

THE JAZZ REVIEW begins in this issue a biography of the late **CHARLIE PARKER**, one of the great jazzmen, a pioneer of modern jazz and still its most towering figure, in a series of interviews by Bob Reisner with all those who knew him best in the short years of his falling star life, his family, his friends and his fellow musicians.

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Volume 3 / Number 8 / September-October 1960

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LETTERS

NO RED BADGE

Suggestion to readers with complaints: just buy an Oxford dictionary to use when reading Mimi Clar and everything will be okay.

I fail to see where she is courageous though, as one of your West Coast readers states. Let's face it, *Down Beat* calls Peggy Lee a jazz singer—in fact the only good white one; that takes courage, not Mimi Clar telling the obvious truth about Chris and Dakota. Where Miss Clar is courageous is in her tirade against and about Lambert-Hendricks & Ross singing Basie, etc.

Audrey Edwards
Gloucester, Mass.

WHAT ARE PATTERNS FOR?

Max Harrison's revealing analysis of Lee Konitz recalls Robert Benchley's famous "no-one has ever really SEEN Brooklyn Bridge—it's simply the action of light-waves on the retina". Of course Lee's solos are 'well-ordered patterns of sounds' if you want to think of it that way. But the same kind of thing could be said about practically any music. If Max feels that the injection of a more conventional kind of "swing" would make Lee's solos more melodically in-

telligible, I suggest that there's less of an inability to communicate than an inability to listen on Lee's terms. Which is perfectly all right, except that it makes a statement like "his improvisations . . . have no emotional impact" quite nonsensical in its absolutism. Max seems to be implying—intentionally or not—that other listeners disagree with him only against their better judgment. Harvey Pekar's excellent appreciation of Lennie Tristano was long overdue, but it's a pity he didn't discuss the remarkable trio recording of *I Can't Get Started* (Keynote and Mercury)—very possibly Tristano's most successful.

I doubt if much courage was involved in Mimi Clar's contemptuous Shearing review, as C. H. Garragues claims, and most of it has been said before. However big a disappointment Shearing's failure to shape his career as a kind of didactic door-opener may be, (it is a role he is probably still filling, perhaps less efficiently than Miss Clar would want), I think the failure to maintain the genuine creative promise of some of his earlier work is an even bigger one.

Peter Turley
New York City

JAZZ WRITING?

I am one of Mr. Turley's "few people" who follow *The New Yorker* and are jazz lovers, and I find in Whitney Balliett's writing some of the sharpest and best jazz criticism in the field. He has not been duped with "funk" in its pseudo-gospel hard-boppish world, or with the banal playing and writing of some of the "cool school" Californians. He does believe, and rightly so, that a fine jazz performance erases the boundaries of jazz "movements" or fads. He seems to be able to spot insincerity in any phalanx of jazz musicians. And he has yet to be blinded by the name of a "great"; his recent column on Billie Holiday is the most clear-headed analysis I have seen, free of the fan-magazine hero-worship which seems to have been the order of the day in the trade. It is true that a great singer has passed away, but it does the late Miss Holiday's reputation no good not to admit that some of her later efforts were (dare I say it?) not up to her earlier work in quality. But I digress.

In Mr. Balliett's case, his ability as a critic is added to his admitted "skill with words" (Turley). He is making a sincere effort to write rather than play jazz; to improvise with words rather than notes. A jazz fan, in order to "dig" a given solo, unwittingly knows a little about the equipment: the tune being improvised to, the chord structure, the mechanics of the instrument, etc. In Balliett's case, all one must know about is the English language. Just as a jazz musician wouldn't use legitimate tone, or the same notes each time, the critic can be given liberty in the use of words to get to the reader, jazz fan or non-jazz fan, what he experiences or hears in a given performance. I personally find some of his attempts successful, and as communicative as a Miles solo, or a Mulligan tune. It is certainly nearer to jazz writing and jazz expression away from instruments than some of the senseless "jazz poetry" of Kerouac and Company, and it has undoubtedly served to introduce many a *New Yorker* reader to good jazz. More power to him.

Winslow S. Rogers
Orleans, Mass.

KD AND DRAGGED OUT

After Ernie Edwards Jr. disputed (in the Letters column, May 1960) my claim that it was Kenny Dorham who played the trumpet solo on Billy Eckstine's recording of *The Jitney Man*, I took the trouble to check with Kenny himself. He substantiated the evidence of my ears. Therefore, the personnel published in *The Discophile*, based on information from Eckstine, was incorrect.

Ira Gitler
New York City

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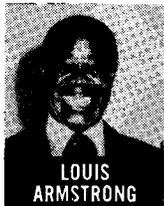
Contributing Editor: Gunther Schuller

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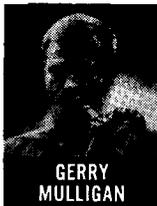
Art Director: Bob Cato

The Jazz Review is published monthly by The Jazz Review Inc., 124 White St., N. Y. 13. N. Y. Entire contents copyright 1960 by The Jazz Review Inc. Israel Young and Leonard Feldman were among the founders of the Jazz Review. Price per copy 50c. One year's subscription \$5.00. Two year's subscription \$9.00. Unsolicited manuscripts and illustrations should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Reasonable care will be taken with all manuscripts and illustrations, but the Jazz Review can take no responsibility for unsolicited material.

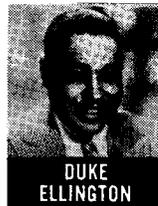
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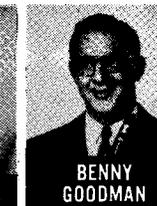
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55-DH



BIRD

In 1954, six months before Charlie Parker's death, Bob Reisner began gathering material for a Parker biography. At that time, he had no commitment from a publisher, and the project started solely because Reisner was convinced it should be done. He interviewed everyone he could find who had known Parker. His search took him to Kansas City, Chicago, and anywhere else that his information, his own funds and his time would allow.

The gathering of material and work on the biography are still in progress. Meanwhile, Mr. Reisner has consented to publish the interviews in their original form as an interim biography of Charlie Parker, whose music inspired the work of so many who will speak in this unique series of interviews.

MRS. ADDIE PARKER

Mrs. Addie Parker, Charlie Parker's mother, has lived for twenty years at 1535 Olive Street in Kansas City, Missouri, in a two story house with a lawn and backyard which she bought with money she earned herself as a cleaning woman at a Western Union telegraph office. She spent all of her life in the two Kansas Cities. In her forties, she began to study to become a practical

nurse, and she now works in a Kansas City Hospital. She still does all her own housework, which now includes caring for four boarders in the upstairs rooms which she had hoped would one day be a home for Charlie and his family.

Charles was a fat baby and a fat child. At eleven months he walked, and he began to speak good at two. He graduated Crispus Attucks Public School at eleven years old and always got fine grades. In Lincoln High School he was the pride of his teachers, especially Miss Bridey, who said "Your boy is going to amount to something." Only once she did send him home for fighting with another boy. Charles licked him for making fun of his face, which was broken out with pimples. School was too easy for him in a way; he could reel off his lessons without much effort. He quit in the third year. School did one great thing for him; he was given a tuba to play. I didn't go for that; was so heavy and funny coiled around him with just his head sticking out, so I got him another instrument. He started playing at thirteen. He was never interested in sports. All he cared about was music and reading. I used to find loads of books in the cellar.

He was fifteen-and-a-half-years old when he married Rebecca Ruffing, who was a few years older than he was. He came to me one day and said, "Mama, I think I am in love, and I'm old enough to get married." He may not have been old enough but he was big enough. I told him when he felt he was sure, then it was alright. A short while afterward, before their marriage, Rebecca's mother and six children moved in upstairs.

They were married two years, and then she got a legal divorce. Rebecca has been married several times since then and now lives in California.

John, who is two years older than Charles, is his half-brother. They have the same father but different mothers. John never knew the difference because I treated them both equally. John is a post office employee and lives in Kansas City, Kansas. John has always loved Charles.

They collected eleven thousand dollars at the benefit fund for Charles. Uncle Sam took a thousand. I never saw a penny of that benefit fund.

I can hardly talk about Charles, it hurts so much. If you break an arm or a leg you can fix it, but there's no mending a broken heart. Whenever the band was playing in Tootie's Mayfair Club they would take me out in a car. I'd get out of my uniform, dress up, and the cats would call for me. I sometimes stayed up a whole night to hear Charles.

Bird was the cutest and prettiest child I ever saw.

A month ago this girl comes up the stairs and told me who she was. The girl arrived with a man who I remembered. He had grown this moustachious thing all around his chin but I remembered him.

She had fiery red hair, so red, it looked about to catch fire. She came up the steps, and I said to her, "What is it, Girl?"

"I want to talk to you."

So she came in the house. She had on yellow moccasins, bare legs, and a pink set of sweaters and a red skirt.

"I got into this trouble because of Charlie," she said. "Charles didn't get you into any trouble."

"Did you get his burial money?"

First I talked on not heeding her question; then she

asked again, "Did you get his burial money?" Then I answered. "I'm his mother, and my name is on that death policy."

She said "I'm still his wife." And I'd never heard of her! Charles's father was from Memphis. He died when Charles was seventeen. Some lady stabbed him during a drunken quarrel. Charles Senior drunk terrible. I got a hold of Charles and brought him home for the funeral. His father and I had been separated eight years. He was on the railroads as a chef. He could cook anything. He could dance; he was a good scholar; he could play the piano; but he was a drunkard. I tried so many times to get him to stop but all he would say was "Ten years from today I will stop drinking."

When Charles was sixteen he sold my electric iron and got fifty cents for it. He needed a cab to get to an appointment, he said. He always loved cabs. Rebecca did not have any money around, so he grabbed the iron and sold it to a furniture store. I went to the store and got it back from the man without paying any more than 50 cents because I told him what had happened. The electric iron prank was the only one I remember him doing. He used to phone for money, and I always had 150 to 200 dollars around the house for his emergencies. He always paid whatever it was back with interest. If he borrowed 100 I'd get back 150. When I graduated Nursing School in 1949 he sent me 300 dollars and told me it was for uniforms or whatever I needed.

I told Charles the best way to go on living, the way he was doing, he'd better get out of town. (These girls were coming up to the house in cabs.) They give you a book of matches with a name or a number on it. It would burn me up. One of those girls had a pocketfull of reefers. I imagine she's on narcotics now.

As I say, Charles father died when he was seventeen, I got ahold of Charles, who was in Chicago, and brought him home for the funeral. Charles could hardly recognize the body it was in such horrible shape from loss of blood. We had been separated for years.

"Mama what made him do it?" Charles asked.

"He liked the lady, I guess."

They put her in jail till he was buried, then they let her go. She drank herself to death a year later.

I got him his instrument in 1936. Robert Simpson, his friend who played the trombone who died of an operation at nineteen, was his inseparable friend. They once tried to make a job playing at the Orchid Room at 12th and Vine but they came home a little sad and declared "They threw us out."

"Charles if you get into trouble you've got to tell mother."

They sent me two plaques. I re-wrapped one and sent it to his boy Leon in California. I raised Leon until he was ten, and then his mother stole him away from me and took him to Baltimore.

In a year or two from now I can take these things. It hurts too much to look at them.

He was born in 852 Freeman St., Kansas City, Kansas. He was reared at a Catholic day school because I was working all the time. The way they teach you, it stays with you. I was a baptist, but he'd say, "We don't do

things that way," talking about his Catholicism. As a child he had a gang of friends and just loved movies and ice cream sodas. He never was in the draft. The only work he ever done was going to Chicago blowing his horn. He was not spoiled through, because I think a spoiled child never leaves his parents. Charles would go away weeks and weeks. He liked to see things and do things.

I think Kansas City is a little Southern. Charles would take his watch to the pawn shop, and the pawn broker, who was friendly, would say to me, "Tell Charlie Parker to stay out of Kansas City; it's a stinkin' town. They don't want him to have a chance. Never." They paid musicians very little, and there's no record companies. After he went to Chicago he said, "Mama, it's different, I want you to come here and I'll take care of you."

But I told him, "You go ahead and live your life." He lived like he wanted to.

If they saw you running around with white girls, they would take you down town and kill you, and they did. They take you to Swope Park and kill you. I was glad that he left.

Charles never let anything go to his head. "You don't have to 'mister' me," he'd say. He couldn't get along with Rebecca; they were school sweethearts. He wanted to remarry her after they were separated five years. She went up to St. Louis with him. "She don't know how to act or talk; she just wants me to sit in a room all day, and I have to go out with the boys." You know how the girls pull on a man.

He was the most affectionate child you ever saw. When he was two he'd come to the door and say, "Mama, you there?" And I'd say "Yes, I'm here," and he'd go on playing. Since he could talk he'd say, "Mama, I love you."

Chan called me and said, "Did you know that Charles had passed?" I answered, "Yes, I know," because Doris had called before and said, "Parky, sit down, because this is a shocking thing. Are you alone?", and I said, "Oh no, Charles isn't dead?"

He was stuck down in some white morgue. Doris asked them at this morgue, "Do you have a fellow going under the name of John Parker?" and this attendant, "All I want is my money for some work on the body I've done." He advised her to put him in a burlap bag—How could they put my child in a burlap bag?

Doris had called me and said, "We found him; I've taken care of everything." It was Dizzy and his wife who was with her. She stayed out at Tommy Potter's house. She called me every evening. I thought it wasn't nothing but an overdose of dope. I talked with them (Charles and the baroness) three days before he died. She said, "How are you? I hope to meet you sometimes." I said to Charles, "If you're sick in any way let me know." He said they wanted to give him an electric encephalogram. "Charles," I said, "don't take it. Come home to mother. I work in the finest hospital in Kansas City, and I will have it done if it is a necessity."

I worked night and day for two years. Nights in the Western Union, cleaning the office and days cleaning and taking care of babies. In the hospital you never know what days you get off. I have to look at the bulletin board.

In 1953 Norman Granz gave him a thousand dollars one night. I said, "Why do you have to spend it all?"

"Mama, it's high living; it costs to go with the cats."

"There isn't anybody a big shot," I told him. "You spend your money, and what do you get? A kick in the teeth." "Mama, if I saved my money, the wives would take it away from me."

Chan once called me up and said, "If I didn't get him I think I would die." Once when Doris was sick, Charles told her to go home, stay awhile and then come back. He wanted more children.

"Mama," he says, "after I'm gone the Parkers will still live." When Doris left, Chan moved in. I think the world of Doris. I run my telephone up to twenty-five dollars that time trying to get him to live right. "Mother wants you to treat Doris right."

Bird had a white friend here in town named Charlie. He said to Bird, "When you get ready to go I'm gonna fly you to New York." The Southern in him showed itself when he came to Charles home in New York. He was greeted warmly by Doris, but when he saw that it was a white woman he left quickly, and that was the end of their friendship. I told Charles, "You spoiled everything bringing him to your home."

A girl in town here started Charles on reefer stuff. I found some in his pockets. "What in the world is this stinking stuff?" I said.

Charles smiled and said "Don't destroy any of that, mama, it's too good." She had this long pretty brown hair. She was a pretty girl, she's mixed. She was in that world around those night clubs. She lost her mind twice. I went and saw her in the isolation ward. She's around here now, right in the neighborhood. She's fat now. I saw her once years ago when she came out of this house. She had nothing on but her dress; my goodness, that is just like that girl! She never worked. She used to see things (crazy). She came into the house once and said, "Didn't you see anything?" Then she said, "Don't tell him I'm here."

I would always have to give him twenty to twenty-five dollars to help him dress himself. I wanted him to study in the conservatory. I put away 500 dollars for the purpose, but the bank closed and I lost the money. He wanted to be a doctor. He paid alimony to Rebecca, five dollars a week.

Did you read in **Coronet** "**She Lived Nine Hours In Hell**"? If you can't pay and you keep coming around begging, they snuff you out with an overdose when you become a pest. There's a boy in the neighborhood who is an addict. I told him, "Why don't you quit that."

"Oh, Mrs. Parker you feel so good when you take it." They brought a boy into the hospital. They had to tie him down. They put a thick strap across his chest. The doctors didn't know what it was, but I knew what it was and wouldn't tell. I just told them it'll take three days, and then he'll be all right. They asked me how I knew but I wouldn't tell them. The doctors always say that I have that "old fashioned mother wit."

I told Charles, "Don't bring any company here; I have my house filled up." Finally he found some chick here. All the roomers would ask me about it. "Where are you going?" I asked him.

"I gotta take this chick home, she likes me."

The girl was white, red headed and good looking. She pushed dope, and he had met her through one of those numbers on a match cover people were always slipping him. She was driving a great big 1952 cadillac. She kept coming to the house. I told him to go to a hotel with her.

"It don't look nice."

One night at 5 o'clock in the morning he knocks on my bedroom door and says, "Wake up, this chick wants to go to sleep with me."

"You'd better go to the hotel."

"NO!" he shouted.

"You tell her she's gotta go."

Anyway, they went. When they came back I had his bags in the hall. She worked for the Italian.

He was about seventeen and in New York when he took those drugs. We had some terrible quarrels, and I said, "One house isn't built for two nasty people. You know mother loves you, but you've got to obey mother or else you've got to leave here."

He was all I had, and all I wanted to put money in. Twenty years I've had a telephone line, not a party line, for that boy to call me. He once asked for some money for a parking fine which had him in jail. He had parked on the wrong side of the street when he was high. I told him he would have it in an hour and a half, and I ran down to the telegraph office.

He has always been a good boy. The most he cost me is when he went to New York. When I graduated in 1949 he sent me 300 dollars for a uniform and a cap and so forth. All that stuff was given to us. I went out to the Medical Center in 1950 and I was hired. I was just in two towns in all my life, the two Kansas Cities; I never cared to go any place either.

His father was musical, but I've never done anything of a musical kind.

I just cried when I saw what they had written, "Charlie Parker was 53 years old." He was older than his mother! They finally straightened it out, because all you have to do was to look at his picture and you'd know he was a young man.

He first started playing out at the old Gaiety Theatre with Lawrence Keyes and all of them. I don't remember him playing with Harlan Leonard, but I remember the Gaiety Theatre, it was a white club and they all took an interest in him.

Charlie was married when he was only sixteen. Rebecca was four years older than he was and wanted to be his mother to him. He wouldn't stand for that and started beating up on her, you know. I told him that wasn't right and it would only cause a lot of trouble and the best thing to do was leave, and he went to Chicago.

Jay McShann used to come over to our house and play on our piano, and those two used to have a time together. It was some other fellow's band at the Gaiety, and he had Charlie and Lawrence in it with him.

I didn't hear him play before he left Kansas City, but when he came back here in 1952 and was out at the Mayfair, I went out there every night. Several people would call for me, and we'd all get dressed up and go out there and have the time of our lives. I was so dead the next day I didn't even want to get up.

My nurse supervisor, Mrs. Driscoll went to New York after Charles had passed and she said, "Oh, Mrs. Parker, that Birdland is the prettiest place in New York." She used to go to all the colored dances when she was a student nurse, to hear Bennie Moten and all of them, you know. In those days they didn't want colored and white people to mix, but it's not like that now.

He always thought he could make it here, but after he and wife disagreed he had to leave and went to Chicago

for awhile and from there to New York.

You know he wanted to be a doctor and I was going to put up the money for his schooling. When Charles got put here at Lincoln they didn't have good teachers, and he didn't care for school, and after a while he asked me to get him a horn and I did, and he forgot about being a doctor then. When he left here he put the horn in pawn, but I finished paying for it, it was some 200 odd dollars, and that was in depression times. The first horn I got him only cost me forty-five dollars at Mitchell's down on Main Street, but I had it overhauled, and it ran into money. But that other horn was just beautiful, white gold with green keys. Just beautiful.

I don't think I'll ever get over it, but I do feel a little better now. He was my heart, you know. I just lived for Charles. I used to tell him when he'd come home that he could have the upstairs, and I'd take the downstairs, or we'd go down south somewhere and buy a home. He was a dear child, just lovely.

Sunday was his day to call and he'd call me every weekend. He called me just before he died. He called that Sunday and said he was fine. I had heard he was supposed to go into a hospital and have an electrocardiogram. I told him if he had to have that to come home, because I was in the hospital all the time and I could be near him.

