

AUGUST 17, 1961 35¢

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

**SPECIAL** **27<sup>TH</sup>**  
**ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**



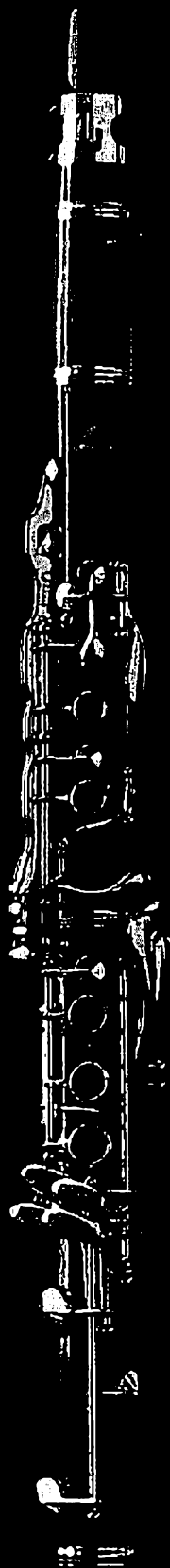


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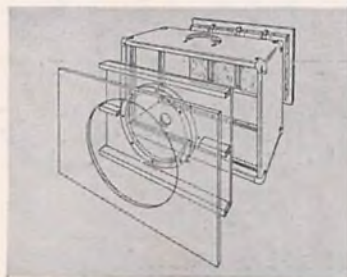
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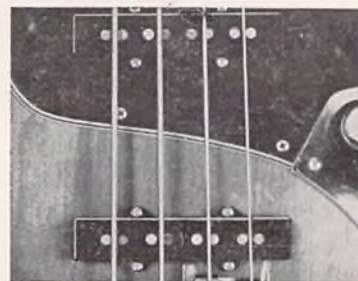


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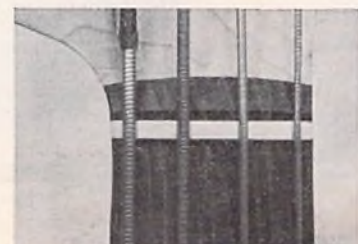


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## THE EDITORIAL

This issue celebrates *Down Beat's* 27th anniversary, and we believe its contents reflect the enormous changes that have occurred in jazz in the last 27 years.

New Orleans, of course, is considered the primary home of jazz. But we have not looked back into its storied past. Rather, you will find in this issue a study of New Orleans today—of the problems that music encounters there, of its aspirations, and of its surprising musical modernity.

History, for this issue, is in the hands of Gilbert M. Erskine, who writes on Bix Beiderbecke. But rather than rehash the contents of dusty archives, Erskine has, in his article *The Happy Summer*, added to our knowledge of Bix through his research into one important formative summer of the jazzman's life.

Contemporaneous to Bix was Jabbo Smith. But, unlike Bix, Jabbo is still very much alive, and Don DeMicheal brings him back to public attention with an article on page 22.

But jazz has grown and expanded—in scope and in audience—since Bix and Jabbo were on the scene. It has penetrated the Iron Curtain, though one wonders, after reading John Tynan's perceptive report on a meeting of Russian dancers and American jazzmen, whether it

has made much cultural impact.

From New Orleans through Bix and his generation to festivals and academic commentary in Russia by Leonid Osipovich Uryosov, jazz has shown an almost chameleon-like adaptability to cultural and economic conditions.

\* \* \*


It is in a curiously hesitant state at the moment. No one seems to know quite where to go. The experimentalism of recent years has not provided the yearned-for road map to the future; the attempts to get out from under the shadow of Charlie Parker have been only partially fertile; the effort to enlarge the form—to break away from the 32-bar pop tune foundation or the 12-bar blues understructure—has raised more problems than it has solved.

More extended forms would seem to require a more carefully preplanned foundation. But preplanning seems to inhibit spontaneity, at least in jazz, and would tend to draw the music closer to the main "classical" tradition of Western music. Inasmuch as there are those—Bill Evans and Dave Brubeck, for example—who feel that improvisation is a main identifying characteristic of jazz, the important question is: would a more extended (and planned) music still be definable as jazz?

More than one commentator has

noted the curious parallels between the development of classical music and that of jazz, the history of the latter being like a condensed history of the former. Classical music has faced grave esthetic problems in this century, and the late commentator and conductor Constant Lambert charged one leading composer, Igor Stravinsky, of "time-traveling" as a solution of the problem of what to do next. Even here, jazz has paralleled classical music. What is the school of thought associated with Horace Silver and more lately with Bobby Timmons and Cannonball Adderley if not time traveling? And even that seems to have worn thin; limitations have inhered in the neo-Gospel movement since the start, though some powerful and moving music has come and still comes out of it.

So where does jazz go from here? The question has been repeated in jazz for four decades, though it has never seemed more pointed than now. But jazz has always been a music of enormous vitality and intense drive, and out of it will come the solutions.

*Down Beat* has covered jazz for 27 years. As jazz has changed, *Down Beat* has reflected it by changing with it. There is nothing, as a perceptive pre-Platonic Greek knew, as permanent as change. It is the one absolute inevitable in human—and esthetic—affairs. 



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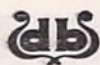
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# down beat

VOL 28, No. 17

Readers in 86 Countries  
Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

AUGUST 17, 1961

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### ON THE COVER

Chicago artist Ray London's impressionistic sketch of the act of jazz sets the tone of this *Down Beat's* 27th Anniversary issue. In this issue we have attempted to portray the wide spectrum of this music called jazz. There are articles about men whose fame, for the most part, is of an earlier era. But there also are articles about men whose reputations have been made in more recent times. The cradle of jazz, New Orleans, is treated in a different vein than the usual. Nor is humor, such an integral part of life and jazz, forgotten. In a few words, we are especially proud of this issue. We are sure you will find it of special interest.

### THINGS TO COME

Ray Brown has been the bass man's bassist, (and a musician's musician) since he first gained wide recognition with Dizzy Gillespie's band in the 1940's. In the Aug. 31 issue, Brown is the subject of another Gene Lees' studies in depth. On the cover will be another of David Stone Martin's striking works of art—a portrait of the bassist. Don't miss this issue on sale at newsstands Aug. 17.

**STAFF:** John J. Maher, President; Charles Suber, Publisher; Gene Lees, Editor; Don DeMicheal, Managing Editor; Robert J. Billings, Art Director; William J. O'Brien, Business Manager; James Dickinson, Promotion Director; Gloria Baldwin, Advertising Production; Bill Coss (New York), John Tynn (Los Angeles), Associate Editors; Leonard Feather, Ralph Glenson, Contributing Editors; Charles Graham, High Fidelity Editor.

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**OFFICES:** 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7311, Charles Suber, Richard Theriault, Advertising Sales; 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., PLaza 7-5111, Mel Mandel, Advertising Sales; 6269 Selma Boulevard, Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOLlywood 3-3268, Raymond Ginter, Advertising Sales.

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## STRAIGHT TALK

FROM TEDDY CHARLES:

"Curtis Fuller: the most important Jazz trombone voice since (JJ) Johnson." Down Beat says it and I agree. Four or five years ago, when I was producing records for Prestige, a young gentlemen from Detroit, Curtis Fuller, was brought to my attention. We proceeded to record Curtis immediately for it was apparent to me that here was a fresh, swinging, new voice on the Jazz scene. Curtis has steadily grown in stature so that now he truly rates the above quote. In fact, Don DeMicheal has done such a



fine review of Curtis' album "BOSS OF THE SOUL STREAM TROMBONE" Warwick 2038, that I would like to cop a few more sentences in case you missed the review. "His

(Curtis') several virtues are high-lighted on the different tracks; happiness, sadness, jocularly, a taste for satire—and before all else, a rare gift for melodic improvisation, and his time conception is nonpariel."

Besides Curtis' cooking on this album, the supporting array of talent is considerable. Freddie Hubbard, one of the bright new trumpet stars, really smokes on several tracks. And Yusef Lateef is at his best, especially with his superb flute work on "FLUTIE". Walter Bishop, Stu Martin and Buddy Catlett combined to make an extremely exciting rhythm section. Listen to this album "CURTIS FULLER-BOSS OF THE SOUL STREAM TROMBONE". I am sure you'll want it in your collection.

P.S. South American fans catch Curtis on his forthcoming tour.

Another album which belongs in your collection is the Pepper Adams, Donald Byrd Quintet "OUT OF THIS WORLD" Warwick 2041 presenting the very best recorded samples of one of the hottest groups in the country today. Pepper and Donald are breaking it up in personal appearances through out the country, and included in this album are their most requested tunes. Speaking of rhythm sections, Jimmy Cobb, Herb Hancock, and Layman Jackson form one of the most effective rhythm combinations I have heard. Superb work by all.

Of equal interest on Warwick are:

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— by Stan Kenton

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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

### The Old Refrain

Since I began reading *Down Beat* about a year ago, I have seen many records which I personally enjoyed put down by the reviewing staff. Their opinion, of course, is their own, and I have no objections to it. My own system of judging music corresponds to J. J. Johnson's: "Is it good or bad? Do you like it or don't you like it? Do you get something out of it or don't you?"

But now I do have an objection, a valid one. I think, because it has to do with the corresponding opinions of two different listeners but the apparently contradictory opinions of one critic.

I refer to John Tynan's review of Maynard Ferguson's *Maynard '61*, in your July 6 issue. Tynan gives this superb album a respectable though certainly not glowing 3½ stars and then goes on to describe it as a five-star album. In his entire review, there is not one criticism of the record, and he does state, "The trumpeter is vending varied and stimulating jazz . . . evidently satisfying both from jazz and dancing standpoints . . ."

Perhaps Tynan just doesn't dig Maynard but can find nothing in the album to put down. Whatever the case, when a group swings as Maynard's does on this record and the reviewer gives less stars than he himself seems to think in order, a re-evaluation seems to be called for.

*Down Beat's* courageous editorials, fine essays, and intelligent writing keep its high standards ever rising. Congratulations on publishing a fine magazine.  
Syracuse, N. Y. Dave Lumsden

*Readers often forget that three stars is a good rating and that five stars are reserved by most critics for those records that are more than very good and in some way significant. Three-and-a-half stars is a long way from a put-down.*

Ordinarily I am content to read your critics' reviewing section of the magazine in the usual way, disregarding my own personal feelings. For personally, I find the reviewers very interesting and enlightening, aside from the fact that there is and always will be a definite need for critical appraisal for all forms of art.

I found Barbara Gardner's review of Les McCann's album in your July 6 issue interesting, though I feel her points surely deserve discussion. The accusation that McCann is shirking his duty as a serious musician by disregarding his heritage and "mocking a way of life" is, to me, ludicrous, to say the least.

These are personal insults without any basis whatever. I feel that it is wrong for a critic to use a review as a vehicle to paint an image such as this before the public's eyes . . .

I have often read Miss Gardner and found her more than interesting. Her comments above all else are intelligent, but when she finds it necessary to set herself

*(Continued on page 8)*

## in the OLDS spotlight!

### GAIL MARTIN

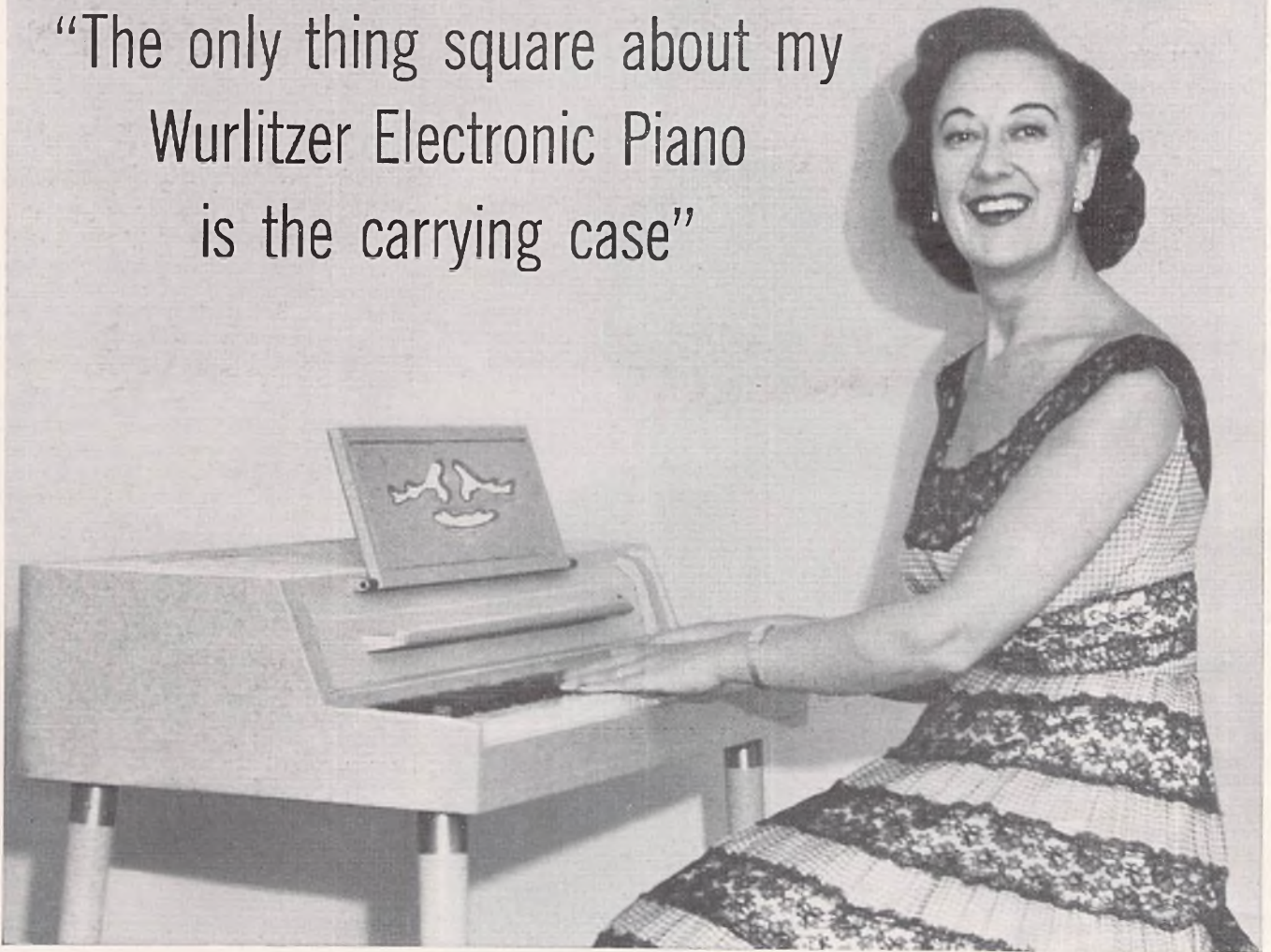
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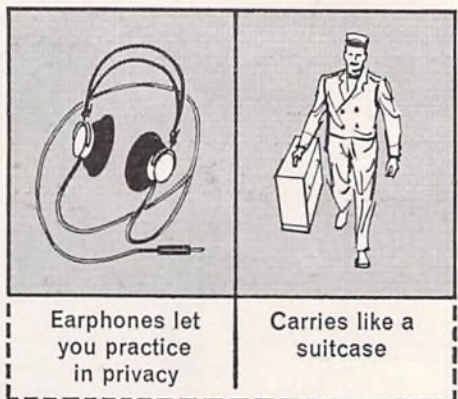


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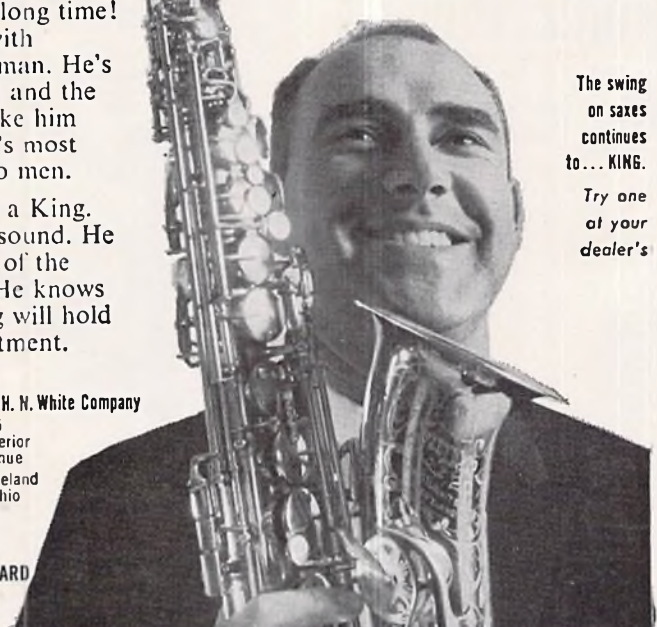
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**CHORDS**

(Continued from page 6)

up as *Down Beat's* honorary spokesman for the Better Recognition of Racial Heritages, maybe she is exceeding the duties of an already difficult assignment. Philadelphia, Pa. Larry L. Andrews

*Miss Gardner made no claim to encyclopedic knowledge, as reader Andrews' quotation marks intimate. And she said nothing about McCann shirking his duty. As a Southern-born Negro, schooled in, sensitive to, and proud of her culture, Miss Gardner, we feel, was well within bounds in discussing her tradition.*

**In Defense of Chris**

Your July 6 editorial seemed to miss the point of Chris Barber's article criticizing the U.S. jazz scene. The fact is that there is a wider, less fashion-prone appreciation of American music here than there is in the United States.

In this country, anyone from George Lewis and Muddy Waters to John Lewis and Miles Davis can draw large and appreciative audiences; our jazz magazines deal more fully with jazz *as a whole*, and can carry articles on Champion Jack Dupree, Albert Gleny, Sonny Roy Williamson, Jonah Jones, and the Eureka Brass Band without endangering their circulations. This does not happen in America, where Bill Doggett is regarded as a rock-and-roller, and the Jonah Jones Quartet is not considered a jazz group at all. I think this is what Chris meant—that Americans are not sufficiently interested in or informed of the historical aspects of the music. Nat Hentoff has written that Muddy Waters would never make the cover of *Ebony*, but neither, I suspect, would he ever make the cover of *Down Beat*—not until he sold an awful lot of LPs, anyway.

As for your description of Barber's music as "imitative traditional jazz," one can only point out that Barber is no more imitative of Kid Ory than Sonny Stitt is of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie of Roy Eldridge—or Victor Feldman of Wynton Kelly. I would have thought the day was past when we condemned an artist because of the style in which he played. Or do you think that Cannonball Adderley should be written off because he has retrogressed from "jazz" to rhythm-and-blues?

The British Trad bands don't play as they do to make money; they make money because they play as they do. And I think that any sociologists would agree that Trad, in this country, is a genuine popular music, chosen not by the agents, bookers, publishers and a&r men, but by the young people themselves.

London, England Tony Standish

The July 20 *Down Beat* carried articles on blues singer Lightnin' Hopkins and guitarist Jimmy Raney. Raney was headlined on the cover not because he is selling but because of the magazine's belief in his importance. Jonah Jones was featured on the cover of the Sept. 3, 1959. *Down Beat*. A historical article by Dizzy Gillespie was the chief feature of the May 25, 1961. *Down Beat*, and Gilbert M. Erskine writes in this issue on Bix Beiderbecke, while Don DeMicheal writes on the virtually forgotten Jabbo Smith.



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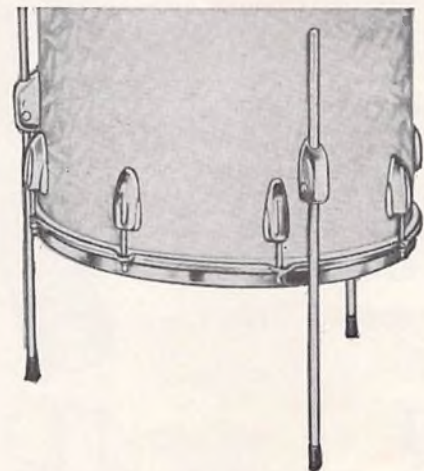
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## NEW YORK

It finally happened: a jazz club owner legitimately fought back. **Joe Tremini**, owner of both the Five Spot and Jazz Gallery and most often thought of as a mild, nice guy, thought of himself as a fall guy last month. On a Saturday at the Jazz Gallery, a group led by **Philly Joe Jones** played from 10:20 to 11 p. m. **Thelonious Monk**, expected to have arrived onstage at 10 p. m., appeared at 1:05 a. m. instead, played for 25 minutes, and left the stand. Jones was nowhere to be found and, at 2 a. m., Tremini asked Monk to return to the stand. Monk would not, because, he said, Jones had not yet done his full part of the evening's work. Tremini requested that Monk leave and later requested the same of Jones, vigorously asserting that those who pay the piper have something to say about when the piper pipes (neither leader was on time during the engagement).



JONES

Each party disagrees as to what happened. Did Tremini fire them? Did they resign? Perhaps the closest true evaluation of it all is Tremini's observation that the general and obvious lack of enthusiasm about working forced him to send everyone home. Each member of the disagreement had a different story to tell. The clearest story was that the club was without any music for several days while Tremini searched the booking agency lists for suitable groups.

Still on the night-club scene: **Cannonball Adderley** canceled a week's engagement at the Club Villanova in Baltimore when he discovered that he would be playing before a segregated audience . . . Singer **Jackie Paris** is at the Crystal Room . . . **Jimmy Giuffre**, with **Steve Swallow**, bass, and **Paul Bley**, piano, is playing at the Versailles. They leave for Europe in October for two months . . . **Phil Woods** and **Gene Quill** are reunited "permanently" at the Village Vanguard and will travel with **Dick Katz**, piano; **Ron Carter**, bass; **Bobby Pike**, drums . . . One local pianist, accused of being a piano-wrecker, has been told that he can play in a certain club only if he brings his own piano . . . Guitarists **Jim Hall** and **Jimmy Raney** will play together this month at the Village Vanguard . . . **Joe Newman** sat in for an ailing **Thad Jones** in the **Count Basie** band one night. Despite strong rumors to the contrary, Newman insists that he has no intention of returning to the Basie fold . . . At **Eddie Condon's**: **Marshall Brown**, **Ruby Braff**, **Pee Wee Russell**, **John Bunche**, and **Ronnie Bedford**.



MONK

**Pancho Hagood**, singing in Detroit, said he hopes soon to come to New York . . . **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** will go to Europe in September and return Oct. 19 for concerts and vacation . . . **Cal Tjader** may tour South Africa for the State Department . . . **Kay Norton** is now managing the **Quincy Jones** Band . . . **Freedomland** is pushing a bring-back-the-bands drive. The Bronx amusement park has featured or will feature, appearances, ranging from one to four nights, by **Lionel Hampton**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Woody Herman**, **Benny Godman**, **Count Basie**, **Duke Ellington**,

(Continued on page 49)



# down beat

Down Beat

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## A LIGHT GONE OUT

Scott LaFaro's development was beginning to pass belief. With an incredible bass technique, he left musicians open-mouthed. And the general public was beginning to get the message.

Late in June, LaFaro recorded with pianist Bill Evans. The recording was among his last.

For on July 6, the 25-year-old bassist was killed instantly when his car crashed into a tree near Geneva, N. Y., where he had been visiting his mother.

The jazz world was stunned by this end to so promising a life, an end much like that of Clifford Brown, who died five years ago in an automobile accident. Brown was a year older than LaFaro at the time of his death.

LaFaro was born in Newark, N. J., and studied clarinet and tenor saxophone in his childhood. After high school, he studied bass. His bass playing later seemed influenced by his early studies: he approached the instrument as if impatient with its limitations and pulled from it melody lines of a swiftness and dexterity that one might expect to hear from a horn or perhaps a guitar, but certainly not from a bass.

After high school, LaFaro worked with Buddy Morrow, Chet Baker, Pat Moran, Ira Sullivan, Barney Kessel, Benny Goodman, and, most recently, Stan Getz and Bill Evans.

It was with Evans that LaFaro's development became most conspicuous. Playing complex, interlocked lines with Evans, he began amazing everyone who heard him.

Learning of LaFaro's death, Evans described the bassist as "one of the most, if not *the* most outstanding talents in jazz." LaFaro's development was accelerating "beyond belief" in the last year, Evans said.

Evans said the record made two weeks before LaFaro's death should demonstrate, for those not already aware of it, how much the jazz world has lost.

Winner of the New Star bassist award of the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll when he was only 23, LaFaro played in no established manner, and his artistry required a thoughtful participation from the listener.

As unlimited as he was in his talents,

he was selective in his relationships. Confident about his abilities, he was nonetheless sensitive to the reactions of others. He was seldom a member of either a musical or social group for any length of time. Meeting him for the first time, strangers sometimes went away feeling they had been snubbed, or at least looked down on. Well-read and articulate, however, LaFaro could, when he wished, express himself capably in words.

Trumpeter Booker Little, one of his friends, described LaFaro as having been "distant, but close," a paradox



SCOTT LAFARO

that resolves only for those who were *simpatico*. Yet, despite his taciturnity, many persons felt close to him. This, according to Little, was a natural reaction to his intensity and his enormous powers of musical communication.

The shock to jazzmen was deep and real, even among those who did not know him.

Learning of the accident while she was between sets at Chicago's London House, Marian McPartland said, "I'd better not tell the guys in my group

until after the set, or they won't be able to play well." Then she went on stand, did an exquisite set of ballads, and, complimented later, said "I didn't really know him, but it was my little *In Memoriam*."

Told of the death, master bassist Ray Brown was at first unable to believe it, then said, "This was one of the most talented youngsters I've seen come up in a long time. For his age, he really had it covered. He wasn't really a power bassist. He had something different going, something of his own. I got a chance to hear him at Newport only a few days before and I was really amazed by his facility, his intonation, and his ideas. We struck up a conversation and talked for about an hour. He seemed like a very nice kid.

"It's a shame, really a shame. It's going to set the instrument back 10 years. It will be that long before anyone catches up with what he was doing."

## ON BEHALF OF PAYOLA . . .

Alan Freed, the former New York rock-and-roll disc jockey who was implicated in payola scandals and subsequently was hired by station KDAY in Hollywood, had words to say one week about the continuation of payola and then, the next week, quit the station over a dispute about advertising his own promotions on the station.

Freed insisted that the average \$150 earned weekly by West Coast jockeys, contrasted with \$275 to \$300 on the East Coast at a comparatively major station, made it necessary for the West Coast brethren to look for possibilities of payola. He said that he had not been approached in such a way, but he could understand how others might be and would accept.

