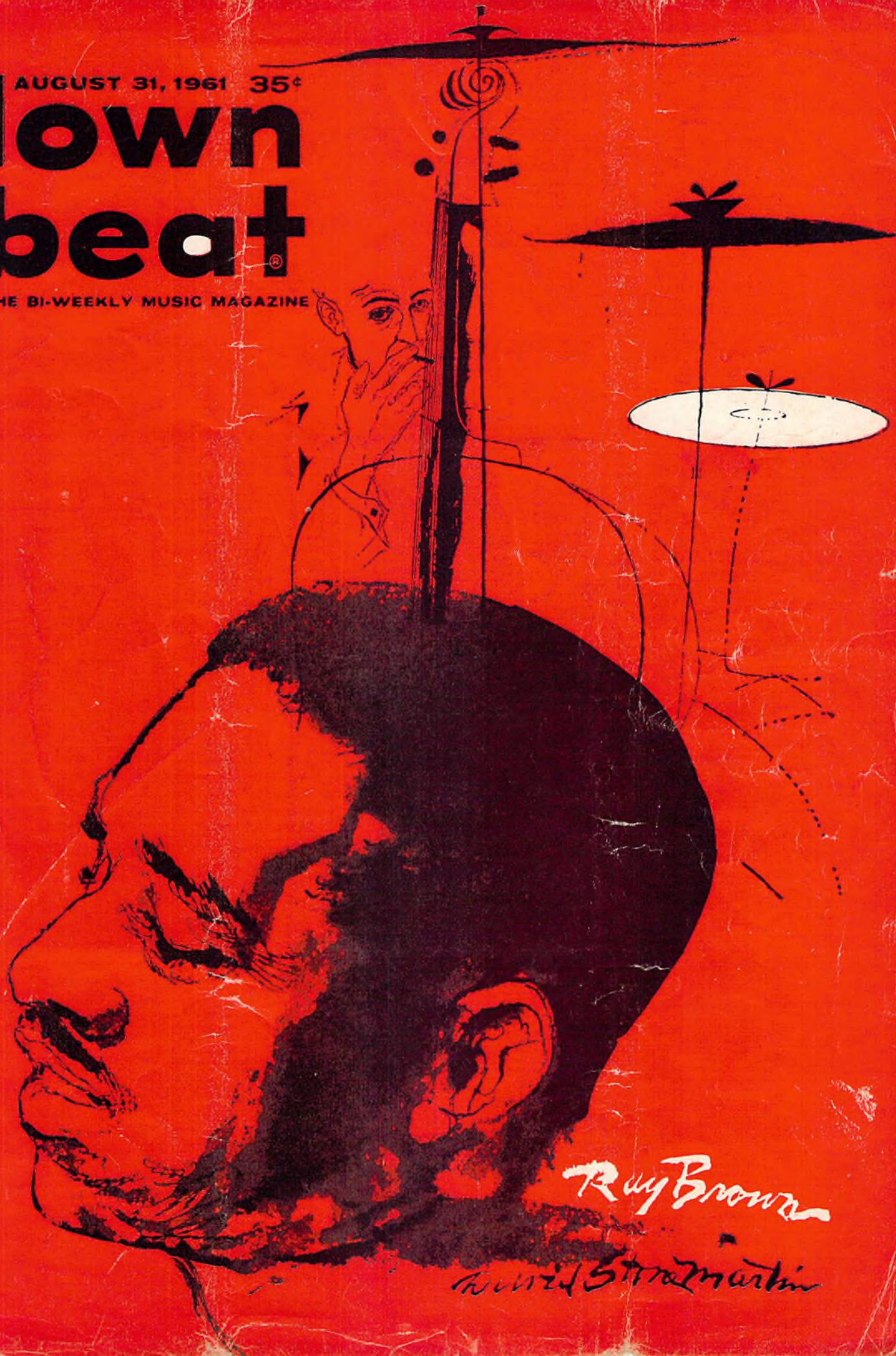


AUGUST 31, 1961 35¢

down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE



Ray Brown

Herb Straz Martin



SOLID HIT

the Les Paul guitars

by **GIBSON**

Les Paul and Mary Ford: two solid hits on the list of all-time guitar greats. With their own brand of sound, big and bright...with special stylings and effects—they reach listeners through every medium. Whether it's radio, night club, TV, a Columbia recording, or a dinner engagement...Les and Mary are always a solid hit—and it's always with their Gibson guitars.

Just out—and a solid success with guitar players—are the new Les Paul Model solid body Gibsons: Ultra thin, hand contoured, double cutaway...with new Gibson Vibrato and the famous "fretless wonder" neck (a low, fast action neck giving the ultimate in playing ease and mobility).

This dynamic Les Paul series is an exciting new approach to the solid body guitar. Beauty in gleaming white or cherry red that must be seen. Wonderfully clear bell-like tone that must be heard. Fast action that should be tried...soon. By Gibson, of course.

Gibson

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB now offers a brand-new selection of

GREAT JAZZ RECORDS

ANY 5

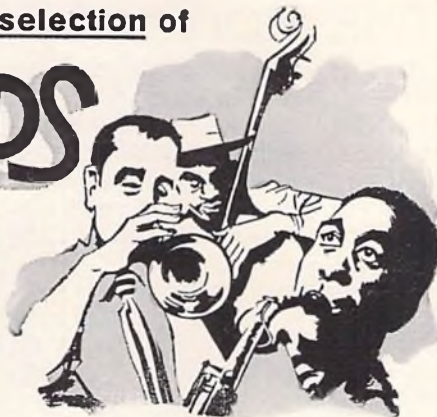
of these long-playing jazz records in your choice of

REGULAR
HIGH-FIDELITY
or **STEREO**

\$1.97

FOR ONLY RETAIL VALUE UP TO \$24.90

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 200 to be offered in the coming 12 months



10. ELLA FITZGERALD — Gershwin Song Book, Vol. 1. Love Is Here to Stay, Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, Fascinatin' Rhythm, 8 more

20. DINAH WASHINGTON — Unforgettable. The Song is Ended, When I Fall in Love, This Love of Mine, I Understand, 12 in all

31. LIONEL HAMPTON — Silver Vibes. Poor Butterfly, Walkin' My Baby Back Home, My Foolish Heart, Spunk Low, Blue Moon, etc.

32. THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET — Time Out. Blue Rondo a la Turk, Strange Meadow Lark, Three to Get Ready, Take Five, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.

50. ANDRE PREVIN — Like Love. When I Fall in Love, Love Is Here to Stay, Love Me or Leave Me, Like Someone in Love, 12 in all

55. MILES DAVIS — Sketches of Spain. "Exquisite . . . monumentally memorable" — Playboy Magazine

89. ELLA FITZGERALD — Sweet Songs for Swingers. Makin' Whoopee, Sweet and Lovely, East of the Sun, That Old Feeling, 8 more

92. SARAH VAUGHAN — No Count Sarah. Moonlight in Vermont, Darn that Dream, Just One of Those Things, Stardust, etc.

103. DUKE ELLINGTON — Jazz Party. Malletoba Spunk, Red Shoes, Typerturbably Blue, Hello Little Girl, Red Carpet, All of Me, Red Garter, etc.

104. LIONEL HAMPTON — Golden Vibes. Hamp plays 12 solos. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, The Nearness of You, My Funny Valentine, etc.

105. THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET — Gone With the Wind. Lonesome Road, Swannee River, Georgia on My Mind, Basin Street Blues, etc.

108. MILES DAVIS — Kind of Blue. Miles blows hot with Flamenco Sketches. So What, Freddie Freeloader, Blue in Green, etc.

132. ERROLL GARNER — Paris Impressions, Vol. 1. Song from Moulin Rouge, I Love Paris, Left Bank Swing, French Doll, Louise, etc.

136. DINAH WASHINGTON — The Queen. All of Me, Bad Luck, Back Water Blues, Lingerin', Make Me a Present of You, 7 more

137. DIZZY GILLESPIE — Have Trumpet, Will Excite! My Heart Belongs to Daddy, Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams, Moonglow, etc.

138. GERRY MULLIGAN — MEETS STAN GETZ. Anything Goes, That Old Feeling, Let's Fall in Love, Ballad, etc.

139. OSCAR PETERSON — Swinging Brass. Close Your Eyes, Blues for Big Scotta, Cubana Chant, Spirit Feel, Stockholm Sweetnin', O.P., etc.

140. MAYNARD FERGUSON — Boy With Lots of Brass. The Lamp Is Low, The Song Is You, Jeepers Creepers, Imagination, Easy to Love, 7 more

142. CANNONBALL ADDERLY — Sharpshooters. Fuller Bop Man, Jubilation, Stay On It, If I Love Again, Our Delight, What's New, etc.

143. CANNONBALL ADDERLY — IN CHICAGO. The Sleeper, Limehouse Blues, Stars Fell on Alabama, You're a Weaver of Dreams, etc.

144. THE EBULLIENT MR. GILLESPIE. Ungawa: Girl of My Dreams, Lorraine: Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac: Constantinople, etc.

145. CHARLIE MINGUS — Mingus Ah-Um. Better Git It in Your Soul, Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, Pussy Cat Dues, Boogie Stop Shuffle, Open Letter to Duke, etc.

146. RAMSEY LEWIS — Down to Earth. Dark Eyes, John Henry, Greensleeves, We Blue It, Come Back to Sorrento, Soul Mist, etc.

147. J. J. JOHNSON — Blue Trombone. Hello, Young Lovers: 100 Proof: Blue Trombone (parts 1 & 2); What's New; Kev; etc.

148. GERRY MULLIGAN — The Concert Jazz Band. You Took Advantage of Me, Out of This World, I'm Gonna Go Fishin', etc.

149. QUINCY JONES — The Birth of a Band. Along Came Betty, I Remember Clifford, Tickle Toe, A Change of Pace, Tuxedo Junction, Moanin', etc.

150. BUDDY RICH VS. MAX ROACH. Sing, Sing, Sing; Yesterday; Big Foot; Toot, Toot, Tootsie; The Casbah; Sleep; etc.

151. STAN GETZ AND J. J. JOHNSON AT THE OPERA HOUSE. Blues in the Closet, It Never Entered My Mind, etc.

153. LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS — The Hottest New Group in Jazz. Everybody's Soppin', Cleveland, Bijou, Charleston Alley, etc.

213. LAMBERT, HENDRICKS & ROSS SING ELLINGTON. Carnavan, Main Stem, Midnight Indigo, What Am I Here For?, Cottonell, etc.

214. STAN GETZ — Cool Velvet. Nature Boy, Born to Be Blue, The Thrill is Gone, Early Autumn, etc.

215. JIMMY GUIFFRE — In Person. The Crab, Two for Timbuctu, Wee See, etc.

216. OLATUNJI — Drums of Passion. Chant to the God of Thunder, Filtration Dance, Cult Rhythm, etc.

217. BILLY HOLIDAY — Lady in Satin. For All We Know, But Beautiful, etc.

219. BOB BROOKMEYER — The Blues Hot and Cold. Sunny side of the Street, I Got Rhythm, etc.

220. SONNY STITT — Saxophone Supremacy. I Cover the Waterfront, All of Me, Just Friends, etc.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

(Available in Regular High-Fidelity Only)

205. & 206. BENNY GOODMAN — THE FAMOUS 1938 CARNegie HALL JAZZ CONCERT. (2-Record Set — Counts As Two Selections). Featuring the all-time greats like Harry James, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, and many others in 23 hot jazz classics

207. ERROLL GARNER — Concert By the Sea. It's All Right With Me, I'll Remember April, Erroll's Theme, They Can't Take that Away from Me, April in Paris, etc.

208. CHARLIE PARKER — Night and Day. Stella By Starlight, I Can't Get Started, Laura, etc.

209. THE AHMAD JAMAL TRIO. Love for Sale, Rica Pulpa, Perfidia, Donkey Serenade, 6 more

210. THE PRESIDENT PLAYS WITH THE OSCAR PETERSON TRIO. Lester Young joins in on 8 swinging numbers

218. HORACE SILVER — Silver's Blue. To Beat or Not to Beat, I'll Know, etc.



BILLIE HOLIDAY

DAVE BRUBECK

DIZZY GILLESPIE

ANDRE PREVIN

SARAH VAUGHAN

ERROLL GARNER

GERRY MULLIGAN

MILES DAVIS

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS AND ROSS

HERE'S A BRAND-NEW SELECTION of great jazz — from red hot to cool — performed by the outstanding artists of all time. And now, you may have ANY 5 of these superb recordings — in regular high-fidelity or stereo — ALL 5 for only \$1.97 as a new member of the Columbia Record Club.

There are 42 records to choose from — including a special section of jazz classics that are a must for any record library. (These collector's items were recorded before the advent of stereophonic sound and are therefore available in regular high-fidelity only.)

TO RECEIVE YOUR 5 RECORDS FOR \$1.97 — simply fill in and mail the coupon at the right. Be sure to indicate whether you want your 5 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Classical.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's informative music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Mag-

azine, from all Divisions . . . or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 200 records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further obligation to buy any additional records . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing five records, you will receive — FREE — a Bonus record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy — a 50% dividend!

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of \$3.98 (Classical \$4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are \$1.00 more.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY to receive the 5 great jazz records of your choice — in regular OR stereo — ALL 5 for only \$1.97.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 5 records for \$1.97

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 264-5
Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your special offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the five records I wish to receive for \$1.97, plus small mailing and handling charge.

Send my 5 records and all future selections in (check one) ☐ REGULAR ☐ STEREO

... and enroll me in the following Division of the Club: (check one Division only)

☐ Jazz ☐ Listening & Dancing ☐ Classical ☐ B'way, Movies, Television & Musical Comedies

I understand that I may select records from any Division. I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 200 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a 12* Bonus record of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

Name..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

APO, FPO addresses: write for special offer
CANADA: prices slightly higher; 1111 Leslie Street, Don Mills, Ontario

If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in:

Dealer's Name and Address.....439

CIRCLE 5 NUMBERS

10	137	153
20	138	207*
31	139	208*
32	140	209*
50	142	210*
55	143	213
89	144	214
92	145	215
103	146	216
104	147	217
105	148	218*
108	149	219
132	150	220
136	151	

205* & 206*
(Counts as 2 of your 5 records)

*not available in stereo

More than 1,250,000 families now enjoy the music program of
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Terre Haute, Ind.

THE EDITORIAL

Talking to any member of the Oscar Peterson Trio these days—whether it be pianist Peterson, bassist Ray Brown (the cover subject of this issue), or drummer Edmund Thigpen—one comes away deeply impressed with their concern for education, with passing along what they have learned.

This is a far cry from the days when Brown, as a youngster, went to an older musician, asked for instruction in the art of slapped bass, and was told tartly, "Find out for yourself, kid."

English-born scholar Alan W. Watts,

in his book *The Way of Zen*, says that the Oriental musician learns music primarily "by listening to the performance of a teacher, getting the 'feel' of it, and copying him, and this enables him to acquire rhythmic and tonal sophistications matched only by those Western jazz artists who use the same approach."

This is, of course, an oversimplification, at least so far as jazz is concerned. Yet it is accurate insofar as it assesses the importance of unwritable subtleties in jazz. (For example, the opening bars of *Little Darlin'* are scored in simple quarter notes; see if the Count Basie band plays it that way.) And it is accu-

rate in its stress on jazz as a music that is *played*, rather than a music that is written (though Watts, along with many jazz musicians and jazz fans, reckons without the broad degree of interpretative latitude in classical music as well).

Jazz *must* be communicated from master to student, if jazz as we know it is to survive. In the past, many jazzmen have been careless about or downright indifferent toward the need to pass their knowledge along. And men like Ray Brown have had to learn as best they could.

But jazz has grown too complex to depend on chance and the good humor and patience of such a man as Dizzy Gillespie, who has always shown a tolerant willingness to explain to other musicians what he has learned. There aren't enough Dizzy Gillespies to go around.

This is the importance of education in jazz, this is the need.

Fortunately, the need is being met.

This summer, more than 500 students applied to one (or all three) of the Stan Kenton clinics, held at the National Band Camp on the campuses of Michigan State University, Indiana University, and Southern Methodist University. At the camp, men such as Kenton, Buddy DeFranco, Tommy Gumina, Phil Moore, Donald Byrd, and others made, in many cases, actual financial sacrifices in order to see young musicians get proper guidance.

Meanwhile, the Berklee School of Music in Boston continues to flourish and grow. And various colleges and universities throughout the nation are incorporating jazz studies in their music education programs.

If you look at the names on the faculty list of the band camp, you will note that the musical philosophies are widely varied. The music to which Kenton is dedicated and that to which Byrd is devoting his life are poles apart, within the basic jazz framework. Yet the passion to educate, to pass jazz along, is the same. This is in direct variance with the fragmentation, the narrowing, the quibbling over cant, that has infected jazz in recent years. It is a development that must be called more than just healthy: it may save the life of the patient.

Peterson's school represents different pedagogical thinking than Berklee. They do not see eye-to-eye on how the job should be done. Yet they are agreed that the job *must* be done.

The growing education-for-jazz movement is one of the most encouraging developments in an art that has had more than its share of hardships. How noble the men involved in this effort. How fortunate the students.

ray brown jazz cello

a startling NEW solo medium!

—that's what it is . . . a jazz cello, easier to play, easier to tune. Designed for jazzmen but wonderful for any string player. But listen to Ray: "Now soloing is easy for all bassists, for the solo range of the bass is easily accessible. Finger board and tuning make it a joy to play—and as you'll hear from my new Verve records, the sound is magnificent!"

by Kay

Write for **FREE** folder and full details about this all-new Kay cello!



KAY
MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT
COMPANY
1640 Walnut Street
Chicago 12, Illinois

down beat®

VOL. 28, No. 18

Readers in 86 Countries
Japanese Language Edition Published in Tokyo

AUGUST 31, 1961

CONTENTS

- 11 More Jazz from College
- 12 The Virginia Beach Festival
- 13 The Birmingham Festival
- 14 West Coast Reed Roundup
- 16 New Jazz in the Cradle, Part II
- 17 Edmund Thigpen, Gentleman and Jazzman
- 18 In Walked Ray—The Indestructible Ray Brown

DEPARTMENTS

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 4 The Editorial | 36 The Inner Ear |
| 6 Chords and Discords | 38 Up Beat Arrangement |
| 10 Strictly Ad Lib | 44 Caught in the Act |
| 23 Record Reviews | 46 Afterthoughts |
| 33 The Blindfold Test | |

ON THE COVER

There are few things on which critics, musicians, and laymen all agree when the subject is jazz. But there is one: they are agreed, as the polls indicate, that the greatest bassist in jazz is Ray Brown. Ray has won the *Down Beat* Reader's Poll for eight years in a row, and the Critics Poll three times. Bassists almost unanimously recognize him as the master. Yet, for some incredible reason, he has never been featured on a *Down Beat* cover. With this issue, that oversight is corrected. And David Stone Martin's sensitive cover design tells it as it is: Ray stands far in front of the pack, and other bassists listen from the distance.

THINGS TO COME

The blues—the universal in jazz. The blues is the foundation of jazz, and to be unable to play the blues is considered the ultimate damnation of a man's talent by many. The Sept. 14 issue of *Down Beat*, on newsstands Aug. 31, is a special one, devoted to the blues.

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 Tynan (Los Angeles), Associate Editors; Leonard Feather, Ralph Gleason, Contributing Editors; Charles Graham, High Fidelity Editor.

CORRESPONDENTS: Pat Messinger, Boston; Dave Ponyik, Judy Strauss, Cleveland; David B. Bittan, Philadelphia; Tom Scanlan, Washington, D.C.; Bob Archer, Detroit; Charles Suhor, New Orleans; Henry F. Whiston, Montreal; Helen McNamara, Toronto; Olle Helander, Sweden; Joachim-Ernst Berendt, Germany.

OFFICES: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811, 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.

Printed in U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1961 by Maher Publications, a division of John Maher Printing Co., all foreign rights reserved. Trademark registered U.S. Patent Office. Great Britain registered trademark No. 719,407. Published bi-weekly; and daily on March 17, July 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. We cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Subscription rates \$7 one year, \$12 two years, \$16 three years in advance. Bundle Subscriptions: Five or more one-year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution, \$4.90 per subscription. Add \$2.00 a year to these prices for subscription outside the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Change of address notice must reach us five weeks before effective date. Send old address with new address. Duplicate copies cannot be sent and post office will not forward copies.

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT; MUSIC 1961; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS; N.A.M.M. DAILY; BEBIDAS; ELABORACIONES Y ENVASES; RADIO Y ARTICULOS ELECTRICOS.



listen

TO YOU ON THE

NEW DUAL-BORE SYMPHONY MODEL



KING TRUMPET

Now, try the famous Harry James model trumpet—redesigned with new bell, new bore, new mouth-pipe. You'll hear BIG sound — yet note how freely it blows. This new trumpet delivers more brilliance and edge — yet King's exclusive STERLING SILVER BELL gives you a richer sound that will not crack. It responds instantly, with cleaner attack and precise control. It projects farther with less effort. The valves are swift, accurate, silent. And, of course, it has the integrity of construction that makes all King-crafted band instruments last longer.

Stop at your King dealer's. Listen to you on the new Symphony Model Trumpet, #1049S. The price? Just \$295 with solid sterling silver bell. Other King-crafted trumpets from \$119.50.



KING CLEVELAND

AMERICAN STANDARD

band instruments . . . designed and built with integrity by skilled hands for more than 65 years . . . write for free full-color catalog. The H. N. White Company, 5225 Superior Avenue, Cleveland 3, Ohio.

education in jazz

By Benny Golson

Recently, I had a very stimulating personal contact with the students of Berklee School of Music in Boston. They arranged and performed a group of my compositions on the latest in the fine series of "Jazz in the Classroom" disks. Downbeat's 5-star rating for the record gave me a particular thrill because this disk vivified a point which has long been a favorite subject with



me. Here is a group of students not only performing but doing the arranging in the finest traditions of jazz.

In my own career, I have learned that being an instrumentalist and arranger has provided me with double career insurance . . . twice the opportunities . . . twice the challenge . . . twice the gratification.

The full-dimensional training these Berklee students receive richly equips them to conquer the unemployment hazards of the music career. They have double security—the competitive edge—in a world that's full of economic problems. Berklee is one music school that's in tune with the times. It gives students a solid all-round grasp of the technical facets of modern music . . . fluency and facility in the instrumental performance . . . fluency and facility in writing and arranging. The combination can't miss. The Berklee program makes sense. And anyone hearing that great "Jazz in the Classroom" disk has to agree with the reviewer who says in part: "An open remark to Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson, and all other handlers who periodically hunt talent, 'go to Berklee for young talent, because if this record is an indication, that's where it's at.'"

Benny Golson

For information . . . write to:
Berklee School of Music
284 Newbury St., Boston 15, Mass.

down beat ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"A Tribute to Benny Golson"

newest release in the famous Berklee
"Jazz in the Classroom"

Lp and score series.

