

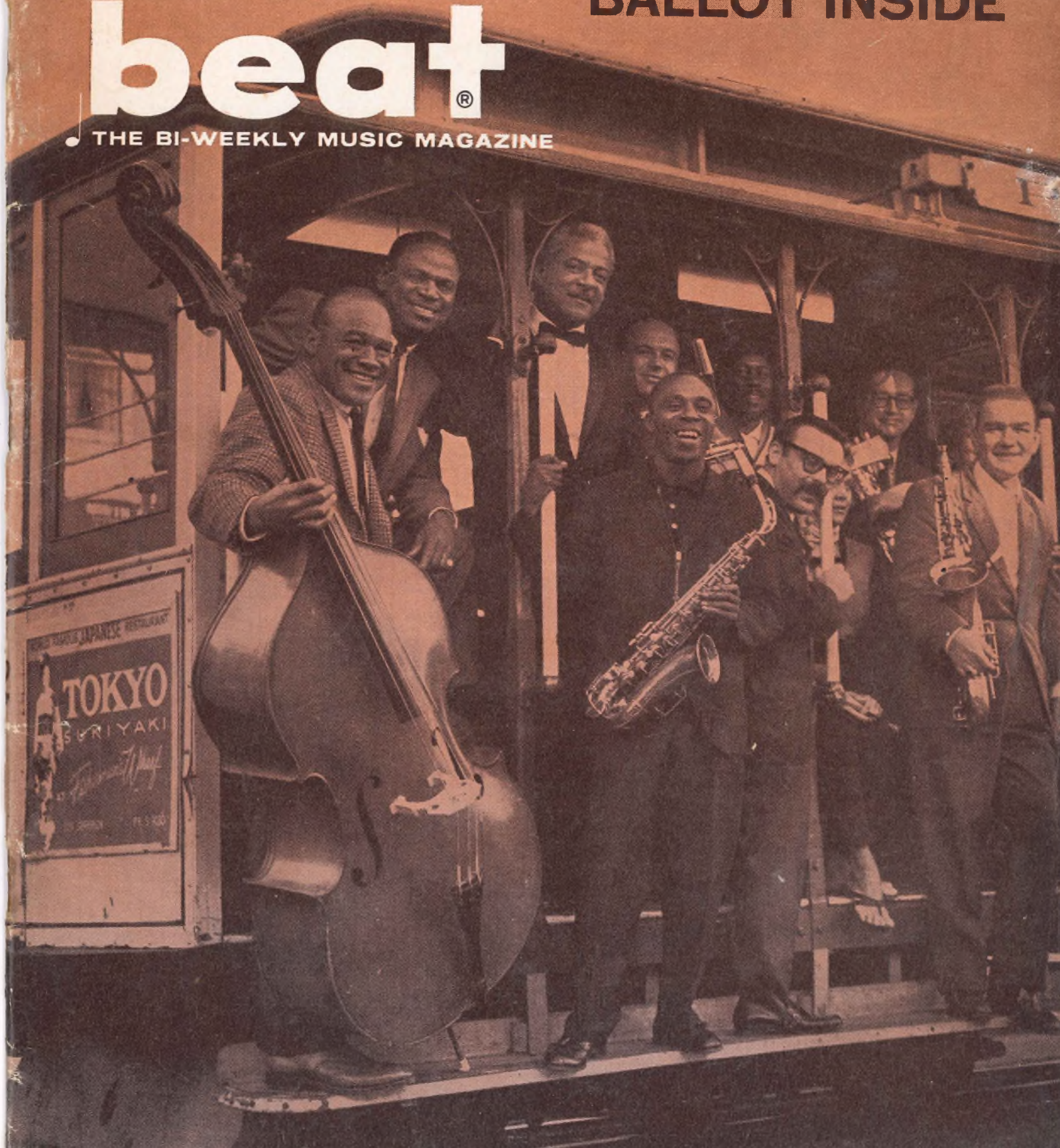
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THE FIRST CHORUS

By CHARLES SUBER

Something very disturbing happened at the recent Monterey Jazz Festival. It is a sad little story about muddled thinking and callousness.

On May 30, Monterey Peninsula college held its third annual collegiate jazz contest under the supervision of Dr. Bruce Hubbard, head of its music department. The three top winners—San Francisco State College Octet, Valley Junior College of Van Nuys big band, and the San Diego City College Quintet—were all promised, in writing, a per-

formance at the Monterey Jazz festival. Jimmy Lyons, the promoter of the festival, was so pleased that he also invited a seventeen piece all-star high school band from Los Angeles county under the direction and sponsorship of the American Jazz Society.

That was the end of May. June came and went, as did July and August. The kids were getting panicky. Lyons didn't answer letters, he wasn't in to phone calls.

In desperation, Robert McDonald, music instructor at Valley Junior college, wrote to Lawrence Smith, the manager of the bank of America branch in Monterey, and a close friend of the school music movement. He called

Lyons himself and raised the roof. Lyons still did nothing. So Smith did something else. He canvassed the local merchants and collected about \$300 which he sent off to Valley Junior college to partially defray the trip expense.

The San Diego group couldn't finance the trip and never did hear anything from Lyons, so they gave up and cancelled. The San Francisco State group found an ally in College of San Mateo who had appeared at the 1959 Festival and still was waiting for expense money promised to them by Lyons.

Now the union entered the scene. Don Forster, secretary of Local 616 (Monterey) called a meeting one week prior to festival time which the entire festival board attended. Forster asked for money for the kids. The board said they were sorry, but their budget didn't call for such an expense and they weren't about to allocate more. Then Forster, not wanting to disappoint the kids entirely, asked Lyons how he intended to program them. Lyons haughtily replied that his was a professional show and had no place for amateurs. All this despite the program Lyons had released to the press indicating the youth groups would appear on the regular Saturday afternoon program.

Finally the opening day of the festival came and the kids arrived confused and broke. Lyons had someone tell them on Saturday morning that they were scheduled for an 11 a.m. appearance on the big stage. As they were setting up, Gunther Schuller showed up with his quartet and brusquely announced that he needed the stage for rehearsal. The kids were told to stand by. They stood by for five hours.

Twenty-five minutes after the afternoon performance was over—and everyone had filed out of the performing area—it was announced to the empty seats that the school bands would now perform. And so they did. About 800 people heard music over the sound system and filtered back to their seats. They were glad they did. And when Jimmy Witherspoon came out to do his bit with the Los Angeles high school band, the 800 made like twice that number with their applause and cheers. The kids had made it the hard way.

Well, that's the story except for this footnote. The festival committed itself when it started to donate scholarships to Monterey Peninsula college. At the end of the 1958 festival, the college received \$600. Last year it received nothing . . . and this year, nothing. It is interesting that this year's School of Jazz at Lenox, who has as a director, Monterey.

I wonder how some people manage to live with themselves.

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CONTENTS

GAC INCREASES JAZZ ACTIVITY	11
ED HALL IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA	11
A BIG PUSH FOR DIZZY	12
NO STRIKE IN THE PITS	12
THE SCHOOL AT LENOX	12
THE MONTEREY FESTIVAL	14
MONTEREY: THE AFTERNOON CONCERTS	18
SAN FRANCISCO AND JAZZ	19
FOCUS ON BILL HENDERSON	21
STEREO NEWS	22

DEPARTMENTS

THE FIRST CHORUS (Charles Suber)	4	OUT OF MY HEAD (George Crater)	32
CHORDS AND DISCORDS	6	RECORD REVIEWS	33
STRICTLY AD LIB	10	THE BLINDFOLD TEST (Nat Adderley)	45
SITTIN' IN (Art Hodes)	22	AFTERTHOUGHTS (Gene Lees)	53

ON THE COVER

Possibly the most jazz-oriented city in the United States—or in the world, for that matter—is San Francisco, which, not coincidentally, is also one of the most generally culture-conscious American cities. The cover photo gives a hint of how much jazz talent you can encounter in San Francisco at any given moment—though not, of course, all on the same cable car. This group of swingers gathered specially for the lens of photographer Jerry Stoll. If you don't recognize them all, you'll find identification on page 19, along with Ralph Gleason's jazz-eyed view of the city that he, in common with countless others, loves.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

International Bad Press

I was pleased to read in your Sept. 15 issue that the bungling of AP and UPI have at last been brought to light by Bob Powers. As a journalist in this country, I was appalled to read of another rioting at a so-called jazz concert on our foreign tape service.

We in the office "spiked" the story—not so three of our leading dailies. After the incidents at Newport and our own Beaulieu Jazz festivals they decided this was more meat with which to down that obviously filthy word "jazz."

The average journalist even in this country does not know the difference between rock and roll, pop, and jazz so it becomes labeled under the one word "jazz."

Verbatim reporting on these incidents is not required by the press; all they need are the bare bones—the resulting factor is always that jazz is accused time and time again. Our own *Melody Maker* does service in trying to stem the negligence of the average newspaperman in this country, to try and find the facts before misreporting events at jazz concerts, and the like. I for one was surprised to learn that you also have to suffer this sort of thing, which is not necessary.

All power to your wonderful magazine for bringing to the notice of those concerned this flagrant miscarriage of justice to jazz. And power to Powers for getting at those concerned for this obvious mismanagement by the top men at AP and UPI.

London, England.

Harry West

Jolly, Pena Not First On N.Z. Scene

For the record, I notice with interest in a recent issue in the *Ad Lib* column you credit Pete Jolly and Ralph Pena as being the first American jazz musicians to tour New Zealand since the end of World War II. This credit must go to Dave Brubeck, who made a successful tour of that country in and around April of this year. There have also been a few package deals on tour; one of which included Buddy DeFranco.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Evan E. Fisher

Roots For Roots

Now that "soul" jazz has arrived and everyone is taking a second look into the roots of jazz, I think a few articles on the true practitioners of such are due. Musicians like Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Sonny Terry, Bobby (Blue) Bland, and B. B. King are just a few on which articles would be interesting and enlightening. Of course Bags and Monk would be interesting reading too.

A few insights on their early childhood that may have lead to their ability of communicating emotion directly would prove fascinating, I am sure.

Pico Rivera, Calif. Joe Stroud

Complaint?

I bought my first issue of *Down Beat* in October, 1958. I must say that I have rarely enjoyed any other issue of your magazine as much as that first one. There were reasons, of course, and they are as basic as the magazine itself.

I found the reviewers in that first issue intelligent and careful. Five-star ratings were very rare, and, although this may be due to the lack of excellent records at that time, I felt that the reviewers at that time took a more liberal and more fundamental view of records they were reviewing. They were more liberal in the sense that they could accept all forms of jazz for what they were worth. I find that the reviewers in today's *Down Beat* feel all modern jazz must be funk in order to be good. I also find that the wrong reviewers are reviewing records. One of these is Don DeMicheal.

DeMicheal is a reviewer who exhibits great insight and capability as a critic of modern jazz. His review of the Eric Dolphy album is a tribute to that. It seems, however, that Mr. DeMicheal possesses a biased and defensively Jim Crow attitude toward traditional jazz. I suggest that he review only modern jazz recordings and groups, for his other reviews and comments have made a blot on a very fine record.

Back to the original issue which brought on the above discourse on Mr. DeMicheal: *Down Beat* has undergone such an up-and-down career in recent months in its reviewing department, that I buy my magazines on the newsstand only after reading ones which a friend of mine (an astute *Down Beat* reader) has bought. I find that the five star rating is getting thrown around a bit too much recently. I did not find Brubeck's *Gone with the Wind* album, a five-star one.

However, a return to the attitude which is, in my opinion, better is to be found in the latest issue of the magazine (Sept. 1), on which I congratulate you.

I find the situation of Ornette Coleman very amusing. One listen tells one that Coleman is not as great as he is made out to be in your magazine. It seems that the critics think that Coleman may be another Bird, and don't want to be left out if he is. Coleman is as erratic as Bird was regular in his prime. Bird may have been moody, but Coleman is just plain erratic, and not like Bird at all. If there is one who may blaze a new path, it would seem more likely that it would be Dolphy. I feel that the attitude DeMicheal expressed on this subject in his review of Dolphy's album to be the only reasonable one I have yet read in *Down Beat*. I feel that Ornette is definitely being over-rated.

Your latest issue seems to be heading in the right direction.

New Britain, Conn. Andrew R. Weiss
(Continued on page 8)



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Chords

(Continued from page 6)

Anti-School

Regarding Mr. Russell M. Campbell's letter in the Sept. 29 issue of *Chords and Discords*: I have always appreciated good jazz when I hear it without concerning myself about "schools." If I could vote for two tenor men in this year's *Down Beat* poll, they would be Stan Getz and Ben Webster. I believe that consistent brilliance both in person and recording-wise of these two men makes a pretty good "common groove" to me.
Silver Spring, Md. George I. Hall

College Communique

I have been reading *Down Beat* for almost a year. The Aug. 18 issue finally prompted me to become a subscriber. The bulk of the credit for my decision goes to Gene Lees for one of the best written articles I've seen in any magazine this year.

It is with some trepidation that I admit to being a college student after reading Lees' report on Newport. I hope with this letter that I can at least try to assure that "we" are not all like "that." For instance, I don't like the Dukes of Dixieland or the Kingston Trio either.
Schenectady, N.Y. Mark Handelman

Several experiences I have had here at the University of Wisconsin have prompted me to write you. I am a freshman and have just completed my second week at the university.

When arrived at school the first thing I noticed was the ubiquity of jazz in the dorms and on the radios. Jazz is big in the dormitories.

I was also very surprised to discover that jazz recordings make up a good portion of all the records in the jukeboxes found in the local "beverage centers." Jazz is big in the student gathering places.

Just last week two friends and I went to hear Bob Scobey's group at the Towne club (of which Scobey owns a piece). The group was most uninspired but the students who packed the house . . . for the third week . . . went wild. They loved it. Regardless of the caliber of the playing of the Scobey group, when students dig it, they're getting their first taste of jazz. From Scobey to Satch to Harry to Dizzy and Miles, jazz is big in the student night spots.

About an hour after we arrived at the Towne club I was told that the Scobey group was going to be on the air. It seems as though a local station gives them 30 minutes a week air time for a broadcast directly from the night club. Jazz is big on the student-listened air waves.

This all tends to substantiate my theory that rock and roll and other such trash music is *strictly* for the pre- and early teenager. Jazz is gaining a tremendous acceptance in the universities of our country so let's not worry about the 12- and 13-year-olds. Let us, rather, look at the 20-year-olds. After all, they will be leading our country very shortly.

Madison, Wis.

Stuart Langer



Tommy Kay

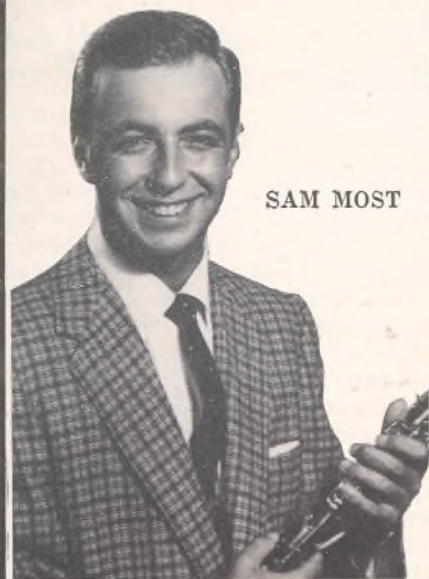
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NEW YORK

The entertainment season starts in Manhattan every September with the unveiling of new plays and clubs. Among the openings this fall was an unusual jazz club known as Jazz City, U.S.A., located in Greenwich Village. The club features a soda bar and record counter (they will sell jazz discs) on the ground floor, and an upstairs room furnished with tables where youngsters can eat ice cream and listen to jazz played by the **Kenny Dorham** Quartet. **Don George** owns the building and the club . . . **Joe Well's** restaurant in Harlem has opened its upstairs room again. Known as Jazz at the Upstairs, the room is featuring Hollywood vibraharpist **Dave Pike** with a quartet that includes **Don Friedman**, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass, and **Mickey Roker**, drums.



DORHAM

There are two new lounges with intimate décor using talent familiar to jazz listeners. One, the Velvet room in the Hotel Brittany, has had singer **Morgana King** and the trio known as **Andy and the Bey Sisters**. The other, Joe Howard's Place on Second Ave., has featured blues singer **Thelma Carpenter** and pianist **Fred Cole**, one of **Nat (King) Cole's** brothers . . . **Willie Shore**, once a partner in the Composer and the Arpeggio, is trying to reopen the ill-fated Diplomat as the Composer East. If successful, he plans to have pianist **Blossom Dearie** as the main attraction. When it opened with **Eileen Barton** last spring, the club was unable to get a liquor license.

The **Cecil Taylor Trio** is the Sunday afternoon attraction at the Phase 2 coffee house. On Saturday afternoons Phase 2 features **Don Walden's** Quintet with **Lonny Hillyer**, trumpet; **Nico Bunik**, piano; **Ed De Haas**, bass; **Al Levitt**, drums, and leader Walden on tenor saxophone . . . The week after the **George Russell Sextet** closed at the Five Spot it opened the Blue room in the Hotel Streets in Kansas City, Mo. The Five Spot's **Joe Termini** is mulling the idea of adding promising unknown singers to his regular bill at the club . . . The City Center ballet has commissioned **Gunther Schuller** to write a jazz ballet to be performed by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** in Carnegie hall for six performances Jan. 4-15 . . . Jazz-classical composer and French horn man **Dave Amram** have been signed to write and conduct the score to **Harold Hecht's** movie *A Matter of Conviction*.



RUSSELL

Jazz trombonist **Jimmy Knepper** played in the quartet accompanying French singer **Jacqueline Francois** during her recent Persian room engagement at the Plaza hotel . . . A star-laden jazz troupe played a twilight concert (5 p.m.) at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Oct. 23. Taking part were the **Oscar Peterson Trio**, the **Farmer-Golson Jazztet**, the **Lou Donaldson Quintet**, the **Art Taylor-Jackie McLean Quintet**, and singer **Etta Jones**. **Mort Fega** was the emcee. **Don Elliott**, the writer of the score for *A Thurber Carnival*, has left the show to concentrate on writing advertising jingles. His understudy, **Bobby Jaspar**, tenor saxophonist and flautist, is his replacement . . . **Cab Calloway** won a

(Continued on page 48)

down beat

Down Beat

November 10, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 23

JAZZ BOOKING ON A LARGE SCALE

General Artists Corp., the third largest talent agency in show business (Music Corp. of America and William Morris are larger), is in the process of building a special department designed to give more jazz attractions more work in more places.

The headquarters for the department will be in GAC's New York office. It will be under the supervision of Sheldon Schultz, who will have a three-man staff there, plus two men in the Los Angeles office and one in the Chicago office—all devoting full time to jazz booking.

GAC, in a sense, is trying to recover a position held in the early days of the agency when it was Rockwell-O'Keefe, Inc. It specialized in jazz attractions during the swing years.

About a year ago, GAC's executive staff began to notice an increase in jazz activity. Joe Glaser's Associated Booking Corp. had become a healthy operation, with most of its talent in the jazz field. The Willard Alexander office had hired Rudy Viola to concentrate on booking jazz names. Jazz was being used at state fairs, festivals, in music tents, and on television to a limited extent.

In 1958, GAC had acquired the George A. Hamid agency, the largest outdoor-booking office in the country. GAC's experience in this outdoor field has led the firm to believe that rural areas are becoming more and more aware of jazz.

Another highly lucrative area of jazz bookings has been found in colleges. There has been a good deal of action from the educational institutions for one-night or weekend bookings of jazz talent. GAC's jazz talent has been requested for concerts, dances, and festival appearances. The most-sought GAC talent on the campuses has been the Stan Kenton Orchestra, Nina Simone, the Four Freshmen, and the Hi-Lo's.

Vocalists on the GAC roster include June Christy, Gloria Lynne, and Della Reese.

"It is our intention," Schultz said, "to build our jazz attractions and offer them all the agency's facilities in getting bookings on TV as well as in ballrooms, cafes, and night clubs."

The agency will be on a search for new talent and new locations in which to present jazz artists.



Playing together at the Jazz Club of Brno are Frantisek Navratil, Edmond Hall, Stanislav Vesely, and Jaromir Hnilicka. Photo by Milos Budik.

At the present time, Schultz is working on a package jazz concert tour to be headlined by Miss Reese in January. It will be called Portrait of Della and will include, in addition to the star, a Gospel singing group, a blues band, and a jazz group.

GAC hopes to establish a relationship with jazz artists where the talent will feel their work is understood and appreciated. Schultz said, "The businessmen in the field have not always treated the jazz artist in the way he deserves. We intend to do so."

AFTER A LONG JAZZ DROUGHT

For Czechoslovakian jazz fans, it was the end of a long drought. No American jazz artist had performed in their country since the 1930s.

Thus, when Edmond Hall began a tour there last June, the aficionados were delighted. Clarinetist Hall, one of the last of the great New Orleans-born clarinetists, played most of the bigger Czech towns, backed by one of the country's best jazz orchestras, led by Gustav Brom.

Hall ran into problems with the musicians, even though his repertoire consisted mainly of jazz classics such as *St. Louis Blues*, *Jada*, *Weary Blues*, and *When the Saints Go Marching In*. At first, the Czech players found it hard to work with him: they were not used to playing with a musician who improvised continually. But Hall soon

had them swinging happily behind him.

In Brno, Hall played a stadium concert to an audience of 12,000, then visited the Jazz club of Brno to talk.

About the Brom band and Czechoslovakia, Hall said, "The band possesses good arrangers and good players. I have made seven world tours, and I think that the enthusiasm of your public hardly differs from that of any audience anywhere."

Hall endeared himself to the Czechs for his behavior during an incident in Prague—an incident which casts some light on the national variations in Communist viewpoint.

All the good hotels were full. The orchestra was given lodging in an obscure hotel. The Czech foreign office heard about the situation. And whereas Russian government chiefs are reportedly antagonistic to jazz, Czech officialdom evidently has a different feeling: they immediately offered Hall an apartment in an exclusive international hotel—as a guest of the government.

Hall declined the offer with thanks. "I remain to live with my colleagues," he said. "What is good for the band is also good for me." And stay he did—with the Czech musicians.

Said Otokar Zak, leader of the traditional jazz section of the Jazz Club of Brno (it is divided into traditional and modern sections), "We Czechs will never forget Hall and the warm and singing tone of his clarinet."

A BIG PUSH FOR DIZZY

Verve records is kicking off a concentrated, one-year promotion on Dizzy Gillespie.

Verve head Norman Granz plans the venture as a dramatic way to bring Gillespie's genius to wider public attention.

Kicking off the promotion is a special record offer: Gillespie's new LP, *A Portrait of Duke Ellington*. Verve had planned to give the album free to the first 5,000 persons to write in for it. When initial response indicated, however, the demand would run many times the original estimate, Verve decided not to limit the number of albums but to make a minimal charge of \$1 to cover processing, packaging, and mailing. In this way the offer would be available to all Gillespie's fans.

HIPPIE HITS THE SCENE

The Count Basie band was recording at Chicago's Universal studios. The audience, numbering 20 or 30 persons, consisted of musicians, including Buddy Rich and the members of his sextet, pianist Eddie Higgins, arranger and columnist Bill Mathieu, and various musicians' wives.

Midway through the session, a few hippies began to find their way into the session. Then, as the band was listening to a playback, the studio door opened and in came a girl who was obviously the hippest of the hip, a band (or camp) follower of a kind familiar to every musician. She wore

tight black torreador pants, a mannish white blouse; she had bleached blond hair stiffly lacquered and lipstick painted a fraction of an inch outside the lip line.

She stood there, surveying the scene, very cool, and then said, "Which one of these cats is Louis Armstrong?"

NO STRIKE IN THE PITS

For the jazz musicians of New York, the pit orchestras of Broadway musicals are a blessing; when work in the jazz clubs is slow, or when a member of a group that is leaving town wants to stay in New York with his family, he can often locate a good gig in a pit band.

Recently it looked as if the convenience would be disrupted. The contract between AFM Local 802 and the League of New York Theaters—representing producers and theater owners—expired on Labor day, and negotiations for a new one bogged down in a dispute over wages, layoffs, welfare, and pensions. The league made a "final" offer. It was turned down by union negotiators, and the threat of a strike faced the theaters, which had just gone through one strike with actors.

Union lawyer David Ashe said both groups were still far apart Sept. 10 but that the union was willing to forego a strike by extending its deadline for another week "so as not to inconvenience ticket holders."

A few days before the end of the extension, 802's executive board and the league's negotiating committee reached agreement, putting in force a three-year contract, retroactive to Labor day.

Now musicians playing in the pit orchestras of revues and musicals receive \$170 a week, instead of \$155.50. For dramatic shows employing musicians, the minimum weekly scale is \$119.50 instead of \$109.35.