Freed said the Top 40 stations "are responsible for reducing the sales of discs because they run the record into the ground and have reduced radio to a state of chaos." . . . The record industry is up to its ears in a lot of no-talent people."

Some disc jockeys are frank in their approval of limited payola. Most seem to feel that it is happening today but in a modified form, in more of a public relations guise, involved with entertainment rather than with direct payments.

Even more trade people, including



disc jockeys and many record people, say the lack of real payola is what is killing the record business. They say that there is now no way to saturate an area with a record promotion. As a consequence—and they point to current sales—no records can be as successful as they could be under the old system.

### AFM HOLDS CONVENTION

Twelve-hundred musicians, active and inactive, met in Atlantic City, N. J., cheered Al Hirt, applauded a letter from James C. Petrillo, heard a congressman, read reports, motioned, seconded, voted, and returned home after a total cash reimbursement of \$320,000 for their expenses.

It was the 64th annual convention of the American Federation of Musicians, and it was a convention whose scrappy, aggressive speeches and promises gladdened delegates from 679 locals in the United States and Canada.

The election of officers was a formality—all the incumbent officers were nominated again on the first day without opposition. Thus, the national board still stands: Herman Kenin, president; William J. Harris, vice president; Stanley Ballard, secretary; George V. Clancy, treasurer; Lee Repp, E. E. Stokes, Alfred Manuti, Charles H. Kennedy, Walter M. Murdoch, all international executive committeemen.

But most of the convention's interest centered around Kenin's political action, the initiation of union battles against broadcasters, and Kenin's expressed knowledge of the need for change in the music performance trust funds.

He said that while AFM members should appreciate the efforts of the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education, labor's political arm, musicians had particular problems that "can only be solved by musicians."

By an act of Congress, it is a federal crime for unions to use their own funds for political work. Hence, Kenin's praise for the Tucson, Ariz., local's organization of TEMPO, a frankly described AFM political fund, that solicits contributions from its members for use in political work. It was decided to adopt the Tucson organization's methods on the national level. The fund's name will be the same; its aim, will be to collect a sum equal to \$1 from each of the 250,000 members.

Kenin said he is convinced that there is no so-called right climate for effective lobbying and the gains of last year in reducing the cabaret tax are an example of that. He promised that there would be further action to eliminate the tax. He further promised executive action to support a bill that seeks to regularize and establish for the musician and entertainer a larger role in our cultural ex-

change program with other countries.

More effort will be made to outlaw foreign taping of music for television, Kenin said, pointing out the recent Hollywood negotiations in which "vital commitments" were extracted from all major film and television producers in the United States and Canada, commitments calling for all scoring and performing to be done by U. S. and Canadian musicians.

The AFM president spoke bitterly of the broadcasters and glowingly of Federal Communications Commission Chairman Newton N., to whom he pledged the union's support.

In short, Kenin pleaded for a vigorous union stand in politics, returning to a serious application of Samuel Gompers' maxim: "Support our friends and oppose our enemies." But he maintained that there should be no strict adherence to party lines and the opposition force applied should be consistently stronger.

Delegates supported this action unanimously, approved sending a telegram to both houses of Congress about the federal-aid-to-arts bill, approved a resolution stating that compulsory retirement because of age is contrary to AFM policy, and recommended that a forum should be sponsored each year by the federation to study the problems of symphony orchestras.

The delegates instructed the federation executive board to ask the FCC to sue to halt or curb the activities of disc jockeys now competing in the public dance field (i.e., record hops) and made resolutions for procedural changes in the employment of circus and carnival musicians, as well as for the reinstatement to active status of servicemen after discharge.

The biggest and hottest question of the convention remained unresolved: what if anything should be done about the Music Performance Trust Fund.

In brief, the fund accumulates from money that record companies pay into it when they use musicians on a recording date. This revenue is distributed to local unions by an outside agency to pay musicians for providing live music for charitable organizations.

The fund was meant to combat canned music. Its detractors have claimed that the money is distributed in such a way as to suggest financial patronage; that the administration of the fund necessarily leads to corruption in the federation and that it hurts the recording musician, giving him nothing in return but perhaps the solace of knowing that some other musician is benefiting from his efforts.

Each convention hears some resolutions regarding the money, usually calling for a new system for distribution, sometimes suggesting a complete re-amping of the concept.

Kenin said this year that he is in a difficult position because of his regard for past president Petrillo and his own conviction at the time the fund was instituted that it was the proper thing to do.

"It was never an objective," he said. "It was rather a bold and imaginative effort to help keep our organization from being torn asunder and totally fragmented by the sudden rush of canned music. It was not, as some have portrayed it, a moral commitment unto eternity itself—even in the face of new challenges to our unity requiring entirely different solutions. . . ."

Many younger delegates, more likely to be against the fund, took some hope from his words. Some said they felt that Kenin was being diplomatic toward the older guard while vaguely promising that some steps would be taken toward righting any wrongs.

The convention ended on the further happy note that for the first time since 1953, the federation had operated within its income and that its net worth, as of March 31, 1961, was \$4,507,881.

### GILLESPIE'S PIPEDREAM IS REALIZED IN SAN FRANCISCO

"Ah, it would be nice to work eight weeks in one club again," Dizzy Gillespie said in his *The Years with Yard* article (*DB*, May 25).

The trumpeter's wish was fulfilled this summer when Art Auerbach signed Gillespie and his group for nine weeks at the Jazz Workshop in San Francisco starting Aug. 8.

Gillespie's long-term contract came as a result of two things: in a three-week June-July booking at the club, Gillespie set new house records for gross and attendance, breaking previous marks set by Cannonball Adderley and Horace Silver; the Workshop, in one of those periodic night-club panics, was having trouble filling out summer bookings.

Gillespie's sudden success in the Workshop was ironic, in a way. He had last played a San Francisco club two years ago, doing good but not sensationally at the Black Hawk. The latter club was offered first shot at him again this year but turned him down. Auerbach grabbed him for the Workshop. From opening night on, Gillespie packed the house. There were lines in the street every night.

"I never saw anything like it," Auerbach said. "I'm delighted to get him back. I wouldn't offer any other group in the country a gig like this, but Dizzy seems to have San Francisco in his corner."

Gillespie signed with Auerbach the night before leaving for a three-week tour of Argentina. He flies back to New York immediately after the tour, does



several concerts including an appearance at Lenox, Mass., and then returns to San Francisco.

#### NEW AGENCY SIGNS FRESHMEN

For eight years the Four Freshmen vocal-instrumental group has been a top money-earner for General Artists Corp. In mid-June the association came to an end. The Freshmen transferred their talents to a newly formed agency, Viscount International Productions, Inc. Heading VIP is Fred Dale, most recently in charge of the one-nighter band department of GAC's Beverly Hills office.

The Freshmen, now signed to an exclusive booking contract with VIP, made the change in agencies, according to

manager Bill Wagner, because "(VIP is) the only agency in the business that really offers concentrated personal attention."

"Also," Wagner amplified, "VIP specializes in concert bookings. Since, aside from making records for Capitol, the Freshmen spend almost 100 percent of their time doing concerts, it's the logical place for us to be."

Wagner's comments would appear to jibe with Dale's concept of his new agency, formed early in June. In an unconcealed dig at the huge booking agencies that dominate the entertainment industry, Dale emphasized his firm will work with a small client roster, "enabling us to give our artists the kind of personal representation and attention that is so rare these days."

VIP, Dale added, intends to "break away from stereotyped, routine bookings. There are many fields yet unexplored in this end of the business."

Without two weeks of its formation, VIP took an initial exploratory step into one of these fields—overseas bookings. The agency tied up a reciprocal representation agreement with William Victor Productions, Ltd., one of Britain's three largest booking agencies. It is headed by formed bandleader Vic Lewis. Under terms of the agreement, Viscount International will arrange U. S. concert tours by the Victor agency's British and European clients.

While the Four Freshmen is the first attraction signed by VIP, Dale disclosed negotiations are in progress with several other personalities.

## JAZZ CLUBS

The following is a list of jazz clubs, as submitted to *Down Beat* as a result of its recent request for such information. It is printed to facilitate contact between such clubs. Clubs omitted should send pertinent information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 13, Ill. An addendum to the list will be printed at a later date.

#### U. S. A.

- Alabama:** Huntsville—*Modern Jazz Club of Huntsville.*
- California:** Hollywood—*Duke Ellington Jazz Society, Inc.,* Box 2486; McClellan Air Force Base—*Modern Jazz Doctors,* Box 209; Sacramento—*Jazz Librarians,* 921 11th St.
- Colorado:** Denver—*Denver Jazz House,* 3106 Milwaukie St.
- Connecticut:** Storrs—*University of Connecticut Jazz Club,* Student Union.
- District of Columbia:** Washington—*Duke Ellington Jazz Society,* Box 1129.
- Georgia:** Atlanta—*New Jazz Society, Inc.,* 449 John St., N.W. 293.
- Indiana:** Evansville—*Carver Jazz Society,* 705 Lincoln Ave.; Fort Wayne—*Fort Wayne Jazz Club,* Box 151.
- Illinois:** Chicago—*Audio Jazz Club,* 854 W. Belmont Ave.; *Composing Jazzers,* 8237 S. Evans Ave.; *Harrison Jazz Club,* 2850 W. 24th St. Blvd.; *Jazz Prestige,* 1139 S. Francisco Ave.; *Lake Meadows Jazz Club,* 330 S. Wells; Cicero—*MJC Jazz Club,* 2423 S. Austin Ave; LaGrange—*Lyons Township High School Jazz Laboratory,* 224 S. Stone Ave.; Park Forest—*Blind Orange Adams IS the Blues Society,* 95 Elm; Peoria—*Jazz Society of Peoria,* 5906 Graceland Dr.
- Kansas:** Hutchinson—*Hutchinson Jazz Club,* 112 Carlton Rd.; Topeka—*Jazz Forum,* 949 College St.
- Massachusetts:** Boston—*Jazz Bar,* 296 Bunker Hill St.; *Massachusetts Jazz Society,* Box 1503.
- Mississippi:** Jackson—*New Bourbon Street Jazz Society,* Box 9826.
- Missouri:** St. Louis—*St. Louis Jazz Club,* 11329 Mosley Lane.
- North Carolina:** Rockingham—*Rockingham High School Jazz Club,* Jefferson Apts. No. 2.
- New Jersey:** Montclair—*Montclair High School Jazz Society,* 100 Chestnut St.; Pennsauken—*Progressive Jazz Guild,* 3424 Haddonfield Rd.

- New York:** Briarcliff—*Briarcliff High School Jazz Club;* Fredonia—*Northern Chautauqua Jazz Society,* 151 Forest Pl.; New York City—*Bard Jazz Program,* Apt. 41, 507 W. 113th; *Monroe Jazz Club,* 1025 Boynton Ave., Bronx; *United Nations Jazz Society,* Box 20, Grand Central Station; Rockville Centre—*Rockville Centre Senior High School Jazz Club,* 38 Blacksmith Rd., Levittown; Syracuse—*Onondaga County United Jazz Concert Association,* 330 S. Warren St.

- Ohio:** Cleveland—*Progressive Jazz Guild of Cleveland,* 2231 E. 82nd St.; Columbus—*Ohio State Jazz Forum,* 635 Wilabar Dr., Washington C. H.; Youngstown—*Jazz Society of Greater Youngstown,* YWCA, 25 W. Rayen Ave.

- Pennsylvania:** Coatsville—*Elbow Room Jazz Society,* 382 Strode Ave.; McKeesport—*Feig's Jazz Club,* 1501 Lincoln Way; Meadville—*Park Ave. Society,* 662 Park Ave.; Philadelphia—*Contemporary Music Guild,* 764 S. Martin St.; *International Society for Better Understanding of Modern and Progressive Jazz,* 151 N. Vodges St.; *Opus in Jazz, Inc.,* 3038 Girard Ave.; Pittsburgh—*Jazz Horizons Unlimited, Inc.,* Box 402, New Kensington; University Park—*Penn State Jazz Club,* Hetzel Union Building.

- South Carolina:** Columbia—*Columbia Jazz Club, Inc.,* Box 811.

- Tennessee:** Memphis—*Justines Sportsman Club,* 2204 Chelsea Ave.

- Texas:** Dallas—*Dallas Jazz Society,* 3409 Oak Lawn Ave.

- Utah:** Salt Lake City—*Jazz Workshop, Ltd.,* 1734 S. 8th West.

- Washington:** Spokane—*Spokane Jazz Club,* W. 183rd.

- Wisconsin:** Milwaukee—*Milwaukee Jazz Society.*

#### OVERSEAS

- Argentina:** Rosario—*Rosario Hot Club,* Casilla de Correo 853, Correo Central.

- Hong Kong:** *Hong Kong Jazz Club.*

- Peru:** Lima—*Jazz Club Astoria S.A.,* Edificio Boza, Of. 219, Plaza San Martin.

- Puerto Rico:** San Juan—*Jazz Club of Puerto Rico,* Box 3189.

- Southern Rhodesia:** Salisbury—*Salisbury Jazz Appreciation Society,* Seventh Floor, Pax House, Union Ave.





EDWARD DEDNOURE

# LETTER FROM NEWPORT

By **GEORGE T. SIMON**

Gene Lees,  
*Down Beat*,  
Chicago.

Dear Gene:

You missed a kind of—well, a kind of different scene up at Newport this year. Many of the regular faces were gone, and in their places we found a whole batch of new ones none of us had even seen before—most of them neatly beneath battle helmets. For the cops were out in full force this time, cops from all sorts of places we'd never heard of before. And let's give them credit where it's due. They kept the beer-drunk little snots who'd wrecked last year's event well under control, so that those of us who did come to listen were able to hear pretty well what was going on. What did go on? Well, I'll get to that later.

First, let me tell you a little about

the general feeling up there. The constant sight of cops naturally inhibited many persons. But they were amazingly polite policemen. No pushing around—just asking everyone please to keep on moving. And they did. And so did the traffic, believe it or not, so that several times I was able to drive from the Hotel Viking down to Freebody Park and get there quicker than the pedestrians did!

Talking about the Viking, it was a weird feeling there on opening eve. Hardly anybody I knew in the lobby. In fact, hardly anybody in the lobby at all. Thinking how the promoters must have been feeling by then, I had a vague notion of how a trumpeter might feel if he were about to start blowing an all-important set and found he had left his mouthpiece home. It was quite a letdown.

And speaking of the promoters, who lost dough on the shindig, I must say it'd be hard to find a more conscientious worker and apparently sincere guy than Sid Bernstein. He knew he'd be making mistakes—and he wasn't wrong—but he kept trying and he never alibied. Before the first concert, he was talking with a couple of us, and he emphasized that whatever our stories said, they should include "something nice about George Wein. I don't want him left out. He's a part of all this. And Louis Lorillard belongs in that, too."

**A**s the concert drew on, it was obvious that the promoters' biggest concern was making sure the crowds were kept under control. The police were everywhere, which caused Dave Brubeck to remark wryly that "a real jazz concert needs about as much protection as a church."

The only time any real trouble seemed to be brewing was Saturday night, with its capacity, close-to-13,000 audience. And who was there to take charge but Bernstein himself. When a dancing sailor was about to be yanked away by the police, a move the grandstanders appeared to resent dangerously, Bernstein got up before the crowd and suggested that, since the sailor was dancing so well, he be invited to go on stage.

### About the Writer

George Simon is a noted jazz writer and authority who in recent years has devoted himself largely to television production. Recently he brought his talents back to jazz, and has been appointed jazz commentator for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

He chose to write his report on Newport Jazz Festival as a letter to *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees, and it appears in its informality just as written.

The fact that the gob got cold feet made no difference, because by then the beer boys and girls realized somebody in charge was for instead of against them, and thereafter they caused no more real trouble.

Emcee Mort Fega, easily the outstanding of the five disc jockeys who performed on stage, also deserves credit for the manner in which he kidded the kids along on that Saturday eve, making them feel wanted instead of resented, and generally making believe they were better human beings than they actually were.

As for the music—well, there was just far too much of it. During six sessions (two afternoon and four evening) no fewer than 55 acts performed in a total of about 22 hours. Ordinarily, this comes down to 24 minutes for each, but the proceedings bogged down in interminable, gabby, blabbering stage waits while acts were setting up and mikes being reset, so that actual playing time for each group turned out to be a good deal less than 24 minutes.

The fastest-moving, most-refreshing and most-impressive performance of the lot was Jon Hendricks' *Evolution of the Blues*, a delightful close-to-two-hour session in which Hendricks read from his witty, sentimental, and clever script to a group of Negro and white kids, semicircled in front of him.

Various artists illustrated Jon's points of view with some of the best performances of the four-day fiesta. These included several fine dramatic bits by Oscar Brown Jr.; rocking songs by Big Miller; warm, sentimental, and highly moving ballads by Jimmy Witherspoon (I'd never realized how effective this man is); spirituals by Hannah Dean; blowing by Jimmy Mitchell and Pony Poindexter (the latter did an amazing imitation of Lester Young's tenor style on alto); native drumming by Olatunji (who seemed to be popping up all over the festival), and a delightful drum bit by Jo Jones that captivated the kids as well as the too-small audience. The talented and versatile Ike Isaacs Trio, which seemed to be Music at Newport's house band, along with guitarist Skeeter Best, supplied notable accompaniment.

The day before, there had been another afternoon session, this one a marathon affair for lesser-knowns, which began with the Don Ellis Trio proving you can swing without a drummer and that Harry Grimes is an amazingly good bassist, despite the inferior sound of his instrument.

Biggest hits of the long afternoon were a new singer named Carol Sloane and two old pros, Al Grey and Billy Mitchell. Miss Sloane is both refreshing and amazing—refreshing because she sings with musical feeling and swings without forcing notes, and amazing be-



cause of her great range and fantastic sense of pitch. She was so good that she was called back for the final night performance, at which she again sang the verse to *Little Girl Blue* very slowly a cappella—and again finished perfectly on pitch.

Grey and Mitchell were also called back, reappearing in an attempt to establish more rapport with the Saturday night throng. Their relaxed, humorous spontaneous-sounding swing didn't quite captivate the crowd the way it had during the afternoon session, but it did prove quite well that the kind of jazz that makes an attempt to communicate, instead of fighting any such a "commercial" philosophy, stands the better chance of reaching a large and not completely jazz-orientated audience.

Talking about spontaneity, an interesting thing happened opening night. The concert had been going along well enough, but with only the Ramsey Lewis Trio scoring an appreciable hit, (especially with its version of *Little Liza Jane*), when in the middle of Dave Brubeck's segment, the skies opened up. Dave had just finished *Take Five* and was about to go into a lengthy, involved piece when his sense of humor got the better of him and to honor the deluge, he told the guys to fake *Pennies from Heaven*. "We'd never played it together before," he said later. But the piece caught fire as few pieces in the festival did, and by the time the men had finished playing a whole gang of choruses, the crowd, soaked as it was, roared its approval of the strictly ad lib, rollicking performance. It led many to the conclusion that some of us always have shared: the more spontaneous you can make your performances, the better your chances of reaching new heights.

Throughout this festival, as well as throughout most others, too many groups have been playing it too safe, with the result that too few of them ever really get out of their self-imposed ruts. It's extremely difficult for a promoter to try to get them to do anything except what they know hasn't failed them before, but if these live versions of material the group has already recorded continue to dominate jazz concerts as much as they have, chances are we'll be having fewer and fewer festivals.

Of courses, this let's-fake-it-and-see-what-happens sort of spontaneity can't hold for the big bands, of which Newport presented several good ones.

Opening night had Maynard Ferguson (he returned for an even lengthier session Sunday after the *Evolution of the Blues*). This band really takes over, and though it may be lacking in outstanding jazz soloists (baritone saxophonist Frank Hittner was the only

one who impressed me consistently), it produces an exciting ensemble sound and some great arrangements by Slide Hampton and Willie Maiden. And Ferguson makes a great front man.

Basie was there Saturday night, though you'd hardly have known it. The band opened with *Splanky* and then, believe it or not (and in retrospect I'd rather not, even though I have to), played seven background numbers, four for a ridiculous vaudeville type of dance group Basie brought along and three more for O. C. Smith, who's not a bad singer when he doesn't try so hard to sound like Joe Williams but certainly doesn't rate with the band as a major jazz force. After Smith came a long Sonny Payne drum solo, and that was all the Basie we got. There was grumbling among the people out front, but you should have heard what some of the Basie guys had to say!

Gerry Mulligan's band, which a week before had sounded so great at the Randall's Island concert, didn't get going until the last of its five numbers, partially because the guys were rushed on stage so quickly and partially because they'd just been told to cut their program and so couldn't go ahead with their well-scheduled set. With such tension prevailing, the band never was able to settle into the soft, relaxed groove that makes it jazz so outstanding.

Two big bands popped up on the final night's program, which began a bit before 9 and ended at 2:20 a.m.

Quincy Jones did a recording session that took an hour and 10 minutes instead of its allotted 45. Some of its numbers were great. Joe Newman, Phil Woods, and Curtis Fuller blew fine solos, but this band's rhythm section still has its troubles. Finally, along about 1:45 a.m., on came Duke Ellington, and once again he broke it wide open.

How come everyone keeps taking this band so much for granted? Nothing during the entire four days could match its authority, its feeling of "we know exactly where we're going and what we're doing." From its opening, revitalized *Perdido* through its *Suite Thursday*, *Rockin' in Rhythm*, *Passion Flower*, and into its final *One More Time*, this proved itself *the* outfit to be reckoned with.

It's gratifying to hear that Monterey is going to build a good part of its festival around Ellington. He certainly deserves more than the final half-hour before a tired crowd (or what had been a crowd). And I'll say in advance that I envy those who'll be able to make Monterey this year.

Not that Newport didn't have some worthwhile moments sandwiched between too much music and waiting. In

addition to those already mentioned, Louis Armstrong and Lambert-Hendricks-Ross performed as well as expected on opening night.

Saturday afternoon saw a highly amusing pianist-singer named Bobby Dorough and some inventive jazz by the Robert Green Trio.

Chico Hamilton started playing some interesting things (he has himself an exciting guitarist in Harry Polk) before they yanked him off stage, and Art Farmer and Benny Golson blew some impressive big sounds on Saturday night, too.

John Coltrane didn't quite make it as he has in the past, but Horace Silver and crew wound things up with some fine funky bits. Sunday night's session gave us Sarah Vaughan singing straight and pure and wonderfully, the way she does when she's not trying too many tricks; a swinging session from George Shearing; a disappointing one from Stan Getz, who was having reed trouble, and a curtailed Oscar Peterson closer (Oscar quipped: "I might as well have telephoned my part in") that took off mightily during its too few minutes.

Judy Garland took over the entire Sunday afternoon audience with a fantastic display of showmanship that showed all of us what can happen when a true pro takes over, while Sunday evening also gave us the beautifully controlled and completely charming African songs of Miriam Makeba.

There you have it. It wasn't the worst festival by any means, but it could have been a great deal better if they hadn't tried giving us too much.

Sure, it was a disorganized scene backstage, but not so bad as the ones they had all over Newport last year and the year before.

Bernstein and John Drew proved that it's still possible to run a jazz type of festival up there, despite what everybody was saying last year. And even though artistically it didn't measure up to some previous standards, at least it made some people happy.

What the future of Newport will be, nobody knows for sure. Bernstein told me the day after the festival that he hopes it will continue, and that if it does, the city will invite George Wein and Louis Lorillard to return because, as he said, "This is, after all, their baby."

Now that he's proved his promotional point—that the event is still physically feasible — he seems perfectly willing to return the baby to its original parents. Will they be taking it back? And what will they do with it if they do? Join us again next year and see.

Best,

George



By JOHN TYNAN

Considering the reports coming with increasing frequency out of communist-bloc nations, American jazz, long condemned by USSR cultural commissars as a manifestation of decadent bourgeois culture, is fast attaining official toleration.

The now celebrated article on improvisation by Ukrainian musicologist Leonid Osipovich Uryosov in the magazine *Soviet Culture* earlier this year would appear to indicate a more flexible attitude than heretofore toward jazz on the far side of the Iron Curtain. But Uryosov's article, despite the attention it merited by international wire services, barely tantalizes us; it does not tell us how Russian cultural workers and artists genuinely react to jazz, whether they are interested in the music for its own sake or merely as a cultural offshoot of a society alien to them.

If jazz, as President John F. Kennedy has remarked, is indeed one of our most important propaganda devices in the cold war, knowledge of this reaction is important to us. Last month a unique opportunity arose to expose en masse a large and respected group of Soviet artists, the Moiseyev dance company, to jazz in a singularly informal U. S. setting and observe their reactions.

Early in the afternoon of the eve of the Moiseyev dancers' eight-day engagement at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium, *Down Beat's* Hollywood bureau received a phone call from Alan Marlowe, a 26-year-old pianist and arranger who for the last five years—with time out for Army service—has held together a fine 17-piece rehearsal band specializing in contemporary big-band jazz.

"Here's something that should interest you," Marlowe said, whereupon he described how a folk dance group called the Hollywood Peasants to which his parents belong, was giving a private reception for the Russian troupe and their musicians at his parents' Van Nuys home that afternoon beginning at 4:30.

"The band (Marlowe's) will be there to play some jazz for 'em so it should be interesting. Can you make it?"

Marlowe added some details:

"My father speaks Russian, you know. But he came here when he was 16 because he didn't dig the life in Russia—and still doesn't, incidentally.

"Anyway, they had to clear arrangements for the reception with the State Department and Sol Hurok. None of the newspapers, magazines, or wire services have been notified on this, so you'll be the only reporter there."

"Oh, and say," he added, "there'll be a guard at the front gate. Just tell him you came to hear the band."

It was well past 4:30 p.m. when I arrived and was greeted by Marlowe's father. Echoing from behind the house was the brassy sound of a big band

playing a medium-up jazz arrangement. Marlowe led me to the rear area, where the garden party appeared to be at full steam.

The host of this international soiree was Harold Moldowsky, who had emigrated to the United States via Canada at the age of 16 during the early years of the Soviet regime. Son of a rabbi and cantor in Russia, he gravitated to music in the United States, became a dance drummer, got a union card, and led his own band for a while around the Detroit area. In later years, Moldowsky did well in the automobile sales business in southern California and now has real estate interests in the San Fernando Valley.

"Just make yourself at home," he said. There were some 200 milling guests, Russians and Americans. "Everybody's having fun," Moldowsky said.

