

FEBRUARY 1, 1962 35c

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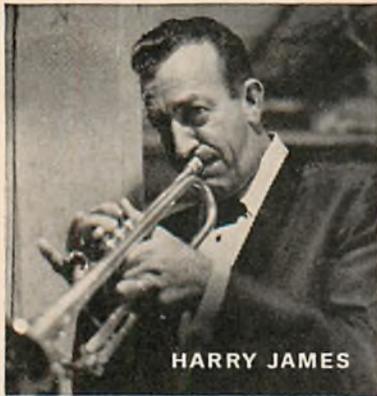
THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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THE VOICE OF JAZZ





DONALD BYRD



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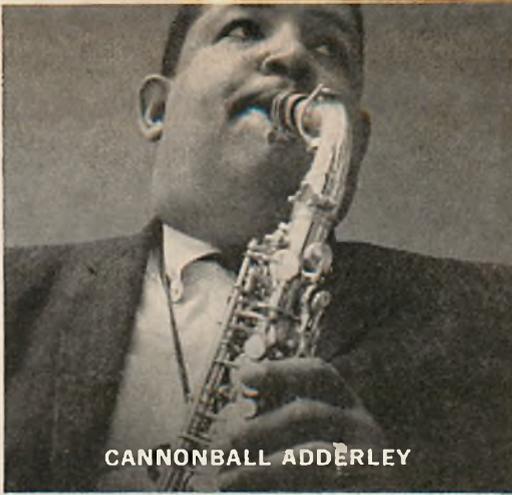
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Japanese Language Edition • Published in Tokyo

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THINGS TO COME

The Feb. 15 *Down Beat* is the Arranger/Composer Issue. Included in this issue is the probing article *Jazz Composition—What Is It?* by Martin Williams, one of the foremost critics in jazz. Also in this issue are features on arrangers Tadd Dameron and others. Reserve your copy of this special issue now (it goes on sale Thursday, Feb. 1).



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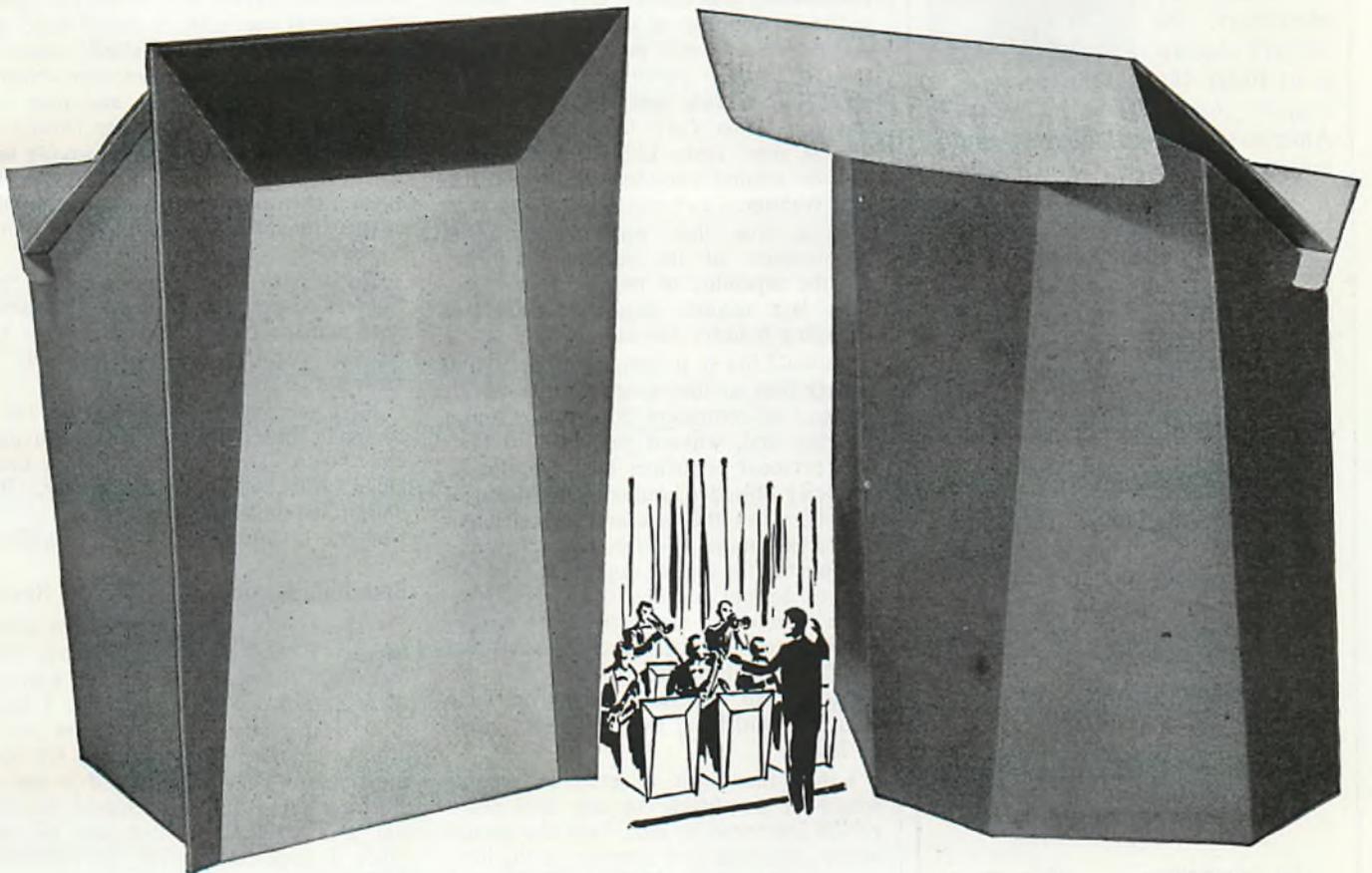


