is in very much the same setting on *Move*, but this one r-e-a-l-l-y turns me on, positively . . . Onzywise as well as Groovewise. It might even make one think or wish that the big bands were coming back, for this is far from experimental with all its far-from-high-tension-lines voicings. That band is burning. The arranger, Matthews, was on fire. Middle of the fairway and on the green.

Night Train slumps a little, the posture and poise lost in relation to programming. It's kind of a low point.

R.F.K. Flies Home is a blues with a big beat—with the essence of a Jimmy Witherspoon-Muddy Waters-Lou Rawls-Joe Williams beat. One can hear the wings of this grand eagle propelling *R.F.K.* . . . Is it a bird? . . . Is it Batman? Is it a reference to someone going home with the blues? Since it's a blues, I assume the last is the answer. Could—must—be that swinging New York senator from Hyanis Port, Mass.

Nostalgia alone motivates me to like *How Long Blues*, especially played like

Gibson, the workingman's guitar.



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this, using some organ stops that really glisten.

Pete has Groove really hitting leather, particularly with that moving bass line. He's really moving it around home base, big-league Koufax style. There's only one thing about it—I'm the batter, and I know what Groove's going to throw: the blues, slow, fast, medium. How about a different shade of blue?

My rating may be what it is because of my California setting—in the easygoing, tropical climate. My criticism may not be as cynical and objective out here as it would be back east in New York, where there are four seasons of the year—not nearly so lax.

—Dorham

Johnny Hodges-Wild Bill Davis

BLUE PYRAMID—Verve 8635: *Blues for Madeleine; When I'm Feelin' Kinda Blue; Pyramid; Nonchalance; At Dawn; The Brownskin Gal in the Calico Gown; Stormy Weather; Rabbit out of the Hat; Hash Brown.*

Personnel: Lawrence Brown, trombone; Hodges, alto saxophone; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Jimmy Jones, piano; Davis, organ; Billy Butler, guitar; Bob Bushnell, electric bass; Herbie Lovelle, Joe Marshall, or Johnny Hodges Jr., drums.

Rating: ★★½

Davis' playing is poorly balanced—it's way too loud. His sound gives a funereal feeling to everything happening around it. It peeks through all of the solos, bringing to mind floral arrangements in silent perfumed rooms, relatives of the deceased gathered, somberly paying their last respects.

I never could get past that sound, even though I've recently come to like the jazz organ played by such persons as Groove Holmes.

Trombonist Brown is beautiful . . . he still has his soft sweetness, and I would rather listen to him play a slow melody than to almost anybody. He's sensitive, particularly on *Brownskin Gal* and *Nonchalance*.

Hodges does everything he's done well for as long as I can remember. There are no surprises, however, and I can't get very excited about either him or the format on this album. It's not exactly inventive but would be pleasant if it didn't sound like the inside of a funeral parlor so much of the time.

—Zwerin

Shelly Manne-Jack Marshall

SOUNDS—Capitol 2610: *Theme from "Lawrence of Arabia"; Sweet Sue, Just You; All the Things You Are; Choros; Am I Blue?; The Rain in Spain; Spanish Dance No. 5; S'posin'; Yesterdays; The Girls of Sao Paulo; A Day in Brazil—Medley.*

Personnel: Marshall, guitar; Manne, percussion.

Rating: ★★☆☆

The effect of the various percussion tools that Manne employs, coupled with the warmth of the unamplified guitar (especially when played in the Spanish idiom), is, over-all, very satisfying.

However, I found Marshall an adequate but not virtuosic guitarist—his phrases were well executed, but he played only short ones lacking depth. Manne, with the percussive instruments—mallets on guitar and piano strings, West Indian steel drums, the Philippine loo-jon (a wooden box with metal plates suspended over wooden resonators within it), the piccolo boo-bams, bass drum, conga, timbales, etc.—filled the spaces where the melodic line fell short.

All tracks, except the best ones, *Spanish Dance* and *Brazil*, evidently are timed for radio play. This is not to say that their target is the commercial market, however. Of the 11 tracks, only *Lawrence*, *Sweet Sue*, *Blue*, and *S'posin'* are ready possibilities for popular consumption.

I found *Blue* too cutely affected, what with the whistled melody and Marshall ukelele-strumming his guitar.

Rain was inconclusive in its direction. The liner notes claim it's a spoof, but I hadn't the humor to hear more than halting passages that seemed unfulfilled, even with the percussion complements.

Heitor Villa-Lobos' *Choros* switches meters and intensity, from a shadowy ballad to faster dramatic segments, and is, with *Yesterdays* and *All the Things*, one of the guitarist's best efforts on this LP.

Girls is a spritely colored original by the performers. But the *Brazil* medley displays to best advantage the duo's efforts, with the guitarist exhibiting generally more complex melodic parts and Manne attacking nearly all of his percussion equipment with ferocity.

—Quinn

Howard Roberts

ALL-TIME GREAT INSTRUMENTAL HITS—Capitol 2609: *It Was a Very Good Year; Soft Winds; Autumn Leaves; Theme from "A Summer Place"; Mr. Lucky; Comin' Home, Baby; Danke Schoen; Work Song; Desafinado; The "In" Crowd; Misty.*

Personnel: Roberts, guitar; others unidentified.

Rating: ★★☆☆

All-time great instrumental hits! Wow! A statement only possible from Hollywood. Well, they left out a couple of mine: *String of Pearls*, for instance.

Nobody could possibly find anything wrong about this album. The nicest thing is that there is absolutely nothing to annoy your guests when you have a party in your family room and everybody is drinking Schaefer and eating pizza and having a clean-cut ball in Levittown.

Even if they should happen to hear one of the tracks through an unfortunate lull in the proceedings, it wouldn't be too tragic. Nothing too loud or too far out, nothing boorish or in bad taste. File it next to the Bud Shank and George Shearing records.

Roberts is a good guitar player, though. Nice bebop lines, good time, and he handles a melody with confidence. His harmonic resources sound a bit limited, although that may be the result of limitations foisted on him by the a&r man.