Aside from temporary shutdowns of a show during the summer months, when business is bad, layoffs must be limited to a maximum two weeks annually. If a layoff lasts longer, musicians affected will get full salary. Layoffs will be cumulative to not more than four weeks if the show has been running two years. But the union will recognize existing contracts with stars who have designated when they will take vacations and for how long.

A new pension plan, based on the Actor's Equity formula, was negotiated for the musicians. It calls for the contribution by the producers of 1 percent of salary for the first year, 2 percent for the second, and 3 percent thereafter through the sixth year.

Jazz musicians currently working Broadway shows include drummer Jimmy Crawford, trumpeters Dick Perry and Ernie De Falco, trombonist Sonny Russo, and bassist Wendell Marshall, all with the *Gypsy* pit orchestra; guitarist Kenny Burrell and trombonist Eddie Bert, with *Bye, Bye, Birdie*; and the Don Elliot Quartet, which works with *A Thurber Carnival*.

The jazzmen working in *The Connection*, and bassist Leonard Gaskin, with *Ernest in Love*, are not covered by the new contract since these are off-Broadway theaters which do not belong to the League of New York Theaters.

THE SCHOOL AT LENOX

When the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., opened in August, 1957, a bright future was envisioned for the first such enterprise of its kind. Words of praise were high and its teaching personnel's qualifications, if anything, higher.

During the next two years, the school widened its scope, increased its effectiveness, and proved its artistic validity. Yet, early this summer it was feared the school would have to forego classes this year—there wasn't enough money to meet expenses.

At a meeting of trustees and faculty on July 12, it was announced that only 10 percent of the necessary endowments had been subscribed. At that time there were only two alternatives: dissolve the school or postpone the August, 1960, sessions.

John Lewis, the school's executive director, favored postponement until a jazz benefit concert could be held in New York City to help raise the funds to put the school back in business.

At this point, a jazz angel appeared in the person of Michael Bakwin, owner

of the Avaloch inn in the Berkshires, close to the Music Barn, where some Lenox classes have been held, and across from Tanglewood, the classical music summer retreat. The taproom of the Avaloch featured jazz pianist Randy Weston's Quartet during the summer.

Bakwin, whose parents were among the founders of the Museum of Modern Art, announced on July 29 that he felt he could secure the school's future with a grant of \$5,000, "since an educational institution as significant as the School of Jazz must survive."

From the grant, \$4,000 is to be for Michael and Betsy Bakwin special projects and \$1,000 for the Avaloch chair in strings.

Additional grants then were forthcoming: the Avedis Zildjian Co. donated \$500 for a chair in percussion for one year; the Monterey Jazz festival, \$400; Max Youngstein, in behalf of the United Artists record division, \$385 (the student fee for one term); the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, \$385; the Atlantic Recording

Co., \$385; Joe Glaser, in behalf of the Associated Booking Corp., \$200; the Music for Moderns series of Milwaukee, \$300; Ralph Gleason, jazz writer and critic, \$200, and Nat Hentoff, jazz writer and critic, \$150.

These gifts, along with previous long-term donations from Leonard Bernstein; Broadcast Music, Inc.; Chappel Music; the Goldschmidt foundation, and Dizzy Gillespie, made the 1960 term a reality.

The three-week 1960 term differed from previous ones in several respects. This year the school's activities were mainly headquartered in Wheatleigh hall, a castle originally built for a European countess and more recently a dormitory for members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in attendance at Tanglewood.

Music inn, the former center of the school, had been sold in June by Stephanie and Philip Barber, the managers of the school. They retained Wheatleigh and the management of the regular jazz concerts in the Music Barn.

The enrollment of 45 students was slightly larger than in previous seasons.

The students were older and possessed a higher caliber of musicianship than in former years. Among those studying at the school were trumpeters Don Ellis and Al Kiger; tenor saxophonists J. R. Monterose and Dave Young; trombonist Dave Baker, pianist Harold McKinney of Detroit, Mich., drummer Joe Hunt of Indianapolis, Ind., and vibraharpist-composer Gary McFarland of Boston, Mass.

The younger, semiprofessional students included several from previous years. Two of these, specializing in composition, were David Lahm and Margo Guryan, both from New York. Lahm, who is on a year's leave of absence from Amherst college to study composition with George Russell, is the son of songwriter Dorothy Fields. The young composer's *Potting Shed* is a regular tune in the book of the new George Russell Sextet.

Miss Guryan, who has had a tune recorded by Chris Connor, had two of her compositions performed by Milt Jackson's small ensemble at the faculty-student benefit concert, which is given annually at the close of the term. (The young woman, a June, 1960, college graduate, was nettled when her composition *Milt Town*, in honor of vibraharpist Jackson, showed up on the program as *Milltown*.) The original compositions by Miss Guryan, Lahm, and Gary McFarland are promising and speak well for the School of Jazz.

The school always has drawn students from foreign countries. This year there were drummer Jon Jonsson of Sweden, trombonist Mike Gibbs of Southern Rhodesia, and vibraharpist Vera Auer from Vienna, Austria.

The faculty, smaller this year than usual, had to struggle with the increased enrollment. As school director Lewis said at a concert, "It has been one calamity after another—like the festivals." He pointed out that Milt Jackson was forced to leave because of his mother's death and that Herb Pomeroy had to leave "to make a living." Pomeroy, a Boston trumpeter-leader, had a rare full week's work for his 13-piece band at the Music Box in West Yarmouth, Mass.

Among the faculty members who had returned to teach for at least the second time were Lewis, piano; George Russell, theory and composition; Gunther Schuller, jazz analysis; Jackson, vibraharp; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums, and Pomeroy, trumpet.

Newcomers on the faculty were J. J. Johnson, trombone and small-ensemble instruction; Ed Summerlin, tenor saxophone and small-ensemble; and John Garvey, in charge of the school's experiment in the use of strings in jazz.

The course, *The History of Jazz*, taught by Marshall Stearns, professor

at Hunter college, was dropped this year. In its place, Schuller's *History of Jazz Styles*, begun last year, was expanded to serve as a study of the playing techniques and attitudes of jazz musicians throughout the music's history. The emphasis was placed in the sounds of jazz, and students were asked to play in class.

This year's most significant innovation was the introduction of strings and their use within the small and large jazz ensemble. Garvey, professor of music at the University of Illinois and head of the Walden String Quartet, was engaged to develop the project. He arranged for six classically trained string musicians to be in residence during the school term. They included three violinists, two viola players (including himself), and two cellists. Their schedule called for three hours' practice every afternoon. Three days a week the strings worked alone, and on the remaining days they played with jazz soloists and in jazz ensembles.

Besides courses in composition, history, and small-ensemble playing, each student was required to take at least two private instrumental lessons a week. The private lessons were given to the student by an instructor who plays a different instrument. This method has been used since pianist Oscar Peterson pointed out at one of the early sessions of the school that there was a tendency on the part of piano students to concentrate too hard on an attempt to imitate the instructor's style.

The accomplishments of a School of Jazz term has come to be vividly portrayed at the final concert. The students and the faculty play together in small ensembles. This togetherness is considered an important part of the student's training, and audiences have found that it also makes for a more stimulating listening experience than the usual jazz festival program.

With one or two exceptions, every composition played was written by a student or faculty member. Most of the students' originals were written during the school term.

This year's program included five small jazz ensembles led by John Lewis, J. J. Johnson, Milt Jackson (pianist-composer Margo Guryan introduced the group in the absence of Jackson), George Russell, and a group prepared by Herb Pomeroy, Connie Kay, and Ed Summerlin.

There were several guest musicians on hand, who sat in with various combos. Freddie Hubbard, trumpeter with the disbanded J. J. Johnson Sextet, and New York alto saxophonist Don Heckman played with the Summerlin ensemble.

John Garvey's string ensemble was an exciting and worthwhile added attrac-

tion to the five standard jazz groups. Garvey, who played with Jan Savitt's Orchestra a decade ago, offered five short selections using various combinations of instruments.

The string portion of the program included *Champagne Blues*, written by Bob Brookmeyer and performed with J. J. Johnson as guest soloist; *Piece for Strings* by Gary McFarland, with Johnson again performing the solo part; *Variants on a Theme of John Lewis* by Gunther Schuller, with Schuller conducting and guitarist Jim Hall soloing; *Milano* by John Lewis, with Hall and Lewis soloing, and *Piece for Guitar and Strings* by Hall, with Hall again the soloist. Hall took time from his regular playing with the Jimmy Giuffre group at the Five Spot in New York City to go to the school for his part of the program.

Bassists Bill Takas and Chuck Israel, drummer Earl Zindars, and pianist John Lewis worked with the strings on the selections. On the Schuller number, alto saxophonist Heckman and vibraharpist Vera Auer were added. Israel was a part-time student at the school from nearby Stockbridge, Mass., and now has joined the George Russell Sextet, replacing Ted Snyder.

Garvey's presentation left the impression that strings definitely have a place in modern jazz. Lewis said, in introducing this portion of the program, "One reason strings have not been accepted in jazz is due to the fact that the highly developed techniques of the strings have not heretofore been compatible with the free-blowing jazz techniques of other instruments." Garvey offered convincing evidence that jazz is out of the barrelhouse. The strings were used exclusively in ensemble rather than solo form, and the tonal shadings they provided effectively offset the solo instruments, especially Johnson's trombone.

One of the most enthusiastic and approving listeners at the concert was former bandleader Artie Shaw, whose recently purchased farm near Lakeville, Conn., makes him a neighbor of the school. He said he was especially pleased with the string ensemble experiment, recalling that he tried to establish strings in jazz 15 years ago, when he added a large string section to his swing orchestra.

Shaw was so taken with the school that he said he wanted to be a part of it—and a few days later he was elected a trustee, along with conductor Leonard Bernstein, poet Langston Hughes, and Alan Morrison of *Ebony* magazine.

The trustees announced that next year the school term will be extended to four weeks and the faculty-student concert will be given in the Museum of Modern Art in New York City if it can be arranged.





THE MONTEREY FESTIVAL

By JOHN TYNAN

In a year that has seen jazz festivals take it on the chin in the public eye, the third annual Monterey event, held Sept. 23, 24, 25 in this California peninsula's oak-shaded county fairgrounds, was the most financially successful thus far. In three evening and two afternoon performances, the festival grossed an impressive \$85,000, an increase of \$10,000 over last year's take. Working with a talent budget of \$38,000, festival general manager Jimmy Lyons said he came "very close" to expending the whole sum.

One reason for the record take, in Lyons' view, was the enlarged seating capacity this year of the horse show arena. Additional bleachers upped the 1959 capacity of 6,800 to 7,305. But at no performance was the house sold out. Opening night drew 5,500 attendees, best ever for a Monterey opening. Saturday afternoon, which consisted of Gunther Schuller's "New Music" presentations, saw an audience of 3,500, but Saturday evening proved a \$28,580 blockbuster with some 7,200 persons arriving to hear the Ellington band perform Duke's *Suite Thursday*, an original work supposedly based on the writings of Monterey's John Steinbeck. Sunday afternoon and evening drew some 5,000 persons each.

But statistics cannot convey the meaning of such an event in terms of personal triumphs or frustrations of the artists, the general mood of the festival on various levels, or the administration of it.

Taking the last factor first, it must be noted that foul-ups abounded. There was the matter of the "specially chartered" plane that carried some of the biggest names from New York direct to Monterey. On it were the Duke Ellington Band, the Gerry Mulligan Band, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and other headliners.

In the bar of the San Carlos hotel, Johnny Hodges made no attempt to conceal his disgust. "Chartered plane?" he snorted "Hell, we were *told* it was a chartered plane, but it was nothin' of the kind. Took us damn near 17 hours to get here. How can I get up

to San Francisco after we get through tomorrow night? I want to get out of this town as quick as I can."

Mel Lewis, drummer with the Mulligan band, was much more vocal. "It was a bad deal from start to finish," he declared. "Not only was the plane not chartered, it was non-scheduled, and we landed at Chicago to put off and take on more passengers and again at Burbank to change planes. And it was a very nervous flight, man . . . very insecure."

Lewis' attitude was in decided contrast to his feelings about playing the 1959 festival. At that time he told Gene Lees, "It was a ball to play. It was really devoted to music. I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Lewis' feelings this year were mild compared to Mulligan's. Burning over the goofed-up transportation, Mulligan told this writer, "That whole trip was unnecessary, anyway. Verve Records was paying the transportation cost, not the festival. As a matter of fact, we had reservations for the band on a jet to San Francisco, but they were canceled so we could travel on the special plane."

Tired and irritable after the long trip, the Mulligan men nevertheless anticipated opening the festival with a bang. They began playing the leader's theme, *Utter Chaos*, at 8:41 p.m. behind drawn curtains. After four choruses of this, according to Mulligan, festival manager Lyons walked onstage and said, "Ger, Annie isn't dressed yet. It won't be long." It was 8:45 when Lyons appeared at the center mike to make a lengthy speech of welcome to the audience and stall for time until the arrival of Annie Ross. When Miss Ross still had not appeared by 8:52, Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks went through the vocal introduction and the band opened with what Mulligan described as "a bad-tempered rendition of *Broadway*."

Later, Mulligan made it clear to *Down Beat* that there was more to the situation visible onstage than met the eye. He spoke of the goof-up bitterly and stressed that the band's appearance at the festival meant much to him.



"Actually," he said, "I was kind of hurt by the whole thing. And as a professional musician, I'm insulted. The presentation wound up being amateurish, without any showmanship whatsoever. After all, there were thousands of people who had paid admissions to attend a professional performance. . . . John Lewis came backstage after we got off and he was shaking mad. He agreed with me that it was shameful and that an apology should be forthcoming."

Then, in a comment on the festival in general, or at least his part in it, he declared, "It was a damn shame. I really felt that they were getting the thing together—with John Lewis as music adviser and so on—but I guess they aren't after all."

Again on the administrative level, there was the deliberate brushoff of reporters, reviewers, and critics. While photographers were provided with multi-colored baseball caps to wear as identifying badges enabling them to move about unhindered, their colleagues of the typewriter were issued no identification whatever, could enter the concert arena only by the main gate, and were not permitted backstage. They were, however, informed they could meet the performers either on the grounds or in the bar behind the stage. By the festival's third day, Sunday afternoon, the brushoff ended. Strong protest from the press to festival officials produced identification badges for any newsmen desiring them. But the damage had been done, and the consensus of newsmen was that Lyons' free press tickets to the concerts was the most minimal courtesy.

The air of austerity was evident all around the festival. Press applications for reviewers' tickets were cut to the bone, Lyons said, with the administration office rejecting up to 200 applications per performance. While the majority of these "press" applications were of dubious origin, to say the least, the stringency of the screening was one indication of cost-consciousness.

Lyons admitted before the event commenced that the festival had to borrow money this year. It was later learned that the sum borrowed came to \$15,000—money that had to be in hand before Lyons could raise the first curtain.

According to Don Foster, secretary-treasurer of Monterey Local 616, American Federation of Musicians, the festival went into debt last year, too, and still owes money from the 1958 event. Foster made no pretense of friendliness toward the festival. "As far as I can see," he told this writer, "this thing has

been taken over by a disc jockey—Jimmy Lyons. They're in financial trouble now," he continued, "and it'll be interesting to see what they do with the festival next year." The last remark was a pointed reference to a published account of plans under consideration by San Francisco's Mayor Christopher to stage a 1961 jazz festival in that city's Candlestick park.

With the biggest take in the festival's history securely in the till, thanks largely to the well-attended afternoon concerts, Lyons could not tell reporters whether the festival broke even this year. Queried on this after the Sunday night boxoffice report was in, he would say only, "I pray to God we did." The sentiment must have been seconded by Dr. Bruce Hubbard, dean of music at Monterey Peninsula college, whose scholarships (if any) depend on the festival making a profit. Hubbard, closely tied to the festival operation in 1958, this year merely observed from the sidelines. He is one of several original supporters who have drawn away from the business end of the event.

Monterey may well have one foot jammed in an economic trap. This year the major concession to more popular appeal was the booking of the Louis Armstrong show to close the festival. Miriam Makeba, who sang on Sunday afternoon, also came closer to fitting into the "pop" category. But, other than that, the acts at Monterey were straight down the line.

ON the fairgrounds outside the arena, however, the taint of crass commercialism was somewhat more evident Friday and Saturday. In authentic carnival esprit, a small wagon ballyhooed the exhibition of "the world's only living six-legged cat" while not far away a "Voodoo Man" plied his anachronistic trade. The "Voodoo Man" merchandised bat's blood (at \$1.50 a bottle), the right eyes of white chickens, elephant hair ("what everybody needs. . ."), and other exotica. Said manager Lyons, questioned by reporters later about the mysterious disappearance of cat and voodoo Saturday evening, "It was a bit too much like a carnival. We washed them out."

On the positive side, there was a well-stocked jazz museum among the exhibits, with varied memorabilia and many oddments of interest to the aficionado. And the security arrangements were foolproof. There was but one noisy disturbance in the concert arena.

This was the backdrop against which the 1960 Monterey Jazz festival played its most successful season.

The idea of having Lambert-Hendricks-Ross emcee each evening performance was valid to a point. But the

weaker applause of the audience toward the end of the opening concert seemed to indicate they were losing effectiveness quickly. By the festival's end, many felt that even the entertaining singing announcements of L-H-R failed to compensate for the management's decision to dispense with intermissions.

Once the Mulligan band got started, the baritonist and his top-caliber personnel delivered a set distinguished more by enthusiasm than the high level of performance of which they are capable. Thanks to drummer Mel Lewis and bassist Buddy Clark, the band now has the kicking rhythm section it had lacked. But even that duo could not compensate for ragged ensembles, and it was only when Zoot Sims came onstage for Mulligan's second set of the evening that real excitement was generated.

During its 30 minutes onstage for the opening set, the band was heard to best advantage in a richly romantic *Manoir de mes rêves*, and in Bill Holman's pulsating arrangement of Duke Ellington's *Goin' Fishin'* theme from the motion picture *Anatomy of a Murder*. In addition to Mulligan, outstanding soloists were Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombonist, and trumpeter Don Ferrara.

As the curtain swept Mulligan's crew out of sight, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross introduced the André Previn Trio. Previn, at the piano, Red Mitchell on bass, and Frank Capp on drums, provided a half-hour of impeccable musicianship and generated some genuine jazz interest originating mainly with Mitchell. While Mitchell played brilliantly on *Just in Time*, *Collard*, and *Rosie*, Previn shone most in his rapid-fire solo on *Pretty* and in his evocative handling of a Previn ballad, *Sad Eyes*. On the more earthy fare, his playing seemed to lack basic conviction.

Helen Humes kicked off her set with a medium-up and romping *Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone*; followed with the ballad, *Imagination*, continued undaunted as a two-engine airplane roared overhead, then took *Don't Worry 'Bout Me* at a surprising medium-up tempo that closed with lots of muscle. On her up-tempoed *St. Louis Blues*, the rhythm section got a chance to stretch out. Music adviser of the festival John Lewis proved an adequate, if enigmatic-looking, accompanist.

After an overlong number and introduction by L-H-R, the Mulligan band returned to knock off three numbers before the emergence of guest star Zoot Sims. Now much more relaxed but more careless in ensemble performance, the band played a medium-up *You Took Advantage of Me*, a Bob Brookmeyer arrangement of *Body and*

Soul in which the arranger's solo tended to be a trifle undisciplined and devil-may-care, and a *Piano Blues* that shifted Mulligan to the keyboard, where he played with admirable gusto but obviously limited technique.

Zoot Sims' appearance lived up to the legend he has created about himself. Running into trouble with the sliding door that gave entry onto the black-and-yellow decorated stage, he did not make his appearance on cue. First Zoot's hand was visible. Then, with the door slid open a slim six or eight inches, a leg appeared, to be quickly withdrawn and followed by a hand holding a tenor saxophone. Finally, with the aid of trumpeter Don Ferrara, Zoot emerged onto the stage, none the worse for his difficulty.

Sims' first number was a Bill Holman-arranged *Love Me or Leave Me* and the tenorist wasted no time in getting down to the business of swinging. He blew hard and dug his toes in on that and on the *Apple Core* that followed. It was fine Zoot and a brand of jazz that brooked no nonsensical theorizing.

With the approach of an airplane as the band commenced to play a ballad arrangement of *Come Rain or Come Shine*, the abortive effort resolved into a rowdy and discordant salute in a bawdy version of *The Air Force Song*. Then Zoot took over once more on the ballad, demonstrating fierce feeling and urgency, great harmonic sense, and an attack reminiscent of Coleman Hawkins.

During the band's performance of the Johnny Mandel composition, *Black Nightgown* from the film *I Want To Live*, part of the audience began trickling toward the exits. Along one aisle strolled two policemen in plain clothes, their eyes wide for possible trouble.

With the announcement of Mulligan's *Bweebida-Bobbida*, Zoot reappeared, this time without any mechanical door trouble. He delivered a great solo that contained the evening's best jazz moments. Altoist Gene Quill also stepped forward to play his best jazz of the program. After a closing strain from the theme, *Utter Chaos*, the opening night's performance concluded at 10 minutes past midnight.

Saturday night was to be Duke Ellington's by virtue of a new work much publicized and commissioned by the festival management, *Suite Thursday*.

As the previous evening had opened with a goof, so Saturday night's concert also limped to the starting gate. A stage management error drew the curtain right after the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross introduction to reveal a band-

stand occupied by only eight men of the Ellington band. It was an embarrassing situation for both musicians and audience and was exaggerated by the gradual arrival of the rest of the sidemen and their subsequent tuning up. Ellington arrived 3½ minutes later, natty in a light suit. He kicked off the first number, *Perdido*. Johnny Hodges and Mathew Gee were still absent.

At 8:50 p.m. the two delinquents appeared onstage, took their chairs, and were still shuffling through their music when Ellington beat off the next number. The band, apparently still seeking its sea-legs, played rather sloppily.

By the time the band had reached the fourth number, *Jeeps Blues*, the old magic began to work. Hodge's alto sang in the lead, and drummer Sam Woodyard and bassist Aaron Bell laid down a propulsive base. *Newport Up* crackled and charged behind the solos of Jimmy Hamilton, Willie Cook, and Paul Gonsalvez. Harry Carney played his baritone solo of *Sophisticated Lady* with more frills than usual.

With the introduction of *Suite Thursday*, the band tackled the main business of the evening. They had had a final rehearsal the previous midnight and, according to reports, had been rehearsing the new music in bits and pieces for several weeks previous.

Ellington's attitude toward the new work was tongue-in-cheek as he introduced each movement. Though he did not identify the movements by name, instead choosing to confine himself to general remarks, some humorously sophisticated, he later listed them as *Miss Fits' Blues*, *Schwiphti*, *Zursday*, and *Lay-by*.

The music proved to be fair Ellingtonia with the first section featuring trombonist Lawrence Brown's plunger mute for what appeared to be fog-horn effect. The second movement was a medium-up hard swinger with punching figures in the trombones and strong sax section passages. Duke commented that the third section was "a beautiful vision, we thought, and it sort of had a beat, too." Hamilton's clarinet took over on this, sharing solo figures with Woodyard's tom-toms and Duke's perfunctory ad libs on piano. Ray Nance laid aside trumpet for violin in the fourth movement and, with Ellington holding the unfamiliar score before him, indulged in some very gypsy, rhapsodic bowing followed by snapping pizzicato to bassist Bell's strong walk behind him. Shouting ensemble engulfed the violinist as the suite closed on the jubilant note.

Musically, one got the impression that there was not the least intent to produce a work of the stature of, say,

Liberian Suite. The four sections of *Suite Thursday* are separate entities, good musically and quite interesting in many places, but bearing no discernable relationship to each other, much less to John Steinbeck's works and Monterey.

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet followed. Brothers Julian and Nat churned up a mess of swinging with *The Chant*, *The Old Country*, and the inevitable *This Here*. With new addition Victor Feldman on piano, Sam Jones on bass, and Louis Hayes on drums, the brothers had a solid and pulsating base for their cookery. It swung all the way, and if Cannon and Nat did a little put-on in their *This Here* solos, nobody seemed to mind.

By 10:30 p.m. the first drift toward the exits had begun, starting in the higher priced circle section and gradually spreading. Not too many left the arena, however, before Jimmy Rushing was introduced.

Gusty Rushing, in fine spirits, suffered from the confusion of the Ellington band's unfamiliarity with his selections. He kicked off with an up-tempo *Sunny Side of the Street* to some assertive Russell Procope alto playing. When he followed with *Goin' to Chicago*, a mixup over the correct key occurred and, when that was straightened out, the trumpet section seemed bent on creating chaos by overblowing and hamming behind the singer. Between the phony Dixieland segments volunteered by the ad libbing musicians and the constant confusion in the brass section, Rushing appeared somewhat upset. When he turned to leave and had almost reached the stage door, the cries of "More!" from the audience enticed him to return once more to sing a blues.