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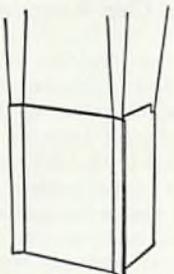
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

A Worthy Proposal

Whether or not jazz (at its best and in its most fortunate circumstances) is art or not no longer seems to be meat for argument. But the nature of jazz, its status as a performing art, has never been considered fully. Jazz is less fortunate than some of the other performing arts (e.g., ballet, drama, oratory), since the compositions and orchestrations of jazz have been—at least until relatively recent time—of considerably less interest and contribution to the development of jazz than have been the performers and performances themselves. The other performing arts have the benefit of a rich and virile manuscript tradition. *Swan Lake* lives on, but *Pavlova* is gone. Duke Ellington's *Cottontail* will be around considerably longer than Ben Webster. . . .

It is true that with the technical achievements of the recording industry and the capability of making money peddling jazz records, that a thriving jazz recording industry has developed. . . .

I should like to propose a rather revolutionary idea to the recording industry. If a board of competent critics were to get together and, without reference to their own personal prejudices but according to relatively objective aesthetic and historical criteria, select the best and most influential of existing jazz performances, it would be possible for a very important series of LPs to be put together. This would require complete co-operation of the recording industry and the artists involved and their agents. I do not pretend that this would be an easy task. Nor would the results be satisfying to every critic, artist, or fan. . . .

I feel that such a series of records would be invaluable to any and every person interested in jazz, from the person whose collection now numbers in the hundreds or thousands of LPs to the classical or rock-and-roll fan who, in theory, would like to have a jazz record or two in his collection but who is apprehensive that the LP might be less than satisfactory.

The most serious defect in such a plan lies in the nature of the people who make up the record industry. The chaotic history of that splenic industry allows one to anticipate their answers to such an unprecedented proposal: "What's in it for me?" "It won't work; the people won't go for it."

But it's worth all the effort it might require, and with the proper Herculean pressure brought to bear, it might come about.

Bloomington, Ind. George A. Souciell

Gitler Replies

This is not in defense of my opinions regarding the Abbey Lincoln review (*DB*, Nov. 9) but just to clarify a couple of points raised by the letter of Clyde Taylor

in the Jan. 4 *Chords and Discords*.

Those who read the review would not be misled by Taylor, and the editorial comment following his letter would be sufficient for them, but I realize there are many who read his letter but never saw the review.

By quoting me out of context (an old trick practiced by movie press agents and politicians), he attempts to show that I want Miss Lincoln to play the part of obsequious servant girl. If he has quoted the context correctly, it would have read "militant, but less one-sided, *American Negro*"—not merely "*American Negro*," this phrase he extracted and then proceeded to drape with his own twisted implications. Obviously, anyone who is militant would be actively fighting for the equal rights and dignity as a person that anyone *should* receive as a citizen of this country.

Taylor also claims that I imply "you Negroes ought to be grateful" when I state that the "main audience for her segregated singing will most probably be white. . . ."

All I can say is that from the age of 10 and since, I have been extremely grateful for Lester Young, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, Bud Powell, ad infinitum.

New York City

Ira Gitler

Bad Impressions of a Kenton Review

I speak in continuous praise of *Down Beat* . . . But I heartily disagree with Don DeMicheal's review of Stan Kenton's *West Side Story* (*DB*, Jan. 4). I listen to this tape quite often and have played it for a number of my friends. We have come to the conclusion that it is one of the best things to be released recently and is a credit to Kenton and his new band. I urge DeMicheal to reconsider this album. . . .

On the other side of the tracks, however, DeMicheal's *Impressions* in the same issue expressed the sentiments of a great number of Americans and music aficionados. I'm 15 and much closer to the subject than DeMicheal, but I feel sick when people (not only "teenagers") turn off a jazz show on radio or take a good album off to put on a raucous noise that they and the "musicians" in question call music. . . .

Columbus, Ohio

Chip Rosenblum

I always have held that criticism of a review should be kept to a minimum unless the reader feels that the author of the review is committing a great injustice. I believe this because I realize that no matter what was contained in the review, it would not satisfy every reader because of individual taste. I would, however, like to comment on the review of Kenton's *West Side Story* in the Jan. 4, 1961, issue with the feeling that a great injustice has been

committed to both Johnny Richards and Stan Kenton.