The electric bass player, whoever he is, gets good lines going, and the organ player does more than is really expected of him. They seem to be trying, at least. It sounds as if they had a relaxed and pleasant, if unambitious, session.

The most exciting thing on the album is the chick on the jacket.

—Zwerin

Archie Shepp

LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO—Impulse 9118: *Keep Your Heart Right; The Lady Sings the Blues; Sylvia; The Wedding; Wherever June Bugs Go; In a Sentimental Mood.*

Personnel: Roswell Rudd, trombone; Shepp, tenor saxophone, piano; Donald Garrett and Lewis Worrell, basses; Beaver Harris, drums.

Rating: ★★☆☆½

In all their revolutions men have seemed the wrathful agents of some terrible demonic spirit bent on the total destruction

of existing conditions and all who cling to such. That is, they have seemed so to those with something to fear from change.

Indeed, the makers of metamorphosis often have had their motives stricken with malice after long siege with obdurate society. But take the *r* out of that fearsome word—*revolution*—and one comes closer to what actually occurs.

Artistic change, as any cultural diagnostician will aver, is the telescope through which we might glimpse the upcoming social changes. Few, if any, social changes are conceived of and implemented within a lifetime. They are built on top of one another until they spill over and flood the scene—and suddenly “times have changed.”

So it is with Shepp; he himself admits, in the liner notes, to being influenced by no fewer than 11 musicians—from John Coltrane and Cecil Taylor to James Brown and Little Richard.

The two things, then, that alarm some persons about Shepp are the juxtaposition of his influences in his presentation (“can he really blow, since he doesn’t do it like any of the more familiar types?”) and the fact that he sees fit to aggrandize his blackness (“since when does a person’s skin color matter in playing jazz—or any music?”).

To the first question I answer “yes” but not in the traditional sense that harmony is his perfected tool. Shepp is an imagist. Tears and laughter are vividly apparent in his execution—the life sounds.

This makes the inclusion of his skin color as a factor in what he plays and

how he plays it a valid facet of his performance—though social documentation is not requisite to all art. As a musician or a poet, Shepp can best represent that which is at the root of his experience.

Some will yet wonder why the “unpleasantness” has to be represented at all. The wonder to me is that it has not been pictured more frequently.

But Shepp is not a racist—the presence of Rudd precludes such an accusation. Nor is his music prohibitive to whites—a quick glance over any audience he draws will show this. Shepp, by the titles and moods of his works, is a musical landscape painter—and his subject is the racial terrain of the United States.

Unfortunately, this album is not one of his best canvases.

Heart Right is a 65-second admonition that impresses for the swinging astringency of its brief span.

Lady Sings is a rambling take-off on Billie Holiday’s autobiographical statement. It reaches fine dynamic and textural levels, with one horn tracing bits of the theme against the other’s ripping solo, but never really catches the poignant subtlety of the singer’s version.

Imagine a less-percussive Thelonious Monk on an old upright, and you have something of Shepp’s piano approach on *For Sylvia*—except he holds the sustaining pedal until the arpeggios bleed into each other indistinctly. Here would have been a good spot to feature Garrett, a bassist of no mean ballad talent.

The Wedding, a surreal Shepp poem re-

cited by its author to Worrell’s arco backdrop, is about a black woman giving birth to a child on a cold Harlem church floor, dying, while—in an “in” line—“outside, black Junior vonces on Panamanian Red.”

June Bug is too cumbersome, almost tedious, losing some intensity and direction in its lengthy duration.

Shepp introduces *Sentimental Mood* with the snarling runs of a hungry piranha. Then, joined by the group, he drops into the familiar melody, excellently relieving the tension of the introduction with Ben Websterish lyricism.

I’m sure that while it was in San Francisco, the group recorded more and better tunes than a couple chosen for this album, which, though good, do not represent Shepp’s most exciting work to date by any means.

A better showcase might include more Rudd and the rhythm section, who acted here almost solely as the general’s troops.

—Quinn

Gabor Szabo

SPELLBINDER—Impulse 9123: *Spellbinder; Witchcraft; It Was a Very Good Year; Gypsy Queen; Bang, Bang, Cheetah; My Foolish Heart; Yearning; Autumn Leaves; Speak to Me of Love.*

Personnel: Szabo, guitar, vocal; Ron Carter, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums; Victor Pantoja, Willie Bobo, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★★★★★

Years ago, we used to have sessions several nights a week at Nola’s studios—Johnny Andrews, Kenny Drew, Brew Moore, Tony Fruscella, Jerry Hurwitz, George Wallington, people like that. Everyone would chip in for the rehearsal studio,



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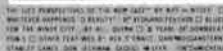
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when they blow together, would have to make a definitive statement in this genre. But when I heard the album, I was not quite as knocked out by it as I had thought I would be.

Everything is as exact and musicianly as could be desired: the tonal coloration is a musical spectrum; the precision of the ensemble passages and the imaginativeness of the solos can hardly be faulted; the arrangements are firmly unified; the singer is in excellent voice and wit; the . . .

What's bugging me then?

I heard the band at the Village Vanguard and found its virtuosity and dynamism unsurpassed by any other band I'd heard. But the electricity of that performance, and that of the band's previous album, *The Jazz Orchestra*, was somewhat greater than the voltage generated here.

The finest tracks are the subtler ones, where the band's tonal shadings and textures are the focal points of the instrumental presentation and Williams' nuances pry the lid off the introverted blues. *Nobody Knows, Baby*, Bill Broonzy's *Keep Your Hand*, Duke Ellington's reverent *Come Sunday*, and Roosevelt Sykes' *Night Time* (with a belted finale) are examples of the alliance's best offerings.

Drama in the sections is high on *My Life* but not up to its potential to swing—the rhythmic groove is too docile. On *Smack Dab* Williams doesn't sound as convincing about wanting those "50 chicks" as he did on his version with Count Basie. *It Don't Mean a Thing* features excellent ensemble reed work—one of the hallmarks of this group, as is its massed brass—and Williams has a scatting good time.