He did say that he wished Jay would come to New York again. He liked Jay, and Jay always lifted up his bands. When he met Dizzy, of course, things changed. He was an Eastern boy but he had been out here before. He didn't like Father Hines, because he was older, and he didn't care for Duke Ellington. When Norman Granz wanted to make those records using oboes, flutes and those, he knew he was going to the top. He'd say, "Mama, I'm going to the top, my name's going to be in lights and you're going to be there to see it," and I just couldn't hold him. Norman used to take such pains with him and talked to him for nearly two hours on the phone, and when they were finished I asked Charlie how was he going by train or by plane? He said he was going to fly.

All the people would be crazy about Charles' music, but they wouldn't know what he was playing. I used to tell them "You'll just have to listen."

One of the announcers on the radio would announce just what Charles was going to play and I have a long list of it somewhere. He announced that when Charles' birthday, the 28th came they'd have several hours of his records. All the boys used to call me and ask to be sure to call them if it went on. It never did because the announcer was away on vacation when that time came.

Ernest Daniels, the drummer, got hurt with Charles when they first started out, you know. Charles got two broken ribs, and Ernest got all his teeth knocked out. The old man playing piano was killed. Ernest was driving on that ice, and the car got turned around.

They didn't have very many bands around here after Bennie Moten died. The Clouds of Joy left, and then Jay came along and fitted right in. Charles was still in school when Count Basie left, and even then he used to tell everyone he was nineteen. He was always a big boy. A lot of them didn't ask, and I didn't tell them, and those that did ask, like Jay, I'd say to them, "What difference did it make?" He wanted to play;

give him a chance. If he'd waited a couple of years until he got older he might have been out of luck and had to do something else.

I never went to any of the dances until Charles had come back home. I heard all the other bands, Clouds of Joy, etc. Charles had some white friends who used to pick me up at the hospital and take me out to the Mayfair.

Did you see that story in **Playboy**? Doris sent it to me. I was so hurt I couldn't even finish it, haven't read it yet. They certainly told some big ones. Said he looked like a scarecrow and all that. Whenever he needed anything, all he had to do was to call, and it was there. That's what I worked for and what I lived for, that boy. He called me all the time when he was in California. He said, "Mama, our music doesn't go over so fine out here."

One day he called me out at the hospital, when his little girl Pree died.

Chan wrote me a letter after my boy passed. She claimed her boy was Charles', and I know that wasn't so because he was four or five months old when Charles met her. After he passed she wrote me that she meant that it wasn't Charles' but that he accepted him. That's different.

I just loved Doris. I never saw Chan in my life, but she's got little Bird, and the money is coming in, and I guess she doesn't mind.

I don't know where he got his nickname Bird from. Another thing, in those books they wrote Charles Christopher Parker, Jr. I don't know anything about any Christopher; his daddy wasn't Christopher. Just plain Charles Parker. He was Senior and Charles was Junior. I got a subpoena when Chan wanted all of Charles' furniture. The question was whether they were married. Charles' car, Charles' horn and all of Charles' clothes, and his ring, the one he had when he was married to Doris. Chan said Charles hasn't been married to no one but Geraldine. I never heard of her.

They almost buried him in Potter's Field. But I'd have had him dug up and brought here. Norman had the body sent to me and I didn't have to pay a penny; he was swell. I can't understand why he didn't get his horn. I wanted his horn, and I'd love to have it. Norman was in California and couldn't transact business the way he would if he was in New York. I'm sure he would have gotten it for me.

All my friends at the hospital, white and colored, said they never saw anyone put away as nice as he was and I really appreciate what Norman did for me.

A lady wrote me and said she had some pictures of Charlie Parker that she was going to send me. I didn't want to hurt her feelings but those things hurt me so that I was going to write her and tell her not to send them. I never did.

Everytime I see a picture or a letter from him, it just hurts. They're all locked up in that trunk of his. I washed all the pictures and frames and wrapped them up and put them away. I can't look at them.

I had an experience once. Some fellow came to the house in a cab and asked for Charlie Parker. Charles was asleep then and I asked what it was all about. He said Charles owed him a bill for \$15.00. I asked what for

and he said that was his business. He said if I paid the fifteen he would go on home. I said, "Without a bill?" He would come around the next day and ask for more money. That peddler was the first one to meet Charles at the airport when he came back to Kansas City. I told him I didn't want him around Charles because of what he had done. I always said that if someone was going to do something not to do it at home, and that was what Charles tried to do.

He brought two pills around and said they'd cost Charles ten dollars and that I was to give them to him. I was studying to be a nurse at that time, and I knew what they were, and Charles never got them, because I put them in the fire. He should have known that I would know what they were, because I had a dictionary that listed all the narcotic and drug names, and I knew what they were. I saw him on the street about three months ago, but I never want to speak to him again. And he was one of Charles' friends.

I hate that fellow. He brought some of that stuff here. "When Charlie wakes up give this to him," he said, handing me some white squares of paper with something wrapped up in it. I didn't know what it was at the time. A friend of his was at the house, and he noticed how Charles had changed somewhat. My Charles was asleep and this boy said to me, "Look how Parker is breathing; Charles is loaded with something." His eyes were open at times, his breathing was heavy, and his tongue was lolling out of his mouth. In Camarillo he bit a little side piece of his tongue off. I told that fellow who sold dope as long as he's black not to put his foot on my porch again. "Why does your mother hate me?" he used to ask Charles. I told Charles why I hated him. "He's the first one to meet you at the airport. I hate him cause of it—no good junks who go everywhere you go."

Once he made away with a little more than his share and the Italian had him half whipped to death. I used to get some of Charles' records in the mail from New York. They sent a bill for \$25.00 for them. I just turned them over to my lawyer. I didn't even open the package because I didn't have anything to play them on. Their lawyers used to write me, but I sent the records back and had the receipt for them, insurance and everything. I wrote him that I didn't want them, and that they had been sent back. I didn't hear from them again. They tried again and had a school kid write me that they cut the price of records to \$14.00, and I wrote back and said I didn't care what the price was I didn't want them. I went to Mr. Zee's record store to get one of his records after he passed, but he didn't have it and told me to write to several different shops, and they'd probably send it to me free, but I never did do it. I guess I picked the wrong profession, because there's so much suffering. Every day when someone is hurt or needs help it takes something out of you. They'd tell you someone needed help, and you'd go to help them, and they'd be dead, and that's always a shock.

EDWARD MAYFIELD JR.

Edward Mayfield, Jr. was one of Charlie Parker's school-mates. A musician in his teens, Mayfield is now the owner of a candy store in Kansas City.

He was kind of a bully. He was kind of a mean boy. He pushed you aside and got his horn first out of the music closet in school. If you didn't like it . . . you liked it anyway. He was larger than we were. He didn't stand any kind of pushing around. He didn't pick on you, but he would pop you in a minute. He was not a regular attender, maybe one day out of three. He was a good reader both words and the dots. He managed to make his music classes pretty regular. He was that type of four-flusher. He mostly associated with older fellows. He was smoking and that sort of thing, and we didn't smoke. He was just an older type guy. He knew me pretty well, and I would say he liked me.

I had an encounter with him when he was in McShann's group when I was at Lincoln University. He spent the night with me in the dormitory. We spoke of music all through the night. He played a baritone horn in High School. I played a woodwind. I asked him, "When did you start playing alto?"

"I just picked it up," he answered.

I always have a few of his records on the jukebox in my candy store.

LAWRENCE KEYES

Pianist Lawrence Keyes was Charlie Parker's first leader—in a band formed when both were still in high school. As his narrative indicates, Keyes is still very much active in music; at this writing he is house pianist at the Polka Dot bar on 45th street in New York.

Bird went to Crispus Attucks public school and then to the old Lincoln High School. We had a school band of which I was the leader. Alonzo Lewis was our music teacher, and it's to his credit that he saw the promise in Charlie's playing and said so. Bird played baritone horn in the band, but off the stand he was fascinated with the piano, and he used to bother me to show him chords. I was three years older than him. I was a sophomore and he was a freshman. We became good friends. It was a triumvirate because there was another guy whom Charlie admired tremendously, and the three of us would hang out in each other's houses practicing and talking music day and night. We never spoke about dates or girls. We never went on double dates together, only music. We each had a girl of our own but that was separate. Bird's girl was named Rebecca. We had our love life but it was very private. The name of the third fellow was Robert Simpson and he played trombone remarkably. To say that Charlie admired him is perhaps too mild, Charlie worshipped him and was in his company a great deal. Suddenly at

twenty-one Robert Simpson died, of what we were never sure. A heart ailment was thought to be the cause. Charlie was a complete wreck after that.

My band in school was called "Deans of Swing" and we were pretty damned good. Besides me on piano and Bird there was Freddie Culliver, tenor saxophone (who is now dead), James Ross, trumpet; Franz Bruce, alto; Vernon Walker, alto; and Walter Brown doing vocals.

If he had been as conscientious about his school work as he was about music he would have become a professor, but he was a terrible truant. It was a surprise if he came a whole week. He was doomed to be a perpetual freshman.

He quit and joined McShann, and soon the Deans of Swing were playing against McShann and Bird in those band cutting contests which were so popular. We were growing up and apart. Bird had a new and shiny horn which made me recall the sessions at my house with his first one which was as raggedy as a pet monkey, rusty and patched up with rubber bands.

Over the years we would see each other when we played clubs in the same town. In K.C. he might be playing Green Leaf Gardens while I'd be at the Spinning Wheel Club. In New York he was playing at the Three Deuces and I was at the Onyx Club, and he was a constant visitor. He'd come in and sit near me, and if someone came over to tell him he had to get back to his own bandstand he said, "In a little while; I want to hear my home town play."

I have always been tagged with a nickname 88, a name I've never been too fond of. But 88 Keyes identified me in the business, so I let it be on signs. Bird with his innate sense of propriety always called me Lawrence instead of 88 or Keyes.

I was the first one who started him out in music. We met sometime before his death at an Uptown club and he asked me where I had been keeping myself all these years. I told him that I was out in Long Island in a place called the Club Carousel and had been there for the past eight years. He was impressed with this. He said that this was because I was a moderate man. I'll never forget the words he said to me, "You're doing the best thing, staying cool and clean. Don't you ever change. Anytime a man can play that long in one club and play what he wants to play, he is a great man." I felt so good that I forgot to ask him for fifteen dollars which he owed me from the old K.C. days, when we were getting a dollar and a half a night—and that was good pay.

ERNEST DANIELS

Ernest Daniels, who lives down the street from Mrs. Parker, is a drummer and vibraphonist who played with Parker during the early days in Kansas City.

I was some years older than Charlie but that doesn't make any difference with musicians. We became good friends and played together in Lawrence Keyes' band

for a year and a half. When we first got to know each other he used to come by my window at twelve or one in the morning, throw a pebble against the window, and we'd go to jam sessions and play. I'm not positive about the years, but I'd say it was around 1934-35 that we were with Keyes. They were tough depression days. The band was not union but managed because it was very popular and filled halls at a quarter per person, of which the band got a percentage. Local bands had much more support in those days. All of those men of Kansas City could have made it in other places around the United States, but most of them stayed because they could make livings on their local reputations. Today, with so few big Negro bands, what can a musician look forward to?

It was on a Thanksgiving day in 1936. There was three of us in a car; myself and George Wilkerson, a bass player, and Charlie sitting in the back with the drums and bass. I was driving and we were going one hundred and fifty miles into the Ozarks. We were eight miles from our destination when it happened. We were in a Chevrolet following this Buick driven by our boss Mr. Musser. Our speed was seventy or seventy-five miles an hour when we came to a sheet of ice in the road, the car swerved and turned over several times. I was thrown sixty feet from the car, hospitalized for thirty days for multiple bruises and a punctured lung. Bird broke a couple of ribs but was doctored at the spot and didn't need hospitalization. George Wilkerson died that night. The instruments were all tore up. Mr. Musser paid all the bills, bought me a new set of drums and an overcoat. I consider it a turning point in Bird's life because he got a little money out of a law suit we had against Mr. Musser, who made no objection to this suit, feeling his liability coverage would help us (he was a big man, reputed to practically own the town of Eldon, Missouri). With this money Charlie bought a new Selmer, whose action I hear is a little faster than the other kinds of altos—it gave him a lift.

One Halloween night, George E. Lee fronted Lawrence Keyes' band; Lee was a singer. This was at Paseo Hall on 15th and Paseo Street. Lee paid the down payment on our initiation fees and we went union. When you were making ten or twelve dollars a night, that was big money and that was non-union, but we were drawing big crowds. After we went union we didn't make that much.

Charlie had a very nice disposition, kind of happy-go-lucky. During the time they had the comic strip Popeye, Charlie used to imitate Popeye's deep toned voice, and he used to make that deep tone on his horn. They used to have jam sessions every night. Professor Buster Smith was one of his great inspirations.

In Earl Hines's band I hear Charlie walked off with that job. In two weeks he was playing the whole repertory and taking solos.

Some people get recognition, and they buy clothes and put on airs, get a big head, but, he was still Charlie. It didn't change him at all. Some people think, "I am fast now. I travel by plane; everything is fast now." He was just the opposite. He was a guy that never did grow up.

Playing music, there are always temptations. You meet a lot of people. There is always women that follow musicians. Musicians are friendly people. I have never used any type of dope. I haven't been around too many

—dope addicts. I wouldn't want to be around anyone who was. There are always exceptional people in the world. You don't know why they are. He was happy-go-lucky.

TOMMY DOUGLAS

About clarinetist and alto saxophonist Tommy Douglas, Jo Jones said, "He was and still is one of the most proficient sax players alive today. Several jazz musicians came up around him, and I think Parker brushed with him somewhere along the line. Like Benny Carter or Don Redman were regarded in the East, Douglas was in Kansas City."

Charlie Parker was playing with me when I cut the band down to seven pieces. He was on alto. He was about fifteen then, and he was high then. I told him he was in for trouble, and I used to have to go and give a taxi driver ten and fifteen dollars to get his horn out of hock because he was high on that stuff. Finally he lost the horn and I got mad and wouldn't get it for him. The taxi driver soaked his horn and wouldn't tell him where he had it.

When I was blowing, he'd be sitting there smiling and tapping his foot, and I figured he was just high off that jive, but he was digging. I took a Boehm-system clarinet (I played both Boehm and Albert) over to him one day and he came back the next and played all the parts, he was that brilliant. It wasn't any time before he was playing all the execution, and it was that clarinet that started him soloing. (I started on Boehm because I was originally a classic musician and it took me nine years to learn the Albert system, the one all the New Orleans guys used. I had to learn because the other didn't swing—too much execution.)

I was playing almost the same way, way out. What caused me to do that was studying theory and harmony. I made all passing tones and added chords, what we call intricate chords today. I was doing all that then in 1935, and in order to get all that in, it called for a whole lot of execution. Naturally I couldn't just run notes and, I had to figure out a style, but nobody understood it.

One night I was working with three of my guys at a little place run by the guy who runs the American Cab Company now, and an old drunk asked if we could play **Stardust**. Well that was one of my pet tunes, and I had a whole lot of chords I could work on. The piano player made the four bar introduction, and I made all kinds of intricate chords, parallels, everything. When I got through the old drunk guy comes up and says, "Here's a dollar. Now play **Stardust**." That woke me up. Maybe I should play the melodies. So when somebody asks me to play **Stardust**, although maybe I bend it a little, I always let them know what I'm playing.

This has always been a blues town, in fact the territory has always been a blues territory.

Parker gave up tone for execution. I try to keep as much tone as possible, but you have to cheat a little if you want to make it swing.

JAY McSHANN

Jay McShann was the leader of the band with which Parker made his record debut in 1942. His band, featuring his own blues piano, included musicians like Parker, Gus Johnson and Gene Ramey, and was considered the best in Kansas City in the years after Basie and Andy Kirk left for the East.

Bird first played with me in the year of 1938. I came to Kansas City in 1937 from Oklahoma. When I first came here, the guys around K.C., they didn't want to play with him. Bird didn't have his coordination together; they didn't know what he was trying to do. They would get up and walk off the stand. One time a leader said to him, "Man, you just hold your horn." That must have hurt, but he didn't show it. He was a pretty cool cat. He didn't show no outward reaction. But that was a challenge. Made him determined. He said he would go into the woodshed. He went with Prof. Buster Smith and George E. Lee to the Ozarks. It was his first gig with older fellows; it was there that he woodshedded. After Bird came back—it was less than a year—well, no one said that to him again. Bird was the man. It's a fact that Bird used to like Prof., who was working at a place called Lucille's. We used to listen to them broadcast. Prof and the lady had an argument, and they had to get someone to replace him because he didn't show up one night. It was Bird. Prof. was one of his strongest influences. Bird also used to talk about Jimmy Dorsey and Frankie Trumbauer, and Lester Young.

He liked to jam. He'd go to different places to jam. Bird opened up with me in 1938 in the Plaza in Kansas City. I had six pieces at the time. We worked there for about three or four months and that is when I realized that he was on this wild kick, because he was always late showing up for the job. So we had to let him go.

He left for New York. He stopped off in Chicago and sat in with the King Kolax band. They helped him along to New York. He loved New York. He just looked at the different places and the different places amazed him.

Bird came back and he started up, and started playing a horn in Harlan Leonard's band in the last of 1938. During that time Tadd Dameron was writing for the group. Harlan's quit the business now. He's in Los Angeles, California, working as a mailman. In a sense he's still carrying the message.

There were two big bands, Harlan's and mine. I went up from six pieces: myself, Gene Ramey, bass, Gus

Johnson, drums, Buddy Anderson and Orville Minor, trumpets and Bob Mabane, saxophone. Bird said he wanted to blow with us. He told me he was all straight. "I've stopped goofing, I want to blow with you cats." He didn't start blowing with us till late 1939 or 1940. The way we rehearsed, one guy handled the reeds, and one guy rehearsed the brass, and then we put the whole band together. I could always depend on Bird to handle the reed section because he had straightened up. He'd get mad if anyone was late. He was also doing some writing at the time. He had some numbers in the book. He had **Yardbird Suite**. There were twelve pieces in the band; we added a guy whenever we found what we wanted.

We had a little fellow in the brass section, Buddy Anderson. Diz would pick this particular fellow out when we met, and they would go to a room together and practice. Anderson had what Diz wanted. He played in the same style as Bird only on the trumpet. Diz was playing like Roy Eldridge at this time. They would go up to the hotel and blow. He didn't have it with the lip, but he had it here, in his head. He went as far as his lip would take him. He and Diz got real tight. He's in Oklahoma City now. He quit playing the trumpet. He took sick and switched to piano. He's making it in Oklahoma City. He was a modernistic player. Bird always admired the guy. Bird had a soul, that he played like he had been hurt. To me Anderson's soul didn't hurt like Bird's. Bird had a crying soul.

Bird introduced this nutmeg to the guys. It was a cheap and legal high. You can take it in milk or Coca Cola. The grocer across the street came over to the club owner and said, "I know you do all this baking because I sell from 8 to 10 nutmegs a day." And the owner came back and looked at the bandstand and there was a whole pile of nutmeg boxes.

We always had this cat who acted a little feminish. There were two horns that always had to be gotten out of hock. Bird's was one, and Bird got this Harold Bruce to hock his too. I guess Bruce was expecting something to happen. One night, some pretty girls were in the house, some fine chicks; all these cats were getting them a chick. Harold Bruce and Bird had a room together; Bruce couldn't stand it when he seen him take the chick to their room, especially because he had no place to go to sleep. He hit Bird in the head with a bottle, and Bird conked him with a bottle. When I saw them on the bandstand that night they both were playing with towels wrapped around their heads like swamis. "Look at you looking like mummies." I gave them the devil about it. But you couldn't make Bird mad about nothing.

He was very straight at this time—saved his money and everything. He was eating a lot of food then.

Once he told me "I won't be able to be here for rehearsal but I'll tell you what, I'm going to the woodshed. This cat (John Jackson) is makin' a fool outta me. If I miss a note at the performance you got the privilege of fining me." He didn't make any mistakes. We threw the book at him but he cut it.