It is the opinion of myself and many of my friends and fellow jazz lovers that Kenton and Richards have combined their talents to create and perform one of the most fantastic and beautiful scores of Broadway music played in the realm of jazz. And I feel that it is grossly unwise to rate this record anywhere below four stars. Not only is the score itself masterfully arranged, but the band is a product of modern musical genius. With all due respect to *Down Beat* and to the reviewer, Don DeMicheal, I wish to label the review unfair, faulty, and deceiving to the educated musical public.
York, Pa. Dave McConkey

Afro-American vis a vis Afro-European

Cecil Taylor's stating that Zoot Sims "only simulates the feeling of the American Negro" (*DB*, Oct. 26) is absurd. How can feeling be simulated? Expression may be simulated or emulated, but one feels or does not feel.

Also, it would have been hipper for Taylor to have said that jazz is Afro-European, seeing that American Negroes are just that—ethnically and culturally Afro-European. Psychologically, we are Americans.

Zoot Sims happens to be one of those Americans who are affected by, and express themselves through, music. I hear nothing false in his musical expression.
Brooklyn, N.Y. Carl Jones

Tynan-Coltrane-Dolphy Again . . .

Attention, John Tynan:

Even though I have been an avid *Down Beat* disciple and reader of your very fine articles, the occasion has finally presented itself where I must take up arms against your frank portrayal of John Coltrane and rush to his defense.

In this age of nuclear anxiety, the John Birch Society, and the Twist, who's to call Coltrane's music "nonsense"? This reminds me of similar past innovations in jazz "peddled" by Charlie Parker, Lennie Tristano, and Sonny Rollins. These men all struck out on their own to produce a style of jazz that was personally satisfying and publically criticized, for it is only through public criticism that any art form can advance and expand the boundaries of its realm. . . .

I must object strongly to your employment of the phrase "nihilistic exercises" in regard to Coltrane's style. Because he utilizes chromaticism and dissonance in his improvisation, does this imply nihilism? I think not. To my way of thinking, this implies originality and creativity. You also referred to that elusive element in "good jazz" as swing, which leads me to believe that in order for a musician to swing he must remain diatonic. Coltrane has brought back the long-absent element of guts into jazz. It is precisely this hard or "gutsy" quality in Coltrane's music that has caused jazz to come alive again for me and a multitude of other jazz fans, judging from the most recent jazz polls.

The trend in modern art forms is abstraction, which gives the connoisseur the opportunity to deduce for himself a personal and meaningful scheme in the art object. This can be both an emotional and intellectual experience for the beholder. Coltrane, and his acolyte, Dolphy, possess this abstract element.

Tynan used the testimony of composer William Grant Still in such a way as to imply that the jazz of Coltrane and Dolphy borders on the idiotic, is formless and stunt-filled. If you call individuality of style all these gruesome things, then I guess both of these musicians are not only phonies, but have succeeded in pulling the wool over the eyes of hundreds of jazzmen and fans everywhere.

In conclusion, let me hasten to add that I believe that intellect is not more desirable than emotion but that both are integral parts of modern jazz. Coltrane is the synthesis of these two ingredients, as well as the synthesis of understanding and complexity.

I must put you up, Mr. Tynan, for at least being honest and courageous enough to write what you believe to be true. I don't regard that as reactionary, but neither do I consider Coltrane and Dolphy as contributors to an anti-jazz movement. Not at all.
Canton, N.Y. Jack Howell

. . . and Again

John Tynan is to be congratulated for his remarks (*DB*, Dec. 7) concerning the recent performances by John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy. I would stress the word "recent," as I previously admired their work, especially Coltrane's with Miles.

I read Tynan's column the morning after I had attended a concert given by Coltrane and Dolphy in Birmingham, England, and I am in entire agreement with everything he said. It would seem that at the moment most jazz critics on both sides of the Atlantic, having been caught out once already over the question of Charlie Parker's greatness, are so afraid that they might be deluded by the "musical" experiments of Ornette Coleman, Dolphy, and now Coltrane, that they lavish praise where, in my mind, it is most undeserved.

I must admit that a lot of the things Coltrane and Dolphy played were most intriguing for a while, but after 30 minutes, the double notes and the farmyard swarks began to pall. Most of all their performance lacked what I consider the most essential element in jazz—swing. As Tynan said, a good rhythm section was wasted.

Of course, the avant garde movement will claim that Tynan and myself have not the musical ability and foresight to appreciate Coltrane's experiments. Perhaps we haven't—I don't know, but what I do feel is that such experiments should not be carried out in public by professional musicians. Perhaps someone should give them a set of bagpipes to play around with, or perhaps a spell with Woody's band might help. Until then, as Gerry Mulligan once said, "Inform me of no new forms."

Newcastle, England

David Barker

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February 1, 1962 • 9

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NEW YORK

Erroll Garner's long battle with Columbia records had some Civil War aspects recently. Among other things, the pianist has insisted that Columbia has no right to issue tracks he has not approved. Columbia has paid little attention and did issue a record earlier last year of tracks Garner did not approve. Since then, he has gone on to his own company, Octave, distributed by ABC-Paramount, and released two albums of his own. Then, in December, Columbia issued still another Garner album, *Swinging Solos*. Garner was furious. Most Columbia executives were evasive. Columbia's **Don Murray** made the only official statement. He wrote a letter to all reviewers and radio stations stating, "Because of certain legal issues which have been raised, we have suspended the distribution of the album and request that it not be played on the air until these issues have been resolved. We will notify you when a resolution is reached."