For Williams, a tinge of rawness—or raunchiness—as on his classic efforts with Basie, seems to be the propulsive element necessary to exact his top donation, but that is not to declare anything done here less than very good.

This band and singer should be heard many times, and together, for even their not-so-good days are fairly close to great.

—Quinn

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Cannonball and Nat Adderley, *Them Adderleys* (Limelight 82032)

Rating: ★★

The Best of Jonah Jones (Capitol 2594)

Rating: ★

Ramsey Lewis, *Swingin'* (Cadet 771)

Rating: ★ ½

Richard (Groove) Holmes (Pacific Jazz 10109 and 20109)

Rating: ★★ ½

Chico Hamilton (Pacific Jazz 10108 and 20108)

Rating: ★★

Roland Kirk, *Funk Underneath* (Prestige 7450)

Rating: ★★ ½

Miles Davis' Greatest Hits (Prestige 7457)

Rating: ★★★★★

The Adderley LP dates from 1956 and originally was issued under Nat's name on Wing. The personnel is trumpeter Nat,

altoist Cannonball, pianist Horace Silver, bassist Paul Chambers, and drummer Roy Haynes. All the compositions except *I Should Care* are credited to the Adderleys: *Watermelon, Little Joanie Walks, Two Brothers, Crazy Baby, New Arrivals, Sun Dance, Fort Lauderdale, Friday Nite, and Blues for Bohemia*. All are catchy tunes—not memorable but good vehicles for improvisation.

Cannonball had already developed an earthy, distinctive style by 1956, though he has since improved. His playing here is deliberate and more economical than it became during and after his stay with Miles Davis. He constructs his solos thoughtfully, resolving ideas well.

Nat improvises spiritedly, but his work in 1956 was considerably less original than his brother's, and he paces himself with less care.

Silver, whose talent was more fully realized than the Adderleys' at the time, is disappointing. His playing is decent but more conservative than his best efforts.

The Jones album has selections featuring him with just a rhythm section, with a vocal group, and with the Glen Gray Band. Some of his crowd-pleasers are included: *True Love; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads; Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?; Colonel Bogey March; and Mack the Knife*.

The album is junk. Jones swings but

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plays a mess of clichés and constructs his solos sloppily. It would be interesting to hear him play nongimmicky music with top jazzmen again, as he did in the '30s and early '40s. I wonder if, after years as a commercial musician, he still has the ability to improvise well. We may never know. Jones has a good thing going and doesn't seem inclined to give it up, even briefly.

The Lewis effort, dating from 1956, is a reissue of the first LP cut by his trio. At the time, Lewis was featuring a less aggressive approach than he is today. As a matter of fact, the album was initially titled *Ramsey Lewis and His Gentle Men of Swing* and contains music that might be heard in a posh supper club.

There are times when Lewis and his gentlemen (bassist El Dee Young and drummer Red Holt) seem to be imitating the Ahmad Jamal Trio, particularly on *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen*, which spotlights interplay between Lewis and Young. Young's work also is prominent on *Dee's New Blues*.

Lewis gives evidence of some "serious" music background by using classical clichés on *My Funny Valentine*, *The Wind*, *Fantasia for Drums*, and *Tres Fantasia* features Holt, who performs competently and tastefully throughout.

Several groups appear on the Holmes record. Holmes is a capable organist within the rather narrow confines of the down-home idiom, but his sidemen are the main interest here.

Joe Pass adds deft guitar to *Sweatin'*, but his solos on *Afterhours* and *Comin' through the Apple* are a little below his par.

Tenor man Ben Webster makes a couple of appearances. He contributes some characteristically lush, warm playing to *Deep Purple*, but his *That Healin' Feelin'* improvisation is tastelessly raunchy. Tenorist Gene Ammons turns in vigorous, if overly simple, work on *Good Vibrations*. Pianist Les McCann's solos on *Feelin'*, *Deep Purple*, and *Apple* are clichéd.

On *Feelin'* trombonist Tricky Lofton takes a fair Bill Harris-like solo. He is one of the relatively few trombone players who still exhibit a noticeable Harris influence.

The performances on drummer Hamilton's date were recorded in the '50s, prior to his hiring tenorist Charles Lloyd and guitarist Gabor Szabo. His early groups featured an easy-to-take, but sometimes too-cute, form of chamber jazz.

Topsy, *Takin' a Chance on Love*, *Take the A Train*, and *Sleep* are by his first quintet, which included reed man Buddy Collette, guitarist Jim Hall, cellist Fred Katz, and bassist Carson Smith. *Sleep* is an effete selection with precious flute work by Collette. On the other selections, Collette's Lester Young-influenced tenor solos are pleasant, though certainly not memorable. Hall's spots swing easily but don't have much substance.

Siete-Cuatro, *Soft Winds*, *Caravan*, *I Know*, and *Satin Doll* are done by a later, though quite similar, group that included Paul Horn, playing flute and alto saxophone, and guitarist John Pisano (Horn does not appear on *Soft Winds*). Horn's playing is polite but innocuous. Pisano turns

in some fairly good work—he and Hall obviously have been affected by Charlie Christian's style.

The most interesting tracks are *In a Sentimental Mood* and *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, which feature alto saxophonist Eric Dolphy. His swooping, romantic statement on *Mood* is reminiscent of Johnny Hodges, though his tone is harder than Hodges'. A more familiar, explosive Dolphy swings with whiplash ferocity on *Light*.

Hamilton's playing on this record is much more simple than it is today; nevertheless, his quickly propulsive section work is praiseworthy.

The Kirk LP was originally issued as *Kirk's Work*. Multi-instrumentalist Kirk is accompanied by organist Jack McDuff, bassist Joe Benjamin, and drummer Art Taylor.

Kirk's popularity can be attributed mainly to his use of unusual instruments and his ability to play more than one instrument simultaneously. These factors lend his work a unique, at times weird, coloration. However, the core of Kirk's music is his solid, sometimes brilliant improvisation on one instrument at a time—particularly on tenor saxophone.