It looked like a typical California poolside party except that nobody was swimming; in fact, few wore swim suits. The guests sat at umbrella-shaded tables and on chairs around the swimming pool or stood, sipping champagne as they listened to Alan Marlowe's big-band jazz. There wasn't a tunic in view. There were dozens of fair-haired, lithe young men and women, in casual American clothing and rather solemn expressions who, nevertheless, were plainly having a restrained good time.

The band played out of a roofed breezeway. Besides Marlowe on vibes and piano, the personnel included several well-known Hollywood musicians. The reeds comprised Bob Jung, Herbie Steward, alto saxophones; Lennie Mitchell, Ron Brandvick, tenor saxophones; Tab Voight, baritone saxophone; Steve Huffsteter, Larry McGuire, Ralph Osborne, Arnie Chaikowsky, trumpets; Hub Houtz, Dick Gould, Bob Hirschman, Jim Dilworth, trombones; Buddy Matlock, guitar; Jim Crutcher, bass; Chiz Harris, drums. Don Chastain, tall, blond, and wearing swim trunks, was the vocalist.

While the band was playing, I mingled with the guests, often picking out a Russian only by the "Spaseeba" of thanks heard on receipt of a drink from one of the hosts.

Finally, I was face to face with one of the Russians in a corner. He was an athletically built young man in his mid-20s who looked a bit heavy for a dancer and was probably one of the dance company's musicians. He smiled brightly at me, the sunlight glinting off two impressive gold incisors. Across his shoulder, he had a camera case slung and held a brown paper package in his hand. I smiled back.

A bit nonplussed by the sudden encounter, I asked if he liked the music. He responded in a flood of Russian. I shook my head.



# RUSSIAN CULTURE WORKERS MEET WESTERN JAZZMEN





"I'm sorry," I told him. "I'm afraid I don't speak Russian."

Unperturbed, he continued speaking in his own tongue. A feeling of growing helplessness gripped me. At that moment, Harold Marlowe, the bandleader's father, appeared. I turned toward him and said I'd like to know if my new-found friend liked the music.

"Ask him if he likes jazz," I requested. Marlowe spoke to him in rapid Russian and got a lengthy reply.

"Yes, he does," Marlowe told me eventually. "He says they have jazz in the Soviet Union, in Moscow; lots of jazz. He says in Moscow he listens to it all the time."

As the Russian resumed, I caught the name Uryosov mentioned several times in the course of his remarks. The host turned to me and reported that Leonid Uryosov of Odessa is regarded highly in the Soviet Union as a jazz authority.

Harold Marlowe then was summoned off to cater to his guests, and I said to the Russian, slowly, "Uryosov; we know about him in this country."

He smiled broadly at this and again launched into a discourse in his tongue, mentioning Uryosov's name repeatedly. I nodded resignedly and smiled again.

When it appeared our discussion had reached impasse, shorn of an interpreter, my Soviet companion cracked a gold-toothed grin and spoke three English words with emphatic clarity: "Gin and tonic." He motioned toward the refreshment tables. I nodded and, tapping my chest, responded with, "Beer!" We headed toward the bar.

Paper cups, it appeared, had run out. The Russian settled for a bottle of beer, disdaining a proffered champagne glass of gin. I offered a cigaret, and he accepted. I lit his and one for myself. Again indicating my chest, I announced in authentic Hollywood Tarzan-tongue, "John Tynan" and looked inquiringly at him. At first he didn't understand, and I began to feel betrayed by Tarzan. Then he got it—and smiled.

"Slavec," he proclaimed, slapping his chest.

I repeated it after him; then repeated his surname while he did likewise with mine. We laughed and I raised the bottle of beer.

"Good luck," I said.

While we watched members of the Hollywood Peasants engage some of the Moiseyev troupe in a ragged hora beside the pool to the music of phonograph records, Ron Brandvick, one of the sax men, drifted to us and remarked something to the effect that this was the best way to settle international differences. As best I could, I effected introductions between the two musicians. The Russian nodded jovially. In the minutes that followed we attempted

hapless three-way conversation.

Just then a tall, thin man approached. He spoke to Slavec in Russian. Indicating me, Slavec replied.

The thin one then turned to me. "I speak English," he said. "Do you understand Russian?" I said no.

Delighted to find a member of the troupe with whom I could communicate, I told him my name, adding that I wrote for *Down Beat*, "the jazz magazine."

He threw me an odd look; then he commented that there was jazz in the Soviet Union, too.

I asked his name. "Vladimir," he said in slight surprise. I pressed for his surname. He told me but said it so fast I didn't understand.

"I'm sorry," I said, "would you mind repeating the last name?"

With evident impatience, he spoke the surname again, twice or three times and then turned to say something in Russian to another member of the troupe who had joined us.

I attempted to draw out Vladimir on the subject of jazz in Russia and on Leonid Uryosov, but I could sense a definite undertone of disinterest and distraction in his manner. Abruptly he excused himself and left.

As the band began playing another set, I turned to Slavec and motioned toward the musicians at the other side of the pool, intending to suggest we move closer. Apparently he misunderstood, for he waved his hand, said something in Russian, smiled, and turned back toward the bar.

On my way toward the band, I passed two young Russians, a man and a woman, gravely taking turns at attempting to rotate a hula hoop about their middles while a half-dozen spectators urged them on. Then I encountered Vladimir again. We spoke, but I detected in his manner the same attitude of impatience and even a hint of suspicion in his eyes as he glanced repeatedly at me. As before, he concluded our brief conversation with a brusque, "Well, see you later, huh?" He turned and walked off.

On the lawn in front of the band many of the troupe had assembled to listen. Singer Chastain, in three songs, made an obvious hit with several of the female dancers, who watched with unconcealed interest. Three young men of the troupe seated beside me directly in front of the band listened intently to every number and were unstinting in their applause. As the band began one number, I turned to one of the three and said, "That song is called *Harlem Nocturne*."

He looked at me incomprehendingly and seemed surprised that I spoke to him.

I gestured toward the band and re-

peated slowly, "*Harlem Nocturne*."

He nodded then, said the words to himself, and spoke to his two companions in Russian.

I repeated the procedure as the band began an arrangement of *Stella by Starlight*. This time he smiled, nodded, and again, presumably, relayed the information to his friends. The three near me and, in fact, all the others I observed, for the most part gave their undivided attention to everything played and sung, sipped their drinks, looked polite, and applauded in the same spirit. If one could not describe their response as enthusiastic, it was obvious that they felt the musicians merited respect as performers. Certainly the experience seemed, for them a novel one.

It was equally certain that very few of the troupe spoke or understood English, just as their hosts, in the main, spoke no Russian. Hence, there was little real mixing between the groups—although I did notice as the band played a ballad, a couple of the ballerinas were dancing a markedly stately foxtrot with two of their middle-aged hosts at the far side of the swimming pool.


As I have discovered in my two short exchanges of small talk with the slender Vladimir, conversation with those of the troupe who spoke English was not without its awkward moments for some of the Americans. During an intermission, for example, one of the musicians complimented one of the Soviet party on his excellent English. He was quickly informed by the Russian, "I do not wish to discuss myself." The subject was changed quickly.

If there were any political undercurrent at the party, it was very sub-surface. The Moiseyev troupers enjoyed to the final measure the hospitality of the Hollywood Peasants (a name, incidentally, not without probable humorous appeal to the Russians in view of the comfortable surroundings in which they found themselves).

Did these celebrated Soviet cultural workers (as they are termed in their homeland) benefit in any way by the music they heard?

At the close of the party, as the troupe boarded the two buses that carried them from Los Angeles to the reception, Alan Marlowe said his good-byes to one who spoke English. The Russian told him he had enjoyed the music very much.

Marlowe thanked him. Then, quite deliberately, he said, "When you go back to Russia and read in your newspapers about the United States, remember there are people like me here. And I'll remember there are people like you in Russia."

"Yeah," responded the Soviet dancer, "the music was great." 





# THE HAPPY SUMMER

By GILBERT M. ERSKINE

Thirty years ago this summer Bix Beiderbecke died in New York, and for almost 30 years there has been spun such a fantastic fabric of legend about the man that he seems, like Buddy Bolden and Peck Kelly, to belong more to the myth-lore of jazz than to have been a real human being.

But real he was, and, as George Avakian has observed, it is becoming increasingly apparent that the man has more greatness than anyone has been wont to realize.

He was the first, and perhaps the finest, of jazzmen to use what André Hodeir has termed the romantic imagination in jazz, and he was the first to have experimented with classical forms in jazz. If stature is to be judged by the extent of influence (and this is beginning to seem like a spurious criterion), then it should be noted that, though the direct influence of Beiderbecke has all but vanished, there are large areas in jazz that have sprung obliquely from his influence.

He was not essentially an innovator, yet he seems to have anticipated the whole "cool" movement, as well as all the Third Stream experiments.

There are a thousand puckish tales and trivia in print about Beiderbecke but only a few critical studies, and most of the latter are surprisingly shallow.

It seems fairly safe now, however, to say that the most important phase of Beiderbecke's short career began with his job with Frank Trumbauer at the Arcadia ballroom in St. Louis in 1925 and ended when Bix and the Jean Goldkette unit finished a summer stint at the Blue Lantern inn at Hudson Lake in northern Indiana in 1926.

This period stands as a bridge between the talented, but youthful and immature, cornet performances on the Wolverine, Rhythm Jugglers, and Sioux City Six records of the early '20s and the series with various groups, beginning in 1927, when Beiderbecke's cornet phrases had taken on a



better drive and an impelling glow of beauty.

Trumbauer has reported that Beiderbecke was playing very well in St. Louis and that he was doing quite a bit of experimenting on piano. But evidence begins to favor the opinion that it was during the free and easy summer at Hudson Lake that the giant strides were made.

There was almost a complete lack of pressure. Goldkette had two other units in the Midwest and rarely made an appearance at Hudson Lake, and there were no hippies or jazz critics hanging around.

Drummer Dec Orr has said that Beiderbecke was playing his best then, his cornet choruses flowing out in an incandescent blaze of sound. And it was here, in the ambiance of place, friends, and jazz, and in the magical Indiana summer twilight, that the bits and pieces of *Flashes*, *Candlelight*, and *In the Dark* began to take shape, and nearly all the parts of *In a Mist* were completed.

One day last April, I was returning to Chicago from South Bend, Ind., and decided to make a detour to Hudson Lake to see what remained of the Blue Lantern Inn. I had a dim memory of having read that the building was still standing. The proprietor of the general store in Hudson Lake mused a moment and shook his head. "I was born and raised here," he said, "and I've never heard of a place like that. There's an old dance pavilion on the western side of lake called the Casino. Victor Smith, the son of the man that built the Casino, is living out near there, and he might be able to tell you something about the Blue Lantern Inn."

Smith and his mother, Mrs. Victor Smith Sr., did know about the inn, and they suggested that I talk also to members of the Prinderville family, all of whom spent the summer of 1926 at their cottage on Hudson Lake. May Prinderville had distinct recollections of that summer. I have mingled the statements of these three persons for the sake of continuity. This is what they remembered of Bix and the summer of 1926:

**BUDDY SMITH:** My grandfather built the hotel in 1885, and my father built the Casino across the street next to the lake in 1922. It was always known as the Casino, except for that summer of 1926, when we rented it to Jean Goldkette, and he changed the name to the Blue Lantern Inn.

**MAY PRINDERVILLE:** The hotel was the last word, and the Casino was painted white then and was a very beautiful building.

**MRS. VICTOR SMITH:** When Goldkette changed the name, I was sure he had made a mistake. It had always been known as the Casino, and was advertised that way on all of the trolleys in Chicago. When he left at the end of the summer, we right away changed the name back to the Casino. We had never charged admission, and the first thing Goldkette did when he opened Declaration Day was to charge \$1.50 admission. For a long time after that people would come to us and ask what happened.

**BUDDY SMITH:** Business was bad all summer. On weekends we would get large crowds from Chicago, South Bend, and Michigan City, but business was very poor on weeknights.

**MAY PRINDERVILLE:** My younger sister probably would have been able to tell you something about Bix. Why, after he became famous, the rest of us used to sit around and argue which of those fellows was Bix.

**BUDDY SMITH:** Freddy Farrar and his family and Trumbauer and his wife had cottages along the lake. Some of the boys may have stayed in the hotel. Bix, Doc Ryker, Pee Wee Russell, and Don Gabey stayed in that little yellow cottage behind the hotel. I don't remember there being a piano there.

**MAY PRINDERVILLE:** There was a whole gang that

stayed in that little yellow cottage by the railroad tracks. Our place was further up the road, and we could always hear piano playing and music coming out of that cottage. The place is pretty tidy now, but then it wasn't painted, and was more like a shack. There were weeds and grass a mile high around that place. There was even a cow that hung around there that nobody paid any attention to. Those boys used to walk right by that cow as if she wasn't there.

**BUDDY SMITH:** Goldkette put [Charlie] Horvath in as manager for part of the summer. After he left, some of those fellows got kind of wild. I was pretty young at the time and hadn't seen anything like it.

**MAY PRINDERVILLE:** I wouldn't say those boys were wild, though they always seemed to be having a lot of fun. We used to see them all the time swimming and fishing in the lake.

**BUDDY SMITH:** Bix, Farrar, Don Gabey, and I went fishing one morning. Gabey was a huge man, and he stood up, and the boat tipped over. Farrar lost his rod and reel and the rest of his fishing equipment, and Bix never did quit laughing about that, though none of the rest of us thought it was very funny.

I was in a Boy Scout troop at the time, and when Bix heard I was trying to learn how to play the bugle, he gave me one of his mouthpieces. . . .

Bix had a car that ran for about two weeks. It blew a few rods, and they pushed it to the back of the cottage. It was there for years after they left.

**MAY PRINDERVILLE:** The ballroom was one of the most beautiful places I had ever seen. When you were dancing on the western side, you could look out those rows of windows and see the lake and the lamps from the fishing boats. At times you could hear the swish of water over the band. It was lovely.

**MRS. VICTOR SMITH:** Trumbauer used to appear on that beautiful bandstand with a crumby-looking cowboy outfit with a dirty rabbit-hair sweater. It was awful.

**BUDDY SMITH:** The band used to play the popular numbers of the day, but as the night got on, those fellows would ease off the written music and Bix would take over—I mean the boys would lean to what Bix wanted to play. . . . Bix was so drunk at times that he could hardly sit at the piano. He played the piano quite a bit.

**MAY PRINDERVILLE:** *Everybody* drank then, but I never did see any of those boys drinking while they were on the bandstand.

**BUDDY SMITH:** The band would rehearse almost every day. Goldkette was using this job to get the band shaped up for something else. I would hear things at rehearsal that I wouldn't hear on the stand at night. Even when the band wasn't rehearsing, I would hear Bix in there playing piano. He was always going off by himself to play piano.

**MRS. VICTOR SMITH:** Fred Farrar played the sweetest trumpet I have ever heard.

**BUDDY SMITH:** The music was over most of the people's head. The folks around here would rather have had the Indianians out of South Bend. There would be guys that I had never seen before come in and play with the band, and pretty soon it was even over my head. This was one of the reasons business was bad. Goldkette himself finally came to realize this.

Today the hotel is being dismantled, and the inn lies empty and idle by the lake, beautiful despite all its unpaired ugliness.

There is a smell of decay in the bottom tier, and rain leaks onto the ballroom floor. It, too, may be dismantled soon. But, like Mahogany Hall and Minton's, Friar's Inn and the Cotton club, it has gained a kind of immortality. It is inextricably fixed in the history of jazz.







# JABBO SMITH

By DON DeMICHEAL

Among older jazzmen, the name Jabbo Smith normally produces a look of surprise, then pleasure, followed by a remark like, "Jabbo? Yeah, he sure played a mess of trumpet. I hear he's in Cleveland" — or Newark or Fort Wayne or wherever.

Some say they heard he had retired. Others think he is working with a rock-and-roll band in Milwaukee, Wis. A few think he is dead.

Jabbo Smith is far from dead. He is very much alive in Milwaukee, though it is true that he has been in semiretirement for the last three or four years and that he had, up to that time, played with some questionable groups. Members of the Milwaukee Jazz Society found the legendary trumpeter living in their city, quite content with his non-frantic life delivering cars and watching TV programs. The society's members prevailed upon him, however, to come out of his hibernation to play again. The society presented him at a concert early this summer.

To those whose interest in jazz is fairly recent and confined to the playing of men in current popularity, Jabbo Smith, if they have heard of him at all, belongs to the murky past of jazz, a product of an era having little connection with what is being played today. I cannot agree with such opinion; I feel that Smith was the precursor of the music epitomized by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. Therefore, there is a strong link between Smith and the pres-

ent. His approach, more than his direct influence, leads me to this conclusion.

Smith, in his heyday, was a technician par excellence. His early records, such as *Boston Skuffle* and *Jazz Battle*, show this facility. He played fast, high, and lightly with a wealth of ideas, many of which were based in a chromaticism missing from the playing of his contemporaries, Louis Armstrong, Tommy Ladnier, and Joe Smith, to name only three. While not as dramatic a trumpeter as Armstrong, Smith was as highly respected in the late 1920s and early '30s, as Louis.

In *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* bassist Milt Hinton recalled that his first important job in Chicago, when he went there in 1930, was with a band that took the place of Armstrong's at a Chicago club (probably My Cellar).



JABBO SMITH, JUNE, 1961

"They were looking for a trumpet player to take Louis' place," Hinton said, "and they got Jabbo Smith. Jabbo was as good as Louis then. He was the Dizzy Gillespie of that era. He played rapid-fire passages while Louis was melodic and beautiful . . . (Jabbo) could play soft and he could play fast, but he never made it. He got hung up in Newark."

Roy Eldridge has paid homage to Smith with the statement that Jabbo was his first real influence. Eldridge remembered the time when he was quite young, full of vim and vinegar, and convinced he was about to take the world by storm . . . until he ran into Smith at a session. Smith proceeded to give the younger trumpeter a lesson that Eldridge claims was one of the turning points in his career.

Smith, as witness Hinton's remark about Newark, was not the most responsible musician known, but he did play with some of the best bands of the ear-

lier era: Charlie Johnson's excellent Harlem-based band and Claude Hopkins' band, besides recording with Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, and James P. Johnson as the Louisiana Sugar Babes. He had his own group in the '30s and recorded several sides for Decca, some of which were ahead of their time.

But Jabbo fell on hard times. He claims booking agents and recording companies robbed him of his royalties (he is as interested in writing songs as he is in playing, and perhaps more so) and so he stayed in Milwaukee, working local jobs until, in the end, he retired.

I made the trip from Chicago to Milwaukee to hear Smith at the Milwaukee Jazz Society concert. What I heard convinces me that Smith, though his technique and lip are down, is one of the more rewarding of the middle-aged jazzmen (he is 53). Embarrassed by his fluffs, Jabbo nonetheless played beautifully constructed solos, his low register often taking on the quality of dark gold. And when during a blues, the group backing him, Scat Johnson's modern group, played the chord changes popular a decade or so ago—there are several chord changes played during the second, third, and fourth bars—Smith sailed right through the chords, not missing a one.

Nervous at the start of the concert, Smith relaxed during the second half when Johnson made the announcements and ran the show. When the group played *Rosetta*, Smith was crackling. On the other selections, many of which Smith wrote, and sang in a strong, husky voice, his playing was warm and intimate, perhaps best described as a combination of Red Allen's and Buck Clayton's though more restrained than Allen's.

After the concert, Smith received the adulation of the jazz club's members. He was polite and friendly but evidently unsure of making the comeback try many of the members urged on him. He seemed unable to decide whether to go back into music, with all its drawbacks; he is somewhat embittered by his experiences in the past. But, in the end, he said he guessed he would go along with what his friends in the jazz society wanted him to do.

But not all the club members were as convinced as their more vocal fellows that Jabbo should attempt a comeback. Nor are his other friends. Nor, I suspect, is Jabbo—life is easier delivering cars and drinking beer and watching TV than it is in the music business.

But I do believe that if Smith wants to, he can come back. And, as Harry Carney remarked recently, "If Jabbo comes back, you'll hear something."





By CHARLES SUHOR

Ask the average jazz fan to name several cities producing good modern jazzmen in abundance. It will probably not even occur to him to mention New Orleans.

Suggest to him that New Orleans today is the begetter of not only a substantial force of competent modernists, but is still producing major talents who are carrying jazz forward in the manner of their musical progenitors of half a century ago, and you will most likely encounter incredulity, scorn, or mild amusement.

On the surface, it might indeed seem contradictory to expect a crew of creative modernists from a city whose most widely publicized musical exports in recent years have been the Dukes of Dixieland, Pete Fountain, Al Hirt, *et al.* And yet, it would be an even greater enigma if a city that showed the remarkable vitality and unique cultural flavor of New Orleans in the early 20th century were to become utterly sterile after bringing forth its most brilliant issue.

New Orleans, in fact, is not a living anachronism. It is fertile, complex, contemporary, and still possesses the subtle qualities of soul which create a distinctive personality and an artist of deep sensitivity. The cultural milieu that produced Buddy Bolden, Bunk Johnson, Louis Armstrong, and the others, is still here. It is modified, of course, influenced by the flux and tensions of modern life, but it still retains the basic combination of casualness and intensity reflected in the music of the earliest jazzmen.

Those who believe that the "New Orleans era" ended when jazz went up the river in the 1920s are guilty of historical error. Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* lists Lester Young, Joe Newman, Benny Powell, and Mundell Lowe as either New Orleans-born or dwellers in the Crescent City during impressionable periods in their lives. And in recent memory, modern musi-

cians like Brew Moore, Ornette Coleman, Bruce Lippincot, and Roy Burns have absorbed the city's many moods.

Why then, has New Orleans remained in the background as a significant jazz city while the "major" jazz areas continue to grow in repute? There are a number of reasons for this, some obvious; others require elucidation.

New Orleans, being about as far south as one can go without dipping into the Gulf of Mexico, is at a geographic disadvantage. The city is isolated from the regular band and show routes on which musicians so often make connections, switch bands, and are heard at important sessions that can lead to work with more influential groups.

The cost of bringing name bands and package shows to the Deep South is generally prohibitive. Nail-biting promoters bring name jazz groups into New Orleans about once a year; hotels which use any bands at all use New Orleans-based society groups; and only one Bourbon St. club follows a policy of bringing in out-of-town jazz talent. The situation is complicated by state legal barriers against interracial performances and integrated audiences, which keep many groups and shows away.

It is the musician who suffers most from these circumstances. Since traveling bands are not marketable in New Orleans, he must try breaking into the bands in a city where a heavy band and combo traffic exists, and this in competition with established favorites whose goals are identical with his—and who have the added luxury of living at home until the opportunity to move out presents itself.

"What for?" the jazzman will ask when he is confronted with the argument that he should bring his talent to an area where it is more likely to receive recognition. Drummer James Black, playing with the American Jazz Quintet

in New Orleans, retorts, "In New York or Chicago, you're just a playing cat among a thousand other playing cats. Your chances of making it are small, unless you know someone or have a gig lined up."

Many musicians of Black's caliber share his distaste for the starving-artist role. For them, the problem becomes one of acquiring sustenance and achieving fulfillment as a modern jazzman in New Orleans.

On this point, the suspicions of the layman are confirmed; there are in New Orleans virtually no full-time gigs where the modern jazzman can develop his talent unfettered by commercial considerations. The tourist trade demands Dixieland bands and strip shows; since the young modernists are generally the best improvisers and reading musicians available, they are constrained to brave the anarchy of the neo-Dixie groups and the boredom of the belly-dancers in order to make a living. So it is that musicians like bassist Oliver Fox turn up in Al Hirt's hell-bent-for-leather Dixie group, and talents like those of alto saxophonist Don Lasday provide backgrounds for the bump-and-grind queens of Bourbon St.

Nor does the musician have the sympathy of the public at large. Local citizens traditionally have felt that the close connection between jazz and New Orleans is a lamentable fact of history that might eventually be forgotten if no official notice were taken of it. The intensity—and influence—of this anti-jazz feeling comes ludicrously to light every so often, as it did several years ago when Mayor de Lesseps Morrison considered a proposal to erect a statue of a jazz band at the foot of Basin St. Objections poured in from irate citizens who were scandalized that the city's "shameful past" should be put on display. One sardonic letter in a local newspaper suggested that a memorial might be erected

(Continued on page 42)

# NEW JAZZ IN THE CRADLE



James Black, Richard Payne, Alvin Batiste, Nat Perrilliat.



Joe Burton, Lee Granogno, Reed Vaughan.



By MARC CRAWFORD

It was the season of the giants. South down Chicago's Cottage Grove Ave., on the east side of the street, Count Basie, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross & Co. were packing them into the Tivoli theater by the thousands. Across the alley, one door north and working the same side of the street, Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt, the tenor men, were futuristically creating something out of the past at a dollar a head. The small club entrance looked like nothing so much as the \$2 window at Santa Anita before the first race.

Ammons, who still says "I don't think I'm a criminal," had paid his debt to society on a narcotics conviction, and now society was paying to hear him.

When the late set started, Ammons was still out in front, shaking hands with south-siders who volunteered: "You ain't changed a bit, Jug, 'cept you better than you was." "Baby, it sure was pretty." "Jug, you a b——!"

On the stand, Stitt, graying and arrogant-seeming, already had opened his new bag of tricks somewhere up in the stratosphere. Up there with him was the former Lionel Hampton tenor man, Johnny Board, who lost his bandleader status seven years ago when Johnny Ace, the singer his band supported, lost a game of Russian roulette in Houston, Texas.

Midway through the set, Ammons pardon-meed and excused-meed his way down the crowded aisles, entered a back room, and a minute later reappeared dressed in a gray-flannel suit and a tenor. Board left the stand, and things began to happen.

The sign outside had billed a battle of saxes, just as Stitt and Ammons had worked it from 1950 to 1952. But now the weapons systems were different, newer, more devastating. There was nothing out of the past that came anywhere near this present warfare, fought in the musical language of tomorrow.

Like a pair of jet fighters they swooshed into high flight, taking off from opposite ends of the runway, soaring out to battle distance, and then banking to make combative pass, representing between them more than a century of music.