Includes: "I Remember Clifford", "Killer Joe", "Blues It", "Haasan's Dream" and seven other outstanding Golson originals.

12" LP \$3.95
12" LP plus full set of scores . . . \$13.50

For complete list of publications and Lps, write to:

Berklee Press Publications
284 Newbury St., Boston 15, Mass.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Paul and the Poll

I was surprised and somewhat disappointed not to see Paul Chambers listed among the bassists in this year's International Jazz Critics Poll (*DB*, Aug. 3). He is one of the most consistent and underrated talents in modern jazz today. He has few equals when it comes to his pizzicato bass playing and none when it comes to his bowed playing.

Maybe it was just an error in the listing of the results, I hope so. With due respect to Charles Mingus, Ray Brown, Red Mitchell, and the rest of the fine bassists on the scene today, I can't imagine Mr. P. C. not listed near the top of his category.
Madison, N. J. Richard Waters

Chambers was the victim of a dropped line of type. He was definitely near the top of the bass category. He received 20 votes, placing him third in the poll, following Brown and Mingus.

Drummer Joe Morello, as other sharp-eyed readers pointed out, should have been listed in 11th place in the drum category with five votes.

Criticism of the Critics

I would like to complain about the results of the International Jazz Critics Poll.

The first complaint is that Stan Kenton doesn't even get a mention in the big-band category. I think he should be under Duke Ellington.

And how about Louis Armstrong? He's been up there too long anyway. But my biggest complaint is Ornette Coleman's winning over Phil Woods. Come on, stop fooling the people. And how about letting Ben Webster drop down and letting Stan Getz and Zoot Sims take over. . . .

New York City J. C. Ziemb

Reader Ziemb should bear in mind that no one person has the power to move any musician up or down in the International Jazz Critics Poll or any other poll conducted by Down Beat. Ziemb's reference to Armstrong's being "up there too long" rings hollow when one realizes that Armstrong has won only one DB poll—he was elected to the Hall of Fame by DB readers.

RJG and the Big Bands

As much as I have enjoyed the writings of Ralph J. Gleason, I must take issue with him for his *Perspectives* in the July 20 issue.

I don't think there has been enough written about big bands. I also believe there are quite a few more big bands than the ones he mentioned, Duke Ellington, Harry James, and Count Basie. How about Stan Kenton, Si Zentner, Maynard Ferguson, Les Brown, Les and Larry Elgart, Ray McKinley, Louis Bellson, Ralph Marterie, Lionel Hampton, and Lee Castle?

The bands could really be big if enough of the right people honestly would try to do something for them. Not one record company, radio or TV network, magazine,

newspaper, or writer is doing its utmost to help the big bands.

At the risk of being called a sentimental slob, I sincerely believe the Golden Era was the most productive, both artistically and musically, that this country has ever seen. If the quick-buck boys can put over things like rock and roll and *Sing Along with Mitch*, I know they could sell big bands.

We need action, and we need it now.
Dayton, Ohio Randy Taylor

Modern Jazz Revolutionary?

After reading the June 8 issue of *DB*, I have come to the conclusion that contemporary jazz has too many revolutionists.

Both Don Ellis and Ornette Coleman, in my opinion, are trying to portray something that is far beyond the capabilities of any musician at present. It is sorrowful to see others following the same example.

Surely a more gradual change would be more beneficial than a fast and haphazard one. Jazz in the evolutionary sense has still many potentialities, and I think the younger musician should at least develop his technique and ability in that direction before trying to cope with some innovation that would otherwise be out of his grasp.

According to Bill Mathieu (*The Inner Ear*, May 25) atonality seems to be the next step in this particular idiom, and I suppose both Ellis and Coleman could be termed atonalists. But one cannot spark off a new era overnight. Jazz must break its barriers by degrees. . . .
Long Crendan, Bucks, England

J. A. Richardson

Mathieu in his column said that atonality could be expected in jazz. "but it won't happen tomorrow. . . . Atonal jazz is a long way off and must be preceded by a more complete exploration of the tonality on which it is now based."

Kind Words

There are periodicals for practically every subject. To be informed, a person will try to find the best periodical he can on the subject in question.

Have you noticed the prices some publishers are asking? A single copy of a magazine costs 60 cents or more. What I don't understand is how *Down Beat* can offer the services it does at such reasonable rates. Comparing *Down Beat* with other magazines, it is immediately apparent how much more you receive for your investment in *DB*.

A little research has proved that your reviewers are among the best in North America and probably could equal reviewers elsewhere as well. The critics are the foundation of *Down Beat*, and that is why it is so important for them to be as good as they are. The jazz listener is saved the expense of buying unsatisfactory records and having to listen to them.

Ottawa, Canada John M. Forsyth

DOT ULTRA STEREOGRAPHIC RECORDING

organ festival

eddie baxter

at the lowrey organ

begin the begonia
fascination
festival
hawaiian wedding song
autumn leaves
malaguena
tea for two
september song
no other love
my foolish heart
tenderly
the third man theme



Another dynamic Dot record proves and sells Lowrey's "big organ" tone and versatility

Eddie Baxter knows professional sound. He's arranged for and played with many of the all-time great dance bands . . . also featured in many leading restaurants in the Hollywood area . . . and as network staff organist.

He gets professional performance from The Lowrey Organ. Lowrey's exclusive touch-tab registration, complete percussion, "Moving Stereo," and many other professional features freely satisfy his creative needs.

Listen to the big professional sound of Eddie Baxter and The Lowrey Organ on Dot Records, and you seem to hear a full orchestra: biting brass, a haunting cello, accordion, harp glissando, Hawaiian guitar, chimes, a muted trumpet and even bongos. And these, Eddie says, are only a few of the in-

finity of effects, sounds and voicings possible on this amazing instrument.

What a thrill for the amateur to know that he can play these authentic voices, too. Indeed, The Lowrey Organ opens up unlimited creativity for the beginner as well as the more accomplished musician.

Dot Records' new stereo album sells that idea. It vividly demonstrates Lowrey's superior "big organ" features—preferred by the artist—most helpful to the amateur.

No doubt about it—Lowrey is leading the way. For more information, just visit your Lowrey dealer or write: The Lowrey Organ Company, 7373 N. Cicero, Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois.

Easy to prove . . . **THE LOWREY ORGAN**

A PRODUCT OF CHICAGO MUSICAL INSTRUMENT CO.



is the easiest to play of all musical instruments

STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

At this point, with only two major jazz festivals to go, it can only be reported that a few have gone well. Newport, R. I., and Evansville, Ind., lost enough money to suggest that there will be no tomorrow. Virginia Beach, Va., (see Page 13) fortunately recovered the standard. Detroit, Boston, and Philadelphia, all promised festivals and all stopped almost before they began. **George Wein**, whose festivals used to cover one-half the nation, had words on the subject.

According to Wein, the novelty of the festival has worn off. That, and the enormous rise in talent costs, has produced a situation in which every one must fail, he ventured. "Big jazz artists," Wein said, "like **Ella, Louis, Erroll, Duke, Basie, and Sarah** have, in effect removed themselves from the jazz world in money and appearances. Many appear a good percentage of the time in lounges in Vegas, where they get money far ahead of jazz clubs. As to festivals: the prices, he said, are too prohibitive to permit a profit. As to his return to Newport next year: "The only way I would go back is if an entirely new concept of Newport as a festival center could be developed . . . If it removes itself from the 'big business' approach to jazz . . . (If) the programs developed in artistic content and not on name draw . . . Newport must appeal in concept to the pure jazz fan . . ."

At Randall's Island on July 25-27, **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross** will appear each of the three nights, musically introducing each group . . . Lewisohn Stadium's next-to-last concert was titled the *Sixth Annual Jazz Jamboree* and featured **Louis Armstrong** and **Stan Getz** . . . **Erroll Garner's** appearance at the Melody Tent in Hyannis, Mass., was the first occasion of a jazz performance there and the first Sunday night performance in the tent. A special license was necessary. Granted, it classified the Garner appearance as "a cultural event." . . . New York's Shakespeare Festival has opened its open nights to a series of chamber music and jazz concerts under the direction of **David Amram**. The first of the jazz evenings presented the **Slide Hampton Octet**.

Florence Kennedy, attorney for both the **Charlie Parker** and **Billie Holiday** estates, this week obtained in New York surrogate court an order obliging several record companies to account to both estates on the question of royalties. The lawyer insists that more than \$250,000 dollars is owed . . . The Ellington-Basie Columbia record, supervised by **Teo Macero**, will include four tracks associated with each of the two bandleaders . . . The **Marshall Brown-Ruby Braff** group has cut its first record for United Artists . . . After six years and 24 albums with Fantasy, **Cal Tjader** has signed with Verve . . . **Bob Thiele** has left his a&r post at Roulette in what is described as an amicable parting and "just for a rest." . . . **Ralph Bass**, pioneer a&r man with Chess Records in Chicago, will take over the vacant jazz spot left by **Jack Tracy** at Argo, gone to Mercury.

Some record collectors went wild last month, trying to buy a **Charlie Parker Carlton** record, **Pres**, on which drunken

(continued on page 44)

DEPTH!

Gibson
STRINGS

The better the strings, the better the music. Listen to the deep tonal quality of music played with Gibson Strings, and you'll know instantly that they are the finest.

for the
finest strings...

USE GIBSON

GIBSON INC.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



GARNER



LHR

down beat

Down Beat

August 31, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 18

LENOX SCHOOL IS CANCELED

The School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., is no more, though its demise still may be in that category of deaths that were grossly exaggerated. Its board of governors hopes so and is currently meeting to examine plans for its revival.

The school's history is short but illustrious. In the summer of 1956, Philip and Stephanie Barber, then owners of the Music Inn and Music Barn in Lenox, Mass., sponsored a series of jazz panel discussions, involving a score of prominent musicians from several eras of jazz, Willie (The Lion) Smith through Rex Stewart to Gunther Shuller. After a week of meetings, the Barbers met with John Lewis, Max Roach, Ray Brown, Jule Foster, Bill Russo, and Bill Coss to propose the founding of a summer jazz seminar to be taught by prominent jazz musicians.

That seminar, a three-week session, began in 1957 and ran through 1960. Its faculty included such as Lewis, Brown, Russo, Schuller, Kenny Dorham, Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Giuffre, Jim Hall, Percy Heath, Milt Jackson, J.J. Johnson, Connie Kay, Lee Konitz, Herb Pomeroy, Oscar Peterson, George Russell, and Marshall Stearns.

Its program varied from year to year but included individual lessons, small-group and large-ensemble practice, composition and arranging, lectures in the history and stylistic development of jazz, and evening discussion periods led by such visiting lecturers as Dave Brubeck, Mahalia Jackson, Lukas Foss, Rex Stewart, and Barry Ulanov.

One hundred and fifty-five students attended the four sessions, including young men and women from Africa, Austria, Sweden, Holland, India, Canada, Turkey and Brazil, and 20 U. S. states. Some have gone on to play in bands led by Woody Herman and Quincy Jones and the groups of George Russell and Kenny Dorham. Ornette Coleman and Don Ellis have achieved prominence since attending the school.

But a primary problem adversely affected the school from its inception. Despite financial assistance from many in and out of the music business, the school never was able to afford an out-of-season staff that could concentrate on curriculum planning, fund raising, and student recruitment.

This year, these and perhaps other reasons resulted in a total enrollment of only 15 students, most of them on scholarships. There was not enough income with which to run the school properly, nor was their enough breadth in instrumentation to enable the faculty to provide coaching in large- and small-ensemble playing.

The school's governing committee, unhappily canceling 1961's session, admitted that it had no definitive explanation for the shortage of qualified applicants.

It listed some possibilities: inadequate communication to potential students, today's general switch away from individual teaching and toward group instruction, a heretofore unseen move on the part of talented men and women away from jazz and into a more general musical career.

MORE JAZZ FROM COLLEGE

Joe Zawacki and a few of his fellow junior classmen at Philadelphia's Villanova University wanted to put on a jazz concert. But the lack of cash looked like too big an obstacle—until Joe hit upon the idea of using college musicians. The gimmick was an invitational jazz contest, with prizes for the three best groups.

Joe didn't expect too much in the way of music, but this was one way of having a concert. He put scouts out for

the best groups in the area and saw that they were invited.

A good crowd attended the concert and heard, to the surprise of Zawacki and many in the audience, a quality of music that certainly equaled much of the professional type around today. The three most astounded men were the judges, Toby DeLuca, radio station WFIL music librarian; Bruce Davidson, Capitol records' promotion man in Philadelphia, and Dave Bittan, of *Down Beat*. They had the tough time picking the winners.

The first-prize winner was the Jeff Haskell Trio from West Chester State. An excellent modern pianist, Haskell sings well in the Matt Dennis-Bobby Troup-Buddy Greco style.

Other winners were Jay Heckler and the Impromptones, a Dixieland group from Ursinus College, and the 12-piece Bobby Rerres band, a modern-flavored unit from Penn State's Ogotz campus in Philadelphia.

Area jazz buffs, used to hearing the same old sounds from "name" artists, were impressed by the musicianship of the losers, as well as the winners. And the variety of groups made for an unusually well-balanced program, held together by the droll between-the-act comments of Zawacki.

The 18-piece Fordney-Goebel Jazz Group, a Kenton-styled band that showed the results of much rehearsal, came from Franklin and Marshall College to win the votes of many in the audience as the best group in the concert. The Reveliers, a modern quartet from Glassboro State College in New Jersey, had interesting soloists and arrangements. The Villanovans, a combo from the host school, played a satisfactory brand of Dixie.

But the sentimental favorites were 10 girls from Rosemont College, singing a cappella arrangements of tunes like *Funny Valentine* and *Get Out of Town*. Leader-arranger Nancy DeVito, a trim brunette, led with a pitch pipe. Each coed was prettier than the other.

The event, scheduled to be repeated next year, proved something that jazz observers have begun to realize: That much is happening in jazz on the college campuses. The result could be a new crop of jazz artists with something to say—if enough outlets are supplied to keep the talented young musicians in the music business.

IT AIN'T WHACHA DO—

CBS radio has a program, *Information Central*, on which recently some musical discoveries by anthropologists, all of which leave deep impressions on the musicians as well as the audiences, were dealt with. Some samples:

In New Guinea, there lives the Willigiman-Wallalua, whose music arises from performers grinding their teeth in harmony.

In Madagascar, a player sits on the ground, lays three or four bars of wood across his shins, and strikes the wood with clubs, utilizing his legs as the vibrators.

Among certain Kafir tribes in Africa, the musicians beat their elbows against their ribs, forcing different pitches of sound out of their lungs.

The Virginia Beach Festival

By **GEORGE HOEFER**

Out of doors behind the recently named Alan B. Shepard Convention Dome on Virginia Beach, the balmy mid-July tidewater weather favored the third annual Virginia Beach Jazz Festival. More than 6,000 well-behaved jazz fans attended the two nights of stimulating music played by big-name artists and three top-notch local groups.

It was a double-barreled success—artistically and financially, the latter an elusive quality so far this summer. Producer-musician Tom Gwaltney gets more ambitious each year. His new open-air site had 1,500 more seats than last year, when the event was held inside the dome. It was not a sellout, but he did manage to gain 1,000 new customers a night.

Musically, there were highlights and low points, the exciting parts outnumbering the disappointments. On both nights the program ended with a big band receiving a standing ovation.

Friday, the opening night, Count Basie had everything running smoothly for him—his piano, his soloists, and the ensembles executed the arrangements with precision. Their powerful swing pulled a rather slow preintermission program out of the fire.

The next evening, Sal Salvador's Concert Orchestra had an opposite situation to contend with, when they were called upon to hold their own with, or top if they could, five exciting jazz groups. Jimmy Rushing, singing in front of Buck Clayton's band, hit a high spot preceding Salvador. But the guitar-playing leader propelled his group of good soloists through their unique arrangements and maintained the fast pace of the evening to close the two-day event on the up side. His band got in nine numbers, including encores, and went off to a standing ovation.

Trumpeter Max Kaminsky's Dixieland All-Stars opened the festival but failed to live up to their band name as far the crowd was concerned. It had been said the listeners preferred to be put in a jazz mood with the old-style driving Dixieland, a mode of starting a show that has become traditional for this festival. The band played Dixieland tunes like *High Society* and *Way Down Yonder in New Orleans*, but they were performed in the round-robin fashion familiar to those who frequent Eddie Condon's bistro in New York. There were some good solos, especially Bob Wilber's performances on tenor saxophone and a string bass interlude by Jack Lesberg on *Lullaby of the Leaves*. Other members of the group included Eph Resnick on trombone and Ronnie Greb on drums.

The second group, the Pat Roberts Trio, is well known in Virginia. It is based in Lynchburg and has performed at previous beach festivals. Roberts is a two-handed jazz pianist, who works with an electric bass and drums and prefers to play original jazz material. He scored on Marshall Brown's *Solid Blue* and a Dave Figg tune named *Rootie Tootie*. His presentation was slowed up by a rather lackadaisical approach to the audience. The trio's young drummer, Denny Rinker, formerly in the Billy May Orchestra, showed to advantage.

Roberts finished off his portion of the program by presenting Barbara McGill, who has sung with the Airmen of Note Air Force Band and the Willis Conover Band in Washington, D. C. Miss McGill's ballads suffered from a lack of enthusiasm. The audience remained cool.

They began to perk up during the next group's appearance. The Jimmy Crummett Brass Choir from Richmond, Va. is made up of doctors, lawyers, and businessmen who like to play music. The leader plays baritone saxophone, flute, and piccolo. He also scores all the music for the unusual instru-

mentation of two valve trombones (Mac Wells and Tommy Mitchell), two slide trombones (Bill Cully and Doug Powell), piano (Tommy Witten), bass (Andy Fleming) and drums (Nick Manos). Two of the trombonists double on trumpet and fluegelhorn.

The listeners reacted favorably to the group's interpretation of *Green Dolphin Street*, Jack Montrose's *Bacchanal*, and Horace Silver's *Sister Sadie*.

After a 30-minute intermission, the Basie rhythm machine rolled into action, and the excitement in the crowd could be felt. Basie grinned sheepishly when he announced *April in Virginia Beach*. The crowd showed appreciation for Budd Johnson's tenor solos and Frank Wess on flute, but, as is inevitable, they flipped when Sonny Payne did his long drum stint on *Old Man River*.

Blues singer Ocie Johnson received a good response for his numbers, but the vocal climax came with the appearance of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross. They opened their portion of the show with *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, using the Basie rhythm section, and scored heavily. For the closing number of the evening the entire Basie band and singer Smith joined the singing trio to send the crowd home happy.

On the second night the audience responded generously to the opening offerings by the new Ruby Braff-Marshall Brown Sextet, consisting of Brown, valve trombone; Braff, cornet; Tommy Newsom, tenor saxophone; Howard Collins, guitar; Don Kenney, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

The group performed tightly written arrangements that it has been working out for several months. Braff does the announcing chores for the group in somewhat the same manner as he plays—in a soft relaxed style that may suddenly change into a biting attack.

As might be expected, though it was no less deserved, onetime Norfolkian Newson was singled out for thunderous applause during his solo on *Crazy Rhythm*. The rendition won for him an award made by a soft-drink company for the "Most Outstanding Virginia-Born Musician at the 1961 Festival."

The tidewater area talent still held top honors when Gwaltney and Jeep Bennett joined the Newton Thomas Trio for an unusual specialty worked up for the festival by the two rival band leaders.

Gwaltney and Bennett both play clarinet and vibraharp. They make a swinging duet-team when they are not busy leading their respective bands at local dances and concerts. First they played an original composition by Bennett, a former Charlie Barnet and Tommy Dorsey sideman, entitled *Like Rhythm*. They let loose in trading solos and playing ensembles, alternating their improvisations from clarinet to vibes in unison. This rendition was followed by a Gwaltney composition, *Tom's Idea*, with which they again had the crowd beating the turf with their feet.

The Thomas trio, a hit at previous festivals, again gave a winning performance. Pianist Thomas, accompanied by Lou Sawyer on bass and Kenny Peterson on drums, got an ovation for his playing on *Carry Me Back to Old Virginny*. Thomas, who played Birdland for a week last year, should be given another New York chance, and this time he should be listened to.

Lurlean Hunter, a fine jazz singer from Chicago, took over the crowd with her first note. She received an overwhelming ovation on her version of *The Song Is You*.

Trumpeter Buck Clayton's fine combo, a group that can get all kinds of bookings in Europe but has a hard time getting a gig at home, included Mathew Gee, trombone; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Gene Ramey, bass; Herbie Lovelle, drums. The quintet could use a guitar, and Norfolkian Butch

Hall, filling the bill, said after it was over, "It was one of those once-in-a-lifetime deals."

The Clayton set ended with blues by Jimmy Rushing, and the round man tore the house down with *Sent for You Yesterday*. The show could have been at its climax right at intermission.

The Salvador band took to the challenge with young, driving enthusiasm. Armed with brilliant arrangements from young tenor saxophonist Larry Wilcox, the band held the audience at the peak of interest. Wilcox was responsible for the composition and arrangement of *Exurbanite* and *Pantagruel*, and the arrangements on the two Sal Salvador originals, *Dancing Beat* and *Colors in Sound*; Pete Rugolo's *Inter-*

lude; an arrangement of *Dusk* featuring trombonist Billy Byers, and one of *Secret Love* featuring Salvador's guitar.

The proceedings were pleasantly emceed in a relaxing manner by Fred Jordan, a former band vocalist who is now a radio announcer in Norfolk.

An exciting sideline of the festival was the playing of a young jazz pianist named Fats Wright from Roanoke, who performed at several after-concert parties. His playing is reminiscent of Erroll Garner, and it is likely that he will be heard from again.

Gwaltney and his co-partners in the festival, drummer Ray Kipper and Norfolk businessman Turk Baldwin, announced the festival goes on again in '62.



The Birmingham, Mich., Festival

By IRA GITLER

As part of the fourth annual Birmingham, Mich., Arts Festival, jazz was included for the second consecutive year. This time, because of last year's success, it was expanded to cover two nights of the week-long presentation. Held in the intimate setting of a geodesic dome, erected in the Michigan community's Shain Park, this was no jazz circus but a home-style event that was notable for its warmth and spirit.

The first portion of each night's program was given over to talent from the Detroit area. On Friday it began with pianist Bess Bonnier's quartet with vibist Jack Brokensha, bassist Nick Fiore, and drummer Dick Riordan.

The highlight was a number written by Fiore in tribute to the late Lem Winchester, who had performed brilliantly at last year's concert. In attendance, as guests of the festival, were Winchester's widow and son.

Fiore remained onstage (he played with every group on both nights except the Jimmy Wilkins Band) and was joined by Johnny Griffith, piano, and Dave Heard, drums. They backed baritone saxophonist-flutist Frank Morelli in two numbers and then accompanied singer Amanda Thigpen of New York. Before the first half closed, Griffith did a trio set of his own.