From the first measures, the band sounded as if the mess were deliberate. All restraint and musical respect seemed to have disappeared. It sounded as if Rushing were being deliberately murdered. After being onstage a little over 15 minutes, Rushing made his final exit with a smile to enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

Later Ellington called singer Milt Grayson to the mike. Grayson, a deep-voiced, creamy crooner, sang an affected *Lost in Loveliness*, then plunged into a tawdry tune, *One More Time*. (Sample fragment of the lyric: "Let me in/Let me in/One more time/Ninety-nine, one hundred times," etc.) One chorus of this pap would have been too much anywhere, much less at a jazz festival, but, unbelievably, Ellington summoned Grayson to return. Up jumped Paul Gonsalvez to blow a long and boring tenor solo while Ellington kept urging him to continue. With Duke and Grayson prancing on either side of the

tenor player, the spectacle became pure vaudeville.

Then the inevitable happened: an overstimulated member of the audience began dancing wildly on the hard earth in front of the stage. Duke spotted him and yelled encouragement, rotating his finger as he did so. Emboldened, the gyrating dancer ventured out into the center of the cleared area and into the arms of two festival policemen who neatly deposited the dervish on the sidelines.

It was yet another attempted recreation of Newport 1956 and *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue* with the mass dancing and near-hysteria. It failed. But



COLTRANE

it almost made it, for it would not have taken much more to set all the kids in the back of the arena to tripping the heavy fantastic to this near-rock-and-roll.

At 11:30 p.m., Ellington had thanked the audience and invited them to urge his engagement at the festival again next year, the concert was over.

The Montgomery Brothers Quartet opened the Sunday night concert at 7:25 p.m. With Wes on guitar, Buddy on piano, Monk on string bass, and Lawrence Marable on drums, the group started in a happy and healthily swinging vein. The outstanding soloist was brother Wes, who brought to the stage a talent as a jazz guitarist that has not even begun to be heard. Buddy contributed several clean-lined and well-defined solos while Marable and Monk kept the time slugging along a smooth and easy groove.

For a change, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross introduced themselves and sang one of the happiest and most entertaining sets of the festival. Their *Main Stem* captured an amazing approximation of the charging intensity of the Ellington band of the early 1940s. With Ike Issacs, bass, Gildo Mahones, piano, and Jimmy Wormworth, drums, rocking behind them, the trio went through a varied program, ranging from *Bijou* to

Things Ain't What They Used to Be.

After a four-minute second speech by general manager Lyons, the Ornette Coleman Quartet was announced at 8:40 p.m.

The "quartet," however, turned out to be a trio: trumpeter Don Cherry was absent. The absence was the result of a sudden and violent backstage drama. According to many witnesses, Jimmy Witherspoon among them, who were relaxing in the Hunt Room bar in the back-of-the-stage area, this is what happened:

Cherry was warming up, playing softly on his Pakistani pocket trumpet. Coleman stood by him. Suddenly, witnesses reported, Coleman lashed out at Cherry, striking him in the horn and tearing his lip. Bleeding and in pain, Cherry was driven back to his hotel. Coleman went on with the show with his bassist, Scott LaFaro, and drummer Ed Blackwell.

After his set, Coleman was asked by



HODGES

reporters what had happened to Cherry. He said only, "I hit him." Asked why, he replied, "I don't want to talk about it," and left the festival area.

According to those familiar with the Coleman-Cherry relationship, tension between the two had been building for some time

Coleman's set provoked some in the audience to leave the arena. After an original, *Diminished Night*, the altoist chose to play an unusual, for him, choice—the ballad *You'll Never Know*. It was patently bad, disturbed and utterly unhappy, but Coleman stubbornly stuck with it, taking it at an agonizingly slow tempo and allowing for a long bass solo by LaFaro whose brilliant technique and ideas were remarked by all.

As the Modern Jazz Quartet opened with *Ralph's New Blues*, the evening reached an artistic peak. The four (John Lewis, vibraharpist Milt Jackson, bassist Percy Heath, and drummer Connie Kay) played as the ideally close-knit team they are. Lewis' *The Spanish Steps*, with its changing time patterns, was

followed by Jackson's wryly humorous *The Cylinder*, described by Lewis as "a descriptive blues (that) suggests an old car chugging along." After the theme from Lewis' underscore to the picture *Odds Against Tomorrow*, Ray Brown's *Pyramid* closed the MJQ's set and reached an artistic level approached by no other group at the festival. Jackson's closing vibes passages burst with a great, true feeling that left one very fulfilled indeed.

Though J. J. Johnson was onstage for only 15 minutes, they were value-laden. He opened, accompanied by the MJQ, with an original composition, *Aquarius*, evocative and moody. Then, in




COLEMAN

sprightlier manner, J. J. and the others combined for a workover on *Paper Moon* with solos all 'round and exchanges of fours. *What's New* was a duet with Lewis and achieved an intimate feeling quite surprising in such an outdoor setting. Each complemented the other in rare and sensitive fashion. Johnson closed with an original, *Minor Mist*. The trombonist played a truly moving solo, ending with mute and sustaining the mood to the very close.

Then the Louis Armstrong show hit the stage. Armstrong's portion of the program was billed as *My Life in Jazz*, and, in an oddly appropriate way, it turned to be just that — a show just like any other of the great trumpeter's. Truly, this is his life in jazz these days.

But Louis' chops were in top shape. He made every high note he aimed for, and many observed he hadn't sounded so good in years.

The closing set of the festival was a happy one, as Louis' invariably are. Clowning, mugging, and acting up, the group members looked and played as though they enjoyed it. It was a rousingly up-beat note on which to end a festival that had its moments of beauty, anger, violence, frustration, petty and major annoyances. It had all these and many more, for festivals are created by men out of the stuff of life. 



MONTEREY: THE AFTERNOONS

By RALPH J. GLEASON

If the Monterey Jazz festival had done nothing in its three years but present the two afternoon programs of this year's festival, it would have justified its existence.

The two afternoons were as far apart as can be imagined in content and presentation, and yet they were joined by a common bond of communication. It was not accidental that their content ran the gamut from Miriam Makeba singing an African tribal song to Gunther Schuller's *Abstraction*, presenting Ornette Coleman in an avant garde "third stream" combination of improvisation and composition.

Monterey this year proved many things: that a jazz festival devoted to music does not incite to riot; that American audiences can and will be patient, attentive, and sympathetic to the most exploratory of musical experiments; that, as in the words of Jon Hendricks sung by Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, "everything started in the house of the Lord."

At the Sunday afternoon, *Evolution of the Blues Song*, members of the audience wept at Hendricks' narration of the development of the blues and the parallel history of the Negro people.

Hendricks, whose own work is almost an ambivalent combination of mother wit and urban sophistication with Biblical quotation, began his program by telling a group of children assembled onstage, "in your youth you are wiser by far than adults are," and then added, "I must become as a child and behave as a child would" if (the implication hung in the hot afternoon air of Monterey) man is to learn to live in peace and happiness.

Miriam Makeba, Pony Poindexter, Hannah Dean, and the Andrews Sisters (a Gospel quartet from Berkeley, Calif.), Big Miller, Odetta, Jimmy Witherspoon, and the Ike Isaacs Trio assisted Hendricks in illustrating musically the words Hendricks was reading. This was good music and good theater, even if Big Miller's sermon (which was really kidding on the square) made some people uncomfortable, not knowing whether to laugh or to testify, just as some would quarrel with the anti-intellectual overtones of Hendricks' statement "it won't be no intellectual baloney, so you know it ain't gonna be phony."

What really carried the high voltage charge in the Sunday program was

Hendricks' constructing a symbolic story of the enforced departure from Africa of the original slaves, their misery and suffering, and their search generations later in the New World for freedom and identity. He implied that the movement today reflects the changing times in Africa, of the search for and acceptance of roots not "down home" (i.e. the South) but "back home" (Africa).

The African songs of Miriam Makeba, an absolutely stunning performer with a dramatic presence unrivaled on the contemporary stage; the secular songs of spirit (i.e. the blues) sung by Big Miller and by Jimmy Witherspoon; the work songs of the slaves, sung by Odetta; the religious songs sung by Hannah Dean and by the Andrews Sisters; and Pony Poindexter's vignette on jazz, were all woven into a regally moving progression that was so natural that when the climax came, an audience, for the first time in this reviewer's experience, clapped in unison correctly, having been led to it step by step.

It was a religious experience of a surprisingly high order. Quite bluntly, people of all colors wept ("I see all colors of God's flowers out there blooming," Big Miller said) and musicians applauded Hendricks' symbolization of the Negro race. "They're hearing the truth today," J. J. Johnson said. His sentiments were echoed by many.

Some found it anti-intellectual, historically inaccurate, and in bad taste for the mixture of sexually symbolic blues songs and gospel music; others considered Hendricks' line of reasoning, which ranked Dixieland and West Coast jazz as musical emasculations, racially biased.

I found these things, if present at all, outbalanced by the symbolic meaning and by the totality of the program which was unique in my experience. "Never saw anything like this before," Big Miller said. I doubt any of the 5,000 in the audience did either.

The Sunday afternoon program concluded with individual sets by Odetta, who again demonstrated the flexibility of her voice and an ability to bring total involvement to her singing of songs dating back long before her time, and Miriam Makeba, who is destined to join the top ranks of performers in this country, barring accident. She has a highly individual but utterly charming style. It was an enlightening example of cultural cross-pollination when she, a native African, sang the blues, *House of the Rising Sun*.

One value persists through all ages and styles and concepts, and that is the value of communication," Gunther Schuller told the Saturday afternoon audience as he introduced Ornette Coleman.

Communication was the key word for both afternoon programs. It might be said that these two programs not only represented the two sides of our society today but that they each communicated directly to the audience with the same intensity with which two sides of society burn.

The "new music" of Saturday represents the physical reality of our strange, unpredictable, constantly-in-flux world of the UN, the Congo, the Summit and the Bomb, and Sunday afternoon's blend of secular and religious emotions, the flight from that reality into one or the other of the two orthodox paths leading to oblivion or to immortality.

"The old familiar values do not apply," Schuller said, speaking of Saturday's music. He might as well have spoken of today's world in total.

But just as some can see the world of technology, of the Bomb, and of the giant shedding of skin of discrimination by the black peoples of the world, with fascination and excitement and a kind of joy mixed with fear, so did this music communicate.

Was it far out? That depends on where you stand. To Ornette, as Schuller remarked, the musical measures are not extreme. To the audience they were. But with the way paved by Schuller's articulate and measured comments, and with the beautiful Monterey sunshine spreading a benign glow over everything, far out became less unreal.

John Coltrane opened the program with a set of three numbers that displayed his fantastic facility, his increasing power of immediate communication, and a surprising (to some of the audience, at any rate) lyricism in both *Naima* and *My Favorite Things*. McCoy Tyner, his pianist, was particularly impressive on the emotionally moving *Equinox*.

Later Coltrane said, "The reception scares me, but I love music and I'm glad that people do."

Coltrane's set was followed by two Schuller compositions, *Abstraction* and *Conversation*. They were played by an instrumental ensemble consisting of a string quartet, two string basses, guitar, and percussion. The

(Continued on page 47)



On a San Francisco cable car, from left to right: Vernon Alley, Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, Pony Poindexter, Virgil Gonsalves, Vince Guaraldi, Bev Kelly, Wes Montgomery, Brew Moore, Paul Desmond, Sylvia Syms, Kid Ory, Turk Murphy.

SAN FRANCISCO AND JAZZ: STORY OF A LOVE AFFAIR

San Francisco is the town where everybody comes to ball, baby—Madame Zzaj

By RALPH J. GLEASON

Fog, Irish coffee, cable cars, hills, pretty girls, bridges, crazy restaurants, and jazz. That's what people think of when they hear "San Francisco."

Three thousand miles from the Apple and almost as far from Kansas City and New Orleans, the city by the Golden Gate is one of the most impressive, cosmopolitan, and invigorating cities in the United States, as travelers ranging from Mark Twain and Jelly-Roll Morton to Kenneth Tynan and Cannonball Adderley have discovered.

San Francisco today is a surprisingly alive, dynamic, and versatile jazz town with a solid audience for jazz of all styles, all periods.

The main thing to understand about this city is not that Jelly-Roll Morton played on the Barbary Coast and King Oliver on Market St.—though these and similar historical facts are not without their importance in the stream of San Francisco jazz history—but that San Francisco has one of the best, most consistent, and most interested jazz audiences in the United States and certainly THE best, proportionate to population.

Back to King Oliver on Market St., Kid Ory's Band at harvest dances in the '20s, Anson Weeks at the Palace, Paul Whiteman and Art Hickman, Benny Goodman and right on down to Thelonious Monk and John Coltrane, San Francisco consistently has supported jazz of all varieties. It has had only one criterion: the music must be good.

It might seem natural to expect that San Francisco's attitude to other arts follows its pattern of behavior toward jazz. It does. For several years now there has been a thriving off-Broadway theater in San Francisco sparked by the world-famous Actor's Workshop. The city has traditionally been a benign host to artists and writers from William Saroyan to William Faulkner, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Benny Bufano; the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra; the San Francisco Ballet, and the Museum of Modern Art all have helped to make this city artistically homogenous in a way no other U. S. metropolis is.

In San Francisco, jazz is considered a major part of the cultural life of the city. Its depth of coverage is amazing and the degree to which jazz is treated, not as an esoteric, exotic fad, but as a genuine part of the American cultural heritage is unusual in this country.

In San Francisco and the Bay Area (the metropolitan complex at the northern end of the San Francisco bay) there is available an unprecedented quantity of jazz broadcasting,

writing, and lecturing in addition to thriving night clubs.

There are two full-time, all-jazz FM stations in San Francisco today—KJAZ, now in its second year with 1,000 watts; KHIP, now in its fifth month with 40,000 watts. These stations go on the air at 7 and 8 a.m. and stay on continuously until 1 a.m. They broadcast everything from classic blues and traditional jazz to Ornette Coleman, with a phalanx of disc jockeys headed by Pat Henry (owner of KJAZ) and Jimmy Lyons, general manager of the Monterey Jazz festival, who is on KHIP 18 hours a week from Monterey.

In addition, Philip F. Elwood, an Albany, Calif., high-school teacher, conducts a series of broadcasts on non-commercial, listener-sponsored KPFA totaling approximately four hours a week (portions of this are heard on KPFA's sister stations, WBAI in New York City and KPFK in Los Angeles). Lee Crosby does an AM traditional and Dixieland jazz show on KOFY daily; Wally Ray has an all-night modern jazz show on KDIA, also AM, and Jeannie Blevins doubles from KJAZ to KDIA for an hour a night.

San Francisco AM radio has a long and honored history in jazz dating back before World War II. KRE in Berkeley for more than 12 years had a jazz show; Hal MacIntyre broadcast from KYA in the early days of the San Francisco Hot Jazz society. Jimmy Lyons became one of the pioneer modern jazz disc jockeys with his early KNBC and KGO shows; Pat Henry, first in San Jose and then Oakland with a series of shows, has been on the air continuously for almost 12 years.

The last year has seen a resurgence of live remote pickups from jazz clubs in the Bay Area. The policy was inaugurated when FM station KHIP went on the air a year ago (its call letters then were KPUP). A series of nighttime half-hour remotes began from the Jazz Workshop, the Black Hawk, Zack's in Sausalito, Outside-at-the-Inside in Palo Alto, and other clubs. A few months later, KGO (on both AM and FM) began a similar series, but concentrates its activity outside the jazz area. In the last year Thelonious Monk, Cannonball Adderley, Teddy Wilson, Cal Tjader, Oscar Peterson, Horace Silver, and Bill Evans have appeared.

Newspaper coverage of jazz is more extensive in the Bay Area than in any other metropolitan area in the U.S. The San Francisco *Chronicle* inaugurated its full coverage of jazz and popular music in 1950 with *The Rhythm Section* by this writer in its Sunday magazine. Since then, it has expanded and now not only includes a Sunday page and a separate Sunday column, but also two columns during the week, as well as reviews of all concerts.

Following the lead of the *Chronicle*, the San Francisco *Examiner* and the Oakland *Tribune* several years ago inaugurated Sunday jazz columns by C. H. Garrigues and Russ Wilson and have since supplemented them with coverage of concerts. Last year the evening paper, the *News-Call-Bulletin*, followed suit with Francis Hamilton.

Such total newspaper commitment to jazz has enabled the Monterey Jazz festival, and other major jazz events, to obtain news coverage, picture breaks, and occasionally even editorials endorsing jazz, in addition to the jazz columns.

The University of California's extension service, for more than 10 years, has had a course in jazz appreciation. At one time it was conducted by Dave Brubeck. Now it is handled by Philip Elwood, who also lectures during the year and occasionally presents small-scale jazz concerts. The YWCA for two years has had jazz lectures under the direction of Lulu Carter, a San Francisco school teacher. Stanford occasionally has sponsored lectures and concerts. For a number of years the dance band workshop, under the direction of Dr. Wendell C. Otey, at San Francisco State was a haven for future jazzmen. Richard Wyands, Paul Desmond, Allen Smith, and Rudy Salvini are only a few of its alumni.

At Mills college in Oakland, the more publicized studies in music under the tutelage of Darius Milhaud in the late '40s and early '50s included among others Pete Rugolo, Dave Brubeck, Dick Collins, William O. Smith, and Dave Van Kreidt and led to the emergence of the Brubeck octet and, eventually, the Brubeck quartet.

The San Francisco Jazz society, a group of fans and record collectors, held weekly meetings in the late '30s and early '40s from which the Lu Watters Yerba Buena Jazz Band resulted. And from the formation of the Watters band came, first, the Dawn club with its history of traditional jazz figures, including Papa Mutt Carey; then the CIO hall sessions with Bunk Johnson; then Hambone Kelly's—all of which trained a generation in jazz fundamentals. Splinter groups of the Watters originals still survive in the Bob Scobey and Turk Murphy bands.

Hambone Kelly's and the Dawn club were musician-owned. Today, Turk Murphy, Kid Ory, and pianist Bill Wiesjahns own clubs in San Francisco, continuing this heritage of artist ownership.

As a result of the acceptance of jazz on a level with the other arts in San Francisco (Bunk Johnson made his first appearance outside Louisiana in years when presented by Rudi Blesh at the San Francisco museum in the early '40s), traveling band and concert groups always have had a sympathetic reception. At McFadden's ballroom in Oakland in 1935, Benny Goodman's first wave of popularity hit. Later at the World's Fair on Treasure Island, Count Basie and Goodman played six months, and from that experience Lionel Hampton formed his first big band with several Bay Area musicians including Vernon Alley, Ernie Lewis, and Eric Miller among them.

One of the results of the San Francisco jazz atmosphere has been the continuity of existence of its jazz clubs. Of course, the war-years clubs, like the Savoy and Jack's (where Saunders King's great band held forth and Billie Holiday and Erroll Garner appeared), are long gone. But their present-day counterparts, the Black Hawk and the Hangover, are already in their 10th years, and the Jazz Workshop is in its fourth—a longer tenure than most jazz spots can boast.

In addition to these regular jazz clubs, there is also On-the-Levee (owned by Kid Ory); Earthquake McGoon's (owned by Turk Murphy); Burp Hollow (a weekend Dixieland club next to the Jazz Workshop); Pier 23 (a waterfront bar with Burt Bales as resident pianist); Neve: San Francisco (formerly Fack's II and is now operated by the same management as Palo Alto's Outside-at-the-Inside).

There are a number of off-Broadway types of clubs that have sprung up in and around the city, also.

These include several Mission St. neighborhood bars with weekend music policies (the 2C's, the Jazz Playroom, the Hi-Fi club, the Tropics); spots in suburban Sausalito (Zack's and the Yacht Deck); clubs in Berkeley and Oakland (the Stew Den, the Monkey Inn; the Left Band, the Blue Note).

Several dozen musicians shift from weekend to weekend at these clubs and offer everything from Dixieland (Monkey Inn) through mainstream (the Tropics) to modern jazz (Zack's).

In North Beach, in the area dominated by the Jazz Workshop, there's also the Coffee Gallery, now toying with a full-time jazz policy featuring Pony Poindexter and Beverly Kelly, and the Cellar, pianist Bill Wiesjahn's club, which is temporarily closed for renovating. In addition, Boule Noir, an all-night jazz spot with a restaurant and bowling alley, is set to open this winter.

A great deal of San Francisco's holiday atmosphere, which is very jazz prone, is a result of its '49er pioneer heritage, its Barbary Coast background, and the fact that it is a convention town year 'round. "Everybody wants to come ball, baby," says Madame Zzaj, whose special therapeutic values are, like jazz itself, enhanced by such an atmosphere. As a result, the city is almost never at a loss for crowds. Friday and Saturday night on Broadway in North Beach can be equaled only in memory by 52nd St. in its heyday, a mob moving up and down the street dropping in and out of clubs, bars, and restaurants.

As this crowd can be good for jazz—Cannonball Adderley's current group made its reputation here—by its willing reception, it has its bad points, too. It takes a local group a long time to get off the ground. This was true with Brubeck, Murphy, Scobey, and all the other successes. Single musicians not organized into working groups take even longer. In fact most of them, as soon as they feel the moment is right, follow the example of Jerome Richardson and migrate to New York. In recent years Richard Wyands, John Handy, Bobby Fuhlrodt, Richard (Notes) Williams, and Gary McFarland have done this.

For those who remain here—and these are divided into native sons such as Vernon Alley and Eddie Duran—and later settlers such as Earl Hines and Kid Ory—the city offers ease of life, a sympathetic audience, and steady opportunity to play.

Vernon Alley, long known as the unofficial mayor of San Francisco, came off road trips with Hampton and Basie and decided never to leave his home town again. The life is too good. Cannonball Adderley says he would like to live in San Francisco if he could adapt his career to such a step. Brubeck (whose cult of modernists for years vied with the Lu Watters cult of traditionalists in vehemence and size) maintains a permanent home in the Bay Area.

Discussion of San Francisco as a jazz center would be incomplete without some reference to the Monterey Jazz festival. Now in its third year, the MJF is the brainchild of Jimmy Lyons. The festival draws heavily on the San Francisco urban complex for patronage as well as publicity. And it gets both.

Given its history of nurturing creative artists, its willingness to tolerate the new (even the new and dead-aborning form of jazz and poetry found reception in San Francisco), it is only natural that San Francisco should reign today as one of the major centers of jazz in the United States.

It seems only fitting, too, that the first printed use of the word "jazz" in connection with syncopated, nonclassical music, should have occurred in the old San Francisco *Call* in 1914. It is only accidental that the story was written by a man named Gleeson.

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BILL HENDERSON

In the last year, the exposure of the payola racket has made countless Americans aware that it was possible for a performer, with the help of his backers, to bribe his way to the top.

For more than a decade, levels of popular music taste have been so depressed that it has been possible for nothing performers to make it with no detectable sign of real musical ability.

But what of the other side of the situation? Little attention has been given to the performers with real ability who could *not* make it because the public had been trained to trash, because the situation was basically inimical to talent. How many such performers gave up in disgust will never be known. Only those who stuck it out give evidence of this other tragedy, the impeding of talent.

One such performer is Bill Henderson, an individual and virile singer whose day jobs, during his period of scuffling, included a stint as a chimney sweep. Henderson, however, not only survived but now is beginning to prevail.

An album on the Vee-Jay label is doing well, and singles that he did a few years ago for both Blue Note and Riverside are moving along nicely. Henderson is beginning to find himself in demand to work with various jazz package shows and turns up frequently at theaters and clubs in the big cities. Finally, a few weeks ago, Henderson capped this movement toward acceptance by winning the new talent category in *Down Beat's* International Jazz Critics poll.

Henderson is arriving a little late—but he *is* arriving.

A native of Chicago, Bill got his first show-business experience in that city at the age of 4, when accordionist Phil Baker used him in a show, after auditioning various youngsters who could sing and dance. "My dressing room was a trunk," Henderson says, "and I had two changes, both sailor suits."

When the show left town, Bill's mother put a crimp in his career. "She thought I should go to school," he says.

In high school, Henderson appeared in amateur plays and musicals. Think-

ing he should acquire a trade, he switched to vocational school. But even the vocational school had its amateur musicals, and Bill kept appearing in them.

"We had a group doing instrumental and vocal things together," he said. "We thought we were unique. Then we found out Charlie Ventura had already been doing it." Bill quit the group because it was interfering with his studies. But he had the bug.

After high school, he made a couple of appearances at the old Blue Note. Then Henderson went into the army, got into a special service unit, and toured the U. S. and Europe entertaining. Vic Damone was in the same outfit, and Seldon Powell was in the band with which Henderson worked.

"When I came out of service in 1952," Henderson said, "the whole scene had changed. There was a great blues influx. I started looking around to find where I could fit myself in. But the good people, even Joe Williams, were being buried under rock and roll.