Edward Stitt, the Boston-born son of a college music pro-

fessor and brother of a concert pianist, "a genius," one listener cried, who had honed his attack to unequalled fineness, beginning nearly two decades ago around Newark, N. J., and Detroit, Mich., and, with the late Tiny Bradshaw, and then for two years with Dizzy Gillespie. Then came the two years battling Ammons, the 1958 and 1959 Jazz at the Philharmonic tours, and another brief stint with Gillespie. Stitt, one of the most successful alto men after Charlie Parker, who greatly admired him. And Stitt, forever angry at the suggestion that he played and sounded like Bird. "I sounded this way before I ever heard of Bird," he once said.

And now sweating and scowling, Stitt hunched his shoulders and spewed out a great, bitter invective as he and Ammons blew fours at one another at the top of their emotions, like drunken heavyweights in a Pier 6 brawl.

Ammons for a moment regarded Stitt with blank stare and then stuck his mouthpiece into his face, answering the rapier-like thrust of Stitt in tones fat, funky, and hulking.

This was Eugene Ammons, whom British jazz critic Alun Morgan called "an inventive soloist, whose big tone gives him a commanding personality." And all during the set, Gene had leaned on Sonny with it, building all the while.

Ammons, eight months younger than Stitt's 37 years, son of the late Albert Ammons, one of the most powerful and effective boogie-woogie pianists. Chicago-born Ammons, who started with King Kolax in 1943, about the same time Stitt was getting started. A mainstay of the early Billy Eckstine Band, where he achieved prominence, Ammons went on to replace Stan Getz in the Woody Herman Band. This was the same Ammons who once lost his way and went honking off into the rhythm-and-blues field before returning to the jazz fold.

The partisans each swore their man had won the duel. Then the combatants put their daggers away and brought back the long-forgotten *Blues Up and Down*.

Big Gene stood up there, just letting all of the blues ooze out of him.

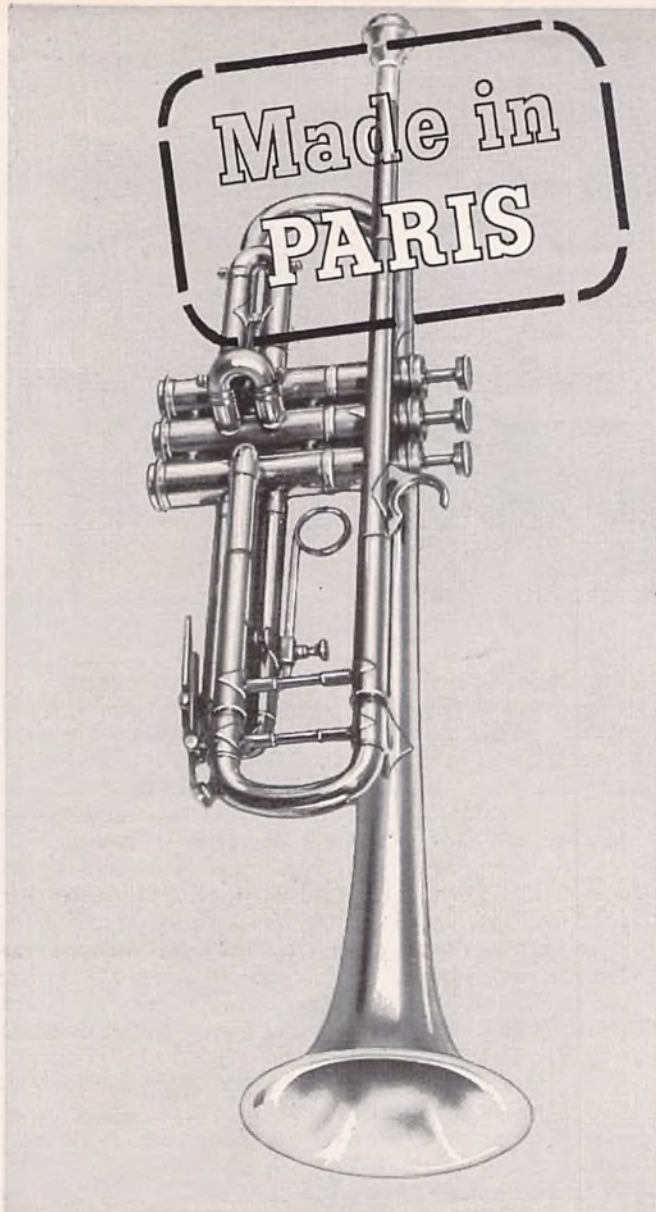
(Continued on page 42)



GENE AMMONS

BILL ABERNATHY





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# OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

I don't know whether you've noticed, but during the last few years, there's been a sharp decrease in notes to the bandstand. In years gone by, a leader or a sideman (especially drummers) could count on getting at least one note a night like, "Don't look at me right away because I'm with my old man but I'm the chick in the mink stole at the table right next to the piano stool and why don't we go to an after-hours spot after you finish for the night?" Or "My ex-husband was a trombone player. How about me showing you the groovy parts of Hershey after the gig?" Or, "Yeah, baby! Phyliss Glick, XZ 4-0239 . . ."

For some reason, these notes just aren't appearing any more. That is, they weren't until a few weeks ago when Bobby Pike was playing drums with Al and Zoot down at the Half Note. Just after a tune, a cat sent him a note which should go down as the capper of all notes to the bandstand. It read: "From a fellow voyager . . . Dear Sir: I, as a highly critical music listener, have never in my life felt it necessary to write a word to any of the so-called great musicians I have heard. I say that if your technique is any indication of your soul, and in my opinion it is, you are a great drummer, bar none!"

Charlie's Tavern, on New York's 52nd St., is the scene of one of the wildest things I've ever seen in my life. Picture this if you can—and it happens a few times a night.

There are 46 people sitting at the bar. Behind them are 22 standees. At the juke box, three people. At the cigarette machine, we have one cat. Standing around the bowling machine, four. In the phone booths, three. Looking through the telephone directory, one. In the rest rooms, another seven. Now if I'm not too much in the basket, that adds up to 87 people. Everything is swinging, tastes for everybody, conversation, laughing, arguments, put-ons, hard-boiled eggs with salt and pepper, the juke box roaring, plans being made for after-hours parties (after stopping at the delicatessen for some six-packs), everything is cooking, and then . . . the telephone rings! Suddenly there's instant silence and, *in unison*, 87 people cry out, "I'm not here!"

The funny thing is that you get to saying "I'm not here!" automatically—whether you want to "be there" or not.

The hundreds of people who call Charlie's must feel awful sorry for him; there's never anybody there. In the minds of hundreds of musicians' old ladies around New

York, Charlie's Tavern is on the brink of bankruptcy.

On June 28, I went to a jazz concert on Randall's Island. It was the best-lit disaster area I've ever seen. There were more fuzz than jazz fans, which I think bugged the fuzz a little. They had to settle for walking around the stadium clubbing *each other* on the skull. Actually, it was a sad evening. It was a groovy, non-circus type concert. Just Gerry Mulligan's big band, Cannonball, and Louis Armstrong. To me, one of the big hang-ups was the fact that the concert was promoted by two nice but inexperienced people. I can just about imagine how it all began . . .

HUSBAND: Well, we've got an extra \$30,000 this month.

You think we should buy some more mutual funds? Or maybe a bowling alley?

WIFE: I don't know. Frank's wife was telling me there's a lot of money to be made in jazz these days.

HUSBAND: I'm supposed to start taking music lessons at *my* age?

WIFE: No, I mean run a jazz festival . . .

HUSBAND: Whatta we know about running a jazz festival?

You gotta get some musicians . . .

WIFE: So you get some musicians. You call up that booking agent, that guy we saw in the papers crying in that singer's hospital room. You know, Joe . . . Joe . . . Glaser, that's it, Joe Glaser. So you call him up and get some musicians. Call him.

HUSBAND: Hello Joe? Listen, we want to run a jazz festival. You got some jazz musicians? Louis Armstrong? Yeah I saw him on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Listen, he'll just play a couple of numbers—how about \$75? \$10,000?! For \$10,000 he's gotta have fins and power-steering! All right, Joe, who else you got? Gerry Mulligan? What does she play? Oh, it's a *he* . . . All right, we'll take him. How big's his band? Twelve pieces? How much for the dozen? How about if I take *half* a dozen? I *know* you don't run a bakery, Joe . . . All right, listen . . .

*The Night of the Concert . . .*

WIFE: What'ya think?

HUSBAND: We coulda had ourselves a nice 40-lane alley up in the Bronx . . .

WIFE: Maybe there'll be a last-minute rush . . .

HUSBAND: Last-minute rush? The thing's *over* in 10 minutes!

WIFE: I can't understand it, Frank's wife told me. . . .





# in review

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Don Henahan, Bill Mathieu, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

## CLASSICS

### Maurice Gendron

MAURICE GENDRON RECITAL—Epic LC-3753 and BC-1115: *Traumerei*, by Schumann; *The Swan from Carnival of Animals*, by Saint-Saëns; *Introduction and Variations on One String on a Theme from Rossini's Moses*, by Paganini; *Chorale, Ich ruf' zu Dir Herr Jesu Christ*, by Bach; *largo from Xerxes*, by Handel; *Spanish Dance No. 1*, from *La Vida Breve*, by Falla; *Andaluza*, by Granados; *Moto Perpetuo*, by Fritzhagen; *Serenade, Op. 54, No. 2*, by Popper; *Liebesleid*, by Kreisler.

Personnel: Gendron, cello; Peter Gallion, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The blessings of the long-playing record have obviated the need for music to be restricted to the three-minute snippets that once were the staples of the trade. Still, it would be a shame if an entire generation were to grow up, bent solemnly over their complete versions of the masterworks, without tasting the simpler pleasures of *The Swan* or the Handel *largo*.

Cloying as this kind of encore music can be when taken in steady doses, an artist who appreciates the charm of miniatures, as Gendron does, can break down the prejudices of even the most obstinately serious listener.

Technically, as well as in matters of taste, he is a top-drawer cellist, and he carries off this music consummately. The Granados selection, by the way, is the one usually identified as *Spanish Dance No. 5*. (D.H.)

### Oistrakh/Bach

DAVID OISTRAKH PLAYS BACH SONATAS—Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft SLP-138677: *Sonatas for Violin and Harpsichord, Nos. 5 in F Minor (BWV 1018); No. 6 in G Major (BWV 1019)*.

Personnel: Oistrakh, violin; Hans Pischner, harpsichord.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Oistrakh recorded both these works some years back with piano accompaniment and seems to have special affection for them. But unless one owns the complete set of six as recorded by Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick with violin and harpsichord, long since dropped by Columbia, the authentic sound of this music has not been available.

The gain over the piano version is tremendous, and comparison with Oistrakh's former records of the same music ought to persuade any doubters that the harpsichord's peculiar coloration was what Bach had in mind here.

These sonatas are genuine partnerships between the keyboard instrument and the violin, not simple accompanied pieces. Oistrakh plays with surprising style, without much rubato and virtually without vibrato, emphasizing the interplay of notes rather than tonal richness.

Of course, this project would fall on its face if the harpsichordist were not capable of holding up his end. Pischner does that, and more, handling with notable virtuosity the solo movement of the *G Major* sonata. (D.H.)

### Kodaly/Liszt

KODALY AND LISZT—Epic LC-3752 and BC-1114: *Hary Janos Suite*, by Kodaly; *Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2*, by Liszt.

Personnel: Vienna Symphony Orchestra, Tihor Paul, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In the right hands, a warhorse is never too old. Paul, whatever his qualifications may be in other areas, is the right man to shoot adrenalin into the three spavined works on this record. The *Hary Janos* manages to be wildly Hungarian without sounding like a parody: Paul is as good in the noisy portions as in the love song of the third movement.

Even more remarkable are the two Liszt rhapsodies, which only an expert can conduct well despite the fact that every pop concert baton-waver counts them in his repertory.

The trick is in the delicate adjustment of tempos between the alternating slow section (the *lassan*) and the frenzied *fiska*, in which the frustrations built up earlier are allowed to boil over. The Vienna orchestra, whose personnel fluctuates, sounds top-notch here. (D.H.)

## JAZZ

### Cannonball Adderley

AFRICAN WALTZ—Riverside 377: *Something Different; West Coast Blues; Snake Gets in Your Eyes; The Uptown; Stockholm Sweetnin'; African Waltz; Blue Brass Groove; Kelly Blue; Letter from Home; I'll Close My Eyes*.

Personnel: Nat Adderley, Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, Nick Travis, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Melba Liston, Jimmy Cleveland, Paul Faulise, trombones; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; George Dorsey, alto saxophone, flute; Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone, flute, piccolo; Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophone, flute; Arthur Clarke, baritone saxophone; Don Butterfield, tuba; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Ray Barretto, conga drum; Charlie Persip or Louis Hayes, drums. Tracks 6, 9; George Matthews, Arnett Sparrow, trombone, replace Brookmeyer, Miss Liston; Joe Newman, trumpet, replaces Travis; Michael Olatunji, African drums, replaces Barretto.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Ernie Wilkins has written a set of funk-grooved arrangements based in most cases on funk-grooved compositions for a potentially excellent big band featuring the Adderley brothers. As can be seen from the personnel, this is a strong, highly capable line up. But Wilkins has kept his writing within a relatively narrow area, and the solo possibilities of the band are scarcely explored at all since the Adder-

ley brothers and Wynton Kelly get practically all the solo space.

Taken one at a time, these are skillful performances that draw on the writing of some of the more provocative current jazzmen — Wes Montgomery, Junior Mance, Kelly, and Nat Adderley. But strung out one after the other, Wilkins' sameness of treatment emphasizes the similar vein in which all these men are composing.

Two arrangements by Bob Brookmeyer (*Stockholm Sweetnin'* and *I'll Close My Eyes*), lighter and airier than Wilkins', provide a welcome change of pace along with a treatment, by Wilkins, of *Snake Gets in Your Eyes* that shows off Cannonball as a warmly romantic but disciplined ballad soloist.

Cannon's alto fits well into the big-band format—he has the talent for emerging from an ensemble with an exciting promise—but Nat Adderley is the most consistently effective of the soloists. Both brothers have distilled their onetime flamboyance to stronger, sturdier styles, but it is Nat, partly through the nature of his horn, who has arrived at the more intriguingly lean, pungent conception.

*African Waltz*, which has won some acclaim because, as a single, it managed to get into the upper reaches of the pop music charts, is just about what you'd expect to find on the pop charts—a heavy, repetitious riff given some interest only by Richardson's bright piccolo soaring over the lumbering ensemble.

An interesting semantic distinction is made on the back liner: Orrin Keepnews' notes assert that the orchestra is "led" by Cannonball but, according to the credits, it is "conducted" by Ernie Wilkins who also wrote most of the arrangements and, presumably, had some positive notions of how they should be played. (J.S.W.)

### Dave Bailey

REACHING OUT—Jazztime 003: *Reaching Out; Our Miss Brooks; A Flick of a Trick; One for Elena; Baby, You Should Know; Falling in Love with Love*.

Personnel: Frank Haynes, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Billy Gardner, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This collection has several things to recommend it, not the least of which is the work of Green. This is the first record issued, to my knowledge, on which Green plays without an organ wheezing in the background. (There is another organless date in the can at Delmar. It features Green with tenor man Jimmy Forrest, but it has not been issued because of Forrest's contractual obligations.)

The others on this date, with the exception of Gardner, who seems more con-



cerned with Red Garland than himself, turn in fine performances also, especially Tucker, who with strong walking lines and biddle-lee-bumps lifts the whole group up on his shoulders. And Bailey should be commended for the restraint he shows by not including a drum solo in his own album.

Haynes, a musician I'd like to hear more of, is of that small group of tenor men who, having absorbed the messages of John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins, as well as Stan Getz, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, and Lester Young, have found their own way. Several times in the course of the record, he sounds very much like two of the other members of this small coterie, Stan Turrentine and Oliver Nelson. His playing, especially on *Baby*, is to the point, tasty, and above all, quite human.

But it is Green who does most to lift this simple blowing session out of the common. His playing is spare, not unlike that of Kenny Burrell with a touch of Jimmy Raney. The Raney touches, I believe, may derive more from the instrumentation of this date than from anything else—the tenor-guitar front line seems destined always to put listeners in mind of the Getz-Raney group of years gone by.

The guitarist's best work of the album, and his best on records, comes in three finely-lined choruses on *Falling*; he draws a line through the solo to its logical conclusion.

Gardner would have sounded better, in all probability, had he been given an intune piano on which to play. It would seem that Nola's Penthouse Studios, where this record was made, could, with all due respect to its vaunted reputation, call in a piano tuner before recording sessions.

(D.DeM.)

### Rocky Boyd

EASE IT—Jazztime 001: *Avars*; *Stella* by *Starlight*; *Why Not?*; *Ease It*; *Samba de orfeu*; *West 42nd Street*.

Personnel: Boyd, tenor saxophone; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Ron Carter, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

As evident in this album, Boyd has not emerged from the admittedly hard-to-escape influence of John Coltrane. While Boyd succeeds in *sounding* like Coltrane, he does not *play* like him. His playing is urgent, for the most part, but the end result of urgency, an emotional impact, fails to materialize. The greatest detraction to the whole album, and this is not restricted to Boyd alone, is that, in the end, nothing much happens, though Dorham and Bishop, especially Bishop, occasionally spiral above the pedestrian—but not often enough to save the date.

Bishop, though lacking in some areas, crashes through his limitations on *Avars*, *Why Not?*, and *Ease It*, turning in the rough-edged but definite statements so much a part of his playing. Dorham is best on *Ease It*, a boppish Paul Chambers tune, in which he builds his solo around one phrase for 36 bars, bringing it to a resounding conclusion. But not even Dorham can lift the stulted *Stella* out of the funereal rut dug by Boyd.

On the whole, this is a depressing and disappointing date. Perhaps next time . . .

(D.DeM.)

### Victor Feldman

MERRY OLDE SOUL: Riverside 9366—*For Dancers Only*; *Lisa*; *Serenity*; *You Make Me Feel So Young*; *Come Sunday*; *The Man I Love*; *Blake's Blues*; *I Want to Be Wanted*; *Mosey on Down*.

Personnel: Feldman, vibraphone, piano; Hank Jones, piano (tracks 2, 5, 9); Louis Hayes, drums; Sam Jones or Andy Simpkins, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Feldman has revealed, during his five years or so in this country, an unusual degree of adaptability. By this I don't mean that he can change styles chameleon-like to fit the setting, but rather that his style, just as it stands, is equally comfortable in a remarkable variety of contexts, from the Woody Herman band to the Cannonball Adderley Quintet and the Peggy Lee accompanying unit.

Partly because of his ability to combine eclecticism with a personality of his own, partly because of the greater exposure when there's nothing around but a rhythm section, he seems to be at his best on the albums that have been released under his own name.

In this amiable set he plays vibes on four tracks (three of which have the supple support of Hank Jones), piano on four, and both on *You Make Me Feel So Young*, *Lisa*, which he wrote with Torrie Zito, is one of those now-prevalent tunes that seem to be nothing but minor sixths and sevenths. This comment is not meant derogatorily; it's a most agreeable piece. Of the three other originals, two are conventional blues but the other, *Serenity*, is a beautiful and touching work, one of his

best recorded piano solos, gracefully living up to its title. *For Dancers Only*, the old Sy Oliver riff, gets a pleasantly gentle workout with some Red Garlandish chording by Vic. *Come Sunday* is a short and tender salute to the Ellington theme. Another most attractive track is the Italian song *I Want to Be Wanted*, a recent pop hit effectively sublimated in this piano treatment.

Jones and Hayes furnish first-rate support, and Simpkins, in his single appearance (*Young*), acquires himself well in both section and solo work.

I doubt that Feldman could always be readily identified in a *Blindfold Test*, but his work is logical, skillful, and soulful, and he swings consistently.

By the way, the cover photo, is not only unmertry; it's inexcusably unkind. (L.G.F.)

### Stan Free

PIANO A LA PERCUSSION—Old Town 2002: *Manteca*; *I Love You Much Too Much*; *Kwivers*; *Blue Lester*; *I Worry 'Bout You*; *Seven Come Eleven*; *Time on My Hands*; *That Old Black Magic*; *Mood Indigo*.

Personnel: Free, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Maurice Mark, drums; Jose Mangual, Carl (Patato) Valdes, Latin drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

By the implied admission of annotator Mort Fega, this is not an album of "consequence." Not that we have to take his word for it; the music speaks for itself. Supported by the unpretentiously healthy swinging of Benjamin's bass and Mark's drums, plus the intelligently utilized Afro-Cuban percussion of Valdes and Mangual,

## JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, reissue, 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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Charles Bell *Contemporary Jazz Quartet* (Columbia 1582)  
Berklee School Students, *Jazz in the Classroom, Vol. V* (Berklee Records 5)  
John Coltrane, *My Favorite Things* (Atlantic 1361)  
Lester Flatt-Earl Scruggs, *Foggy Mountain Band* (Columbia 8364)  
Frank Sinatra, (vocal) *Ring-a-Ding-Ding!* (Reprise 1001)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

*The Bill Broonzy Story*, (vocal) (Verve 3000-5)  
Ted Curson, *Plenty of Horn* (Old Town 2003)

★ ★ ★ ★

Cannonball Adderley, *Cannonball En Route* (Mercury 20616)  
Ida Cox, (vocal reissue) *The Moanin' Grounin' Blues* (Riverside 147)  
Rev. Gary Davis-Pink Anderson, (vocal reissue) *Gospel, Blues, and Street Songs* (Riverside 148)  
Duke Ellington, *Piano in the Background* (Columbia 1546)  
Don Ewell, *Man Here Plays Fine Piano* (Good Time Jazz 12043)  
Aretha Franklin, (vocal) *Aretha* (Columbia 1612 and 8412)  
Curtis Fuller, *Boss of the Soul-Stream Trombone* (Warwick 2038)  
Benny Golson, *Take a Number from 1 to 10* (Argo 681)  
Bennie Green, *Hornful of soul* (Bethlehem 6054)  
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) "Lightnin'" (Prestige/Bluesville 1019)  
Lightnin' Hopkins, (vocal) *Lightning Strikes Again* (Dart 8000)  
J. J. Johnson, *J.J., Inc.* (Columbia 1606)  
Duke Jordan, *Flight to Jordan* (Blue Note 4046)  
*The Carmen Leggio Group* (Jazz Unlimited 1000)  
*Toshiko Mariano Quartet* (Candid 8012)  
Pee Wee Russell, *Swingin' with Pee Wee* (Prestige/Swingville 2008)  
Pete Seeger, (vocal) *Indian Summer* (Folkways 3851)  
*Pete Seeger in Concert*, (vocal) (Folklore 1)  
*Gemini: Les Spann* (Jazzland 35)  
Big Joe Williams, (vocal) *Hard Times* (Arhoolie 1002)



Something Old,  
 Much That's New,  
 Something Afro, A Lot That's Blue...  
 and all on RIVERSIDE

That's not exactly the way the old saying used to go, but it's  
 an excellent way of  
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 notable  
 new albums by outstanding  
 jazz talents:



**EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS** is a new addition to the Riverside roster of jazz stars. His vast capacity for creating tenor-sax excitement sparks the unique "something Afro"—a surging excursion that utilizes Ray Barretto's fiery Latin Percussion Section and a swinging trumpet trio headed by Clark Terry. **AFRO-JAWS** (RLP 373; Stereo 9373)

**GEORGE RUSSELL** is the master of a brand of new music that draws much power and appeal from a deep understanding of older jazz roots. His Sextet's brilliant second album for Riverside features Eric Dolphy, Don Ellis, Don Baker—and includes tunes by Miles and Monk, plus trombonist Baker's remarkably funky blues, "Honesty." **EZZ-THETICS** (RLP 375; Stereo 9375)

**JIMMY HEATH** is undoubtedly one of the brightest triple-threats of the '60s: tenorman, composer and arranger. His lyricism, fire and strength in all categories are on display here, as he blends with Freddie Hubbard's trumpet and Julius Watkins' French horn, with stellar rhythm support from brothers Percy & Albert Heath. **THE QUOTA** (RLP 372; Stereo 9372)

**IDA COX** was one of the very greatest of the great blues singers of the 1920s. Her new album does far more than recall old glories—it stands on its own as a superior evocation of the depth and poetry of the blues, with superb assistance from two all-time giants: Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge. **BLUES FOR RAMPART STREET** (RLP 374; Stereo 9374)



pianist Free has himself a whale of a good time with a widely varying selection of tunes, from the heavily Latinized *Manteca* of Dizzy Gillespie to his own *Kwivers*.

Free is a broadly accomplished, though not a notably original pianist; his treatments are individually imaginative, but it is in the area of improvisation that he tends to fall short of genuine jazz excitement. Moreover, his touch is on the pedestrian side, lacking in subtlety and rather harsh.

For all that, though, there is evident here a happy, joyful conception that makes for relaxed presentation. If the jazz doesn't grab you by the necktie, it doesn't lull you to boredom, either. (J.A.T.)

### Terry Gibbs

THE EXCITING TERRY GIBBS BIG BAND—Verve 2151: *Day In, Day Out*; *Summit Blues*; *Limerick Waltz*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*; *Nose Cone*; *Too Close for Comfort*; *Main Stem*; *Ja-Da*; *T. & S.*

Personnel: Charlie Kennedy, Joe Maini, alto saxophones; Richie Kamuca, Bill Perkins, tenor saxophones; Jack Nimitz, baritone saxophone; Ray Triscari, Al Porcino, Stu Williamson, Frank Huggins, Conte Candoli, trumpets; Vern Friley, Bob Edmonton, Frank Rosolino, trombones; Gibbs, vibraharp; Pat Moran, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If you heard the splendid Bill Holman big-band set on Capitol a few months ago, you know what to expect here. Four of the arrangements are by Holman, and the others are in a similar groove; the personnel is almost identical, since Holman borrowed Gibbs' band for his date.

The only difference is that the presence of a focal figure like Gibbs makes the results even more exciting. He is the logical person to lead a modern orchestra, just as Lionel Hampton was a galvanic and effective leader in the swing era. Big-band jazz gains a dimension when it is used at least partially as a setting for a brilliant central virtuoso.

What stands out most vividly after a few hearings of these sides is that even though this band unfortunately has only been able to work together sporadically, there is a group feeling, a cohesion and excitement, that is communicated consistently to the listener. As Gibbs delights in pointing out, the guys enjoy playing together. The result is not a probing or experimental session, since it never attempts to be, but an enjoyable, swinging, and entertaining one, deftly written and played.