On Saturday, the first half was devoted to Wilkins' big band. Composed of a good many veterans of big-band experience settled in the Detroit area, this swinging outfit could acquit itself well in any setting.

Wilkins plays trombone but, for the most part, limits himself to fronting the band. The saxes are well-led by ex-Luncefordite Teddy Buckner. Tenor man Fathead Johnson is a spirited soloist. The band also boasts an excellent trumpet section. Don Slaughter scored in his muted trumpet solo on *Li'l Darlin'*.

The band's singer, Sonny Carter, did only one number, *You Stepped Out of a Dream*, but showed off a rich, easy style. One of the features of the set was a guest performance on fluegelhorn by

Clark Terry on *Lover Man*. The arrangement was by Ernie Wilkins. With other of brother Ernie's arrangements in the book, Jimmy's band does have something of a Basie feel, but it reminds of Lunceford, too. The sum is a band with a character of its own. It's a good one.

Singer Frances Burnett was heard in a spirited set that included *Willow*, *Weep for Me* and *Old Man River*. Her backing was by Griffith, Fiore, and Heard.

The second half of both nights was devoted to what amounted to a jazz repertory group from the east. Chicago tenor man Sandy Mosse was an added attraction on Saturday night.

The troupe was made up of Joe Newman, trumpet; Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Al Grey, trombone; Billy Mitchell, Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophones; Les Spann, guitar, flute; Joe Kennedy, violin; Wynton Kelly, piano; J. C. Heard, drums; Joe Carroll, vocals.

Friday's second half opened with two jam-session numbers (a blues and *I Got Rhythm*) featuring all the horns. Then there were individual sets by Mitchell-Grey, Newman, Carroll, and Kennedy. The Kelly-Fiore-J. C. Heard trio backed them all. Spann appeared at various times, most importantly in the set with Kennedy, whose playing of the amplified violin is one of the most refreshing sounds I've heard in a long time. He is capable of destroying quickly most persons' prejudices about jazz violin.

Mitchell and Grey, through their long association in the bands of Dizzy Gillespie and Count Basie, have developed a rapport that makes their two horns seem especially full. They complement each other, and this lends dimension to each man's efforts. Grey's *I Got It Bad* (plunger and all) was a highlight. Their newly formed group deserves recognition.

Another man who merits some spotlight is vocalist Carroll. As he proved at Birmingham, all he needs is an audience, and his humorous, hard-swing-

ing style takes care of the rest. This heir to Leo Watson did *Route 66*, *School Days*, *Honeysuckle Rose*, and a wordless approximation of a trombone with plunger on a number appropriately entitled *Wah Wah*.

Newman never sounded better. The spirit of his era-less style seems to be soaring after his self-liberation from the Basie band.

The main criticism of the Friday night concert, which ended with everyone on stage for a rousing *Lester Leaps In* featuring J. C. Heard, is that because the local groups stayed on too long, the pace of the whole program was upset. Terry, Nelson, Kelly, and Spann (on flute) did not get a chance to be heard except on the jam numbers.

On Saturday night, this was remedied. In addition to repeat sets by Mitchell-Grey, Kennedy, and Carroll, Spann fluted a *Bye, Bye, Blackbird* that built in feeling as it went; Kelly explored *Autumn Leaves* in an extremely personal and lyrical manner and swung through *Give Me a June Night*, and Nelson and Mosse combined to walk their contrasting styles on *Green Dolphin Street*.

Perhaps the most outstanding set was a dual effort by Terry and Newman, who each shone on featured numbers, Terry on *Trust in Me* on fluegelhorn and Newman on *Li'l Darlin'*. They banded together to inspire each other on *The Opener* and *The Continental*.

The closer was again *Lester Leaps In* featuring an eight-minute solo by J. C. Heard that never lost the interest of the audience. He is a pro who a lot of people have been sleeping on. To hear him expertly and enthusiastically back a wide variety of musicians on the two nights, was a lesson as well as a treat.

Producer Dave Usher is to be congratulated for the talent he assembled. Chairman Richard Galpin should be proud of the results. Instead of overhiring, this festival contracted a reasonable amount of musicians and then let them do what they do best—play.



By JOHN TYNAN

Alphonse Saxe, (alias Adolphe Saxe) were he living today, doubtless would sputter himself into apoplexy after hearing eight bars of Ornette Coleman. The estimable Belgian considered his invention purely a military band instrument, and the mere thought of a John Coltrane working his great talent on it accompanied only by a jazz rhythm section would surely be sufficient to send the inventor into a state of acute shock. As for Charlie Parker . . .

For all M. Sax's conception of the utility of his saxophone more than 100 years ago, the fact remains that the instrument did not truly justify itself as a vehicle of personal creative expression until the jazzman made it his own.

Somebody once observed that the saxophone is a "natural" jazz instrument. The point was advanced that no other horn employed in the idiom has proved so uniquely suited to the innate tonal characteristics of jazz and also that the soft-brass sound of the saxophone itself, in turn, vested jazz with a peculiar voice of its own.

For all the "legitimate" prowess of Marcel Mule, as a youth I recall that the saxophone was more or less sneered at as a hybrid instrument unworthy of serious consideration in the classical field. It was considered vulgar and associated with gyrating denizens of Harlem night spots. Even the employment of the instrument by George Gershwin in his pseudo-jazz compositions during the 1920s did little to invest it with the aura of second hand respectability. To the long-hairs, the sax was purely a jazz instrument, and as such, in their view, it was doomed to remain.

Perhaps this was all to the good. The universe of music is wide enough to encompass every conceivable innovation and fair-weather experiment. Jazz music made enemies from the moment the first cry was valved or strummed by a southern Negro. Jazz knew few friends, and, so, the introduction of the saxophone to a new music that had been written off as disreputable, anyway, appeared to the fenced-in minds of the 1920s and '30s to be a mere compounding of the original felony.

Considering the radical nature of early jazz and its revolutionary impact on musical minds conditioned to established classical or light music forms of the 19th century, the use of standard orchestral instruments of the time was, in a sense, anachronistic. Consider the traditional New Orleans "front line" instrumentation — cornet or trumpet, clarinet, and trombone. As jazz developed during the 1920s, it was inevitable that guitar should replace banjo, string bass adopted in favor of the more cumbersome and plodding tuba and that a new instrumental voice



WEST COAST REED ROUNDUP

should emerge, a voice that carried a quality within it hitherto unconsidered in this raw, groping jazz music—the voice of the saxophone. And if Louis Armstrong was the genius of jazz' formative period, carving out new paths and concepts on cornet and, later, on trumpet, it is no coincidence at all that the towering genius of the next phase was a saxophonist, Charlie Parker.

It is undeniable that much of the appeal of the sax during the hectic Roaring '20s lay in its novelty potential. It became the instrument of musical clowns and jokers. Novelty numbers, such as *The Laughing Saxophone*, were written to exploit its peculiar wailing tonal quality and an induced vibrato so

wide at times that, as Leonard Feather once wrote of Sidney Bechet's playing, you could blow smoke rings through it. But if the sax became a joke in the hands of the Rudys Wiedhofs and Valces in that halcyon era, it was fast becoming a powerful medium of jazz expression when played by Coleman Hawkins, Bud Freeman, Frank Trumbauer, and a few others.

Apart from the outstanding jazz soloists, the sax made further, and perhaps more significant, strides in the idiom by virtue of the writing for sections by such arrangers as Don Redman and Benny Carter. Thus, by the mid-1930s, the saxophone both as a solo and ensemble instrument had secured for itself a seri-



AMY



BAGBY

JOHN TYNAN

ous, integral, and enduring place in jazz music.

With such a history (and the foregoing is intended only to trace sketchily the outline of the saxophone's background in jazz); with such illustrious saxophone exponents as Carter, Johnny Hodges, Lester Young, Stan Getz and Parker; with such sax pioneers as the Brown Brothers vaudeville team and Coleman Hawkins; with knowledge of what is past, thus we listen to and evaluate the current contributions of Ornette Coleman, Eric Dolphy, John Coltrane and the rest of the relatively new innovators on the instrument.

Because the Los Angeles area of the west coast is my beat and therefore the region of current jazz I know at first hand, I should like to cite some of the newer figures on jazz saxophone who are based in the west. These men are "new" only in the sense that what publicity they have been getting in the music press has been desultory at best. Virtually all have been playing for years; few are yet in what is euphemistically termed the Big Time. I have chosen to bypass such sax men as Harold Land and Teddy Edwards because they have been recorded, have been written about to varying degrees in music magazines, and are neither young in years nor reputation.

Taking those known mainly for their work on alto sax, the first group consists of Gabe Baltazar, Jerry Dodgion, and Charlie Lloyd.

Baltazar, now playing the jazz alto chair with the Stan Kenton band, hails from the state of Hawaii. He has been active around the Los Angeles area for the past three or four years. I first heard him play at the annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival at The Lighthouse, Hermosa Beach, two years ago. His playing is quite contemporary in concept, long-lined and well constructed in approach to solos, and, above all, fiery. Baltazar is equally proficient on flute, as are Dodgion and Lloyd, but he possesses an edge in the versatility department by his compelling jazz playing on bassoon.

Dodgion has been steadily employed with the Red Norvo Quintet for at least two years. A quiet, self-effacing cooker,

his is the only horn in the group. It is utilized to excellent advantage in ensemble and solo passages. Working with a consummate jazz innovator such as Norvo leaves little time for unoriginal thinking. Dodgion has broadened and deepened as a jazzman during his term with the quintet and certainly ranks with today's respected sax men.

Lloyd got his first break with the Chico Hamilton Quintet about a year ago. To date he remains with Hamilton, playing as much on flute as on alto sax. Young and inclined to the frenetic, he represents the disquiet and restlessness of the younger generation of jazzmen. A qualified schoolteacher, Lloyd chooses to follow his star in jazz, and, in the opinion of most who have heard him recently, that star will surely rise once a more marked degree of maturation settles his now ultra-free style of improvisation.

Tenor men come next, and they are Curtis Amy, Hank Bagby, Lou Ciotti, Joe Spang, and Carrington Visor.

Amy, thanks to recent recording activity on the Pacific Jazz label, is becoming known as a forceful jazzman in the Harold Land vein. He plays with a big, unsentimental, thrusting, and fashionable tone, yet is a ballad player of uncommon ability. Amy has the currently popular interest in groove-funk-soul-and-what-have-you to thank for his emergence after years of obscurity gigging around the Los Angeles area. While, as noted, he is still very much under the influence of Land in his basic approach, his originality of ideas and sheer force of personality on the horn should establish him as an original player of high caliber before long.

A midwesterner, Bagby is a relative newcomer and almost a complete unknown to the west coast scene. He has worked various jobs with Elmo Hope and has collaborated with the pianist on joint compositions as well as having written many of his own. His playing is tough, uncompromisingly swinging, and, at times, reminiscent of Gene Ammons'.

Ciotti, still in his 20s, has been causing favorable comment by his solo work with the Si Zentner dance band. Obviously, in a big-band dance book limita-

tions exist, but Ciotti manages to circumvent the 16-bar or one-chorus restriction by blowing a full, generous horn with measured, unhurried jazz ideas that are all the more effective by virtue of their simplicity.

Spang's jazz work is in the main confined to playing with the Chuck Marlowe rehearsal band in Hollywood. Marlowe's book, borrowed for the most part from Count Basie, Harry James, et al., hands many a juicy jazz spot to the tenor man. Spang is above all a controlled player. He conveys the impression of bearing in mind that he has only so many measures in which to say his piece, and he infuses a stimulating free feeling into his solos with influences borrowed from Coltrane and company. He's not at all spectacular, but he makes a mark that sticks.

Until he joined the Chico Hamilton Quintet early last year, Visor's activity was confined to south side Los Angeles clubs and a long term with organist Luis Rivera. Since replaced by Lloyd in the Hamilton group, Visor is a furious player, rushing passionately ahead with shades of Harold Land all about him. He generates quick excitement with the resoluteness of each attack and is a tenor man to be reckoned with in any session. He since has left Hamilton.

To select only eight sax men out of the greater number of as-yet-unknowns on the west coast may appear to some of the men ignored as rank injustice, a conspiracy, a personal slight, or like injury. 'Tain't so. Would that James Clay were back on the coast instead of being buried in Texas . . . Would that Lanny Morgan were still rehearsing at Local 47 instead of building himself a reputation with Maynard Ferguson . . . And so it goes.

Today there are probably more saxophone players than practitioners of any other instrument rising in jazz. Jazz and the sax are inseparable; each melds to the other as Yang and Yin. Regardless of the instrument's 19th century bastardized origin, the saxophone is of this century—and indisputably of jazz, the music of our time.

Perhaps old Antoine Sax wouldn't be so shocked after all.



NEW JAZZ IN THE CRADLE

By CHARLES SUHOR

Of the group of modern-jazz musicians playing in New Orleans during the last few years, two have reached high levels of creativeness — drummer Ed Blackwell and guitarist Bill Huntington. It would not be partisan to suggest that they may be among the most probing musicians on their instruments today.

Of the two, Blackwell has the wider reputation, having played with Wardell Gray and Ray Charles before returning to New Orleans, where he met Ornette Coleman, who was impressed by the drummer's imagination.

The first time I heard of Blackwell was when I was talking to two Xavier University students in 1955 about another local drummer, Earl Palmer. Palmer was then with Earl Williams' group but has since settled on the West Coast, where he has gigged with Buddy Collette and now is doing studio work. I ventured the opinion that Palmer was probably the finest jazz drummer in New Orleans. The students smiled and shook their heads, saying, "I don't know, man . . . That Blackwell . . ."

I didn't hear "that Blackwell" until almost two years later, but it was clear then why the students' tribute to him had not been a profusion of words but only an amazed shaking of the head.

Blackwell not only had prodigious technique and exceptional co-ordination, but he was the most inventive drummer I had ever heard. His solos, executed with what only can be described paradoxically as icy abandon, were gems of asymmetry. It was a challenging delight to follow Blackwell's lines down devious paths and then back again to home base. Even more refreshing was his instinct for deviating from standard practices at the right time to stimulate the soloist with ingenuous devices that would be tasteless distractions or affections in the hands of the less perceptive.

It is possible, however, that the exposure Blackwell is receiving in the Coleman group is not the most favorable kind. Not that he is unable to conform to the group's standard of non-



Huntington

conformity. Certainly he is capable of going as far into orbit as his companions, but Blackwell's is basically a mainstream talent, building on the past rather than breaking from it, and it is best viewed against the relief of an adventurous but not anarchic group.

Furthermore, the hotly controversial nature of the Coleman group has tended to divide the critics and public into two camps. In this rigid critical atmosphere, categorical damnation or praise of the group is more common than cool evaluation of the merits of its individual members.

While Blackwell's importance is clouded by his association with the highly publicized Coleman, the problem of guitarist Huntington is quite different: he is virtually unknown outside the Crescent City. And yet Huntington, at the age of 23, has a background with all the makings of a jazz legend, for his development is practically a recapitulation of the history of jazz itself.

When Huntington was 12 he became a protege of Lawrence Marrero, the famed banjoist with Bunk Johnson's band. His mastery of the blues-drenched Marrero feeling brought him to the attention of the New Orleans Jazz Club, where he became a regular at the club's monthly sessions.

When 15 years old, he was recorded with Ken Colyer, the British traditionalist trumpeter who was visiting the city. Young Huntington subsequently appeared with George Lewis, and other veteran New Orleans bands at private sessions and dances.

Then the young banjoist began to listen to later jazz musicians. He next became attracted to swing-era figures, such as Teddy Wilson, Coleman Hawkins, and Benny Carter. Inevitably, he became aware of the modernists, most notably Charlie Christian and Charlie Parker. Although it was a long way from New Orleans banjo to Christian, Huntington set out on a Herculean program of self-education to master a new instrument and digest the nuances of three decades of jazz.

The metamorphosis was not an easy

one. Beset by illness, Huntington dropped out of school a few months before graduation and rededicated his energies to the task of assimilating the later jazz forms. Within three years he became as precocious a modern musician as he had been a traditional one.

Pianist Buddy Prima (Louis' nephew and a comer among the city's young modernists) describes his reaction on first hearing Huntington in 1954: "I was amazed by Bill's free conception of time. He wasn't all tied up with *trying* to swing; he would just swing along naturally with fine, free-flowing lines."

Gradually, the city's young jazzmen became aware of the comprehensiveness of Huntington's background. Each job on which Huntington appeared became an object lesson in how to project a natural, relaxed jazz feeling. Musicians dedicated to fad, frothy technical display, and popular clichés came to realize that the absence of these devices in Huntington's playing was really the presence of a conceptual maturity that was self-contained and whole and did not draw its power to excite from notions of hip phraseology.

Huntington's stature as a jazz guitarist continued to grow as he worked with Prima, Joe Burton, and Dave West. He cut a memorable series of radio shows for Loyola University with Prima and made a brief tour as a bassist with Al Belletto's sextet.

Huntington has in fact achieved a synthesis of widely varied elements in the jazz tradition—the rootsy qualities of Marrero's rich blues banjo, the warm and natural vibrato of Django Reinhardt; the communicative power of Charlie Christian; the rhythmic plasticity of Charlie Parker, and the adventurous spirit that releases these elements in ever-fresh combinations to fulfill the one inalienable right of the listener—the right to be surprised without being jarred.

A final point, and perhaps the most telling and central point, remains to be made about the presence of modern jazz musicians in New Orleans. Many musicians choose to remain in the city for a reason so basic that it tends to be overlooked: they want to live there.

New Orleans does possess, as one musician phrased it, "some sort of power," which, like Buddy Bolden's legendary trumpet, keeps "calling its chillun' home." To a native this is a truism that does not require explanation; to him it is easier to experience the city's unique cultural savor than it is to verbalize it.

Speaking of the distinctive mood that permeates the city, bassist Richard Payne says, "It would probably take

(Continued on page 43)

By DON DeMICHEAL

Edmund Thigpen, gentleman, sat in a crowded Palmer House restaurant conversing quietly. The small, dignified man seemed unaware of the clatter of dishes, the clutter of Chicago's noon rush hour. He made his points in a clear, articulate manner. What he said made sense. Periodically he ignited matches with his lighted cigaret. This was the only sign that underneath his calm and dignity lay an almost boiling intensity.

"I believe in talking things out," he was saying. The conversation up to this point had revolved about the drummer's function in a musical group and his relations with its other members.

"I'm from the school," he continued, "in which you asked the soloist what he wanted you to play behind him. Drummers don't do this much any more."

He paused. Choosing his words with care, he went on. "This thing about 'I'm an individual, I'm an artist, I must create.' If you talk things over with the other guys, you might get an idea from them and vice versa. You might play something and they'll say, 'Leave it in.' You've played something you might never have thought of.

"When I was with Billy Taylor, one of the guys would say, 'Here's what I'm going to do. What can you do to enhance it?' My individualism came into it when they let me put in what I felt. This let my imagination work."

That Thigpen is an imaginative musician and probably the tastiest drummer since Jo Jones is evident in his work with the Oscar Peterson Trio. More of a colorist than most drummers, he calls into play the full drum set to achieve the effects he wants. Besides brushes and sticks, Thigpen uses tympani mallets and his bare hands, if his imagination so dictates. His use of mallets on cowbell and tom-toms on the Peterson group's interpretation of *Con Alma* is a good example of his ability to add color to a performance.

But there is more to playing with Peterson than adding color. "The basic requirement for Oscar is time and dynamics," the drummer said. "My function is the same as with any other group: to make embellishments—make statements in the sentence structure. Oscar makes the sentence structure. What others make a paragraph out of, he says in one sentence."

And there is more to Ed Thigpen's playing than embellishments. For one thing, he is aware that many drummers get so wrapped up in what they are playing that they forget two main func-

EDMUND THIGPEN GENTLEMAN AND JAZZMAN



tions of the drummer—timekeeping and enhancement of the others' efforts.

"I've had kids come up to me," he said, "and ask me, 'Why don't you do more with your left hand?' But I feel it would be getting in the way. Therefore, I have to devise a way of playing on a cymbal—extend notes and put in punctuations. When it comes off, it blends. Blends beautifully.

"Rapport only happens when you put yourself in the mind of the other person. Then you embellish on what he plays, add dynamics, color, an idea. But this only happens when you're in his mind. His mind is the lead. You feel his thoughts. And I must make him feel I'm going to give my all. This makes him feel more like playing. Me, too."

The musical rapport between Thigpen, Brown, and Peterson is one of the most striking qualities of the group. When the three are having a particularly good time on a tune, smiles, chuckles, nods of approval, comments—musical and vocal—fly between the three. The respect each has for the other is not hidden.

"Working with Ray and Oscar is a pleasure," Thigpen said. "They're perfectionists. They demand a lot from you, but they demand a lot from themselves too. They believe in playing—you do your job, and they'll do theirs."

Asked about his reaction to playing with Brown, a bassist once likened to the Rock of Gibraltar, Thigpen paused, staring into space. "I'm trying to think of something that's not a cliché," he finally said. "An education, a delight, a thrill . . . I get the feeling from playing with Ray—Oscar, too—that there's nothing impossible to create or play, not only because of Ray's playing but because he's such a sincere person.

"Do you know we have rehearsals together. Just the two of us. Know what we rehearse? Time. It sounds funny to say you rehearse time. Dynamics. It's just like we're a little band."

By this time, the restaurant was quiet, the crowd had disappeared. "I'm supposed to meet Oscar and Ray at 3," he said as we latered each other.

That night, Ed Thigpen, musician, sat behind his drums at the crowded London House, conversing in music with Brown and Peterson. His bearing was that of a member of ruling royalty. His regal demeanor was unruffled by the clank of silverware, the clink of glass. Rivulets of perspiration trickled down his face. Now, this was the only outward sign of the inner intensity.

What he played was to the point. Nothing was superfluous.



Behind the stage at the fairgrounds in Monterey, Calif., there is a patio, a bar, and a large room finished in warm redwood. In the middle of the room is a round brick fire pit. During the nights of the Monterey Jazz Festival, this room is restricted (theoretically) to the use of artists, the press, photographers, and others having direct business with the festival.

When the sun sinks into the sea (I always half expect a fierce hiss of steam, as if the whole state of California were an animated cartoon into which I'd unwittingly wandered), the oceanic air turns chill, and the room backstage becomes crowded, particularly near the fire pit. A mood of deep conviviality hangs in the air and jazz musicians greet their fellow nomads with a hyperbolic enthusiasm that hardly hints that they probably ran into each other somewhere on the road only days ago.

At these times, you can hear all the latest gossip of the music business, some of it malicious, a lot of it funny. And, of course, you can hear a great deal of straight shoptalk.

One evening during the 1959 festival, there was a bit of commotion backstage. A crowd was gathered in a corner. You couldn't hear what was going on for the wail of a band on the stage. Those whose curiosity was sufficiently piqued to press through the crowd soon learned the cause of the bother. In the center of a rude circle, a half dozen or more of the greatest names among jazz bassists were raptly listening to and watching the man whom all of them acknowledged the greatest bassist of them all.