His meaty and well-constructed tenor playing certainly highlights this album, though he has displayed more intensity and daring on other LPs. His style seems an amalgam. Sonny Rollins, directly or indirectly, seems to have had a strong influence on him, and his dark, fairly soft tone may attest to the influence of Don Byas, whom he admits admiring greatly. His flute, manzello, and strich solos are buoyant but less compelling than his rich tenor spots.

McDuff's playing is vigorous and more thoughtful than that of most organists. His lucid, nicely paced spot on *Three for Dizzy* is particularly impressive.

Other selections include *Makin' Whoopee*, *Funk Underneath*, *Kirk's Work*, *Doin' the Sixty-Eight*, *Too Late Now*, and *Skaters Waltz*.

The quality of the selections on the Davis reissue ranges from very good to great, but all tracks are historically important. The album is an excellent collection taken from sessions between 1951 and '56.

Conception was cut at a 1951 session that could be called "the birth of post-bop." Davis, it must be remembered, exerted great influence on post-bop as well as "cool" trumpeters. His sidemen included the future great post-boppers Sonny Rollins, tenor saxophone, and Art Blakey, drums.

Davis' fleet, light improvisation on this track is much like his work with Charlie Parker. His small, cloudy tone is almost a neutral element in his playing, neither adding to nor detracting from it to any great extent. At this point, Davis was more interested in playing with harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic inventiveness than in producing a beautiful tone.

Rollins takes a strong, controlled solo. He was then developing the style that would shortly be extremely influential.

When Lights Are Low is a 1963 quartet performance with John Lewis on piano. It is obvious from Davis' playing on *Lights*

that his style had evolved considerably since 1951. His lines are provocative and fetching, as usual, but his improvisation is more economical and deliberate, his phrasing more staccato. His tone, though still small, is much warmer, and he is obviously concerned with employing an attractive timbre to add something to his work. Lewis improvises charmingly—his introduction is a gem.

Solar is taken from an April, 1954, quintet session. Davis' delicate muted playing is enough to recommend this track, but the gravy is a fine alto saxophone solo by Davey Schildkraut. Schildkraut, who is not now active in music, was a promising musician in 1954. Though strongly influenced by Parker, his unique, pure, sweet tone distinguished him from most other altoists of the Parker school. Schildkraut's playing here is highly lyrical and painfully sensitive. He grasps the essence of Parker's music—fragmenting his solo, varying his rhythmic ideas, and using fresh melodic ideas instead of glibly throwing together a patchwork solo composed of some of Parker's more familiar phrases.

Horace Silver has a good, firm solo on *Solar*.

Walkin', cut in the same month as *Solar*, is by an all-star sextet that numbered among its members trombonist J. J. Johnson, tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson, and Silver. Davis' playing is neatly structured and imaginative. Johnson's solo is simple and well put together, and if his work is a trifle conservative, at least he curbs his tendency to load his lines with clichés. Thompson's hot, idea-rich spot is a highlight of the album.

Bags' Groove was made by a star-laden quintet in December, 1954, and is one of the greatest jazz performances ever recorded.

Davis' playing is near perfect—gently buoyant, highly lyrical, and well sustained.

Vibist Milt Jackson, one of the great classicists of jazz, takes a typically controlled, yet forceful, solo. He doesn't overwhelm as Lionel Hampton does, but his playing conveys great intensity.

Thelonious Monk's solo is outstanding, even by his standards. His odd choice of notes and unique voicings, his use of space, and the freshness and variety of his rhythmic ideas are fascinating. He plays percussively, and his articulation is admirably crisp.

The section work of bassist Percy Heath and drummer Kenny Clarke is unobtrusive but steel-strong.

The album's *If I Were a Bell* was done by Davis' 1956 quintet with John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums. It offers good examples of the work of Davis, Coltrane, and Garland. The trumpeter already was a highly influential musician at this time, but the others, though soon to become famous, were virtually unknown.

Davis, of course, was to achieve a series of esthetic successes rarely paralleled in jazz history and attain the popular acclaim that had previously eluded him. Therefore, although *Bell* marks the end of the album, it signals the most important stage in Davis' career. —Pekar



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BLIND- FOLD TEST DON ELLIS PT. 2

BY LEONARD FEATHER

During the last five years Dan Ellis has been involved in so many innovations that one is tempted to classify him in the gimmick-artist category. A closer inspection of the results of his experiments makes it clear that whatever the means he has employed, the fire and authority with which his music is performed has justified this conscious tendency to shun the conventional.

Though by no means the first to try out unusual time signatures, Ellis certainly has been the most consistent. By now he ranks 4/4 along with DC-3s or high-button shoes. His four-valve trumpet has produced some meaningful quarter-tone effects, as has his use of three bassists in his 20-piece band.

Ellis today is active on many levels; as trumpeter, composer, drummer, teacher, student, writer (for *Dawn Beat* and others), and music director of Bonesville, the Hollywood club where his combos and big band have played regularly for almost two years.

1. ANDREW HILL. *Spectrum* (from *Point of Departure*, Blue Note). Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; Hill, piano, composer; Anthony Williams, drums.

One thing that Eric Dolphy always had was a sense of the dramatic, a sense of form. In the *Blindfold Test* we did three or four years back, I commented that I liked what Eric did, but I felt his choice of notes was sometimes open to question; he tends to repeat licks that you have heard him do a hundred times before. In this particular track he seemed to be very creative, seemed to stay away from those.

One very valuable lesson that the avant-gardist can learn from Eric is that the sense of urgency—the sense of drama that he has in his playing, the violent contrast that he would sometimes use—this immediately gives it more direction.

The piece in itself was rather interesting, sort of a small suite.

I would like to comment on the drummer, who could have been Tony Williams. This particular style of drumming, breaking up the time into different fragments, can be very effective, but it also can be very deadly, particularly behind the piano solo, the first solo on the record—I felt that the time lost its intensity. The interest was there, the imagination was there, what he was doing was interesting, but he got into this sort of floating feeling, where the time is there, but it is not really played. This feeling is not one of which I am particularly fond, because I like to hear, for the most part, a very definite driving type of beat, and I don't like to hear just that—I like to hear all the variations and the imaginations.