Almost every track is of some special interest, but Holman's delightful *Limerick* stands out as the best jazz waltz in a long time. Based on a more or less traditional 16-bar pattern, it is most attractively voiced and has good solos by Maini, Rosolino, and Gibbs. *Georgia Brown*, surprisingly, is another excellent track. Somehow Manny Albam contrived to give new life to this weary standard. Albam's *Main Stem* is an inventive variation on Duke Ellington's up blues.

Other first-rate items are Al Cohn's *Nose Cone* and *T. & S.* Tenor solos are by Perkins on *Day In* and *Main Stem*, Kamuca on *Too Close*. All the blowing is adequate, but the chief value of the album lies in the three factors that earned it the five-star verdict: the arrangers, the ensemble feeling, and Gibbs himself. Lewis, Clark, and Miss Moran are a great rhythm section, too.

A small orchid also should be handed to Wally Heider, thanks to whose engineering the band came completely to life in its transfer from the Summit night club on Sunset Blvd., where the band was re-recorded in performance, to the stereo speakers in my living room. If you ride the gain to get a true picture of how this gang really sounds, you'll get as much of a kick out of it as if you'd been there.

(L.G.F.)

### Dizzy Gillespie

GILLESPIANA—Verve 8394: *Prelude*; *Blues*; *Pan-Americana*; *Africana*; *Toccata*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Boris (Lalo) Schifrin, piano; Art Davis, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums; Ernie Royal, Clark Terry, Joe Wilder, John Frosk, trumpets; Urbie Green, Frank Rehak, Britt Woodman, Paul Faulise, trombones; Julius Watkins, Gunther Schuller, James Buffington or Morris Secon, Al Richman or William Lister, French horns; Don Butterfield, tuba; Candido, conga drum; Willie Rodriguez, timbales, timpani; Jack del Rio, bongos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Composed by Schifrin, 28-year-old pianist from Argentina now with Gillespie's quintet, *Gillespiana* is a distinguished work written expressly to exploit the trumpeter's remarkable talent. Structurally, the composer chose to fashion his work after the 18th-century suite form and in concerto grosso format. Hence, we have here five distinct pieces of varying mood and of contrasting feeling. In all five, Gillespie's is the dominant voice, followed by Wright on alto and flute and by the composer's piano.

*Prelude* is fast and angry with initial statements by Gillespie and Wright, on alto. In this, and in the other pieces, the quintet is the assault unit, the nucleus of the swinging pulse; in the background the brass mutters and blazes like artillery support.

Beginning in a subdued vein, *Blues* brings Wright's flute to the forefront stating a theme based on a familiar set of changes. Then, Gillespie embarks on a long, muted solo at medium tempo backed by the socking rhythm section of his quintet. Wright's flute re-enters for further commentary before the muted brass waxes dramatic and serves to introduce Schifrin's piano. (This musical buildup for himself is permissible composer's license and may be noted in many motion pictures behind the titles as the composer's name appears on the screen.) Schifrin plays an understated solo full of delicacy which builds to a restrained climax paving the way for a reprise of the original quiet mood.

*Pan-Americana* comes on, as they say, like *Gangbusters*, furious and racing and with sharply delineated brass figures behind Wright's volcanic alto. Schifrin follows with a rippling eloquent and bop-pishly sophisticated piano solo. In this piece the composer's use of Afro-Cuban rhythms melded with muted brasses in altering dynamic relationship is notable.

The second side is divided into two long sections, *Africana* and *Toccata*, which presumably aim at summing up musical origins and illustrating their ultimate blending in the New World. Gillespie opens *Africana* with some wildly evocative trumpet calls embellished in the same vein by the French horns. Gillespie's trumpet figures individualize the mood primeval, and Wright's flute carries the feeling fur-

ther as the brasses erupt in jungle chaos.

A flurry of Afro-Cuban time relationships immediately set the pattern of *Toccata* as the percussion and the trumpet section, explosively led by Royal, carry on a balanced interplay. Wright bursts into the open on alto followed by a trombone duet by Rehak and Green. Then Dizzy's open horn, building phrase upon phrase, statement after statement, leads the piece to a shouting climax, subsiding amid the explosion of brass and percussion.

This is not only a further testimonial to Gillespie; it is also a taste of Schifrin's burgeoning compositional talent. (J.A.T.)

### Johnny Griffin

CHANGE OF PACE—Riverside 363: *Soft and Furry*; *In the Still of the Night*; *The Last of the Fat Pants*; *Same to You*; *Connie's Bounce*; *Situations*; *Nocturne*; *Why Not?*; *As We All Know*.

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Julius Watkins, French horn (tracks 2, 3, 5, 6, 8); Bill Lee, Larry Gales, basses; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The combination of two basses (one bowed, the other plucked), French horn, tenor saxophone, and drums that Griffin has brought together opens some unusually interesting possibilities for jazz explorations. The ensemble blend creates a fresh sound which, by itself, gives several of these pieces a texture sufficiently different from the accustomed to set them apart. In fact, the album succeeds almost in direct proportion to Griffin's use of the group as listed above. When the French horn is dropped and both basses play pizzicato, the nature of the playing changes completely and becomes a familiar blowing session, although Griffin is in fine-edged form and makes the blowing consistently interesting.

The bowed-and-plucked bass combination produces a rich, strong string foundation which could prove to be the solution for all those horn men who yearn to play with strings. This provides the inimitable sound of strings but on a level and in a swinging style that eludes the string quartets that have usually been used for such purposes. Add to that the woody, mellow sound of Watkins' cool, calm French horn to contrast with Griffin's knife-edged saxophone, and the interplay becomes fascinating.

As an additional adventurous bit of lagniappe, Griffin plays a beautiful cleaned-up, lyrically probing solo of *Nocturne* that reveals a serene side of his playing that is usually obscured by his strongly outgoing attack. (J.S.W.)

### Joe Harriott

SOUTHERN HORIZONS—Jazzland 9375: *Still Goofin'*; *Count 12*; *Senor Blues*; *Southern Horizons*; *Jumpin' with Joe*; *Lingin'*; *Caravan*; *You Go to My Head*; *Tuesday Morning Swing*.

Personnel: Hank Shaw or Shake Keane, trumpet; Harriott, alto saxophone; Harry South, piano; Coleridge Goode, bass; Bobby Orr, drums; Frank Holder, bongos.

Rating: ★ ★

Harriott, an alto player from Jamaica, B.W.I., is heard here with two groups, a 1959 one with Shaw on trumpet and a 1960 one on which Keane played trumpet and flugelhorn and the bongos were added. Harriott for some time has been acknowledged one of Britain's warmest and most fluent alto men, and on several of these tracks he is impressive.

The trumpeters have their moments,

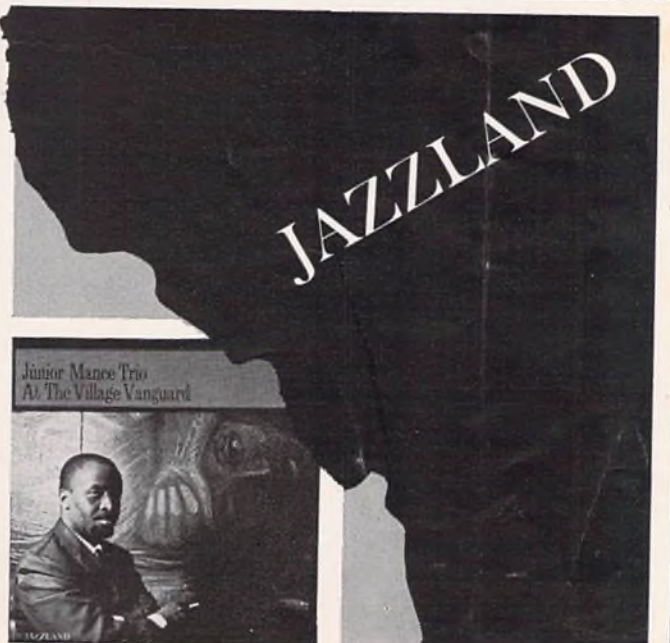


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too: Shaw sounds a little like Thad Jones in certain muted moments on *Count 12*, and Keane is effective in *You Go to My Head*.

The rest of the group doesn't measure up to the front line, though the recording may be partly to blame. The sound is generally attenuated; on the title tune, the level suddenly increases during the piano solo. The ensemble sound itself, partly because of the instrumentation, seems very thin and light; during the first chorus of *Caravan*, I checked my turntable to make sure it was not running at 45 r.p.m.

The bongo and drum solos, though adequate, don't add to the originality or continuity of the proceedings, and the six originals include only two attractive tunes, the title number and *Liggin'*, both written by pianist South. The other four are conventional open-and-close frames, three of them based on the blues.

There's a touch of irony in the authorship of the notes to this unmistakably modern LP. They're by that unreconstructed anti-modernist, Stanley Dance. When Hugues Panassié sees what his pen pal has been up to, he's liable to write him out of the Hot Club. (L.G.F.)

#### Coleman Hawkins

NIGHT HAWK — Prestige/Swingville 2016: *Night Hawk*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *In a Mellow Tone*; *Don't Take Your Love from Me*; *Pedalin'*.

Personnel: Hawkins, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophones; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Pairing Hawkins with another tenor man is not a new idea, but it certainly is a productive one. It seems that if a challenge is cast by the other tenorist, Hawkins rises like a behemoth to crush the contender. Fanciful perhaps, but Hawk always has been a fierce competitor. He has spoken with relish of the cutting contests he used to indulge in, and Mary Lou Williams and Jo Jones recalled in *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya* the monumental cutting session in Kansas City when Hawkins, who was still with Fletcher Henderson, accepted the challenge of Lester Young, Herschel Evans, and Ben Webster and ended the night with his shirt off trying to blow down the KC men.

I doubt if the Master had his shirt off this session, but judging by the way he played on *There Is No Greater Love* and *Mellow Tone*, he at least must have had his coat off. For whether these two tracks were intended as cutting contests or not, they come out that way—and Hawkins wins hands down.

His three successive choruses on *Greater* are magnificent; his fine sense of form and rhythmic construction (several times during this solo and others in the album he uses various rhythmic figures, usually preceded by a group of two or three grace notes as sort of leitmotifs) are exceptional, even for him.

But these things are secondary to the emotional wallop of the three choruses; he throws out a hook, grabs you, and whirls you through the solo with him. Davis, who is in excellent form throughout most of the album, could only be anti-climatic after such an exposition.

Though Davis is in fine form and in

some instances staves off Hawkins, he is cut at his own game in *Mellow Tone*, as Hawkins answers him phrase for impassioned phrase in the exchange of comments after the two- and one-chorus solos by the two men.

But Davis comes out on top in the title tune with a better solo than Hawkins, who, though he "composed" the tune at the session, is content to skim and skitter across the surface and never comes to grips with it.

The best solo on this track is by Flanagan, who succeeds in showing a few roots without pulling them up to wave. The pianist's touch and sound combine with his ideas to give a picture of firmness but not harshness, gentleness but not femininity.

Ken McIntyre's blues, *Pedalin'*, is the weakest track. Hawkins, who to my mind, has never been a great blues player, merely goes through the motions. Davis, who has proved himself on blues in the past, is a bit disappointing after his fine work on the other tracks.

The album is worth having for *Greater* and *Mellow Tone*; everything else is gravy. (D.DeM.)

#### Budd Johnson

LET'S SWING—Prestige/Swingville 2015: *Serenade in Blue*; *I Only Have Eyes for You*; *Downtown Manhattan*; *Someone to Watch over Me*; *Falling in Love with Love*; *Blues by Budd*; *Uptown Manhattan*.

Personnel: Johnson, tenor saxophone; Keg Johnson, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Tenor saxophonist Johnson, who has been a jazz musician for more than three decades and is currently with the Count Basic band, might almost be termed a compulsive swinger, for everything he plays on this disc is marked by a buoyant propulsiveness. He has a full, broad tone on the horn and possesses an approach much like that of Lester Young, though Johnson's is a much more aggressive, forceful style than Young's characteristic loping, lagalong approach. The most obvious point of similarity between the two is in their phrase construction (long, sweeping lines that wholly disregard bar divisions, for instance), for here the two conceptions would almost appear to be identical—they parallel so closely.

Budd has an excellent second voice in his brother Keg, whose burry, virile trombone is heard on all but one of the seven selections. Since this is so obviously Budd's date, however, Keg's contribution is mostly a complementary one: his horn is used to back up and reinforce his brother's playing. The trombonist provides an effective contrapuntal voice in the ensembles. His occasional solos are models of spare, tight, logical construction and are suffused with his special brand of pungent and biting wit. His tone—dry and breathy—quite often suggests a French horn.

The arrangements are of the sketchiest variety, used only to hang the solos on. Thanks to the maturity of the horn men there is a reflective, unhurried quality to this blowing date, as, for instance, in their quiet, breath-taking reworking of *Someone to Watch over Me*. It is evident, on the basis of this collection alone, that both Johnsons still have a great deal to

say. But for the lack of preparation (there's really not much to raise this disc above the level of a routine studio session, in the final analysis), the rating would have been higher. In all, it's a pleasant, unpretentious album of easy, straightforward swing. (P.W.)

#### James P. Johnson

BACKWATER BLUES—Riverside 151: *Charleston*; *I've Got My Habits On*; *Yampin' Liza Jane*; *Gypsy Blues*; *Don't Tell Your Monkey Man*; *Daintiness Rag*; *It Takes Love to Cure the Heart's Disease*; *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor*; *Backwater Blues*; *Railroad Man*; *Baltimore Buzz*; *Caprice Rag*.

Personnel: Johnson, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The player-piano roll has proved to be an unusual source of earlier jazz performances because it can be transferred to a recording with all the advantages of present-day recording techniques rather than the tinny quality of contemporary (early '20s) piano recording. At the same time, piano rolls impose limitations—technical limitations on how much shading, for instance, can be caught by some holes in a piece of paper. Limitations, too, on repertory, for these rolls were aimed at a basically "popular" market. So on this disc we hear Johnson working his way through some period pop tunes along with his own *Charleston* (a far-above-average pop tune), two of his rags and Bessie Smith's *Backwater Blues* but imbuing all of the pieces with a lightly swinging lilt that carries them along easily.

He was a wonderfully engaging pianist who could throw in sly twists and turns so unobtrusively that they never interfered with the direct flow of a tune that popular consumption demanded (one of his slyest bits in this collection is a momentary fade-in of his own *Old-Fashioned Love* during *Don't Tell Your Monkey Man*).

One can assume that most of these rolls were routine performances for Johnson, but they have a freshness and sparkle that have not faded in the least in all the intervening years. (J.S.W.)

#### Jackie McLean

A LONG DRINK OF THE BLUES—Prestige/New Jazz 8253: *A Long Drink of the Blues*; *Embraceable You*; *I Cover the Waterfront*; *These Foolish Things*.

Personnel: Track 1—McLean, alto, tenor saxophones; Webster Young, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Gil Coggins, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Louis Hayes, drums. Tracks 2-4—McLean, alto saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano; Arthur Phipps, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

JACKIE'S BAG—Blue Note 4051: *Quadrangle*; *Blues Inn*; *Fidel*; *Appointment in Ghana*; *A Ballad for Doll*; *Isle of Java*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-3—McLean, alto saxophone; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Sonny Clark, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Tracks 4-6—McLean, alto saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Tina Brooks, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

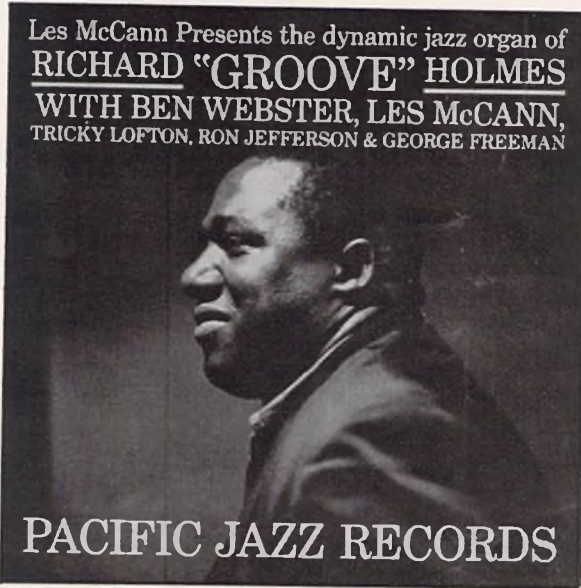
These two records contain the essences of what some are calling the Old and the New Jackie McLean. The Prestige date, made about three years ago, is the superior album, mainly because of the altoists' arresting work on the three ballads. Arresting may not be the best term to describe McLean's impassioned playing in any circumstance, but on these ballads he yanks you by the ears and makes you listen—which is one way of arresting, I guess.

His inventiveness in the ballads is well illustrated in *Foolish Things*. Made up of



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three choruses, as are the other two, (McLean plays the first two choruses, Waldron a half, and the altoist takes the last half of the third chorus), this track, I feel, contains the best McLean of both albums. During the course of the performance, he, of course, plays each bridge, and it is here that McLean shows his gifts in such a clear light that no one should miss them. Each of the bridges, while attacked and formed similarly, gives a different emotional experience to the listener. The effect is not unlike that of a mobile—diffusion of effect within a whole.

The title track (really two tracks: the first few minutes are given over to a hassle among the musicians) of the Prestige album which takes up the first side lives up to its name but doesn't come up to the ballads. Of course, it's a different thing entirely, but even so, it rambles, though there are two good solos by Fuller and an excellent one by Young. McLean plays tenor on one of his solos in this blues dissertation, but the larger horn becomes clumsy in his hands. His alto solo later in the track, though, is full of the stress and heat that makes McLean the excellent jazzman he is.

And the stress, heat, and passion of the Old remain in the New McLean, though some of these qualities have been tamed by the forces of the altoist's growing musical maturity. Instead of a jagged-edge dagger, he now uses a well-honed scalpel to make his points. But some of the primitiveness of the Prestige date is missing from the Blue Note. All the participants play well, and the thematic content, all McLean's work, is interesting, but still I miss the intensity of the first album.

Old or New, McLean is always worth hearing. (D. DeM.)

#### Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN AND THE CONCERT JAZZ BAND AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Verve 8396: *Blueport*; *Body and Soul*; *Black Nighttown*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Lady Chatterley's Mother*; *Let My People Be*.

Personnel: Nick Travis, Clark Terry, Don Ferrara, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Willie Dennis, Alan Ralph, trombones; Gene Quill, clarinet, alto saxophone; Bob Donovan, alto saxophone, Jim Reider, tenor saxophone; Gene Allen, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Mel Lewis, drums; Bill Crow, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The star system of rating records has both advantages and disadvantages, the former tending to outweigh the latter, and the most important advantage being, to my mind, that the decision on the number of stars to assign tends to clarify the writer's own thinking, minimizing the possibility of a noncommittal review.

But it can be frustrating. The Mulligan band's first LP was given five stars late last year. And it fully deserved them. Only . . . this is a better record than that first one!

It was recorded "live" at New York's Village Vanguard. (Of the several locations where I've heard the band, the Vanguard is the best for sound.) The disc has the vitality and fervor that one expects in a live performance, yet is free of that thin, unbalanced sound that non-studio sessions so often produce. I have never heard an on-the-spot recording with sound equal to this. It is excellent.

Musically, the disc has everything, in-

cluding superb ensemble playing and solos of consistently high quality. Most solos are by Mulligan, Brookmeyer, and Terry.

I sometimes think that taste is a function of wit. An artist needs the wit to keep his work always in perspective. Brookmeyer's solos are almost invariably humorous, as if he could not take his ability quite seriously. Even in conversation, he seems incapable (except perhaps among his most intimate friends) of considering his talent with anything but levity. Yet at the writing table, safely out of the public gaze, his full sensitivity comes to the fore, and it is in his writing that he consistently demonstrates that he is one of the most lyrical musicians in jazz today.

This was evident in the *Django's Castle* track in the first Mulligan band album; here it is manifest in his lovely arrangement of *Body and Soul*, with its delicate, breathy blends and rich sonorities. Nor is there ever danger of Brookmeyer's slipping over the edge from pathos into bathos. Like Paul Desmond, Miles Davis, Lorenz Hart, and many others, he has his sense of irony to tell him when he has gone just far enough. A beautiful, beautiful writer, Brookmeyer.

Mulligan also is blessed with a great lyrical sense—and great humor. He and Brookmeyer, in their solos, contribute majorly to the sense of fun that makes this album so infectious, though Terry makes the most potent single contribution to that spirit. On the opening track, *Blueport*, Terry and Mulligan mix it up in fours and eights, the high, singing, pixieish quality of Terry's trumpet a perfect foil and companion to Mulligan's amused, lumbering baritone. On the last track, *People*, Terry does a marvelous long solo that is obviously knocking the band out. They respond with a powerful though simple riff in unison reeds—evidently extemporaneously—and Terry and the band build together until, when he sits down to let the band have it all, everything is shouting. All things considered, this is probably the best track in an excellent album.

Reider has the unenviable task of replacing Zoot Sims in the tenor solos. But, with a sound much like Sims', he does well indeed. I was moved to overt chuckling by his Middle Eastern bit in his solo on *Blueport*.

Bassist Crow more than adequately replaces Buddy Clark, who left the band a while back to return to California. Lewis, who also has returned to California, was perfect for this band. He is a kick all through the disc, both to the band and to the listener. He has a rivet cymbal that has just about the most sizzling sound you ever heard, and he rides it with the assurance of a master. Like everyone else on the disc, Lewis has excellent taste.

The essences of this LP are vitality, humor, and, at times, an affecting beauty. It's very much worth not missing.—Lees

#### Shirley Scott

SHIRLEY'S SOUNDS: Prestige 7195: *It Could Happen to You*; *Summertime*; *There Will Never Be Another You*; *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*; *S'posin'*; *Baby Won't You Please Come Home?*; *Indiana*; *I Can't See for Lookin'*.

Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; George Duvivier or George Tuerker, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

If this were the first and only album of

its kind, the rating would be at least four stars. This, of course, is unfair to Miss Scott, but in these days of too many albums by too many artists, it is impossible to dodge an awareness of everything else that is going on, or a realization that this is another in a now enormous list of available LPs by Hammond organists, all of them good.

These sides swing throughout. Miss Scott is an excellent technician, and I happen to dig her policy of using a bass player rather than relying on the foot-pedals, especially since the bassist is George Duvivier. She gets a wonderful groove on *Blackbird* with its extended coda (and with Tucker as a capable replacement for Duvivier). *Baby* is a sympathetic treatment of a still-persuasive tune. *I Can't See for Lookin'*, a 1943 King Cole Trio hit, is a rather undistinguished melody.

The other tracks are just about what you would expect, at just about the tempos you would expect. All in all, it's a superior brand of cocktail music, the kind you associate with hip cocktail bars like Count Basie's (where I first heard Shirley with Lockjaw Davis) and similar spots around the country, all of which invariably employ Hammond organists.

I wish I could agree with the affectionate liner notes that "the number of possible sound qualities (on the Hammond organ) is literally infinite." Very few things are literally infinite, and no matter what you push and what you pull, a Hammond organ still sounds unmistakably like a Hammond organ—especially when you hear it for 36 straight minutes. But this is no reflection on Miss Scott, who unquestionably is one of the four or five top exponents.

Edgehill contributes unobtrusively but valuably to the good groove achieved by the trio. (L.G.F.)

#### Paul Serrano

BLUES HOLIDAY—Riverside 359: *Me, Too*; *Dream of Igor*; *Blues Holiday*; *Little Niles*; *Mr. Lucky*; *Everything's Coming up Roses*.

Personnel: Serrano, trumpet; Bunky Green, alto saxophone; Jodie Christian, piano; Don Garrett, bass; Pete La Roca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Serrano's quintet has a driving, penetrating attack that is carried partly by the leader's flaring, brassy trumpet, partly by Green's hard, lean, multinoted saxophone style. Christian's warmer, richer piano serves as a needed contrast to the urgent intensity of the two horn men. But, quite often, Christian's solos are not enough to offset the accumulation of bare-fanged playing that mounts up during the solos by Serrano and Green.

The group is given a better opportunity to show some depth on the three tunes that make up the second side (*Niles*, *Mr. Lucky*, *Roses*) than on the trio of pieces from its own repertory that opens the set. Serrano has a chance to play in a warm, lyrical style on *Niles* (he has a fine, full tone and does this sort of thing extremely well) and with a mute in a close approximation of Miles Davis on *Mr. Lucky*. *Everything's Coming up Roses* proves to be a better basis for an exultant, all-out, shouting performance than any of the three originals on the first side.

Christian, who has sounded quite prom-



ising on other records (particularly on Ira Sullivan's Delmar release) is pretty well buried here under the blunderbuss performances of Serrano and Green.

Serrano gives indications of having a fine potential, but Green is still so involved in playing lots of notes that he reveals no notable individuality. (J.S.W.)

#### Bobby Timmons

**EASY DOES IT**—Riverside 363: *Easy Does It; Old Devil Moon; A Little Busy; Ghost of a Chance; Pretty Memory; If You Could See Me Now; I Thought about You; Groovin' High.*  
Personnel: Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There isn't a measure of calculated groove-funk-soul, praise be, in this entire set. The album is the third under the 25-year-old pianist's name, and it is a model of unaffected, driving trio jazz. Jones and Cobb provide fine rhythm section support while Timmons extends himself from ballad (*Ghost*) to bop (*Groovin'*).

Timmons is a pianist who utilizes the full keyboard range in rounded two-handed fashion and without resorting to pianistic tricks to make his point. Instead, he concentrates on developing solos logically and with consummate taste, wrapping his ideas in whirling, perpetual-motion attacks.

This is not the Timmons of *Moanin'* and *This Here*; it is first-rate jazz piano playing with no label attached. (J.A.T.)

## OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

#### Roy Palmer/Ike Rodgers

**GUT-BUCKET TROMBONES**—Riverside 150: *Sic 'Em Tige; I Want to Be Your Lovin' Man; South African Blues; Tiger Moan; Georgia Grind; Barrel House Stomp; 21st Street Stomp; It Hurts So Good; Nickel's Worth of Liver; Good Chib Blues; My Man Blues; Prison Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-6—Palmer, trombone; Jimmy Blythe or Frank Melrose, piano; possibly Albert Bell, kazoo; Darnell Howard, clarinet, alto saxophone; Jimmy Bertrand, washboard; unknown banjo. Tracks 7, 8—Rodgers, trombone; Henry Brown, piano. Tracks 9, 10—Edith Johnson, vocals; Rodgers; Roosevelt Sykes, piano; Baby Jay, cornet. Tracks 11, 12—Alice Moore, vocal; Rodgers, Brown.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Palmer and Rodgers were both trombonists in the rough, lusty school of jazz that flourished in the Negro sections of Chicago and St. Louis in the '20s.