"Joe and I have been dear friends



for many years, and he was just being taken for granted then. Everybody knew he was a good singer. But good singers weren't making it. He should have made it years ago."

A little more than five years ago, pianist Billy Taylor played Chicago, heard Henderson sing, was impressed, and told him that if he should ever get to New York, he should look him up. Later, Bill did go to New York. Taylor pitched in to help him, taking him to see the executives of various record companies.

"He put in a lot of time on it," Henderson said. "He'd get up early in the morning to make calls for me. He was wonderful."

Through Taylor, Henderson made a good many connections with prominent people in the trade. Meanwhile, he took day jobs to pay his rent.

"There were some funny ones," he said. "For a while I was a shrimp picker at the Gaslight club in New York. The job was created for me. I told the owner how badly I needed a job, so he made room for me. He said I'd get to know a lot of important people, and I really did begin to be mentioned in some of the columns.

"There was a scheme to get me on that TV show, *Name That Tune*—you know, as a shrimp picker. But nothing ever happened. Still, I think I was America's No. 1 shrimp picker.

"I was a chimney sweep for a while. The guy told me that he cleaned the chimneys and furnaces in a lot of celebrities' homes and I could sing on the job and maybe get heard by somebody. I took the job—not to sing, but because I needed a job. I had to clean inside furnaces.

"I did try singing once, though!" he recalled. "We were cleaning the furnace in the home of Duke Ellington's mother. The guy I was working with told me to go ahead and sing—the sound would go up through the house—because Duke was supposed to be visiting. So I did. Then he came down and told me that Duke wasn't there, so I might as well not waste my time and get back to cleaning.

"That was a funny job. I wish I'd had the top hat; I'd like to have had some pictures taken."

When Bill's break came, pianist Horace Silver was responsible. Henderson had come to know Silver, and one day he sang for him. Silver told him he'd written words for his tune, *Senor Blues*, and thought Bill was the man to sing it. Henderson recorded it for Blue Note. The record did well.

Silver got him more work in shows. Bill emceed several shows at New York's Apollo theater, then worked at the Howard theater in Washington, and after that turned up several times on television. Subsequently, he worked in shows with Randy Weston, Roy Eldridge, Maxine Sullivan, Georgie Auld, Billie Holiday, and Sonny Rollins.

"Three of the people I owe most to in the business," Henderson said, "are Billy Taylor, Horace Silver, and Julian Adderley."

Since he got his first breaks, his career has been expanding quietly but steadily. He has fewer and fewer open weeks in his bookings, hears his Vee Jay LP frequently on the air (particularly the *Joey* track), is now doing a weekly disc-jockey stint on New York's WNCN-FM, during which he plays only records by singers.

Like so many talents, Bill has made it slowly. One day, people in the trade turned around, and there he was, singing in a big voice and with a style that was hip without being hippie.

"Right now," Henderson said, "I'm concentrating on what I call the productive thing. I want to improve every facet of my work, my intonation, my interpretation of lyrics, the developing of my material.

"I wish I had a photo of me as a chimney sweep, though."



sittin' in

Art Hodes has been playing jazz piano since the turbulent times of the Roarin' 20s. Besides his active musical career, he has lectured on jazz and the blues, has contributed innumerable articles to various publications, and for several years published his own magazine, *The Jazz Record*. The editors of *Down Beat* feel Mr. Hodes' column, which will appear on a non-regular basis, will offer *Down Beat* readers a deeper insight into the jazz tradition.

By ART HODES

My Cellar wasn't an out-of-the-ordinary joint (or call it a night club). I can't remember a darn thing about it, except it was down in a basement on State St. near Lake St. in Chicago, and Wingy Manone had the band. My ol' buddy Wingy, who wasn't talking to me at the moment. I don't know what we fell out about. But I was visiting—giving a listen to the music.

Oh yeah, Sam Beers was the brave soul who owned My Cellar at a time when the toddling town was slowed to a waltz, the era of Wayne King, crystal radio sets, ballrooms, sax sections and brass arrangements. Yeah, at such a time, Mr. Beers was a believer with a buck. And there was a place where we could go and listen and play and sit in.

The spotlight played the room and finally settled on an ordinary-looking guy—mid-size, musician-looking guy, dressed just to be dressed. The applause came on and wouldn't stop. We were the applauders, the listeners; the house was almost all musicians. There were no fans back then. Oh yes, maybe a couple, who hung around musicians.

Remember that though there was an audience for Louis Armstrong and the Negro musicians (of stature), meaning his people dug the music, it wasn't so with us whites, who were making this music our own. Audience? Sure, a couple of gangsters and hoods who dug the gut-bucket part, but, believe me, My Cellar drew its support from all kinds of professional musicians who were attracted by Wingy's personality, the chance to sit in, the music. It was a spot of their own, where they could let their hair down.

Bix was in the house. The legendary Beiderbecke. The musician's musician. There never was an argument between musicians as to where Bix stood; he

was tops. Unless you happened to like Louie better—Louis Armstrong.

Back in '30, these two horn men ruled. The trumpet men themselves had placed Bix and Louie at the top of the heap, and they'd earned this top spot. To this day, were you to talk to any of the top horn men who were blowing back then—men like Red Allen, Muggsy Spanier, Wingy Manone, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Jimmy McPartland—were you to ask "who was tops in '30 when you were listening?" the answer undoubtedly would be Louie or Bix.

Word passed from mouth to mouth, "Bix is in the house."

Bix didn't need applause to play. Wingy introduced him, offered him his horn. The next thing I knew Wingy was grabbing me, breaking the silence between us and saying, "Man, sit in." And I was on the stand. *Royal Garden; Clarinet Marmalade; Riverboat Shuffle*—the tunes you and I remember Bix cutting for Okeh—*Way Down Yonder in New Orleans* . . . the whole bunch of goodies. We just kept playing, and I never did leave that stand. I did get up



ART HODES

from the piano when Bix felt like noodling. It sure made sense. If you've ever heard his *In a Mist*, you know how he sounded. He was musical.

No one relieved us, like a group playing opposite us. There never was a lull that night; we played on into the dawn. I dimly recall Sterling Boze (trumpet) and Bobbie Conselman (drums) playing, and Wingy played some. But at 6 a.m., when the porter started sweeping up around us, we knew it was time to break up. Bix was still blowing and me, too. I sure hated to go home.

You're a hot man musician; you live to play your music. Anyone who plays it better than you, is "my man." No jealousy, just a deep feeling of wanting to be able to duplicate in some manner all your own the sounds you've grown to love. This has become your No. 1 project. Hours and days mean nothing; you sack out because its too late for anything else (like music). When you pick up the day, turn on the record player—play some Louie, Earl, Bix, Pine-Top, James P., and Bessie. You're listening and all through the day you're in it. It's part of you, and you're a part

of this new music that has converted you.

Maybe you're a guy on a summer-resort gig, and some musician (in my case Earl Murphy) plays some records for you, and your ears pop. You sit there, glued, and whatever, however you were playing comes unglued. Possibly you'll lose the gig because you're not playing pretty like you used to, or the drummer (leader) can't make it with you any longer.

Jazz is a hard mistress; you start worshipping her, and you'll ante up a hell of a lot into the pot. You don't worry about eating; somehow you scoff, and the rent gets paid. Or you'll be "asked" to move. A pad shows up. The hard part is finding a place to play.

During one of those rough Chicago spells that we hot men went through periodically, I recall a boss who had been known to use the likes of me now and then. "Wingy, I think Hank might be interested in the band." So, off to the Byron tavern I hied myself, only to discover that Hank was in bad with the union . . . some difficulty about using a nonunion group—a girl's band.

Well, I went to Petrillo, who was head of the Chicago local then, and right there Jimmy called Hank and asked him if he'd gotten the girlies out of his system. We got straightened away, and I was to bring Hank a contract, and the job was ours.

Well, the whole gang, Bud Freeman, Gene Krupa, Wingy, me, and a couple of other guys who dropped out of the scene, piled into Wingy's Ford, with instruments (there always the chance that you might play), and away we went. Wingy and I went in. It was all cut and dried; all Wingy had to do was sign the contract and we had the gig.

"Let's play for the man," he said. Who could say no? We were hungry to play. We set up, and we played. We played something Hank might understand—*Tiger Rag*. We played it New Orleans-style tempo; it moved; it swung; it lost us the gig. The boss knew the tune all right, but the way he knew it you stood up on the chair on the out chorus; you loosened your tie or maybe fell off your chair; you waved your horn or struck a position. Above all, *Tiger Rag* came off fast, furious. It didn't happen. We sent ourselves, not the boss.

It was yesterday, and I'm appreciative. I had a beautiful yesterday. Now it's today. We're all older, many of us have taken on the responsibilities of bands and families. The modern-day jam session means money, and we've stepped into the awareness of that need. I've heard some good music come out of some of today's sessions; I'm not putting 'em down. I was just remembering . . .



THE NEW SEASON IN HI-FI AND STEREO

By CHARLES GRAHAM

More than 100 makers of stereo components and 10 tape and disc manufacturers exhibited in September at the annual hi-fi show in New York City, but with one exception, there were no new concepts in home listening demonstrated.

The one new idea turned up with the introduction, by Sherwood Electronic Laboratories and Fisher Radio Corp., of a reverberation control. Magnavox and others now have or soon will offer it. These "reverb" units are all plug-ins, which work with each company's current amplifiers or sets.

Many exhibitors at the Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers show had new products to show or had improved old designs; most showed more models than ever before; more attention than ever was paid to the appearance and convenience of assembly and use of components. Stereo, of course, was the norm, though there were many mono amplifiers for persons just getting into hi-fi.

The Sherwood-Fisher device is likely to stir up disputes among music lovers. Some will argue that adding reverberation distorts the sound—that this is not high fidelity. Nevertheless, these units work very well, giving an added dimension of depth to any sound.

Superficially, the process resembles the stereo process. Similar, more elaborate units have been used for some time with music instruments in performances. And everyone has heard recordings to which studio engineers have added electronic reverberation.

The newcomer to high fidelity may be bewildered when he walks into a high fidelity show. For example, at

the New York show, more than 25 companies showed several amplifiers each; more than 20 showed FM tuners; 22 displayed lines of loudspeakers, and 10 had kits for amplifiers or tuners. In addition, 16 firms showed tape recorders, and about a dozen demonstrated turntables, tone arms, and stereo phonograph cartridges.

But the newcomer shouldn't be put off. Most of these units are easily separated into expensive, medium, and economy models. Thus, the beginner would have to choose from about one-third of the numbers shown, even if he had all lines available—and most dealers stock only a few lines.

The trend in appearance of the new components is to compactness, sleek lines, and handsome front panels, more and more of them gold-finished. Several companies, notably Leak (British Industries), even provide a choice of colors on knob inserts, and handsome panels.

Most of today's stereo amplifiers and tuners are about the same size as the mono units that had just a little more than half as many parts about three years ago. Their prices are only up about a quarter to one-third over comparable mono components, too.

Most companies exhibiting tape recorders showed at least one model that records and plays four-track tape.

Since all nonprofessional tape machines now have at least the standard 7½ and the slower 3¾ inch-a-second speeds, the four-track recorded tapes (7½) now widely available from United Stereo tapes will play on these machines. And tapes from RCA's cartridges (3¾) also will play on these machines when removed from the cartridge. Thus, the problem of in-

compatibility between the RCA machines (still not selling widely though available in most cities and working very well) and reel-to-reel machines is avoided. It is likely to be many years before reel-to-reel machines begin to be replaced extensively by cartridge recorders.

We plan to report on several top home and semiprofessional recorders before Christmas. We will make recommendations in different price classes and for buyers with different purposes: vocal and instrumental practice, speech and reference recording, high-quality audition recording in both stereo and mono.

Also planned are reports on loudspeakers, especially the better-quality ones, and FM tuners, particularly low-priced ones (most expensive ones are good). As of now we plan to examine the new Pilot tuner, which costs \$49.50, and the H. H. Scott and Dynaco FM tuner kits, each priced at \$80.

Transistors, expected by many to spell the doom of current high fidelity equipment, haven't materialized in this equipment.

One company exhibited transistor amplifiers and tuners at the show, but they're still used mostly in portable radios. These, by the way are better than ever. A particularly good one is the tiny Magnavox AM-80, only 2½ by four inches and an inch thick. It costs only \$29.50 and delivers very good tone, considering its size, with surprisingly little fading and excellent station separation.

The Sony FM-AM portables cost about \$100 but, of course, deliver FM reception through much larger speakers than tiny shirt-pocket sets like the Magnavox.



YOUR NEEDLE IS DESTROYING YOUR LP'S

(if it isn't a Fidelitone Pyramid Diamond)

Ordinary ball point needles contact record micro-grooves at only two microscopic points. This causes a tremendous concentrated pressure that accelerates record wear, and reduces the life of quality reproduction.

Fidelitone's new Pyramid Diamond, shaped like the original recording stylus, allows more surface contact between needle and record. This distributes the tone arm weight over a larger surface area, and lowers unit area pressure. Your LP records will last many times longer.

HERE'S WHY...



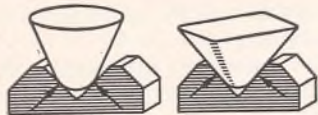
Recording Stylus Ordinary Needle Pyramid Diamond

Fidelitone's new Pyramid Diamond is shaped similar to the stylus that recorded the original sound. It perfectly follows every contour created by the recording stylus.



In an unmodulated, or low frequency groove, the recording stylus (A) cuts a groove (W-1) wide enough to let an ordinary ball point needle (C) and the Fidelitone Pyramid Diamond (B) track the centerline of the groove accurately, and contact all recorded sound impressions.

As the groove is modulated by high tones, the groove width (W-2) cut by the recording stylus (A-1) narrows. This causes the ordinary ball needle (C-1) to rise and "pinch out" of the record groove. It bridges modulation crests, mistracks centerline and distorts sound impressions. The Pyramid Diamond (B-1), because of its new shape, stays solidly in the record groove, smoothly glides along the centerline positively driven by the groove walls.



BALL POINT DIAMOND PYRAMID DIAMOND

And the new shape of the Pyramid Diamond allows more surface contact between needle and record, substantially reducing contact pressure. This greatly increases needle and record life.

See your record dealer or hi-fi specialist today. Demand the Fidelitone Pyramid Point. You owe it to your records and your listening pleasure.

For the complete story on the revolutionary new Pyramid Diamond, or the name of your nearest dealer, write Fidelitone, Chicago 26, Illinois.

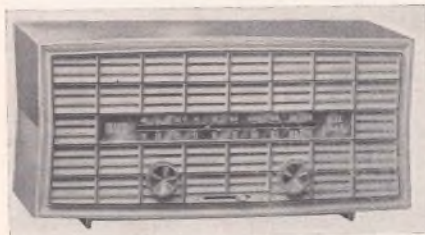
Fidelitone

"Newest shape on records"

NEW PRODUCTS



The 1961 Allied Radio catalog has listed more than 400 pages of high fidelity stereo and other electronic equipment. For free copy send postcard with name, address and words "Allied catalog" to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.

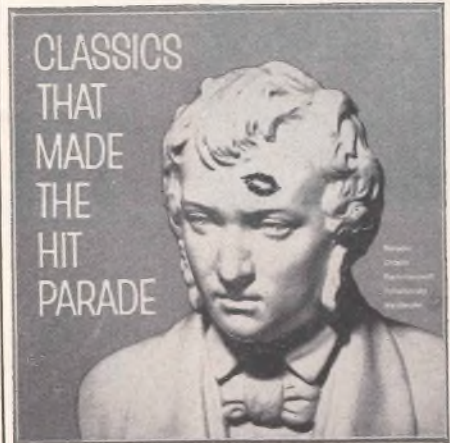


FM-AM tuner provides excellent reception, with its own built-in antenna, in metropolitan areas, rabbit-ears antenna for out-of-the-neighborhood stations. Granco tuner costs \$49.60.



FM-AM tuner for stereo has two separate tuners on one chassis. Both the FM and the AM sections are extremely sensitive. Scott 330-D costs \$210.

NEW BONUS RECORDED TAPE



Some of our greatest popular songs—"Full Moon and Empty Arms," "Till the End of Time," "Stranger in Paradise"—took their melodies from the classics. Eight of these lovely themes—in their original classical setting—are the basis for "Classics that Made the Hit Parade."

This unusual program, professionally recorded in sparkling full fidelity on Audiotape, is available RIGHT NOW from Audiotape dealers everywhere. (And only from Audiotape dealers.) Don't pass up this unique opportunity to get a fine recorded tape at a bargain price.

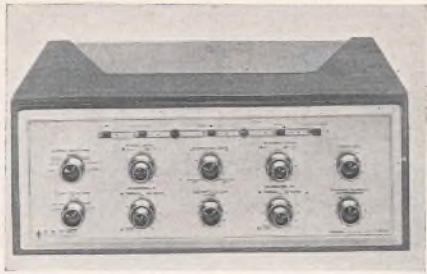
THE PROGRAM

- Borodin . . . Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor (Stranger in Paradise)
- Tchaikovsky . . . Symphony No. 5 in E (Moon Love)
- Waldteufel . . . Espana Waltz (Hot Diggity)
- Chopin . . . Polonaise No. 6, in Ab Major (Till the End of Time)
- Tchaikovsky . . . Symphony No. 6 in B (The Story of a Starry Night)
- Rachmaninoff . . . Piano Concerto No. 2 in C Minor (Full Moon and Empty Arms)
- Chopin . . . Fantasie Impromptu in C# Minor (I'm Always Chasing Rainbows)
- Tchaikovsky . . . Romeo and Juliet Overture (Our Love)

DETAILS OF THE OFFER. This exciting recording is available in a special bonus package at all Audiotape dealers. The package contains one 7-inch reel of Audiotape (on 1 1/2-mil acetate base) and the valuable "Classics that Made the Hit Parade" program (professionally recorded on Audiotape). For both items, you pay only the price of two reels of Audiotape, plus \$1. And you have your choice of the half-hour two-track stereo program or the 55-minute monaural or four-track stereo versions—all at 7 1/2 ips. See your Audiotape dealer now!

audiotape

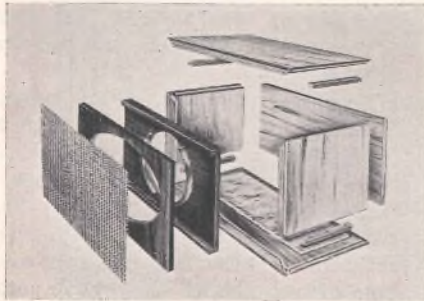
Manufactured by AUDIO DEVICES, INC.
444 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York
Offices in Hollywood & Chicago



Versatile, high-powered (44 watts a channel), all-in-one stereo amplifier has controls for every possible stereo control, balance, and reversing. A Scott 272, it costs \$269.95.



Complete FM-AM tuner amplifier combination provides stereo from discs or tape deck—or from multiplexed stereo (with added \$50 adapter) in future. Full bass and treble, stereo reverse, and other controls included. Compact Crosby 650 costs \$219.



Compact bookshelf speaker enclosure kit is designed so back waves radiate out front. It handles 12-inch speaker. Lafayette Eliptoflex kit costs \$21.50.



Three-speed turntable matches excellent arms and cartridges made by Audio Empire. Shown here on a base priced at \$12.50, Model 208 transcription table costs \$87.50. Top-rated arm costs \$34.50.



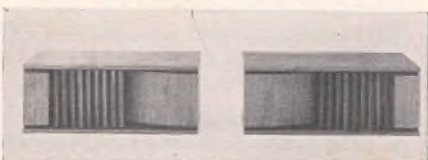
Garrard player is a high-quality turntable with automatic cutoff, or changes records if desired. New Garrard costs \$69.50.



Ampex Audio has joined the increasing number of firms offering stereo headphones. These work with Ampex home systems and cost \$49.



New FM tuner kit has critical parts pre-wired and takes about 10 hours to assemble. Said to be extremely sensitive, Dyna tuner will be reported on in this section soon. Kit costs \$80 and wired tuner, \$120.



High-quality compact stereo speakers include folded bass horns and horn tweeters. Cabinets are available in several styles. Speakers are made by JB Lansing Minigun and cost \$120 each.



for Dixie? Go wild when big bands swing? Then don't miss one living beat or a single vital sound of the music you love. Calm down and enjoy your favorite jazz with an H. H. Scott stereo component system. H. H. Scott stereo components are designed for jazz . . . make records sound like you're sitting in with the group.

H. H. SCOTT STEREO COMPONENTS DESIGNED FOR JAZZ



222B 30 WATT STEREO AMPLIFIER

This feature-packed stereo amplifier has the control flexibility to bring out sounds you never knew were on your records. This is the same fine amplifier used by many leading jazz record reviewers! And just \$144.95 . . . only \$14.50 down at most H. H. Scott dealers.

1000 MATCHED STEREO ARM AND CARTRIDGE

Expensive, but worth it . . . particularly if you have a valued collection of vintage 78's. This superb arm was called "the best on the market" by The Saturday Review. Now H. H. Scott has designed a special slip-on 78 head that makes old 78's sound as good as LP's. Hear a demonstration at your dealer's. You won't believe it! \$89.95 for arm and stereo cartridge. \$59.95 for extra slip-on 78 cartridge. Just 10% down at most dealers.

*All prices slightly higher west of Rockies. Subject to change without notice. Accessory cases extra.



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H. H. Scott, Inc., 111 Powdermill Rd., Maynard, Mass.

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JACK TRACY

In a way, an a&r man is like a magazine editor: both contract for services; both encourage the man who performs the service when he needs it or give him direction when he rambles; both supervise the putting together of raw ingredients that make up the final product; finally, both must edit the fruits of labor. Few, if any, a&r men have the background and qualifications for such duties that Argo's Jack Tracy possesses, for Tracy was an editor for several years—editor of *Down Beat*.

"An editor of a magazine," Tracy said recently, "has opportunities for polishing the final product that the a&r man doesn't.

"In writing, you can send the copy back to the author for rewriting, or you can rewrite it yourself. You can edit the copy as much as you feel is necessary, taking as much time as you feel is necessary. Besides, the amount of money involved is not extremely great.

"But in recording, musician costs alone run around \$1,000, and you don't have any rewrite privileges. You don't have the advantage of time; you have to produce something in three hours, usually.

"If a man is late for the recording session," he continued, "if he's had a fight with his wife, if he's hung over, it hurts the whole process—and you're supposed to put out a product that's artistic."

There are other problems involved in the process besides the mental state of the musicians, according to Tracy.

Most of them revolve about the time limits inherent in commercial recording. Studio space must be reserved, and the session must start at the time scheduled. Besides not being known for their punctuality, musicians do much traveling and work at night. And since recording studios are usually located in either New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, or Nashville, Tenn., and since sessions are often held in the daytime, the difficulties of the a&r man are many. The musicians may have to travel many miles in order to make the session on time, or, if they are working in the



Tracy, right, with Buddy Rich

vicinity of the studio, they may have played until 4 a.m. and feel disinclined toward spirited playing at a session scheduled to begin at 10 a.m.

Except for one thing, the only control that can be exercised over the final product, Tracy said, is to ask the musicians if they would like to make another take. That one thing is the splicing of tape, a practice, Tracy said, he would rather not indulge in but at times finds necessary in order to delete

PRODUCER'S CHOICE

Jack Tracy, who served as a&r man at Mercury Records before going with Argo, selected five albums he has produced as his favorites. "These are the ones I find myself playing over and over," he said. "These are the ones that give me the most enjoyment."

Richcraft, a big-band album under the leadership of Buddy Rich, just released by Mercury.

The Last of the Big Plungers, Al Grey with members of the Count Basie band, on Argo.

Happy Moods by the Ahmad Jamal Trio, on Argo.

Improvisations to Music by comedy team Mike Nichols and Elaine May, on Mercury.

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Chicago by Adderley in the company of John Coltrane, Wynton Kelley, Paul Chambers, and Jimmy Cobb, on Mercury.

bad flubs and protect the reputations of the men under contract. Occasionally, he will ask for another take, but usually he finds that there's a mutual and simultaneous agreement about the quality of a take between him and the musicians. Sometimes, however, Tracy likes another take, "for insurance."

"I think it's miraculous that the recording industry gets the standard that it does under these circumstances," Tracy said. "I wish I'd had more experience working in recording with musicians, more knowledge of recording techniques and economic aspects of the recording industry before I went

with *Down Beat*," he continued. "I would have been a better reporter and—if I ever was one—a better critic."

Having worked both sides of the fence, Tracy had some cogent comments concerning critics, reviews, and album sales:

"I think most critics and a good deal of the public look at jazz through recordings—95 percent of critical appraisal is involved with recordings in some way. There are very few 'live' reviews. But I've found that reviews and ratings have little effect on record sales. Some of our albums which have gotten low ratings and bad reviews have sold well; others which received high ratings did not. But if a record gets a low rating, it doesn't bother me nearly as much as a record's not getting reviewed at all."