The tendency for the younger drummers of today is to try and break things up, which is all well and good, very imaginative, but they lose the intensity of the great masters of jazz drums in the past.

That's a shame, because once you lose that you lose 90 percent of what jazz time is all about, and I think it is possible to break up the time and still keep the swinging feeling. In fact, one of the most effective devices—I've heard Tony do this at times with Miles—he'll break up the time so that you think it is gone, but all of a sudden come right in on 1, and really be cooking. This can really lift an audience right off their chairs if it is done right,

but it wasn't that way in this track.

For me, the most interesting section was the 5/4 section that they got into. But just to repeat an abbreviated form of the beginning at the end was sort of a cop-out, compositionally. The piece, to be really effective, should have built someplace and should have gone to a climax or tied things together in some sort of way; it really didn't end successfully for me. There were some good moments, especially Eric's playing. I give it 3½ stars.

2. THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS. *Don't Ever Leave Me*. (from *The Jazz Orchestra*, Solid State). Jones, fluegelhorn, composer, arranger; Joe Farrell, flute; Lewis, drums.

Play it once more. . . . It is nice to hear a big band using all different kinds of colors. When I first heard it with the woodwinds and everything, I thought it was Gary McFarland, but then when I heard Thad Jones, I surmised that it might be the new band that he and Mel have. That being the case, I was rather surprised—I haven't heard the band yet—but from reading reviews, that wasn't what I expected to hear.

The piece was utterly charming, and Thad sounded gorgeous. Especially at the end, he played a couple of phrases that just knocked me out.

Although I haven't heard him play for several years, the flutist sounded to me like it might be . . . what I would imagine Joe Farrell would be sounding like now; especially at the end, he got in some good things too. Sounded very nice—4½ stars.

3. DAVE BRUBECK. *World's Fair* (from *Time Changes*, Columbia). Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Brubeck, piano, composer; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

There is nothing like a nice relaxed 13!

I liked the pattern very much 3-3-2-2-3 or 6 plus 7 or 13. Dave Brubeck has been playing these time things as a group longer than anyone else, but they don't seem to be very free within the time yet. For example, on this one they just kept playing the same basic beat. In other words they haven't got to the point yet where they can really mess with the time. I am a little surprised—I mean after playing these things for so many years. It seems they should be much further into it, given the

amount of time they have been doing it.

I'm delighted to hear them doing this. This is the first time I have heard them playing in 13, and they played in it all the way through. Some of their original things they did, like the *Rondo a la Turk*, where they did the Turkish 9, they sort of copped out and went into 4/4 for blowing, but they stayed with this all the time.

I notice Dave was having a little trouble there keeping his left hand right on the rhythm, but he came out okay. This is the type of thing I find most exciting—I'm just sorry that Dave and his group haven't been able to develop a more flowing thing, to get a little more imaginative. But the piece is nice; let's give them four stars.

4. YUSEF LATEEF. *Kyoto Blues* (from *A Flat, G Flat and C*, Impulse). Lateef, composer, bamboo flute; Hugh Lawson, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

There are some amazing slides on the flute there at the beginning and—that leads me to believe that it was probably played on a wood flute, where all the finger holes are open, and you can control the air more than on a normal flute.

That also leads me to surmise that it might be somebody like Yusef Lateef, who has a fantastic command of unusual flutes. Last year I saw him in Buffalo, and his pockets were bulging with all kinds of flutes; he is quite an amazing musician.

One thing that didn't make too much sense in this context was to have the drums playing in a fast 7 and the piano playing in a slow 4/4 against that and the bass somewhere in between. To have all different meters going at once can be exciting in certain cases, but in this case nobody really played in any one of them; everybody just played in their own meter, and it never came together; consequently, it lost the effectiveness it could have had had the things come together occasionally or had one of the soloists, for instance, gone with the drums in 7 or something.

But the original idea I thought was excellent. The rest of the record didn't come up to the level of the original conception.

The solos weren't as imaginative as the piece, so for the original conception I'll give it four stars, but an over-all rating would be somewhat less than that. **DB**

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

(Continued from page 27)

Walker, who did four blues including his own *Stormy Monday*, set out to entertain from the word go. His long, leaping, blues-drenched guitar lines cut through the morass of stodgy, lifeless complacency like a space capsule plummeting back to Earth. But he was on his own. Whatever the backstage politics—and I was too disgusted to bother pursuing the matter—he was the only man on stage trying to swing and show the audience that it's still about chitlins and cornbread. A more obvious lack of co-operation I have yet to witness anywhere; every time Walker got funky, the soloists refused to support the feeling. From big names with nothing to lose it was inexcusable.

All these musicians can play the blues and play them well. They have no cause to be ashamed of the music's origins. They also should have had more respect for the public's intelligence.

At one point Bellson, who had been providing the desired back-beat until then, refused, at the instigation of one of the other musicians, to give Walker the tempo he had been soliciting for 16 bars. Then, after finishing his own chorus, the same instigator insisted on noodling while Walker was trying his hardest to get into the one-handed guitar thing he does so well. It was a tribute to the blues man's showmanship that he stayed onstage all his allotted time.

Wilson's impeccable piano opened the second half, giving a typically pretty treatment to *Satin Doll* and *Take the A Train* and then *Sophisticated Lady* going into *Love*. Then Hawkins and Carter took *Honeysuckle Rose* through its paces. Hawkins' solo was a little diffident—he was to wake up later—but Carter came on with a bubbling solo, belying his years. Wilson demonstrated that he is still the swinging pianist with the lightest touch around, and Cranshaw contributed a punchy chorus.

Carter did a truly beautiful *I Can't Get Started* on his own before Hawkins came back for *September Song*, the ensuing direction of which surprised even him. He started out with the rhythm section in tow but ended up *colla voce* as he stretched out. If at times he used the same devices a little too frequently to express his ideas, the advanced treatment he gave the song was notably daring even for the ever-adventurous tenor saxophonist. He then gave the audience *Body and Soul*, chewing off nice fat phrases with power and lyricism.