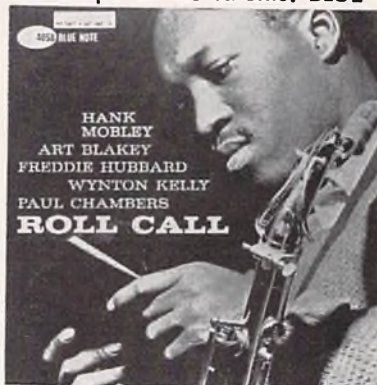
The Palmer sides, originally released as by the State Street Ramblers, are unqualifiedly good-time jazz, full of instrumental exuberance and some uncredited, wonderfully stimulating shouted singing. Palmer's trombone is fundamentally tailgate with an added assertiveness compounded of short, prodding stabs that is reflected today in the playing of Jimmy Arkey. One of the revelations of these pieces is the amazing potential of the kazoo in adept hands. Bell, the presumed kazooist, makes it a fascinatingly varied and practically legitimate instrument, ranging from lyricism to gutty growls and contributing to an unusual kazoo-clarinet duet on *Georgia Grind*.

Palmer worked on Chicago's south side while Rodgers played in St. Louis. Rodgers' trombone is more brooding and mulling than Palmer's, mixing the forthright roughness that is common to both men with an extremely provocative sinuousness. On four of his six selections, Rodgers appears

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as an accompanist to blues singers—Edith Johnson, who has an easy, brash style, and Alice Moore, a more plaintive and limited singer. In this role, Rodgers' playing is perceptively simple, direct, and very effective.

This is a collection of a type of jazz that is long gone but remains unusually fresh and appealing. (J.S.W.)

## VOCAL

### Chris Connor

DOUBLE EXPOSURE/CHRIS CONNOR AND MAYNARD FERGUSON—Atlantic 8049: *Summertime*; *I Only Have Eyes for You*; *It Never Entered My Mind*; *Two Ladies in the Shade of the Banana Tree*; *Spring Can Really Hang You up the Most*; *The Lonesome Road*; *All the Things You Are*; *Black Coffee*; *Happy New Year*; *That's How It Went All Right*.

Personnel: Miss Connor, vocals; Ferguson, trumpet, trombone, French horn; Chet Ferretti, Roll Ericson, Rick Kieler, Bill Berry, trumpets; Ray Winslow, Kenny Rupp, trombones; Joe Farrell, Willie Maiden, Frank Hittner, Lanny Morgan, reeds; Jaki Byard, piano; Charlie Sanders, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

TWO'S COMPANY WITH MAYNARD FERGUSON AND CHRIS CONNOR—Roulette 52068: *I Feel a Song Coming On*; *The Wind*; *New York's My Home*; *Guess Who I Saw Today?*; *When the Sun Comes Out*; *Send for Me*; *Where Do You Go?*; *Something's Coming*; *Deep Song*; *Can't Get Out of This Mood*.

Personnel: As above, except Kieler out; John Neves, bass, replaces Sanders.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

There's no indication on the liners of either of these albums as to when they were recorded or if the sessions for each fell close together. It might, perhaps, prove interesting to find out, for the feeling on the Atlantic sessions is much more relaxed, the recording is more alive, and the overall performances of both Miss Connor and the Ferguson band are better. Moreover, the Roulette set features (uncredited) arrangements that sometimes nudge pretention, in contrast to the charts on the Atlantic LP. On the latter date, all but two of the arrangements are by Don Sebesky; Willie Maiden wrote the charts on *Spring* and *All the Things*.

On the Atlantic album Miss Connor is in good voice throughout, and the band is in fine fettle. *Banana Tree* is up and charging and provides some of the more stimulating moments. On Tommy Wolf's lovely *Spring Can Really Hang You*, Miss Connor cheats a bit to avoid spanning the range, and Maiden's arrangement takes the whole thing too seriously. *Lonesome Road* is invested by Sebesky with a different look; in the intro he has the reeds simulating a battery of cellos before turning the piece into a rock-and-roll party. *Black Coffee* is appropriately funky. *Happy New Year*, a rather dreary ballad, is only routine. *That's How* is a riffy, mid-1950's opus distinguished mainly by a good Morgan alto solo. There are liberal doses of Ferguson high notery all over the place.

The Roulette set's principal shortcoming is unevenness of material and, indeed, performance. Miss Connor runs into a bit of intonation trouble on *The Wind*, a slow, moody ballad. *New York's My Home*, though, is a genuine question mark with both singer and band emanating decided insecurity. In attempting a departure from standard treatment of this production num-

ber, the arranger apparently decided on flexible tempos. All that results is confusion.

*Guess* is torched a la cool by the singer, and it goes over well. But the slow and bluesy *When the Sun Comes Out* suffers from uneven vocalizing. On the medium jump-tempoed *Send for Me* the band gets a good, ripe feel, but Miss Connor sounds as if she doesn't have her heart in it. *Where Do You Go?*, one of the loveliest popular songs ever written, has some notable scoring for woodwinds and finds Miss Connor almost out-Christying Christy. The long *Something's Coming*, with its elaborate concert arrangement, keeps one waiting in vain for it to arrive. It gets to be a bit of a bore. The melancholy and dragging *Deep Song (Love Is a Barren Land)* is a further example of overdoing things to the point of pretention.

The final track, *Can't Get Out of This Mood*, finds all concerned back in a comfortable groove. Behind Miss Connor, drummer Jones wallops the band with strong decision and she delivers the vocal with stimulating, straight-from-the-shoulder enthusiasm. (J.A.T.)

### Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS COLE PORTER—Verve 4049: *All Through the Night*; *Anything Goes*; *Miss Otis Regrets*; *Too Darn Hot*; *In the Still of the Night*; *I Get a Kick out of You*; *Do I Love You? Always True to You in My Fashion*; *Let's Do It*; *Just One of Those Things*; *Every Time We Say Goodbye*; *All of You*; *Begin the Beguine*; *Get out of Town*; *I Am in Love*; *From This Moment On*.

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Buddy Bregman, conductor; orchestra personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS MORE COLE PORTER—Verve 4050: *I Love Paris*; *You Do Something to Me*; *Ridin' High*; *Easy to Love*; *It's All Right with Me*; *Why Can't You Behave?*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *You're the Top*; *Love for Sale*; *It's Delovely*; *Night and Day*; *Ace in the Hole*; *So in Love*; *I've Got You under My Skin*; *I Concentrate on You*; *Don't Fence Me In*.

Personnel: As above.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

*The Cole Porter Song Book*, released about three years ago, began an extensive program of what might best be termed complete coverage by Miss Fitzgerald of America's leading songwriters. In reissue, that initial package has been split (as a dividend, no doubt, is split) into two albums separately covered but with identical liner notes.

This is still the definitive reading of Porter by a singer whose style and grace remain unchallenged. However, one reservation as to the Bregman's arrangements: They could have been more challenging to the singer. (J.A.T.)

### Norman Mapp

JAZZ AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT SOUL—Epic 16014: *In the Night*; *Blues in Bloom*; *I Worry About You*; *Who Do You Think You Are?*; *Dream Girl*; *Daddy Knows*; *Jazz Ain't Nothin' but Soul*; *Moamin' When I'm with You*; *Free Spirits*.

Personnel: Mapp, vocals; Clark Terry, trumpet; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Peck Morrison or George Duvivier, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

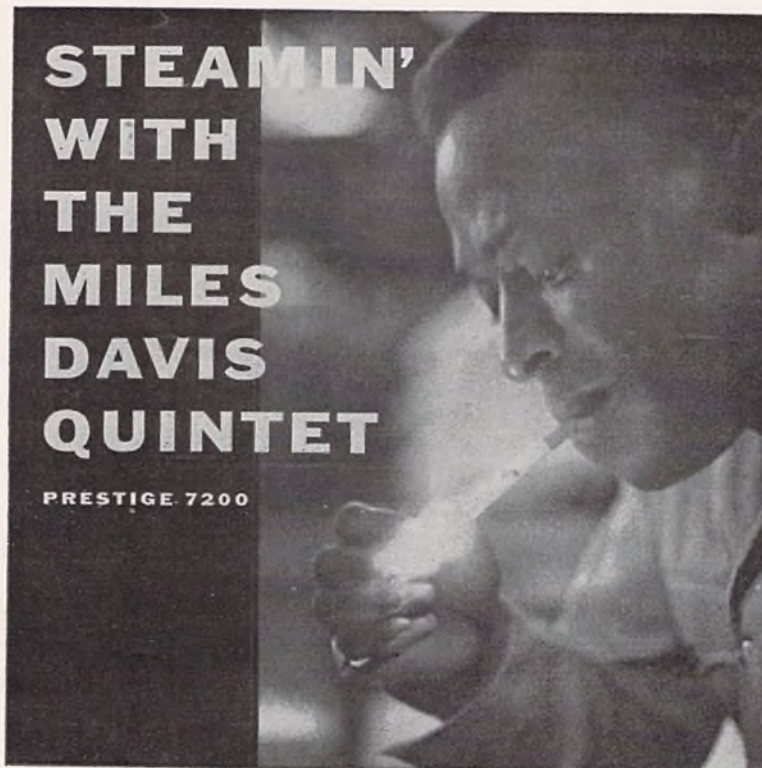
Rating: ★ ★ ½

The only problem with this album is that it seems premature. There can be no arguing the fact that Mapp has something, but at this point, that something is undefined and unfulfilled.

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young singer, it perhaps would be unkind to discuss the many problems on both sides of presenting an unseasoned vocalist with such jazz veterans as Terry and the others.

This business of writing one's own album is becoming more and more prevalent every month. Unfortunately, there is more to writing a song than stringing together rhymed lines and cramming them into the standard musical frame.

When *I'm with You* seemed to be the tune in the album that comes off as the artist might have hoped. It is a lovely ballad, simply presented and beautifully accompanied. On this track, much of the promise of the artist as a songwriter, vocalist, and entertainer are on display.

In time, I think Mapp is going to be all right. (B.G.)

#### Katie Bell Nubin

**SOUL. SOUL. SEARCHING** — Verve 3004: *Virgin Mary; Miami Storm; Pressin' On; When the Bridegroom Comes; Angels Watchin' over Me; Where's Adam?; Come over Here; I Shall Not Be Moved; Sad to Think of My Savior.*  
Personnel: Miss Nubin, vocals; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are two things that leave me with serious reservations about this album. The vocal equipment of Miss Nubin (reportedly more than 70) is obviously not what it used to be. The group with which she works apparently has not the slightest idea what she is about—and this group includes technicians and production personnel, as well as performers.

The impressive elderly woman apparently possesses the emotion and understanding of the tunes to transmit the message of each song; yet few of them come off with more than token interest.

The claim "Dizzy Gillespie and his Orchestra" is misleading. It would have been more accurate to say "Leo Wright, etc.," for the Gillespie altoist carries the heavy end of the jazz accompaniment. Gillespie comes in with fine obbligato support on three tunes.

*Miami* shows off some of Miss Nubin's best emotion-packed phrasing. Notice her ominous "pour out his judgment" in this tune.

I am unable to believe *Bridegroom* under any guise. The tune is hopelessly contrived, in spite on the story on which it is based.

Gillespie has some of his best trumpet work on *Adam*, but the tune is lost on me. It is overdone in its attempt at authenticity. The call and response does not convey the idea at all. Miss Nubin may be serious, Gillespie and group may be serious, the production crew may be serious. I can't believe it. The same holds true for *Come over Here*.

The most effective tune on the album is the granitelike *I Shall Not Be Moved*. Here the vocalist is solid and firm. Her strength and belief surge forth and hint at the power of being she must have.

There is an uncomfortable feeling about this album. The insincerity rings out. As for Miss Nubin, I should like to hear this vestige of a powerfully effective voice presented in a more familiar setting.

(B.G.)

#### Nina Simone

**FORBIDDEN FRUIT**—Colpix 419: *Rags and Old Iron; No Good Man; Gin House Blues; I'll Look Around; I Love to Love; Work Song; Where Can I Go Without You?; Just Say I Love Him; Memphis in June; Forbidden Fruit.*

Personnel: Miss Simone, vocals, piano; Chris White, bass; Bobby Hamilton, drums; Al Schuchman, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There are several entertaining high points in this album for pop or quasi-jazz lovers. But the over-all tone of the production is wrapped up neatly in its straight-line title as far as any jazz effort goes.

Miss Simone's biggest asset, to me, is her rich and often moving tone color. Her voice is warm and compelling, and she is at her most appealing when she sings the lyric simply. Her imagination seems limited in deciding where she should turn a phrase or emphasize when she attempts the tricky art of "jazz singing."

She is also effective with arty folk tunes. Oscar Brown's and Nat Adderley's *Work Song* is more than pleasant. *Forbidden Fruit* is clever, and *Rags* is marred only by Miss Simone's characteristic garbling. *Gin House* is well done.

In spite of apparent efforts to retreat from that which is usually associated with "jazz singing," Miss Simone demonstrates here that she has the equipment and some of the potential to be a fairly good jazz vocalist. (B.G.)

#### Jimmy Rushing

**JIMMY RUSHING AND THE SMITH GIRLS**—Columbia 1605 and 8405: *Arkansas Blues; Down Hearted Blues; How Come You Do Me Like You Do? Crazy Blues; Squeeze Me; Trouble in Mind; Muddy Waters; Gulf Coast Blues; Everybody Loves My Baby; Shipwrecked Blues.*

Personnel: Rushing, vocals; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Dickie Wells or Benny Morton, trombone; Claude Hopkins, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; unidentified drums and bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

On first glance, this disc would seem to possess all the ingredients of a highly successful recipe. Take one well-seasoned blues shouter, stir in 10 near-classic, blues-based pieces that have simmered for 30 years, blend in a number of mature jazz veterans to provide backing—and the results should be delicious in the extreme. Strangely enough, the recipe falls flat somewhere along the line.

The selections with which Rushing labors here are associated with the four blues-singing Smith girls (all unrelated) who were among the foremost Negro entertainers of the late 1920s. The breakdown is as follows: *Down Hearted*, *Gulf Coast*, *Muddy*, and *Squeeze Me* were recorded by Bessie Smith; *Arkansas* and *Crazy* by Mamie Smith; *How Come*, *Everybody Loves My Baby*, and *Trouble in Mind* by Trixie Smith, and *Shipwrecked* by Clara Smith. The tunes, then, aren't bad, so the trouble must reside elsewhere.

For the most part, it's with Rushing himself. He doesn't seem to be able to bring any conviction to the material at hand (yet Hawkins does not have this trouble—his solos are slashing and urgent throughout, and he even makes the most obvious period piece *Muddy Waters* come alive, something Rushing is apparently incapable of doing). It's a rather curious situation, for Rushing is essentially an



entertainer, a shouter, and all these tunes are fine examples of what we might call "entertainment blues," not especially intense or deeply moving blues, but rather ones designed to show off the stage singer to excellent advantage. They are more melodic pieces than most blues. Yet, when Rushing isn't burlesquing them, he's just skimming the surface. His rendition of *How Come You Do Me*, for example, more readily suggests a kindergarten recitative than the interpretation of a mature stylist. He does get his teeth into *Shipwrecked*, and on this somber and feigningly executed piece he gives us a moving example of what he can do.

Rushing receives sensitive support from soloists Hawkins and Clayton, and the rating for this disc devolves largely on their splendid contributions (you just don't hear enough of them, however). At times, the arrangements seem a bit strident and inapposite, and the horns are overrecorded the greater part of the time. The rhythm is quite often sodden and heavy-handed, suggesting a rock and roll rather than jazz orientation. (P.W.)

**Nancy Wilson-George Shearing**

**THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL.**—Capitol 1524: *On Green Dolphin Street; Oh! Look at Me Now; The Nearness of You; You Are There; Born to Be Blue; Blue Lou; Lullaby of Birdland; All Night Long; Inspiration; The Things We Did Last Summer; Don't Call Me; Let's Live Again.*  
Personnel: Shearing, piano; Miss Wilson, vocals; unidentified quintet.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Do you understand that imp within each of us who sometimes says, "Yeah, you got just what you deserved!" You do? Then you understand the essence of this

awfully pretty, awfully co-operative, awfully mutual album.

I can't imagine a worse fate for a potentially good jazz vocalist than for her to have to sing with a thoroughly stylized society-piano group. At the same time, I can imagine that nothing could be more of a drag for a potentially swinging jazz unit than to have to back a cocktail vocalist. The foregoing all turn on that word "potentially," because, actually, both these artists seemed steeped in the magnificent put-on.

If they keep moving in their present directions, Miss Wilson will be no jazz singer, and Shearing will be no jazz pianist. They will end up on one of those dreadful Las Vegas, Nev., gigs that last about 48 weeks a year and pay \$12,000 a week.

There isn't a bad tune in the lot. But Shearing is at his lowest on the tedious scalar tune, *Inspiration*, and the remainder of the instrumentals are more or less what we have come to expect of Shearing these days. They are well executed, cute, bouncy, pleasant, but not very exciting or imaginative.

Miss Wilson is another story. Here are pipes tailor-made for good, emotion-charged blasting and withering story telling. Her voice is crisp and clear as a bell. It can stand out over the instrumentation or it can melt into the group. Her diction and enunciation are perfect without sounding pedantic. Her tone is sharp without that piercing, cutting edge that plagues so many female vocalists.

*All Night Long* is a quiet, personal statement, beautifully done. The only other

tune on which she even approximates its performance is *Nearness*, which gets a little too too in spots.

The up-tempo tunes seem to throw the vocalist into emotional chaos. Everything becomes technical and clever. Perhaps a jazz-minded Shearing could offer leads for the young vocalist to follow. He certainly is capable of doing it.

This is a pleasant, at times, even enjoyable album. The biggest flaw is its superficiality and lack of real effort on the parts of two fine artists who really should decide whether they are fish or fowl. (B.G.)

**Various Artists**

**BLUES N' TROUBLE.**—Arhoolie 101: *Married Woman Blues; Johnny Mae; Good Woman Blues; Back Water Blues; Love's Honeydripper; One Thin Dime; God Don't Like Ugly; Wake Up Old Lary; Hitchhiking Woman; Stella Ruth; I Been a Fool.*

Personnel: Track 1—Big Joe Williams, vocal, guitar. Track 2—Lil' Son Jackson, vocal, guitar. Track 3—Lowell Fulson, vocal, guitar. Track 4—Mance Lipscomb, vocal, guitar. Track 5—Jasper Love, piano. Track 6—Butch Cage, vocal, fiddle; Willie B. Thomas, vocal, guitar. Track 7—Sam Chatman, vocal, guitar. Track 8—Alex Moore, vocal, piano. Track 9—Black Ace (B. K. Turner), vocal, steel guitar. Track 10—Robert Curtis Smith, piano; K. C. Douglas, guitar; Sidney Maiden, harmonica; Otis Cherry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This collection is one of the finest country blues anthology discs I have ever heard. It presents 11 superb examples of the country blues at its most intense and gripping and, at the same time, vividly demonstrates the amazing richness of the idiom.

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to the highly polished, sophisticated singing and playing of Miss Walton. The one thing that immediately strikes one on listening to this collection is the striking individuality of each of the performers. In the face of the strong pressures exerted by the mass communications media over the past few years, one would quite naturally expect performers such as these to adopt the most popular or remunerative singing and playing styles. Yet they have resisted these pressures and have preserved intact their own strong, vigorous, tradition-based styles. (Even though several of the artists presented in this collection—Jackson, Miss Walton, and Lowell Fulson, for example—have enjoyed a certain modest commercial success, it has not appreciably altered their fundamental down-home orientation.)

Two basic regional styles of blues may be heard on this disc: that of the Delta region (the cotton bottom lands on either side of the Mississippi as far north as Memphis) and the East Texas Piney Woods area. Six of the performers here come from the latter region: Jackson, Fulson, Moore, Lipscomb, Miss Walton, and Black Ace; the others hail from the Delta country.

This is an essential collection of vital, undiluted country blues performed with passionate conviction by some of the country's finest rural artists. It is available to nonmembers of the International Blues Record Club, which issued the album, at a cost of \$5 (subscribers, \$3) by writing the club at P.O. Box 671, Los Gatos, Calif. (P.W.)



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## 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.

- Ray Bryant, *Con Alma* (Columbia 1633)
- Arnett Cobb, *Ballads by Cobb* (Prestige/Moodsville 14)
- Johnny Coles, *The Warm Sound* (Epic 16015)
- Ella Fitzgerald, *Get Happy* (Verve 4036)
- Jimmy Giuffre, *Fusion* (Verve 8397)
- Gigi Gryce, *Reminiscein'* (Mercury 60628)
- The Chico Hamilton Special* (Columbia 1619)
- The Johnny Hamlin Quintet* (Argo 4001)
- Lionel Hampton, *Swing Classics* (Victor 2318)
- Bill Henderson (Vee-Jay 1031)
- John Lewis, *Original Sin* (Atlantic 1370)
- North Texas Lab Band* (90th Floor 904)
- Charlie Parker, *Bird Is Free* (Charlie Parker 401)
- Cecil Payne Performing Charlie Parker Music (Charlie Parker 801)
- Django Reinhardt, *Djangology* (Victor 2319)
- Paul Smith, *Carnival in Percussion* (Verve 4051)
- Kid Thomas and His Algiers Stompers* (Riverside 9365)
- Various Artists, *The Best of Argo Jazz* (Argo 1)
- Various Artists, *Newport Rebels* (Candid 8022)
- Lester Young, *Pres* (Charlie Parker 402)

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# THE BLINDFOLD TEST

GEORGE SHEARING/NANCY WILSON

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the most logical and successful collaborations of the last year was that of the George Shearing Quintet and Nancy Wilson in their delightful Capitol LP *The Swingin's Mutual!*

Nancy already had made two albums of her own, with first-rate backing by Billy May, and on the Shearing set she was heard only on six of the 12 tracks, yet they turned out to be her most engaging representation on records.

Recently, when Shearing's group played at the Crescendo in Hollywood, Miss Wilson sat in several times and delighted the audience.

Recently Shearing and Miss Wilson, with her husband, drummer Kenny Dennis, taped a *Blindfold* interview for broadcast on KRHM in Los Angeles. Since the move to the station, the rating symbol has been changed to bells. One bell means mediocre; two, fair; three, good; four, excellent. In this test I used three tunes Miss Wilson has recorded (*People Will Say We're in Love, All Night Long, On Green Dolphin Street*).

## The Records

1. Bill Evans Trio. *Israel* (from *Explorations, Riverside*). Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass.

*George:* That sounds to me like Bill Evans and probably Scotty LaFaro. I like the freedom with which they play. Bill really knows how to treat the piano as an instrument and doesn't try any unorthodox touch or any tricks to do something different. In fact, I know Bill to be a very fine classical pianist, too. Four bells.

2. Mavis Rivers. *People Will Say We're in Love* (from *Mavis, Reprise*). Miss Rivers, vocal; Red Callender, tuba; Marty Paich, arranger, conductor.

*Nancy:* It might be Mavis Rivers. The band on that type of thing could have been a little lighter maybe. If it was Mavis, three bells for the singing. I just don't know about that arrangement.

*George:* I thought it was Etta Jones to start with, but by the end. I subscribe to the fact it is Mavis Rivers. The intonation is good. We might have been able to do without the tuba. Was it Billy May? Three bells.

3. Aretha Franklin. *All Night Long* (from *Aretha, Columbia*). Miss Franklin, vocal; Ray Bryant, piano; Curtis Lewis, composer, arranger.

*Nancy:* George and I both are very partial to *All Night Long*; it was one of the first tunes we did for our album. That is Aretha Franklin, and I do like Aretha; but it's as though she didn't really know this song, because it has a real meaning, and it should be a more mournful type thing than just bluesy . . . should be very quiet, like you're standing on the balcony at night—and he's gone.

I don't think this is her best, and I'm prejudiced: George played it much more beautifully. Two bells.

*George:* This is kind of awkward, commenting in the negative about something that we have done. But the song was given to me by the composer, Curtis Lewis, who came up and sang the thing for me, and I said, "Please, may I have a dub on this?" You should hear the way this man sings this.

Our whole arrangement was Curtis' idea, and this record sounds as if he mailed Aretha a lead sheet, which didn't have the bass line or anything with it, and she just sang it. Two bells.

4. André Previn. *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter* (from *Thinking of You, Columbia*). Previn, piano, arranger, conductor.

*George:* Elegant but funky! André Previn! I don't like the rhythm section—at least, the way it comes out on the recording. It's kind of chunky—chunky but funky. It did get kind of adventurous there in the middle. Sounds like André with David Rose. Three bells.

5. Big Miller. *Wanna See My Baby* (from *Revelations and the Blues, Columbia*). Miller, vocal, tambourine.

*Nancy:* It's either Big Miller or Jimmy Witherspoon. I love the tambourine sound . . . joyful . . . very good. Four bells.

*George:* I think it's Jimmy Witherspoon, and I like it. It's nice and uninhibited and letting the hair down, and the guy really knows how to sing the blues. I'm with Nancy on the rating.

6. Duke Pearson. *On Green Dolphin Street* (from *Tender Feelin's, Blue Note*). Pearson, piano.

*George:* I think this is Tommy Flanagan . . . I don't care for it. It has this over-sustaining effect, and because of the short, stabbing chords, the echo is just too much to help it get off the ground.

When you play it at ballad tempo and treat it as a swinger, this in-between approach is what was wrong for my taste. I can only give it two bells.

*Nancy:* On our album, we took this at a little faster tempo than the usual jazz instrumental versions. I go along with George's evaluation.

7. Julie London. *Every Day* (from *Send for Me, Liberty*). Miss London, vocal.

*Nancy:* I haven't the faintest idea who it was. This is a tune nobody should bother to record any more; unless you come up with something exceptionally different, what can you do with it?

This is definitely blues, and if you don't have a blues voice, you shouldn't sing it. I don't approve of the voices, voicing the Basie arrangement in the background. I can't love that!

*George:* I subscribe to everything Nancy said. It's funny, but we seem to agree on everything. I guess this is why we did our album together without rehearsal!

*Nancy:* The rating is mutual—one bell.

8. Nutty Squirrels. *Yardbird Suite* (from *Bird Watching, Columbia*). Sascha Burland, Don Elliott, vocals; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Rolf Kuhn, arranger; Charlie Parker, composer.