We made some records in Wichita, Kansas, at a radio station there. I think we used Buddy Anderson, Little Joe Taswell, Charlie, Bob Mabane, Orville Minor and the rhythm. Fred Higginson liked the band, and he asked us if we wanted to make some acetates at the station. We made five or six numbers; I remember I



Jay McShann Orchestra, Savoy Ballroom, 1942.

Jay McShann, piano; Leonard Enois, guitar; Gene Ramey, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; Bob Mabane, Charlie Parker, John Jackson, Freddy Culliver, saxes; Buddy Anderson, Bob Merrill, Lawrence Anderson, trumpets; Orville Minor, Little Joe Taswell, trombones.

Courtesy Duncan Schiedt

Found a New Baby, stuff like that. Everybody went for them.

It wasn't too long afterward when we went to Texas to make our first recording for Decca. We were playing a lot of stuff like **Yardbird Suite**, which Bird called it later on. We had another name for it then, but we were playing all sorts of numbers like that. Dave Kapp, who was in charge of the session, didn't want it. We played fifteen or twenty numbers before we got him to accept something. I think we made **Hootie Blues**. (The fellows used to kid me about the bottle, and call me Hootie. I used to like the bottle a lot. Anything to drink was hootch then, and anytime we'd see somebody who looked a little full, we'd say "Look out! He's hootie.") And we made **Confessin the Blues, Vine Street Boogie, Swingmatism**.

We started to do a lot of college dates. Bird got his name when we were going to Lincoln, Nebraska. Whenever he saw some chicken on the menu, he'd say "Give me some of the yardbird over there."

We were in two cars and the car he was in drove over a chicken, and Bird put his hands on his head and said, "No, stop! Go back and pickup that yardbird." He insisted on it and we went back and Bird got out of the car and carefully wrapped up the chicken and took it with him to the hotel where we were staying and made the cook there cook it for us. He told him we had to have this yardbird.

We were on the stage in the theatre one time, and I see a guy that I know is a pusher—I could tell it. I don't know it, but I could recognize him. I gave orders to the backstage doorman that no one was to see anyone in the band. I did everything I could to prevent his buying stuff because Bird had proved himself proficient many times, the way he rehearsed the group and always came up with new ideas.

Bird left the band the last of 1942. We had to go to Detroit. He had a little too much that day and we had to carry him off the bandstand and lay him on a table. We couldn't feel no pulse. He had an overdose. This happened at the Paradise Theatre. We left him there all night. We were afraid to call the doctor because we were afraid he might be, you know . . . When he came to, I told him, "Bird, you done got back on your kick again, and so I've got to let you go." Andy Kirk gave him a lift to New York.

BOB WILBER: REVIVAL AND CREATION

Dick Hadlock

Like many musicians of his generation, Bob Wilber has, in effect, lived and worked his way through the history of jazz in public during the past fifteen years. And the course of his career has been well documented on records. His work in the mid-forties, when he was in his teens, has had its indirect effect on New York revivalist bands, including even the Wilbur DeParis group still playing at Jimmy Ryan's. His career can also provide comment on the theories of certain jazz commentators of the forties who wrote that jazz needed to go back and re-learn its past before it could go forward with any artistic assurance.

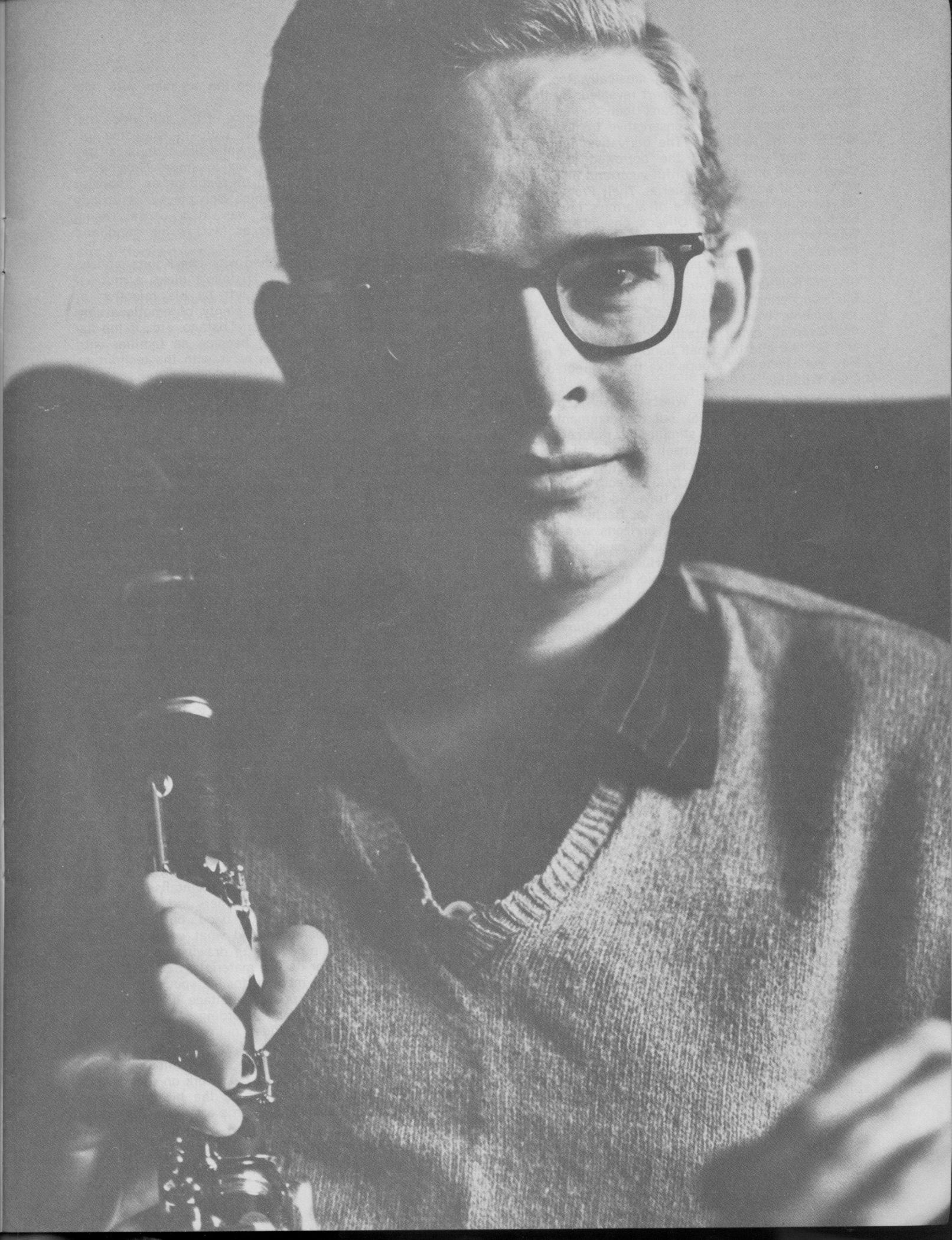
Dick Hadlock's point of departure for his review of Wilber's career is a recent series of recordings on Classic Editions and Music Minus One.

One of the many delights of jazz is the endless variety of ways by which musicians seek expression. The jazz family, a fair psychological cross-section of our society, takes in radicals and conservatives, reactionaries and innovators, classicists as well as experimenters. As each musician copes with the problems of playing jazz, his personal beliefs and standards of judgment nudge him toward a mode of expression that suits his own temperament.

All this seems obvious enough, but musicians themselves often may forget that their own chosen way is but one of many valid ways of playing jazz. The avid little band of players known as 'revivalists,' for example, has received in recent years a good deal of scorn from other musicians and critics, many of whom are quite willing to condemn all revivalists, creative or not. My comments here are part of an effort to understand a serious musician who has been striving to establish his own identity, both within and outside revivalism, for almost two decades.

Bob Wilber's artistic struggles are worth following not only for the light it sheds on his current work, but also as a means of understanding the problems of a generation of young jazzmen who draw heavily and consciously from the past while remaining a part of the contemporary scene. These musicians are frequently subjected to pressures of stylistic conformity exerted by the listening public, by other musicians and by critics. When the Scarsdale Jazz Band recorded privately in the Spring of 1946 (eventually the session was issued on Riverside RLP 2501), Bob was eighteen, and most of his colleagues (Johnny Glasel, Eddie Hubble, Dick Wellstood, Eddie Phye, and Charlie Traeger among others) were even younger. Wilber's soprano saxophone solos were copied directly from the recorded work of Sidney Bechet, and although he had not yet begun his studies with his New Orleans master, we can assume that Wilber, from his beginning, wanted to play as much like Bechet as possible, and that Bechet's time-tested music appealed to him more than, say, the new music of Charlie Parker. The young men were immediately successful on records; George Avakian wrote in the June, 1947 *Jazz Record*, "The records are sensational . . . The ensembles will remind you of those wonderful Ladnier-Bechet records of years ago—and that's a pretty marvelous sound . . . the total effect is the biggest shot in the arm yet recorded for the future of jazz."

Surrounded by glowing reviews, enthusiastic predictions, acceptance by older musicians, and the excitement of new musical discoveries, Bob and his friends must have had little doubt that their course was the right one. It looked like the Austin High School Gang all over again.



The youngsters were growing musically, too, as their recordings of 1947-8 on Rampart revealed. By this time, the group had added the Bunk Johnson-like cornet of Jerry Blumberg and the conservative trombone of Bob Mielke to the front line. The derivative nature of the music they played and the borrowed styles of the players were offset by youthful vigor and highly imaginative use of traditional material. Their **Frog-I-More Rag**, for example, retained some of Morton's original flavor, captured a bit of King Oliver's ensemble spirit, and reflected the growing interest of the group in New York musicians like James P. Johnson, but still preserved the individual sound of the Bob Wilber Wildcats. Unlike the boisterous Oliver-cum-Ragtime that Lu Watters was concocting on the West Coast, the Wildcats' arrangements were smooth amalgams of New Orleans counterpoint, swing phrasing derived from Armstrong and Bechet, and the small band cohesion of numerous New York recording groups like those directed by Clarence Williams.

During this period, the Wildcats also recorded with Bechet (Columbia CL-836), but the dominant presence of the older man, while stimulating, reduced the Wildcats, including Wilber himself, to musical pawns. But Wilber himself, under Bechet's tutoring, had become a very skillful replica of Bechet. In fact, when the Wildcats disbanded in 1948, Bob travelled to Europe to join Mezz Messrow as a substitute for Bechet himself.

Meanwhile, Wilber's musical horizons were gradually expanding. Advanced mainstream musicians like Bud Freeman, Sid Catlett, Peanuts Hucko and Kenny Kersey, who recognized the musicianship and potential of this young reedman, sympathized with his aims and helped him to develop toward a less restricted style. When Wilber returned from Europe in 1948, he formed a band that was closer in idiom to early New York swing. The group featured the intense, jagged and highly skilled playing of trumpeter Henry Goodwin and trombonist Jimmy Archey. Only Dick Wellstood remained from the Wildcats, but he had played in a style close to the Harlem piano of James P. Johnson and Willie 'the Lion' Smith all along. By 1949, this well-knit little swing band had become the darling of the Boston traditionalists and had been tagged by several critics as one of the best small jazz bands of all time. Its repertoire included the inevitable Bechet specialties and early Ellington, but also Jelly Roll Morton and original treatments of dixieland warhorses. (Some examples of their work can be heard on Circle L-406, and the same band accompanied Bechet on Riverside RLP 12-216.) Bob Wilber had taken his kind of revivalism as far as he could without entering the more 'modern' worlds of Coleman Hawkins, Count Basie, and Lester Young. Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie still seemed a long distance away.

In 1950, apparently discontent with the basic dixieland formula, he broke up the successful band and went on alone. For the next few years, he was to work on the broadening of his musical sympathies and the development of a style more independent of Bechet. At least once, in late 1951, Wilber and Bechet traded ideas at a public jam session in New York. Bechet, who seemed to be trying to show his ex-pupil that the old way was still the best, was not pleased with Bob's efforts to bring his style up to date.

"Bobby's gone be-bop," sighed the old man, with both concern and resignation.

There is little recorded evidence of the difficulties that Wilber must have struggled with in shedding his Bechet-like vibrato and the mental file of musical patterns that he could draw on in improvising. (One glimpse of this process can be found on an otherwise dull 1951 jam session in which Bob played, issued on Riverside RLP 12-125.) He was in a sense, racing through the history of jazz as fast as his mind and fingers could take him.

In the early fifties, he studied with Lee Konitz, and he seemed to find in Lennie Tristano's ideas a musical philosophy to fill the void left by his rejection of Bechet's example. "There is plenty of emotional impact to be gotten from Parker, Tristano, etc., if the listener will allow himself to become as familiar with the techniques employed as he is with the techniques of Dixieland," he told Nat Hentoff in 1952.

But even before this decisive change in his career—which has the sound of a Hollywood success story, capped by the courageous decision of the artist, who had begun to feel cramped in the musical box he had built for himself—his development and work suggested a couple of rather sticky questions. Why hadn't Wilber's voice come through the Bechet camouflage earlier? Most serious jazzmen develop a sound that is recognizably individual almost from the beginning, however strongly they are influenced by older musicians. And why were Wilber's most attractive solos based on someone else's ideas? (For example, Bigard's on **The Mooche**, but usually Bechet's.) The answers, I believe, can be found in Wilber's later 'post-emancipation' recordings.

It was becoming increasingly clear that Bob Wilber functioned at his creative best when he operated within musical situations defined and structured by someone else's rules. It is unlikely that he would have recognized this fact at the time, for most young jazz musicians—particularly those trying to free themselves from the overwhelming influence of former idols—are convinced that musical dependence on others precludes artistic integrity.

After expanding his writing talents and playing abilities (most noticeably on tenor) in army dance bands, Bob returned to small group work in 1954 with a superb cooperative unit called The Six. Former associates Johnny Glasel, Eddie Hubble, and Eddie Phyfe, who also had grown from New Orleans jazz to contemporary music, joined Bob in an attempt to mix modern and traditional concepts. Musical compartmentalism in the minds of club owners and customers led to commercial failure for this crisp little band, but not before Wilber and Glasel demonstrated what could be done with an earnest group capable of drawing upon the entire history of jazz for its raw materials. Bob had found his way into the right medium for his special gifts—an electric, swinging, interpretive montage of jazz styles, past and present. The initial recording of The Six (Norgran MGN 25), which includes delightful examples of latter-day dixieland, touches of rhythm and blues, a bow to Count Basie, and a fling at contemporary voicing, contains some of Wilber's best work on record and is a fairly good representation of the biting trumpet work of Glasel, who seldom records as well as he plays

outside the studio.

In 1955, The Six now including trombonist Sonny Truitt and pianist Bob Hammer recorded nine tracks of modern jazz, with only slight overtones of earlier jazz styles (Bethlehem BCP-28). The result, though clean and reasonably spirited, sounds rather like an uninspired Al Cohn date for Victor from the same period—slick and uneventful. Wilber failed in his bid for consideration as a modern jazzman, and only proved interesting on his straightforward versions of slower lyrical pieces.

My suspicion that Wilber works best within a pre-defined framework is further confirmed by his arrangement of **When You're Smiling** for Ruby Braff (Bethlehem BCP-1032), which revives Lester Young's original tenor saxophone solo on this tune, fully scored for five saxophones. It is, thanks to Young's highly organized creative mind and Wilber's ability to synthesize what went before with what he wished to do, the most attractive written passage in the eight arrangements Wilber contributed to this album.

In the late fifties, probably because of economic necessity, Bob turned to dixieland again—this time as a member of the rather dreary house band at Eddie Condon's. His recordings during this period once more reveal a highly skilled musician who fails to be totally convincing in an environment of pure improvisation. On Wild Bill Davison's **"With Strings Attached"** (Columbia CL-983), Wilber's single featured solo is a carefully turned restatement of the late Irving Fazola's specialty, **My Inspiration**. One is reminded of the 18-year-old Wilber painstakingly reconstructing Sidney Bechet's solo on **China Boy** back in 1946.

In his most recent recordings, all for Classic Editions, Wilber takes another fling at modern jazz improvisation and writing; he participates in a couple of Music Minus One "dixieland" sessions (MMO 1009 and 1010) and turns up with one record that is his best since The Six cut its first album for Norgran.

Working with drummer Jim Chapin (**"Skin Tight,"** Classic Jazz CJ 7), Bob wrote several routine scores for a septet including Hank Jones, Urbie Green, Phil Woods, Wilbur Ware, and Jimmy Nottingham. His bland tenor, sounding curiously like Eddie Miller, seems bloodless next to the derivative but urgent alto of Woods and the full-bodied trombone of Green, although neither Woods nor Green are at their best on this date. Chapin's drums are prominent throughout, with unfortunate effects upon the cohesion and balance of the band. For his do-it-yourself dixieland sets, Wilber chose a more compatible group of men, including Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, and Vic Dickenson, but the purpose of the album—to provide accompaniment to living room instrumentalists—defeats any attempts by these superior performers to contribute more than a few fragmentary ideas.

A final album, **"The Music of Sidney Bechet"** (Classic Jazz CJ 5), could be significant, a milestone in the undulating career of jazzman Bob Wilber. First, it marks a mature acknowledgment in musical terms by Wilber of the important role of Bechet in determining the dimensions of his improvising abilities. It also demonstrates that he has grown away from his former teacher far enough to risk returning to Bechet's music on Wilber's terms. Further, it may show that Wilber is finally confronting the realization that his own artistic worth

must hang on something more than his own creations. The compositions of Bechet are ideal, solidly built vehicles to rescue Wilber from modern clichés and the lethargy of contemporary dixieland, both of which threaten, on most of his recordings, to make him a faceless "professional" rather than the valuable contributor to jazz that he can and should be.

The Bechet tunes, which include **Georgia Cabin, Ghost of the Blues, When the Sun Sets Down South, Where Am I?** and **Spreadin' Joy**, are performed in a low-key but timeless "mainstream" manner. They are most engaging melodies that deserve the fond attention given them by Sidney's former protégé. A couple of Bechet's matchless structures—**Blue Horizon** is one—are left intact and played note-for-note by Wilber without imitation and without loss of freshness or character. The pianist, incidentally, is once again Dick Wellstood, who also has struggled to reconcile the language of modern jazz with an essentially traditional outlook. Dick Cary (trumpet and alto horn) and Vic Dickenson (trombone) bring appropriate historical insight and broad musical perspective to this session. Bob plays clarinet, tenor, and bass clarinet with finesse, warmth, and more enthusiasm than he ordinarily reveals.

With the musical success of this album, it remains to be seen if Bob Wilber can match or surpass these efforts on his next try. If he works from inner-directed urges, as he appears to have done on the Bechet set, we can expect first-rate jazz. Should he again attempt to join the ranks of top modern blowing reedmen, he may defeat himself. It's a strange diagnosis to hand down for a thirty-two-year-old musician, but Bob Wilber appears to be in the psychological situation of Bud Freeman, Vic Dickenson, and scores of other older men whose orientation is traditional but who have no desire to anchor their musical achievement in the past alone. An important difference, however, is that Freeman, Dickenson, etc. have powerful voices of their own, while Wilber's work usually carries maximum impact when it reflects or is combined with someone else's mode of expression. In short, his own style, unsupported, is not as impressive as, say, the Bechet style he once played so well.

Does this mean that Bob Wilber—and other jazzmen who may share his kind of predicament—must choose between first class imitation and second class originality? Perhaps not, if the two approaches can be effectively combined, as they are in this new album of Bechet tunes. Wilber is, after all, a remarkably mature musician for his years in many ways, and a most inventive one in any of several prescribed areas of jazz expression. That he is a classicist and outside the main arena of jazz competition is certainly no disgrace. There is a place for enlightened revivalism when it is handled by a sensitive craftsman such as Wilber. The Bob Crosby band of the thirties, for example, combined elements of New Orleans jazz and contemporary swing with considerable success, largely because the musicians and arrangers in the band recognized their unique potential and knew what to do about it. Bob Wilber's latest recording suggests that he, too, has assessed his strengths and weaknesses with honest accuracy. If so, there should be more excellent, if not precedent-shattering, jazz to come from this remarkable young man.