Bellson, a remarkably unadventurous drummer this night for all his reputation, played an unexceptional solo that nevertheless stood the crowd on its ear, and Granz ended the thing there, saying, "You can only follow a drum solo with another drum solo."

I disagree. I'd like to have heard more of the lively T-Bone Walker, who is still old-fashioned enough to believe in giving—but he should be backed by unselfish musicians who don't mind sharing some of their applause with an old-timey blues man.

—Valerie Wilmer

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42 □ DOWN BEAT

AD LIB

(Continued from page 13)

in the church sanctuary the night of Dec. 18. While other jazz artists have been involved in church music in the bay area—notably **Duke Ellington** and pianist **Vince Guaraldi**, both at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral—the San Mateo concert was believed to be the first in which the emphasis was on the traditional Christmas carol. Miss Hoffman also played several instrumentals, including a blues-spiritual and two carols she had composed with her husband. She was backed by bassist **Mickey McPhillips**. Later in the month Miss Hoffman began an engagement in a new lounge at the Fairmont Hotel here.

PITTSBURGH: Many in the crowd gathered to hear the **Count Basie Band** at the Flying Carpet Motel in early December also discovered the artistry of the motel's regular pianist, **Chuck Maurice**. . . . Tenorist-altoist **Sonny Stitt's** trio (**Billy James**, drums, **Don Patterson**, organ) opened Dec. 13 for a week at the Hurricane Bar. . . . The **Carl Arter Quintet** was one of the first local groups in recent years to play a week at Crawford's Grill, during the Christmas shopping season. The newly formed group drew many who had not heard drummer **Joe Harris** since his return from Sweden. . . . Jai's Lounge in Braddock, Pa., recently had vocalist **Maxine Sullivan** for a two-nighter. . . . The Theme in Brentwood continued its jazz leaning with organist **Jimmy McGriff** in mid-December. . . . Pianist **Walt Harper's** quintet did two college jazz concerts last month at West Liberty College in Virginia and Steubenville College in Ohio. Harper also played for the Pittsburgh Public Relations Society on Dec. 14. With him were guest stars tenorist **Jimmy Pellow**, pianist **Vincent Lascheid**, and vocalist **Sandy Staley**.

DETROIT: Singer **Etta Jones** and pianist **Monty Alexander's** trio (**Reggie Johnson**, bass, **Chuck Lampkin**, drums) topped off their stay at the Drome by doing the final **Ed Love** jazz concert of 1966. Sharing the Love bill was pianist **Keith Vreeland's** trio (**Dick Wigginton**, bass, **Jim Nemeth**, drums). . . . Bassist **Dan Jordan** and drummer **Dick Riordan** teamed up to back pianist **Father Tom Vaughn** in a Dec. 18 concert at Masonic Temple. Also featured were singer **Mamie Lee** and her trio, vocalist **Walter Jackson**, and the **George Bohanon Quintet** with tenor saxophonist **Ronnie Fields**, pianist **Kenny Cox**, bassist **Will Austin**, and drummer **Bert Myrick**. The concert marked Fields' first public appearance since his retirement from jazz a year ago. . . . In a previous Masonic Temple concert, trumpeter **Donald Byrd** and alto saxophonist **Sonny Red** were backed by pianist **Kirk Lightsey**, bassist **James Hankins**, and Myrick, not by bassist **Ernie Farrow's** group, as previously reported. . . . Lightsey's trio is appearing at the Sirloin Inn. . . . Jazz has had rough going on the city's east side. Blues Unlimited has at least temporarily suspended trombonist **Slide Hampton's** Thursday night sessions. The

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World Radio History

club has been in and out of a jazz policy for about two years . . . One bright note was struck on the east side by pianist **Bob McDonald**, who brought jazz back to Bobbie's Lounge. With McDonald were bassist **Silas Morgan** and drummer **Paul Ambrose**.

MIAMI: Ramsey Lewis, with drummer **Maurice White** and bassist **Cleveland Eaton**, delighted the student audience at a recent University of Miami concert . . . Vibist-drummer **Lionel Hampton** is slated to return to Harry's American Show Bar on March 10 . . . The **Four Freshmen** opened Dec. 8 for a week at the Chateau Madrid in Fort Lauderdale . . . Singer **Cab Calloway** did a New Year's Eve one-

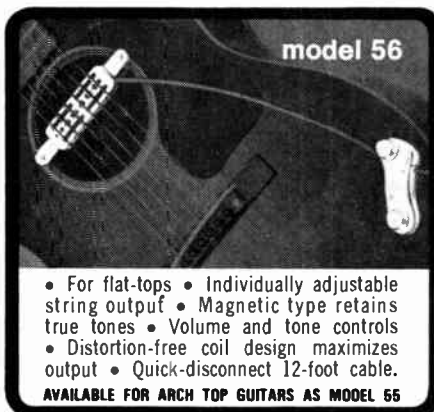
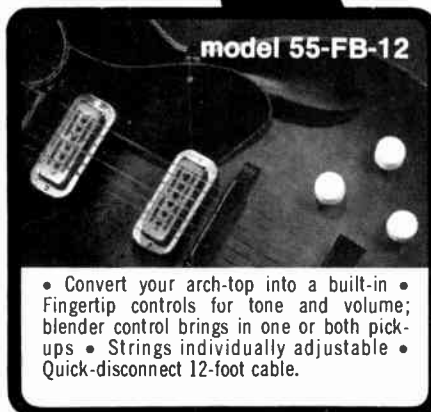
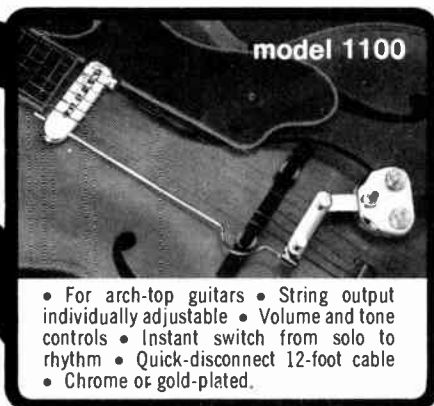
nighter at the Diplomat in Hollywood, Fla. . . . Bassist **John Thomas** recently joined saxophonist **Charlie Austin's** quartet at the Hampton House . . . Dec. 4 was an active Sunday for jazz musicians in the south Florida area: WMBM disc jockey **Alan Rock** held a concert at Jazzville with the **Ira Sullivan Four** and the **Dave Akins Trio**; the **Gene Roy Band** was featured at the 7 Seas in Fort Lauderdale; and the **Jimmy Lavaca Band** held forth for one night in the ballroom of Governor's Club Hotel in the same city. At Miami's Workshop of Music bassist **Chubby Jackson** held a concert representing the three main aspects of jazz. Dixieland was furnished by the **Big City Six** (**Tommy Justice**, trumpet; **Herb Winfield**, trombone; **Ernie**