When it comes to deciding what new talent to sign, Tracy said he believes in intuition and observation. If a musician or band arouses some sort of feeling in him, he sets out on an investigation. He attends the club where the musician or band is playing, not so much to listen intently to the music as to observe the audience. Tracy said he feels that jazz-club patrons are jazz-record buyers.

"If you see that an audience rivets in on an artist," he said, "you should investigate further. Often you'll find your feelings coincide with those of the audience.

"For example, before I was the a&r man who worked with Ahmad Jamal, I enjoyed his playing but tended to pass over him when I discussed pianists. When I joined Argo, I had to work with him, and on the first session, I gained respect for him both as a man and as a musician."

Tracy said the a&r man is a creator, not of music but of atmosphere. The musicians who have worked with him will attest to his skill at creating a conducive and warm atmosphere in an otherwise forbidding and cold studio, an atmosphere that best "allows the musicians to say what they want to say."

Q & A

With this issue, Down Beat begins a hi-fi question-and-answer service for readers. Charles Graham will answer questions of general interest in the field of high fidelity music reproduction in this column. Questions not intended for publication will be answered briefly if sent with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WHICH TYPE OF TUNER?

I'm planning to add a radio tuner to my stereo setup. Should I get an FM-AM tuner? I want to be able to pick up stereo broadcasts when a system is okayed by the FCC as the radio industry's standard. Will I be able to use any FM tuner then? And what system is the FCC likely to adopt?
New York City

Benny Golson

Answer: There is general (but as yet unofficial) agreement on the Crosby multiplex system, whereby a single FM station sends out both sides of a stereo program over one transmitter. Several stations are now experimenting with it. This system lets regular FM tuners or receivers pick up the main channel for mono, or get both signals (with the addition of a two-three-tube multiplex adapter) for stereo.

Most FM tuners can use the multiplex adapter, which will cost about \$50. But some inexpensive FM tuners employ a simpler circuit (ratio detector) instead of a real FM discriminator. These tuners cannot be adapted for multiplexed stereo.

A stereo FM-AM tuner can pick up those stereo broadcasts now aired in some metropolitan areas where affiliated FM and AM stations schedule weekly stereocasts. There also have been stereocasts by pairs of co-operating FM stations, but this requires two FM tuners.

Stereo broadcasting won't spread until the FCC officially adopts a standard. Until that time, it's best to get a good FM-only tuner, including a discriminator circuit if you hope to add stereo later.

WHAT'S REAL HIGH FIDELITY?

After reading about high fidelity for a year, and hearing some fine sets, I know I want a true high fidelity components listening setup instead of a packaged set. But ads describe every set as being high fidelity, and most dealers say, "All our phonographs are hi-fi."

How can I tell if it's really high fidelity? Where can I buy real high fidelity components?

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Diana Weiskop

Answer: Most makers of true high fidelity components carry the seal of the

Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers (IHFM) in their ads. The yellow pages of the classified telephone directories in most cities include a high fidelity dealers section.

Since some dealers list themselves in the yellow pages even though they carry only packaged hi-fi units (many of which can't legitimately be considered high fidelity), it's best to telephone first and ask if the showroom carries and promotes components made by members of the IHFM.

Readers who would like to receive a list of these manufacturers may send name and address with the word "components" on a card to *Down Beat*, 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

DIGS MUSIC, NOT GEAR

I have a portable Decca table-model phonograph that sounds good to me, but lots of my friends are putting together, or have, more complicated sets. Some of them are listening only for reproduction brilliance, and have forgotten whatever love they may have had for the music itself.

Am I missing something? Also, am I hurting my records by playing them on cheap equipment?

Boulder, Colo.

Frederick H. Wolfe

Answer: It's unfortunately true that some people get hooked on audio equipment, decibels, and cycles, and begin to lose sight of the music. If the music sounds good to you, that's by far the most important thing.

If you want to hear more, though, good equipment can bring you the bass sound you're missing and probably most of the overtones that contribute so much to appreciating the timbre of instruments. Sharp attacks, percussive notes, and the volume contrast (dynamic range) between quiet passages and loud ones also will be much greater on a better set.

There's much in music to hear and experience and you're missing some by using inferior equipment. To find out how much, play two or three of your favorite records (not ones that have begun to wear or that have been played with heavy arms or cheap, worn needles) on the sets of some of your audiophile friends and listen to your own discs on their setups. You'll hear the difference.

As long as you have a good diamond needle in a modern player, you won't damage your microgroove discs. A competent needle technician should inspect your stylus every four to six months, though. When in doubt, replace it.

ALL THIS

JAZZ

ON

4-TRACK STEREO TAPE

- The Boss of the Blues • Joe Turner Sings Kansas City Jazz • Atlantic/ALC-1901
- Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers With T. Monk • Atl./ALC-1902
- Pyramid/No Sun In Venice • Modern Jazz Quartet • Atlantic/ALP-1904 (Twin-Pak)
- Giant Steps • John Coltrane • Atlantic/ALC-1906
- Late Date With Ruth Brown • Atlantic/ALC-1907
- Wilbur De Paris At Symphony Hall • Atlantic/ALC-1908
- Blues & Roots • Charlie Mingus • Atlantic/ALC-1909
- Marching Dukes of Dixieland, Vol. 3 • Audio Fidelity/AFST-1851-4
- Bourbon St. • Dukes of Dixieland, Vol. 4 • Audio Fidelity/AFST-1860-4
- Hamp's Big Band • L. Hampton • Audio Fidelity/AFST-1913-4
- A Man Ain't Supposed to Cry • Joe Williams • Roul./RTC-506
- Chairman of the Board • Count Basie • Roulette/RTC-510
- Swingin' Col./Jazz 'for Dancing • Ferguson • Roulette/RTP-511 (Twin-Pak)
- Sing Along With Basie • Lambert, Hendricks, Ross • Roulette/RTC-512
- Memories Ad-Lib • Basie/Williams • Roulette/RTC-513
- Dance Along With Basie • Roulette/RTC-517
- Brass Shout • Art Farmer • United Artists/UATC-2204
- Odds Against Tomorrow • Modern Jazz Quartet • United Artists/UATC-2205
- Odds Against Tomorrow • Sound Track • U.M./UATC-2206
- Joe Jones Plus Two • Vanguard/VTC-1604
- The Greatest • Count Basie • Verve/VSTC-204
- Getz Meets Mulligan in Hi-Fi • Verve/VSTC-207
- Back To Back • Ellington/Hodges • Verve/VSTC-209
- Have Trumpet, Will Excite • Gillespie • Verve/VSTC-211
- Louis Armstrong Meets Oscar Peterson • Verve/VSTC-213
- Anita O'Day Swings Cole Porter • B. May • Verve/VSTC-220
- G. Krupa Plays G. Mulligan Arrangements • Verve/VSTC-223
- The Big Sound • Hodges/Ellington • Verve/VSTC-224
- Oscar Peterson Plays Duke Ellington • Verve/VSTC-226
- Ben Webster & Associates • Verve/VSTC-233
- Side By Side • Ellington/Hodges • Verve/VSTC-237
- Fiorello • Oscar Peterson Trio • Verve/VSTC-238
- Hello Love • Ella Fitzgerald • Verve/VSTC-239
- The King and I • Mastersounds • World Pacific/WPTC-1001
- Chico Hamilton Quintet • World Pacific/WPTC-1002
- Ballads and Blues • The Mastersounds • W-Pac./WPTC-1006
- Reunion With Chet Baker • Mulligan Quartet • World Pacific/WPTC-1007
- The Swingers • Lambert, Hendricks, & Ross • World Pacific/WPTC-1008
- The Mastersounds In Concert • World Pacific/WPTC-1009
- Holiday in Brazil • Bud Shank • World Pacific/WPTC-1010
- Great Jazz Standards • Gil Evans Orchestra • W-Pac./WPTC-1011
- A Gasser • Annie Ross • World Pacific/WPTC-1014



AND THERE'S MORE

Jazz on 4-track stereo tape. For complete UST 4-track catalog write: 1024 Kifer Rd., Sunnyvale, California

**UNITED STEREO
TAPES**

OUT OF MY HEAD



BY GEORGE CRATER

Did you ever stop to think how much money musicians are letting go down the drain each year? *Millions!*

We have Yogi Berra baseball bats, Esther Williams swimming pools, Arthur Murray dance studios. And probably we'll have a line of Johnny Mathis pedal pushers in the not too distant future. But where are the Les McCann collection plates, the Julian Adderley health foods, and the Manny Albam mustache waxes?

I don't think today's musician can be satisfied "playing better on a Selmer" or "never being without his Fender"—the world of big business offers so much more in the way of endorsements. The musician in today's jazz field is idolized by his fans. He controls their thoughts and their habits. My point is: Will the jazz fan run to the drugstore any quicker if Mickey Mantle or *Shorty Rogers* is doing the razor blade commercial? I think the answer is obvious.

True, some beaten-down cats might say that the big companies don't want jazz musicians to endorse their products. But these companies must be educated. They must come to realize that jazz fans *do* shave, bathe, eat breakfast cereals, wear clothes, drive automobiles, smoke, drink Pepsi-Cola.

When this penetrates, and the day comes that jazz musicians take advantage of it, that's when we'll see an ad in *Down Beat* with a picture of Monk and the caption: "Be sociable . . . have a Pepsi!" says Thelonious Monk, noted modern jazz piano stylist." That's the day Babs Gonzales will peer out at us from the pages of *Down Beat* telling us, "I never carry more than \$50 cash . . ."

And that's the day we'll hear a television announcer say, "Right, Zoot Sims?" And then we'll see Zoot on the screen, fingering his tenor, and saying: "Right! When Al and I have a rough night down at the Half Note, or I've had too much to eat or drink, or if nervous tension has really got me licked, I just reach for the Bromo, and 1-2-3, I feel the end again!" And then the announcer will say, "So, folks, do as Zoot Sims, noted tenor saxophonist, does—reach for a Bromo! Right, Zoot?" And then Zoot will stop fingering his tenor, hold up a bottle of Bromo Seltzer, and say, "Right!" smiling until the picture fades.

There's no reason in the world why these endorsements can't become a reality. The possibilities are unlimited.

Let's take fashion, for instance. Where have we gone since the Tony Martin Tuxedo? Nowhere, absolutely nowhere! If the jazz audience weren't so underestimated, and if musicians and management weren't so limited in their thinking, there'd be John Lewis tuxedos hanging in clothing stores throughout the countryside. Not to mention the \$5,000 advance and the \$1.50 per garment royalty in John Lewis' special checking account!

Then we've got cats like Miles, Chico Hamilton, Roy Haynes . . . Can't you just see the stark naked pipe racks

after jazz fans were informed that Robert Hall was unveiling a line of Miles Davis suits? Or "Now! At last . . . be the first on your block to own a Chico Hamilton sweater and vest!"

If the Pepsi company turned Monk down, he could get a deal with the Adams hat company. And I can see no greater endurance test for a shoe's construction than planting a pair on Horace Silver's feet during *Blowing the Blues Away* or *Cookin' at the Continental*. Has anything as startling as the Dizzy Gillespie parka and matching fez come along since the design of the Woody Herman string tie?

The jazz audience is getting bigger every day, and manufacturers have hundreds of ways to get their products to the audience. What have Art and Addison Farmer got against doing the Doublemint commercials? Why hasn't Joe Glaser licensed the Dinah Washington bride doll yet? When will Gerry Mulligan do a Viceroy commercial? ("Pardon me, are you an actor?" "No, funny you should ask. I'm a jazz musician!") Where are the Duke Ellington charm schools? The Stan Kenton home study calisthenics plan? The Newport Youth Band musical erector sets? The Johnny Griffin Big Soul Band prayer shawl and combination cardigan? The Les Elgart syrups and ice cream toppings? The Emenee "Ornette Coleman Model" Golden Saxophone? When will Louis Armstrong switch to Kleenex? Can Terry Gibbs elevator shoes be far off? And where, I must ask, are the Paul Desmond T-shirts?

Commercializing your music for the sake of money definitely is a crime. But making money on outside ventures is just looking ahead. I feel our jazz musicians should do these things. Broaden their scope, their fame, and help show industry that the jazz audience is a buying audience! I don't think we should blast the jazz players for activities like this. As a matter of fact, I think it's *good* for jazz!

Now if my *Ira Gitler Hair Tonic* will only catch on . . .



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ED SHERMAN



in review

● RECORDS ● JAZZ RECORD BUYERS GUIDE ● BLINDFOLD TEST ● CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Records are reviewed by Don Henahan, Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ralph J. Gleason, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.
 Ratings are: ★★★★★ excellent, ★★★★ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor. [M] means monaural, [S] means stereo.

CLASSICS

Brahms/Walter

[S] THE ORCHESTRAL MUSIC OF BRAHMS—Columbia M4S-615: *Symphonies 1-4; Variations on a Theme by Haydn; "Tragic" Overture; "Academic Festival" Overture.*

Personnel: Columbia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This four-record album is not quite so inclusive as its title may suggest—it does not contain the serenades or the Hungarian dances, for example—but it brings together the most worthwhile orchestral music of Brahms in performances that are technically acceptable and interpretatively peerless.

Walter's loving, leisurely readings are too well known to need much discussion. The *Symphony No. 4* included here is the same one released recently as a single disc; the others are new to stereo. The west coast instrumentalists respond well throughout, except for some poor work by the winds at the opening of the *Symphony No. 2*.

(D.H.)

Chopin/Rosen

[M] [S] CHOPIN RECITAL—Epic LC-3709 [M] and BC-1090 [S]: *Ballade No. 4; Scherzo No. 3; Polonaise No. 6; Mazurkas Nos. 2, 31, 32; Nocturnes Nos. 5-8-17.*

Personnel: Charles Rosen, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Rosen, a 33-year-old American who has spent much of his career abroad, plays these Chopin pieces without seeming to strain his technical capacities and, in general, brings to them a good sense of color, solid rhythm, and a realization of the force that inheres in the music. This is not salon Chopin. It is gratifying to hear the nocturnes, especially, played without excessive mooning and miniaturization.

All that this sort of Chopin playing lacks, as a matter of fact, is the agitation and imagination that distinguishes the good from the unforgettable.

The pianist is admirably faithful to the letter of the score, but the best Chopin performers have known that is not enough. The *F Minor Ballade*, for example, is complacent in tone, despite Rosen's dazzling execution of the formidable coda. The complacency stems partly from his reluctance to give variety to the recurring principal theme.

In the "heroic" *Polonaise* the dramatic middle section suffers. The sotto voce theme is not begun quietly enough to make its fortissimo climax explosive. In the hands of a Rubinstein this is an episode that can lift one out of his seat. To Rosen it is just another passage in E major.

(D.H.)

Mussorgsky/Wallenstein

[S] PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION—Audio Fidelity FCS-50,004.

Personnel: Virtuoso Symphony Orchestra of London, conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Like previous releases in Audio Fidelity's First Component series, this one goes to the top of the class for good instrumental balance, full dynamic range, and quiet surfaces. In few pieces from the standard orchestral repertory are these matters so important, either, for Ravel's orchestration calls for the full palette of colors, and makes demands in the way of climaxes that are met beautifully here.

Wallenstein's interpretation, while nothing out of the ordinary, is purposeful and honest. This is not music that benefits much by "interpreting" anyway. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Cannonball Adderley

[M] [S] CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN CHICAGO—Mercury MG 20449 [M] and SR 60134 [S]: *Limehouse Blues; Stars Fell on Alabama; Wabash; Grand Central; You're a Weaver of Dreams; The Sleeper.*

Personnel: Adderley, alto saxophone; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelley, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This album was made early last year, when all the men involved were compatriots in the Miles Davis Sextet. It is important for two reasons: it points up the similarities as well as the contrasts between Coltrane and Adderley at this time, especially the influence Coltrane had on Adderley's playing; when this release is compared with the two saxophonists' present work it shows in bold relief the different paths that each man followed upon leaving the Davis group.

Let's take the last point first. Adderley has been successful with his quintet and has done little since the time of this recording that is strikingly new or different. If anything, the altoist has pulled himself back, as it were, closer to the blue roots of jazz. Coltrane, on the other hand, far from being a commercial success, has restlessly continued his search for unproved means of expression, and his playing has changed quite a bit since this recording.

This basic difference of viewpoint is reflected in the originals each contributed to the session. Adderley's *Wabash* is a happy-sounding two-beater that the two men in ensemble push by means of heavy accents. Coltrane's two originals, *Grand Central* and *The Sleeper*, are more complex, rhythmically and harmonically. Neither is a straight unison ensemble, as is *Wabash*; the parts move away from and toward

each other, sometimes meeting in unison and then falling away again. The rhythm section does not play a straight two or four but varies its background with simple but effective rhythmic punctuations.

The point is that each man has extended these basic differences in his present work and each symbolizes the two main directions of jazz: Adderley, warmth and emotionalism; Coltrane, intellectualism and experimentalism. Which is the better tack is a moot point; both approaches are valid; both are valuable.

Although there were these differences at this time, there were also strong similarities between the two men.

The best comparison is on *Limehouse*. Both play with complete control of their instruments. Their playing is quite scalar, usually in long runs of eighth notes. Each likes to hang some phrases on a high note, which sounds like "wheet!" A harsh beauty colors each man's tone. Neither uses much vibrato. Both play with much fire and intelligence. It's as if each man took from the other qualities he lacked. It was a mutually profitable association.

Even on the ballads, *Alabama* featuring Adderley and *Dreams*, Coltrane, there are similarities of phrasing and conception.

But a record with an excellent rating must be more than a handy device for comparison and contrast; it must have lasting musical value, be stimulating and enjoyable. This one has all these qualities.

And not all the value, stimulation, and enjoyment is the exclusive property of the horn men. The album would not have been excellent without the sterling support of Kelley, Cobb, and Chambers. Kelley is brilliant in his solos. And never make the mistake of sticking him in funk-only pigeonhole. Listen to the way he builds his first chorus of *Sleeper* on a strange impressionistic figure that sounds like some sort of growl. He is one of the few pianists—Junior Mance is another—who is able to inject earthiness into his playing without losing his musical integrity.

A thought-provoking and thoroughly enjoyable album. (D.DeM.)

Louis Armstrong

[M] [S] SATCHMO PLAYS KING OLIVER—Audiofidelity 1930: *St. James Infirmary; I Want a Big Butter and Egg Man; I Ain't Got Nobody; Panama; Dr. Jazz; Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight; Frankie and Johnny; I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll; Drop That Sack; Jelly-Roll Blues; Old Kentucky Home; Chimes Blues.*

Personnel: Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Trummy Young, trombone; Peanuts Hucko, clarinet; Billy Kyle, piano; Mort Herbert, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

To say that this is the best recording to

come from Armstrong's touring sextet in the last five years is fainter praise than the disc deserves. The material gets the group away from the things it now does by rote, and Armstrong at least plays and sings with some semblance of creative fire. If the rest of the group is relatively inarticulate, it may be because, according to the notes, they were so unfamiliar with the pieces that Armstrong had to teach them to them.

In any event, the Armstrong trumpet is authoritative and crisp, and he sings with a minimum of mugging.

St. James Infirmary starts the set off on a solid note with some fine latter-day Armstrong playing and singing. There is another good Louis vocal on *Butter and Egg Man* and further evidence of his unflagging horn talent on *I Ain't Got Nobody*; *Dr. Jazz* (despite a static ensemble attack), and *Chimes Blues*. The only outright dud is *Frankie and Johnny*, an uninspired vocal by Louis over honky-tonk piano accompaniment.

The relationship between some of these tunes and King Oliver (*My Old Kentucky Home*, for instance) is tenuous. (J.S.W.)

Brubeck-Bernstein

■ ■ BERNSTEIN PLAYS BRUBECK PLAYS BERNSTEIN—Columbia CL 1466: *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra*; *Maria*; *I Feel Pretty*; *Somewhere*; *A Quiet Girl*; *Tonight*
 Personnel: Track 1: Brubeck quartet with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Tracks 2-6: Brubeck, piano; Paul Desmond, alto saxophone; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Of the attempts by composers to "integrate" or "synthesize" or "fuse" jazz and classical music, *Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra* by Howard Brubeck is one of the most ambitious and one of the least successful. This 23-minute composition illustrates that a good composition cannot be created by simply juxtaposing two separate idioms.

If jazz is to progress far beyond a 32-bar improvisation on the changes of *I Got Rhythm*, works of the same genre as *Dialogues* must continue to be written. Therefore, I hope that these remarks will encourage gifted composers, including Howard Brubeck.

Dialogues is divided into four sections, each built around the interplay of the quartet, which improvises, for the most part, and the orchestra, which reads written music. Since the two never really get together, I feel safe in considering each separately.

First, the orchestra. Where, one asks, are all those musicians hiding? Howard Brubeck's orchestration is thin. His melodies are innocuous, though pleasantly so. His harmonies, though sometimes pretty, are often banal, never fresh or exciting or even shocking or conspicuous. His rhythms are monotonous and, for the most part, naive. Most of the orchestral writing sounds like a Nelson Riddle background being performed by a hip pit band.

The exception to this is the introduction to the third section, wherein the entire orchestra is handled with imagination and delicacy.

The quartet comes off better, mainly because of the beauty of Desmond's alto. Desmond's lyricism, his dynamics within

the phrase, his extended sequences, the inexhaustible clarity of his musical thought, all contribute to making him one of the most rewarding melodists that jazz has ever known.

Brubeck's piano playing warrants less praise. Although it is evident that he is always thinking carefully, he seldom rises above the level of the cocktail lounge. And it's a shame to have to say that about one of the most potent and influential thinkers in jazz.

But here is the real point. *Dialogues* is not a piece, but rather two separate pieces played alternately. First the long-hairs play. Then the jazz musicians play. It's very much like watching a tennis match. There is no formal thinking on a large or detailed scale, certainly no successful attempt at fusing two difficult-to-combine idioms. Rather, the composition is the sum of several more-or-less unrelated (though compatible) images, some interesting, some dull. Music is so much more than that.

Perhaps the solution to a successful jazz-classical piece will come from the subtle use of the best elements from each idiom rather than the use of these elements against each other, or in contrast with one another. When the first jazz-classical piece gets written (if it hasn't been already), the listener will not be able to say, "This part is jazz, and this part is classical," but rather, "here is a whole composition."

The quartet tracks promise less and satisfy more. The tunes, all written by Bernstein, are treated with sympathy and delicacy. *Maria* opens with an intriguing 3/8 against 4/4 statement of the theme followed by a Desmond chorus and Brubeck's finest playing of the album.

I Feel Pretty begins with a lilting 3/4: chamber jazz on a small and perfect scale. Desmond's chorus is natural and great, but Dave passes the buck by forcing the triple meter into duple meter, dragging the bassist with him, and leaving the drummer hanging on to the waltz.

Somewhere begins in excellent three-part imitation. However, this doesn't last, disintegrating into cocktail music. Listen, though, to Desmond's unbelievable melodic sequence just before the end. It'll turn your ears around.

Tonight is a good track. Desmond seems to get a little hung, but Brubeck builds a solo around the final saxophone phrase, which almost—but not quite—makes up for the pianistic banalities of the previous tracks.

In summary, this album is always beautiful when Desmond is playing. *Dialogues* is short of its tremendous potential. But then jazz has a lot of time ahead of it, and Howard Brubeck, still a young man, can be counted on to give us important work.
 —Bill Mathieu

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, folk, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing.