In other words, some of the boys were getting a few pointers from Ray Brown.

It was a scene that has been repeated countless times all over America. You'll hear that such-and-such a bassist was up in Ray's room, playing duets. More likely, you'll hear how when the Oscar Peterson Trio opened at So-and-so's nightclub, all the pianists and bassists in town were there to listen, awe-stricken.

You've heard the expression, "This group is gonna scare everybody!" The Peterson group makes it more than an

expression. One pianist-leader, whose group was to play opposite Peterson, quit drinking a week before the engagement. "I've got to have all my wits about me to work opposite the Man," he said. He warned his bassist, who had never worked opposite Brown, "You're in for an experience."

During Peterson's recent engagement at Chicago's London House, Richard Evans, the gifted young Chicago bassist now working with the Eddie Higgins Trio, was asked how he liked working opposite Ray.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said slowly. "It's as if your brother-in-law were going over a cliff in your new Cadillac. You don't know whether to be drugged or delighted." He smiled a sly little smile. "One could lose one's cool, right quick."

One could indeed.

Even allowing for the fact that bass players are an oddly clannish lot, and that Paul Chambers and Charlie Mingus (and, until his death, Oscar Pettiford) have, like Brown, attracted fellow bassists in swarms, Brown's following is fantastic. Said one bassist, "This business of who is best on an instrument is a lot of nonsense, and most of the time, it's impossible to say who's best. The one exception is bass. There's no question about bass. Ray Brown is the best there is. He's so far ahead of everybody that there's simply no comparison. He's a tall man in a crowd of medium to small men. That's how he stands out."

Brown is also the most imitated bassist of this period in jazz history. Many of the little figures he drops into his playing have been picked up by other bassists to become part of the standard bag of tricks. In fact, one bassist has built a career on one facet of Brown's playing.

What is it that makes Brown so outstanding? Brown answered that question himself, without knowing it, when he said, "I still consider that the greatest assets a bass player can have are good time, good intonation, and a big sound."

That is a capsule description of Brown's own playing—except that his time isn't good, it is so profoundly firm that it feels like the heartbeat of all jazz; and his intonation isn't good, it's phenomenal; and his sound isn't big, it's enormous.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE RAY BROWN

IN

walked

RAY

BY GENE LEES



TED WILLIAMS

How does he get that huge and unmistakable sound—a sound that will cut through the din of even so noisy a club as London House, so that you can hear his every note anywhere in the room?

Part of it, he insists, is in the instrument. And Ray owns a magnificent fiddle. Curiously enough, he doesn't know what make the instrument is or how old it is. "I've had it legitimately appraised three times," he said. "By legitimately appraised, I mean I paid money to have it appraised. Two experts said it was an Italian bass, and one said it was English. It's also been called Scotch.

"But it doesn't matter, really. I'm not one of these pedigree followers. If it gets the sound I want, that's it.

"Actually, it's not the best bass for solos, but it's such a gas for other things. I could get a lot more speed on a smaller instrument. But my heart lies in that sound . . ."

Brown has had the fiddle 14 years. His insurance company isn't enthusiastic about public mention of how much he's insured it for, so this item of information will have to go undisclosed. "Just say it's a lot," Ray said. "It's a wonderful instrument."

Before the reader attributes all the Brown sound to his instrument, however, be it noted that this writer has heard him pull the same sound out of a Kay student-model bass. The real secret of Ray's sound is in his own two hands—and in his thoroughly studied classical bass technique.

Is it true, as legend has it, that in whatever town he's working, Ray will be found studying with one of the top symphony bassists of the area? "Well, I'm either studying with them or hanging out with them, talking about the instrument," he said, verifying that the close fraternity of bassists traverses the border between jazz and classical music.

"But, you know," he said, "the average bass player in jazz today is pretty well studied, with few exceptions. It's more an accepted thing than it was when I was coming up as a youngster.

"Of course, I used to think if you studied, you'd naturally stay in tune. But it's . . . it's something besides knowing where the notes fall that makes some bass players play more in tune than others. It's some little inner thing.

"Bass players spend their lives trying to play in tune. But you never really master it. One of the most in-tune bass players I've ever heard is George Duvivier.

"Frankly, I credit Oscar Peterson with a lot of my development. He always gives you a little more than you think you can do. He'll say, 'Is this possible on the instrument?' It's been a spur and a challenge to me.

"Most people who think about bass or bass players think about solos. They tend to measure the greatness of a bass player according to the way he solos. But to me, the major, the primary function of bass violin is time.

"There have been a lot of different concepts in the last decade, and a lot of experiments made on the instrument and in conjunction with other instruments. And there has been a tendency to get away from basic time. But I don't think bass can ever get away from time.

"And I'll say this, too: bass is a two-handed operation. A lot of people think it's a matter of pulling the string. But you have to match the pressure of the left hand to the pull of the right. A lot of guys will pull hard with the right, but the left will be weak in comparison. Matching the hands—that's one of the secrets of a good sound."

The matched hands of Raymond Matthews Brown were first seen by the world on October 13, 1926, in Pittsburgh, Pa. His father was a cook in Ray's youth, and to this day, cooking is one of the bassist's loves—next to golf, which he shoots in the mid-70s on his good days. Peterson says Ray's angel food cake is out of sight.

The customary childhood piano lessons were forced on Ray, with this difference: his father didn't want him to

play Mozart, he wanted him to play like Fats Waller. Later, he wanted Ray to play like Art Tatum. "That was asking a little too much," Ray grins. "But that's not the reason I gave up piano. I just couldn't find my way on it. It just didn't give me what I wanted.

"Besides, I was in a high school orchestra and there must have been 14 piano players in it. And 12 of them were chicks who could read anything in sight."

He decided, therefore, to take up trombone. But his father said he couldn't afford to buy him an instrument. Fortunately, there was a bass available at school. It is a curiosity of jazz history that a significant percentage of musicians play the instruments they do solely by accidents of high school availability.

"I played that school bass for two years," Ray said. "I used to take it home weekends. The teacher used to think, 'That Ray Brown, he's really serious, the way he practices.' He didn't know I was making gigs on the school's bass. But then they ran my picture in the paper, in connection with some job I had, and the teacher saw it. They stopped me taking it home, right there: My dad gave in and bought me one."

Ray played in school bands (also working bands) until his graduation in 1944. "After that, I went on the road with a band," he says, "and I've been on the road ever since."

Ray worked with territorial bands for a time, including that of Snookum Russell. Some amazing talent passed through that band; Fats Navarro and J.J. Johnson had left it shortly before Ray joined its ranks.

The band went to Miami to work. "Three other guys and I began plotting to go to New York and try our luck," Ray recalled. "But the night before we were to go, everybody chickened out, leaving me with my bags all packed. So I said, 'The hell with it,' and went.

"I got to New York, took my bags to my aunt's place, and the very same night had my nephew take me down to show me where 52nd St. was.

"That night, I saw Erroll Garner, Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, Billy Daniels, Coleman Hawkins, and Hank Jones. I'd known Hank before. While we were talking, he said, 'Dizzy Gillespie just came in.' I said, 'Where? Introduce me! I want to meet him.'

"So Hank introduced us. Hank said to Dizzy, 'This is Ray Brown, a friend of mine, and a very good bass player.'

"Dizzy said, 'You want a gig?' I almost had a heart attack! Dizzy said, 'Be at my house for rehearsal at 7 o'clock tomorrow.'

"I went up there next night, and got the fright of my life. The band consisted of Dizzy, Bud Powell, Max Roach, Charlie Parker—and *me*! Two weeks later, we picked up Milt Jackson, who was my room-mate for two years. We were inseparable. They called us the twins. Milt and I did some *starving* to death together at times. Milt introduced me to my wife, Cecille. They'd been kids together.

"After I'd been with Dizzy about a month and figured I had everything down, I cornered him after the gig and said, 'Diz, how'm I doin'?' He said, 'Oh—fine. Except you're playin' the wrong notes.'

"That did it. I started delving into everything we did, the notes, the chords, everything. And I'd sing the lines as I was playing them."

Gillespie remembers this phase of Ray's development as vividly as the bassist. Last year, lamenting that young musicians today "are not as inquisitive as they used to be," Gillespie said:

"Now take a guy like Ray Brown, he's always been that type of guy—very, very inquisitive. Even when he was with me. On *I'm Through with Love*, we get to one place, where the words go, *for I mean to care* . . . Right there, that word *care*. The melody goes up to an E-flat, B-natural,

and G-flat, and that sounds like an A-flat minor seventh chord. *Sounds* like it. So I told Ray, 'Now, Ray, you're making A-flat there. Your ears are good. Make a D there.' He says, 'But you're making A-flat minor seventh,' I say 'No I'm not.' He says, 'Show me.' So I take him to the piano and play D, and there's the same note up there in the D. And he says, 'Ah-ha!' But I had to show him.

"He'd have done it anyway, because I'm the one playing the solo. But Ray always wanted to know *why*."

Ray learned why. His passion for understanding everything he does, right down to the marrow of it, is manifest today in the gorgeous lines he plays behind everything Peterson does. Sometimes he'll be skipping on harmonics, which ring out like soft bells, and at other times he'll be just walking, his feet sinking into the earth like some contemporary Paul Bunyan. Whatever he's doing, it will bear an uncanny relationship to what his colleagues—Peterson and drummer Ed Thigpen—are doing. There are times when Ray's big notes sound as if they're being produced by a sixth finger on Peterson's left hand.

Pressed for his views of Brown, Peterson said, "Don't ask me. I'm much too prejudiced on the subject. We've been together nearly 12 years. He's like a brother to me. Do you insist? Well, if I had to sum up Ray in a sentence, I'd say this: It's weird, but he's the epitome of forethought. Sympathetic forethought.

"As for his solos . . . Do you know his solo on *How High the Moon* on our Stratford album? Well, that should be put in a time capsule, and sealed up. Because that's it. That's it."

"I've played for probably all the important cats," Brown said, "and I found that when you play good firm lines, they will listen to you, and you can lead them anywhere you want. You can take them through different channels. Hank Jones and I worked out about 20 variations on one tune, and threw them at Coleman Hawkins—a different one every night. He went for all of them. He told me if what was happening behind him wasn't interesting, he'd just shut his ears and go for himself.

"I've found, now that I've begun to teach, that a lot of guys play good lines instinctively, without knowing what they're playing, but others don't. But this *can* be taught, to a degree. I found I've been able to help a number of guys. I've written a series of books that will be coming out in early 1962. I hope they'll explain a lot of it."

The reference to teaching, of course, relates to Brown's work (in conjunction with Peterson, Thigpen, and several top Canadian instrumentalists) at the Advanced School of Contemporary Music in Toronto, Canada, where Ray now lives.

Most of Ray's thinking about the future, along with Peterson's, centers on the school. "I've got to find a way of transmitting the things I've learned," he said earnestly. "It isn't as easy as you'd think. I've seen some good results, though.

"We're going to run 20 weeks this year. As soon as we

can extend it to a full school term, I think we'll really be getting something. In a six or eight month period, you really have a chance to get through to somebody.

"We also want to run a two-months course for professionals, who want to brush up. Practically all the students last year were young professionals."

Because he is teaching, Ray now thinks more deeply than ever about jazz history. He and Peterson are particularly emphatic to their students about the importance of understanding the origins of what they are doing.

"I guess you could trace the history of jazz bass via Wellman Braud, Pops Foster, and Walter Page," Ray said. "Page told me he played tuba in a pit band, then went to bowed bass, then to slapped bass.

"After Page, the next big step is Blanton. Actually, for me, that's where it began—with Blanton. Blanton got rid of that slap and got a sound. And, of course, his solos were *something*, although I must confess, I was gassed more by his rhythm playing. I could listen to it for hours. Around 1939, I used to stand outside the beer gardens, listening to Johnny Hodges' record of *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* on the juke box. I knew the whole bass line by heart."

After Blanton, Ray's admiration goes chiefly to his close friend, the late Oscar Pettiford. After that, he is curiously silent about the history of jazz bass. Perhaps that is because as an inherently modest person, he cannot say (or is indifferent toward the fact) that the next great bassist is Ray Brown.

What makes Ray so great a bassist? I believe that his own technical comments on his playing only beg the issue.

Ray is an inwardly relaxed man, a man at peace with himself and the world. This deep spiritual relaxation is unquestionably the source of his deep swing: it is impossible to swing if you are tensed, and Ray is the most untense, un-neurotic man you're ever likely to encounter.

Everybody likes this man. With his dazzling smile and kind, friendly eyes, he radiates the warmth you hear in his playing. Women, particularly, melt when they meet him. This is because when he is in conversation with someone, he *listens*, instead of racing his mind into what *he* will say next, the way most of us do. Women, accustomed to being treated as mere listening utensils by men, always go away a little starry-eyed at the unaffected, unflirtatious attention they have received. They'll mutter, "What a marvelous man," or words to that effect. The funny part of it is that friend boyfriend or friend husband will agree, because he too has just been through the curiously heartwarming experience of *being listened to* by Ray Brown.

So again, what is it that makes Ray Brown so great a bassist? It's simple—a great soul.

In Walked Ray.

That's actually the title of one of Ray's tunes. Think about it for a minute, letting the rings of meaning spread through your mind. It's the story of one of the greatest of living jazzmen in three words.

CB



"The Wurlitzer Electronic Piano

gives you the solid beat
and new sound for great jazz!"

says

Oscar Peterson



plus completely private practice and playing

Earphones may be used with either the portable or the console model. Plug 'phones in and speaker automatically cuts out. Perfect for any-hour sessions—practice, arranging, composing.

Professionals such as Oscar Peterson know the wide capabilities of the Wurlitzer Electronic Piano.

It has the exciting sound and solid beat that make great jazz piano. But more—you can play it wherever there's an electric outlet and it *always* stays in tune.

This is a musician's instrument with a musician's sound. And Wurlitzer had the musician's needs in mind when they designed the Wurlitzer Electronic Piano in a compact luggage-type portable model in addition to the handsome console.

You can see it, hear it and play it at your Wurlitzer Dealer. And, if you choose the portable model, you can take it right home with you!

WURLITZER

World's Largest Builder of Pianos and Organs • De Kalb, Illinois

A WINNING

COMBINATION



The all-new Bassman Amp and the already popular Fender Jazz Bass or Precision Bass, go together in perfect combination. The new Bassman Amp was designed especially to accommodate these two fine electric basses and gives the finest performance available to bassists.

The Bassman Amp incorporates an enclosed speaker with a separate amplifier chassis unit. The use of the enclosed 12" Heavy-Duty Custom Design speaker with its special baffle*, makes the Bassman distortion-free, allowing the player to use his full bass notes and ample volume. Another new Bassman feature is the incorporation of dual channels; one bass, and the other normal for use with guitar or other instrument. The chassis, or amplifier portion, may be top-mounted as shown or may be used separately.

The Jazz Bass is Fender's newest addition to the field of electric basses and represents the standards by which others will be compared. It offers the musician greater playing comfort, faster playing action, and the finest bass tone reproduction. The "off-set"* waist design contributes greatly to the playing ease and comfort of the musician. In addition, the portability and light weight of the Jazz Bass will be readily appreciated by every bassist.

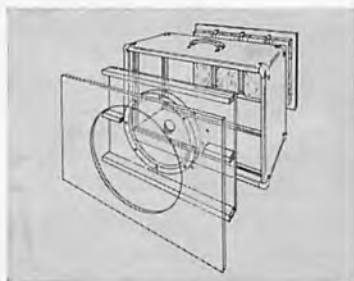
Try the Fender electric basses and the Bassman Amp at your Fender Dealer.

SOLD BY LEADING MUSIC DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



1546 EAST CHESTNUT • SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

*Patents Pending



Fender's new Speaker Enclosure offers the finest amplified sound reproduction. Comparison proves its smoother response in all frequency ranges . . . distortion-free even at higher volume levels. The speaker Projector Ring* eliminates cancellation of front and rear radiation, permits greater speaker efficiency and optimum enclosure performance.

The Bassman is equipped with special Tilt-Back Legs* which enables the sound to reach the farthest point in any room or hall. The tilt-back feature prevents sound absorption when played in a carpeted room or a place where sound absorption is a problem.



Dual pickups have two pole pieces for each string . . . provides instant string response, full tone during string vibration. Tandem tone and volume control for each pickup permit mixing of the pickups plus further bass and treble boost whenever desired.

1 3/4", that's the actual size of the Jazz Bass neck at the nut . . . more slender than most guitars. This revolutionary design facilitates rapid playing technique on the most difficult musical passages. And it's truss-rod reinforced to assure perfect neck alignment.



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

Laurindo Almeida
THE GUITAR WORLD OF LAURINDO ALMEIDA—Capitol SP-8546; Side 1, "classic": *El Amor* (Cristobal de Castillejo); *Scherzo* (Sylvius Leopold Weiss); *Gavotte* (Hugard); *Allemande* (Weiss); *El Testamento de Amelia* (traditional, Catalonia); *Pasacalle* (Gaspar Sanz); *Canarios* (Francisco Guerau); *Preludio and Allegro* (Santiago de Murcia). Side 2, "modern": *Sonatina for Flute and Guitar* (Radames Gnattali); *Valsa No. 4* (Camargo Guarnieri, transcribed by Almeida).

Personnel: Almeida, lute, guitar; Virginia Majewski, viola d'amour; Martin Ruderman, flute; Sanford Schonbach, viola.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The confusion that surrounds the terms "classic" and "classical" when applied to music in general and to guitar music in particular is going to be enriched by this release.

Almeida devotes one side to "classical" and the other to "modern," but what he means by the former term is not easy to see. His selections derive mostly from the Baroque era (roughly 1600-1750) rather than the Classical (about 1750-1820). Of course, "classic" in the sense of restraint and formal clarity is also a legitimate use of the word, but in that sense all the music on this record is classic.

However, chamber music with guitar is not so plentifully recorded that we can afford to quibble too much. The old-music side in particular contains several valuable tracks, both solos by Almeida and duets with the viola d'amour (which appears on Side 1 only), whose soft voice makes it an ideal partner for the guitar.

Almeida's work is smooth and technically clean as always, though a bit lacking in spine, and his partner is capable. For a specialist on an old instrument, however, Miss Majewski does some oddly unstylish things, such as beginning trills on the principal note instead of the auxiliary as is generally accepted Baroque practice.

The "modern" side has pleasant moments, too, but neither the Gnattali nor the Guarnieri are good enough to represent the contemporary era of the classic guitar. (D.H.)

Berg/Webern

MUSIC OF BERG AND WEBERN—RCA Victor LM-2531; *Lyric Suite*, by Berg; *Five Pieces, Op. 5*, and *Six Bagatelles, Op. 9*, by Webern.

Personnel: Juilliard Quartet (Robert Mann and Isidore Cohen, violins; Raphael Hillyer, viola; Claus Adam, cello).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Not everyone will care for the music itself (though this record contains some of the most immediately grasped scores yet written in the 12-note style), but musician-

ship of the caliber found here is hard to overpraise.

Berg's powerful *Lyric Suite* is given full romantic values, the Juilliard emphasizing its kinship with Wagner and Schoenberg's *Transfigured Night* more definitely than other interpreters.

The Webern pieces, which occupy less than one side of the disc, are miracles of organization and epigrammatic delicacy, but only when a group such as the Juilliard takes them in hand.

There have been good readings of all this music available to record buyers in the past, but this disc pumps life into the scores. The sound, although recorded at a rather low level, is strikingly true to live string tone. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Pepper Adams-Donald Byrd

OUT OF THIS WORLD: Warwick 2041—*Out of This World; Curro's; It's a Beautiful Evening; Mr. Lucky Theme; Bird House; Day Dream.*

Personnel: Adams, baritone saxophone; Byrd, trumpet; Herb Hancock, piano; Laymon Jackson, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Perhaps because they have finally succeeded, during the last year, in working together with some degree of regularity, this is the most successful Adams-Byrd collaboration to date. With the exception of Cobb, all have been members of the group, a fact that is reflected in the cohesive feeling of the entire album.

The title number, in which I found the other-worldly sound effects relevant rather than gimmicky, offers an admirable illustration of Byrd's ability to fuse an almost straight melodic approach with his own personality and a cool, clean sound. Adams displays, as he does through both sides, a gutty and self-assured manner that springs more from Serge Chaloff, it seems to me, than from Harry Carney or even Charlie Parker.

Curro's is a most attractive original, a reminder of Byrd's exceptional ability as a writer. *Beautiful Evening* is the Wayne-Rasch song from Nat Cole's *Wild Is Love*. The vibes are credited to one Jinx Jingles.

Mr. Lucky is a little overlong but makes up for it in solo strength. *Bird House* is a not especially distinguished original but contains one of Byrd's most lyrical solos. *Day Dream* (the title is wrongly pluralized on the album) features Adams in a reworking of the Billy Strayhorn theme that is about as far from Johnny Hodges' ori-

ginal concept as you can get, though just as valid on its own terms.

Hancock is a capable and promising pianist. On my monaural copy he is slightly lacking in presence. Jackson and Cobb round out the group effectively. All in all, a thoroughly satisfying session. (L.G.F.)

Red Allen

PLAYS KING OLIVER—Verve 1025; *Ballin' the Jack; Canal Street Blues; Someday, Sweetheart; Dixie Medley (Dixie); Marching through Georgia; Battle Hymn of the Republic; Bourbon Street Parade; How Long Blues; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Bill Bailey; Snowy Morning Blues; Baby, Won't You Please Come Home; Fidgety Feet; Yellow Dog Blues; All of Me.*

Personnel: Allen, trumpet, vocals; Herb Flemming, trombone; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Bob Hammer or Sammy Price, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Sol Hall, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Allen seems to be in the process of making a new and successful claim for serious recognition as one of the major jazz trumpeters. Thirty years ago he had that claim sewed up, but he has spent much of the past quarter century vitiating it with his tawdry and tasteless catering to the tourist trade.

On his recent records he has played with steadily increasing validity and honesty. This is the best he has turned out yet—a set that is full of splendid Allen solos in a variety of moods, crisp and lazily edgy on *Canal Street*, muted and mulling on *Sweetheart*, crackling and brassy on *Snowy Morning* (an adventurous bit of programming, by the way), and flaring with electricity on *Yellow Dog*.

He sings, too, with a sincerity that is very effective. In addition, there are some good glimpses of Bailey and a pair of excellent piano solos by Price.

There is, however, one track on this disc to which none of the above applies. It is called *Dixie Medley*, and it is a withering summation of Allen at his abysmal worst. It's all very well to try to give a rounded picture of a musician but surely no picture has to be *this* round. (J.S.W.)