RECORD REVIEWS

ERNESTINE ANDERSON: "The Fascinating Ernestine." Mercury MG 20492.

Just a Sittin' and a Rockin'; A New Town is a Blue Town; **Stompin' at the Savoy**; Nature Boy; **Fascinating Rhythm**; My Heart Belongs to Daddy; **I Wish I Was Back in My Baby's Arms**; Harlem Nocturne; **Beale Street Blues**; Nobody's Heart; **I Got Rhythm**.

Although there are definite traces of some of her contemporaries in her work, Miss Anderson seems to have avoided the worst excesses of most of them, and the most serious defect here is the usual—almost mandatory—tendency to alter melodic line for no good reason. She does have a big voice, and at times shows remarkable restraint, especially when one considers what the competition is doing.

On **Just a Sittin' and a Rockin'** she raises the opening phrase and levels it out a bit, otherwise the tune remains more or less intact; once you get used to it it sounds good this way. In many ways this is the most successful track, with a good arrangement (Gigi Gryce, I imagine, although the notes don't say who arranged what), Benny Golson paying brief but pleasantly direct homage to Ben Webster, and a bright, jaunty rhythm section. Pacheco's conga drum, which gets in the way elsewhere, contributes agreeably. Ernestine does very well by **A New Town**, a good song with difficult intervals, but her approach on **Nature Boy** is too heavy for the song. **Stompin' at the Savoy**, which lasts all of a hundred and ten seconds, has

another nice arrangement and effortless Ernestine, complete with key-change. Golson and Jimmy Cleveland shout each other down grappling for the tiny solo spot. Despite someone's unfortunate decision to tinker with the melody, making merely cute what had had functional beauty, **Fascinating Rhythm** is another successful track. It's a minor tour de force for Ernestine, and Ernie Royal's beautifully poised trumpet must have achieved exactly what the arranger had in mind. **Beale Street**, apart from one attractive orchestrated line, has an old-timey arrangement that sounds as though somebody's heart wasn't in it, and a disturbing faltering rhythm section. Songs as good as **Nobody's Heart** are potent and should be marked 'approach with caution or leave alone'. Ernestine's assault leaves it pretty limp. The title-phrase, for example, occurs four times, but is sung correctly only once. I can't imagine why. None of Ernestine's variations seem to me improvements on what was written and none of them say anything as jazz. The closing line ("... belongs to me today") is a glorious inspiration, has the last six syllables held to one note, is sung that way the first time, but the second (and final) time it isn't. A mediocre vocal chorus is introduced part way through to add a touch of "production."

After all these years it must be difficult to decide just what to do with **I Got Rhythm**. Ernestine takes a medium tempo over one of those hysterical neo-Basie arrangements. On the second "yes, I got starlight", she starts to get a real blues feel, but she dissipates it in the next line. This track is a bigger disappointment than some of the others because it could obviously have been so much better.

Peter Turley

ART BLAKEY and THE JAZZ MESSENGERS: "The Big Beat". Blue Note 4029.

Lee Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Art Blakey, drums.
The Chess Players; Sakeena's Vision; **Politely**; Dat Dere; **Lester Left Town**; It's Only A Paper Moon.

If this new lp is representative, the present Messengers are much more a soloist's band than those Blakey has led in the past. Zita Carno noted the need for cooperation among members of the rhythm section in achieving the rhythmic excitement that has been the group trademark, but pianist and drummer are not conspirators here. Timmons is extremely subdued (in contrast to his voluble solo work) while Blakey generally keeps time, sometimes inserting a heavy back beat. Such uhm-chck-ing is devastating to the

sanctified intentions of **Dat Dere** (which has enough of a handicap in its 4:4 time signature); it turns out to be more a march than anything else. The main interest is in the hornmen who play with consistent buoyancy. Morgan's humorous and sometimes daring fancies clearly show that original ideas can stand on their own merits without originality of style. His attempts at "building" a solo are not always successful—too often exploring variations of an idea rather than its implications—but there is an energy and drive that says "he came to play." Wayne Shorter's work is newer to most of us than Morgan's. Having heard two passionate but unproductive sets at Birdland recently, I was (how to say this without sounding superior?) especially pleased with his showing on this lp. On **Dat Dere** and especially at the beginning of his own **Chess Players** he plays hand-to-mouth, each note chosen for its relationship to the preceding one and not for mere coloration of a passage. The ideas grow organically when he plays like this and the notes paint the whole picture rather than filling colors in an already existing outline—like using a child's coloring book.

The material on the record varies. **Chess Players** and **Politely** are old stories (the latter is Bill Hardman's heist of Silver's **Soulville**) but **Lester Left Town** and **Sakeena's Vision** are definitely original melodically and **Vision** even has changes that are somewhat off the beaten track. In the Messengers' style, solos are on chords alone and the chords are not extraordinary. It would be unrealistic to expect a drastic change on these two tracks. We don't cavil; we settle for modes and dig Wayne's writing. On **Paper Moon** Lee Morgan's melody statements and solo are both good. The first four bars of Shorter's second chorus stand out glaringly from the rest of his solo and illustrate his "organic" style perfectly.

David Lahm

CLIFFORD BROWN: "Jazz Immortal". Pacific Jazz PJ-3-837.

Clifford Brown, trumpet; Zoot Sims, tenor; Bob Gordon, baritone; Stu Williamson, valve trombone; Russ Freeman, piano; Carson Smith or Joe Mondragon, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.
Tiny Capers; Gone With The Wind; **Finders Keepers**; Blueberry Hill; Joy Spring; **Bones For Jones**; Bones For Zoot; **Dahoud**.

Clifford Brown's performance on this 1954 recording shows little of the high-spirited élan that was to characterize his work with Max Roach. Within the framework of some rather shallow arrangements by Jack Montrose, Brownie plays a competent but lacklustre date. Zoot Sims is his dependable, effervescent self, but with a thinner tone than one

might desire. It's easy to see now, in retrospect, how much his playing has improved and developed in recent years. Bob Gordon's baritone is quite good in places (especially *Gone With The Wind*) but his talent seems to have been restricted by his surroundings, stuffed into the routine of the slick California export that inundated the record markets in the middle fifties.

Dahoud and **Joy Spring** are much better in later versions, the former on Brownie's Birdland date with Lou Donaldson and the latter on EmArcy with Max Roach. **Bones For Zoot**, as might be expected, is a head blues. **Tiny Capers**, **Finders Keepers**, **Bones For Jones**, and **Blueberry Hill** are over-arranged in what used to be referred to quaintly as the 'contrapuntal' style of writing. Brownie's solo on **Finders Keepers**, with its Navarro-out-of-Sonny Berman overtones, gives some indication of his early obligations. The short, sequential phrases that he uses in the opening bars of **Finders Keepers** and in the release of **Blueberry Hill** were also to become recognizable trademarks of his later recordings. For some unapparent reason the rhythm section plods along like a team of old nags. The recorded sound of the bass is hardly there, and the expected inter-relationship never comes off. Like much of the Coast music of this period, the mechanical efficiency is overwhelming, and the musical spirit of minor interest.

Only the presence of Clifford Brown and Zoot Sims gives this record its significance. As an episode in Brown's short history—for that reason alone—it is valuable.

Don Heckman

DONALD BYRD and JACKIE McLEAN:
"Jackie McLean Quintet".
Jubilee VJLP 1064.

Donald Byrd, trumpet (except on track 1); Jackie McLean, alto; Mal Waldron, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Ronald Tucker, drums. **Loverman**; **It's You or No One**; **The Way You Look Tonight**; **Blue Doll**; **Little Melonae**; **Mood Malody**.

JACKIE McLEAN. "New Soil."
Blue Note BLP 4013.

Donald Byrd, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto; Walter Davis Jr., piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Pete La Rocca, drums. **Hip Strut**; **Minor Apprehension**; **Greasy**; **Sweet Cakes**; **Davis Cup**.

These two records show the progress young musicians can make over a period of four years. Practice and experience have been repaid to the full. On the second set Byrd is no longer the stiff-jointed acrobat; his tone sings loud and clear throughout the range of the horn, and his invention has more than kept pace

with his improved technique. Some of his runs recall the breathless flow of Navarro's, though they never vibrate with the same elegaic spell; Byrd has now a buoyant rashness we would never have expected. His delicacy on **Blue Doll** and **It's You or No One** hardly foreshadows the exuberant, forcing attack on "New Soil."

Expansion rather than change has been his purpose; the first two choruses on **Greasy** are restrained in his earlier manner, but at the third he leaps boldly into the top register and then holds the tension. The familiar cascading lines are still prominent, but slurred notes and short, stabbing riffs have begun to play an important role in his melodies. There is not a hint of the blandness technical confidence will sometimes bring. McLean too has matured. He has always been at home in the lower reaches of the horn, and now his sound is richer than ever. **Hip Strut**, the blues with choruses alternating between straight and stop time, shows how he can set these long low notes one against the other for an atmosphere of intense brooding. The same sustained notes have their place at up-tempo too, as **Minor Apprehension**, a re-titling of **Minor March**, shows. His disdain for symmetrical phrasing is as evident as on the earlier record, but his style is sparer. Inessentials have been clipped away, but the pruning has been done carefully. He never sounds inhibited; one feels that respect for economy has been his servant rather than his master. And if McLean is now a more personal musician than in 1955 it is not only because he discarded derivative phrases; many of his own phrases have also gone.

The progress Byrd and McLean have made is self-evident; but the earlier record does have qualities that are not to be found on the Blue Note set. **Loverman**, **Little Melonae** and **Blue Doll** offer a slender, shuddering fragility whose charm outweighs the immaturity in construction and control. Listen to McLean's lead in to **Blue Doll** and you will see what I mean. And there are times on this record when all three soloists surprise and delight us with the quintessence of a mood. "New Soil" is the superior album, and its greater compactness does not rest on the power and assurance of the hornmen alone. La Rocca, a drummer as audacious as Elvin Jones though not quite so confident, sees to it that the most exciting aspect of jazz development over the past decade—rhythmic and melodic tension within the group—figures as largely here as on any contemporary recording. Such is the profusion of accents and cross-rhythms that the basic meter often seems to flow through a vacuum; but each performance swings hard.

While there are no awkward

blue note

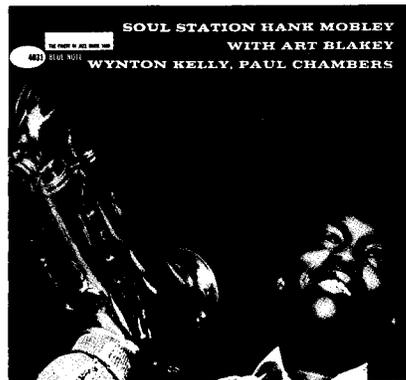
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transitions from theme to solo chorus, each tune has a character of its own. McLean wrote **Hip Strut** and **Minor Apprehension**, Walter Davis, as deliberate a composer as pianist, the rest. Fastidious listeners will regret the ersatz boogie bass on **Greasy**, the only real lapse of thematic decorum; others will be amused by its breezy vulgarity.

Michael James

JOHN CARISI: "The New Jazz Sound of Show Boat". Columbia CL 1419. Barry Galbraith, Jimmy Raney, guitars; Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Phil Woods, alto sax; John Carisi, trumpet; other personnel unlisted.

Arranged and conducted by John Carisi, except **Can't Help Lovin' That Man** arranged by Brookmeyer.

Make Believe; Nobody Else But Me; I Might Fall Back On You; I Have The Room Above Her; Bill; Can't Help Lovin' That Man; Life Upon The Wicked Stage; Ol' Man River; Why Do I Love You?; I Still Suits Me.

It has been some eleven years since Johnny Carisi's **Israel** was recorded by the Miles Davis Nonet. For a composition that consisted of an introduction, seven minor blues choruses and an ending, it received a remarkable amount of attention. André Hodeir has said of its melodic language and orchestration, "the most remarkable side [of the compositions recorded for Capitol] is probably **Israel**, which offers a rather astonishing renewal of the blues." Despite this sort of critical superlative, Carisi's activities as a jazz composer in the years that followed were poorly documented to say the least. It even became fashionable to blame this on a & r men, to deride their apparent refusal to give Carisi a hearing.

It seems to me neither logical nor realistic to consider Carisi an important innovator on the basis of one work, four choruses of which consist mostly of solos. Carisi's real skills seem much more apparent on this new Columbia release. His forte is harmonic ingenuity, finely-crafted orchestration and, most important, melodic variation that does not lose the thread of the original theme.

I am not particularly sympathetic to his decision to use the guitar choir in sax section voicings. The blandness of tone quality is one of the major faults of the record. If guitars are not going to be used for all their own attributes, then why not use saxes? The one track that **does** depart from block voicing, **I Still Suits Me**, sounds dangerously close to rock 'n roll . . . clanging low string triplets sound pretty bad on guitar, no matter who plays them.

Nobody Else But Me and **Bill** are good, low-keyed renditions, outstanding for Carisi's trumpet, especially his fine muted solo on

Nobody. Brookmeyer's best work is on **I Might Fall Back On You**, a gutsy **Ol' Man River** and **Can't Help Lovin' That Man**. The choir works exceptionally well as a unit on **Make Believe** and **I Might Fall Back On You**. **Life Upon the Wicked Stage** most accurately captures the spirit of the original material, something that seems neglected in the other charts.

Carisi gives evidence here that he deserves consideration as a good, commercial jazz orchestrator. Certainly he handles this assignment as well as, or better than, the names in the field. This may be the outlet he has needed all along.

Don Heckman

JOHN COLTRANE: "Blue Train". Blue Note 1577.

John Coltrane, tenor; Lee Morgan, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Kenny Drew, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Blue Train; Moment's Notice; Locomotion; I'm Old Fashioned; Lazy Bird.

"Giant Steps". Atlantic 1311.

John Coltrane, tenor; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Giant Steps; Cousin Mary; Countdown; Spiral; Syeeda's Song Flute; Mr. P. C.

Wynton Kelly for Flanagan and Jimmy Cobb for Taylor Naima.

The older Blue Note lp is from the period when Coltrane first brought all the elements of his style together. His playing throughout is exceptionally stimulating and alive, and the listener can witness a celebration of vital musicianship and delight in the act of playing.

The style which emerges is, of course, based on arpeggios and in his explorations of chords; while he is bound by the changes, he nevertheless produces an often startling impression of freedom. He is also gifted with a sense of time which permits sometimes unrelenting sixteen note patterns that sound precisely right, often floating quite freely without ever seeming to force the tempo. Philly Joe Jones blends easily and deftly with him by placing his accents to set Coltrane in relief.

Blue Train is rewarding Coltrane.

The tenor solo constantly surprises the listener with its variegated texture and is heightened by the twists and turns of rhythm by Coltrane and Jones. And his line achieves a cumulative expressiveness. The forcefulness of his tone (where did people get the idea that he has an angry sound?) is entirely appropriate to his melodic and rhythmic ideas.

The same sort of vitality is evident in most of his playing on that record. **Locomotion** and **Moment's Notice** are nearly equally distinguished, and on them what may seem anarchic or even chaotic at first soon exhibits an almost crafty care.

On **I'm Old Fashioned** his embellishments are deceptively simple. Attention discloses that they highlight the rhythmic subtlety with which he recasts the line. Only in **Lady Bird** does he disappoint: the effect is of a routine running of the changes.

Much of the Atlantic recording, it seems to me, is a different proposition. The élan and the aura of wonderful outrage have been partially dissipated. A great deal of his playing seems rhythmically dull and disconcerting; the radical flights away from the beat are mostly absent and in their place is a tameness. Also, the feeling of freedom with the chords has vanished and he seems more bound by the changes.

His solo on **Giant Steps** particularly shows a rhythmic stiffness and melodic tameness. He does not construct any real line with the arpeggios. The same is true of **Countdown** which seems to be only a very sophisticated exercise on the chords. **Mr. P. C.** and **Spiral** have similar flaws.

Cousin Mary and **Syeeda's Song Flute** show his real talent. **Cousin Mary** features definite rhythmic flow and almost gets a consistent line going. **Syeeda's Song Flute** has some really fine moments rhythmically and he establishes some of his old feeling of authority with the chords, but he seems, finally, to lack definition and direction.

On the lovely **Naima** he succeeds completely in developing a coherent, balanced solo; everything is right enough to deserve all praise and homage. The delicacy and skill with which he works on the splendid thematic material, the nuances of accent and tone so knowingly applied, are the product of an original and important talent.

Basically most of his work on the Atlantic lp seems to show a cautiousness that is alien to his art. It shows especially in his tone which seems almost flat and colorless compared to the sound he had previously made his own.

Tommy Flanagan plays crisply and well, but it is Wynton Kelly's brilliant work on **Naima** that captures the piano honors for the record. Phil Chambers is a model of rectitude and discretion. I think that Art Taylor's unbending accompaniments may have contributed to the general rhythmic tameness.

H. A. Woodfin

WALTER DAVIS, JR.: "Davis Cup".

Blue Note 4018.

Donald Byrd, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto; Walter Davis, Jr., piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

'Smack It; Loodle-Lot; Sweetness; Rhumba Nhumba; Minor Mind; Millie's Delight.

The spirit of Horace Silver is to be found everywhere on this set,

and both instrumentally and in composition, Davis is an apt pupil. His playing often has the frenetic quality, although his solos are slightly better constructed. Nevertheless, the lack of original material in his playing is apparent; and the charts have a pale derivative cast. Jackie McLean continues to show a rhythmic rigidity (he sometimes appears to be trying to go Coltrane's way), and, for me, his tone has an unrelieved stridency. Donald Byrd's solo work here is plagued still by lack of a definite conception. Rhythmically his playing demonstrates a commendable flexibility and command even at very fast tempos. But this cannot compensate for his failures in melodic invention. This is one of Art Taylor's happier sessions. An extremely uneven performer, Taylor is in complete command here and displays both tact and taste. I think his support of Byrd on *Millie's Delight* is a good enough example of his skill to convince anyone.

H. A. Woodfin

WILBUR DePARIS: "Something Old, New, Gay, Blue." Atlantic 1300. Wilbur DeParis, trombone; Sidney DeParis, cornet; Doc Chatham, trumpet; Omer Simeon, clarinet; Sonny White, piano; Lee Blair, John Smith, banjo; Hayes Alvis, bass; Wilbert Kirk, drums and harmonica. **Panama Rag;** Beale Street Blues; **Madeira;** Bouquets; **Banjolie;** Muskrat Ramble; **Colonel Bogey's March;** High Society.

When I began listening to Omer Simeon on records, conventional wisdom had it that he was, along with Dodds, Noone and Bechet, one of the great New Orleans clarinetists, that his best recorded work was with Jelly Roll Morton ('Jelly's favorite clarinetist'), and that as a result of his many years with Earl Hines (not to mention Henderson and Lunceford) his clarinet playing no longer was as great as it had been in the twenties, either because a big band was no place to preserve, let alone develop, the kind of playing New Orleans ensemble demands, or because too much alto saxophone playing had spoiled his clarinet style. Conventional wisdom has taken quite a beating in the last few years, and I'm not sure how well any of these ideas stand up today. For one thing, it turned out that Simeon wasn't a New Orleans clarinetist at all—at least in the way we had thought—having gotten his musical education in Chicago. And yet, I still go along with conventional wisdom—to a certain extent; I think that Simeon was a great clarinet player in the twenties, particularly with Morton, and I also think that somewhere along the line he lost what had made him great, although he certainly kept all of his

facility and that fine, edgy Creole tone. Simeon joined Wilbur DeParis around 1952. Naturally as the great figure in the band Simeon was featured; on the present lp, which presents the mixture as before (if you've heard one DeParis lp you've heard them all), he has in addition to all the ensemble spots, plenty of solos, not one of them less than competent, but not one of them noteworthy, possibly because he no longer gave a damn. The DeParis band can be fun to listen to in concert (except for their infamous 'M Island' series of tunes, suitable for the soundtrack for the glorious technicolor short, **Enchanted M, A Tourist's Paradise**); **Colonel Bogey's March** is a good example of the kind of entertainment they can furnish. In person they had a kind of presence that makes even Sidney's growl horn exciting. On record, however, the gimmicky arrangements which manage to make even substantial material like **Beale Street Blues** trivial, trashy 'originals' like **Bouquets**, and the terribly cute routines are something else again. I have long suspected, although how one could prove it I don't know, that the band is at least half phoney. When I have Wilbur's disarming comments I don't mind being put on; listening to a record I do mind their thumbing their noses at the tradition, simply because while they can't get inside the repertory they play, they refuse to chance anything else. In such a context, I never did expect anything much from Omer Simeon. But any critical comments on my part are supererogatory: Wilbur DeParis has written his own liner notes in which, in addition to speaking about "jazz . . . the most potent weapon America has in these troubled times", he rates the album himself. "I hereby give it four stars", he says; I assume he means out of a possible ten.