★ ★ ★ ★

Miles Davis-Gil Evans, *Sketches of Spain* (Columbia CL 1480)
 Bill Evans, *Portrait in Jazz* (Riverside RLP 12-315/1162)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Thelonious Monk Quartet Plus Two at the Blackhawk (Riverside RLP 12-323/1171)
 Max Roach, *Quiet As It's Kept* (Mercury MG 20491)

★ ★ ★ ★

Cannonball Adderley, *Them Dirty Blues* (Riverside RLP 12-322)
 Red Allen/Kid Ory, *We Got Rhythm* (Verve 1020)
 Kenny Burrell, *A Night at the Vanguard* (Argo 655)
 Al Casey, *Buck Jumpin'* (Prestige/Swingville 2007)
 Paul Chambers, *Chambers Jazz: A Jazz Delegation from the East* (Score SLP-4033)
 Marge Dodson, (vocal) *New Voice in Town* (Columbia CL 1458)
 Gigi Gryce, *Sayin' Something* (New Jazz 8230)
 Barry Harris at the *Jazz Workshop* (Riverside RLP 326)
 Coleman Hawkins with the *Red Garland Trio* (Prestige/Swingville 2001)
 Blues by *Lonnie Johnson* (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1007)
 Charlie Mingus, *Mingus Dynasty* (Columbia CL 1440)
 King Pleasure (vocal), *Golden Days* (Hifjazz J 425)
 André Previn, *Like Previn!* (Contemporary 3575)
 Shirley Scott, *Soul Searching* (Prestige 7173)
The Happy Jazz of Rex Stewart (Prestige-Swingville 2006)
The Return of Roosevelt Sykes (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1006)
 Joe Turner (vocal), *Big Joe Rides Again* (Atlantic 1332)

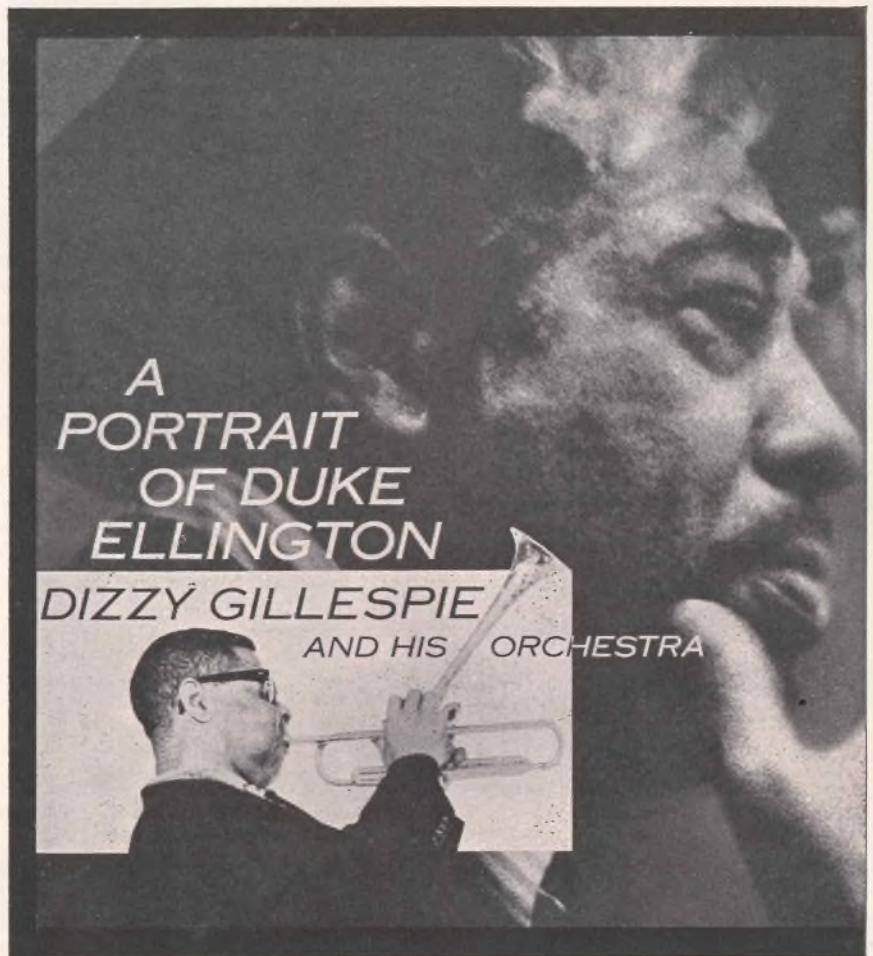
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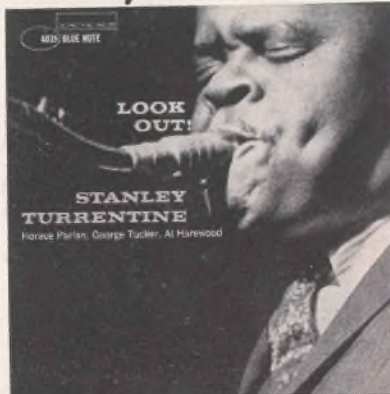
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Charlie Byrd

☐ **JAZZ AT THE SHOWBOAT, VOL. 3—** Offbeat 3006: *Blues for Felix; Gypsy in My Soul; In a Mellotone; Prelude to a Kiss; Travelin' On; Play, Fiddle, Play; Funky Flamenco; My One and Only; Mama, I'll Be Home Some Day; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Who Cares?; Lay the Lily Low.*

Personnel: Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Bertell Knox, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Of the three *Jazz at the Showboat* discs that Byrd has made, this is the first devoted entirely to his work with his trio. It is easily the best. Instead of depending on a grab bag of instrumental setups to provide variety, as was done on the first two releases, the change of pace in this program comes from the varied facets of Byrd's playing. He plays blues, show tunes, ballads, swinging up-tempos, or folksy twangers with airiness and wit.

There is a feeling of merriment in most of his work, but on pieces such as *Mellotone* and *How Long?* the easy grace of his lighthearted style is deepened by warmth and sensitivity.

Byrd is a remarkable guitarist, and he never has been recorded in better circumstances than he is here. (J.S.W.)

Maynard Ferguson

☐ ☐ **NEWPORT SUITE—Roulette 52047: *The Jazz Bary; Foxy; Newport; Got the Spirit; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; Ol' Man River; Three More Foxes.***

Personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

When this disc was made, the Ferguson band was in transition from the earlier group to the present one. Altoist Jimmy Ford of the old band is here, and so are Frank Hittner and Joe Farrell, baritone and tenor saxists of the new band. But drummer Rufus Jones had not yet arrived.

The program is made up, as Ferguson points out, of "applause-getters," and it's encouraging to find that Ferguson does not always have to blast his way into the stratosphere to get applause nowadays.

The arrangements, by Slide Hampton and Willie Maiden, are full of imaginative twists and quirks, notably Hampton's *Newport* and Maiden's *The Jazz Bary* and the open sections of his *Ol' Man River*.

Both *Bary* and *River* give a good display to Hittner's baritone saxophone. He is easily the most interesting soloist on this disc and gives indications of being one of the sure, strong, fluent baritone voices in jazz. *Bary* offers a provocative display of Ferguson's work on baritone horn and, in its juxtaposition of the two baritones—saxophone and horn—is an unusually inventive arrangement.

Got the Spirit, a lusty Hampton waltz, makes good use of the rational potential of Ferguson's trumpet over an antiphonal ensemble. *Newport* is a long piece with several shifts of tempo notable primarily for a hollow-toned, urgent solo by Farrell. Farrell also solos effectively on *Foxy*, but this is one of those pieces that winds up with one of Ferguson's climbing endings. *Three More Foxes* is virtuoso stuff for Ferguson and trumpeters Dick Kiefer and Don Ellis that has far more visual value than listening interest.

There is a lot of vitality in this band, and while it is beginning to take some direction on this disc, it is not yet clearly in focus. (J.S.W.)

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Terry Gibbs

SWING IS HERE! — Verve MG V-2134: *The Song Is You; It Might as Well Be Swing; Dancing in the Dark; Moonlight; Bright Eyes; The Fat Man; My Reverie; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Evil Eyes; Back Bay Shuffle.*

Personnel: Gibbs, vibraharp; Al Porcino, Conte Candoli, Stu Williamson, Ray Triscari, Johnny Audino, trumpets; Bob Edmundson, Bobby Pring, and Frank Rosolino or Tommy Sheppard, trombones; Joe Maini, Charlie Kennedy, alto saxophones; Bill Perkins, Med Flory, tenor saxophones; Jack Schwartz, baritone saxophone; Lou Levy, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Whether you care to don dancing shoes or lounging duds, this album should prove rewarding. The general vitality and sparkle conjured up here is at times infectious.

The most commendable feature of this sustained drive is that musical values are not sacrificed or bastardized to this end. The group is as clean as a whistle. There are moments when the sections speak as single instruments. Unfortunately, herein also lies the minor flaw. In precision often is submerged the real heart of the matter. Occasionally, that precision drill atmosphere gnawed at my ear.

The obvious penchant for the Woody Herman groove is apparent, but the entire production is handled with such finesse and care that this attraction never becomes offensive. There also are traces of Basie cropping up from time to time.

Of the soloists and sidemen, I found myself listening to Lewis most consistently. He is here a persuasive as well as a coercive drummer. He drives, kicks, or teases the group forward, and he stays on top of every important statement. (B.G.)

Harold Land

WEST COAST BLUES—Jazzland JLP 20: *Ursula; Don't Explain; Terrain; Klactoveesed-stene; West Coast Blues; Compulsion.*

Personnel: Land, tenor saxophone; Joe Gordon, trumpet; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Barry Harris, piano; Louis Hayes, drums; Sam Jones, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

I imagine that sheer defiance contributed to the titling of this album; so much has been said challenging the west coast's claim to jazz. Blue was not even considered as being within the color spectrum of these coast experimentalists. Whatever the reason for the title, one must hear this album purely on the basis of the performances of the six musicians.

Taken singly, the three soloists carry off their chores with facility and purpose. The rhythm section, including a powerful Jones and a driving Hayes, stays right on them all the way; yet the date remains a session of flighty, spotty, occasionally disjointed exhibitions of talent. Any one of the soloists alone could have created much more fire and continuity with just the rhythm section.

It is interesting to note that Harris appears to be much more comfortable in this setting than he is on many of his cuts with the blues-based Cannonball Adderley Quintet.

Land is the stronger and more overt of the two horns and plays well within the distant, dry, unwarm tradition of his chosen coast. His solo on *Klactoveesed-stene* reveals him at his warmest peak. It is, as a matter of fact, a highlight of the album.

Montgomery seldom emerges as less than impressive. Here he sparkles with

his fluent, never-overstated passages.

The chordal structure of *Ursula* is interesting and provocative enough to inspire ample opportunity for some good introspective blowing. On this one track, the soloists seem to jell, and their statements seem to flow one from the other.

Don't Explain, the shortest tune in the album, is a perfect vehicle for the melancholy tenor of Land and the pensive trumpet of Gordon.

The album probably won't upset you on first hearing. It takes some getting used to, but interest and appeal grow with each listening. (B.G.)

Yusef Lateef

CRY! TENDER—Prestige/New Jazz 8234: *Sea Breeze; Dopolous; Cry! Tender; Butter's Blues; Yesterdays; The Snow Is Green; If You Could See Me Now; Ecaps.*

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe; Lonnie Hilyer, trumpet; Hugh Lawson, piano; Herman Wright or Ernie Farrow, bass; Wilbur Harden, fluegelhorn; Oliver Jackson or Frank Gant, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is among the more quietly exciting albums produced this year. There must be some delineation as to where jazz begins or ends, yet this record flows fluidly across such markers, infusing the native jazz with a prevailing essence of distant lands.

Lateef is primarily occupied with the airy, intriguing sounds and patterns provided by skillful use of Eurasian instrumentation and musical approach, though he touches on several musical imports in this particular album.

It would seem incorrect to me to maintain that the album is a jazz offering in its

CANNONBALL ADDERLY GIL EVANS BROWNIE MCGHEE & SONNY TERRY JOE NEWMAN LES McCANN CURTIS AMY & PAUL BRYANT WES MONTGOMERY HAROLD LAND GERRY MULLIGAN HARRY EDISON

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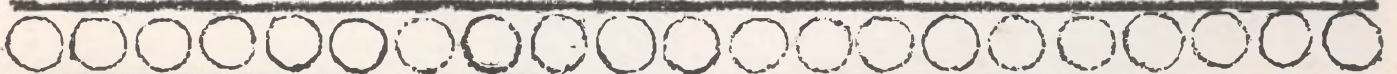
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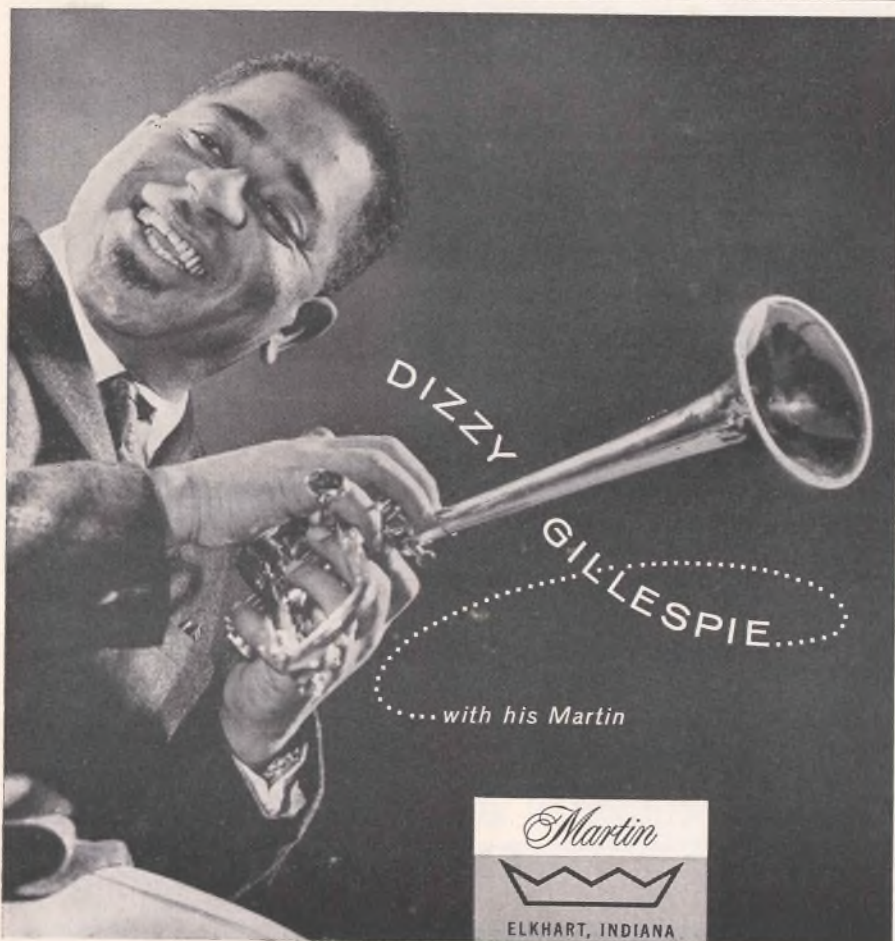
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entirety. Lateef must be considered as one of the important present-era jazzmen, both as a performer and as a composer; however, his work is more a welding of jazz with Eastern musical concepts yielding a provocative modern American music.

To this end, he has been extremely successful in this album. Among the tunes so defined I would place *Dopolous* and *Sea Breeze*. The arco bass introduction on *Dopolous* is shocking in its intensity.

Lawson has a oneness of musical thought with Lateef that is exceptional and permits the pianist to anticipate the leader effectively. His sensitive playing behind the breathless Lateef tenor on *See Me* is especially appealing.

Young Hilyer sounds as if he were in over his head on most of the tracks. He gets off a fairly confident statement on the title tune, however.

The two most interesting tracks to me are *Butter's Blues* and *Yesterdays*. The $\frac{3}{4}$ blues swings liltingly and lightly.

Thus far, Lateef continues his exploration of the areas of rhythm, instrumentation, and coloring. It would be interesting to hear the artist venture further into the realm of harmony and creative melodic development. (B.G.)

Johnny Lytle

BLUE VIBES—Jazzland 22: *Blue Vibes*; *Over the Rainbow*; *For Heaven's Sake*; *Movin' Nicely*; *Autumn Leaves*; *Mister Strudel*; *Canadian Sunset*. Personnel: Lytle, vibraharp; Milton Harris, organ; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Strong, swinging rhythm and an interest in melody, which are characteristics of Lionel Hampton's best work, are also the dominant elements in the playing of Lytle. He projects a positive, forthright beat even on a ballad such as *Autumn Leaves*, which usually brings out the pastel shades in a soloist's repertory.

In this unpretentious sampling of his work, Lytle avoids the clichés that Hampton is inclined to fall into even when he (Hampton) seems to be trying to play well. Lytle commands attention not by being particularly unusual but by bringing honest life and glow to a familiar form that is likely to be treated with casual disinterest. The accompaniment by Harris and Heath is unobtrusive. (J.S.W.)

Shelly Manne

SHELLY MANNE & HIS MEN AT THE BLACK HAWK, VOL. 1—Contemporary M 3577: *Summertime*; *Our Delight*; *Poinciana*; *Blue Daniel*; *A Gem from Tiffany*.

Personnel: Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Joe Gordon, trumpet; Victor Feldman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are all kinds of on-the-spot recording. Setting aside one night for taping a group at a club can produce good results, but the method used here is infinitely better, if this first in a series of four volumes is any criterion. For three consecutive nights, Contemporary recorded everything Manne's group played at the famed San Francisco club. Even the most mike-conscious musician would eventually forget about the engineer in this situation.

The group feeling is so strong on this LP that it will reach out and grab you. Manne has never sounded better. He is one drummer-leader who assumes the responsibilities of leading and the strength

Are you
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When the frost is on the pumpkin and the leaves are making a mess of things underfoot, it is clearly time to get in out of the cold and the wind, to sit down before a crackling fire (a hissing radiator will do in a pinch), and listen to some warming music. Naturally, we like to think that RIVERSIDE albums do the best job of protecting you against the autumnal chills. To prove the point, here are a few of the newer releases we have designed for that purpose, the work of some of Riverside's many heart-warming and soul-warming artists:

For example, what could fit the Fall mood better than the warm, rich sound of a big sax section, with the driving, vibrant sound of NAT ADDERLEY riding over it. Specifically, Nat has another of his truly different ones. His previous effort (*WORK SONG*) made striking use of guitar and cello in combination with his cornet. This time, he has come up with the idea of joining forces with five saxophones, and the result is an album that ranges excitingly from the earthy to the beautiful. The stellar sax support comes from three distinctive tenor men: Jimmy Heath, Yusef Lateef, and Charlie Rouse; Cannonball Adderley leads the section on alto; and the deep baritone of Tate Houston anchors it. The title is *THAT'S RIGHT!* — and we don't think we'll get any arguments about that, for it's one of the rightest sounding albums in a long time.

For another example, there's a new album by the young piano star whose tunes are one of the biggest reasons why soul is now sweeping the country. That, of course, would be BOBBY TIMMONS, composer of such items as *This Here and Moanin'*. Those tunes were features of his first LP (*THIS HERE IS BOBBY TIMMONS*). His second LP is entitled *SOUL TIME*, and it certainly is that. Assisting Bobby are three of the most formidable assistants anyone could ask for: the great Art Blakey on drums, the rock-solid bass of Sam Jones, and the lyrical trumpet of Blue Mitchell. And there are four new Timmons tunes that might well turn out to be in a class with his other celebrated compositions. In particular, we're betting on one called *So Tired*, and the LP's title tune, *Soul Time*.

Just a little later this Fall, there's an album coming up in which the spotlight is

fully on the warm, full sound of the previously-mentioned BLUE MITCHELL. This one is called *BLUE'S MOODS*. It's his first new release since early in 1960, and the rapidly growing body of Blue Mitchell fans will find it well worth the waiting for. He is backed by an enviable rhythm section consisting of Wynton Kelly (whom many musicians consider absolutely the best support you could have on any jazz date, and who has by demand been the pianist on all four of Mitchell's Riverside records), Sam Jones (about whom, if you get the idea that he is currently our favorite bass player, you are correct), and Roy Brooks (who works with Blue in the Horace Silver group and who sounds to us like one of the best young drummers in quite a while). In front of this heavy-weight cooperation, Blue is in brilliant and moving form in a program of lyrical standards and originals, with much emphasis on the blues. (We'd call special attention to an unusual and haunting blues called *Kinda Vague*, played on a vintage cornet lent by Riverside engineer Ray Fowler.)

Also on tap for you as the days grow shorter and the nights longer are no less than three more first-rate additions to the series known as "Cannonball Adderley Presentations." Cannon continues to demonstrate that he is a most impressive talent scout and idea man with (in order of release):

The debut of a Rochester, N. Y. group of extreme youthfulness and even more extreme promise, led by The MANGIONE BROTHERS (19-year-old Chuck, playing a trumpet enthusiastically presented to him by Dizzy Gillespie; and 22-year-old Gap on piano). The album is called *THE JAZZ BROTHERS*. This is so startlingly talented a group that we won't even try to describe them. Let's just say that you'll be hearing a great deal about and by them from now on, if you have any kind of ears at all.

CLIFFORD JORDAN is a tenor man who has been on the scene for a few years (most recently with J. J. Johnson), but felt he had not yet had a chance to be heard at his most effective. Adderley agreed, and helped him to set up a session that turned into an LP called *SPELLBOUND*. Those who've had an advance listen also agree that they'd never really heard what Cliff is capable of

before this.

BUDD JOHNSON has been around a lot longer (for example, he helped get Charlie Parker into the Earl Hines band) without having anyone but insiders recognize his tremendous talents both as tenor saxophonist and as arranger. Things should change after people get a chance to hear Budd and eight of his scores on *BUDD JOHNSON AND THE FOUR BRASS GIANTS*. (And those four giants are something else, too, for Johnson has only built this date around a trumpet section made up of Harry Edison, Nat Adderley, Ray Nance and Clark Terry!)

There's lots more coming up, too (but we have to save some for the deep Winter, when you really need warmth). Just to whet your appetite, you can start anticipating such as a big-group YUSEF LATEEF album; a unique JOHNNY GRIFFIN "studio party" (with a swinging invited audience spurring things on); the first release by the adventurous new sextet of GEORGE RUSSELL; a set featuring the flute and tenor of JAMES CLAY; more incredible guitar by WES MONTGOMERY — and another guaranteed soul-stirrer by the great CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET.

Warm enough for you?

Footnote department, providing all the numerical data needed to enable you to test our claims by buying the records:

1. *Work Song*: NAT ADDERLEY (RLP 318; Stereo RLP 1167)
2. *That's Right!*: NAT ADDERLEY and The Big Sax Section (RLP 330; Stereo RLP 9330)
3. *This Here Is*: BOBBY TIMMONS (RLP 317; Stereo RLP 1164)
4. *Soul Time*: BOBBY TIMMONS (RLP 334; Stereo RLP 9334)
5. *Blue's Moods*: BLUE MITCHELL (RLP 336; Stereo RLP 9336)
6. *The Jazz Brothers*: MANGIONE BROTHERS Sextet (RLP 335; Stereo RLP 9335)
7. *Spellbound*: CLIFFORD JORDAN Quartet (RLP 340; Stereo RLP 9340)
8. *Budd Johnson and The Four Brass Giants* (RLP 343; Stereo RLP 9343)

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they require him to give, while never seeking to call undue attention to himself. Unobtrusive would never qualify as a word to describe Manne, however. On *Our Delight* and, especially *Poinciana*, he is the epitome of kinetic energy; on *Summer-time* and *Blue Daniel*, he supports with dynamics and taste, actively helping to sustain interest. Budwig also underlines well and is an admirable rhythmic partner.

Kamuca has an individual sound and, on the slower selections, is thoughtful. On *Delight* and *Poinciana* he exhibits much fire and drive, but his imagination deserts him as he frequently reverts to the same phrases.

Gordon sounds infinitely better than in his recent guest appearance on Thelonious Monk's San Francisco album released by Riverside. His solo on *Blue Daniel*, Frank Rosolino's attractive waltz, is one of the most beautiful trumpet statements of the year.

In many ways, Feldman, previously better known as a vibraharpist, is the most consistent soloist in the album. He makes references to Red Garland and Bill Evans with some of the passages approximating the latter (portions of his *Blue Daniel* solo). Sometimes he comes too close for comfort. All in all, though, Feldman is a vigorous, two-handed pianist with enough things of his own to say. He has continued to grow since his arrival from England several years ago and is definitely a man to watch.

The ending of *Delight* is the same one composer Tadd Dameron used on his original Blue Note recording. It's good to hear it again.

If Kamuca had been up to his best standards, the rating would have been higher. Nevertheless, this is strongly recommended as excellent contemporary jazz captured in its lair. (I.G.)

Don Miller

THE DON MILLER QUARTET—King 712: *Chili Bean*; *Blues in the Closet*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *Four Axemen*; *Jeanie*; *Bugology*; *Woody*; *Lover Man*; *You Are the One I Love*; *A-Minor Thought*; *Long, Long Ago*; *Blues Walk*.

Personnel: Miller, guitar; Gordon Penning, alto; Tony Hebling, bass; Steve Strider, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miller is a 22-year-old Cincinnati university student who this spring scored his second annual victory as best guitarist at the Notre Dame Jazz festival. His three companions in this recorded debut are fellow students, and their collective debut on vinyl is auspicious indeed.

The unit demonstrates a definite feeling for teamwork, notable especially in the use of alto saxophone and guitar as front-line horns. Both bassist and drummer fulfill their functions with a decisiveness as positive as their unobtrusiveness is commendable.

Much of the material is original. Miller's is the strong pen here. Penning's *Chile*, a medium-tempoed outing, is none too strong melodically, and his *Axemen* is a rather pedestrian blues of the usual walk variety. Miller wrote *Bugology*, *Woody*, and *You Are the One I Love*, all interesting lines. The inclusion of Sam Jones' and Nat Adderley's lithe and boppish *Jeanie* strengthens the program considerably.