All-Stars

THE SOUL OF JAZZ PERCUSSION—Warwick W5003ST; *Construction Crew* (Waldron); *Ping Pong Beer* (Chambers, Evans, Jones); *Call to Arms* (Waldron); *Witch-Fire* (Little); *November Afternoon* (Tom McIntosh); *Chasin' the Bird* (Parker); *Prophecy* (Lonnie Lovietor); *Quiet Temple* (Waldron); *Woo-Tina* (Shaughnessy).

Personnel: Booker Little, Donald Byrd, Don Ellis, Marcus Belgrave, alternating trumpets; Curtie Fuller, trombone; Pepper Adams, baritone sax; Mal Waldron and Bill Evans, pianos; Paul Chambers and Addison Farmer, basses; Philly Joe Jones, Ed Shaughnessy, Willie Rodriguez, Earl Zindars, percussion instruments and standard drums; Armando Peraza, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

A muddled old soul indeed is "the soul of jazz percussion," as the briefest glance at the track-by-track description here re-

veals. Actually, albums such as this drive record reviewers demented. Not because of the music in this instance, for it is uniformly stimulating, but because of the blow-by-stereo liner descriptions. We live in a technological age and all that . . . Okay. But when a jazz album, even such a good one as this, is wholly predicated on the binaural gimmick, a moment of agonizing reappraisal would appear to be indicated. The way it is, you can't dig the music without a score sheet. Indeed, it seems implied from the descriptions of each track that it's not *what* a musician is playing that counts, it's *where* he's playing it that really matters—right, center or left. And even then, when one is sure he's got his man pinned down, darned if the guy doesn't leap electronically from speaker to speaker like a circus tumbler.

For all the stereo highjinks, though, there is a whale of a lot of good, belting modern jazz in this set. Fuller is superb; Waldron is a laconic gas; all soloists, in fact, are in top form, though trumpeter Little clams a bit here and there. Then there are the percussionists without whom, as they say, this album would not have been possible. Shaughnessy, Jones, all the drummers, regardless of persuasion, turn in a pluperfect performance.

When one regains his optical balance from attempting to follow liner copy to speaker to liner to speaker, it must be noted that this is an excellent stereo recording. But, dear reader, take an ear-washed reviewer's advice: Toss away the score sheet and just dig the music. And by the way, who wrote the charts, fellas?

(J.A.T.)

Boll Weevil Jazz Band

JUST A LITTLE WHILE—Boll Weevil Record Co., Vol. 2: *Just a Little While to Stay Here; Yes Sir, That's My Baby; Ragged but Right; China Boy; Muskrat Ramble; I Wish't I Was in Peoria; Tin Roof Blues; South; Liza; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; London Cafe Blues; Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home?; When the Saints Go Marching In.*

Personnel: Dan Havens, cornet; Bob Shanahan, trombone; Joe Foder, clarinet; Mike Montgomery, piano; Dick Remington, tuba; John Teachout, banjo; Bob Twiss, washboard; Mitchie Askins, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This group, made up of academicians from the University of Michigan and Ann Arbor businessmen, was formed in 1955 to play traditional jazz at weekend parties and dances. The usual features of units trying to play jazz in this semi-amateur category, especially those of the traditional type, are high enthusiasm and low musicianship; the sloppy, hit-and-miss attempts to play "jazz" usually end in disaster. But by careful study and practice, this group has avoided these traps, and by relaxed, unpretentious performances, they have put together a successful album in the early jazz tradition.

A strong asset of the group, and one which reflects the academic training of its members, is that the tunes have been thoroughly dissected both musically and historically. And by dissected, I mean each part is examined so that it is known entirely in itself and in its relation to the whole. The changes are made cleanly and correctly, and the performances, while not completely imitative, show that these musicians are familiar with the early recordings.

Trumpeter Havens (who has worked with Miff Mole, Joe Sullivan, and Art Hodes) shines on all of the tracks and is easily the outstanding musician in the group. He has done the arranging that has gone into several of these tunes. His fixing of *Saints* so as to include a chorus in a minor key is very effective. Clarinetist Foder was with Jean Goldkette in the early '30s, and his playing has something of the "white" style of reedmen of that era. Shanahan, an Ann Arbor surgeon, pumps an adequate tailgate trombone. The rhythm section does not include drums but does, in spite of this, manage to push the band along nicely.

The band handles everything well, but its best stride is hit in the final ensemble buildup in *Little While*, and in Havens' lazy, sensuous trumpet work on *Liza*.

(G.M.E.)

Lou Donaldson

LIGHT-FOOT—Blue Note 4053: *Light-Foot; Hog Maw; Mary Ann; Green Eyes; Walking by the River; Day Dreams; Stella by Starlight.*

Personnel: Donaldson, alto saxophone; Herman Foster, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Ray Barretto, conga; Jimmy Wormworth, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Despite his extremely pleasant skills, Donaldson's career does not seem to be progressing with any notable success. He has been, for a good many years, one of the most polished alto men around, but he remains relatively unrecognized even though he records regularly for Blue Note.

He is, it is true, not the least bit sensational. There is nothing strange, harsh, or grotesque about him. Donaldson is a warm, honest, basic saxophonist with an ingratiating tone, a pure-lined, singing attack, and an ability to stick to the point without decorating his lines with foofaraw.

It may be that the program he has undertaken on this album provides a clue to his inability to attract attention. It is a program that does not make the most of his talents. Much of it is amiable balladry, lighthearted and lightweight performances that bounce along attractively but leave no memorable impressions.

The only occasions on which he suggests his real stature are in the clean, ungushing romanticism he displays on a slow ballad, *Day Dreams* (not the Billy Strayhorn tune); in the lean strength of his blues work on *Hog Maw*, and to a lesser extent,

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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Berklee School Students, *Jazz in the Classroom, Vol. V* (Berklee Records 5)
Ella Fitzgerald Sings Cole Porter and More Cole Porter, (vocal) (Verve 4049 and 4050)

Lester Flatt-Earl Scruggs, *Foggy Mountain Band* (Columbia 8364)

The Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band (Verve 2151)

Dizzy Gillespie, *Gillespiana* (Verve 8394)

Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard (Verve 8396)

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)

Various Artists, (vocal) *Blues 'n' Trouble* (Arhoolie 101)

★ ★ ★ ★

Cannonball Adderley, *Cannonball En Route* (Mercury 20616)

Ida Cox, (vocal reissue) *The Moanin' Groanin' 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 Ellwell, *Man Here Plays Fine Piano* (Good Time Jazz 12043)

Victor Feldman, *Merry Olde Soul* (Riverside 9366)

Benny Golson, *Take a Number from 1 to 10* (Argo 681)

Bennie Green, *Hornful of Soul* (Bethlehem 6054)

Johnny Griffin, *Change of Pace* (Riverside 368)

Coleman Hawkins, *Night Hawk* (Prestige/Swingville 2016)

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)

Jackie McLean, *A Long Drink of the Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8253)

Roy Palmer/Ike Rogers, (reissue) *Gut-Bucket Trombone* (Riverside 150)

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)

Bobby Timmons, *Easy Does It* (Riverside 363)

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
 emphasizing the varied and
 out-of-the-ordinary qualities of four
 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, "Honesly." 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)

in his surging up-tempo playing on *Light-Foot*.

Foster is a pleasant relief from the Gospel-grooved pianists, but he quickly establishes a tiresome routine of his own by building every solo to a block-chord climax.

Even with its limitations, this is a much more attractive set than is the usual blowing session. (J.S.W.)

Kenny Dorham

WHISTLE STOP—Blue Note 4063: *Philly Twist; Buffalo; Sunset; Whistle Stop; Sunrise in Mexico; Windmill; Dorham's Epitaph*.

Personnel: Dorham, trumpet; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

All seven of the selections on this record are Dorham originals. They show that Dorham has a refreshingly varied point of view, as a composer, which ranges from jabbing boppishness to a funky groove, sidestepping banal Gospelism, and from eloquently elegiac lyricism to modal writing that is sufficiently effective to make one wish he had developed it beyond the customary opening and closing ensembles. This, however, would get us into the question of how much "composition" is involved in a piece consisting of a series of solos sandwiched between an opening and closing ensemble.

The difficulty here, as happens so often on pieces developed in this fashion, is that the solos do not live up to the ensembles; we are given a provocative promise, followed by a long wait and then return to the same thing we got at the beginning.

Drew plays several easy, unpretentious, all-purpose solos that could be fitted into anything.

Dorham works between a crisp, flowing attack and high, tight mutings in the Miles Davis manner, playing attractively but almost invariably running thin toward the end. He shows that brevity can do as much for jazz as it can for wit (for which it is declared to be the soul, no less) on his very short, extremely effective and quite complete solo on *Dorham's Epitaph*.

Mobley has some moments of clean-lined swinging that put him in a much better light than do his usual rambling efforts. (J.S.W.)

Budd Johnson

THE FOUR BRASS GIANTS—Riverside 343: *All My Love; Blue Lou; Trinity River Bottom; Driftwood; Blues for Lester; The Message; Don't Blame Me; I'll Get By*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, Harry Edison, Nat Adderley, Ray Nance, trumpet; Nance, violin; Johnson, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan or Jimmy Jones, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Herb Lovelle, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Johnson has been a subterranean force in jazz for an incredibly long time—he started playing in Kansas City in the mid-1920s and from 1935 on was a guiding light in the Earl Hines Band and later in Billy Eckstine's big band. More recently he was featured in Gil Evans' band and is currently with Count Basie.

Yet Johnson himself has not really emerged as an identifiable musical personality. Just how rich and fertile that personality is can be judged from this release, for which he wrote the arrangements, contributed four originals, and plays some

pulsingly stimulating solos. The pieces range from roaring swing to exotic mood stuff.

The brass giants Johnson has brought together live up to their title—Terry soaring gruffly on fluegelhorn or growling his way through the blues with a plunger; Adderley crisp and blithe; Edison forsaking all bleeps and playing a well-directed muted trumpet; Nance pouring out his best mellow brassiness.

Nance shifts to violin on two pieces, one of them a Johnson original, *Driftwood*, that is pure Ellingtonia.

When those four trumpet men get together to make up a shouting brass ensemble with Johnson's tenor swinging hard in front of them, they create a kind of unfettered, exultant jazz that makes one realize how much this kind of boiling excitement has been missing from recent jazz. (J.S.W.)

Bill Russo

SEVEN DEADLY SINS—Roulette 52063; *Theme; Greed; Lechery; Gluttony; Anger; Envy; Sloth; Pride—Epilogue*.

Personnel: Russo, conductor; Burt Collins, Danny Stiles, John Glasel, Louis Mucci, trumpets; Bill Elton, Don Sebesky, Mike Swerin, Eddie Bert, trombones; Kenneth Guffy, bass trombone; Dick Meldonian, alto saxophone, clarinet; Tony Buonpastore, alto saxophone; Don Mikiten, Larry Wilcox, tenor saxophones; Tony Ferina, baritone saxophone; Seymour Barab, Avron Coleman, Lorin Bernsohn, George Koutzen, cellos; John Drew, bass; Howard Collins, guitar; Ed Shaughnessy, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Do not listen to this with any prejudices about whether it is jazz or classical music. Listen to it purely as contemporary music, and you will be rewarded. Russo has created a unified composition that is personal, inventive, and, unlike other writing in this general area, has melodies that invite many rehearsals.

The physical make-up of the orchestra is like the conventional jazz orchestra of recent years, except for the cello section, but the sound that Russo extracts from it is remarkable. The emphasis is not on the soloist. In fact, only half of the 12 solos are improvised. Three are by Mikiten, whose pure-toned, lyrical work is strongly reminiscent of Herbie Steward, the man who had a great effect on Stan Getz. Meldonian gets a full sound on clarinet in *Lechery*, and Sebesky swings on *Pride*. Of the written solos, Mucci's on *Greed* and Barab's on *Lechery* are noteworthy.

Russo's various *Sins* are not graphic reproductions but set moods that evoke a feeling akin to what each one represents to us. The atmosphere he creates in *Lechery* cannot fail to affect you emotionally. It embodies characteristics that help bring about this sin and a resultant state that comes from indulging. What was it that Dryden wrote about the power of music?

Envy shows the imprint of one of Russo's early teachers, Lennie Tristano.

Although these pieces need no specific reference for their musical success, it would be interesting to hear them as a soundtrack to a film short, say, one showing appropriate paintings from all schools, realist to nonobjective.

Russo can be proud of the way the orchestra played his music and of his

own achievement in writing it. The sound is good, but Roulette should use better material in pressing its records. It sounds as if someone is frying eggs through the whole performance. That is the Eighth Deadly Sin. (I.G.)

Dean Schaefer

AD MAN AFTER HOURS—AMR Records AM1: *Blue Moon; Talk of the Town; I'll Remember April; The Nearness of You; Ad Man After Hours; Body and Soul*.

Personnel: Schaefer, tenor saxophone; Dick Haase, trumpet; Ken Harrity, piano; Lowell Ives, bass; Arnold Sucherman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This little soirée was the brainchild of advertising man and jazz tenorist Schaefer who, in company with four other non-professional musicians, decided to preserve their "protest for jazz . . . a compulsion to express themselves in a world no longer theirs" in a spontaneous session recorded in Chicago last February. All are former pros—Haase is now a cab driver, Harrity a piano tuner, Ives a school teacher, and Sucherman a chiropodist. Superimposed over the music and session noises is a narration written by Schaefer and read in creamy, radio-commercial style by Jay Trompeter.

In view of the foregoing, one is prepared to suppress many a shudder at the expected mayhem. But 'tain't so. The music is competently played and the jazz that results is not at all bad.

Strongest men are Schaefer, Haase and Harrity; Ives is a rather weak and unimaginative bassist and Sucherman is an adequate but uninspired drummer. Boiled down, one would place the general approach of the group between swing and bop. Thus, Schaefer's style reflects much of Coleman Hawkins in tone and attack; Haase's trumpet is full and warm; Harrity's piano is sure of touch and technique and melodic in improvisation.

Blue Moon is lost behind the narrator's voice. *Talk* is relaxed and lyrical. The medium-up *April* is based on a trumpet-tenor unison boppish line with some good piano, but there is poor support from bass and drums. *Nearness* is listless and only fair, while *Ad Man*, a riffing blues, features some gusty tenor but is marred by a very lame walking bass solo. *Body and Soul*, which concludes the set, has some fine piano work and very Hawkish tenor.

While the idea behind this album is valid, the narration is overdone and begins to sour after a while. Also, the between-takes chatter is a mite boring, considering the content therein.

For the collector-who-has-everything, this might make for a sometime conversation piece. (J.A.T.)

Kid Thomas

KID THOMAS AND HIS ALGIERS STOMPERS—Riverside 365: *That's Plenty; Girl of My Dreams; Dinah; Smile, Darn You, Smile; Confessin'; Kid Thomas' Boogie Woogie; Algiers Strut; Gally House Blues; Sing On; Panama*.

Personnel: Thomas, trumpet; Louis Nelson, trombone; Albert Burbank, clarinet; Joe James, piano; Homer Eugene, banjo; Joseph Butler, bass; Samuel Penn, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album, cut last January, is part of Riverside's *Living Legend* series, a project under way to record the important remnants of early New Orleans jazzmen. If

Blue Note! Great Jazz by Great Artists



art blakey

and The Jazz Messengers

with Lee Morgan, Wayne Shorter, Bobby Timmons, Jymie Merritt. Art Blakey's message is transmitted not only in his music, but in his words and speeches. Art's unique personality fairly jumps out of these grooves. BLP 4054

& two recent albums:

A Night In Tunisia/BLP 4049

The Big Beat/BLP 4029



donald byrd

At The Half Note Cafe

with Pepper Adams, Duke Pearson, Laymon Jackson, Lex Humphries. The most personal and persuasive offerings to date by Donald Byrd, whose work has matured to an amazing degree. A most rewarding on-the-spot session. BLP 4060

& two recent albums:

Byrd In Flight/BLP 4048

Fuego/BLP 4026



dexter gordon

Doin' Allright

with Freddie Hubbard, Horace Parlan, George Tucker, Al Harewood. Dexter Gordon—this is a name to conjure with. A big man physically and musically, this album is representative of that kind of size. BLP 4077

Free Catalog
On Request

BLUE NOTE

Records Inc.
43 West 61st Street
New York 23, N.Y.

**&
these
other
important
releases**

Light Foot—Lou Donaldson/BLP 4053

Roll Call—Hank Mobley/BLP 4058

Whistle Stop—Kenny Dorham/BLP 4063

Grant's First Stand—Grant Green/BLP 4064

Goin' Up—Freddie Hubbard/BLP 4056

Face to Face—"Baby Face" Willette/BLP 4068

Jackie's Bag—Jackie McLean/BLP 4051

Leeway—Lee Morgan/BLP 4034

Undercurrent—Kenny Drew/BLP 4059

Blue Hour—Stanley Turrentine
with The 3 Sounds/BLP 4057

POWER-PACKED TROMBONES
THE TROMBONES INC. **down beat**



27 COUNT 'EM 27 top trombonists—plus piano, drums, bongos, bass—have a wild go at classics like "Heat Wave" and "It's All Right With Me." Recorded with highest fidelity by WARNER BROS.

W/WS 1272

the first name in sound
WARNER BROS. RECORDS
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA



Available in mono and stereo at your record dealer's



JAZZ by MAIL

Records shipped anywhere
MODERN MUSIC
627 N. KINGSHIGHWAY
ST. LOUIS 8, MO., U.S.A.

**ALL RECORDS REVIEWED IN DOWN BEAT
AVAILABLE THRU US—OUR SERVICE IS FAST**

All records shipped are factory fresh. Send for details on our bonus offer of FREE JAZZ LPs.
Foreign Orders Welcome
FREE! NEW 12" LP SALE List/Hard-To-Get Items
\$1.00 Deposit on CODs/No CODs Overseas

PINNACLE RECORDINGS PRESENTS
A Peak in Traditional Jazz!
FRANZ JACKSON
Original Jazz All-Stars
"A NIGHT AT RED ARROW"
ask your dealer
5358 S. WELLS ST. CHICAGO 9, ILL.

WORLD'S LEADER IN AUTHENTIC FOLK MUSIC
FOLKWAYS RECORDS
NEW HIGH FIDELITY RELEASES EVERY MONTH.

Write for a complete catalog of 700 Long play Record Albums in ETHNIC, AMERICAN, INTERNATIONAL, JAZZ, SCIENCE, INSTRUCTIONAL, CHILDREN, LITERATURE.

Folkways Records & Service Corp.
117 West 46th St., N. Y. C. 36, N. Y.

the other albums are made with the same care and attention that is noticeable in the playing and production on these tracks, Riverside's venture should be successful.

This is almost the same band that Thomas used for the earlier Icon session that was recently released, but the difference in nearly every respect is considerable. Some of the faults that marred the Icon date, notably the brittle, peg-leg rhythm, and Thomas' own exaggerated vibrato, recur in this album, but there is a large improvement in the quality of both solo and ensemble work.

Clarinetist Burbank has replaced Paul Barnes, and his playing, together with the surprisingly spirited drumming of Penn and Nelson's trombone, are the operative factors that have fused and fired this session. The tracks *Algiers Strut* and *Sing On* have moments of New Orleans polyphony that are as good, perhaps, as any made after 1930.

The three horn men (and Burbank especially) listen to each other, each weaving counterlines, or playing fragments of phrases picked up from one of the other horns, so the over-all effect is one of blending instead of cutting.

This polyphonic interplay of lines, and the collective effort to swing together, are the qualities that used to be the heart of the traditional style and are the qualities that today have all but disappeared.

Thomas has been likened to Freddie Keppard and other pre-Armstrong trumpet men (i. e., the jazz trumpet before 1925), and I think the point is well taken. Thomas is more provincial and has more severe limitations than had Keppard or Paul Mares, but, like them, he uses his horn in a way more rhythmic than melodic. And, like them, his ensemble playing is marked with a rush of quick, short, fiber-thick-toned phrases that skirt the edge of excitement. (G.M.E.)

Randy Weston

LIVE AT THE FIVE SPOT—United Artists 5066: *Hi-Fly*; *Beef Blues Stew*; *Where?*; *Star-Crossed Lovers*; *Spot Five Blues*; *Lisa Lovely*.
Personnel: Weston, piano; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Wilbur Little, bass; Roy Haynes or Clifford Jarvis, drums; Brock Peters, vocal (Track 3 only).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

That Weston is one of our most personal and consistently interesting composers of jazz songs should be evident to all by now. His own albums, along with the wide use of his themes by other musicians, is testimony to this. Here we have a mixture of some of his older and some of his newer compositions, with a beautiful Billy Strayhorn ballad as the other selection. Good material usually leads to performances that are above the run of the mill, especially when the musicians involved are of the caliber of Hawkins, Dorham, and Weston.

On-the-spot recording doesn't always help a date. The idea of the audience as a catalyst can fall flat. This is one case where the "live" atmosphere was an aid. In any event, you can almost reach out and touch the players. Whoever the engineer is, he deserves credit.

Hi-Fly is one of Weston's themes. Dorham's almost fragile, highly lyrical solo is outstanding.

The 3/4 *Beef Blues Stew* demonstrates how blue blues can be, without getting into commercial hokum.

Peters is in far better voice on *Where* than he is on his portion of Weston's recently released Roulette album *Uhuru Afrika*, but I must admit that his dramatic style is not my cup of tea. He doesn't do justice to the song. It is more effective when understated a bit. Jon Hendricks' voice doesn't begin to approach Peters' natural equipment, yet his World Pacific version is closer to the spirit of Weston. But, after all, they are Hendricks' lyrics.

There seems to be a mistake in the order of the tunes on the second side. The first track is obviously not a blues. It is Strayhorn's *Star-Crossed Lovers*. Hawkins exhibits his masculine tenderness in a performance full of warmth, guts, soul, and beauty. Weston has a properly romantic interlude before Hawkins returns. A few boos in the audience aren't paying attention to Weston's moving ideas and fine touch, but they shouldn't interfere with your enjoyment.

Spot Five Blues follows with a long opening solo by Weston that is brimming delightfully with life and stuff. Hawkins barrelchests in and plays his heart out. Little's only solo of the set is next and it's a good one. In the fours that come after, it seems to be Haynes on drums. No credit is given on the cover as to where he or Jarvis appear. Since it is obviously Haynes who does the finely wrought, highly musical solo work featured on *Lisa Lovely*, I assume that Jarvis is on Side 1 and Haynes on 2.

Records like this are enough to restore your faith in jazz. (I.G.)

Randy Weston

UHURU AFRIKA (FREEDOM AFRICA)—Roulette 65001: *Uhuru*, *Kwanza*; *African Lady*; *Bantu*; *Kucheza Blues*.