Garner

Official Washington has paid more gratuitous, unforced, and gracious respect to the world of art. Labor Secretary **Arthur Goldberg**, in his announcement of a settlement of the AFM-Metropolitan Opera dispute (the musicians were awarded a \$20-a-week raise), made an official plea for government and public support at all levels to art. **Herman Kenin**, president of the AFM, wired Goldberg: "Musicians everywhere will take heart from your statesmanlike call. . . . To have such a pronouncement from your high cabinet level approaches an emancipation proclamation for long-neglected artists and gives us, at long last, real hope that it may be possible to create by vote of this Congress a federal advisory council and authorize some starting grants-in-aid to qualifying states. . . ."



M. Ellington

Mercer Ellington wrote a special program for "An Evening at Home with the Jazz Society," the first of a series he will do for that organization, this one held Jan. 15 at the home of **Lucille Butterman**, a founding sponsor of the group. Mercer's was the first in a series of composer-showcase programs that will include monthly focuses on such as **Ted Curson, Tadd Dameron, Kenny Dorham, Dizzy Gillespie, and Gunther Schuller**.

Trumpeter **Chet Baker** was released from the San Giorgio jail in Lucca, Italy after serving almost all of a 16-month sentence for narcotics smuggling. He carried his trumpet coming out of the prison and said he had written 22 tunes in jail. Baker's attorney said Chet had cured himself of narcotics addiction while in jail.

Columbia records jazz a&r man **John Hammond** followed a **Woody Herman** line of some years ago, when he recently applauded anything that may make people start dancing again. Herman said the same during the beginning of the rock-and-roll craze. If there has been a change, few band-leaders, including Herman, have yet benefited from it. But, according to Hammond, the Twist "may not help the far-outers, but it will surely help the swingers." Hammond says jazz has become too cerebral, too unrhythmic, (**Dave Bru-**

(Continued on Page 38)



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down beat

February 1, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 3



D. Ellington

WORK BEGINS ON TV ELLINGTON STORY

Raymond Burr, television's smooth-talking Perry Mason, will host and narrate *The Duke Ellington Story* on network TV early this summer.

The 60-minute special program, produced and conceived by television producer Jimmie Baker, who originated the *Stars of Jazz* series a few years ago, will trace the development of Ellington's music through the decades. The Ellington band will perform all the music on the show, and Ellington will be featured in commentary.

Baker told *Down Beat* that the show is now in the preliminary stages of production at Harbor Productions, Burr's company.

Lester Salkow, business partner of the television star, is negotiating the sale of the program to one of the three major networks. Associate producer in the venture is Fred Rice, who has been responsible for a number of local Hollywood music TV programs during the last year. Baker said ownership of the special program is divided equally among Ellington, Burr, Rice, and himself.

In conjunction with the program, Baker said, the publishing firm of Simon & Schuster is preparing a book version of the Ellington story "as told by Raymond Burr." Publication of the book will coincide with the telecasting of the program.

As plans now stand, according to

Baker, Ellington will compose a six-minute work for premiere on the program. All the music will be recorded stereophonically for LP album release. Exact dates of the recording depend on the Ellington band's itinerary, said Baker, but he said taping will begin no later than the last week in April and continue through May 15. Actual telecasting depends on the date arranged by the network.

Baker said the six-minute Ellington work will be put in animated cartoon form by associate producer Rice for showing on the program. The animation later will be sold for exhibition in motion picture houses.

Sought as writer on the Ellington special was Peter Robinson, former associate of Baker's on *Stars of Jazz* and now employed by CBS. Technical adviser for the program will be Leonard Feather. Executive assistant to the producer is public relations specialist Patricia Willard Ortiz.

DATES SET FOR WASHINGTON FESTIVAL

The first jazz festival of 1962, the First International Jazz Festival, perhaps the festival of this year, has announced its dates—May 31-June 3—with concerts spread all around Washington, D. C. The roster of artists to appear, however, has not been made public. (See the editorial on page 13.)

The festival, the proceeds from which are already slated specifically for jazz within the President's Music Committee, begins with a concert at Constitution Hall, presenting the National Symphony Orchestra and solo artists in a program of music involved with jazz.

The afternoon of June 1 there will be a concert of chamber jazz (small, usually experimental kinds of groups), though the place has not been announced. The first outdoor concert will take place that evening at the new Washington Stadium, a ball park 80

Caught in Passing

Woody Herman tells the story of the time he was working the Metropole in New York. As soon as he would leave the stand for intermission, an overfriendly imbiber usually buttonholed him with the familiar, "You don't remember me, but . . ." Enough was enough, according to Herman. After a vacation, he came back to the jazz spa sporting a beard and crew cut, figuring he wouldn't be as easily recognizable to buttonholers.

Herman said his scheme worked for a week, "They thought I was Pete Fountain."

percent coverable in the event of rain.

A young people's concert is scheduled for the morning of June 2 at Constitution Hall. At least one part of that program will include an introduction to jazz for youngsters, written by a yet-to-be-commissioned jazz composer. Another chamber-jazz concert will be presented that afternoon, and the second outdoor presentation will take place that evening, again at Washington Stadium.

The third outdoor concert will occur on the afternoon of June 3, leaving the evening free for a jazz and ballet performance at the National Theater. Jazz dancer Lee Becker will be in charge.