J. S. Shipman

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of this lp is Omer Simeon's ability to improvise a shapely melodic line however banal the context: the clarinet solo on **Colonel Bogey's March**, set between the unbelievable theme statement and a ludicrous harmonica showed Simeon's flair for detachment. Wilbur de Paris' band, to judge from this record, gave him ample opportunity to exercise his gift.

These performances show no real artistic conception. It is a truism that New Orleans style depends on unity, a quality that this group lacks. Instead we have a collection of unrelated parts glued together arbitrarily and disconcertingly. The scope of the band's repertory is not to be denied; but this has nothing to do with expressive range. Even

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if we pass over the saccharine melodies of **Madeira** and **Bouquets**, Lee Blair's absurd **tour de force**, and the use of harmonica in a setting altogether foreign to the instrument's character, there remains a more serious weakness: the unbending stiffness of the rhythm. In **Panama Rag** Sonny White's piano solo shows more than a little imagination, but is spoiled by the thudding monotony of the beat. But though Sidney de Paris' solo on the same tune is spirited, he is only a mediocre ensemble player. His thin tone in the upper register and eccentric placing of notes prevent the texture from being as rich as it should be. Compared with his brother, though, the cornetist stands out as a consistently inspired musician. As a purveyor of the obvious Wilbur de Paris might have made a brilliant career in modern journalism. Technically sure as he may be, his solo work shows an appetite for the commonplace that does much to explain the vulgarity of this record as a whole.

Michael James

PAUL DESMOND: "First Place Again". Warner Brothers W 1356.

Paul Desmond, alto; Jim Hall, Guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

I Get a Kick Out of You; For All We Know; **2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West**; Greensleeves; **You Go to My Head**; East of the Sun; **Time After Time**.

Paul Desmond has had no end of recognition from poll voters, but one often feels that the real nature of his talent has lacked appreciation. This record with Desmond away from the somewhat oppressive atmosphere of the Brubeck quartet, should, in any but the worst of possible worlds, earn him enough informed praise to compensate. At any rate, he establishes himself here definitely as one of the voices on his instrument.

The most obvious characteristics of his style are the gentle tone with a deftly controlled and managed vibrato, and the long lyrical lines. But the way these qualities are used is most impressive, for his lines are not long just from fashion and the tone is not gentle from a lack of vigor. The lines are long because the content requires them to be long, and his sound is amazingly expressive and tough in its own way. I think his work on **2 Degrees East, 3 Degrees West** is a good place to start with; the real strength of the man is quite apparent, and his startling and gratifying transformation of the line in his third chorus is quite convincing. For a remarkable example of loving, extended lyricism, **For All We Know** is nearly flawless. His line has gentleness and the sheer melodic

force to make it a thing of singing beauty. Desmond is a very subtle cooker on **I Get a Kick Out of You** where his variations are memorable. However, the record is not Desmond's alone. The rhythm team of Heath and Kay is a perfect partnership. They understand each other, the tunes, and Desmond. Kay's support is consistently right, and he shades, accents, and seems to stimulate Desmond's thought. His 3/4 work on **Greensleeves** is splendidly subtle. Heath shows again his relaxed but driving fluidity. Jim Hall acts as foil for Kay and Heath; he interacts with them to make a rhythmic ground on which Desmond stands. His efforts here as a soloist are executed with aplomb, but they seem to me to lack a basic conception—a small flaw in an indispensable recording.

H. A. Woodfin

"HARRY EDISON Swings BUCK CLAYTON and Vice Versa".

Verve MG V-8293.

Harry Edison, Buck Clayton, trumpets; Jimmy Forrest, tenor; Jimmy Jones, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Joe Benjamin, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Memories For the Count; **Come With Me**; **Critic's Delight**; Oh, How I Hate To Get Up In the Morning; **It All Depends On You**; **Charmaine**; **How Long Has This Been Going On**; **Makin' Whoopee**.

As John Hammond says in the notes, "It is wonderful to know that twenty years later both musicians are still at the height of their powers." The changes in jazz during the last two decades make the difference between them seem less striking than it once seemed, but it is still there.

Sweets plays the more aggressive style, with a harder, tighter sound. Remembering his turbulent outpourings on the first **Sent For You Yesterday**, it seems to me that his style has become more relaxed. A calming with maturity, perhaps, as with Roy? Aware of today's artistic climate (compound of concert hall snobism and rock 'n' roll vulgarity) in which he must work, Sweets has developed a few identifying tricks, notably that of the repeated note. The crying kind occurs in his solo **Memories For the Count**, paraphrased immediately by sturdy rolls from Charlie Persip. On **Critic's Delight** we hear the remorseless, pushing kind, followed by a quote from **Five O'Clock Whistle**. Sweets and Jimmy Forrest have tossed these gags around at Birdland to determine, a regular habitué suggests, whether the other is listening. Buck's style is more pliant, his vibrato more poignant. One might say that there was more "soul" in his playing, that Sweets' was the "hotter". But it is almost as though the same deeply felt emotions were glimpsed

through a veil of sophistication. His "break" at the beginning of the second chorus on the up-tempo **Come With Me** is a break through an outward serenity. Apart from this, the solo is a good example of the way lyricism and violence are married in Buck's flowing conceptions. With this and Benny Green's Raecox record, Jimmy Forrest should begin to acquire more of the attention he deserves. He has a big, powerful tone, plenty of vitality, and a good feeling for the beat. He shows considerable familiarity with modern changes and adopts a suitable tone when phrasing in the contemporary manner, but whatever he blows comes out swinging. On the ballad **Charmaine**, he exhibits a lusher, more sentimental approach.

Joe Benjamin's bass, a great source of strength throughout, provides a simple figure in the release of **Makin' Whoopee** that accomplishes a highly artistic effect. Jimmy Jones plays with his customary finesse. If Charlie Persip's phrasing is not always in keeping with that of the horns, he usually supplies drive nevertheless.

Stanley Dance

RED GARLAND: "Red Alone."

Prestige/Moodsville, Volume 3.

When Your Lover Has Gone; These Foolish Things; **My Last Affair**; You Are Too Beautiful; **I've Got It Bad**; The Nearness Of You; **Nancy With The Laughing Face**; When I Fall In Love.

This lp might be reviewed with a Mickey Spillane paragraph. "She was curled up on the couch in a wispy nightgown. The fi was on softly; Red Garland. The mood was right. I crossed to where she waited." But Prestige enjoins us to accept Garland's playing as "a welcome departure from mood music" and "honest jazz performances of ballads." Apparently, Prestige either wants to market a mood series (in which case, it is obviously better to have jazz musicians play mood music than mood musicians) or they want to do some guys a favor and let them "just relax and play the tunes they like." Jazz, especially as it grows less functional, would appear to have aims that include challenging an audience. Mood music, on the other hand, is supposed to provide "nice" sounds while the listener's mind turns to more important things.

The annotator finds some relevance in the fact that "some of jazz" moments of purest musical truth [are achieved] when good jazz musicians [play] tunes at slow and medium tempos. It is perhaps no accident that Coleman Hawkins' most famous recording is his **Body and Soul**, no accident that Miles Davis rose to the great popularity he now enjoys through his lyrical performances of ballads." Miles communicates through

intensity. At any tempo.

There is very little improvisation on "Red Alone." A few linear passages, a run here or there, and a few tracks which start in wah-wah octaves and culminate in bombast make up the record.

To keep up the beat, Garland tries swing bass on **When Your Lover Has Gone** and **I Got It Bad**; the effect is worse than monotonous. His hands act independently with no sign of using the left hand to enhance the lead line. This applies to most of his other recordings too, but on them he used block chords for color. On "Red Alone", Garland introduces them occasionally but abandons them, perhaps because he doesn't always seem to find it easy to swing solo.

David Lahm

BILL HENDERSON. Vee Jay LP1015. **Joey; You Make Me Feel So Young; Love Locked Out; Moanin'; Sweet Pumpkin; Free Spirits; Bye Bye Blackbird; It Never Entered My Mind; Bad Luck; The Song Is You; My Funny Valentine; This Little Girl of Mine.** Accompanied by an unlisted jazz quintet.

In this critic-dominated era of jazz, when things that people once discussed casually, if at all, have become "problems", there has been little discussion of the "problem" of the jazz singer. Perhaps it is just as well; I have a suspicion that no one knows what a jazz singer is. One comes no closer to a definition than a list of names—Bessie Smith, of course, and Billie Holiday, and Louis Armstrong (if he isn't singing jazz, then what is he doing up there?). Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington, and Billy Eckstine, apparently, are jazz singers at some times and not at others—this, apparently, is more a matter of material and accompaniment than of the singing itself. Also, there is Frank Sinatra, who is generally called a semi-jazz singer, which, if we follow any kind of standard vocabulary, would place him in the same general category as the Australian Jazz Quartet or even **Rhapsody in Blue**. That doesn't seem to be right. So, what is a jazz singer? I am no closer to the answer than anyone else, but it might be good to set down a few basics which are so simple that they might be overlooked. There is still a question as to the balance between the creative and the interpretive in jazz, but the singer, by the nature of what he does, is more interpreter and less creator than another musician. He is singing lyrics—in other words, he is interpreting another person's story. But the question must eventually boil down to one of individual identity—soul, perhaps, whatever that is, but personality certainly.

It is the lyricist's story originally, but then it must become the singer's, and he must make it the story of the audience. (Freud once said something to the effect that genius consisted in how closely your private problems come in currency with the mass.) Take, for example, a very good melody with a fairly banal lyric: "Was I gay, till today? Now she's gone and we're through, Am I blue?" That is stated simply enough, and is a common situation, except for the "today". But Billie Holiday and Ray Charles, whose reservoir of pain is an ever-present thing, are able to give the song the immediacy of "today," and not too many other singers can. And since most lyrics are on that level, excepting those of such men as Hart and Porter, it becomes the task of the singer to bring a poignant immediacy to an otherwise banal situation. It could be called rising above material, or personality, or even artistry. And it cannot—note Bobby Darin—be faked. Everything else—technique, vocal quality, swing (Mabel Mercer does not swing), and the jazz feel, are incidental.

Which brings me to Bill Henderson. He sings beautifully, has impressive technique, a jazz feel that is perhaps a little too heavily laid on, and an enviable choice of material, but the current that passes from the depths of the singer's heart to the depths of his listener's—that ability, by the way, is perhaps the vocal ability that Ray Charles has—is lacking. It is worth everything else in the book, and it cannot be learned. It may not—and what will this do to the theorists?—come from blindness, or unfortunate love affairs. But they may help.

Joe Goldberg

J. J. JOHNSON: "First Place". Columbia CL 1030.

J. J. Johnson, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Max Roach, drums.

It's Only a Paper Moon; Paul's Pal; For Heaven's Sake; That Tired Routine Called Love; Be My Love; Cry Me a River; Nickels and Dimes; Commutation; Harvey's House.

"There is no element of outward display in Johnson's music and the extreme facility of movement is always utilized for an expressive purpose". These words by Max Harrison sum up the work of the trombonist admirably. Here are all the qualities one expects: the personal tone, the wealth of ideas, the complex rhythmic control, all presented with an assurance that gives these loosely organized solo sequences an unusual sense of completeness. Premeditated



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touches there are, of course: some clever introductions and careful allocation of choruses and chase passages. Nor does each rendition follow the same pattern; sometimes Flanagan will solo first, an apt arrangement with this kind of quartet. The performances, moreover, vary considerably in length. All these things are a part of the album's attractiveness, though none, needless to say, would be of any effect without each man's improvising skill. Johnson's is naturally the major voice. The extra polish he has acquired in recent years has been accompanied by a gradual change in the emotional character of his work. There are times here when he comes out with staccato witticisms, quirks of phrase that are significantly absent from the records made earlier. He is still capable of projecting sombre moods, as his lovely reading of **For Heaven's Sake** shows, but the evolution in content will be apparent to all those familiar with his previous recordings. This trend has meant no slackening of musical discipline at any tempo, his ideas are just as firmly related as before. Johnson never offered the urgency of a Bud Powell, but by the same token his work is relatively free of the vagaries to which the passionate artist is prone. **Harvey's House**, dramatic in atmosphere and strict in control, is more typical of this album than it might seem at first. Johnson's style always calls for a good rhythm section, for he bears down on the beat less frequently even than Dickie Wells; it would be hard to think of a more suitable complement to his work than the trio which supports him here. Chambers' excursions on the bow show commendable enterprise, but lack strength and precision. No such criticism could be made of his playing behind the soloists. Flanagan is not the man to trespass on Johnson's purlieu, but in his own choruses emerges as an extremely fluent stylist. His chief influence seems to be Al Haig, but dexterity, a delightful touch, and an individual sense of dynamics show that he is no mere copy. As for Roach, everything he does is exactly right, the result of an exquisite sensibility and many years' hard work.

Michael James

LEE MORGAN: "The Cooker". Blue Note 1578.

Lee Morgan, trumpet; Pepper Adams, baritone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. **A Night in Tunisia**; Heavy Dipper; **Just One of Those Things**; **Lover Man**; **New-ma**.

It would almost certainly be unfair

to regard Morgan's current style as mature, but records show that he is coming to grips with important problems. His solo on **Bongo Bop** on Curtis Fuller's recent United Artists release UAL 4041, is distinguished not only by graceful design but also by an apparently artless musical balance. Its structure actually seems to grow out of the tension between note and phrase, the personal sense of swing, and the bold inflections. In short, there is no separating formal devices from emotional content. While the arrangements and themes on the present album show a little more imagination than is usual with sessions of this kind, the record stands or falls by the leader's playing, and although it was made nearly three years ago he performs with great assurance. Even when he plays very fast legato phrases his notes are cleanly defined and his tone clear. At rapid tempo he revels in long, singing phrases that hang back momentarily from the beat only to uncoil ferociously, heightening their effect with sustained notes that waver appealingly. He uses riffs to push up the tension, deploys his pet runs intelligently, and is capable of occasional melodic invention in the most exact sense. All together, these features transmit a feeling, most evident on the first three tracks, of irrepressible enthusiasm. On **New-ma** his inflections are more audacious, his phrases less consistently effervescent, even terse at times. The sour undertones here hint at the evolution that has come since. Conversely **Lover Man** is unashamedly lyrical and displays his limpid tone to particularly good advantage. To say that Chambers and Jones work well together is gross understatement. The bassist's plucked solo on **New-ma** is excellent. Jones shows uncanny anticipation in accenting the improvised line and the texture of his cymbal work is a delight in itself. His breaks are splendid examples of controlled polyrhythm and also stress his concern with varying densities of sound. Timmons is an able and energetic accompanist but his solo ideas are commonplace and rather clash with the group conception. He has grown in confidence since the record was made. Adams has drive and a big harsh tone, but his muddy articulation inhibits the swing of his work; his ability to hold notes is insecure, and he is best at medium tempo. Morgan's delight in his technical ability leads him into the snare of undue repetition, but there is no escaping either the vigor or the surprising individuality he shows. Clifford Brown, Navarro and Gillespie suggest themselves as his models, but by September 1957 he

had got far beyond mere imitation. Besides being an interesting progress report the album contains some impressive passages.

Michael James

"GERRY MULLIGAN meets BEN WEBSTER". Verve MG V-8343.

Ben Webster, tenor; Gerry Mulligan, baritone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. **Chelsea Bridge**; **The Cat Walk**; **Sunday**; **Who's Got Rhythm**; **Tell Me When**; **Go Home**.

A friendly record; no track exceeds a brisk trot; no one tries to raise the temperature, and everything is nice and relaxed. Clearly a suitable mood for the principals. Webster and Mulligan rely on tone and their ability to bend or twist notes, and pay little heed to the normal concepts of linear invention. Webster, in particular, rarely plays anything that could be called a "run," and his solos, at least on the faster numbers, can be judged almost exclusively in terms of tonal variation. Lack of melodic development and climax robs his playing of much of its impact at these tempos, and even his exquisite time fails to alter the impression given of aimless jogging from one phrase to the next on **Sunday** and **Who's Got Rhythm**; on the other titles he is superb. **Tell Me When**, a ballad by Mulligan, features Webster floating over the rhythm section and embellishing the theme so gently that one is hardly aware he is embellishing. There is about as much superfluous elaboration in this solo as there is in the best of Louis Armstrong. On **Go home**, a slowish blues, he builds surely, his tone coarsening slightly but always under control. On one passage on **Chelsea Bridge**, having played beautifully, he indulges in one of his excessive breath-vibratos that I personally cannot take. Mulligan is less unorthodox. He hasn't got Webster's rhythmic ease or such a pliable sound. His tone is alternately gruff and hollow, and he uses this contrast with great skill, in much the same way as Webster does with his more varied tonal resources. Both men are excellent on **Go Home**, on the loping **Cat Walk** and on **Chelsea Bridge**, where Mulligan passes what must be the supreme test—a solo chorus sandwiched between two of Webster's. He is the more discursive improviser, sometimes prone to clichés but often striking unhackneyed melodic ideas with real imagination. Rowles, Vinnegar and Lewis are firm, dependable accompanists. Rowles has a few rather skittish solos that are nevertheless pleasant and quite unpredictable, while Vinnegar is heard and felt throughout. One

could describe him as the Ben Webster of the bass: what he does, he does remarkably. A friendly record, but honest, purposeful and full of conviction.

Ronald Atkins

HANK MOBLEY-LEE MORGAN:

"Peckin' Time." Blue Note 1574.

Lee Morgan, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

High and Flighty; Speak Low; Peckin' Time; Stretchin' Out; Git-Go Blues.

This is one of those apparently hastily put together blowing sessions which have become the standard product of jazz record companies. Hank Mobley plays throughout with his customary air of accomplishment and ability, but his solos run the changes with a dull rhythmic sense, and the result is a series of fragments all very much on one level.

Lee Morgan is something else again. Of the young trumpeters since Clifford Brown, I think Morgan is the most able. He has all the technique he can possibly use and a feel for rhythmic nuance and melodic construction. He is not just another cooking musician who knows the changes. His most obvious influence after Brown is Gillespie, but he has long since passed the stage when he could be considered a disciple; he has taken what he needed from Gillespie in high-speed agility and sonority. Morgan knows his own skill and is trying to work with forms and melodic constructions of some scope and extension. At present his sense of construction here is still somewhat cursory, but this fault seems to be passing. His work on this date is uneven. On three of the tracks he just makes the changes. However, **Speak Low** is an excellent example of extended melodic construction where each part of his solo fits neatly with the preceding parts, obviously the result of considerable effort and thought. On **Git-Go Blues** his flow of ideas sometimes flags, but the intent is there, and this track sets off Morgan's rhythmic style very well. He pushes hard and sets up a tension between his rhythm and that of the section, hitting slightly ahead of the beat and bending back into it.

In the rhythm section Wynton Kelly is disappointing; his solos are oddly disjointed, and Kelly is certainly far too talented a musician to work into a cul-de-sac of that sort. Paul Chambers is his usual unassuming self and carries on with another day's work. Charlie Persip sounds like Charlie Persip imitating Art Taylor imitating Art Blakey.

H. A. Woodfin

WES MONTGOMERY: "The Incredible Jazz Guitar." Riverside RLP 12-320.

Wes Montgomery, guitar; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Airegin; D-Natural Blues; Four On Six; In Your Own Sweet Way; Mister Walker; Gone With The Wind; West Coast Blues.

NAT ADDERLEY: "Work Song."

Riverside RLP 12-318.