Personnel: Weston, piano; Olatunji, Candido, Armando Peraza, Afro and Afro-Cuban percussion; Max Roach, Charlie Persip, G. T. Hogan, drums; George Duvivier, Ron Carter, basses; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Clark Terry, Benny Bailey, Richard Williams, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Julius Watkins, French horn; Slide Hampton, Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, trombones; Cecil Payne, Jerome Richardson, Sahib Shihab, Budd Johnson, Gigi Gryce, Yusuf Lateef, reeds, flutes; Les Spann, flute, guitar; Martha Flowers, Brock Peters, vocals; Tuntumeke Sanga, narrator.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is a suite in four movements saluting the awakening of independence through the formation of new countries on the continent of Africa in the recent past. There is variety in the four parts of the suite but no balance in the quality throughout.

A general introduction has Sanga, an observer for Tanganyika at the United Nations, reading a short Langston Hughes poem in English and in his native Kiswahili while the percussion rumbles along underneath. This is part of the first movement, *Uhuru, Kwanza*. The hypnotic percussion begins, then melds with Weston's piano and then the ensemble. Before this section has ceased with the quiet bassings of Carter and Duvivier, it has gone on too long.

The second movement, *African Lady*, consists of the singing of Hughes' words to Weston's melody by Miss Flowers, a

Jazzland is really on its way!

A favorite advertising device of not too long ago was a series of "teaser" ads, each one of which would give you a small piece of information, or a single clue. The idea was to

train you to keep paying attention, to (as the actual phrase often put it) "watch this space for future developments." Well, it may not be in exactly this space, but it will be in

Down Beat and it will be about JAZZLAND, and the "future developments" will really be something to hear about, and listen to!

JAZZLAND'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN ITS SHORT LIFE SPAN TO DATE ARE ALREADY SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF. WE ARE PROUDEST OF THE EXCITING, FAST-RISING QUINTET CO-LED BY EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS AND JOHNNY GRIFFIN; AND OF THE RAPIDLY ACCELERATING SUCCESS OF JUNIOR MANCE (INTERNATIONAL CRITICS POLL CHOICE AS "NEW STAR" PIANIST OF 1961). WE ARE PROUD ALSO OF ALBUMS BY SUCH AS BENNY GREEN, DEXTER GORDON, HAROLD LAND, LES SPANN, PAUL GONSALVES, WOODY HERMAN, CHARLIE ROUSE, CHET BAKER, CLIFFORD JORDAN, SONNY RED AND OTHERS. WE HAVE INTRODUCED SUCH HAPPILY SWINGING JAZZ TALENTS AS TENORMAN WILD BILL MOORE AND VIBIST JOHNNY LYTLE.

And we intend to be even prouder in the future. The developments to be announced will be on the breathtaking side, we assure you. As a starter, here are two significant events that belong in the "very-near-future" division of that "future developments" category:

RED GARLAND has joined Jazzland! The remarkable, swinging piano star is now a key member of the label's rapidly expanding team. His first album, a romping effort with Sam Jones and Charlie Persip, has just been recorded and will be released in short order.

Jazzland is pleased to announce the creation of a **"CLASSICS OF MODERN JAZZ"**

Series, which will kick off very shortly with the issuance of an album of great, previously unreleased performances by a late-'40s

★★ **TADD DAMERON** group featuring **FATS NAVARRO!** ★★

There'll be more significant developments, lots of them—as big and bigger. Just keep watching! Meanwhile, to keep you listening, here is a very partial list of current Jazzland highspots (for complete catalogue write to Dept D, Jazzland Records, 235 West 46th Street, New York 36, N.Y.):

GRIFF & LOCK—"LOCKJAW" DAVIS-JOHNNY GRIFFIN QUINTET.....	(JLP 42; STEREO 942S)
JUNIOR MANCE TRIO AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD.....	(JLP 41; STEREO 941S)
GLIDIN' ALONG—BENNY GREEN, WITH JOHNNY GRIFFIN.....	(JLP 43; STEREO 943S)
GEMINI—LES SPANN, FLUTE AND GUITAR.....	(JLP 35; STEREO 935S)
GETTIN' TOGETHER—PAUL GONSALVES, WITH NAT ADDERLEY, WYNTON KELLY.....	(JLP 36; STEREO 936S)
WEST COAST BLUES—HAROLD LAND, WITH WES MONTGOMERY.....	(JLP 20; STEREO 920S)
TAKIN' CARE OF BUSINESS—CHARLIE ROUSE, WITH BLUE MITCHELL.....	(JLP 19; STEREO 919S)
WILD BILL'S BEAT—WILD BILL MOORE, WITH JUNIOR MANCE.....	(JLP 38; STEREO 938S)
HAPPY GROUND!—JOHNNY LYTLE TRIO.....	(JLP 44; STEREO 944S)
A STORY TALE—CLIFFORD JORDAN AND SONNY RED.....	(JLP 40; STEREO 940S)
THE RESURGENCE OF DEXTER GORDON.....	(JLP 29; STEREO 929S)

JAZZLAND RECORDS

soprano, and baritone-voiced Peters. Between the two vocals, there is an excellent solo by Payne on baritone saxophone. Miss Flowers has a sweet voice and does well by the pretty melody. Peters is not in good form, however. His vibrato is spread out, and he seems to be straining. His last "lady" is particularly quavery and out-of-tune. The wordless obbligato by both singers to Weston's piano is effective.

Bantu, the third movement, is a theme Weston has previously explored in a trio context. Like most of his music, it is melodically substantial and unpretentious. There are solos here by Williams and Terry (flugelhorn), but the main emphasis is on percussion. It is expertly interwoven with the powerful ensemble playing before emerging on its own to build to a climax. This again brings on the horns.

The Kucheza Blues (kucheza means swinging in Kiswahili) was not scored. The arrangement is a "head" that sprang from Weston's melody. This is the blowing section, with very good solos by Johnson, Bailey, Cleveland, Gryce, Hubbard, Burrell, and Weston.

There is no racism of any kind involved here, just a warmly felt tribute to the new African nations by Afro-American musicians. Hughes' statement in the notes ("that jazz owes its basic debt to Africa, no one disputes; therefore, contemporary Africans did not really have to learn to play jazz because their tribal music from time immemorial has contained the major elements that distinguish jazz from other musical forms") is erroneous reporting.

Jazz owes a rhythmic debt to Africa, but harmonically Africa had little, if anything, to do with the formation of jazz and not much melodically. (I.G.)

Baby Face Willette

FACE TO FACE—Blue Note 4068: *Swingin' at Sugar Ray's; Goin' Down; Whatever Lola Wants; Face to Face; Somethin' Strange; High 'n' Low.*

Personnel: Fred Jackson, tenor saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Willette, organ; Ben Dixon, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

I'm somewhat at a loss as to where to begin a discussion of this collection. If it is an interesting album—as I found it to be—it is of decided minor interest. In format and approach it is not appreciably different from the spate of other organ-based "soul music" discs that have been glutting the market lately. Yet there is one very basic difference here: all the men involved play this brand of music out of a real conviction, because they have always played this way and not merely because it's currently fashionable. But this does not necessarily make the collection a good one; the music must stand on its own.

What the Willette quartet offers here is essentially up-dated basic rhythm and blues and little more. (All four have had rather extensive r&b backgrounds.) And bear in mind that it is a limited and limiting form. While it is undeniable that men working within its restrictions have occasionally produced powerful and compelling music, it must also be admitted that what we have here is more the product of competence, not genius. If it is warm and appealing visceral music, it is also wholly

predictable. There's not a single surprise on either side.

Guitarist Green quickly emerges as the most consistently arresting soloist, primarily because he is the finest of the four as far as musicianship (natural or otherwise) is concerned. That he has done a great deal more listening than the other soloists is immediately apparent in his solo passages, which are built on more modern lines than are organist Willette's or tenorist Jackson's basic, earthy ones. None of their music gets too far away from the spontaneous, direct feeling of the blues—even the Broadway vehicle *Lola*—and that's what provides the real substance here. The best number is easily *Goin' Down*, the most "down" blues track in the set.

There is a nice sense of restraint here that is a pleasant relief from the bellicose stridency of most groups of this pattern.

(P.W.)

OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Lionel Hampton

SWING CLASSICS—RCA Victor 2318: *Whoo, Baby; On the Sunny Side of the Street; Confessin'; Ring Dem Bells; Ain't Cha Comin' Home?; When the Lights Are Low; I'm on My Way from You; Haven't Named It Yet; Dinah; Jack the Bellboy; Central Avenue Breakdown; Jivin' with Jarvis.*

Personnel: Hampton, vibraphone, piano, drums, vocals. Track 1—Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Mezz Mezzrow, clarinet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Jess Stacy, piano; Allan Reuss, guitar; John Kirby, bass; Cozy Cole, drums. Track 2—same as track 1 except

INTRODUCING A NEW JAZZ LABEL JAZZTIME IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF



ROCKY BOYD

JT001



WALTER BISHOP

JT002



DAVE BAILEY

JT003

12" LP List \$4.98 — BOTH MONAURAL AND STEREO

JAZZTIME RECORDS, RR # 4, MALTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

Williams, Brown out; Buster Bailey, clarinet, replaces Mezzrow. Track 3—Jonah Jones, trumpet; Eddie Barefield, clarinet; Clyde Hart, piano; Bobby Bennett, guitar; Mack Walker, bass; Cole, drums. Track 4—Williams; Hodges; Stacy; Reuss; Edgar Sampson, baritone saxophone; Billy Taylor, bass; Sonny Greer, drums. Track 5—Ziggy Elman, trumpet; Hymie Schertzer, alto saxophone; Jerry Jerome, Chu Berry, tenor saxophones; Danny Barker, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Hart; Cole. Track 6—Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Berry, tenor saxophones; Charlie Christian, guitar; Hart; Hinton; Cole. Tracks 7, 8—Red Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Earl Bostic, alto saxophone; Artie Bernstein, bass; Sid Catlett, drums; Hart; Christian. Track 9—Carter, trumpet; Ed Hall, clarinet; Joe Sullivan, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; Zutty Singleton, drums; Hawkins; Bernstein. Tracks 10-12—Nat Cole, piano; Oscar Moore, guitar; Wesley Prince, bass; Al Spiedlock, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The recording sessions that Hampton led in the late 1930s had some special quality about them—supplied by Hampton, one presumes—that induced the musicians he brought together to play with a feeling of swinging ease that is amazingly consistent.

It is all the more amazing when one considers that the personnel of these Hampton groups changed from date to date although they were always made up of top-notch musicians who were usually taking a breather from their normal big-band chores.

In any event, this collection of early Hamptonia is an unflinching delight from start to finish. There are some particularly stimulating contributions by Williams, a romping Stacy, guttily suave Hodges, a surprisingly warm and lyrical Elman, and by Christian, Hawkins, and Allen.

As time passes and this kind of high-spirited, unpretentiously good-natured jazz slips further and further from our grasp, these Hampton pieces deserve recognition as classics that rate a place alongside the Louis Armstrong Hot Fives and the Jelly-Roll Morton Red Hot Peppers. (J.S.W.)

Django Reinhardt

DIANGOLOGY — RCA Victor 2319; *Minor Swing; Beyond the Sea; Bricktop; Honeysuckle Rose; Heavy Artillery; Djangoology; After You've Gone; On es-tu, mon amour?; I Got Rhythm; Lover Man; Menilmontant; Swing 42.*

Personnel: Reinhardt, guitar; Stephane Grappelly, violin; Gianni Safred, piano; Carlo Pecori, bass; Aurelio DeCarolis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Although the cover, fore and aft, identifies the group heard on this disc as "Django Reinhardt and the Quintet of the Hot Club of France," it is actually no such thing. Nor are these selections reissues, as that billing would seem to imply. They are previously unreleased performances by Reinhardt, Grappelly, and three Italian musicians, recorded in Rome in 1949 and 1950. And, it should be added quickly, this is worthy Reinhardt and Grappelly, and the three Italians serve them well as a rhythm section. The weakest element is the recording job, which is tubby and muffled.

Some of this program is familiar from other Reinhardt recordings—*Minor Swing*, for instance, and *Swing 42*, *Djangoology*, and *After You've Gone*.

Some is less familiar, although no less seasoned in the Reinhardt repertory — *Bricktop* dates from the same years as *Minor Swing*, 1937—and there are also evidences of the postwar Reinhardt in *Artillery*, *Lover Man*, and a typically ro-

miles davis



PRLP 7200



PRLP 7166

john coltrane



PRLP 7188



PRLP 7142

red garland



PRLP 7193



PRLP 7181

mose allison



PRLP 7189



PRLP 7152

thelonious monk



PRLP 7159



PRLP 7169

PRESTIGE 1st with the great JAZZMEN

Throughout the years, PRESTIGE has had the reputation of discovering the great jazzmen first, often years before they were to be accepted by the public and the critics. Today, MILES DAVIS, JOHN COLTRANE, and THELONIOUS MONK are the most highly regarded musicians on their instruments . . . each of them, in fact, has become a legend. RED GARLAND and MOSE ALLISON have set the most widely imitated styles of playing and singing in jazz today.

The albums at the left are a few examples of their recorded work, and there are many more. Most of these men recorded their first albums for PRESTIGE. All of them recorded their best albums for PRESTIGE.

FOR FREE CATALOG SEND TO

PRESTIGE RECORDS INC., 203 S. WASHINGTON AVE., BERGENFIELD, N. J.



"...Switch to my reed..."

Harry Carney,
Baritone Sax.
Duke Ellington
Orchestra

Rico
REEDS

"It's nobler to play one of these Rico reeds. Tone is very good." *Harry Carney*

As Harry Carney says, "switch to my reeds," because Rico reeds have quality and consistency you can count on! Every reed of the same strength grade-number responds exactly the same way. Buy the reeds chosen by the top pros. For all clarinets and saxophones, at music dealers everywhere.



RICO PRODUCTS
819 North Highland
Hollywood 38, California

PERENNIAL POLL WINNER

MILES DAVIS

PLAYS
MARTIN

A PRODUCT OF
**RICHARDS
MUSIC CORP.**

Elkhart, Ind.



HOLTON

**FIRST CHOICE
OF MEN WHO
KNOW BRASS!**

Frank Holton & Co., Elkhorn, Wis.
Trumpets in Bb, C and D ★ Cornets
Tenor and Bass Trombones ★ French
Horns ★ Harmony Brass ★ Saxophones

matic treatment of *Beyond the Sea*.

The charm, the fire, and the innate swing of Reinhardt shine through the entire collection, making it a very welcome addition to available Reinhardt discography. (J.S.W)

VOCAL

Jesse Fuller

THE LONE CAT—Good Time Jazz S-10039: *Leavin' Memphis, Frisco Bound; Take It Slow and Easy; The Monkey and the Engineer; New Corrine; Guitar Blues; Runnin' Wild; Hey, Hey; In That Great Land; The Way You Treat Me; Down Home Waltz; Beat It on Down the Line; Buck and Wing.*

Personnel: Jesse Fuller, vocal, 12-string guitar, harmonica, kazoo, cymbals, and frotella.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Georgia-born Jesse Fuller is among the last representatives of the one-man-band folk music tradition, and, in a certain sense, he is an anachronism. The ragged yet highly syncopated music produced by his simultaneous playing of 12 string guitar, harmonica, kazoo, frotella (a foot-activated bass device of his own construction), and cymbals belongs to an earlier, more ingenuous time.

Fuller is not merely a blues singer, either. He is more properly a "songster," as his extensive repertoire spans a much wider range than the blues alone, encompassing railroad songs, work songs, country dance pieces, spirituals, minstrel songs, and old pop material, as well as his own compositions.

This disc provides a fairly representative sampling of his talents, as a glance at the titles will indicate. There are some real gems here: the instrumental *Guitar Blues* is a particularly stunning country blues piece, played in an archaic style; his version of the old blues *Corrine* is a powerful, taut performance; new life is breathed into the old instrument *Runnin' Wild*; and on one number, *Buck and Wing*, he even plays and tap dances simultaneously. (Contrary to his spoken introduction to this piece, however, this feat has been accomplished on record before—most recently by L. C. Williams and Lightnin' Hopkins.)

Some of the material here—especially the railroad songs—is a bit tedious and monotonous. Many of the pieces sound too much alike. Still, this is an attractive and very often an interesting collection. And in stereo, it's too much! Fuller's best album to date remains his 1957 Cavalier LP, *Frisco Bound* (CVLP-6009). (P.W.)

John Lee Hooker

JOHN LEE HOOKER PLAYS AND SINGS THE BLUES—Chess LP 1454: *The Journey; I Don't Want Your Money; Hey, Baby; Mad Man Blues; Bluebird; Worried Life Blues; Apologies; Lonely Boy Boogie; Please Don't Go; Dreamin' Blues; Hey Boogie; Just Me and My Telephone.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Hooker's latest collection—on the Chess label, though he has been under contract to Vee Jay for several years now—is most probably the result of a series of sessions he is rumored to have made for independent producer Ozzie Cadena last summer. (It has all the earmarks of a recorded-on-the-fly session—several sloppy guitar passages have not been re-done and Hooker's coughs are even left in on one number.)

In any event, these 12 numbers present Hooker in his most brooding, inconsolable, and introspective mood. There is a dark, ominous quality to all of these selections, and even the up-tempo boogie numbers partake of it (listen to *Lonely Boy Boogie*, for example).

There's a helluva lot of Hooker here—much more, in fact, than I've heard on LP before. Just about every selection on the disc is a powerful, importunate blues in Hooker's rawest, most incult manner. He almost spits out his lyrics (most of them concerned with the good man wronged by a fickle, feckless woman) with incisive force, underlining them with driving, dark-textured guitar work in his characteristic style.

Because of its emphasis on only one aspect of Hooker's abilities—the anguished, impassioned, near-morbid blues of a man scorned—there's an unrelieved sameness to all of the dozen numbers here. Hooker is not much of a *melodic* blues singer; rather, he chants his blues in a flat near-monotone. After a while this can prove wearying, and that's what happens here. This disc is most effective taken in small doses, like a short-story collection. It is deeply-felt stuff, for John Lee's blues are largely autobiographical. (P.W.)

Nat Wright

THE BIGGEST VOICE IN JAZZ—Warwick W2040: *Secret Love; This Nearly Was Mine; My Man's Gone Now; Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me; Caravan; Johnny One Note; I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good; You Let My Love Grow Cold; Sophisticated Lady; Joshua.*

Personnel: Wright, vocals; Mal Waldron, arranger-conductor; Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Benny Green, trombone; Shelly Gold, flute; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums, on tracks 3, 6, 8 and 10; Jimmy Giuffre, clarinet and tenor; Gold, flute; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Ron Bedford, drums, on other tracks.

Rating: ★ ★

What seems needed in jazz vocals is not bigness, but authenticity. Jazz singing at best proves elusive of definition (is Sinatra a jazz singer, etc.), but in practise, when you hear it, you know it's there. Thus, while Wright's voice undeniably is "big" enough for musical productions and smart club engagements in Rome and on the French Riviera (where "Ex-king Farouk bought me dinner every night for a month"), it is not a jazz voice.

This reviewer has not seen Mr. Wright work a club or theater, but it is not difficult to imagine the showmanship, the projection, the "sell." For—and on—the record, however, it must be noted that all too often intention gets swamped in lack of vocal capability, viz., the frequent lapses in intonation that are painfully obvious in his first album.

A jazz singer he's not, but Wright has the best in jazz accompaniment—good charts by Teddy Charles, Tony Chris, and Mal Waldron, and some first-rate solo work by Green, Kelly and Hawkins.

For devotees of the theatrical, the show biz, the hard sell in song, this album is recommended. Others will feel that the occasional jazz solos do not compensate for the lack of jazz feeling in the singer.

(J.A.T.)



□ OSCAR PETERSON

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Oscar Peterson is representative of that remarkable genus of jazzman who stepped from obscurity to public acclaim with little or no help from the critics. It was an appearance at Carnegie Hall with Jazz at the Philharmonic, and the enthusiasm and sponsorship of Norman Granz, that established him as a favorite among fans and fellow musicians.

Looking through some of the principal jazz history books recently, I was surprised to find nothing about Peterson in *The Story of Jazz*, nothing but a passing mention in *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, a favorable but unnecessarily qualified evaluation in my own *Book of Jazz*, and a predominantly negative one in *Collectors' Jazz*, in which he was described as "glib" and "chilly."

The quality and quantity of his recordings, the tremendous vitality of his in-person impact and the esteem in which Peterson is held by jazzmen will set the record straight for posterity. His contribution as founder of the Advanced School of Contemporary Music in Toronto, Ontario, will help, too.

This was Peterson's first *Blindfold Test* in almost 10 years. He was given no information about the records played.

The Records

1. Cannonball Adderley. *The Chant* (from *Adderley & the Poll Winners*, Riverside). Adderley, alto saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano, composer; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Well, I've been pretty well removed from the scene for quite a few months . . . but you can be away a lot longer than that and still recognize good modern music when you hear it.

Without a doubt this gets four bells, mainly for the feeling, because it's a fairly open tune, utilizing just the slightest framework to set it up, and the solos were fantastic. The infallible Ray Brown was on bass; Cannonball, whom you don't even have to remark about; Louis Hayes, whom I admire, and I was particularly taken with Victor Feldman's very sympathetic piano—he swung in a medium compatible with every soloist. Wes Montgomery is on this album, too, isn't he?

2. Red Mitchell. *Black Eyed Peas* (from *Rejoice!* Pacific Jazz). Mitchell, cello; Jim Hall, guitar; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Jimmy Bond, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

I would have to give this three bells, primarily for the cello and guitar solos. The recording isn't the most pleasant thing I've heard, as far as recording techniques are concerned. It was recorded in a club, with the drums very overpowering.

The hurried exchange between the drums and the other instruments, at the end, was unnecessary. Gave you the impression that they only had so many seconds left to squeeze it in.

The pianist started out with a very plain single line, but it never really developed, and I found this a little distracting. But the cello showed a fine flow of ideas.

3. Bud Shank. *Well You Needn't* (from *New Groove*, Pacific Jazz). Shank, alto saxophone; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

This record raises a very interesting point: how far should you go, playing rhythm for a group?

To be very frank, I find that the bass line and the bass projection on this par-

ticular recording take away from a lot of the soloists. I find that he doesn't utilize the whole range of the instrument. I appreciate the low notes; since the advent of Ray Brown and Oscar Pettiford, bassists delved into that end of the instrument. I can remember when they played up around the bridge continuously. But you have to interchange the range just as you have to interchange the notes; also by injecting the time figures that he did, like dropping a note just ahead of a trumpet phrase, I had the feeling that it may have veered the trumpet player from doing what he intended to do.

The soloists did well, considering, but they weren't that intriguing. The drummer's time was wonderful, but that bass really bothered me, so I can only say two bells.

4. André Previn. *Stormy Weather* (from *Previn Plays Harold Arlen*, Contemporary). Previn, solo piano.

Well, Leonard, I think there are two ways of evaluating this. I would prefer to evaluate it from the performance standpoint—that is, as a performance piece. If I judge it that way, I'd definitely give it three bells.