For the rest, the planning committee—headed by Mrs. Jouett Shouse and made up of George Avakian, Miss Becker, Nesuhi Ertegun, John Hammond, Allan Morrison, Russ Sanjek, and Gunther Schuller—expects an all-world jazz group also to appear.

HOW TO SUCCEED BY REALLY TRYING

Those who lament the scarcity of enterprising young men can dry their eyes. One of that rare breed dropped into the Chicago *DB* office the other day. His name is Eddie Sears, pianist, arranger, student, promoter, emcee, advance publicity man, bandleader, and 19 years of age.

A student at Boston's Berklee School of Music, having won a scholarship there with his impressive piano work at the 1960 Stan Kenton Clinics at the National Dance Band Camp, Sears spent his Christmas vacation doing advance publicity for a six-concert tour of his brainchild, *Contrasts in Conception*, a 2½-hour jazz concert involving 19 other Berklee students. Featured in the concert, at which Sears plays piano and emcees, is a 16-piece band, a septet, quartet, and duo.

The young man said the purpose of the tour is to display young musicians' abilities and to show the contrasts of different jazz styles and arranging concepts.

"I feel it should be heard, has to be heard," he said, heat of purpose showing in his eyes. "Booking agencies won't take a chance on it."

The big band sports arrangements by Bill Holman as well as by Sears, Arif Mardin, and other Berklee students.

How is such an undertaking financed?

"I do it myself," he answered. "I get the money from banks, but I can't sign for it—under age, you know—my dad does."

What is the bank's reaction when a young musician asks for a loan to

finance a jazz concert tour on speculation?

"Horrible!"

But Sears is no greenhorn in presenting concerts, having given them in the Midwest and recently at Boston University, where the Rev. Norman O'Connor is a chaplain.

"We couldn't do what we're doing without Father O'Connor's backing," he said. "He lent us the auditorium for the Boston U. concert—I have to rent

the auditoriums at the colleges on the tour—and he lent us the bus."

Father O'Connor's bus, which Sears said is emblazoned with "Jesus Saves," will carry the young musicians to concerts at St. Mary's College, South Bend, Ind., on Jan. 20; Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., on Jan 22; Wabash University, Crawfordsville, Ind., on Jan. 23; Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind., on Jan. 24; American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, on Jan. 25; and Uni-

versity of Notre Dame, South Bend, on Jan. 26.

RECORDING-INDUSTRY LECTURE SERIES TO BE GIVEN AT NYU

An eight-lecture series will take place at New York University, beginning Jan. 24 and sponsored by the university in co-operation with the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

The first seven lectures, all under the general title *The Arts and Sciences of the Recording Industry*, will encompass every part of the record business from selecting the artist to retail sales.

Among the lecturers will be George Avakian (speaking on instrumentation, popular music, and jazz); John Hammond (record reissues); Nesuhi Ertegun (jazz recording today); Seymour Solomon (classical music and interpretation); Norman Weiser (advertising); Bob Jones (art production); Nat Hentoff (annotation); and Tom Dowd (studio and "live" recording).

The eighth of the series, which is open to the public, will deal with the future of the record business. A discussion panel will include Joe Csida, Hal Cook, Ted Wallerstein, Dave Kapp, and Randy Wood. Jazz pianist and disc jockey Billy Taylor will serve as moderator.

PROVOCATIVE WORDS FOR WEARY EARS

Pierre Monteux, new conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, and, at 86, a contemporary of most big-league modern composers, had words about the world of modern music, some applicable to parts of jazz.

Only Stravinsky, said Monteux, and only parts of Stravinsky, will last among the modern composers. The Russians, he said, have no chance. Hindemith had no inspiration. Others were wrong for this or that reason. Even Bartok could last "only another 10 years."

It is important to realize Monteux knew Brahms and was a pupil of Cesar Franck. But he also knew most of those given homage among the moderns. Of some, he was a personal friend, and, in many cases, he gave premiere performances of their works.

The composers Monteux spoke of are almost all old friends of his, but in conducting their compositions, he said he believes he has seen too much of the interior working.

"They," he told Milton Marmor in London, "have just a little inspiration in one bar of music, and then they develop it. They have technique and technique—and that's not interesting . . . when I have played



Gerri Scott in Red Square.

Jazz Behind the Iron Curtain

Since 1956 Gerri Scott, young English singer, has been rushing in where state departments fear to tread. By exercising considerable charm and quiet persistence, she has been recording in East Germany for the last six years; traveling in and out of Prague, Czechoslovakia, with ease; and last year, toured the USSR, performing in 65 concerts.

The USSR tour came about with deceptive ease for the singer who got her start with English bandleader Vic Lewis in 1947 and has sung with big bands and Dixieland groups ever since. While in Moscow on a 24-hour transit visa, Miss Scott, talked her way into the office of the minister of culture. He was impressed and allowed her to book a tour. (As saleswoman and performer, Miss Scott emphasizes her belief in folk music when she talks to ministers of culture. "I'd pass on this tip," she said recently. "Don't emphasize the jazz to the officials. What you are performing is folk music. That's the image, and part of folk music has got to be jazz.")

The tour was a revelation to the singer. "The citizens know jazz well," she said, "better than I do, really. So many listen to *Voice of America*. But, then, the kids seem to know more about music in general than our kids do. I did one concert for scientists, and they really knew a lot about jazz.