*George:* I think it's the hipmunks.

*Nancy:* I think it's adorable. It's so cute I must go buy this. It's that group known as the Chipmunks.

*George:* I have no idea who the alto player is. Is it Sonny?

*Kenny Dennis:* I can't believe it you don't recognize him . . . It's Cannonball Adderley. I'll bet my drums on it.

*Nancy:* Four bells, anyway, whoever it was.

*George:* Yes—it was fun!





## AMMONS

(Continued from page 24)

"Preach, baby!" one man cried.

"Amen," another said.

Pleaded one woman, "Jug, baby, you don't have to treat your horn that way. Don't be so mean."

But there was no relief in sight; he just blew his blues in great, fat, bittersweet phrases. Gene blew raw, and at times it seemed embarrassing to hear, a thing more personal than a nun's diary of her innermost thoughts. But there it was.

"You can have Stitt and all that technique," one man offered. "Gene'll bust your heart strings. He puts it where it is."

"You trying to say Stitt ain't got no soul?" And the argument resumed. "I told you Stitt was God. I've played with him, daddy, it's a music lesson. He does everything right..."

At the set's end, the audience was spent. And away from his horn, Ammons for a moment looked lost, like the loneliest man in the world.

Stitt strode through the place, as arrogant-looking and confident as a Prussian general. He stopped just long enough to bark that a merger between him and Gene was in the negotiation stage.


Ammons was surrounded by admirers now, and he received their compliments seeming ill at ease, as though he were being "put on." He seemed embarrassed, as if he might

panic and run away any minute, as though he wanted to be left alone. A man needs time to adjust.

It is not that he dislikes his audience. He proved on another occasion how much he need and loves it. It was the night last winter, that he played his first time in public after his final release from prison. More than 700 persons turned out to a welcome-home party at the C&C Lounge in Chicago. He had difficulty adjusting to the idea that all this was for him, that so many cared so much.

Gene went up to the microphone and tried to tell them what it meant to him and how much he appreciated it. But the words stuck in his throat, and smoke must have got into his eyes. He just blew *I Only Have Eyes for You* in a way it will probably never be blown again by anyone, anywhere.

The last time I saw Gene previous to that was when they picked him up for a parole violation in the autumn and were about to return him to prison to complete his sentence. It was in the Cook County Jail, and a guard brought him up to an interview room. He was disheveled and looked like a wounded tiger who had given up. He was nervous and said how he didn't want to fight it, had resigned himself to living again in jail.

Now on stage, Gene was blowing another of those beautiful ballads, and Stitt was looking at him, smiling, all the arrogance gone from his face. It was good to see Gene like this. I was glad no one else had seen him the other way. 

## NEW JAZZ IN THE CRADLE

(Continued from page 23)

with equal propriety to Lulu White!

Today a statue of Simon Bolivar, the South American liberator, stands at the corner of Basin and Canal St., and if the traveler is unable to relate this to the historical importance of Basin St., he is referred to Bill Russell and Dick Allen, Ford Foundation jazz researchers at Tulane University, who are still unable to confirm reports of a clandestine meeting of Bolivar and Jean Lafite at Mahogany Hall.

Recently the city has grown more tolerant of its Dixieland musicians. This is probably attributable to a potpourri of largely unrelated factors: the healthy images created by Fountain, Hirt, and the Assuntos in their public appearances, the establishment of a New Orleans jazz museum, the tireless work of the New Orleans Jazz Club, the realization that the city's jazz stars can enhance tourist trade, and the greater acceptance generally that jazz has achieved at the national level.

But the stamp of approval has not been extended to modern musicians or to other forms of jazz, and the likelihood of the city's deserving corps of modernists' finding in-town gigs is small, in the city's current psychological climate. (Even the highly marketable Al Belletto group, which was based on the Gulf Coast, seldom worked in New Orleans.)

With few exceptions, the jazz gig available to the local modernist is a weekend job in a depressing bar usually owned by a well-meaning hipster who wants to provide a place for jazzmen to blow and break even in the money department at the same time. The illusion

in such places—and there has been at least one in tenuous existence somewhere in the Quarter since time immemorial—is that the dreary atmosphere can be transformed into hipness by hanging morbid pseudo-modern paintings on the wall and allowing dust to collect on the top of the inevitably out-of-tune upright piano.

This is, of course, the brand of "hipness" musicians deplore. But experience has insulated them from such calculated inanity, and they proceed relentlessly to produce some memorable sounds in these ephemeral surroundings.


Charlie Ducharme, Canadian-born owner of Cosimo's lounge, is trying to break the jinx of the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't Quarter jazz rooms by operating on the assumption that he is primarily a businessman and only secondarily a crusader for jazz. He is currently offering a stimulating trio led by Nat Perrilliat (Perrilliat, tenor saxophone; Richard Payne, bass; James Black, drums) on weekends, and is looking forward to expanding his activities in a new club shortly.

"Bourbon St. has gone commercial," Ducharme contends. "Even the tourists are looking for a place off the beaten track where they can hear good jazz." Perrilliat himself concurs that a hip proprietorship and an attractively kept club could successfully provide full-time work for a modern group in the French Quarter. Whether Ducharme's efforts will go the same way as the Hidden Door, the Playboy, Mambo Joe's, the Pendulum, and countless others is a question of great interest to Orleans jazz fans and musicians.

At least two clubs, the Joy Tavern and Joe Burton's, have been able to sustain a modern jazz policy. Alvin Tyler's tightly knit quintet has appeared at the former club on weekends for more than a year. And Burton, a New York pianist who migrated to the Crescent City in 1956 with the express purpose of selling modern jazz to Orleanians, soon begins his fifth year as the only six-night-a-week modern jazz attraction in the city.

Although Burton's admirable dedication to restraint has often miscarried his groups in the direction of jazz-flavored cocktail music, his best group in 1958 showcased two of the city's outstanding jazz talents, guitarist Bill Huntington and one time Stan Kenton and Ira Sullivan drummer Reed Vaughan. Burton scored an important break-through with this group last summer when the New Orleans Pops Orchestra featured his quartet on its annual jazz night, the first modern combo to be so honored.

Guitarist Huntington and Ed Blackwell, the remarkable drummer who came to prominence with Ornette Coleman, are deserving of special comment. In these men, the city boasts two musicians who rise above mere competence to levels of creativeness that put them in the company of the few who are developing the insights which will set the standards for jazz to come.

It is not, I think, partisan to suggest that they may be the most probing musicians on their instruments today. For this reason, they required extended comment, which will be made in Part II of this essay in the next issue of *Down Beat*. 





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# feather's nest



By LEONARD FEATHER

It seems that almost everyone digs Miles Davis except Uncle Sam.

Every magazine from *Jazz Echo* in Hamburg, Germany, to the Japanese edition of *Down Beat* has elected him to first place in the trumpet section of its jazz poll.

He was listed, along with Marian Anderson, Dr. Ralph Bunche, and Katharine Dunham, among this country's top 10 Negroes, in the international edition of *Life*. ("Why didn't they put it in the domestic edition if they believe it?" Davis asked.) He even won that best-dressed-man award from *Gentleman's Quarterly*. And if they took a poll of night-club operators, Davis would win it horns down, for he's a cinch to draw capacity business.

Despite his musical, international, sartorial, and economic achievements, Miles says the U.S. State Department never has offered to subsidize a trip for his quintet, though the number of artists sent abroad on such good-will trips in the last five years has stretched into the hundreds.

"I'd rather have somebody curse me out than ignore me," he said. "Anyhow, I don't want them to send me over just because I'm a Negro and they want to woo Africa."

Thanks to the initiative and good taste of Dr. Marshall Stearns, the State Department's jazz program started out gloriously in 1956. The first band to be sent overseas was the specially assembled interracial Dizzy Gillespie orchestra (which enjoyed not only Stearns' blessing but also his presence as lecturer



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on the first tour). Later, when outside interference entered the picture, there was at least one occasion when a big jazz star was advised that the group he was to assemble on his excursion for democracy must be lily white, perhaps to placate southern senators when fund-appropriations time drew near.

"If I ever went on one of those tours," Miles said, "they'd have to give me a badge to wear over here. A platinum badge. It would have to say on it that this man did such and such a thing for his country and his government.

"I met a man in London last fall who has something to do with sending these bands abroad. I said to him, 'Well, so you're the people that sent \_\_\_\_\_ and those guys to Africa, right?' Well that was the dumbest move I ever heard of in my life. An African friend of mine heard them and told me later that the Africans themselves can do

better than that, so who needed it?" (Davis was talking about one of the white combos sent to Africa in recent years.)

Perhaps the State Department is not unaware that Miles, at cocktail parties in his honor overseas, would not be likely to paint the U.S. racial scene in glowing colors and that he is no more given to compromise or diplomacy in his opinions than in his music.

It is realism, not bitterness, that prompts him to comment as he does on the belated acknowledgment of jazz in its country of birth. "If Charlie Parker had been French, they'd have had a monument built for him over there," he said. "But millions of people in this country never heard of him, or just read about him when he died and then forgot him.

"They don't even publicize what they do send. Brownie McGhee went to

India, and the people over here don't even know about it. Are they afraid to publish it here?"

"Come to think of it, I hope the State Department does ask me to make one of those tours—just so I can have the pleasure of saying no."



BILL ABERNATHY

MILES

# sittin' in

By ART HODES

Sideman — that means musician—orchestra, band, combo, club date, Steady gig. You're a sideman. You're there on the job waiting for the down-beat. Wear the prescribed clothes—tux, dark suit, uniform. Play the tunes the leader calls, the tempos he stomps. Usually, you have little to say in the matter. You're there to play. Look neat. Decorate the bandstand. Be an attraction without attracting.

Flipping the pages backward, I remember a famous name. Gene Austin . . . sold more than a million records with his *My Blue Heaven*. We were on stage. Wingy Manone, trumpet; Steve Brown, bass; me, piano . . . Backing Gene's vocals. The manager notices Wingy's prop arm, and don't you know that during the break, he admonishes Wingy, "Now when you stand there, turn sideways; we don't want you to detract."

Sideman. You're supposed to look just as much like the man sitting alongside you as possible.

One story tells of a bandleader's wife discovering at a rehearsal that one of the sax men was wearing different colored socks. Yes sir—off with his feet! You're a setting that sets off the leader's "individuality." Some leaders, when traveling, never stay at the same hotel with you. A general doesn't live with

the privates. But . . .

Sideman. You don't worry where the money comes from. Just give me my loot. No questions. No excuses. And you sleep while the leader makes the long-distance calls. Agents. Union. Headaches. Government. Deductions. Paper work. Headaches. You don't get the beef from the boss when there's no business, and the boss has that certain look. It seems to say, "I know where the trouble is . . . that \_\_\_\_\_ band. . . . Why doesn't your

clarinet player smile?" You'll probably never hear half the things directed at you. That's a leader's headache. He knows that if he brings you down like the boss is doing to him, chances are it'll affect your work. That's a leader's job—morale. If he's a good leader, he may say, "Man, did you see *that* walk by. It's not legal." Or something.

Your name is Wally Gordon. You play drums. Winter, a Florida gig. Summer, back to Chicago. Mostly its club dates. The phone rings. It's a jazz-band leader. "Wally, I want you to go on the road with me." The loot offered amounts to less than Wally can figure on making at club dates. "But, Wally, I want to present you right. I want people to hear you." As Wally said later, "Like, man, who's he kiddin'? I've been traveling all over the country. At least 17 years. With some good bands, too. And names. That's one thing—they've heard me."

Recording. That's your route. Work days like normal people. (Ah, I like that line . . . like . . . nuclear?) You've found a lucrative way to go. Only the banker knows just how well off you are. But you're one of a limited few. You're in an orchestra that plays for a pop singer. Don't look for a mention in any review. You're roll-

ing. You're on staff at the studio . . . TV . . . some radio . . . steady check.

Or . . .

You live out of a suitcase. Don't unpack. Only gonna be here overnight. "Where's a good place to eat?" Columbus, Ohio. This is the North. You're with Buddy Smith, drummer. (Just recently died). A guy who's played with some of the greatest. You're white. Buddy's not. You stop at a decent-looking restaurant, and it's home town. Listen to that music. It's our music. The few there seem to be enjoying it. So much so that they fail to notice you sitting there. So you call for the waitress. It must be the music. They don't even know we're here. No, it can't be what we're thinking, Buddy. Not in the North. Man, I'm hungry. Let's get out of here. Must be a railroad station near. . . .

Three-hundred-mile jumps. Man, what is that guy thinking of? What's he trying to do? Get rich? I dig country-side and auto rides, but this gets kind of cramped. Hope we sit down somewhere soon. Anywhere. Just let it be steady.

You know the room clerks and bell-hops all over the country. You know the decor of the 2-by-4 you sleep in. On a clear day you can look out and see across the court. But when you're on stage you forget all this. It's the music. And you're making it. It's coming out good. And when the band's good (it's your band—you're in it) there's no business like show business.

Sideman. You're young. You don't understand the guy who gets so loaded he can't make it. Will power. Yoga. Zen. You've got something going for you. Or maybe you read a book on "how to live and eat for health," and the waitresses are beginning to duck



you. You and your orders. Diet. Youth. In the summer, it's the great outdoors. In the winter, open the windows and let that fresh air in. Or . . . you're in love, and there's nothing like it. "But, baby, my music comes first." And she understands. Accepts you on these terms. She's the greatest.

Later. . . .

You're older. Married. "Man, this music business is a drag—how you gonna make it on two nights?" You get a day gig. Play weekends, sub nights. Can't keep up on your horn that way. Notice how a few drinks loosen you? You're part of a club-date clique. You notice the same guys on the same gigs. Look forward to seeing one another. Get a little loaded. Swap tales . . . the good old days.

If I had it to do over again? Some say, "There'd be some changes made." Others, "Run it again . . . Maybe I'd be luckier." . . . "Ah, man, you know there's no such thing as luck . . . you make your breaks."

Or you'll hear this: "If I ever had a son that picked up a drum stick, I'd . . . My wife says I ought to get out of the business, get a day job."

Which reminds me of Sleepy Kaplan, drummer, "in between" engagements. Mom wakes him: "Get up . . . look at you . . . you no-gooder . . . sleep-

ing . . . the boy next door is selling Christmas cards." I know what, take up piano tuning. People always need tuners. Or photography, develop pictures. There's money in that. Sell insurance, pianos. Go out to the West Coast. At least it's warm there.

Sideman. Who you kidding. No matter where you go, what you do, you'll be hanging around where music is played. You'll get the urge to blow. How many times have I heard you say, "Mind if I sit in?"

Tune up. That rings a bell. I'm new in the business, and I'm hearing these stories. The main character is a piano player name of Horsey McKay. He's no one to fool with. Legend has it that he got irritated at someone and pulled out a pistol, and there he was—the other guy. As I got the story, it's a club date. A few of the cronies are on the stand, getting relaxed and listening as Horsey regales them with some tale, when in walks our hero. New case, shiny horn. Assembles his weapon and hellos to the guys with, "Hey, piano player! Give me an A." This, of course, gets him silence. "Oh well," says our hero, "maybe he didn't hear me." Here we go again. We must learn—the hard way. Horsey M. heard him the third time, turned around slowly, looked him over from head to foot,

turned back to the keyboard, ripped off the A key—just pulled it out—turned around, and handed it to the lad with the words, "Here's your A, and you know what you can . . ."

Survived? Yeah, course. There are many such incidents, all part of growing up in this business. You made it, but there were periods in between jobs where even this gig would have looked good. Nothing worse than not playing.

Sideman, you can't say it's been dull. You've been north in the winter, south in the summer, survived the leader's moods, laughed at his jokes. How many times have you been asked, "What do you do in the summertime?" Or, "Where do you go from here?" You're clothes rich. All uniforms. And if you're old enough, you'll remember some leader or agent asking you, "What else do you do besides play your horn?" There was a time (maybe it's still here) when you made with funny gags and funny hats.

No, it ain't worth it. I'm going to quit tomorrow. Today? I got a gig. A swinging group. It's a groove. Who you got on horn? I know a guy. He plays good. Oh, you got somebody. Who's driving? Pick me up, man. What are we wearing? Be good to see ya again. I got something to tell you . . . awful funny . . . remind me. . . .

CB

# Caught in the Act

ODETTA

Gate of Horn, Chicago

Personnel: Odetta, guitar, vocals; Joe Carroll, bass; Fred Kaz, piano.

I had never attended an Odetta performance until recently. I knew her work only from records, and from this limited exposure I was convinced she was an artist of depth—I use the word not in the common way that categorizes everyone who makes a record an "artist," but in the narrower sense of the word: one who produces real art.

Her performance—and that is not quite the word to describe what she did—at the Gate not only reinforced my conviction but also has led me to the conclusion that Odetta is one of the supreme artists in music today. And this from one who is no particular admirer of vocal performances of any sort, aside from Bessie Smith's and Billie Holiday's.

Odetta's repertoire includes every

phase of Negro music from children's songs, prison songs, religious songs, and freedom songs to blues. But her material, extensive as it is, is still nothing but a bottle, as it were. Her artistry is contained in what she puts into that bottle.

What Odetta brings to each song is more than a blending of voice with words, melody with chords; it is her whole self that she injects into the material. Blessed with a dramatic ability and a perception of what each song she sings means, Odetta *becomes* the song. This is hard to put into words, but when she sings about God, she is the church; when she sings children's songs she is mixture of child and mother. I got the definite feeling that while she was singing, all those present except her and me had vanished. She was singing only to me—and I'm sure others felt she was singing only to them.

Each song she sings is approached in a different way. Not each category of song (work song, religious song, and so on) but each song within a category—the timbre of her voice is different, her phrasing is different, her facial expressions are different.

For instance, as an encore, she laid down her guitar and sang three songs with Kaz and Carroll accompanying. Two of the songs were associated with Bessie Smith, one with Ma Rainey. On the Rainey tune, *Misery Blues*, her



ODETTA

voice was a little louder, colder, than on the two connected with Bessie, *Mean Old Bedbug Blues* and *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*. Her voice grew more mellow and full for the latter two, and though there was this similarity, each tune was treated not as an imitation of Bessie, though Odetta can sound very much like her, but as a story, one amusing, the other near-tragic.

When she left, to thundering applause, I sat there rather stunned by what I had been through. I had heard an artist.—*DeMichael*

CB





By **GEORGE HOEFER**

This column originated in October, 1939, as an information exchange for the hot-record collector. As such, it enjoyed a decade of service to a group of jazz fans who used it as a source of data unavailable in any other reference work of the time.

The material in the *Hot Box* added to, corrected, and supplemented the various discographies that were being compiled during the 1940s. With the publication of Charles Delauney's *Hot Discography* in the 1948 Criterion edition, the *Jazz Directory (A to L)* compiled in England by Dave Carey and Albert J. McCarthy, and the four paperback volumes of Orin Blackstone's *Index to Jazz* from New Orleans, it seemed that the jazz recording of the New Orleans pioneering period, the Chicago, Kansas City, and New York eras, and the swing age had become well documented.

The *Hot Box* consequently embarked upon a 10-year period of rambling in jazz with the recording factor a minor detail. In addition to a plethora of jazz discographies, the 1940s saw the rise of an entirely new jazz conception, the long-play and extended-play records and the disappearance of the old-fashioned, much-maligned, junk-shop collector with a head full of master numbers and a cactus needle for playing specimens.

All the collectors didn't fade, but because of the scrap drive during the war and the increase in the number of discophiles, the collectors items to be found became so rare as to be, for all intents and purposes, nonexistent.

As far as the collecting field is now concerned, there has been built up during the 1950s a vast number of modern jazz records that have not been documented for reference purposes. There also have developed a large number of record buyers who are interested only in modern jazz and haunt used-record store stalls for out-of-print LPs.

The *Hot Box* proposes to make available information of interest and importance pertaining to the recording

of jazz in the modern idiom. The content of the column will be concerned with the harbingers of the departures from Dixieland and swing, the early bop records, and the accumulation of discographical information on the jazz recording of the 1950s.

It is proposed to present the material in two sections. First, the body of the column will contain a description of a significant recording date, which will eventually evolve into a running commentary of the history of modern jazz; this will be followed by a box with the statistical detail of the session, including data pertaining to the availability of the side or sides.

\* \* \*

When trumpeter Roy Eldridge left Teddy Hill's band to join Fletcher Henderson at the Grand Terrace in Chicago in late 1935, Hill searched for a replacement who was as effective a soloist as Eldridge. First, he tried Frankie Newton, who lacked the brilliance of Eldridge's daring in the high register. Then Hill discovered young John Birks Gillespie, who, with Charlie



DIZZY, circa 1939

Shavers, was playing in the Frank Fairfax Band in Philadelphia.

Already known as Dizzy, Gillespie had idolized Eldridge from what he heard on the Hill broadcasts from the Savoy Ballroom and was emulating the style.

Hill hired Gillespie in early 1937 to join Shad Collins and Bill Dillard in the Hill trumpet section. Dizzy was assigned to play second trumpet.

He filled Eldridge's shoes so well that arranger-alto saxophonist Howard Johnson wrote out Eldridge's solos so Gillespie could copy them. In May, 1937, Gillespie made his first recording date with Hill. He soloed on *King Porter Stomp* and *Blue Rhythm Fantasy* in the Eldridge style.

Gillespie did not record again until September, 1939, when Lionel Hampton invited him to be the sole brass man on a small-band jazz date at Victor. The other men were all well known, but Gillespie was still so obscure his name came out "C. Gillespie" on the record label and "Frank Gillespie" in Delauney's 1938 *Hot Discography*.

Gillespie had been playing all summer at the New York World's Fair with Hill and was to join Cab Calloway later in the fall when Hill's band disbanded.

Hampton was still with Benny Goodman but was making plans to organize his own large orchestra, which he did about a year later. Another young, comparatively unknown jazzman on the date was guitarist Charlie Christian, who had come east from Oklahoma in July to join the Goodman band. The rest of the group was made up of a fabulous saxophone section consisting of Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Chu Berry, and Ben Webster.

They recorded four sides: *Hot Mallets*, *When Lights Are Low*, *One Sweet Letter from You*, and *Early Session Hop*. The side to be concerned with here is *Hot Mallets*. The head arrangement credited to Hampton features a Gillespie solo. (On the other three sides the trumpeter is heard only in ensemble.) According to Leonard Feather in *Inside Bebop*, "Dizzy took one solo—the muted opening chorus on *Hot Mallets*—showing a definite trend away from the Eldridge style and a slight hint of the typical Gillespian cascades of eighth notes that eventually marked his work."

To emphasize the impact this record made on some of its listeners, it is interesting to note that jazz writer Ralph Berton still can hum note for note the entire side. It opens with a four-bar introduction by the band, followed by Dizzy's 32-bar muted solo, which in turn is followed by a fine 32-bar solo by Berry on tenor saxophone. After Berry, the remainder of the record is a Hampton vibes solo.

This being the first hint of things to come from Gillespie, before the famous sessions at Minton's Playhouse, make it an ideal record from which to start tracing the development of modern jazz on records.

The next column will take up Gillespie's recording career with Cab Calloway's band and the first soundings at Minton's.

**Gillespie, John Birks (Dizzy)**

New York City, Sept. 11, 1939

Lionel Hampton Orchestra—Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Benny Carter (listed on original label as L. Lee), alto saxophone; Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Leon (Chu) Berry, tenor saxophones; Clyde Hart, piano; Charlie Christian, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Cozy Cole, drums; Hampton, vibraharp.

**HOT MALLETS (41408)**

Recorded Sept. 11, 1939. New York City. Original issue on 78 rpm. RCA Victor 26317. Reissued on Lionel Hampton *Open House* RCA Camden **517**.



AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

and **Ray McKinley** . . . Chances are that Newport producer **Sid Bernstein** will bring **Jon Hendrick's** *Evolution of the Blues* into Carnegie Hall . . . **Monte Kay** is producing the first Latin American jazz festival. Starting in Rio De Janerio, July 12, it was scheduled to move from there for two weeks into such countries as Uruguay, Brazil, and Peru. Kay presented **Coleman Hawkins**, **Roy Eldridge**, **Jo Jones**, **Zoot Sims**, **Curtis Fuller**, **Ronnie Ball**, **Tommy Flanagan**, **Herbie Mann**, **Ben Tucker**, **Chris Connor**, **Ahmad Abdul-Malik**, and others. The concerts were emceed by **Willis Conover**.

**Charlie Mingus**, in London for the **J. Arthur Rank** film, *All Night Long*, in which **Dave Brubeck** also appears, is telling newsmen there that he will form a group with **Max Roach** and **Sonny Rollins** when he returns to New York. Roach and Mingus have long discussed their personal dislike of what they call the "unprofessional younger musicians" and have often made plans to form a group that would include veteran artists. **Paul Desmond** went with Brubeck to London, but he will not be in the film . . . The Brubeck group was filmed at Newport for the CBS-TV show, *Twentieth Century* . . . **Ray Charles** wrote and sang the title song for the movie *Swingin' Along*. He and his group are featured two other times in the picture.

Charlie Parker Records, distributed by Carlton, plans 10 albums for the fall that will include one each by the late **Charlie Parker** and the late **Lester Young**; **Cozy Cole's** jazz score of *Carmen*; a *Holiday for Billie* by the late **Billie Holiday**; one by vocalist **Joe Carroll** called *Back on the Scene*; the score of *The Connection*, played by **Cecil Payne**, **Benny Green**, **Kenny Drew**, and **Clark Terry**; a new **Slide Hampton** collection; the debut of 14-year-old drummer **Barry Miles**, and a combination of **Duke Jordan** and **Sadik Hakim** titled *The East and the West of Jazz* . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** signed with Columbia . . . So did a new and unusual singer, **Meg Wells** . . . **Nancy Sinatra's** first Reprise record is now available . . . Danish-born **Chris Albertson**, who was responsible for Riverside's *Living Legends* series and the rediscovery of **Ida Cox**, has joined Prestige, to become that company's director of public relations as well as being a producer.