However, if this is something that is to be repeated as a flowing thing at any time, just as a piece you would play, I would find it too constricting. The premeditation makes it sound a little ponderous to me. It's purely a venture into harmonies, an interplay of harmonies, and I do find that the repetition of that one particular harmonic phrase that he uses behind the main theme becomes a little monotonous after the first chorus. I think he could have enlarged the idea a little more.

But as I said, if you consider it as a special presentation the way you might play *Clair de Lune*, I'll go along with the performance.

5. Herb Ellis. *Cook One* (from *Thank You, Charlie Christian*, Verve). Ellis, guitar; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Chuck Berghofer, bass; Kenny Hume, drums.

Well, of course, it's Herbie Ellis' group, and it's from the *Thank You, Charlie Christian* album.

On the basis of his solo and two-thirds of the rhythm behind him I'd say three bells. I find the drummer leaves a little to be desired.

Herbie, of course, is such a powerhouse player that he almost demands that type of rhythm section. I think he had it in the bass player, who was wonderful, and the pianist. But the drummer didn't come up to his level at all.

6. Red Garland. *Darling, je Vous Aime Beaucoup* (from *Rejo, Prestige*). Garland, piano.

Well, to be very frank, I found this very, very monotonous. I'll tell you why: primarily it's that drone-type left hand, punctuated with chords, that he used invariably throughout the whole recording.

I liked parts of his right-hand line at times, but the left hand took away from it, and with the depth of rhythm that he had going on behind him, he just didn't come up with enough piano for my particular liking.

The left hand has been neglected by many pianists, but I think we're coming out of this stage now, with the advent of such talents as Tommy Flanagan, Ray Bryant, Victor Feldman. Things are being brought back to just about where they should be, pianistically speaking.

Piano is such a complete instrument that there really isn't any reason or excuse for this type of approach. If you use the right type of accompaniment with your left hand it should enhance what you're doing with the right hand. One bell for this.

7. Dave Pike. *Solar* (from *It's Time for Dave Pike*, Riverside). Pike, vibes; Barry Harris, piano.

Well, this is a real puzzler as far as the personnel is concerned. But I would give it two bells, because I feel it actually is a fair record.

The vibraphonist was exceptionally talented—could it have been that fellow who was with Buddy Rich's group? He explored the harmonic content of the piece wonderfully. I don't think the pianist quite came up to his level. However, I did enjoy him, and on the whole I think it's a very pleasant record.



60 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N. Y.
The Fred. Gretsch Mfg. Co.

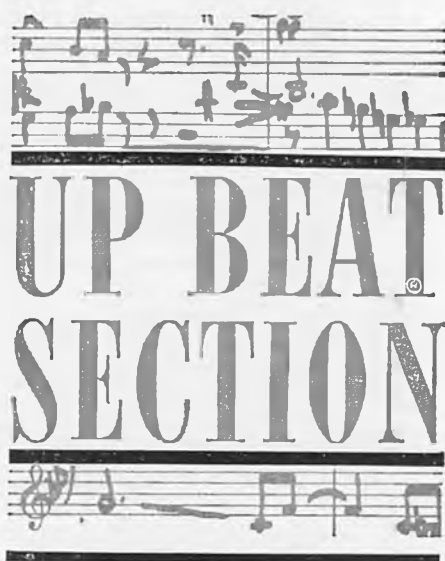
GRETSCH

Elvin's Black Pearl outfit contains:
20" x 14" bass drum; 12" x 8" and
14" x 14" tom toms; 14" x 5 1/2" snare;
plus exclusive genuine K. Zildjian
cymbals (made in Turkey).

*You hear it when Elvin, one of the
most powerful stylists of modern
drumming, known for his complex
cross rhythms plays his Gretsch
Drums. Whether backing up
J. J. Johnson or John Coltrane on their
Columbia and Atlantic albums it is
always a blend of Elvin's talented
artistry with Gretsch's quality construction.
Discover the Gretsch sound at your
dealer today and write for the new
exciting 4-color catalog. Depl. D-28D*

THE PERFECT MATCH: ELVIN JONES & THAT GREAT GRETSCH SOUND





CLINICIAN'S CORNER

This is the fourth and last of a series of articles, adapted from a 25-lesson correspondence course offered by the Berklee School of Music. The first, second, and third parts (DB, May 25, June 22, July 20) are essential to understanding fully this part.

E. CADENCE

The term "cadence" is used to indicate the arrival of the harmonic progression at a point of rest (usually on the "I" chord).

The strength or finality of the cadence is determined by the character of the chords leading toward this point of resolution. Generally speaking, cadential motion may be classified according to the following forms:

- Subdominant cadence
- Subdominant minor cadence
- Dominant cadence

1. The subdominant cadence is the least final and most subtle in feeling of the three possible forms. It may be expressed in any of the following ways:

IV to I
IIIm7 to I
*IV7 to I

**A special case, it is used primarily in blues or to establish a blues feeling.*

Key of C:

F to C
Dm7 to C
F7 to C

2. The subdominant minor cadence has a stronger tendency toward resolution than the subdominant and is somewhat more modern in feeling. The subdominant minor cadence may be represented as:

IVm to I
IIIm7(b5) to I
bVII7 to I

Possibilities for subdominant minor cadence would appear as follows:

Key of C:

Fm to C
Dm7(b5) to C
Bb7 to C

3. Dominant cadence, the strongest and most final in feeling, is the familiar form most commonly associated with the term "cadence."

Dominant cadence may be achieved through:

V7 to I
bII7 to I

Key of C:

G7 to C
Db7 to C

There are also several less commonly used forms of subdominant and subdominant minor cadence that bear mentioning at this time. Although not usually found in basic chord progression, these variations may often be effectively applied in reharmonization or in the composition of original chord progressions.

a. Subdominant cadence (less commonly used form).

VII7 to I

Key of C:

B7 to C

b. Subdominant minor cadence (less commonly used forms).

bVI Maj7 to I
bVI7 to I
bII Maj7 to I

Key of C:

Abmaj7 to C
Ab7 to C
Dbmaj7 to C

Different cadential tendencies may be used in combination in leading toward the "I" chord. Any combination may be used, provided that forward motion is maintained by using these tendencies in the order of their relative strength. This order may be described as follows: subdominant, subdominant minor, dominant, tonic.

Following is a list of all possible cadential forms that can result from the above outline:

1. Subdominant _____ tonic.
2. Subdominant minor _____ tonic.
3. _____ Dominant—tonic.
4. Subdominant—Sub-
dominant minor _____ tonic.
5. Subdominant _____ dominant—tonic.
6. Subdominant minor—
dominant—tonic.

7. Subdominant—subdominant
minor—dominant—tonic.

To illustrate further, let us assume that we have selected as our cadential form:

Subdominant — subdominant minor — tonic.

Referring to the possibilities for each tendency as described earlier in this lesson, we find that this particular cadence may assume the following appearance:

IVIVmI
or
IIIm7IIIm7(b5)I
or
IIIm7bVII7I
or
IVbVII7I
etc.

Let us assume that we have selected as our cadence form:

Subdominant — subdominant minor — dominant — tonic.

Here are some of the variations that can result:

IIIm7IIIm7(b5) ..V7 ...I
or
IVIIIm7(b5) ..V7 ...I
or
IVbVII7V7 ...IIIm7
or
IIIm7bVII7bII7 ..I
etc.

By now it should be apparent that hundreds of varied and interesting cadential progressions may be evolved through the use of this system. Most of these forms are currently in common use in the basic chord changes to standard and popular tunes; all may be effectively used in reharmonization or in the composition of original chord progressions.

Remember, however, that *forward motion must be maintained.*

ASSIGNMENT

1. Work out all possibilities for subdominant cadence in all keys.
2. Work out all possibilities for subdominant minor cadence in all keys.
3. Work out all possibilities for dominant cadence in all keys.
4. Using all the techniques covered in this series, compose on eight-bar progression in every key.

Copyright: Berklee Press Publications



the Rogers SOUND sounds good to SOL GUBIN

one of New York's most sought-after rhythm men, and Frank Sinatra's favorite . . . the sound and style of Rogers are winning drummers the country over . . . how about YOU?

Rogers DRUMS

740 Bolivar, Cleveland 15, Ohio

write for free 84-page
Rogers Catalog



ART FARMER of jazztet fame plays MARTIN

A PRODUCT OF

**RICHARDS
MUSIC CORP.**
Elkhart, Indiana



**MAX ROACH, GENE KRUPA,
LOUIE BELLSON, JAKE HANNA**

RECOMMEND

STANLEY SPECTOR

Teacher of **METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING***

Now available for personal instruction
in New York

In New York, call WIsconsin 7-6900
In Boston, call HUBbard 2-1468

Interview by Appointment

What is Method Jazz Drumming All About?

For further information write to:

STANLEY SPECTOR

SCHOOL OF DRUMMING

Dept. 21, 246 Stuart St., Boston, Mass.

*Method Jazz Drumming-trade Mark

PROBLEMS OF SCHOOL JAZZ



By **TIM DENNIS**

Snyder Jr. H. S., Snyder, Texas

The fantastic growth in the number and quality of high school stage bands in recent years has confronted the director with the problem of obtaining suitable material.

Established publishers have shown a reluctance to enter this field because the experimental nature of many stage bands has caused much published literature to be of limited value. Thus, the director turns to special arrangements to supplement his library.

Arranging for a high school stage band is not much different from writing for a professional group. There are, however, a few added problems. Range, for instance, in the brass, must be limited somewhat. The average high school trumpet player is not ready, either physically or in concept, to play in the extreme register. And weaknesses within a section, or of an entire section, must be written around without compromising the good players.

Notation is a further problem. Most stage band members have their roots in the concert band and are likely to be tripped up interpreting passages such as Fig. 1. In stage band arranging additional markings would be required (Fig. 2) or, better, the passage rewritten, as in Fig. 3.

Although the high school student is becoming better attuned to modern chords and clusters, the arranger would be wise to approach all violent dissonances by familiar intervals and score them so each section sounds relatively mild by itself.

The chord in Fig. 4 could present problems if scored as in Fig. 5, partic-

ularly if the third and fourth trumpet players are immature, sitting next to each other, and forced to play the C and B natural. The trombones, in "seconds" in the high register, would require rehearsal time to tune that could be better spent in other ways. A more logical scoring is that in Fig. 6. By leaving out the baritone sax until the complete chord is put together, each section has a "vanilla" chord, easy to hear and tune.

The "ad lib" solo presents still another problem, and there are different opinions about a solution. This writer's feeling is that an interesting, challenging solo should be written out along with chord names and the notes of each chord (Fig. 7). The student then should be encouraged to improvise. With a written solo handy, however, he has a point of departure and a means of seeing some of the possibilities in the progression used.

Finally, awkward technical passages must be written with great care for the high school student. The arranger should avoid, for instance, a fast, involved passage for saxophone above high C sharp, or for trombone involving the low B natural.

These are but a few of the things that bear watching when writing for the high school stage band.

With continued improvement of the stage bands, many of these problems will disappear. The important thing is to see that the directors who work with these bands have sufficient challenging material at their disposal, whether "special" or published, to keep the standards rising without creating unnecessary problems.



Typical notations for school stage bands. Figures one through seven.

Shelly Manne 1st in the Down Beat and Metronome Polls!

PLAYS THE NEW

Leedy DRUMS

WITH THE NEW SOUND!



NEW CONTEMPORARY RECORDS
album
"THREE & TWO"
3584

SEE THE NEW *Leedy* DRUMS
AT YOUR DEALER TODAY!

TRY THE *Leedy* "SHELLY MANNE
MODEL STICKS" TODAY

The new Leedy STICK-SAVER COUNTER
HOOP now supplied on all professional
snare drums and tom toms. Send for our
new catalog.

Leedy

DRUM COMPANY 2249 Wayne Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING DRUM COMPANY



FIVE SPOT AFTER DARK

By BENNY GOLSON

One of the most successful groups in jazz at present is the Jazztet, co-led by Art Farmer and Benny Golson. For the benefit of students, Golson has graciously provided *Down Beat* with his arrangement for the Jazztet of his tune, *Five Spot After Dark*. It is copyright by Andante music.

Andante music

BENNY GOLSON
© 1972
LOCAL 802
REGISTERED 1972

Handwritten musical score for the first system of "Five Spot After Dark". The score is for a Jazztet ensemble, including Trumpet, Trombone, Tenor Saxophone, Alto Saxophone, Bass, and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first measure is marked with a circled "A" and a circled "8". The piano part includes chords: Bm7, D°, Emi7, and Bm7.

Handwritten musical score for the second system of "Five Spot After Dark". The score continues for the same ensemble. The key signature remains one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first measure of this system is marked with a circled "B". The piano part includes chords: G13, F#13, Bm7, Cm7 F#7, Bm7 (A13-triad), E9, A13, and D7 (G#13-triad). There are also handwritten markings "OPEN" and "LAST" above the tenor saxophone staff.

Handwritten musical score system 1. The system consists of five staves. The top staff is labeled "Vocal" on the right. The bottom staff is labeled "Piano" on the right. The notation includes various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A circled "C" is visible in the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score system 2. The system consists of five staves. The top staff is labeled "Vocal" on the right. The bottom staff is labeled "Piano" on the right. The notation includes various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A circled "C" is visible in the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score system 3. The system consists of five staves. The top staff is labeled "Vocal" on the right. The bottom staff is labeled "Piano" on the right. The notation includes various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A circled "C" is visible in the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score system 4. The system consists of five staves. The top staff is labeled "Vocal" on the right. The bottom staff is labeled "Piano" on the right. The notation includes various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A circled "C" is visible in the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score for Piano, Bass, and Tenor. The score is written on five staves. The Piano part is on the top staff, Bass on the second, and Tenor on the third. The Tenor part has a large 'X' over it. The Piano part has a circled 'C' and a 'Bm7' chord. The Bass part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The Tenor part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The score is written in a handwritten style with various musical notations and symbols.

Handwritten musical score for Piano, Bass, and Tenor. The score is written on five staves. The Piano part is on the top staff, Bass on the second, and Tenor on the third. The Piano part has a circled 'C' and a 'Bm7' chord. The Bass part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The Tenor part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The score is written in a handwritten style with various musical notations and symbols.

Handwritten musical score for Piano, Bass, and Tenor. The score is written on five staves. The Piano part is on the top staff, Bass on the second, and Tenor on the third. The Piano part has a circled 'C' and a 'Bm7' chord. The Bass part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The Tenor part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The score is written in a handwritten style with various musical notations and symbols.

Handwritten musical score for Piano, Bass, and Tenor. The score is written on five staves. The Piano part is on the top staff, Bass on the second, and Tenor on the third. The Piano part has a circled 'C' and a 'Bm7' chord. The Bass part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The Tenor part has a circled 'Bm7' chord. The score is written in a handwritten style with various musical notations and symbols.

(Continued from page 16)

an outsider to explain it. I guess it's just that in places like New York, they have a fast thing going. Down here it's a relaxed thing, and it's different from anywhere else—something in the way of living that's unique . . . in other words, *hip*, when the word is correctly used."

There is near-unanimity on this point among native musicians, who will complain bitterly that the city is square in its musical tastes and then turn around and say that something about the tone of life is appealing, vibrant, and productive.

So it is that many musicians would prefer to live in the relaxed atmosphere of New Orleans, getting a day gig and taking their musical kicks where they can be found (much in the manner of the city's earliest jazzmen), rather than entering the arena of insecurity and entanglement that offers a nebulous promise of artistic fulfillment and immortality but most often proffers prolonged periods of hassle and fruitless sacrifice.

Even those who have traveled successfully "up North" or to the West Coast often have retired from enviable chairs in big bands and combos to return to New Orleans.

Pianist Pete Monteleone, who has traveled full circle and returned to New Orleans permanently, sums it up in this way:

"New Orleans still has the kind of soul that produces good jazz musicians. People expect a New Orleans musician to absorb some of this soul, and they're right—except that they don't realize that the musician today has the desire to express himself in a different way from the musicians who lived here 20 years ago. New Orleans still turns out some of the best musicians anywhere, but unless the people come to enjoy what good musicians of every era have to say, our young jazz musicians won't get the kind of recognition they deserve."

If New Orleans creates fine jazz musicians and then frustrates them, this is regrettable. However, the very fact of the city's fecundity, coupled with the irrepressibility of the musicians' desire for musical expression under the most adverse circumstances, suggests that the third essential party—the public—might be brought to an awareness of its neglected grandchildren, the line behind the second line that followed the early marching band through the city's narrow streets.

If jazz can progress from a word of dubious etymology to a widely accepted art form in 40 years, it might not be too optimistic to hope that the city that nurtured it will embrace it in all its forms in our generation.

Classified Ads

55c PER WORD—MINIMUM CHARGE \$8.25

DEADLINE: 20 days prior to "on sale" date of issue.

Remittance must accompany copy
Count Name, Address, City and State
Box Number Service, \$1.00 Extra

ARRANGEMENTS

KENDOR KOMBO specials. Manuscript size full-length special arrangements that really swing with any combination of B \flat and E \flat instruments, plus rhythm. Free list. Kendor Music, Inc., Delevan, N.Y.

LES BROWNSTYLED ARRANGEMENTS for 8 brass, 5 reeds; 180 septet charts. Bob Elberhart, P.O. Box 323, East Lansing, Michigan.

MODERN MUSIC COMPOSED for any combo (large or small) transposing coping, orchestrating. George Rogers, 4474 S. Oakwald Ave., Chicago 15, Ill.

SPECIAL MATERIAL for all instruments, dance bands, and combos. Swing Lane Publications, Beverly 1, N.J.

FOR SALE

USED WHITE ORCHESTRA COATS SINGLE BREASTED \$5.00. TUXEDO TROUSERS \$4.00. KALE UNIFORMS, 552 W. ROOSEVELT, CHICAGO, ILL.

MISCELLANEOUS

25,000 PROFESSIONAL COMEDY LINES! MONTHLY GAG SERVICE. FREE CATALOG. ORBEN PUBLICATIONS, 111 E. CARPENTER ST., VALLEY STREAM, N.Y.

2 NEW JAZZ publications by Dick Fenno of Westlake College. "How to Play a Good Jazz Chorus," "How to Improve your Jazz Chorus." Send \$1.00 for each. Dick Fenno, 1261 So. Hickory, Santa Ana, California.

ADVICE by JAMES WOODS for struggling jazz musicians seeking self-discovery, recognition. \$1.00 per question. Box 618, c/o Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill.

RECORDS

DONATE JAZZ LP's, FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION BEHIND IRON CURTAIN. JAZZ-LIFT, BOX 980, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

WHERE TO STAY—

Hotel Cass

640 N. Wabash
Chicago

Superior 7-4030

Special Theatrical Rates
Free Rehearsal Room
Minutes From All Major Clubs

WHERE TO GO

WEST

HOWARD RUMSEY'S

Lighthouse All-Stars

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Hermosa Beach

Top Jazz Names in Concert

BOB LOWRY PLAYS CONN CLARINET

Discover the reason why at your Conn dealer's

BEWARE OF FALSIES...

Look for this seal!



Get the only Harmon mute — guaranteed perfect intonation five years!

See your music dealer.

Soloists • Dance Bands
Combos • Stage Bands

Write for free literature

HARMON MUTE CO. 8236 CHRISTIANA AVE. SKOKIE, ILLINOIS



**CLARINET 30¢ TENOR 50¢
ALTO 40¢ BARITONE 65¢**

rap a Ligature-Reed on that ol' axe a-n-n-nd re-e-elax!!

Trot out that card to:
Tell the man

**LIGATURE-REED
LYONS, ILLINOIS**

What axe, lay and number you blow, boy!

ACCORDIONISTS

Complete catalog of the world's largest publisher of accordion music. JAZZ, solos, duets, and band numbers in every grade. Polkas, Waltzes, Marches, novelties, classic, Spanish rhythms, and much, much more! **FREE!**

PIETRO DEIRO ACCORDION CAPITAL
133 Seventh Ave. South New York 14, N. Y.

WHERE TO STUDY

advanced school of contemporary music—Term Oct. 10, 1961—Feb. 24, 1962. Faculty: Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Ed Thigpen, Butch Watanabe, Jerry Toth, Ed Bickert, Phil Nimmons, Eric Traugott. For full details write ASCM, 23 Park Rd., Toronto 5, Ont., Can.

MUSIC PRINTING

Estimates for engraving
and printing gladly furnished • Any publisher our
reference • Highest rated in the United States
2801 WEST 47TH STREET • CHICAGO 32, ILLINOIS

Rayner
DALHEIM & CO.



Armstrong THE NAME TO REMEMBER

C FLUTES

E \flat SOPRANO FLUTES

G ALTO FLUTES

PICCOLOS

W. T. ARMSTRONG COMPANY, INC.

ELKHART, INDIANA

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

CAROL SLOANE

Red Hill Inn, Camden, N. J.

In an era of gospel-rooted "soul sisters," it is refreshing to find a singer with taste—an ingredient many of the new crop lack. Carol Sloane is an exceptional singer in that she knows the value of understatement. Where many of her contemporaries shoot off into meaningless musical paths in their over-enthusiasm, Miss Sloane is as effective with the notes she *doesn't* sing as with those she does. And, incredibly, she sings *in tune*.

The girl is a rarity for the 1960s in that her roots are in the bands.

If Miss Sloane has a fault, it is her tendency to do just a little too much scatting, which, incidentally, she does very well. Like Sarah Vaughan, she has excellent control over a voice of unusual quality. Despite her innate good taste, she occasionally lets out a Vaughanish swoop that rubs the wrong way. If she does this to show that she *can*, all well and good, but the device should be used infrequently. This is a criticism aimed on a strictly musical consideration. Commercially, apparently, such vocal tricks are valuable in the current market.

Miss Sloane is at her sensitive best on the old jazz chestnuts like *My Funny Valentine* and *Little Girl Blue*. She shows she can swing on Harry Edison's *Centerpiece* (borrowed from Lambert-Hendricks-Ross during a short stint as a sub for Annie Ross) and displays a feel for the blues on *Coffee and Cake*.

Bob Bonis and the Willard Alexander agency have been grooming her carefully for some time waiting for the right moment. It came at Newport in July and she followed her hit appearance there with a Red Hill date in which she showed she knows her way around in front of a jazz room mike.

A subject which causes much debate is whether or not Miss So-and-So or Mr. This-or-That is a jazz singer. If anyone is, Carol Sloane is a jazz singer. She thinks and phrases like a musician and has superior time. But she should not restrict her activity to the all-too-few jazz rooms.

Give this singer a properly handled record date (without a big band behind her to drown her out) and she can make a lot of noise in the music business. With the right kind of breaks, she could crack the tight little circle of "jazz singers" who dominate the field.

A trio led by drummer Dave Levin supplied adequate backing for the young singer. In less fortunate times, Levin backs boy wonder Fabian of the rock-and-roll set.—*Dave Bittan*



AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

voices finally produced an obscenity after a chorus by the late **Lester Young**. The album has been withdrawn from the market, a new version has been issued and customers may exchange the first album for the second if they wish.