"I almost always had to do extra shows. And, in so many cases, I found out that people shared tickets. One person would come in for the first half, then give his stub to a friend waiting outside during intermission.

"We had four days to rehearse the 17-piece Russian band. We were given marvelous musicians. There was a trumpeter like Maynard Ferguson, Tata Kovsky. He's their top trumpeter. Every

thing about the band was marvelous except for the rhythm section. We changed it several times. Finally we got two youngsters. I called them Nick—he was the drummer—and Baby Face, a marvelous bassist who had only been playing for seven months.

"It ended up as a swinging band, but if you really want to help the cause of jazz in Russia, you should see to it that the musicians get some modern scores to play. They just don't have anything."

Miss Scott has concern beyond her own successful tour and the ones to follow. For artists who might tour the USSR in the future, she has information and suggestions:

The potential is huge. "You could work there for a year and never repeat a city," she said.

Artists should avoid any State Department connection: "That's what finished the Louis Armstrong tour," Miss Scott declared. "The Russians want to deal with artists directly, not with the State Department, because they are very concerned about overt propaganda. If only someone like Sol Hurok would book jazz into Russia, this would avoid the whole problem. He really should. It would be so important to the rest of the world."

There is a complex economic problem. "The exchange rate is rough, something like 50 percent," she said. "So, anyone who does travel there—and they especially want Stan Kenton, Count Basie, and Ella Fitzgerald—should bear that in mind. For example, buy your return ticket in Moscow with rubles."

Having successfully beaten all those problems, Miss Scott said she shall return to the USSR. But first she said she would like to make a record in the United States.

their works so many times, I see how they worked it. You should not see the work when you hear it."

SAHL-SOMMERS SET-TO SIMMERS

Sometimes the career of a rising girl singer can give rise to more problems than Operation Mercury.

Take the fortunes of Joanie Sommers.

Miss Sommers' troubles began as her recent national tour of 36 one-nighters with Mort Sahl came to an end in California with two scheduled concerts at Pasadena and Santa Monica Civic auditoriums.

According to her manager, Ted Wick, the concerts provided an ideal opportunity to record a Warner Bros. album of the singer on stage at both performances. But there was a rub. Wick and the record company had decided to employ pianist-arranger Bob Florence and a sextet to back the singer. The Lou Pagani Trio (Pagani, piano; Richie Surnock, bass; Dick Wilson, drums), which had accompanied Miss Sommers during the tour, was notified two days prior to the concerts that its services were no longer required.

The three musicians were to be paid through the period including both concerts, but Pagani's contract with the singer was officially terminated.

Hollywood's AFM Local 47 has a rule applying to the minimum number of musicians employed at concerts at both auditoriums. No fewer than 21 sidemen, the rule says, may be hired. When comic Sahl and singer Sommers arrived at the scene of the first concert in Pasadena, they were confronted by two business agents of Local 47.

Where were the 21 sidemen? the business agents wanted to know. Unfortunately, for Sahl and Sommers there was no orchestra. The union ruled, therefore, that no Local 47 musician could play the date.

Tempers reportedly ran hot, and there were threats of lawsuits. But without musicians, Miss Sommers could not perform.

Meanwhile, the Local 47 men comprising the Florence group and the Pagani trio sat on the sidelines chewing their finger nails.

The next evening at Santa Monica the charade was repeated. This time, however, Sahl was prepared for a Sommers-less concert. He had the Smothers Brothers comedy-folk duo ready to sub for the singer. Again Miss Sommers was muted. The Smothers boys filled the breach.

Then the agencies got into the act. Wick asked Miss Sommers' agency, Music Corp. of America, to demand payment from Sahl's Moraga Productions (which hired the singer for the

tour, including the two concerts at which she could not perform). The William Morris Agency, which books Sahl—getting its 10 percent commission from Moraga Productions — was deemed by Wick responsible for the singer's money. At last report this situation was stalemated at an agency standoff.

Next, Local 47 stepped in and demanded of Wick that the Pagani trio be paid for the concerts it had not worked, holding this to be a legitimate

demand in the terms of Pagani's contract.

The problem was reduced to this: MCA insisted of William Morris that Miss Sommers be paid by Sahl's Moraga Productions for the dates at which she didn't sing; Local 47 officials insisted that the Pagani trio be paid by Miss Sommers for the dates not played by the three musicians.

After the two concerts, promoter John Moss was left with the forlorn comment, "We lost money on both."

Editorial

The Festival in Washington

Since the first days of the fading jazz festivals, there have been excuses, explanations, and, finally, regrets. Last year's example should have been enough for most to realize that status, festivity, and money have too often been absent from the jazz festival.

Nevertheless, the President's Music Committee (see news story on page 11) has joined jazz festival ranks this year, presenting four days of jazz concerts in Washington, D.C., complete with special exhibitions, pomp, and circumstance.

As it has been with other John F. Kennedy enterprises, this one is not as offbeat nor as oblique as it may seem. In the past few years, festivals have suffered mostly because they cost too much; they were not really festive; they were, by and large, badly presented.

This festival, whose planning board is headed by Mrs. Jouett Shouse and includes George Avakian, Lee Becker, Nesuhi Ertegün, John Hammond, Allan Morrison, Russ Sanjek, and Gunther Schuller, has time and space on its side.