Goodson, clarinet; **Austin Knestrick**, drums; **Bob Rosen**, piano; **Al Mattucci**, bass; and ex-Benny Goodman vocalist **Maria Marshall**. Mainstream jazz was played by the **Cookers**, with **Jimmy Vincent**, tenor saxophone; **Johnny Williams**, piano; **Jackson**, bass; **Red Hauley**, drums; and **Marge Ann**, vocals. Jackson's son, **Chubby Jr.**, played drums during the last set. The avant-garde was represented by the **Free Thinkers** (**Charlie Austin**, saxophone, flutes, bass clarinet; **Tony Castellano**, piano; **John Thomas**, bass; **Turnip Greens**, drums) . . . WAEZ disc jockey **China Valles** presented the following groups during two of his most recent Monday evening concerts at the Mr. James Club: **Jazz Scope Septet**, pianist **Frank Williams** and the **Rocketers**, **Dave Akins Trio**, and **Mop Dudley's** swing band.

NEW ORLEANS: The Loyola University Stage Band under the direction of **Joe Hebert** appeared in concert Dec. 17 . . . **Ray Charles** and his big band were in town for an appearance at Loyola's auditorium Dec. 10 . . . Pianist **Teddy Wilson** and his group played a week's run at the Al Hirt Club in December . . . Drummer **Ernest Washington** has been filling in for **James Black** with pianist **Joe Burton's** trio at the Jazz Room and on Burton's nightly show on WYES-TV . . . A *Bell Telephone Hour* crew spent a week in November taping Crescent City music offerings. Clarinetist **Pete Fountain**, trumpeter **Al Hirt**, and the **Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls** were among those filmed for a forthcoming program in the television series . . . Traditional jazz got a recent airing at the Speech and Hearing Center when the **Doc Souchon Band** performed. The leader was joined by **Raymond Burke**, clarinet; **Armand Hug**, piano; **John Chaffe**, banjo; **Sherwood Mangiapane**, bass; **Monk Hazel**, drums.

DALLAS: Alto saxophonist **Lou Donaldson** replaced reed man **David (Fat-head) Newman** at the Club Lark. Newman wound up an extended stay at the club that began back in May . . . The Fink Mink Club continued an extended booking of vocalist **Betty Green** and pianist **Red Garland**, with a short interruption Jan. 3-5 for a three-day session with trumpeter **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet . . . North Texas State University Lab Bands played a well-received concert in Fort Worth at the Scott Theater . . . The **Count Basie Band** played Jan. 10 at Southern Methodist University's McFarland Auditorium . . . Local promoter and ex-disc jockey **Tony Davis** announced the return of the Sunday afternoon jazz shows at Woodman Auditorium beginning New Year's Day . . . The trio of **Amos Milburn**, **Red King**, and **Walter Winn** kept things happy at the Elite Club during December . . . The **Glenn Miller Orchestra**, led by clarinetist **Buddy DeFranco**, is scheduled for a concert at the State Fair Music Hall Jan. 16, and the **Dave Brubeck Quartet** also will appear there in concert March 10.

DENVER: The Red Embers remains the city's only club presenting name jazz consistently. Featured recently were the



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Three Sounds, followed by pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio, and vibist Red Norvo's trio. Coming in March are the Gene Krupa Quartet and organist Jimmy Smith . . . Singer-pianist Ray Charles played a concert here in November . . . A variety show, starring singer Pearl Bailey and drummer Louie Bellson's orchestra, is scheduled for the Denver Auditorium Jan. 29 . . . Guitarist Johnny Smith, who lives in Colorado Springs, did a benefit performance in that city on Dec. 4 for its Opera Guild . . . The Denver Jazz Club, oriented so far toward Dixieland groups, presented pianist Don Ewell and singer Barbara Dane, backed by bass player Charlie Burrell, at Phipps Auditorium. The club's plans call for concerts by the Happy Jazz Band of San Antonio, pianist Ralph Sutton, and Denver's Queen City Jazz Band.

PARIS: Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic package with trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry, saxophonists Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims, James Moody, and Benny Carter, pianist Teddy Wilson, bassist Bob Cranshaw, drummer Louie Bellson, and singer-guitarist T-Bone Walker played two concerts at the Salle Pleyel on Dec. 5 . . . After the third Paris Jazz Festival, tenorist Sonny Rollins stayed over to play a week at Jazzland with drummer Art Taylor, bassist Rene Urtreger, and pianist Gilbert Rovere. Rollins was followed at the club by violinist Stephane Grappelly, who was succeeded on Dec. 26 by the Ivan Jullien Band . . . Tenorist Johnny Griffin and drummer Taylor played a radio show in Stuttgart, Germany, Dec. 7. Afterwards, Griffin went to Cologne, Germany, to record with the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Band . . . Organist Lou Bennett is back in residence at the Blue Note . . . Bassist Milton Hinton visited Paris to record a television program with singer Diahann Carroll.

TRICKY SAM

(Continued from page 19)

could tell he was anxious too.

The band manager, who happened to be a Texan himself, answered, "Get the sheriff? Hell, that's the sheriff talking!"