Straight Away, a newly planned television production, has musical backgrounds by **Maynard Ferguson** . . . **Chubby Jackson** began an ABC-TV program in late July for teenagers. The program features a 17-piece jazz band and will present teenage musical groups from time to time . . . In London, **Mel Torme** told a television association that U. S. radio and television is ridiculous and then attacked his British hosts for following suit . . . **Tony Bennett** and **Jimmy DePriest** talked of painting, classical music, and jazz on Philadelphia's WCAU-TV last month . . . *All that Jazz*, an hour-long situation comedy—no one knows how much of any of it will allude to jazz—begins filming at the MGM studios in the fall. Italian radio plays a taped jazz series by **Dave Brubeck** twice—once in English and then with an Italian announcer translating the Brubeck script furnished to each station.

Two new members of the **Herbie Mann Afro-Jazz Sextet** are vibist **Harold Hardy** and bassist **Ahmad Abdul-Malik**, who also plays oud . . . The Sept. 3 concert in the Lenox Music Barn will be by **Chris Connor**, backed by the **Ronnie Ball Trio** and **Coleman Hawkins**.

Les McCann returned from a short European tour, including the festival at Antibes . . . Trumpeter **Cat Anderson** returned to the Duke Ellington band . . . Trumpeter **Yank Lawson** will handle the bookings for **Jazz Horizons**, a new organization that will set up musical shows. The first production will be a pilot tape of a **Gerry Mulligan** show.

Max Roach said he expects to tour this fall, playing the *Freedom Now* suite, on nationwide dates sponsored by the NAACP. The tour would include vocalist **Abbey Lincoln**, plus **Cliff Jordan**, **Richie Williams**, **Julian Priester**, and **Ray McKinney** . . . Jazz writer **Ralph Berton** is part of the production staff of the fall-scheduled **Monte Prosser**-produced adaptation of **Puccini's** opera, *La Boheme*. The adaptation will feature "beat score and libretto," Berton said, and will be titled *Like, La Boheme*.

CHICAGO

There's one thing to say about **Ray Charles** fans—they are a passionate group. Last month in Atlantic City, N.J., the singer's followers rioted when he failed to appear on time (he was four hours late—a recording session, he said, caused his tardiness). A week after the Atlantic City rhubarb, Charles and his band were booked into the Regal Thea-

ter in Chicago. The theater's management was hard pressed to prevent another riot when Charles failed to appear at the first two shows of his one-week run. Charles and six others were arrested in a narcotics raid that produced no narcotics but did turn up two .38-caliber revolvers. Charges against the singer were dismissed.

Composer-singer-playwright **Oscar Brown Jr.**'s satirical play *Kicks & Co.* is scheduled to be world-premiered at McCormick Place Sept. 27. The cast has not been announced . . . **Sarah Vaughan**, according to Ravinia Park Festival officials, was forced to cancel her Aug. 9 and 10 appearances at that north-shore park because of illness. She was to be hospitalized. **Duke Ellington's** band will go on without her.

Things seem to be going **Eddie Higgins'** way finally. The pianist, with bassist **Richard Evans** and drummer **Marshall Thompson**, took **Audrey Morris'** place as the five-night-a-week house group at the London House. Besides this extra exposure, Higgins' first album is scheduled for mid-August release by Vee Jay . . . Trumpeter **Lee Morgan** has left **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** to front his own group. The tentative personnel includes **Cliff Jordan**, tenor saxophone, and **Lex Humphries**, drums.

Bassist **Connie Milano** is now with the **Bob Scobey** band, working at Bourbon St. . . . Composer-arranger **Bill Russo** came back to his Chicago home late in July to dispose of several personal business matters before leaving for Italy. Russo and his wife expect to stay in Rome for about nine months.

LOS ANGELES

Frank Sinatra's forthcoming picture, Essex Productions' *Swing Along With Me*, will feature the resurrected **Tommy Dorsey** band Sinatra sang with during the early 1940's. By no coincidence the film bears the same title as the singer's new album on Reprise records and Sinatra will star in the musical.

Santa Monica municipal court granted an extension until Sept. 22 to the Synanon Foundation for a new hearing on the narcotics rehabilitation center's technical violation of a city zoning ordinance that threatens to close it up. The elapsed time will also allow the new California law legalizing Synanon to go into effect . . . **Rupert Branker**, 25-year-old pianist with the Platters vocal group, was beaten to death after a party in Los Angeles July 3. Robbery was not the motive for the murder, police said.

Leonard Feather has teamed with **Ed Yelin**, former a&r man with Capitol, in a production organization to service record companies in New York and Los Angeles. The new firm, Model Music Co., will produce both pop and jazz LPs on assignment, the first set being

an **Ann Richards** album for Atlantic.

The **Stan Kenton** band cut a dance album of **Lennie Niehaus** arrangements in early July with solos by trumpeter **Marvin Stamm**, tenorist **Sam Donahue**, baritonist **Marvin Holladay**, trombonist **Bob Fitzpatrick**, altoist **Gabe Baltazar** and Kenton . . . Lead trumpeter **Bud Brisbois** returned to the Kenton fold, sharing the lead and high book with **Dalton Smith** . . . **Hank Mancini** has written a manual on scoring, titled *The Young Arranger's Guide*, published by his own Northridge Music and distributed by G. Schirmer . . . **Nesbert Hooper** took his Jazz Crusaders into the Town Hill club . . . Clarinetist **Mort Weiss** broke in a new jazz group featuring vocalist **Sandi Garner** at Manhattan Beach's Hibachi club. Personnel includes also **Charlie Shoemake**, piano, **Pat Smith**, bass, and **Don Joham**, drums . . . Pianist **Kellie Green**, now signed with Associated Booking, returned to Waikiki Beach's Park Surf hotel in Honolulu, Hawaii, with **Joe Arden** on bass and **Tommy Hour** on drums. The three return to the mainland in September.

George Shearing will tour the west coast in February; the pianist lives in L.A.

SAN FRANCISCO

Cal Tjader's new bassist is **Freddie Scriber**, formerly with **Terry Gibbs**. His new drummer is **Johnnie Rae**, formerly with **George Shearing**, and his new conga drummer is **Mongo Santamaria's** cousin, **Juan Vito** . . . **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry** open for two weeks at Sugar Hill Aug. 8 for their first night club gig in San Francisco. The club has been running a series of Sunday night special sessions with **Jesse Fuller** and **K. C. Douglas**. **Barbara Dane**, **Wellman Braud** and **Ken (Good News) Whitson** continue as the regulars.

Concerts by the **Mary Kaye Trio** and by **Keeley Smith** and **Louis Prima**, scheduled for August, have been cancelled . . . **Stuff Smith** will appear at the Monterey Jazz Festival opening night, Sept. 22 . . . Arranger **Bob Ziff** in town . . . **Frank D'Rone's** stand at the hungry i a breakway success.

KHIP is again broadcasting live remotes; so is KCBS . . . **Lou Gottlieb** of The Limeliters in town for a month's vacation . . . **Memery Warren** (formerly **Memery Midgett**) is playing solo piano at the San Pan Room of the Jack Tar, and **Tommy Kahn** is playing at the Continental Lodge. . . .

Tex Beneke and a **Glenn Miller** stereo package are being booked this way in October . . . **Vince Cattolica** has joined the band at On-the-Levee and so has **Skip Morr**. **Muggsy Spanier** led it throughout July and **Joe Sullivan** took over when **Spanier** went on the road.

WHERE & WHEN

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Closed to 8/20. **Dave Brubeck**, **Carmen McRae**, **Brothers Four**, 8/21-9/4.
Birdland: **Buddy Rich**, **Olutunji**, to 8/30.
Bon Aire Lodge (New Jersey): **Sol Fisch**, to 8/31.
Condon's: **Pee Wee Russell**, **Marshall Brown**, **Ruby Braff**, *tfn*.
Copa City: *unk*.
Embers: **Ray Bryant**, to 9/2.
Five Spot: **Ornette Coleman**, **Walter Dickerson**, *tfn*.
Half Note: **Herbie Mann**, to 8/27.
Hickory House: **Don Shirley**, *tfn*.
Jazz Gallery: **Chico Hamilton**, to 8/22, **Art Blakey**, **Eric Dolphy-Booker Little**, *tfn*.
Metropole: **Sol Yaged**, **Cozy Cole**, *tfn*.
Nick's: **Kenny Davern**, *tfn*.
Roundtable: **Rusty Warren**, **Joe Williams**, **Harry Edison**, *tfn*.
Ryan's: **Wilbur DeParis**, **Don Fry**, *tfn*.
1 Sheridan Square: Summer folk festival.
Versailles: **Jimmy Giuffre**, **Vicki Carol**, *tfn*.
Village Gate: **John Coltrane**, to 8/31. **Horace Silver**, 8/19-20.
Village Vanguard: **Oscar Peterson**, **Carol Sloane**, to 8/27. **Stan Getz**, 8/29-9/10.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony Spair**, *hb*.
Chez Odette (New Hope): **Peanuts Hucko**, **Mon. Krechmer's**: **Billy Krechmer**, *hb*.
Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): **Derf Nolde** 5, Thurs., Sat.
Music Circus (Lambertville, N.J.): **Louise Armstrong**, 7/31. **Lionel Hampton**, 8/14. **Count Basie**, 8/28. Mon. sessions.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capitol City** 5, *wknds*.
Pepp's: **Ramsey Lewis**, 8/7-12. **Three Sounds**, 8/14-19.
Red Hill Inn: **Jimmy Wisner-Norma Mendoza**, *wknds*, to 9/3. **Stan Kenton**, 9/5-10.
San Souci (Camden): **Vince Montana**, *tfn*.
Second Fret: folk artists.
Show Boat: *unk*.
Spider Kelly's: *unk*.
Woodland Inn: **Bernard Peiffer**, *tfn*.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha**, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: **Stan Getz** to 8/27.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.
Kevin House: **Bill Richards**, *tfn*.
Mermaid's Cave: **Eddie Bartel**, *tfn*.
Minor Key: **Ramsey Lewis** to 8/27.
Tami-Ami: **Bourbon Street Paraders**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Alhambra: **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**, 8/30-9/10.
Cannonball: **Adderley**, 9/13-24. **Miles Davis**, 9/27-10/8. **Thelonious Monk**, 10/11-22. **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: **Will Holt**, **Dolly Jonah**, to 8/27.
Studs Terkel, Mon.
Ivy Lounge: **Rick Frigo**, *tfn*.
Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, **Clancy Hayes**, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.

London House: **Red Nichols** to 8/27. **Eddie Higgins**, **Larry Novack**, *hb*s.
Mister Kelly's: **Julie London**, **Bobby Troup**, to 8/27. **Marty Rubinstein**, **Dick Marx-John Frigo**, *hb*s.
Red Arrow: **Franz Jackson**, *wknds*.
Scotch Mist: **Pat Manago**, *tfn*.
Sutherland: *unk*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
Black Bull: **Gus Bivona**, *tfn*.
Black Orchid: **Richard (Groove) Holmes**, *tfn*.
Blue Beet (Newport): **Vince Wallace**, *wknds*, *tfn*.
Brown Derby (Wilshire): **Jess Stacy**, *tfn*.
Club Havana: **Rene Bloch**, *tfn*.
Digger: Name *grps.* *wknds*.
Encore: *unk*.
Green Bull: **Johnny Lucas**, *wknds*, *tfn*.
Hibachi (Manhattan Beach): **Mort Weiss**, *wknds*, *tfn*.
Holiday House: **Betty Bryant**, *wknds*, *tfn*.
Honeybucket: **South Frisco Jazz Band**, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*, *tfn*.
Jimmie Diamond's (San Bernardino): **Edgar Hayes**, *tfn*.
Jim's Roaring 20's (Downey): **Johnny Lane**, *tfn*.
Knotty Pine: **The Associates**, *wknds*, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*; name *grps.*, Sun.
Limelight: **Delta Rhythm Kings**, *tfn*.
Losers: **Pete Jolly**, **Ralph Pena**, *tfn*.
M Club: Name *grps.*, *wknds*.
Melody Room: **Ronnie Brown**; **Tito Rivera**, *tfn*.
Maxie's: *unk*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
Paris theatre: Sat. and Sun. morning sessions; **Alan Marlowe**.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *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*, *wknds*.
Helen Humes, *wknds*, *tfn*. **Frank Rosolino**, Mon., Tues. **Paul Horn**, Wed. **Teddy Edwards**, Thurs.
Storyville: **John Henderson**, **Dixie Rebels**, *tfn*.
Town Hill: **Jazz Crusaders**, *tfn*.
Village: **Conjunto Panama**, Tues., Wed., Thurs. **Johnny Martinez-Cheda**, Fri., Sat., Sun.
Ye Little Club: **Ruth Olaj**, through Aug.


SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Cal Tjader**; **Joe LoCo**, 9/5.
Jazz Workshop: **Dizzy Gillespie**; **Cannonball Adderley** opens 10/10.
Black Sheep: **Wingie Manone**, *tfn*.
On-the-Levee: **Joe Sullivan**, Fri., Sat. *tfn*.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Pat Yankee**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Billy DeWolfe**, **Buddy Hackett**, 8/24.
hungry i: **Gene and Francesca** to 8/21; **Phillis Diller**, 8/22.
Stereo-Club: **John Handy**, *tfn*.
Soulville: **Atlee Chapman**, **Cowboy Noyd**, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: **Brownie McGhee**, **Sonny Terry**, to 8/20. **Barbara Dane**, **Wellman Braud**, **Ken Whitson** open 8/21 *tfn*.

JAZZ FESTIVALS

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).





... that's CAMCO's floating-action drum pedal! Balanced for fast, easy action—adjustable for completely controlled power! 3½ oz. of chrome-plated aluminum that folds into one easy-to-pack piece. It's the fastest pedal made! See it at your CAMCO dealer or write CAMCO Drum Accessories Co., 9536 S. Tulley, Oak Lawn, Ill.

CAMCO

Harmony GUITARS FEATURE...

LOOK
FOR
THIS
TAG

SPECIAL
DESIGN
WORLD FAMOUS
DeArmond
PICKUPS

Harmony instruments are the choice
of more players than all other
makes combined.

Write for FREE Full Color Catalog

Address Dept. DO
THE HARMONY CO.
3633 S. Racine Ave.
Chicago 9, Ill.

DON ELLIOTT CHOOSSES THE CONN SOUND

CONN Discover the
reason why at
your Conn dealer's

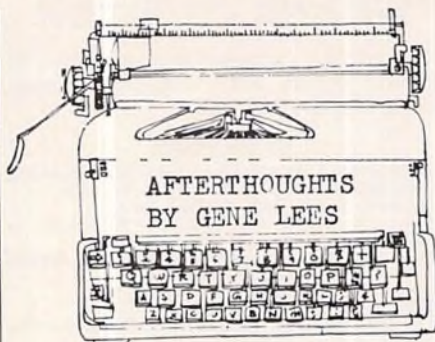
L
A
B
E
L
L
A

HI-FI 670 GUITAR STRINGS

- FLAT WIRE WOUND
 - POLISHED • STAINLESS
- For Acoustic and Electric
Guitars. Available in 2 gauges,
Light and Standard.
- Absolutely the Finest
 - Amazingly Long Life

MADE IN U.S.A. BY—
E. & O. MARI, INC.
38-01 23rd Avenue
Long Island City 5, N. Y.

FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST



Lenny Bruce is not a jazz musician. But he is a sort of adopted brother to those in, or close to, the jazz world. Some think Bruce's relationship to jazz lies in the semi-improvisatory nature of his art. I think it lies more in its essential spirit, a spirit of compassion for his fellow man so intense that I believe it tears him apart. The compassion is linked with a rebellious objection to the inanities of a world he never made, inanities that cause the hurts that cause the compassion . . .

Knowing Lenny moderately well as a person, I grow angry when I see columnists fawning to their readers by taking potshots at his act as "dirty." I really grew incensed when one columnist said he was "irresponsible." You could call Lenny a lot of things, but "irresponsible" isn't one of them.

One night during Lenny's 1960 sojourn at Chicago's Tradewinds, I watched him cooking: kicking all the sacred cows in sight, smashing silly icons with every line, illuminating with the radiance of his incredible wit almost all the dark foibles of society. There may have been those in the audience who didn't dig it; the majority did. And I guarantee that there were few there who were not pressed to re-examine their premises and attitudes to living.

Lenny's language, of course, was outrageous. His use of shock is a kind of verbal lapel-grabbing.

But it was prom time, and late in the evening a bunch of prom kids drifted in, the boys self-conscious in white dinner jackets, the schoolgirls trying to look poised in white dresses and corsages worn on the wrist. Instantly, Lenny cleaned up his act. No more profanity passed his lips during that show, and he avoided those subjects that would unsettle groping, uncertain adolescents without the wherewithal of experience to evaluate and digest it.

Had I not been sitting close to ring-side, I'd have missed what happened next. Noting that two boys at a table were counting their pennies, Lenny leaned forward and told them off-mike, "Don't worry about it. It's my tab."

A gifted young painter of my acquaintance, himself a devout Roman Catholic, remarked the other day that

Toulouse-Lautrec's "prostitution period," during which he was wont to paint the inmates of bordellos (in works that now hang in the world's great art galleries) was his "most religious period."

And so it was. Are there men so foolish that they cannot see that Toulouse-Lautrec was so heartsick at the decadence of his society that he had to get it down in paint in angry, sarcastic commentary?

Lenny is like Lautrec: he is hurt and disgusted by what he sees, an angry young man in the *best* sense of the term.

As far as I'm concerned, Lenny is one of two living "comics"—and I'm using the term in a very special sense—of genius. The other is French pantomimist Marcel Marceau. Bruce is also one of the gentlest and most devout men I have ever met—even though, so far as I know, he adheres to no established religious doctrine or organization. Lenny's God, I would venture to guess, is that Taoist spirit that, so far as we know, finds its fullest unfolding in man. I think sin, to Lenny, is that which corrupts and cripples the noble elements in man's nature.

By comparison with Bruce, Mort Sahl is superficial and timorous. If you make quips about Jack Kennedy or Barry Goldwater, you may be touching on the edges of what your audience thinks—but not on what they are, which takes infinitely more guts. If Sahl spoofs men's actions, Lenny sticks a satiric needle right down into the follies that produce these mad actions. And can you argue that a world contemplating collective suicide isn't mad?

No one knows at what cost in personal agony Lenny's courageous "comedy" is made. No one knows how sensitive this man is, including me—only that he is profoundly sensitive. At least he has that unbelievable wit to hold him up.

A few months ago, when he was ill and hospitalized, a friend called his room. A voice answered, saying, "This is Lenny Bruce. I died at 7:20 this morning. This is a recorded announcement."

But perhaps the best Lenny Bruce anecdote concerns an anti-Semitic Texan, because it illustrates the inherent tragedy of Lenny's comedy and the Chaplinesque flavor of it.

The Texan, big, powerfully-built, and conspicuously rich, was standing by the bar, expressing his hatred of Jews in a loud voice. Lenny climbed on the bar and leaped at the man, calling out, "Here comes Superjew!"

The man wiped the floor with him, of course. But Lenny got off a great line, and seriously shamed the forces of narrowness, hatred, and stupidity.

A great man, Lenny Bruce.



Here's Ed Thigpen...

Edmund Thigpen, born in Los Angeles, started playing drums at the age of eight. Last summer, he tied for 1st place among the world's New Drummers in Downbeat's poll of international jazz critics.

In between these momentous points in his career, Ed's had wide and varied experience. It included teaching himself to play, with some help from Chico Hamilton, Jo Jones, and his father, Ben Thigpen. It spread out through engagements with the Jackson Brothers, George Hudson, Cootie Williams, Dinah Washington, Johnny Hodges, Bud Powell, Jutta Hipp and Billy Taylor Trio.

Ed's drumming experience has culminated in his present spot as a key member of Oscar Peterson's trio. There, he's setting new standards with a technique that calls into play not only sticks and brushes, but hands, fingers and elbows.

One factor has been constant throughout Ed's career: Ludwig Drums.

"I've seen Ludwigs made," Ed says, "and I think that would have decided me even if I'd never heard or played them."

"I'd have picked them on the basis of the people who make them, and the care and skill they put into the job."

For a magnificent display of the world's most distinguished percussion equipment, see the new Golden Anniversary 64-page four-color Ludwig Catalog. Send for your copy today. It's FREE!

Here's the **Ludwig** combination
Ed Thigpen prefers:



1. 16" x 16" Tom #950PC
2. 12" x 22" Bass #921PC
3. 9" x 13" Tom #944PC
4. 5 1/2" x 14" Snare #908PC
5. 21" Ride Cymbal
6. 16" Crash Cymbal
7. Two 15" Hi-Hat Cymbals

Finish: White Pearl, Chrome.

Ludwig

LUDWIG DRUM CO. / MAKERS OF WFL DRUMS
1728 NORTH DAMEN AVE. / CHICAGO 47, ILL.

Have YOU tried the Selmer clarinet Benny Goodman called the greatest in 40 years?



the bore is smaller,
the scale has been
completely redesigned!

The new Series 9 clarinet embodies the boldest design changes in Selmer's 75-year history. Tuning, tone quality and feel have all been improved by a completely re-designed scale. The bore is .002" smaller, tone holes have been resized and their placement altered. When you try a Series 9 you will see at once how these improvements contribute to your playing. You will note a tone quality that sings from your loudest fortissimo down to a whisper. When you try high B and C in relation to E first line and F first space, you will recognize actual improvement over the intonation for which earlier Selmers are famous! You will agree, too, that you've never played so responsive an instrument. This is true because of the qualities inherent in its design. And it is true because of Selmer's exclusive new Pressure Gauge. This gauge tests the pad coverage of each Series 9 under simulated playing conditions, to detect the slightest flaw in seating. Appropriately, your first great satisfaction will come even before you begin to play your Series 9. Many keys and rings have been moved or reshaped to improve your facility and increase your playing comfort. As usual, these hand-finished, hand-fitted keys are Power Hammered—cold forged from lifetime metal. But on the Series 9, these keys are also clad in pure nickel by an exclusive process. They are tougher, more durable than ever. They stay bright even after years of hard, constant use.

To prove the truth of all you have just read, we invite you to test-play the new Series 9. We believe you will find that it will contribute more to your talent and musical reputation than any other clarinet you have ever played. Your Selmer dealer will be glad to arrange a non-obligating free trial. See him soon.

The Series 9*, companion to the Series 9 model, has a bore .004" smaller than the Series 9, and its tone holes are tapered. It is designed to meet the requirements of those who desire somewhat greater flexibility of tone and intonation. For complete details about both of these superb new Selmers, mail the coupon below.

Selmer
ELKHART, INDIANA

SELMER, Elkhart, Indiana

Dept. C-83

Please send FREE color brochure describing the new Series 9 and 9* clarinets.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ County _____ Zone _____ State _____

4010