It has time because it has been in planning for several months and has months to go until the festival's opening date, May 31. It has space, because Washington is a rich and expansive and exciting place to have any kind of festival.

Properly organized, such a group, offering such a place, can very well overcome the first two stated festival problems—high costs and low festive spirit: there are the environs of Washington, the buildings available for concerts and showings, the general aura of official sanction for jazz.

As it has worked so far, the committee has been self-sustaining. One member has offered the services of a sound engineer, without charge. A group of manufacturers have offered some subsidy help with artists who endorse their products. Frankly, too, most musicians may be eager to play this festival for its singular importance—eager enough to play for prices allowing the committee to show substantial profit.

Because of advance planning, perhaps, too, because of co-operation from artists, programs can be stage-managed, timed, paced, so as to present jazz at its best.

It may be, then, that none of the usual festival problems will occur this spring in Washington.

Only one problem seems to have been overlooked. It is the responsibility of jazz itself; artist and audience. It is uncomfortable to write of such things, but it is the reason this editorial is written.

Uncomfortable because we know no real concern should be felt. Uncomfortable because we know outsiders worry when such editorials are written. Uncomfortable because we suffer, too, when suggestions are made about any lack on the part of the jazz world.

But we also know that outsiders seldom seem to know the members of the jazz world, not really. And all of us in the jazz world should know that this festival is a kind of trial, whether we like it or not.

It is exasperating; it is sobering; but some mishap, some well-intentioned demonstration, or some aggressive action could very well spoil all the years that have been spent building the respectability jazz now enjoys to some degree.

We have great expectations for that festival. We hope to exercise our responsibility toward it and jazz—and responsibility is dependent upon ability, honesty, and love.



UNTIL RECENTLY, the tuba seemed to be leading the clarinet in the race into jazz oblivion. Few listeners felt its absence. Most newcomers to jazz listening were unaware of the tuba's prior presence in all of early jazz and dance-band music.

In those days the tuba was the bass of the rhythm section—as a mammoth wind instrument, it could be played loudly enough to be heard. If microphones and recording techniques had not improved so radically, it probably would not have been possible to have replaced the tuba with the string bass.

The unrefined and rather indifferent playing of some early tuba players also did a great deal to lose friends for the instrument. But in many cases the fault was not completely the instrumentalists'. Especially in recording, with the open-horn technique of recording, tuba players had to play at their top volume to be heard at all.

(Incidentally, the bass saxophone, sometimes substituted for the tuba's bass parts—Joe Rushton plays it in that manner for Red Nichols these days—has suffered somewhat the same fate. A cumbersome and difficult instrument, usually built out of tune with itself, it requires a great deal of craft and artistry, more than it usually gets, and the bass saxophonist, generally only a doubler from some other instrument, finds himself more in the novelty than the miscellaneous instrument category.)

Add to electronic amplification improvements and generally inadequate playing, the emergence of the arranger, and you have the picture of the poor tuba's fall from jazz grace.

Writers discovered the better orchestral blend of the string bass in the rhythm section, and tuba players either converted to the string bass, as many did, or tried to find their way into brass ensembles and symphony orchestras.

But today's concept and sound of tuba playing in jazz is light years away from the traditional styles. Now it is voiced as it should have been, within the ensemble, as one of the horns, usually playing a complicated and important line, occasionally playing a solo part.

The two men who have done the most to bring this about, partly because of the excellence of their playing, partly because they have insinuated themselves into wide varieties of musical groups, are John Barber and Don Butterfield, both pioneers in the use of tuba in modern jazz groups. They proved that the tuba player could have the conception and the technical execution to play modern jazz. Both, too, have improvisations on records.

(That may be a reason for Red Callender's return to tuba after many years.

Butterfield has intended for some time to do a solo album of ballads, beginning with *Speak Low*, calling the album *Butterfield Speaks Low*. He was about to spend his own money to record it when along came *Callender Speaks Low* on Crown. It is typical of Butterfield that he says, "I'm glad Red beat me to the idea because his record is one of the most beautiful examples of *musical tuba* playing in the jazz idiom I've ever heard. Red's gift for the choice of *right* notes in improvisation is magnificent to hear.")

It may now have been proved that the tuba wind definitely does not blow ill, but the road back is blocked by the parsimonious purse of the current economics of the music business.

For example, the average jazz group cannot afford a tuba player, unless it dispenses with some other instrumentalist. A big band, dance or jazz, is more or less in the same position, although the quantity of men involved may make possible one musician who doubles on a tuba or some tuba-like instrument. Still, that brings us back to the same position of old—a questionable quality of playing in such a situation.

In recording, the situation is quite different. The versatility of the instrument—usable from marching-band style to the most gentle of chamber groups—has made it both a challenge and a fulfillment to many modern arrangers, writing from the jingle field into something approaching symphonic jazz.

Richard Maltby is such an arranger, versatile and imaginative. Of a recent record of his he said, "Yes, the tuba was voiced in unison octaves with the lead trumpet. But I also voice it with

the reeds. It adds great depth and richness to the band. No, I only use it on recording. I can't use it when I'm traveling. It's just one more man to pay."

That's the major problem, a reason why tuba players have to swear, sweat, and starve if they're dependent on jazz or popular music for their livelihood. Unfortunately, such a situation surely can kill incentive.