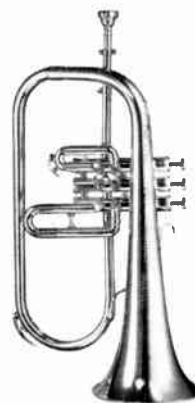
The situation was tense, but Tricky broke the spell when he told a young fellow who tried to grab his horn:

"Watch out, cowboy, that's my living you're fooling with. Mess with it, and you're messing with me."

He looked up at the gangling youngster, at least a head taller, and his attitude indicated that he really wasn't afraid. Then Tricky calmly strutted out of the door while the crowd roared with laughter, and we all filed out after him. We marveled at the kind of strength that, under pressure, could transform a meek little man, a Negro from New York City, into a Napoleon who could intimidate a Texan in Texas.

Life in a touring organization is a constant succession of trains and buses and thus leaves everyone with much boring time to fill. In most bands, the fellows play cards to help pass the hours. Elling-

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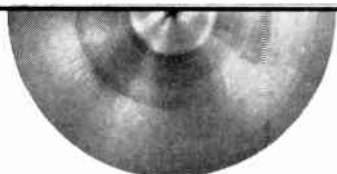
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ton's group was no exception, and we played lots of tonk (a fast form of gin rummy), poker, and on rare occasions, if Ellington was not around, there would be a crap game. One way or another, lots of money changed hands. Everybody played except Tricky. We would find him in a corner reading some tome.

One night while we were playing a theater engagement, the dancers started up a crap game. First Sonny Greer tried his luck, and, one by one, we all became involved. Tricky read on until, in desperation over losing so much money, Sonny called to him, "Come on, Tricky. Roll 'em for me. Maybe you can change the luck for me—I can't do anything right." Tricky demurred but finally was persuaded. He made eight or nine straight passes, to Sonny's delight. Tricky broke everybody and, to my knowledge, never shot craps again.

Joe Nanton never was a person who cared for pomp. He was not born that way, and when he died in a San Francisco hotel in 1948, he did so in the manner that he had lived—unpretentiously. One afternoon the band bus was scheduled to leave. Although the band waited and waited, this time Tricky did not show. Finally, Lawrence Brown, who had the room next to Tricky's, went to see what was keeping his section mate. Getting a pass key and entering the room, he saw that Joseph Nanton was dead. Thus was silenced one of the most original voices ever heard in the vocabulary of jazz sounds.

APPLE CORES

(Continued from page 10)

Smith thinks he is an Albert Ayler replica. (In a red shirt with all his other boys in blue suits giving up ergs of energy to the guy in the red shirt, and finally \$\$\$, since ol' Smitty will make it, like jazz, all the way up the river to the offices of Henry Loose.)

Frank Smith is like a petty thief, except what he takes is not petty. He is *The Soul Thief*. He hovers in the background with a red straw covered with hair for sticking in people's heads, sucking out the brains. He blows what he heard Albert blow. He is slick as a batwhistle.

But, lovers of cold fact, Mr. Smith will get rich. Just as soon as Albert's sound becomes understood by one stretch, this other layer of life will use the superslicksterized version of it, Sir Smith, to prove how hip the missionaries always are. And it's because that is what they wanted to hear anyway—themselves. (I kept thinking of Kate Smith, going crazy.)

This last item is a found object (from *Down Beat*, June 16, 1966):

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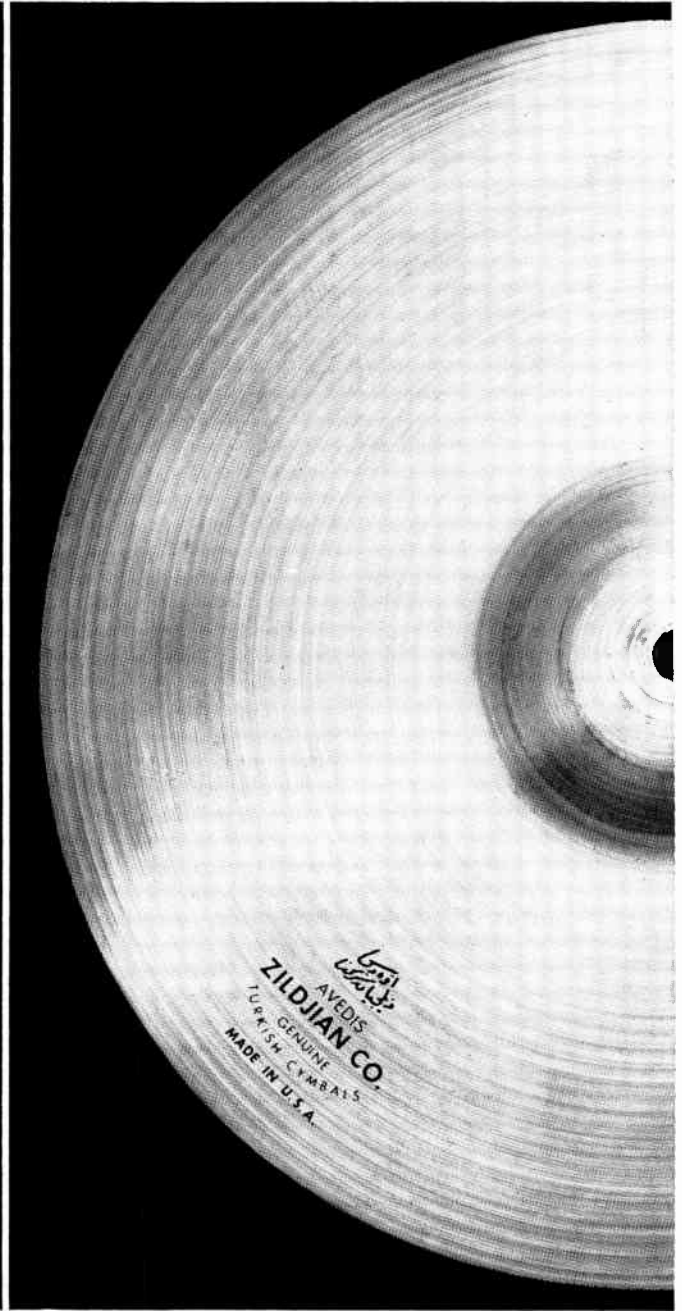
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