Nat Adderly, cornet; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Bobby Timmons, piano; Sam Jones and Keter Betts, cello and bass; Percy Heath, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Work Song; Pretty Memory; I've Got A Crush on You; Mean To Me; Fallout; Sack of Woe; My Heart Stood Still; Violets For Your Furs; Scrambled Eggs.

Less than a year ago, I wrote an article concerning several fine jazz musicians living and working in comparative isolation in the Indianapolis area. One of these was David Baker, whose remarkable big band, barely surviving at this writing, remains "undiscovered" by any of the recording companies, despite the fact that everyone who hears the band, live or on tape, readily succumbs to language couched almost entirely in superlatives.

The other musician I wrote about with considerable enthusiasm was the guitarist Wes Montgomery. I subsequently discovered that no less an authority than Cannonball Adderley shared my enthusiasm. As a result of these and other favorable comments, Wes was soon signed to a recording contract and has since then produced two records as a leader and one as a side man for Riverside. When the first record appeared, the word immediately spread in the trade that it was a big disappointment and certainly did not live up to the "raves" one had heard.

I must confess that my own reaction to Wes' first Riverside lp was almost in the nature of a shock. And having written in **The Jazz Review** that Wes was "an extraordinarily spectacular guitarist", his playing was "unbearably exciting", that he "combines the perfect choice of notes with technical prowess" and other such choice morsels, I felt slightly foolish when that first record appeared.

Of course, discrepancies between "ear witness" reports and what finally appears on a record are as old as jazz itself. And it is an easy thing to sit back and assume that the report of a live performance must be exaggerated, and that a recording never lies. Undoubtedly, Wes' playing that night in Indianapolis—or the night Cannonball heard him—was special, and perhaps not to be captured on record grooves any time of day. It is well known that musicians often feel spurred on by the knowledge that someone out there in the audience

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(usually fellow musicians) is really understanding and appreciating their music. It tends to make them play over their heads. While I did not expect to hear that kind of feverish excitement on the first lp, I feel it was not necessary to strike at such an ordinary, complacent level. It is certainly not a secret that a cold acoustically "controlled" studio is worlds away from a barn-like overly resonant after-hours joint. It is no secret which of the two will make a musician "open up". Nor is it a secret that, given a trio which is a well integrated ensemble, it is sheer folly to pick out the leader of the group and spotlight him to the virtual exclusion of the other two players. (On the record Rhyme's bass lines on the organ—in other words the whole harmonic foundation—are just barely this side of audibility). It is also no secret that for musicians who thrive on playing long, competitive, intensity-building solos, it is foolish to box them in by limiting everyone's solos to one or two short choruses. In fact, in view of Wes' habit of building solos in a three part single-line-to-octave-to-block-chord pattern, three choruses are almost an absolute minimum. In view of the extreme confinements thus imposed upon Wes by Riverside, or perhaps by himself, it is amazing that any of the dynamism of this man's music survived. The utter naturalness of Wes' playing and musicianship are evident throughout. It is a naturalness—though different and perhaps on a different level—that makes me think of Milt Jackson, Dizzy Gillespie, Wes' colleague Jim Hall or Wes' major influence Charlie Christian. Such natural gifts will not be entirely smothered by even the deadest studio or most confining recording methods. But alas, the halo of excitement, unreserved joy, and revelry in his own instrumental prowess, with which mere natural gift can be further enhanced and brightened, are not to be found on the disc. Wes is that rare being, primarily a session, not a studio, player. Fortunately the second lp made under Wes' leadership fared somewhat better, although still not up to the totality of musical experience possible. Riverside decided to "let him wail" a little more, and the resultant music thrives on the freer atmosphere. If anyone should still doubt Wes' various abilities, I suggest they listen to this record. They will find first of all that, unlike hundreds of highly touted musicians (not to mention guitarists), Wes is not a scale and arpeggio player. His solos always have interesting contours and an unexpected choice of notes, as for example in Rollins' Airegin (Wes' second and third

choruses), Wes' own **D-natural Blues**, or in the driving solo on **Four On Six**. Throughout the lp Wes demonstrates his marvelous warmth and sense of tonal color,—a tonal color varied and fitted according to the character of the phrase. Notice for instance, the light transparent sound in the theme statement of **D-natural Blues**, or in **Four on Six** the tonal and rhythmic variety of Wes' fragmented comments behind Percy's walking solo. Aside from these tonal shadings, I find Wes' basic guitar sound continually arresting because it is warm, rich and earthy, unlike certain practitioners who strive for the cold, steely "electronic" sound. This personal warmth is heard to advantage on Brubeck's ballad **In Your Own Sweet Way**, which Wes sings out in both chordal and linear solos, and which is spoiled only by Flanagan's out of place oh-so-Garnerish solo. The last two tracks, **Mister Walker** and **Gone With The Wind** are unhappily disappointing. The first because it becomes embedded in its own inherent latin clichés, the second because Wes' long solo never takes off. It just continues unswervingly, emotionally disengaged, and is perhaps considerably hampered by Albert Heath's overly polite drumming (only on this track, as Albert acquits himself excellently in the other swinging numbers). For me the most successful track, however, is Wes' own **West Coast Blues**. It comes closer to achieving the excitement I heard in person in Indianapolis. The tune itself is very catchy, a funky twelve-bar blues cast in a 6/4 pattern. Wes' solo is long (nine choruses) and well constructed. It is a well-nigh flawless solo because every note seems thoroughly felt and fully resolved within the context. And it is climaxed by several intense choruses of triumphant, exultant block chords, in a way which is quite unique with Wes. By comparison, the Nat Adderley date is on a much lower artistic level. The record is mildly interesting because of the various cello solos of Sam Jones and Keter Betts, but the marvelous sonorous possibilities of guitar, cello and bass have really not been realized at all. And the cliché context of most of the tracks obviously took its toll on the various musical imaginations, including Wes Montgomery's. Nat Adderley's search for a style, floundering between imitations of Miles Davis (almost everywhere) and Lee Morgan (**Work Song, Fall Out**), not daring to break out of the official "soul" mannerisms, lowers a stifling blanket over the proceedings. Considering that most of the musicians involved are good musicians, this is indeed a

shame.

Gunther Schuller

DIZZY REECE: "Star Bright".

Blue Note 4023.

Dizzy Reece, trumpet; **Hank Mobley**, tenor; **Wynton Kelly**, piano; **Paul Chambers**, bass; **Art Taylor**, drums.

The Rake; **I'll Close my Eyes**; **Groovesville**; **The Rebound**; **I Wished on the Moon**; **A Variation on Monk**.

Although Reece should go on developing for some time, we can already distinguish what are likely to be some of his mature qualities. One is a concern with melodic and rhythmic variety. In his enterprising **Groovesville** solo, for example, the most striking feature is a diversity of phrase and of rhythmic pattern uncommon in this type of performance. However, he is not yet always able both to maintain this variety and produce a solo of overall unity. Even so, an intelligent use of dynamic contrasts, plus the fact that each phrase is firmly related to Taylor's propulsive beat, does give a cohesiveness to this improvisation.

His liking for wide intervals, which accounts for some of the boldness of his melodies, and for sustained notes, are two more characteristics. The long notes are used in a number of ways, sometimes as points of climax or of equipoise midway through a phrase, as in **The Rake**, sometimes as high starting points before a descending string of rapid notes, as on **Rebound**. Reece's ideas are often either predominantly long- or short-noted, and this clearly aids him in his search for contrast and variety while being partly the result of it. Yet more forceful melody would probably result if, instead of simply being played off against each others, these two patterns were more closely interwoven. In his most successful moments Reece can already do this, as **The Rebound** shows. His solo, which contains his best offering on the disc, comes closest to holding the balance between variety and coherence, between melodic freedom and rhythmic strength. All the same, at present much of the character of Reece's work derives from the way he organizes his material—the use of contrast, of dynamics, the varied placing of long notes, etc.—and less from a really independent linear invention. Stylistic maturity for him may come with a regular integration among the facets of his music, and this, together with the more personal melodic ideas he should produce in time, will result in more forcefully expressive work. His music for the British film **Nowhere To Go** showed considerable compositional talent. **The Rake**, the most interesting theme on this lp, is from that score. **The Rebound**

is simple despite its thirteen-bar length, yet ingeniously justifies its title.

Some of the most satisfying music comes from Wynton Kelly. When his ideas run short, he tends to fall back on the standard clichés of funky piano playing—as in **I'll Close my Eyes**—but in the introduction to **A Variation on Monk** and especially his two **Groovesville** solos he displays a fresh melodic invention which, although clearly related to the basic style, already contains a number of personal elements and could well develop into something unusually individual. He is almost as good on **Rebound**. His touch is well controlled; he produces a piano tone which has just the degree of percussiveness, of hardness, this type of ensemble needs, but is still sufficiently singing to flatter his melodic ideas. Kelly's work here is better than anything I have heard from him before.

Mobley has recorded so many undistinguished performances in the last year or two that one has wondered if he would ever again play as well as he had on **Creepin' In** and **The Preacher**. There are a number of choruses here in which he plays with much greater melodic purpose than of late, and with more positively shaped phrases. He is most effective on **A Variation on Monk**—on which Taylor is also outstanding—and almost as good in **I Wished on the Moon**. In **Groovesville** his ideas are certainly melodic, but, compared with Reece he does not relate his phrases to the beat decisively at all. The improvement is nonetheless very welcome.

Max Harrison

"SONNY ROLLINS at Music Inn—TEDDY EDWARDS at Falcon's Lair." Metrojazz E1011.

Sonny Rollins, tenor; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. **John's Other Theme**; **Limehouse Blues**; **I'll Follow My Secret Heart**; **You Are Too Beautiful**.
Teddy Edwards, tenor; Joe Castro, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Billy Higgins, drums. **Billie's Bounce**; **A Foggy Day**.

The specifics of Sonny Rollins' playing have been discussed often enough. But, in terms of his style, he has brought off, in this part of an in-person concert recorded in the summer of 1958 (the rest is on Atlantic 1299), an achievement of an unusual sort. There are no startling moments, no individual turns of phrase that strike one as sharply as on some other Rollins records—many of the phrases are pets of his that have been heard often before—and yet, his total conception—tone, use of harmony, inflected notes,

sardonic humor, peculiar swing—make his part of the album hang together completely and satisfyingly. It is almost as if he did not need to startle any more. In these terms, **Limehouse Blues** (that and **Secret Heart** are without piano) is the finest performance, partly because it has the advantage of adding another perfect tune to Rollins' unusual repertoire. **Beautiful** is a masterly piece of saxophone playing *per se*. John Lewis solos only once, on a composition credited to him on some labels as **John's Other Theme**, corrected on later labels as Rollins' **Doxy**. It is a characteristically well-ordered solo, containing several references to **Pyramid**, which must have been on Lewis' mind at the time. Teddy Edwards' two pieces are a revelation. His is straightforward tenor playing, with the kind of head-on swing typical of late forties bop that can topple over into a Jack McVea style if the musician is not too careful. But Edwards eases around that pitfall with no trouble at all, playing melodies of simple, abrupt charm, closely allied to good harmonic ideas.

These remarks all apply to **Billie's Bounce**, and listening to **Foggy Day** immediately afterwards is startling. Just as he found the proper approach to the first tune, Edwards does the same for the second, employing a light, airy delicacy that would seem to be outside the realm of the man who played the first solo, except that the swing and guts are still there. Obviously, Edwards is a man who, with his other virtues, can apply himself to a specific tune, giving it exactly what it needs. An impressive recording that demands another.

Joe Goldberg

"The Return of ROOSEVELT SYKES". Prestige/Bluesville 1006.

Roosevelt Sykes, piano and vocals; Clarence Perry Jr., tenor; Frank Ingalls, guitar; Floyd Ball, guitar; Armond "Jump" Jackson, drums. **Drivin' Wheel**; **Long, Lonesome Night**; **Set The Meat Outdoors**; **Comin' Home**; **Stompin' The Boogie**; **Number Nine**; **Calcutta**; **Selfish Woman**; **Hangover**; **Night Time Is The Right Time**; **Runnin' The Boogie**; **Hey Big Momma**. Roosevelt Sykes is not a major blues singer (whatever that is) but he is a thoroughly enjoyable one. He uses a pleasing variety of vocal timbres with the authority of the thirty-year man that he is. His lyrics are weaker than his delivery but the lyrics in this sort of let-the-good-times-roll blues are not that important anyway, and who can blame Sykes for trying to make some money? Even though he does it with: I got a sweet little baby, Sweet as apple butter, She's a long-gone chick, Just dropped in from Calcutta. This kind of city blues is such a

bastard art, all mixed up with rock and roll, song-pluggers, show biz, and what-not, that it is really useless to criticize it for being that way. If you like whining guitars behind voices singing about mules, don't come here because you won't find it. This sort of music is made by professional entertainers who are earning a more-or-less living, and Roosevelt Sykes is probably being just as influenced on **Long, Lonesome Night** by Avery Parrish as Parrish was by the likes of Sykes in **After Hours**. In other words, Parrish worked blues as played by Sykes and others into a solo which became so popular (deservedly so) that Sykes and the others started to play like it. Records make things turn into themselves.

Sykes' piano playing is first-rate. He seems to use his voice better for the happy shouting pieces and does better on the piano on the slower and more introspective numbers. **Long, Lonesome Night** is perfect vocalized piano playing, and yet a good part of it is low and somber, quite unlike Sykes' singing, which uses few deep tones.

Sykes plays fairly old-timey piano, like Romeo Nelson or Cripple Clarence or some of those from the twenties, only more Southwestern (I don't care where he's from) and more up-to-date. But the accompaniment has a large dose of rock and roll folded into it. Now, rock and roll can be wonderful music when it's done well (listen to **Ooh Poo Pah Doo** by Jesse Hill on Minit records) but it will turn an unimaginative blues player into a fountain of unyielding clichés. For example, there is an excruciating track on **House Of The Blues** by John Lee Hooker (Chess LP 1438) when a rock and roll type guitar player keeps a compulsive twelve-bar walking bass going smack-dab in the face of Hooker's thirteen- or fourteen-bar choruses. Ladedehumpedorebebop. Well anyway, there is nothing here that is that bad. There are two guitars, one of which plays lines like an electric bass. The other one plays well part of the time but is too satisfied with his little bag of tricks. The tenor player tries to play ignorant tenor, which is a fine way to play when it comes off, but here it doesn't. But luckily the album is mostly Sykes, and the infrequent appearances of the others merely provide happy contrast. The drummer sounds good (you never can tell about a drummer until you play with him) and in fact the backgrounds are fine—the sidemen are weak only on their solos. Don't let me scare you away from this album. If you like good blues singing and wonderful blues piano playing this record is recommended. Attention, jocks! Dick Wellstood

SHORTER REVIEWS

JEROME RICHARDSON plays flute, tenor and baritone on New Jazz 8226 not very originally (his tenor work is now very strongly influenced by Coltrane) but with some feeling. **Candied Sweets** is probably his most imaginative solo on the album. Richard Wyand seems to draw most of his rather eclectic inspiration from Red Garland and Ahmad Jamal. On **Up At Teddy's Hill** he sometimes sounds like Bud Powell. However, he plays with strength and directness and really understands his predecessors. On **Poinciana**, he was a really first rate solo. Charlie Persip is one of the best drummers around. He's very clean. Although he's a powerhouse drummer, I'd challenge anyone to say he isn't sympathetic to the soloist. In the forties **JAMES MOODY** was tenor soloist in Dizzy's big band and cut his own records on Prestige; Argo 637 and 648 represent a comeback. On the first Moody is accompanied by a big band with almost anonymous arrangements by Johnny Pate that get in the way. It might have been better to hear Moody in front of a rhythm section. He is a mature soloist. His tenor tone is vibratoless, masculine and "pretty." Technique has always been one of his strong points. In the forties he sometimes used to play too many notes, but now he has that tendency under control. He has the same essential lyrical approach on alto too. (On the flute, I now admit, I'm prejudiced; I think the instrument is too limited for jazz improvisation. Frank Wess is the only flautist that seems to be to be saying anything.) Pate's compositions, however, are very good. **Why Don't You** is a particularly good ballad and should be played again.

On the second album, recorded a year later, Moody heads his septet. The arrangements, by trombonist Tom McIntosh, sound a lot like stuff Gigi Gryce was doing a year ago. A smooth middle-register trumpet lead over unison ensemble, with the alto and trombone playing an occasional counter-figure voiced independently. No one except Moody and John Coles is more than competent as a soloist. Moody's solos on the first side are repetitive, unimaginative and poorly structured. On the second side they are more forceful and tightly knit. In the year since the first IP Moody absorbed a little from Rollins and Coltrane. Coles, around the horn, can get good taste and a fine melodic sense, but I wish he'd vary his up tempo work more by slurring and playing more long notes. He also uses that cocked valve stuff to the point of affection. (I've heard him since this album was made and he has improved.) The liner notes on both albums are maudlin.

If you're a middle-aged executive who sort of likes jazz and you like to show your friends how hip you are, **GENE KRUPA's** Verve 8300 is for you. It's for you because it contains lots of loud drumming, and because a lot of nice nostalgic ballads are given fairly straight readings. No one will ask, "Goddammit, where's the melody?"

Eddie Shu is the featured horn man. He plays tenor most of the time in a style reminiscent of Getz and Sims. His tone is fairly attractive, but his ideas are a lot of other guys. On the up tempo numbers he displays good technique, but runs out of gas and frequently repeats himself. He isn't helped by Krupa, who plays with a lot of drive but much too loud and choppy. Lester's sons play the most legato tenor style and Krupa's conception is exactly wrong for them. The ballads are more successful. When Shu plays clarinet the group tries to recreate Benny Goodman. McKenna imitates Teddy Wilson and Hines. Krupa's solo's shows no attempt at construction or subtlety. **"RED GARLAND Trio plus Eddie Lockjaw Davis"** (Prestige-Moodsville 1) may sell, but it is far from Garland at his best. For one thing, it lacks variety. All eight tracks are taken very slow; six are standards. Garland is a good but not consistently stimulating ballad player. His approach is fundamentally an exciting rather than a lyrical one, and his drive and wonderfully varied voicings are better displayed in blues and at medium to fast tempos. **Red Blues**, where Garland plays mainly in chords, is the best track. **Worder Why** has a lilting quality because of the intelligent use of one-three accents. He begins there by playing single note, lines, but soon

switches to his favorite block chords. The other cuts are fairly dull; Garland sticks pretty close to the melody. Eddie Davis is present on three numbers, sounding like an aggressive Ben Webster. Art Taylor and Sam Jones are a fine strong team. Taylor is getting more economical everytime I hear him; it looks as if Kenny Clarke is having a belated influence.

Harvey Pekar

On **"Hot Cargo"** (Mercury MG 20345), Miss **ERNESTINE ANDERSON** shows a big contralto voice, sings with superb diction and warmth, and has chosen twelve tunes of the highest quality, both show tunes (**Little Girl Blue, Autumn in New York, Experiment**) and more conventional pop tunes (**That Old Feeling, Weep Your Troubles in Dreams**). But the good lyrics demand more attention to the sense and character of the words than she gives.

Experiment is most disappointing in this respect. On the other hand she floats deftly over **Love for Sale**, a tune which not infrequently is unconvincingly sung. Harry Arnold's backings vary in effectiveness. Those for band, with or without strings, are conventional, if not pedestrian. The others, for piano and rhythm, range from truly excellent (**Little Girl Blue**) on down. **Wrap Your Troubles** is marred by four bars of musical chaos following an excessively obscure modulation from F sharp to D at the end of the piano chorus. Everyone, including the listener, gets thoroughly lost here. Although Miss Anderson swings very nicely on several tunes, this facet of her talent is veiled by what seems to me overuse of slow tempos. In fact, four of the first six tunes have the same sleepy beat in common. Nevertheless, she is one of the best of those younger singers who walk the line between jazz and more strictly commercial music.