Leader Miller is a young guitarist to

watch. While he tends to weaken the flow of continuity from time to time, there is much of improvisational value in his ideas. Penning is an altoist with a singularly unsentimental tone but with creditable technique. His style, a spare economical approach to playing, is sometimes reminiscent of Paul Desmond's. But Penning can stride out with fluency and passion—when the spirit moves him. His solo on the well-adapted *Long, Long Ago* is a real wailer. Still, his ideas tend to be inhibited at times. This may be the result of inexperience.

One of the quartet's principal attributes lies in the canny employment of alto-guitar blend. It gives the group a distinctive sound notably lacking among today's crop of combos-without-a-collective-cause. (J.A.T.)

Dizzy Reece

SOUNDIN' OFF—Blue Note 4033: *A Ghost of a Chance*; *Once in a While*; *Eb Bop*; *Yesterdays*; *Our Love Is Here to Stay*; *Blue Streak*.

Personnel: Reece, trumpet; Walter Bishop, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Reece's trumpet is big toned, his facility ample, his conception sensible. But he doesn't have any distinguishing characteristics to set him apart from the many other trumpet men with good tones, good techniques, and good ideas.

His phrases flow one into the other, but, like so many other young jazzmen, he rarely builds to a conclusion. While listening to this album, seldom could I say, "Ah, he's coming to the end of his solo; he's coming to the climax." For he doesn't come to many climaxes; he just stops playing. The exception to this lack of concluding statement is his first-rate solo on *Yesterdays*, for me the best and most successful track of the album.

Perhaps the lack of structure in Reece's playing (and also Bishop's) stems from the nature of the session. It sounds like the men walked into the studio, blew a few tunes, and walked out again. Rambling is, I suppose, inherent to blowing sessions.

Bishop is an intensely swinging pianist—though he almost pulls away from Taylor and Watkins in his whole-tone scale exercise on *Ghost*—but he seems to jump from one idea to another without any attempt at bridging the gap between them with a third connecting idea. At other times, he seems unable to decide whether to play Red Garland, Ahmad Jamal, or Bud Powell.

I wonder what Reece could do in a more structured atmosphere—an atmosphere which would limit his blowing time, forcing him to endure in some much-needed self-editing? (D.DeM.)

Bob Wilber

NEW CLARINET IN TOWN—Classic Editions CJ 8: *Swing 39*; *The Duke*; *Blame It on My Youth*; *Benny Rides Again*; *Django*; *All Too Soon*; *Clarinate*; *Lonely Town*; *Upper Manhattan Medical Group*.

Personnel: Tracks 2, 4, 5, 9: Wilber, clarinet; Charlie Byrd, guitar; Dave McKenna, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Bobby Donaldson, drums. Tracks 1, 3, 6, 7, 8: add Jesse Tryon, Peter Dimitriades, violins; George Brown, viola; Sidney Edwards, cello; Tony Miranda, French horn.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Wilber continues his interesting explorations of the middle ground of jazz with

an uncluttered quintet and the same quintet plus strings. The material, with the exception of Ellington's *Medical Group*, is all familiar.

One of the interesting aspects of Wilber's work is that he allows these pieces to retain all their familiar qualities, and yet he manages to refresh everything he plays. The string group has its stumbling block—namely, the strings—but Deane Kincaide's arrangements have managed to keep them unobtrusive, using them more for accent or color than in any hope that they are really going to pick up their skirts and run. As it is, they contribute to the airiness of a delightful version of Django Reinhardt's *Swing 39*, and they form a warm, rich cushion for Wilber's low clarinet on *All Too Soon*.

It is the quintet performances that are generally the most successful, especially Brubeck's *The Duke*, which seems to gain stature with every new approach, and John Lewis' *Django*.

Byrd is a very apt companion for Wilber, for they are both proponents of a clean, direct manner of expression. Wilber's clarinet work is immaculate—pure-toned, sensitive, full of lovely shading and always swinging. (J.S.W.)

Don Wilkerson

THE TEXAS TWISTER—Riverside RLP 332: *The Twister; Morning Coffee; Idiom; Jelly-Roll; Easy to Love; Where or When; Media*.

Personnel: Wilkerson, tenor saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Barry Harris, piano; Leroy Vinnegar (tracks 2, 3, 7) or Sam Jones, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The excellence of Adderley and Harris save this from being an egregious example of a two-horns-and-rhythm blowing session. The ensembles are sloppy: the horns miss an entrance on *Coffee*, and Nat misses the first bar of ensemble of *Idiom*; the rhythm section cooks heatedly but never comes to a boil; and none of the material is fresh.

Yet this session reinforces the widely-held opinion that Nat Adderley is rapidly developing into a jazzman of stature—of greater stature, even, than his brother. In the past year the roly-poly cornetist has improved immensely. He played well before, but now he makes about everything he tries for, and he tries for some pretty ridiculous things. He has gained almost complete command of his instrument. His ideas fit together like links of a chain, and he never fails to convey wit and warmth.

A few months with the Cannonball Adderley Quintet seems to have served to shake Harris out of his indifference and lethargy. On this session he was full of fire and vinegar. And he swings on every track. Most of his playing is thoroughly in the Bud Powell school, but he unveils a hitherto unsuspected side of his nature in his striding solo on *Jelly-Roll*. His straightforward playing on this track is sparkling with touches of Teddy Wilson.

Wilkerson's tenoring is full of intensity but has little direction. It's like a fireworks display—a lot of noise, smoke, and fire soon forgotten. His intonation leaves much to be desired, and his vibrato at times sounds like Freddy Martin's. On one track, *Jelly-Roll*, he stuffs a towel in the bell of his horn for effect, but the end

result is that his playing comes out muffled. But he does show promise of developing into more than just another tenor man judging by his fairly good performance on *Love and Media*.

Recommended for the fine playing of Adderley and Harris. (D.DeM.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Ma Rainey

BROKEN-HEARTED BLUES—Riverside RLP 12-137: *Honey, Where You Been So Long; Ma Rainey's "Mystery Record"; Lawd, Send Me a Man; Broken-Hearted Blues; Jealousy Blues; Seeking Blues; Lucky Rock Blues; Southern Blues; Those Dogs of Mine; Mountain Jack Blues; So Soon This Morning; Don't Fish in My Sen*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9: Tommy Ladnier, cornet; Jimmy O'Bryant, clarinet; Harris, tenor saxophone. Tracks 1, 7, 8 only: Lovie Austin, piano. Tracks 4, 5, 6: Fuller, trumpet; Al Wynn, trombone; unknown saxophone; Thomas Dorsey, piano; Cedric Odom, drums. Tracks 10, 12: Jimmy Blythe, piano. Track 11: Cow-Cow Davenport, piano; B. T. Wingfield, cornet; unknown clarinet. Ma Rainey, vocals, all tracks.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album is a most welcome follow-up to the earlier Riverside Ma Rainey collection. It was Gertrude Rainey, you will recall, who, through her phenomenally successful early Paramount recordings, was almost singlehandedly responsible for the rush of interest in, and wide-scale recording of, blues singers during the 1920s. It's easy to see, thanks to this collection, how her big, exuberant voice and her compelling presence (which projects amazingly well across 30-odd years and poor quality recording) could spark such a wave of activity.

Ma Rainey and her host of imitators were, first and foremost, stage entertainers—so it's a mistake to expect the intensity, immediacy, and emotional involvement of the deeply felt and highly personal country blues in this sort of singing. Yet the material could, in the hands of a gifted artist, rise to great heights, as it does throughout this collection.

Some of the tunes (*Send Me a Man* is a good example) are, strictly speaking, not blues at all—yet they are thoroughly imbued with the spirit and feeling of the blues, and it's a tribute to her artistry that she can make these vaudeville pieces almost as valid and convincing as her versions of the genuine article.

The orchestral support she is given on these selections (culled from four separate Paramount sessions spanning the years 1924 through 1928) is uniformly excellent, and reaches its highest point in the sensitive backing provided by Lovie Austin's Blues Serenaders (tracks 1-3, 7-9), which features the haunting cornet of Tommy Ladnier.

A beautiful and valuable collection. (P.W.)

Various Artists

JAZZ SCENE 1—Epic 16000: *I Can't Get Started* (Bunny Berigan's Boys); *Lady, Be Good* (Jones-Smith, Inc.); *Sophisticated Lady* (Art Tatum); *Blow Top* (Count Basie); *Dream Blues* (Johnny Hodges); *Makin' Whoopee* (Earl Hines); *Just You, Just Me* (Artie Shaw); *Delta Mood* (Cootie Williams); *Heckler's Hop* (Roy Eldridge); *Caravan* (Barney Bigard); *Love's in My Heart* (Rex Stewart).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

JAZZ SCENE 2—Epic 16001: *Return of the Redhead* (Zoot Sims-Al Cohn); *Don't Blame Me*

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Rating: ★ ★

These two discs are samplers made up of material from Epic's LP catalog and are organized so that, ostensibly, they cover most of the spectrum of jazz.

Jazz Scene 1 deals with prewar jazz figures and is designed, according to the notes, "to include artists who have influenced jazz growth and the directions it would take."

Such a picture is a little incomplete when it fails to include Louis Armstrong, Benny Goodman, or Coleman Hawkins (or, for that matter, Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie). Simply as a collection, however, it stands up well. None of the choices is less than good, and several are gems of their kind—Williams' *Delta Mood*; Bigard's *Caravan*; Eldridge's *Heckler's Hop*; the Jones-Smith *Lady, Be Good*, and Berigan's *I Can't Get Started*.

Jazz Scene 2, which purports to deal with jazz "of the last two decades," fails to do that satisfactorily and is pretty trivial as a collection.

The jazz of the last two decades without Parker, Gillespie, Monk, Davis, Mulligan, Horace Silver, or John Lewis would scarcely be recognizable. These performances, all recorded in the middle '50s, are indicative only of the barrenness of Epic's modern jazz catalog. The Sims-Cohn duet has the exuberant lift of their better work, and Ray Bryant contributes a buoyant piano piece, but the rest is generally humdrum. (J.S.W.)

VOCALS

Memphis Slim

MEMPHIS SLIM AT THE GATE OF HORN—Vee Jay LP 1012: *The Come Back*; *Steppin' Out*; *Blue and Lonesome*; *Beer Drinkin' Woman*; *Slim's Blues*; *Gotta Find My Baby*; *Messin' Around*; *Wish Me Well*; *My Gal Keeps Me Crying*; *Lend Me Your Love*; *Sassy Mae*; *Mother Earth*.

Personnel: Memphis Slim, piano, vocals; unidentified tenor saxophone, guitar, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The album title might lead you to believe that this is a location recording at the Chicago folk music club. This it is not. It's just another rushed and slapdash studio session, and it does a considerable disservice to Slim, whose best work is several light years away from the effluvia contained herein.

The tunes are vapid, insipid trifles at best. They bear scant resemblance to the expressive urban blues Slim (whose real name is Peter Chatman) is capable of singing and playing, and which he has done with engaging charm in his two collections on the Folkways label.

Slim does, however, get a chance to strut his stuff in the few instrumentals, such as *Steppin' Out*, but his solos are no sooner started than a raucous tenor or an overamplified guitar takes over, and he is lost in the general shuffle. His full, throaty voice, his expressive blues shouting, and his occasional pulsant, striding piano are the only bright spots in

the hectic proceedings. Though he's not a major talent, it's still a shame to see him so shoddily treated. Left to his own devices, Slim might have produced a better album. (P.W.)

Norma Mendoza

ALL ABOUT NORMA—Firebird FB-1000: *Sidney's Soliloquy*; *Little Norma*; *Black Is the Color*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*; *Our Love Is Here to Stay*; *Warm*; *Dreamy Eyes*; *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *Just in Time*; *Potato Chips*; *My Funny Valentine*.

Personnel: Miss Mendoza, vocals; Jimmy Wisner, piano; Ace Tesone, bass; Dave Levin or Hank Caruso, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

After taking a closer look at the mother-daughter photo on the cover, one gets the feeling that it is Motherhood, U.S.A., on review here. Frankly, the entire production smacks of the girl-next-door-let's-all-pitch-in approach. All this notwithstanding, it will be interesting to watch the development of this basically academic singer.

The album leaves me with the impression that some years ago, Miss Mendoza decided to sing and got busy preparing herself technically. She reveals a studied concern for enunciation and phrasing. Often this concern leads her to shatter an entire musical mood by emphasizing the proper pronunciation of a word. Usually she breathes right where the book says to breathe.

So far, swinging a tune is not one of her consistent attributes. While *Our Love* comes off lightly and smoothly, with the exception of one slight intonation flaw, her attempts to increase the tempo on *Black Is the Color*, lead her into all kinds of problems, and the tender little folk tune becomes strident and clumsy.

Her ballads, however, are spellbinding in their tenderness and simplicity; *Sunny* and *Valentine* are captivating. Her ability to control the extreme ends of her vocal range with authority and confidence is a quality more female vocalists could learn. Her steady, sure flight through the changes of *Potato Chips* is impressive.

This is certainly an effective first album despite the weaknesses noted. Now that it has been established that the vocalist has studied and learned her lessons, it would be rewarding to hear her free that knowledge and use it as a method of better expression and imaginative interpretation.

Her natural equipment is a pleasant, medium-pitched tone that projects purely and cleanly. Only experience in the idiom can teach the singer when some of the rules must be sacrificed to attain the greater goal of meaningful personal expression with universal appeal. (B.G.)

Anita O'Day

COOL HEAT—ANITA O'DAY SINGS JIMMY GIUFFRÉ ARRANGEMENTS—Verve MG VS-6046: *Mack the Knife*; *Easy Come, Easy Go*; *Orphan Annie*; *You're a Clown*; *Gone with the Wind*; *Hooray for Hollywood*; *It Had to Be You*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Hershey Bar*; *A Lover Is Blue*; *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*; *The Way You Look Tonight*.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Miss O'Day may not make everything she tries for, but her over-all feeling and delivery mark her as one of the few who can accurately be called a jazz singer. She is guilty of singing out of tune at times,

(Continued on page 46)

NAT ADDERLEY

By Leonard Feather

Nat Adderley began his big-time career in jazz in the somewhat overwhelming shadow of his distinguished brother. But not long after the initial impact of the quintet formed by Cannonball in 1955, it became clear that the smaller and less spectacular brother had a brilliant future of his own.

Still a little short of 29, Nat now has fulfilled the promise he showed in that first combo. His technique, range, and emotional quality have grown steadily; today, in the reorganized group featuring the brothers, he is a far more important factor than before.

Like Julian, Nat is an articulate and enthusiastic listener who would probably make an expert journalist. (He'd also make a fine a&r man, I suspect, for at one point during the following interview he said, "If I were an a&r man with an unlimited expense account, I'd record Kenny Dorham with a big string orchestra. I'd do the same for Art Farmer—the one he did could have been better. And I'd cut an album of Thad Jones with a big band playing his own tunes.")

This was Nat's first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST



The Records

1. Dizzy Gillespie. *Seabreeze* (from *The Greatest Trumpet of Them All*, Verve). Gillespie, trumpet; Gigi Gryce, composer.

I don't know why you started with this. Everything else'll be anticlimactic. Let's say 4½ stars because it's Dizzy—and I guess that was Benny Golson or Gigi writing. It's a beautiful tune, and Birks played it very well. What more can you say about Birks? That's all there is to it. Let's start with *five* stars for Dizzy.

2. Maynard Ferguson. *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child* (from *Newport Suite*, Roulette). Ferguson, trumpet; Slide Hampton, arranger.

That's tremendous! I don't know who the trumpet player is, don't know what it all means or what it represents, except that it's very beautiful and very well done. Whew! Can I hear a little bit more of the end just once again? . . . Yeah, I got it. The arrangement is tremendous.

I wish I could tell who it was. The trumpet player is a trumpet *player*, whoever he is! Maybe as far as swinging jazz is concerned, this might not mean very much, but I'll give it close to a top rating—4½ stars—because it's a wonderful piece of music, and I couldn't put it down.

3. George Shearing. *I'll Take Romance* (from *White Satin*, Capitol). Shearing, piano; Billy May, arranger.

Four stars for George, and I wish that some people who are so prone sometimes to dismiss everything automatically as commercialism would listen to what actually goes into these arrangements.

George is not a Horace Silver, and I don't listen to him for what I listen to Horace Silver for. I'm sorry you played this particular track, because

the violins and the flutes and the ¾ time got a little soggy on me—at times; otherwise it would probably have been a five-star record.

George was really playing well. The two-hand thing—when he went into the lock-hand in the bridge—the time wasn't together for a minute, but only for a moment. It's a four-star record, and George Shearing's a hell of a piano player.

4. Stan Kenton. *The Meaning of the Blues* (from *Standards in Silhouette*, Capitol). Rolf Ericson, trumpet; Bobby Troup, composer; Bill Mathieu, arranger.

Is that a standard tune? I didn't recognize it, but . . . Now this trumpet player is probably more of a very good jazzman than a very good trumpet player. Like, Dizzy and Maynard are good *trumpet* players. This one sounded more like a hip-innovator-type trumpet player. I don't recognize who it is; sounded kind of like Donald Byrd for a while, but I don't know.

On the whole, I liked it. I hate to be a drag and keep giving everything big stars, but I have to give this four.

6. Wilbur DeParis. *Madeira* (from *Something Old*, Atlantic).

Would you take it off, please? . . . Now there are different ways to review a thing like this. If that's meant to be a commercial thing, then I can't give it any stars, because it stinks. But if it's meant to be jazz, then I wish I could give it some *minus* stars, because it *really* stinks!

I give up, and I don't care about it one way or the other. You got it. Whatever that was, you can have it. And who was it?

7. Ruby Braff. *Easy Living* (from *Best of Braff*, Bethlehem). Braff, trumpet; Bob Wilber, tenor saxophone, arranger.

You got another good trumpet player. The tenor I didn't like. Seemed like he could have done something with the chords, and I didn't dig his tone. The arrangement sounded sort of like vintage Duke. Three and a half stars because I liked the trumpet player—sounded like it might have been someone like Harry James. It could have been Benny Carter. Anyhow, a good trumpet player, and he had feeling for what he was doing.

8. Miles Davis. *Will o' the Wisp* (from *Sketches of Spain*, Columbia). Davis, trumpet; De Falla, composer; Gil Evans, arranger.

Must have taken Miles an awful lot of time to try to figure that out, how he was going to do this Spanish thing. Were it a more jazz-influenced thing, I might rate it lower. Actually, I wouldn't rate it the same way I would rate, say, *Miles Ahead*. But I'd give this a 4½-star rating on the basis of the fact that Miles is a thinker. And if Hippie wants to go out and buy this record, he mustn't expect it to swing, because I don't think it should be judged on the basis of a jazz album.

It's hard to figure out what's jazz and what's not when you've got a guy like Miles Davis. And Gil Evans. What is jazz? Where does it begin and where does it end?

You certainly can't say that Miles is not a jazz player, and Gil is certainly a jazz writer. But I would rather think that this was a more influential-type work, that it was meant to be further away from jazz than what we would normally expect from either of the two. So I'll give it a 4½-star rating on the basis of the fact that they must have spent a lot of time thinking it out, and it takes a lot of know-how to think out things like that.



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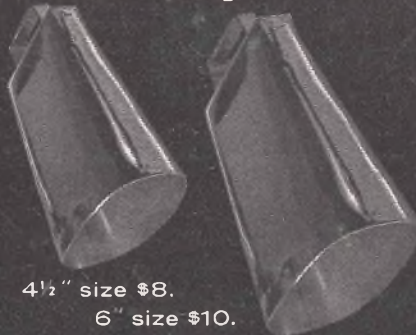
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VOTE -- BALLOT ON PAGE 3

one of the faults of her imitators, June Christy and Chris Connor, but she is a much more inventive singer than they and not merely because she was the original.

The variety of material she chooses and performs puts most other singers to shame in the imagination department. *Orphan Annie* and *Hooray for Hollywood* are good examples. She scats Johnny Mandel's *Hershey Bar* with zest and some help from unbilled instrumentalists who sound like Frank Rosolino and Jimmy Giuffre. The latter's arrangements are complementary; they don't get in the way, yet pique your interest.

Miss O'Day always has been a fine rhythm singer. Most of today's new crop of "jazz" singers are lost in tempos other than the usual ballad ones. Anita has great time on the swingers, but she also can sing a ballad, as *You're a Clown* and *A Lover Is Blue* attest. There is much to groove within this set. I especially like the insinuating swing of *Daddy*.

If you are any kind of Anita O'Day fan, get this one. (I.G.)

RECENT JAZZ RELEASES

The following is a list of last-minute jazz releases intended to help readers maintain closer contact with the flow of new jazz on records. Reviews will appear in future issues of *Down Beat*.

Gene Ammons, *Boss Tenor* (Prestige M 7180)

Will Bradley, Johnny Guarneri, and others, *Live Echoes of the Best in Big Band Boogie* (RCA Victor M and S 2098)

Teddy Buckner, *The Teddy Buckner Band on the Sunset Strip* (Dixieland Jubilee M 510)

Benny Goodman, *Kingdom of Swing*, (RCA Victor M and S 2247)

Roland Hanna, *Easy to Love* (Atco M 33-121)

Erskine Hawkins, *After Hours* (RCA Victor M and S 2227)

Max Kaminsky, *Ambassador of Jazz* (Westminster M 6125, S 15060)

Mundell Lowe All-Stars, *TV Action Jazz Vol. 2* (Camden M and S 627)

Miriam Makeba, *Miriam Makeba* (RCA Victor M and S 2267)

Jimmy McPartland/Art Hodes, *Meet Me in Chicago* (Mercury M and S 60143)

John Mehegan, *The Act of Jazz* (Epic M 16007)

Glenn Miller, *Glenn Miller Reissues* (Epic M 12002)

Glenn Miller Orchestra and the Ray McKinley Glenn Miller Orchestra, *Back to Back* (RCA Victor M SP 3390)

King Oliver, *King Oliver Reissues* (Epic M 16003)

Shorty Rogers, *The Swingin' "Nutcracker Suite"* (RCA Victor M and S 2110)

Horace Silver, *Horace Silver Reissues* (Epic M 16005)

Art Tatum, *Piano Discoveries—Vol. 2* (Twentieth Century-Fox M 3033)

Various Artists, *The Star Dust Road* (RCA Victor M and S 2246) (CS)

Monterey Afternoons

(Continued from page 18)

personnel was the Baker String Quartet (Israel Baker, first violin; Ralph Schaefer, second cello; Alvin Dinken, viola; Armand Copra, cello), Red Mitchell and Scott LaFaro, basses; Jim Hall, guitar; Larry Bunker, drums, and Ornette Coleman as special soloist. For *Conversation* the personnel was the same, except that Jim Hall and Scott LaFaro dropped out and John Lewis played piano and Victor Feldman vibes.


These are extraordinary pieces of music. They mirror, as does the music of Coleman, in Schuller's words, "a new kind of soulfulness, an intensity which reflects, whether we like it or not, our hectic and uncertain times."

Their outstanding characteristics are fragmentation, asymmetry, and internal complexity which, whether it stems from the improvisational approach of Coleman or the compositional approach of Schuller, results in an almost continuous process of mutation predictable in the composed parts and unpredictable in the improvised parts. Except for the fact that they make use of devices, sounds, and feelings from a jazz base (in a manner that shames almost every other attempt to use both compositional and improvised music by orthodox composers) these two pieces have considerable affinity to things like Milton Babbitt's *All Set*.

Abstraction moves from a relatively orthodox use of the string quartet on into jazz passages, improvised (though non-jazz) passages, and bits that seem to me to be pure jazz. *Conversation* is really an essay in the explanation of how two different chamber music groups—a string quartet and a jazz quartet—function. It shows their similarities and their dissimilarities. It was, for this reviewer, fascinating.

After these two pieces, Coleman played a set of his own with his group. Prepared for his music by the explanations of Schuller and by the playing of the rest of the program, Coleman no longer seemed so far out. His playing style, which in a way, is a kind of improvised serial technique, came through with starting impact and was greeted with an ovation.

"The only criteria I am able to establish," Schuller said, "is whether a piece is good or not so good . . . We play or write down what we hear in our heads and let others worry about whether it is jazz or not."

To the audience in the afternoon, it was also just music with no labels and only the criteria of quality and power of communication. It was eminently listenable, invigorating, and exciting. In short, it was a complete success. 

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SINCE 1892

Ad Lib

(Continued from page 10)

suit against the Greenburgh, N.Y., zoning board. The board had granted a prospective neighbor of Calloway's permission to build a home adjoining the singer's Westchester estate . . . **Herbie Mann** has changed the name of his group from **Afro-Cuban Sextet** to **Afro-Jazz Sextet**, since there are no longer any Cubans in the unit.