TORONTO

Composer **Robert Farnon's** annual visit to this, his native city was cut short when he was called back to London, England, following his appointment as music director of **Bob Hope's** upcoming film, *On the Road to Hong*

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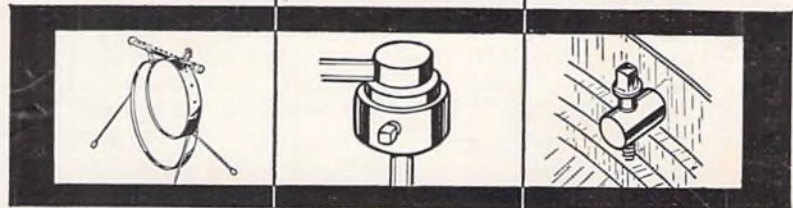
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### WHERE TO GO

#### WEST

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Kong. Farnon has lived in England since the war years and recently completed *A Suite for Piano and Orchestra* and *Suite for Trumpet and Orchestra* to be recorded by Oscar Peterson and Dizzy Gillespie, respectively. Gillespie was to record the trumpet suite earlier this year in Berlin, but the date was postponed.

Peterson's trio arrived at the Town Tavern for a two-week June engagement. Referring to the group's recent overseas tour, the pianist said he had been particularly impressed with Israel, where he heard an 18-year-old pianist who may attend his Advanced School of Contemporary Music next fall.

Three jazz groups, included in a series of chamber music concerts, sponsored by the Toronto musicians union, drew the large audiences. Featured were the Phil Nimmons group, the Ron Collier Quintet and Tentet and the Rob MacConnell Quintet. The union is also sponsoring nightly dance-band concerts at Casa Loma during July.

### PHILADELPHIA

The Red Hill Inn had Mel Tormé for a weekend date, his second engagement at the club in recent months, just before the singer headed for a Music at Newport appearance. Mel used Jimmy Wisner as accompanist for the festival date. Wisner and Norma Mendoza are at the Red Hill weekends all summer. The two are doing a weekly radio stint over WHAT-FM.

Jimmy DePreist was reported joining the Peace Corps after returning from a Puerto Rico visit with his aunt, Marian Anderson . . . Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons had their long-awaited Show Boat reunion. Last time the team was booked, Ammons got sick in Chicago and couldn't make it. Other recent attractions at the Herb Keller spot included Lou Donaldson and Aretha Franklin . . . Etta Jones followed the Montgomery Brothers into Pep's . . . Lem Winchester's old group, led by Pres Johnson, is playing at the Crescendo in Camden with singer Kelly Williams . . . Sarah McLawler, featuring violinist Richard Otto, appeared at Spider Kelly's . . . The Dukes of Dixieland had a near-capacity house at their Lambertville, N. J., Music Circus date.

### CHICAGO

A lot of people were looking for the promoter of the "Gold Coast Jazz and Masked Artists' and Models' Annual Optional Costume Le Bal"—typesetters, evidently, among them. The event was scheduled to take place at McCormick Place, July 9. Tony Marteric's band, Ira Sullivan's quartet, Northern Jazz Quartet were advertised as participants. But the kicker attraction was to be Frank Sinatra — only Sinatra knew nothing

about it, had never signed for the date, and was probably ready to sue when reporters checked with him about his appearance. McCormick Place had not been rented, and no contracts of any sort had been finalized. The promoter sought by sundry persons is reported to be Felton Daniels. Police arrested him two days before the scheduled event. Malcolm Sharp, 11, aided police in tracking down Daniels.

Another traditional jazz spa was set to open at the end of July. The name of the club is Basin Street, not to be confused with Bob Scobey's Bourbon Street. Art Sheridan, who owns part of Birdhouse, is connected with the new room, which will feature out-of-town groups instead of the localites. Trumpeter Jimmy McPartland, fronting the Salt City Six, was the opening attraction. The management is dickering with Muggsy Spanier and Kid Ory, but nothing is set so far.

Delmar records' Bob Koester has been presenting blues sessions at a north-side club, The Blind Pig. Big Joe Williams, Sunnyland Slim, and Roosevelt Sykes have appeared so far. Other blues men scheduled to appear are Curtiss Jones, Jazz Gillum, Walter Vincent, Monkey Joe, James Brewer, and Little Brother Montgomery. Koester was enthusiastic about the first few sessions. "I lost two bucks on the first session," he said, "but I figured I paid for myself and my chick—we had as much fun as anyone."

Erroll Garner starts a midwestern tour in August with a one-weeker at Freddie's in Minneapolis Aug. 14-20 . . . The Dukes of Dixieland, whose 11 albums on Audio Fidelity are reported to have sold more than 4,500,000 copies, have signed with Columbia records. The group recorded its two concerts at Ravinia Park in late July.

### DALLAS

A new full-time jazz club, the Sky Room, has opened and is currently featuring tenor man John Hardee's Quartet with Willie Albert on trumpet . . . The 90th Floor is beginning its third year of operation with owner Dick Harp's new quartet with Harp on piano, Ben Hill, vibes; Banks Dimon, drums; Pete Warren, cello. Singers Jane Ames and Melba Moore have been featured on alternate nights at the club . . . Melba's husband, Bobby Bradford joined the Ornette Coleman group on trumpet in July. Coleman and Bradford were associates earlier in California . . . The Paul Guerrero Trio opened the Blue Mist in early June . . . Lattimore Brown's big band is rounding out six months at the Atmosphere Club . . .

The Jazz for Young People series at the Dallas Public Library has been successful. The first program on June 19



featured **Ed Bernet's** Dixieland Seven and a discussion of traditional jazz by trumpeter **Tony Loy**. The series will run through the summer and may be continued into fall.

### LOS ANGELES

Don't say Boise, Idaho, to **Les Brown**. The leader, currently in the midst of the band's annual summer tour, is out plenty of profit to Boise promoters. Seems there was a mixup of dates at the tour's commencement, and the band showed up in Boise the morning after it was due to have played a date there. On the brighter side, **Brown** and band begin taping the new *Steve Allen Show* from Hollywood in September after winding up the tour Aug. 29 in Wichita, Kan.

**Leonard Feather** will produce albums for Gil Fuller's Orovox label . . . **Jan Tober**, former **Stan Kenton** singer, signed with Choreo records, a new label begun by **Fred Astaire**, choreographer **Hermes Pan**, drummer **Jackie Mills**, and songwriter **Tommy Wolf**. The company's first LP release will be a collection of Astaire medleys from the dancer's three television shows . . . Blues singer **Big Miller** joined with the **Chuck Marlowe** big band July 30 for the second of a series of Sunday monthly concert-dances at the Kismet Club . . . The **Leroy Vinnegar Trio** went into the reopened **Geno's Bit** last month. **Jack Daugherty**, new owner of the coffee house, is featured on piano.

Keeping alive the thriving jazz policy at the Rubaiyat Room of the Watkins hotel is a trio comprising **Kenny Dennis**, **Marvin Jenkins**, and **Bob Martin**. Monday nights feature sit-in guests . . . The **Tommy Bee-Jack Rose** team initiated a new series of after-hours sessions at the Paris theater (next door to PJ's) from 2 to 6 in the morning Saturdays and Sundays. **Alan Marlowe's** big band plays Saturdays; small combos are featured Sundays . . . Singer **Ruth Olay** returns to Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills for the month of August. That's the hostelry in which she began her climb . . . **Rene Bloch** is cashing in on the *pachanga* fad, he took his new Pachanga Orchestra into the Club Havana on Sunset.

During a respite between one-nighter tours, **Stan Kenton** recorded at Capitol with **Nat Cole**, marking the first pairing of the two on or off record . . . **Si Zentner** signed with the management firm (**Liberace**, **Mel Tormé**, and others) of **Gabbe, Lutz, Heller & Loeb**, his first such alliance since parting company with **Bill Wagner** some time ago . . . **Ted Levin's** Band Box in Denver, Colo., is becoming the seat of jazz in the Rockies with ABC booker **Frank Rio** supplying such recent talent as **Terry Gibbs**, **Buddy Greco**, **Shorty**

**Rogers**, and **Anita O'Day**, among others.

**Peggy Lee** is taping a TV spectacular while currently playing London's Club Pigalle. The program is scheduled for later showing in Britain and the U.S. Also featured are Miss Lee's sidemen—**Victor Feldman**, piano; **Dennis Budimir**, guitar; **Max Bennett**, bass; **Stan Levey**, drums. **Norman Grantz** is readying a similar British-made television film of **Ella Fitzgerald**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Ray Brown**, **Ed Thigpen**, and **Lou Levy** for U.S. network showing this year . . . Puccini's seemingly latched onto a hipper music policy with singer **Kitty White** ensconced at the eatery . . . Pianist **Gene DiNovi** and bassist **Red Kelly** moved into Frascati Chalet in Santa Monica.

### SAN FRANCISCO

**John Handy**, in town for summer sessions at San Francisco State University is working at the Stereo Room . . . Blues singer **Joe Turner** was through the area in June on a one-night tour . . . **Mance Lipscomb**, Texas blues singer heard on Arhoolie records, made his concert debut at the University of California Folk Music Festival in July and than did a one-nighter at **Barbara Dane's** blues club, Sugar Hill . . . Trombonist **Kid Ory** sold his club, On-the-Levee, picked up his tent, and departed to Los Angeles . . . **Muggsy Spanier** took over the band at On-the-Levee and immediately put **Joe Sullivan** to work as pianist in the band with further changes upcoming . . . **Cedric Heywood** replaced **Joe Sullivan** as intermission pianist with the **Earl Hines All-Stars** at the Black Sheep . . . A June benefit at the local jazz clubs for the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) raised \$2,200.

Blues singer **Big Miller** was booked into the Jazz Workshop July 5 for his first San Francisco job. He was backed by the **Curtis Amy Quintet** . . . Pianist **Al Plank** is in town, gigging with the **Benny Barth Trio** . . . Latin drummer **Mongo Santamaria** left the **Cal Tjader** group and formed his own unit (with timbales and drummer **Willi Boho**) and will open Nov. 5 at the Black Hawk for six weeks.

**Grover Mitchell's** big band (with charts by **Cedric Heywood**) is playing a series of Saturday-night concerts at Talk of the Town (formerly the Down Beat club) with **Mary Stallings** handling the vocals . . . **James Moody's** band cut an LP for Argo during the group's engagement at the Jazz Workshop in June . . . Singer **Frank D'Rone** returned to the hungry i June 12 for an eight-week booking . . . After suffering a mild heart attack, bassist **Wellman Braud** is back on the job at Sugar Hill with **Goodnews Whitson** and **Barbara Dane**.



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# WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: *hb*—house band; *tfn*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

## NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Closed to 8/20.  
 Birdland: Maynard Ferguson, Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin, to 8/16. Buddy Rich, Olatunji, 8/17-30.  
 Bon Aire Lodge (New Jersey): Sol Fisch to 8/31.  
 Condon's: Ruby Braff-Marshall Brown, *tfn*.  
 Copa City: *unk*.  
 Embers: Louis Metcalf, Ann Craig, to 8/7. Bobby Hackett, 8/8-19.  
 Five Spot: Ornette Coleman, Walter Dickerson, *tfn*.  
 Half Note: Lennie Tristano to 8/6.  
 Hickory House: Don Shirley, *tfn*.  
 Jazz Gallery: Art Blakey, tentatively.  
 Metropole: Sul Yaged, Cozy Cole, *tfn*. Upstairs: *unk*.  
 Nick's: Kenny Davern, *tfn*.  
 Roundtable: Rusty Warren to 8/19.  
 Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.  
 1 Sheridan Square: Summer folk festival.  
 Versailles: Jimmy Giuffrè, Vicki Carol, to 8/16.  
 Village Gate: Aretia Franklin, Ray Bryant, to 8/6. John Coltrane, 8/8-9/3. Horace Silver, wknds, 8/11-12, 18-19.  
 Village Vanguard: Modern Jazz Quartet, Jim Hall-Jimmy Raney, to 8-13.

## CAPE COD

Storyville-Cape Cod: Pete Seeger, 8/4-9. Ahmad Jamal, 8/10-20. Limelinters, 8/21-30.

## TORONTO

Town Tavern: Henry (Red) Allen, 8/14-19.

## PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair, *hb*. Peanut Hucko, *Wed*.  
 Crescendo (Camden): Pres Johnson, Kelly Williams, *tfn*.  
 Kreczmer's: Billy Kreczmer, *hb*.  
 Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): Derf Nolde 5, Thurs., Sat.  
 Music Circus (Lambertville, N. J.): Monday night sessions.  
 Paddock (Trenton): Capitol City 5, Fri., Sat.  
 Pep's: Ramsey Lewis, 8/7-12. Three Sounds, 8/14-19.  
 Red Hill Inn: Jimmy Wisner-Norma Mendoza, *tfn*.  
 San Souci (Camden): Vince Montana, *tfn*.  
 Show Boat: *unk*.  
 Spider Kelly's: *unk*.  
 Underground: *unk*.  
 Woodland Inn: Bernard Peiffer, *tfn*.

## CLEVELAND

Hickory Grill: Henry (Red) Allen, 8/21-9/2.

## NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: Nat Perrilliat, wknds.  
 Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.  
 Dream Room: Santo Pecora, *hb*.  
 Ebb Tide: Melvin Lastee, wknds.  
 Famous Door: Murphy Campo, Mike Lala, *tfn*.  
 French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*.  
 Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *tfn*.  
 Joy Tavern: Alvin Tyler, wknds.  
 Lee Roy's: Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams, *tfn*.  
 Municipal Auditorium: N.O. "Pops" Jazz Week—Pete Fountain, Don Lasday, 8/11-12.  
 Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, *tfn*.  
 Pretty Acres Lounge: Buddy Prima, wknds.  
 Prince Conti (motel): Armand Hug, *tfn*.  
 Slow Drag: various traditional groups.  
 Vernon's: *unk*.

## DETROIT

Au Sable: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.  
 Baker's Keyboard: Cannonball Adderley to 8/12.  
 Stan Getz, 8/14-8/27.

Drome: Dorothy Ashby, wknds.  
 Empire: Earl Hines to 8/19.  
 Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.  
 Kevin House: Bill Richards, *tfn*.  
 Mermaid's Cave: Eddie Bartel, *tfn*.  
 Minor Key: Slide Hampton, 8/8-8/13.  
 Pier 500: Four Freshmen, 8/10-8/15.

## CHICAGO

Alhambra: Ahmad Jamal to 8/9. Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 8/10-20.  
 Basin St.: Jimmy McPartland to 8/19.  
 Birdhouse: Herbie Mann to 8/13. Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt, 8/16-27. Horace Silver (tentative), 8/30-9/10. Cannonball Adderley, 9/13-24. Gold Coast Jazz Band, Mon., Tues.  
 Black Eyed Pea: Frank Liberio, *tfn*.  
 Blind Pig: Jazz session, Mon. Blues session, Tues.  
 Bourbon St.: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.  
 Cafe Continental: Dave Remington, *tfn*.  
 Gate of Horn: Tarrriers to 8/6. Studs Terkel, Mon.  
 Ivy Lounge: Rick Frigo, *tfn*.  
 Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Clancy Hayes, *tfn*.  
 Franz Jackson, Thurs.  
 London House: Oscar Peterson to 8/6. Red Nichols, 8/8-27. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novack, *hbs*.  
 Mister Kelly's: Julie London, Bobby Troup, 8/7-27. Martin Rubinstein, Dick Marx-John Frigo, *hbs*.  
 Pershing Lounge: Northern Jazz Quartet, *tfn*.  
 Red Arrow: Franz Jackson, wknds.  
 Scotch Mist: Pat Manago, *tfn*.  
 Sutherland: Sessions, Tues.


## LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.  
 Black Bull: Gus Bivona, *tfn*.  
 Black Orchid: Richard (Groove) Holmes, *tfn*.  
 Blue Beet: Vince Wallace, wknds.  
 Brown Derby (Wilshire): Jess Stacy, *tfn*.  
 Club Havana: Rene Bloch, *tfn*.  
 Digger: Name grps. wknds.  
 Encore: *unk*.  
 Disneyland (Riverboat): Young Men of New Orleans, *tfn*.  
 Frascati Chalet: Gene Di Novi, Red Kelly, *tfn*.  
 Green Bull: Johnny Lucas, wknds.  
 Hob Nob (Azusa): Loren Dexter, *tfn*.  
 Holiday House: Betty Bryant, wknds.  
 Honeybucket: South Frisco Jazz Band.  
 Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.  
 Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.  
 Jim's Roaring 20's (Downey): Johnny Lane, *tfn*.  
 Knotty Pine: The Associates, wknds.  
 Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Name grps., Sun.  
 Limelight (POP): Delta Rhythm Kings, *tfn*.  
 Losers: Pete Jolly, Ralph Penna, *tfn*.  
 M Club: Name grps., wknds.  
 Melody Room: Ronnie Brown; Tito Rivera, *tfn*.  
 Maxie's: *unk*.  
 Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.  
 Paris Theater: Sat. and Sun. morning sessions, Alan Marlowe.  
 PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*.  
 Puccini: Kitty White, *tfn*.  
 Renaissance: *unk*.  
 Rosie's Red Banjo: Art Levin, *tfn*.  
 Rubaiyat Room (Watkins hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *tfn*.  
 Sheraton West: Cal Gooden, *tfn*.  
 Sherry's: Red Mitchell, *tfn*.  
 Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, *hb*. Helen Humes, wknds., *tfn*. Frank Rosolino, Mon., Tues. Russ Freeman-Richie Kamuca, *Wed*.  
 Teddy Edwards, Thurs.  
 Storyville: John Henderson, Dixie Rebels, *tfn*.  
 Town Hill: *unk*.  
 Village: Conjunto Panama, Tues.-Thurs. Johnny Martinez-Cheda, wknds.  
 Ye Little Club: Ruth Olay, Aug. 31.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Cal Tjader, *tfn*. Joe Loco opens 9/5.  
 Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Witherspoon-Ben Webster to Aug. 6. Dizzy Gillespie, 8/8-10/8.  
 Black Sheep: Earl Hines, Cedric Heywood, *tfn*.  
 On-the-Levee: Muggsy Spanier, Joe Sullivan, *tfn*.  
 Fri., Sat.  
 Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*.  
 Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, *tfn*.  
 Fairmont (Hotel): Billy DeWolfe to 8/23. Buddy Hackett opens 8/24.  
 hungry i: Gene and Francesca to 8/21. Phyllis Diller opens 8/22.  
 Stereo-Club: John Handy, *tfn*.  
 Soulville: Atlee Chapman, Cowboy Noyd, *tfn*.  
 Sugar Hill: Barbara Dane, Goodnews Whitson, *tfn*.

## JAZZ FESTIVALS

American Festival of Music (Detroit, Mich.): 8/4-6 (three performances).  
 Saugatuck (Mich.): 8/11-12 (two performances).  
 Randall's Island (New York City): 8/25-27 (three performances).  
 Indiana State Fair (Indianapolis): 9/1 (one performance).  
 Atlantic City (N. J.) 9/2 (one performance).  
 Monterey (Monterey, Calif.): 9/22-24 (five performances).  
 Wisconsin Union (Madison, Wis.): 10/6-7 (two performances). 

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# DOWN BEAT

10 YEARS AGO

Headline: Feather Lauds Swedish Jazz . . . Don Freeman interviews Woody Herman . . . Tex Bencke and Ray Eberle cut an MGM record date . . . Ted Hallock interviews Erroll Garner who says, "Me, I like to play certain tunes because of their melody. Why should I disguise that melody?" . . . Edward (Kid) Ory is profiled in the *Bouquets to the Living* series . . . Gene Krupa says he does not think he is creating as much today as he did in the '40s . . . Conte Candoli and Buddy Childers join Stan Kenton trumpet section . . . Radio actor Jack Webb, a jazz fan and record collector, sells *Pete Kelly's Blues* to NBC . . . Duke Ellington opens at Chicago's Blue Note . . . Other Chicago spots feature Art Tatum, Band Box; Savannah Churchill, Hi-Note; Herbie Fields, Silhouette; Billy Eckstine, Chicago theater; Stan Getz and Erroll Garner, Regal theater . . . Phil Moore leaves for England as accompanist to Dorothy Dandridge . . . Patti Page being sought by many movie companies . . . Claude Thornhill set for Zenda ballroom in Los Angeles . . . Les Brown follows Tony Pastor into Palladium . . . Count Basie reorganizes band for the Oasis Club . . . George Hoefer writes of Earl Murphy, banjoist with the Austin High Gang, in *Hot Box* . . . Sy Oliver takes the *Blindfold Test* . . . Vido Musso shifts from Joe Glaser to GAC with his new 17-piece band . . . Lionel Hampton draws 6,294 persons at the Oaks ball park in San Francisco, but the date still lost money . . . Oscar Pettiford is leading a group at Lou Terrasi's in New York City . . . Ruby Braff has a band at the Breakers in York Beach, Maine.

25 YEARS AGO

Headline: Government to Probe Song Plugging Racket; Industry May Suffer Black Eye If U.S. Investigates 'Cash-for-Plug' System . . . Public is barred from television tests—RCA has private showing for distributors only of programs beamed from top of Empire State Building in N.Y. . . . Mike Riley and Ed Farley (*Music Goes Round and Round*) return to 52nd St., claim they did not go Hollywood . . . "My Soul Longs to Give Real Truth About Jazz," writes Tom Brown . . . Orville Knapp crashes to death in own plane . . . Musicians must double on 'romance' for lonesome females in resort hotel . . . The Lombardo brothers—Guy, Carmen, Lebert, and Victor—become U.S. citizens . . . By Hugues Panassie: Bud Freeman is one of finest hot musicians—Tenor men should study him for a perfect example of Chicago style . . . Six prominent members of the National Association of Performing Artists file suits to protect themselves against 'record pirates.' The performers include Fred Waring, Don Voorhies, Paul Whiteman, Frank Crumit, Walter O'Keefe, and Lawrence Tibbett . . . Earl Hines is knocked unconscious in a bus crash . . . By Marshall Stearns: 'Lowdown on the hot men'—Chapter 2 of the history of swing: Swing moves north from New Orleans to Chicago . . . Best record sellers: *On the Beach at Bali Bali; It's a Sin to Tell a Lie; Sweet Violets No. 2; There's a Small Hotel; These Foolish Things Remind Me of You; Let's Sing Again; All My Life; Lyin' to Myself; Afterglow* . . . Sheet music: *Boston Tea Party*, arranged by Frank Ryerson of Mal Hallett's orchestra.

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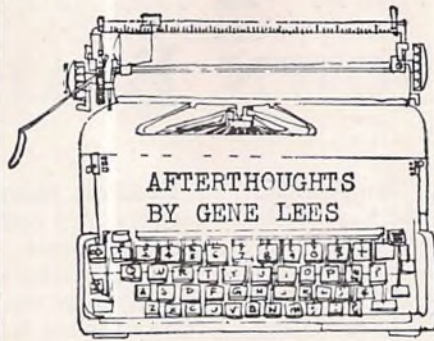
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If you love music, let me entreat your support in what I consider the prime humanitarian crusade of our era: Help Stamp Out Portable Radios!

Now, I am not at one with Ray Bradbury in looking askance at all technological advance, but I do find those silly little pocket-sized radios a major nuisance if not a serious threat to the human spirit.

Have you noticed how prevalent they have become? How often have you seen a guy walking down the street, either with the earpiece firmly attached and a little wire running down to his shirt pocket, or with one hand pressing the whole radio to his ear? Have you noticed the facial expression he wears? It is a look of blissful idiocy, and you know that this is a man so hooked on junk entertainment that he can't do without it even as he walks from his home to the nearest bus line.

It's got to be junk entertainment, of course. Portable radios of that size have AM receivers, and inasmuch as AM radio generally broadcasts nothing but bilge and ball games, you know that the stuff this guy is pumping into his ear morning, noon, and night is pretty awful.

Don't underestimate how hooked some people are on these gadgets. Don DeMicheal claims that a drummer he knows—a fairly prominent one, at that—sleeps with his portable gizmo going and the tiny ear speaker in his ear. I saw a man wading in Lake Michigan, up to his pectoral muscles in water, radio to his ear, rock and roll being piped directly into his brain.

I am concerned with the portable-radio addict himself. I reflect on what all this is doing to the human spirit, the human intelligence.

Portables represent the supreme triumph of self-brainwashing, being more efficacious, I believe, even than TV westerns. Shut out all thought, all awareness, all sensitivity. The day is lovely, the sun is shining, great castles of clouds are piled high against the blue? Shut it all out, shut out reality—shut out life. I feel for such people, but I also feel for all the rest of us. Think how the politicians will be able to manipulate such minds, each of them in command of a vote.

Yet portables are offensive in an even more immediate way.

When someone plays a portable loud, forcing you to listen to music you don't like (or simply are not in the mood for), he is invading your privacy.

The other morning I was riding downtown toward Chicago's Loop on a bus. The bus passes through Lincoln Park, with all its flowers and its trees and charming little bridges, but I didn't enjoy it this day. Behind me was a teenage boy with his portable radio going full blast, projecting an effluvia of bad music, DJ blather, and screaming commercials. (The singing commercial is out, but *out*. Today, screaming commercials are the thing.)

I gave him several withering looks. Had somebody given me such a look when I was a teenager, I'd have been ruined for the day with embarrassment. Not this type of teenager, though. Adults are squares; these kids are America's hope—they've been told so. Probably by disc jockeys. Several white-haired old gentlemen turned to give the kid an even more glaring look than I had, white-haired old gentlemen being skilled at this sort of thing (I hope to master the technique in time). The kid never budged a dial. Nobody noticed the flowers that morning. All of us on the bus just gritted our teeth and endured.

A few weeks ago, some youngsters were playing baseball in the area between my building and that next door. They perched a portable on a windowsill, the great American sport no longer being sufficient unto itself, and soon disc jockey goo was oozing through the neighborhood.

As it happened, I had just got out of hospital, and was in the back yard enjoying the sun. The doctor had told me not to get excited, and so on this occasion, too, I took a grip on myself—recited several maxims about boys being boys and other aphorisms meant to induce tolerance of youth. Suddenly: crash! I figured it was some new rock-and-roll sound effect. Then I realized: they'd just put a baseball through my window.

You know something? That doctor was wrong. Getting excited didn't put me back in the hospital at all. But I did acquire a permanent traumatic abhorrence of portable radios and those who inflict them on hapless neighbors.

So won't you help stamp out those ghastly gadgets with the scratchy tone?

In the meantime, the way I've got it figured, if I buy 30 feet of extension cable, and haul my stereo speakers over to the window, and turn my amplifier up full blast, and get ready with some Coltrane records and some Sibelius, the next time they come around with that portable . . .





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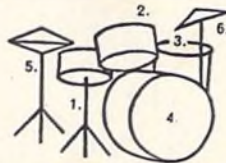
He's also to be heard on Contemporary, Dot, RCA Victor, Mode, Bethlehem and United Artists issues.

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