Yes to **CHARLIE BYRD's** band on **"Jazz at the Showboat"** (Offbeat OJ 3001), and to his own effortless and imaginative guitar playing. This group has the virtues of a band that has worked together (in Washington, D.C.) for some time: intelligent and varied control of dynamics, solid and relaxed time, and the kind of playing that shows that the musicians listen to each other (particularly apparent in Bartell Knox's drumming). Byrd, quoted in the liner notes, says, "I don't see where jazz today is better than 20 years ago, except that there are more people playing good now. . ." and accordingly there is no effort to be either avant-garde or traditional. Instead, the qualities of this record depend on solid, musically playing and

intelligent choice of tunes (Duke's *Satin Doll*, *Blue Turning Grey Over You*, *Don't Explain*) and vigorous, uncluttered originals by Bobb Felder, and especially seven different instrumental combinations for eleven tunes. Byrd's wife, Ginny, sings very nicely on two pieces, and I would be pleased to hear more from her. Perhaps her uniform and studied vibrato at the ends of phrases is a little monotonous. Of the sidemen, one should single out Bartell Knox (again), the drummer on most of the tunes, and Buck Hill, tenor. I do hope, however, that the surfaces in general are better than on my review copy (particularly at six bucks a throw). Although there are some flaws in balance in the recording itself, they are compensated for by good, live sound.

Pathe 1012, now being imported here from France, contains ten selections by **DJANGO REINHARDT**, mostly recorded between 1939 and 1940 but one as late as 1945. They give the impression of being from five to ten years out of phase with American jazz of the time: three of the four arrangements for big band are atrocious and reminiscent of the heavy-handed approach of Casa Loma or the studio bands of the early thirties. The combo performances fall, I think, in the tradition of the chamber jazz which developed in this country during the late twenties (for instance: Clarence Williams, Red Nichols, Venuti-Lang), and are the best framework for Reinhardt's work, if any framework need be used at all. Only a few tunes here can stand on their own merits as jazz, without our nostalgic attraction to the refined and careful style typified by the Quintet of the Hot Club; but then some such statement could be made about much American jazz of the same period. Hubert Rostaing and Alex Combelle, the two clarinetists featured, play nicely in this chamber style, and Pierre Fouad, the drummer on *Dark Eyes* rather surprises one with the firmness of his drumming. *Swing 41* is interesting for its traces of Goodmansque riffing, and *Swing 42* maintains a unity of mood lacking on most of the bands. Django, of course, is sui generis, but regrettably this is not his best work. I would recommend instead RCA LPM-1100, which has a bonus: two fine choruses by **Coleman Hawkins** on *Avalon*. I think the quotation from Django which heads the liner notes is an admirable reflection of the superior qualities of his own playing: "Jazz captivates me because I find in it a perfection of form and an instrumental accuracy which I admire in great music but find lacking in popular musics."

Larry Gushee

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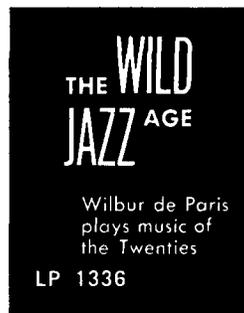
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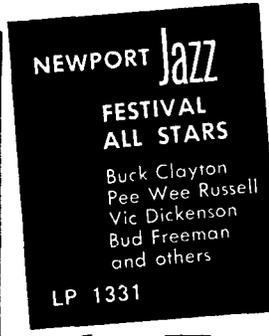
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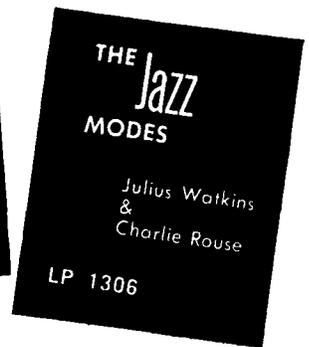
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JAZZ IN PRINT

HSIO WEN SHIH

I was in a car, driving toward Newport on Sunday, July 3rd, when I heard about the rioting at the Jazz Festival. I had almost decided to miss Newport this year, because I didn't expect any extraordinary music, but my curiosity was aroused by press releases and news reports about the other festival a few blocks away from Freebody Park.

From what I saw in the New York newspapers, the NJF was no longer news, but, the rival festival was -- a clean, straight news story about competition in the open market, with just the slightest hints about divorce, law suits, and very disgruntled musicians. But the N. Y. Post of June 30 quoted Mrs. Lorillard, "We're not trying to compete. We're trying to do what the festival set out originally to do." Co-founder Charlie Mingus was blunter, "I played cheap for years because they said they had to get get on their feet. Now they're on their feet but they want to give me only \$100 more, and I gotta throw in Yusef Lateef." Charlie Mingus, Max Roach, and Mrs. Lorillard seemed such an ill-assorted trio that I hardly knew what to expect.

We were in Connecticut when a news report from a radio station gave a summary of Saturday night in Newport: the Newport City Council had cancelled the license of the NJF as a result of rioting by

15,000 jazz fans, the rioters had been dispelled by Newport City Police, State Troopers, National Guardsmen, and units of U.S. Marines, and the streets were being patrolled Sunday morning by Rhode Island National Guardsmen; Governor Del Sesto had declared a state of emergency and closed the city of Newport to incoming traffic.

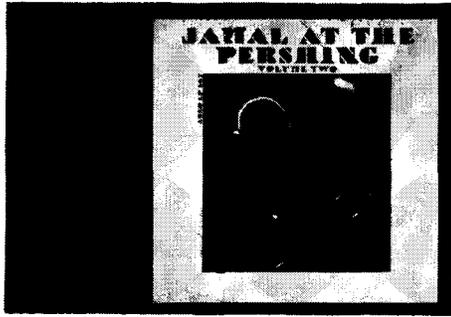
Newport was news again. The news of the rioting didn't make most Sunday papers; the Providence Journal had a thorough story and of course Newport and Boston papers. The New York Times had a short report that said, "The Newport Festival erupted into riot tonight as hundred of youthful toughs, unable to get seats, turned on music enthusiasts . . . Youths, said to number 3,000 . . . spilled into the downtown area, attacking policemen, kicking in store windows and manhandling residents of the resort community." The report mentioned that the riot was the culmination of "a day of growing friction" that saw "15 other youths . . . locked up on charges of gang fighting . . ." during the day.

The next day, the story was on the front page of newspapers across the country. The Herald Tribune carried both the AP and the UP accounts, which were presumably run by most papers across the country under locally written heads. These reports were fairly accurate, but ambiguous enough to permit some pretty sensational heads. Neither was as complete or as explicit as the Times report, under John S. Wilson's byline, headed "Newport Jazz Festival Closed Because of Rioting". Wilson reported

that the Saturday night performance continued without disruption, and that most listeners were hardly aware of the rioting outside. He reported that the City Council vote, on cancelling the NJF license, was 4-3, and that not all City executive officials had agreed with the decision; that NJF officials had at first been pessimistic about the future of the festival in coming years, but had quickly recovered and prepared to counterpunch by filing a \$4,000,000 suit against the City to compensate for "damages and losses from the cancellation of three events". His statistical summary was impressive: 182 arrested (plus 27 additional arrests the following day), 50 persons treated at the Newport Hospital for injuries, though none was seriously hurt, and 14 fined for their parts in the riots. The list of rioters fined showed that they mostly came from well-to-do suburban communities. A follow-up story in the Times the next day reported that the major losses were suffered by Newport merchants, but that the NJF had still to settle with musicians whose performances had been cancelled, and had also lost some \$60,000 in income from recording contracts that could not be fulfilled, and of course had to refund for advance ticket sales.

An article in the Newport Daily News on July 5 gave Elaine Lorillard's reaction to the cancelling of the NJF. "I feel terrible about it, because the original idea was such a wonderful one". She blamed the trouble on the decision to admit standees to the NJF, "They weren't

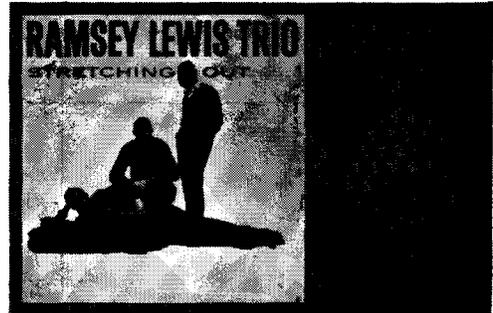
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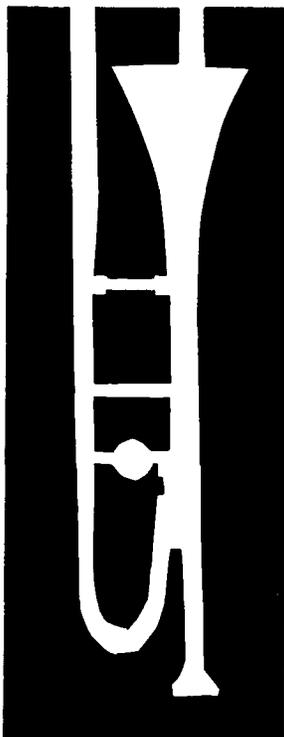
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jazz lovers, and they only disturbed those who were . . . If they'd announced no beer would be sold at the festival, that would have kept the teenagers away." The article described the quiet continuation of the rival festival, and quoted comments from Coleman Hawkins, Roach and Mingus about the end of the NJF (And also mentioned Mingus' threat, on the previous Thursday, to throw acid in the face of NJF president Louis Lorillard).

Most weeklies had missed the deadline for the next issue, but the riot was timed perfectly for Variety, which managed to scoop the trades with Dave Bitten's story in their July 6th issue. The story, called, appropriately enough, "Rioting on a Summer's Day . . .", went over all the ground covered by the dailies, but also had some comments about the festival itself. Bitten reported that ". . . the festival seemed headed for its biggest musical and artistic success until the astonishing antics stopped the music" because the directors had listened to criticism (presumably from the trade press) of the appearances of Pat Suzuki and the Kingston Trio the year before, and had "scheduled legitimate jazz attractions for the 1960 bill." (Apparently, if your record is bad enough, just booking jazz attractions for a jazz festival alone, without the Kingston Trio or Chuck Berry, can seem an artistic triumph.) Bitten's report included a short paragraph about the rival festival, which mistakenly reported that "The rebel festival . . . was also scuttled by the City Council edict . . ."

Other weeklies covered the

story a week late. Life had a page of photos showing the rioters in a straggling dissipated clump on a Newport street and, the next day, at Easton Beach. Time reported the aftermath of the riot in their July 18 issue under the Music department rather than under Show Business, which seemed to me rather eccentric. Sandwiched between two choruses of rather pallid Langston Hughes blues, the article described the disturbances as "drunken rioting with 12,000 college students finally tamed by the state police, National Guard and the U.S. Marine . . .", without mentioning that the rioting had taken place outside the festival grounds. The longest paragraph was devoted to the 'competing festival', which was called the brightest note.

Whitney Balliett, in The New Yorker, apparently agreed. His article hardly mentioned the riot, but centered on that other festival, which he described as David to the NJF's Goliath. He spoke of their juxtaposition as "irony as dense as butter". How was that again?) He had a great deal good to say about the music he heard at the other festival, and was much taken by the relaxed and unofficial atmosphere; he spoke of a "catching bonhomie between all present."

Robert Reisner in The Village Voice (July 7) was reminded of the Salon des Refuse of 1863. He thought that Mingus, Max & Co. had done a "rash, mad, insulting thing in playing within earshot of the bigshots.", and spoke of self-destruction. But he also felt that "what they did was beautiful. It was

a case of getting back to jazz truth." he, too, blamed the rioting on college students, "the young hooligan herrenvolk of the Eastern Seaboard", and reported that on Friday night, after the concert, "they pulled out the firehose (at the Viking Hotel), turned on all the faucets, and banged on all the doors. It was the beginning of the end."

Editorial comment in New York newspapers varied from the accurate and mature assessment of The Herald Tribune to the courageous denunciation of jazz in The Mirror, but defenders of jazz were quick off the mark. A letter appeared in both The Herald Tribune and The Post, written by Bill Coss, objecting to the use of the phrase "jazz fans" in connection with the rioters. "Enforcement agencies did not battle with 'Thousands of Jazz Buffs'."

On July 11, Billboard, business-like as usual, reported a change in the feeling of many Newport merchants (who hadn't suffered much property damage after all), and thought that there might be a 1961 NJF after all. The directors of the NJF apparently had recovered fully; "they claim that the beer can hurlers were kids who came to town to raise Cain, never wanted to attend the concert, and didn't care if the concert was held or not."

The first attempt at a thorough survey of the effect of the debacle on jazz appeared in the August 18th issue of Down Beat. Gene Lees summed up the situation by saying "In the weird battle between the big and little Newport Festivals, it was impossible to say who

won. But it was easy to say who lost: jazz. There was nothing much for anyone to be proud of at Newport 1960. Those who claimed to love the lady jazz had violently abused her -- exploited her, raped her, shamed her. How many people hung their heads in shame afterward is unknown. But almost everybody should have: the college kids who are America's hope; Newport Festival officials now paying for the sins of the past no matter how genuinely repentant; those who fomented the dissension; the Lorillards; Charlie Mingus with his wild charges at all and sundry; the City Council; the police department that failed to make adequate preparations for the crowds; those reporters who wrote distorted stories of the riots; headline writers who compounded the inaccuracy; and the idiot who wrote the editorial for the New York Mirror."

It seems to me that Mr. Lees was a little unfair in describing the situation as a "battle between the big and little Newport Festivals". After all, it was those kids who started the riot, not Mingus, Max or Elaine Lorillard; and it was the riot that got all the national publicity, not the wild charges by Mingus, which were quoted only in local newspaper reports.

He devoted about a third of his article to the other festival. "Some like Wilbur Ware were there 'just to play'. Others were men frustrated and furious because they know they are fine musicians and important artists but have not been able to make the magic break through to the big money." I must say that I agree that the rival festival was based on re-

sentment to a great extent, and that resentment is not the best basis for any kind of creative activity. But I find it difficult to believe that the boring repetitive festival that he heard was the same one that Balliett and Reisner had found so exciting.

He summarized the rioting and its aftermath as ". . . a major public relations disaster that had seen jazz make headlines from coast to coast . . . in a context that suggested to laymen that the music is inflammatory and inextricably linked with drunkenness, licentiousness, and violence -- the very impression that artists and lovers of the art have been trying to eradicate for years."

Since the rioting at Newport, I have seen clippings sent in by readers that indicate that other jazz festivals are imitating Newport too slavishly. There have been riots at the Beaulieu Jazz Festival in England and at a festival in Windsor, Ontario. And festival producers from Monterey to Detroit are assuring their communities that disturbances like those at Newport "could not happen here."

As for the effect of all the bad publicity on jazz, I cannot be so concerned. It is true that in a few years, jazz festivals have become an important source of work for musicians, and perhaps they do introduce new fans to jazz, though I have doubts about that. But the gigantic jazz festival planned for enormous audiences, programmed on the basis of NAMES rather than music has never seemed to me a good form of presentation for jazz. Their main attraction was that they seemed to offer the promise of considerable

rewards to producers without requiring sustained long-term effort. If the riot at Newport should discourage presentations of this kind, I think that festivals more concerned with music, like the one at Monterey, will survive. I for one will not miss the monstrous, three day, out-door package show. It is true that the widely publicized riot may create a temporary hostility to jazz in some circles, but I suspect that those who will take this kind of publicity seriously are people who really disliked jazz anyway, and are only happy to find supporting evidence.

I was sorry to see the idea of concerts presented by a cooperative of jazz artists started in such dubious circumstances, for such questionable motives; but the idea itself may, in the future, transcend its origins. Already, a group called the Jazz Artists Guild has grown out of the Newport splinter group, and has presented concerts in New York.

I hope that the organizers will give the project the kind of careful staff work it will need to survive, and that they will achieve enough success to overcome their past bitterness.

I was pleased to see that people who -- like myself -- love jazz, closed ranks to protect the art against the possibility of public misunderstanding, but I still wonder if we aren't also mistakenly protecting the men ultimately responsible for the disorder -- producers more concerned with non-profits from beer concessions than with a quiet attentive audience, more concerned with promoting an EVENT than presenting the music which they, too, profess to love.

THE MAMBO IN MEXICO

This "folk form", was, in a sense, the brainchild of one man. And it is the one "Latin" music that has roots in jazz.

Robert Ferris Thompson

In Mexico City in 1949, skyscrapers were rising along the Paseo de la Reforma, taxi drivers and street merchants were lamenting soaring inflation, and a new middle class, one of the first in Latin America, was burgeoning. The big boom of the century was in its fourth year, but through the prosperity, the shadow of Communist agitation, and the dread of economic or cultural absorption by the United States ran like emotional quicksilver. Mexicans were in a mood for new entertainment to go with their new wealth and heightened anxieties, and there was a gap between the tenor of their traditional entertainment and their midcentury growing pains. At this point, mambo arrived.

Perez Prado had migrated from Havana with an RCA Victor contract as *carte blanche*. Mexico provided Prado with not only the receptive audience

he needed but with talented musicians. The majority were native Mexicans, largely Indian-Spanish (*mestizo*), who knew Mexican ranch music, boleros, rumba, and jazz. Jazz south of the Rio Grande at this time included not only traditional and swing; in August 1948 Chamaco Dominguez had recorded for Victor a bop-flavored composition, **Dancing With The Kid**. Neo-bop and rumba were fine foundations for the music Prado was to produce.

There was also a small Afro-Cuban colony on hand, attracted to Mexico City for the economic reasons that had earlier brought Chano Pozo and Machito to New York. Aurelio Tamayo, nicknamed 'Yeyo', who was born in Santiago de Cuba, was one of the first Afro-Cuban musicians in Mexico City. In 1941 he was playing timbales and jazz drums at the Politeama Theatre (now a movie house), setting the beat for innumerable congas, foxtrots, and rumbas. Yeyo was soon followed by bongoiests Ramón Castro and Modesto Durán, vocalists Beny Moré and Kiko Mendive, and composers Justí Barreto and Mariano Merceron. Pablo Peregrino's combo was thrilling dancers with rumbas at the Rio Rosas cabaret and the Iztacalco, a ballroom whose Aztec name offered no clue to the Afro-Cuban musical tastes of the clientele. Both artistically and commercially, the Cubans in Mexico were outstanding, particularly Justí Barreto, Mariano Merceron, and Beny Moré. Prado had known most of these men personally or by reputation in Havana, and he had worked with a few of them at the Kur-saal nightclub in the late thirties before his better known Casino de la Playa phase.

Prado selected Yeyo, Ramón Castro, Modesto Durán and Mariano Osamendi for his drum section, so that, except for Mexican Fernando Sandoval on bass, the rhythm section men were all Cuban Negroes. From time to time Prado borrowed Beny Moré and Kiko Mendive for vocal work, and Justí Barreto composed a few very provocative mambos for him. The rest of the group was Mexican, whites of Iberian descent and Spanish-Indian *mestizos*. Three ethnic and musical traditions became part of the personality of the band.

The next step was basic training in *montuno*, the swinging coda of the Cuban *danzon* of the forties which Prado adapted to saxophones, using the harmonic practices of big band jazz. At least twenty years earlier the seeds of mambo were present in certain variations improvised by *tres* guitarists in the east of Cuba as they warmed up for the execution of a *son*. They called it *montuno*, and its pattern of note values was adapted to the ad lib flute passages with which Antonio Arcano was ending his orchestra's dan-

zones in 1942. The effect was percussive, noble, and essentially West African. Short melodic phrases from these flute *montunos* were picked up and embellished on trumpet in Arsenio Rodriguez' so called "diablo" arrangements of about 1944. Finally, the idiom journeyed north to Harlem, acquired a bop accent (borrowing also from both swing and sweet music) and began to show the character of what the world was to recognize as mambo. Archaic mambo, or *montuno*, sparkles for a few bars in **Cómetelo To' (Give Me A Little Bite)**, a characteristic record of Chano Pozo's New York orchestra (Coda 5053-A). By 1952 Tito Puente adapted *montuno* to vibraharp as a spirited foundation meter for quasi-modern jazz improvising; mambo on vibes was soon common around New York.