Drummer **Charles Smith**, formerly with pianist **Billy Taylor**, is now playing with **Dwike Mitchell** and **Willie Ruff**. The trio performs regularly at Mitchell and Ruff's club, the Playback, in New Haven, Conn. . . . **Marian McPartland's** Trio at the Hickory House now includes **Ben Tucker**, bass, and **Johnny Lee**, drums . . . **Chris Barber's** Dixie band from England is scheduled to play a New York concert on Nov. 7.

The South African government has ruled that **Louis Armstrong** may not visit South Africa on his upcoming tour. The Durban promoter arranging the South African concerts was advised, "The (government) feels it will not be in the interests of the country at this stage to allow Armstrong into the country." He will make a State Department trip to many other parts of Africa about the first of the year.

Joseph Reinhardt, guitarist brother of the late **Django**, has been drawing attention with his playing in England . . . Tenor saxophonist **Barney Wilen** has been leading a jazz group at the Chat Qui Peche in Paris . . . Bands from 10 countries will play at the first big jazz festival behind the Iron Curtain from Oct. 27 to 31. It will take place in Warchau, Poland . . . There were more than 250 bands taking part in the German amateur jazz festival last month.

Lee Brown, professionally known as **Babs Gonzales**, instituted a libel action in the New York supreme court claiming \$1,000,000 damages against *Playboy*. Gonzales says he was falsely quoted in an article on **Miles Davis** and this has resulted in his being ostracized and denied several job opportunities . . . Bandleader **Maynard Ferguson** has been trying out male vocalist **Billy Fields** on one-nighters . . . Atlantic Records executive **Ahmet Ertegun** organized an all-night jazz festival for the Talisman club on Fire island. **Bud Freeman** led one band and **Philly Joe Jones** the other.

Woody Herman has signed with Riverside Records and will record some of his experimental things . . . Vocalist **Earl Coleman** left for Paris after recording a date for **Gigi Gryce's** new record company, Gigi Records, accompanied by **Harry Edison**, trumpet; **Tommy Flanagan**, piano; **Reggie Workman**, bass; and **Gus Johnson**, drums . . .

Writer **Bucklin Moon** will do the liner notes for the **Mildred Bailey** memorial album to be released on **Columbia**, instead of **Richard Gehman**, as previously reported.

Mildred Fields has been appointed director of publicity for the expanding **Monte Kay** management office. She previously represented the Five Spot, Jazz Gallery, and George Russell Sextet . . . Two jazz writers are picking up on their autumn hobbies: **Ira Gitler** is ice skating, and **Ralph Berton** is riding his bicycle from Manhattan to Brooklyn Heights every day . . . Former *Down Beat* writer **George Frazier** is convalescing in West Roxbury, Mass., from a broken arm suffered in an automobile accident . . . **Bill Simon** is putting together a series of his articles originally prepared for the American Recording Society reissue program five years ago. The collection will be labeled *Enjoyment of Jazz* and published by Louisiana University Press next spring . . . **Howard Waters'** book on the life and recordings of **Jack Teagarden** is now published in the U.S. by **Walter C. Allen** of New Jersey.

Oscar Pettiford was buried in Copenhagen, Denmark. His nephew, **Alonzo Pettiford Jr.**, of Minneapolis, Minn., and his manager, **Larry Douglas**, were among the 400 friends and fans who attended the funeral service. Members of the **Quincy Jones** Band, in Copenhagen at the time of Pettiford's death, reported the jazz bassist died after a severe blow on the head suffered when he fell to the pavement from a bicycle.

A new all-jazz radio operation began last month at Fairfield, Conn. Program director **Mike Lawless** at WJZZ-FM plans to disseminate jazz all day, every day . . . Singer **Bill Henderson** is now doing a jazz show at WNCN-FM in the spot formerly occupied by **Nat Hentoff**.

IN PERSON

Basin Street East—**CHARLIE BARNET** Octet, **BILLY ECKSTINE**, **DON RICKLES** until Nov. 3. **QUINCY JONES** Band, **GEORGE SHEARING** Sextet, **JOHNNY RAY**, Nov. 4-Dec. 1. Birdland—**ART BLAKEY** Jazz Messengers, **HORACE SILVER** Quintet until Nov. 9. **HERBIE MANN'S** Afro-Jazz Sextet, Nov. 10-23. Central Plaza—**CONRAD JANIS**, **GENE SEDRIC**, **ZUTTY SINGLETON** and others in Friday and Saturday night jam sessions. Condon's—**WILD BILL DAVISON** Band until Nov. 12. **RALPH SUTTON** Quintet featuring **PEANUTS HUCKO** opens Nov. 14. Downstairs at the Upstairs—**ROSE MURPHY** Trio with **SLAM STEWART**. Embers—**DOROTHY DONEGAN** Trio, **JOHNNY LETMAN** Quartet until Nov. 5. **JONAH JONES** Quartet, **HAROLD QUINN** Trio, Nov. 7-26. Five Spot—**TOSHIKO-MARIANO** Quartet until Oct. 30. Half Note—**JOHN COLTRANE** Quartet until Oct. 30. Hickory House—**MARIAN MCPARTLAND** Trio, **JOHN BUNCH-HENRY GRIMES** Duo. Jazz Gallery—**GIL EVANS** Big Band, **LORD BUCKLEY** until Oct. 30. **GIL EVANS** Big Band, **DIZZY GILLESPIE** Quintet, Nov. 1-13. Jilly's—**BERNIE NIEROW-CARL FRUITT** Duo. Metropole—**HENRY (RED) ALLEN** Giants, **SOL YAGED** Quintet. Nick's—**SALT LAKE CITY** SIX. Roundtable—**JOE BUSHKIN** Trio. **DUKE HAZLETT**, until Oct. 29. **MARTIN DENNY** group, Nov. 7-26. Ryan's—**WILBUR DE PARIS** Band. Showplace—**CHARLIE MINGUS** Quintet. Mon-



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BOSTON

Donnelly Memorial auditorium had a one-nighter with a triple-threat program including the **Count Basie** Orchestra with singer **Joe Williams** and the **Stan Kenton** Orchestra . . . Singer **Bob Eberle** headlined at Blinstrubs. Trumpet star **Buck Clayton's** group joined vocalist **Dakota Staton** at Storyville. The **Four Lads** sang at the Totem Pole and were scheduled for Blinstrubs . . . **J. C. Higginbotham** was a guest star for a week at Connolly's Star Dust room. **Fat Man Robinson's** band appears regularly at the Alibi in Charlestown.

Nightly attractions at the Sand bar in Revere are pianist **Shirley Peterson's** Trio and singer **Billy Porto**. Hotel Sherry Biltmore presents **Freddie Guerra's** Latin American tempos for dancers each Wednesday night . . . Folk singers **Pete Seeger** and **Joan Baez** joined emcee **Steve Allen** at Boston Arena for a program titled *Nuclear War or Lasting Peace* . . . The first meeting of the season for Massachusetts Jazz society was held at the Stables. Regulars at the Mt. Auburn St. Coffee House in Cambridge entertained. The group included **Alan Dawson**, drums; **Leroy Fallana**, piano; **Phil Morrison**, bass; and **Bill Fitch**, conga.

Winner at the eastern division competition for the best dance band of 1960 was the **Ronnie Drumm** organization from Springfield. The event, sponsored by the AFM and the Ballroom Operators association, has semifinals in Chicago this month and finals in another city not yet chosen.

TORONTO

The latest night spot here to feature jazz is George's Spaghetti House, which is presenting a 12-week Canadian Jazz Workshop festival. The workshop will spotlight some of the city's best known jazzmen, starting with **Moe Koffman's** Quartet, and followed by **Jimmy Dale**, **Don Thompson**, **Butch Watanabe**, **Herbie Helbig**, **Ron Collier**, **Maury Kaye**, **Ron Rully**, **Pat Riccio**, **Hagood Hardy**, and **Art Ayre**.

Peter Appleyard and his new quartet (**Howie Reay**, drums; **Charlie Rallo**, piano; **Stu Salmond**, bass) will be going on to Bermuda after their current five-week engagement at the Park Plaza . . . Ragtime pianist **Bob Darch** is back at Club 76 . . . Pianist **Bill Isbister's** song, *A Time for Joy*, will be recorded by **Tennessee Ernie Ford** . . . **Dave Brubeck's** Quartet, **Chris Barber's** Band, and the **Stan Kenton** and **Count Basie** Orchestras were in town for October concerts.

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pages 1 and 2

MONTREAL

The much-heralded **Count Basie-Stan Kenton** jazz package played two concerts at the Montreal Forum Oct. 16 . . . **Mantovani** and his Orchestra played a one-nighter at the Forum Oct. 11. The orchestra consisted of 60 musicians . . . **Denny Vaughan**, Canadian who made a name for himself in England, is back in the Salle Bonaventure at the Queen Elizabeth hotel, broadcasting Saturday nights on the coast-to-coast CBC Dominion network.

Tony Bennett received \$12,000 a week for his September date at the Bellevue Casino nitery. The **Ralph Sharon** Trio still accompanies him on personal appearances . . . **Terry Goodwin** has a new zany show on station CBM Friday nights. It started Oct. 7 and has been going quite well . . . **Ted Miller**, DJ on CBM, was profiled in the November issue of *TV Radio Mirror*. **CJAD's Mike Stephens** is scheduled for similar salutation in the December issue.

PHILADELPHIA

The scheduled **WHAT-FM** concert at Town Hall, featuring **Maynard Ferguson**, **Carmen McRae**, and **Gene Quill**, was canceled at the last minute. One reason may have been a poor advance sale . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** was a sellout a week later at the Academy of Music . . . **Joe DeLuca's** Red Hill inn featured **Ferguson**, **Ahmad Jamal**, **Duke Ellington**, and **Dizzy Gillespie** in recent weeks . . . **Art Blakey** and the **Jazz Messengers** were at the Show Boat for a week, following **Philly Joe Jones**, the **Miles Davis-Sonny Stitt** group, and **James Moody**.

Pep's, on a vocal kick recently, presented **Dinah Washington**, **Nancy Wilson** (backed by **Milt Buckner**), and **Gloria Lynne**. The **Art Farmer-Benny Golson** Jazztet also played the downtown jazz spot for a week, their second local date in recent months . . . **Johnny Austin**, ex-**Glenn Miller** and **Jan Savitt** trumpeter, won the AFM-sponsored best new dance band contest for the Philadelphia area with his 14-piece crew. Other entries were **Len Lewy**, **Al Raymond**, and **Harry Uber**. The contest was held at Wagner's ballroom . . . One-time **Duke Ellington** banjoist **Elmer Snowden**, who recently cut a Prestige album with **Lonnie Johnson**, played a date at the Center . . . Tenor man **Jimmy Heath** was featured at the Sahara and pianist **Dick Grossman** at the Postal Card.

Pianist **Danny Kent** will be accompanist for **Dakota Staton** on her Australian tour. He and tenor man **Billy Root** backed **Dakota** on a recent New York record date . . . Deejay **Bob Menefee**, chased from WIP by the station's switch to rock and roll, has joined WCAU, local CBS outlet.

CHICAGO

The newest jazz club in town, **Birdhouse**, is making a big play for the teenage set. Latest wrinkle in what seems to be a planned campaign was a high school and college press party. The Jazztet played for the afternoon get-together, and the kids were highly receptive to the group and enthusiastic about the no-alcohol policy of the club. The acoustics of Birdhouse leave much to be desired, but partners **Ewart Abner**, **Art Sheridan**, and **Al Grossman** plan to remedy the situation. The **Donald Byrd** Quintet followed the **Art Farmer-Benny Golson** group.

Prior to opening with his big band at Pep's in Philadelphia, **Quincy Jones** flew into Chicago to talk business with his label, Mercury, and work out the details of a personal management contract with **Carlos Gastel**. He visited the Sutherland to see whether his 18-man crew could fit into the enlarged bandstand originally set up for **Maynard Ferguson**. He reached no final decision with the Sutherland management but will probably play Chicago in the near future. Just to stay busy, he signed a vocal contract with Mercury. Those close to Quincy say his vocalizing is something else.

Mutual is airing remotes from the Sutherland bandstand. The first spot featured **Dizzy Gillespie's** quintet on the *Bandstand U.S.A.* broadcast heard Oct. 8. The program will be carried over 180 Mutual stations but won't be heard in the Chicago area.

Buddy Rich, who said he had signed with **Roulette**, signed with **Argo**. His sextet's first recording sessions took place Oct. 3 and 4 . . . **Pat Moran** joined **Terry Gibbs** for a road junket. Besides playing piano, she will double vibes . . . *Down Beat's* **Barbara Gardner** and **Art Farmer** made **Walter Winchell's** column. The inaccurate report had them being together often in Birdland. At the time, Art was in Philadelphia, and Barbara was in Chicago slaving over record reviews.

AFM Local 10 is getting tough with its unrealistic 5-day work law. Several of the jazz clubs had been booking name groups as acts and getting six or seven nights work from them. The union's ultimatum was that the clubs must hire more local musicians if they wanted to continue working the name groups more than five days. The Cloister, struggling to make a go of jazz, hired the **Ira Sullivan** Quartet and the **Eddie Higgins** Quartet to comply with the union's demands. The irony of the union's stand is that instead of increasing work for local musicians, it actually increases the likelihood that the clubs will fold, and thereby throwing more musicians out of work.

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One such casualty was the Blue Note. Other factors contributed to the demise of the club, but the burden of getting only five days work for the price of six or seven cannot be ignored.

Woody Herman and Herd played a 3-night stand at Birdhouse Oct. 17-19.

IN PERSON

Birdhouse—DONALD BYRD Quintet and MJT-+3 until Oct. 23. RAMSEY LEWIS Trio, Oct. 26-30; JOHN COLTRANE Quartet, Nov. 9-20; HORACE SILVER Quintet, Dec. 7-18.

Cafe Continental—EARL HINES Sextet until Nov. 6.

The Cloister—CHICO HAMILTON Quintet until Oct. 30. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY Quintet, Oct. 31-Nov. 7.

LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS and IKE ISAACS Trio, Nov. 8-27. IRA SULLIVAN Quartet and EDDIE HIGGINS Quartet, house bands.

Jazz, Ltd.—BILL REINHARDT Band; TUT SOPER, intermission piano.

London House—MARTIN DENNY Quintet until Oct. 30. GENE KRUPA Quartet, Nov. 1-20;

BARNEY KESSEL Quartet, Nov. 22-Dec. 11; KAI WINDING Septet, Dec. 13-Jan. 1.

EDDIE HIGGINS Trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, and AUDREY MORRIS Trio, Wednesdays through

Sundays, house bands.

Mister Kelly's—DICK HAYMES and FRAN JEFFRIES until Oct. 30. FRANK D'RONE and PHYLLIS DILLER open Oct. 31.

DICK MARX-JOHN FRIGO Duo, Mondays and Tuesdays, and MARTY RUBENSTEIN Trio, Wednesdays through Sundays, house bands.

Orchard Twinbowl — GEORG BRUNIS Jazz Band.

Playboy — BOBBY SHORT, JOHNNY JANIS, BILLY WALLACE until Nov. 6.

Red Arrow—FRANZ JACKSON'S Original Jazz All-Stars featuring ROZELLE CLAXTON.

Regal Theater—MILES DAVIS Quintet, MODERN JAZZ QUARTET, LAMBERT-HENDRICKS-ROSS, Oct. 21-28.

Sutherland—GERRY MULLIGAN Concert Jazz Band until Oct. 23. LES McCANN, Ltd., Oct. 26-Nov. 6.

Swing Easy—GENE ESPOSITO Trio, BEA ABBOTT, MIKE LEWIS.

LOS ANGELES

Stan Kenton's new experimental band (the one with the elaphone "banshee section") won't hit the road for about a year; that'd be the fall of 1961. Johnny Richards and Gene Roland are writing a library of some 50 charts, and rehearsals will resume in January.

Readers wishing to view once again Stars of Jazz on local TV are requested to direct a torrent of letters to station KABC-TV asking for its resumption. Reportedly there is some renewed interest by several sponsors . . . Most embarrassed musician in Hollywood recently was drummer Eddie Atwood who by coincidence bears a name similar to arrested disc bootlegger (Oct. 3) Edwin (Brad) Atwood. There's no association, fellas . . . Tenorist Teddy Edwards signed an exclusive, long-term recording pact with Contemporary Records, nixing World Pacific's reported offer . . . Singer Lucy Ann Polk cut four sides on speculation with the new, swinging Dick Grove Band. Interested labels are invited to bid . . . The present Rosy McHargue Band at Zucca's Cottage in Pasadena consists of Rosy on clarinet; Jerry Burns, trumpet; Allen Imbach, trombone; Cliff Beard, piano; Boyd Bilbo, drums . . . Bob Ronka, 17-year-old trombonist with Bill Baldwin's Seven Teens, left the group to accept a scholarship to Stanford University. Ronka also nabbed scholarships from University of Southern California, UCLA, and Berkeley, plus a \$1,000

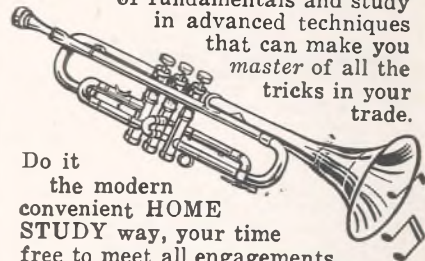


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achievement award from the Bank of America. And he plays darn good jazz, too.

Dave Miller of Stereo-Fidelity and Somerset Records will record the Allyn Ferguson 18-piece band when the leader returns from his current hiatus with Johnny Mathis. The date is set for the first week in November . . . DJ Bob Cook, late of KBLA's *Nite-Beat*, is now on KRKD, AM and FM, with a jazz show every morning except Sunday from 2 to 4 a.m. . . Pianist Dick Whittington, late of the Santa Monica City College Quintet, has now graduated to backing singer Ernestine Anderson in the Sinbad lounge of Las Vegas' Dunes hotel. He plans to rejoin the Bobby Hutcherson group after the Anderson gig.

Looks like Si Zentner finally is on his way via the Big Tube—and out of New York, too. The trombonist and band headline the first four shows of *Saturday Prom*, new early-evening program over NBC . . . Following the monthly free park concerts sponsored by the American Federation of Musicians, L.A.'s Local 47 soon will inaugurate a series of free Saturday jazz concerts at colleges and universities.

Aftermaths of Monterey: Duke Ellington recorded his *Suite Thursday*, premiered at the festival, and Jon Hendricks waxed his *Story of Jazz* (an expansion of his *Evolution of the Blues Song*) with Jimmy Witherspoon, Big Miller, Pony Poindexter, Hannah Dean, and others, both for Columbia Records.

The downtown L.A. area has a rejuvenated two-beat spot, the Figer-8. Dixie is dispensed by the Delta Rhythm Kings . . . And at the other end of town, on the fringe of Beverly Hills, the Troubadour II changed hands and is starting a more active jazz policy. Opening Nov. 9 for six weeks will be Barbara Dane accompanied by pianist Kenny Whitson and bassist Al Morgan. Also featured will be Jesse Fuller, the one-man band and blues shouter. Fuller will be replaced during the second three-week period by Lightnin' Hopkins.

IN PERSON

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 Crest—HOWARD ROBERTS, Sunday night sessions.
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 El Sombrero—CLYDE CONRAD Quintet featuring VINCE WALLACE and BILL METZ.
 Excusez Moi—BETTY BENNETT, weekends.
 Geno's Bit—PHINIAS NEWBORN Trio.
 Huddle—BETTY BRYANT, piano.
 Jimmie Diamond's Lounge—EDGAR HAYES, piano.
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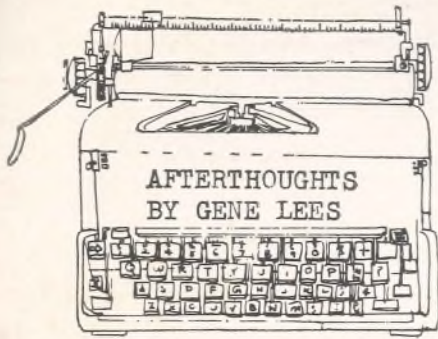
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Now that Miles Davis has played England, the strange game of guessing what he is "really" like has invaded even that green and pleasant land. Ah, but England used to be such a rational nation, a land where privacy was respected and even celebrities were thought to have a right to a certain amount of it.

It would appear that along with chewing gum, rock and roll, quiz shows, Elvis Presley haircuts, certain forms of juvenile delinquency, Coca-Cola, and other, comparable, benefits that we have bestowed upon the British, we also have exported to them this dreary curiosity about the personal lives of the famous.

Humphrey Bogart used to say that all an actor owed his audience was a good performance. I believe that. All a plumber owes me is a good plumbing job, not an accounting of his private life. He would have a right to resent it if somebody were to write a speculative article on what made him tick.

By the same token, all that an architect owes his public—i.e., his clients—is high-quality work. Yet an architect is an artist. Why should an actor or a musician be expected to make his private personality a public property when an architect's is not?

There is, of course, a theory that artists are like politicians—people to whose lives the public has automatic rights of access. But politicians are men who represent and serve us in positions that influence and even control our lives; once they are in power, we cannot escape them—we can't shut them off as we do a television performer who bores us or a musician we don't like. Therefore, we have not only a right but a real need to know how a man thinks and feels and acts before we elect him to govern us.

This is not so of an artist, even though the vast majority of my brethren in journalism think it is, and some publications have grown rich by reporting on matters that are fundamentally none of their business or the public's.

Of course, it may be that an artist will want to tell a little about himself, in the hope of making his art more comprehensible. If this is the case, reporting to that effect is perfectly legiti-

mate. And sometimes a man's private personality will protrude into public areas. If, for example, a personal enmity results in a fight on a stage in view of several thousand people, then the artist has made his private life a matter not only of public spectacle but of public record. But in most cases artists, like all others, have rights of privacy.

Besides, of what earthly importance is a man's personality when you are seeking to enjoy his music? I know despicable people who are dripping talent; I know some wonderful human beings who are utterly devoid of it.

Finally, how can you possibly know what a man is "really" like from reading

someone's brief and superficial speculations about him? A human personality is a fantastically complex and subtle thing, and a great writer like Francois Mauriac can write a long novel such as *Therese* to explore one individual—and still leave mysteries about it.

I've met Miles Davis exactly twice. (He was cordial enough.) Yet people expect me to speculate, on that fragile basis, about his personality. How do I know what he's "really" like? I'm not even sure what *I'm* like!

But more to the point, I couldn't care less what he's like. When he plays, he gives me beauty. Do most of those people we know well give half as much?

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DOWN BEAT'S 24th ANNUAL READERS POLL

Send only ONE ballot: all duplicates are voided. Do not vote for deceased persons except in the Hall of Fame category.

This is your last chance to vote in this year's *Down Beat* Readers poll.

At the front of this issue, right inside the cover, you will find your ballot form. It is printed on a stamped, pre-addressed postcard, so that you need only tear it out, fill it in, and drop it into a mail box.

The poll ballot has appeared in three issues. This is the last issue in which it will be included.

All *Down Beat* readers, whether lay listeners or members of the music profession, are urged to vote in order to ensure the largest participation in the history of the poll. A poll is most meaningful when the broadest possible presentation of opinion is attained.

A word on procedures:

In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the person who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz in this century. Previous winners are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, and Lester Young. They are not eligible to win in this category again.

This does *not* mean those still living are not eligible to win in their respective instrumental categories, or that their

bands are not eligible to win—only that they cannot win again in the *Hall of Fame* category. It should also be noted that the *Hall of Fame* category is not limited to living musicians.

Readers should take note that *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at our discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that overzealous fans have attempted to stuff the ballot box in his favor. Thus, the fan who tries to rig the poll may put his favorite in the position of being bounced out of the poll altogether.

The ballot should bear a postmark not later than Nov. 10.

Because of its seniority and because *Down Beat* readers have such a deep and generally well-informed interest in music, this is the most important of the jazz polls. For this reason, the poll has an influence in the earning power of musicians. By neglecting to vote for your favorites, you do them a disservice.

Readers are urged to reflect their true tastes in voting—that is, by voting the way they think, not the way the latest fads tell them to think.

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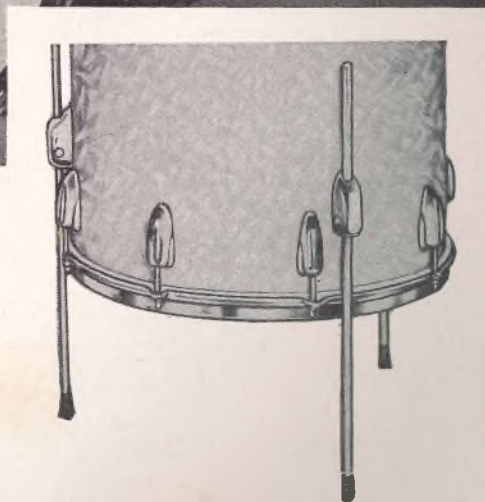
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