Prado's mambo, on the other hand, was founded mostly on a saxophone (but sometimes brass) *montuno*. An RCA Victor Mexicana executive told me: "Prado had the vision to see that the *montuno* was the most delicious part of Cuban dance band arrangements." Just as a jazz singer can color an entire ballad by a few strategic blue notes, passages of the melodic rhythm of the *montuno*, judiciously inserted, can transform a given song into mambo. Prado worked out an orchestral *montuno*, dressed up with polyphony, hi-jinks, and lively sense of the dramatic. To oversimplify drastically, percussion and reeds would generally initiate a composition with saxophone *montunos* bouncing sharp melodic accents on the beat, off and at points in between. The brass section rode above the saxes, playing the melody straight, or subjecting it to tongue-in-cheek dissonance, blurts on trombone, and abrupt stops. The rhythm section and reeds stood pat in their themes; polyphonic tension crackled between them and the top voice of the brass. Incredible polymetric mosaics were brought into being. Sometimes the brass section took over the saxophones' role as the time keeper while the reeds picked up the melody. Emphasis shifted from instrument to instrument, and from rhythm to rhythm, though as a rule the brass were in the foreground and the dominant beat was 4/4.

Prado trained his musicians at the RCA Victor studio in Mexico City, where he had access to the latest technological amenities, including lp pressing, echo chamber, and hi fi. Prado's canny use of echo chamber effects in some of his voicings, showed skill which merits study. It gave mambo a modern sound in a double sense.

Mariano Rivera Conde, vice president of RCA Victor Mexicana, became editor to Prado in somewhat the way that Maxwell Perkins had cut and arranged Thomas Wolfe. Conde recalls the first

afternoon Perez Prado sat down at the piano and played for him. Excited and apparently carried away, Prado ran one composition into another, non-stop, in a brilliant, rhythmic stream of consciousness. Rivera had to force Prado to halt, concentrate on just one number, and play it from beginning to end. A fruitful association had begun. Prado learned to discipline his work into old and simple patterns like the three-part form. In his hands this form, intro-bridge-coda, became a frame in which brass screamed without loss of taste or proportion. Still, Prado was unawed by the polish his works were acquiring and enjoyed nothing more, according to the report of a recording engineer, than "pounding the hell out of the studio piano". (The day actually came when Prado broke four strings on the instrument. When they were replaced extra flannel was added to reinforce the piano for the impact of all-out mambo.)

While an abandon informed the mambo as dance music, there was at the same time a growing satiric quality to the lyrics. In 1949, when President Truman had announced that an atomic explosion had been detected in the Soviet Union, the world stirred uneasily, but Prado wrote a tune called *Atómicas* on which the vocalist seemed stimulated, almost thrilled by the multiple threats of the cold war.

Mexican mambo was catching on. Prado's recordings were beginning to move on the market. But if Prado felt the approach of success he did not stop looking for commercial gimmicks. He developed a vocal prank of his Havana days into the trademark of mambo. A strange blend of grunt, yell, and snarl, this trademark may be termed the *dilo* (idiomatic Spanish for "say it!") out of respect for the legend that this mambo noise is actually a word. With this sign the layman could easily recognize mambo, untroubled by considerations of rhythm. It was a trick and it worked.

Prado also pared the words down to short phrases about mambo itself, and so started the narcissism of early mambo lyrics, a tendency reborn in cha-cha-cha five years later. In 1959 mambos and cha-chas still described themselves as *sabroso*, (tasty), *rico* (delicious), and *buenos para gozar* (great for having a ball).

On December 2, 1949 Perez Prado recorded *Que Rico El Mambo* (How Delicious The Mambo Is). The form was the symmetric three-part, with two identical polyphonic designs balanced on either side of a narcissistic vocal. Its release was timed to catch Mexico in the midst of *las posadas*, the time of intense festive pre-Christmas parties. Dance music was in demand. *Que Rico El Mambo* was an immediate



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smash; the success included not only record sales, but also radio, sheet music, television, live night club performances.

Que Rico El Mambo (Victor 23-1546) outlasted the **posadas** to make Mexico mambo-minded in 1950. The nation took patriotic pride in the predominantly Mexican orchestra although no one could say just what the musicians were playing. The public impression was that the mambo had sprung up by spontaneous generation; it took most of the country by surprise. Prado immediately began to exploit this new market. He composed scores of mambos and his works of this period, 1949 to 1953, have come to be prized as 'classic' mambos. Many of them—**Mambo No. 5, Bongo-Bongo, Malaguena, La Chula Linda**—reflect the joys of artistic discovery. Somewhere along the line pedantic terms arose to distinguish the moods of the compositions. A mambo **kaen** was a slow or medium mambo, while the fastest tempos were **batiri**. Later the terms dropped out of use.

In March 1950 I saw a mambo fete at the Del Prado Hotel in Mexico City which threatened to wreck the building. No one was an expert but the new music shrieked insistently. The dancers made up their mind that anyone could mambo. Some tried to fox trot. Others laughingly attempted samba. A tall, beautiful woman commented, "Seriously, darling, the beat is quite strange." Even unconditioned ears could feel the new rhythmic complexity. Some dancers were inexplicably slowed down; others could barely dance fast enough. The multi-metered music—most closely allied to West Africa—was too much for those accustomed to dances with a set beat. The trick was picking out one rhythm and sticking to it. Not every person heard the same beat, apparently, and hence the variation. Whether dancers gyrated with or against the saxophones, brass section, or cowbell, the off-beats were a magnet which pulled their samba and foxtrot steps into the shape of a rudimentary new dance. By four in the morning, everyone was 'mamboing' with authority. It was, as one writer put it later, "The Triumph of Perez Prado over the Muses".

As the toast of Mexico City, Prado could afford to dispense with some of his gimmicks. A sensitive indication of his growing ease was the fact that the lyrics to his mambos expanded in subject matter. To group after group, rich and poor, illiterate and collegiate, Prado ingratiatingly dedicated special mambos. One series included: **The Fireman Mambo, The Filling Station Attendant Mambo, The Shoeshine Boy Mambo, The Newspaper Boy Mambo**. There was no social message nor crusade. The mambo would stylize the

sounds of a specific job, and gave it a sense of lightness in boisterous, ex-troverted scoring. Sometimes a trade was gently satirized. **The Taxidriver Mambo** opened with wail of auto horns and a cry all Mexico City Knows: **libre! libre!** (taxi! taxi!) After a long wait an anonymous mamboist finally succeeds in hailing a cab and steps inside to find the driver in a talkative mood. The driver introduces himself with a rhythmic chant and entertains the listener with Afro-Cuban double-talk. The non-sense words were a sort of West Indian counterpart to bop scatting and apparently parodied the complaints and confidences captive passengers listen to in taxis the world over.

Another series covered the educational scene: **The Normal School Mambo, The Mexico University Mambo, The Polytechnical Mambo**. (In 1955 Perez Prado was an international figure, and the **Yale Daily News** was alerting readers to the threat of mamboization of **Boola-Boola**.) These so-called "cheerleader mambos" were loved by the schools involved but some of them were clearly poking fun at collegiate corn. Throughout 1950 mambos were systematically dedicated to Mexican women, professional soccer, and other legitimate interests of the Mexican male.

In June 1950 North Korean Communists suddenly invaded the Republic of Korea. Mexican mambo covered the Korean war, first in Ramon Marquez' **Korea Mambo**, a pleasant mixture of 'oriental' melody and Afro-Cuban percussion; later, Prado dedicated a mambo to the Puerto Ricans in the 65th Infantry Regiment in Korea. This one mimicked machine gun fire with bongo touches that are deliberately harsh. **The Mambo of the 65th** (Victor 23-5468) was the peak of the dedicatory phase of mambo.

When Justi Barreto wrote the **Newspaper Shirt** mambo in 1950 he succeeded in capturing what it felt like to live in the fifties. The scene is Mexico City in June 1950. A Negro man has fashioned himself a shirt out of newspaper. He studies the material of his shirt, and the cloth of scare headlines frankly worries him. His shirt tells him war is raging in Korea, and he summarizes this news with onomatopoeia: **BEEM! BOMB! BOME! BOOM!** Perez Prado undercuts his anxiety with a piano solo which tinkles with insouciance. Air raid sirens sound. In the heart of the crisis, the mambo builds up and, to a cowbell-stressed rhythm, blasts out its most affirmative sounds. The man chants praise of his shirt, a chorus answers in call-and-response fashion, and the mambo ends. A capsule allegory; the man does not recoil in fear though he is sensibly alarmed. "Look," he says, "life is delicious and to be savored in spite of doom."

Shirt was a climax of Mexican mambo but young Mexicans passed up the pre-occupations of the text for the beat, and the separation of the spirit of mambo as song and as dance was never more clear. The lyrics criticized; the music swung.

In 1951-52 the dancers were doing mambo at the **Salon Mexico** and **Los Angeles** dancehalls while acting out the motions of various jobs. At the debut of the **Telephone Operator Mambo**, for example, they danced a small box step with knee dips, spins, and half-turns. Suddenly a couple would begin the pantomime: a girl worked an imaginary switchboard on her partner's chest. Another couple would act out phone negotiations for a date: the boy would hand up in anger, call back to ask forgiveness, etc. The pantomime episodes were executed primarily from the waist up; from the waist down the movement was basically Afro-Cuban, the feet and pelvis responded to the percussion and the repeated saxophone figures; above-the-waist mime sequences used the simultaneous melodic lines of the brass section. After the ballrooms had exhausted the working-class mambos, young men and women played with air-drawn yoyos, walked dogs, tugged ropes and climbed ladders, imitated chicken hawks, mocked tourists by clicking phantom cameras in 4/4 time, patted tortillas, sank to their knees and rolled dice, rose and went through the **tercios** of a bullfight. Whatever the inspiration they always managed to make a real dance movement out of it.

In 1953, at the height of his Mexican vogue, Perez Prado departed for Los Angeles. Instantly the mainspring of Mexican mambo was broken. Other orchestras tried to pick up the pieces but unlike New York's rugged competitive 'Latin' music world, where several bands of quality are always on hand to keep mambo and cha-cha cooking at the Palladium on Broadway, there was no replacement in Mexico for Prado. The sensation evaporated. In 1954 I found mime sequences surviving in the parlor games of the rich, a terrible fate for the dance of a whole generation of young Mexicans. Prado's place was not filled until the summer of 1958, when Chico O'Farrill formed an Afro-Cuban jazz band in Mexico City. Some elements of Mexican mambo are still with us. The tricks of delivery, particularly on saxophone, have passed intact into certain styles of cha-cha-cha. **Tequila** and **Margarita**, jukebox hits of 1958 and 1959, combined rock and roll and hillbilly themes with a mambo-like saxophones. And although Prado himself has changed his style and conquered new audiences since coming to the United States, he occasionally goes back to pure mambo.

YOUR **GUIDE** TO 140 HOURS OF THE BEST JAZZ ENTERTAINMENT IN AMERICA

*Leonard Feather • Nat Hentoff • Dom Cerulli • George
Crater • Martin Williams • Ira Gitler • Sid McCoy*

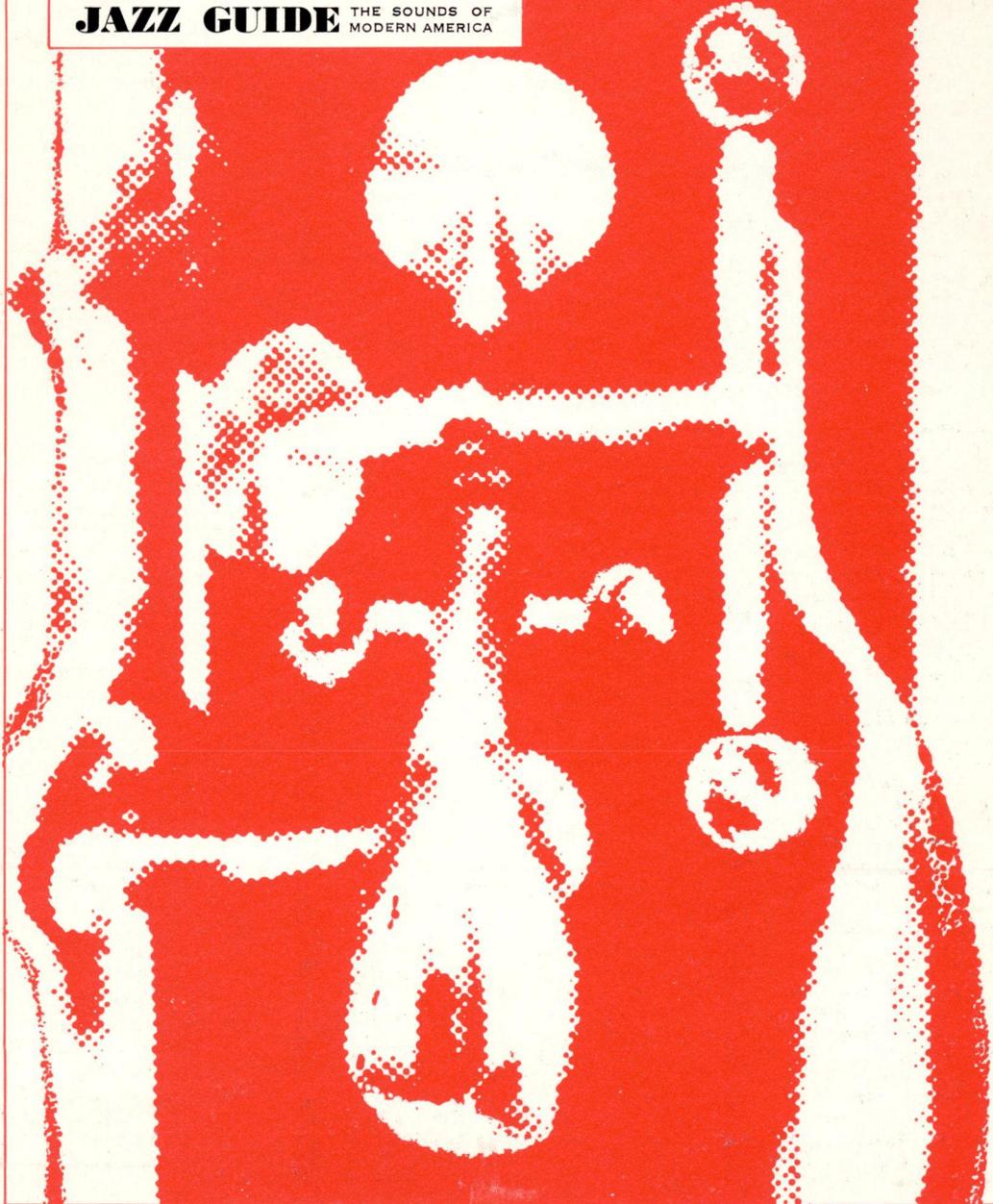
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JAZZ GUIDE THE SOUNDS OF
MODERN AMERICA

GUIDE
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HOURS
OF JAZZ
at 104.3

JUNE 1960 35c



Is the sound of jazz on Riverside getting bigger all the time?

The answer to the above question, of course, is a resounding YES. This is of course what is known as a leading question — meaning that we wouldn't have asked it in the first place (especially right up there at the top of the page, for all to see) unless we firmly intended to answer in the affirmative.

To be candid, all we were looking for was an attention-getting way of launching the latest in this series of informal essays on the general subject of **Riverside Records**. And, having gotten your attention by mentioning bigness, allow us to justify the gimmick by making note of some of the several different ways in which the Riverside jazz sound is getting bigger and bigger: First of all, and most obvious, there is the fact that we seem to be falling in love with the big sound made by big bands. Now we're not simply talking about putting more and more musicians into a recording studio: big jazz is not achieved by mere addition. It is, rather, a matter of multiplication: when you take writers and players who have something to say that insists on a larger setting and greater depth and breadth of sound than the "normal" small-band lineup can give; and when you make sure that their ideas are carried out by superior musicians — then you're apt to come up with much bigger, more exciting and more stimulating jazz.

For one example of this, there's a new album that more and more listeners are latching on to: the startling and bursting large sound of **THE BIG SOUL-BAND**,¹ led by **JOHNNY GRIFFIN** and featuring arrangements by **NORMAN SIMMONS** that combine earthy new tunes and old spirituals into the first big-band "soul music" album.

For another, different, and equally stimulating example, there's the just-released first large-group effort by an artist we're certain is going to be a major triple-threat man of the 1960s: a formidable "blowing" tenor sax man, talented jazz composer, and skilled and richly individual arranger named **JIMMY HEATH**. (Jimmy's big-band arrangement of Bobby Timmons' "This Here" stood the crowd

on its ear at New York's Randalls Island Jazz Festival; Jimmy's new album is likely to stand the whole jazz public on its ear.) The name of his new LP is **REALLY BIG**² — and that's just about the size of it! Heath's concept here is "a big-band sound with small-band feeling" and he achieves it with the aid of a truly all-star cast. Included are Jimmy's brothers (bass star Percy Heath and drummer Albert Heath), marking the first time all three members of this famous Philadelphia jazz family have worked together on record, plus such other notable friends and colleagues as Cannonball and Nat Adderley, Clark Terry, Tommy Flanagan, etc. It's big, swinging, unusual, zestful — the musicians who played the date have been talking it up ever since it was recorded, and we suspect they'll soon have lots of company in their enthusiasm.

Another set of big sounds is still in the planning stage, but since this is at least partly an inside-information page, we invite you all to note that **WOODY HERMAN** is now an exclusive Riverside recording artist, and that top-secret work is now in progress designed to create a completely new and really different Herman Herd.

Just to show you how far-ranging the word "big" can be, let us now turn our attention to a second aspect of bigness that involves a one-man record! That one man, of course, could only be **GEORGE CRATER**, as portrayed by Ed Sherman on the album inevitably titled **OUT OF MY HEAD**,³ Whether or not Crater is the biggest mind of our times is probably a subject for full-dress debate, not for this modest advertisement. But there's no question about his being the brashest; and there's no doubt at all that lots of folks are getting big (and nasty) laughs out of his comments on the jazz world and other vital subjects.

Then there's the case of **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY**, who is rapidly becoming one of the very biggest forces in jazz today. There are the two sensational albums by his quintet — **IN SAN FRANCISCO**⁴ and **THEM DIRTY BLUES**⁵ — just about the biggest sell-

ing items on the current jazz market and both prime examples of how large-scale and room-filling the sound of a superb small group can be. And there is also Cannonball's exciting new personal project — his activities as a producer of Riverside albums that either spotlight brand-new talent or present under-appreciated artists in effective settings. The new releases in the "Cannonball Adderley Presentation" series are **DICK MORGAN AT THE SHOWBOAT**,⁶ introducing a remarkable new piano stylist; and **THE TEXAS TWISTER**,⁷ featuring Houston tenorman **DON WILKERSON** in a very blues-y LP that includes Nat Adderley and that divides the bass-playing spot between two of the most highly regarded young bassists of the day: easterner Sam Jones and westerner Leroy Vinnegar.

This rapidly expanding (or must we say "rapidly getting bigger") portion of Cannonball's schedule also includes some extremely intriguing in-preparation items. We'll sign off for this issue by whetting your appetite with brief mention of three of them: an album introducing an incredibly mature group of upstate-New York youngsters led by 19-year-old Chuck Mangione and his 21-year-old brother, Gap Mangione; a set featuring no less than four highly promising young altoists; and an album arranged by veteran tenorman Budd Johnson that combines Budd with an unprecedented trumpet section (Harry Edison, Ray Nance, Nat Adderley, Clark Terry).

Footnote Department: Here's a concise summary of those albums mentioned and footnoted above which you can run right out and buy at your local record store today:

1. **JOHNNY GRIFFIN: THE BIG SOUL-BAND** (RLP 331 and Stereo 1179)
2. **JIMMY HEATH ORCHESTRA: REALLY BIG** (RLP 333 and Stereo 1188)
3. **GEORGE CRATER: OUT OF MY HEAD** (RLP 841 — Mono only)
4. **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO** (RLP 311 and Stereo 1154)
5. **CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET: THEM DIRTY BLUES** (RLP 322 and Stereo 1170)
6. **DICK MORGAN AT THE SHOWBOAT** (RLP 328 and Stereo 1183)
7. **DON WILKERSON: THE TEXAS TWISTER** (RLP 332 and Stereo 1186)

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