TUBA PLAYERS probably are made, not born. That is, as in the case of Butterfield, they are *bigger* than most their classmates and are given a tuba to play, *even though they may* have wanted to play something else, as Butterfield wanted to play trumpet when he arrived at his first school band rehearsal.

Whether made in that way or some other, the younger tuba player soon will find out that he has hard work ahead. He can reach a financial goal, if he has enough proficiency, but he will find there is currently no way in which he can survive financially as a jazz tuba player.

Butterfield, with his authority as a prime jazz tubaist and as a man who gives freely and fully of himself in the battle to unwind the problems winding around the long-wound instrument, can nearly convince anyone to leave hearth, home, and harpsichord to join the tuba turbulence.

In considered statement to the young or potential tubaist, as follows, he is no less definite:

"A jazz tuba player is *not* a studio musician or a tuba player of symphonic orientation. Jazz is what he loves, more than any other kind of music.

"He is a musician who has learned and knows all the changes to all the standard tunes and can play them. This is his foundation. He has paid his dues for years of playing in all kinds of bands and groups, bad and good. Therefore, his knowledge and ability comes from experience.

"To meet the current demands of jazz, he must be well grounded in the mechanics of playing the tuba and must develop an extraordinary technique. He does not, however, stress the art of playing the tuba to absolute perfection as an end in itself. His primary intention is to use the instrument as a vehicle for making music; ideally, free and spontaneous improvisation within the limits of his imagination and ability.

"As a professional and a teacher, my main concern at present is where are we going to give the young and imaginative student the chance to develop his ability? The jazz schools and summer clinics owe it to themselves to encourage the new ones on the old horn."

—Coss

TUBA

HORN WITH PROBLEMS



Don Butterfield

IN THE LAST couple of years, young jazzmen have divided into two camps. One seems bent on cutting all connections with the past. The other is in opposition to this; its members—and they are more numerous than those in the other—are quite aware of what has preceded them, at least from early Lester Young on. They respect the past and build their playing on this firm base. These are not imitators; these are the true extensions.

One of the latter is 28-year-old Leo Wright, altoist and flutist of originality, key member of one of the best small groups in jazz—Dizzy Gillespie's—and winner of the 1961 International Jazz Critics Poll new-star flute award.

A diminutive man but one without the defensiveness often found in those of short stature, Wright is humble about his playing, though not falsely modest:

"I can play fast. I can play slow. I can play loud. Soft. But my problem is knowing *when* to play fast, when not to, when to play loud, and so on. My problem is painting the picture. One of the greatest lessons I've learned with Dizzy is that I have a long way to go."

Gillespie, who hired Wright more than two years ago, has the ability to pick young, relatively unknown musicians, and develop and teach them. This ability is seen in the astonishing number of now-well-known musicians who first came to light under his aegis.

About Wright, Gillespie has said he is "the *oldest* young musician I've seen around! I mean, he's got all the finer points of the older musicians, plus the modern things. . . ." At an informal press conference at the 1961 Monterey Jazz Festival, Gillespie praised his sideman as one of the future major voices on flute and alto. And Gillespie is not given to overgenerous praise.

Born in Texas, raised in San Francisco, Wright received his early education in music from his father, Mel, an alto saxist. "He was a friend of Arnett Cobb, Budd and Keg Johnson, Illinois Jacquet, almost like a brother to Buddy Tate," Wright remembered. "But he got too many kids and never got the break he should have."

Although the senior Wright, who died last year, never attained musical recognition (he had given up playing music full time by the time the Wrights moved to San Francisco, where he became a merchant seaman), his grasp of the important things in jazz was evidently clear. It was Mel Wright who did much to instill in his son respect for the past and the motivation to strive always for improvement.

"My father used to sit me down and play Johnny Hodges records," Leo recalled. "He would say, 'Hear that? Listen to the tone.' Or, 'Listen to that!

Can you do that? No? Neither can I. But keep on trying, that's the thing.'"

Wright is serious when he talks about jazz, and he said he feels that playing jazz is a business not too be taken lightly. ("You just don't pick up a horn and start playing it.") He also speaks of the need to capture life in one's playing, the necessity of communicating a picture of life to the listener, the need to be an artist. ("When you can portray living in a solo and communicate it to the audience, you are an artist.")

"The early guys were serious," he said. "I don't think they got much chance to go to school, and considering what they accomplished, they had to be serious. As Diz says, 'The reason was different, but the basic idea prevails.' Communication.

"The old guys were artists first. They had made up their minds to be artists. If you didn't move anybody in those days, you didn't make it. They might not have called themselves artists, but they always communicated. And they, in turn, had respect for the older guys."

He paused, brow furrowed. "You know why those old guys are so great?" he asked. "Because there's no controversy among them. Hawk plays his way, Don Byas his. Miles respects Dizzy, and Dizzy respects Miles."

The goal of artistic originality is a shining one for Wright. He said he knows that it's not something that happens overnight and that he realizes young musicians can destroy themselves when they mistake merely being eccentric and difference-for-its-own-sake with true originality.

"I'm really talking about maturity,"

LEO WRIGHT

YOUNG-OLD JAZZMAN



By DON DeMICHEAL

he said. "Some mature faster—say, Clifford Brown or Charlie Parker. Maturity is the most important thing about jazz and the most difficult to attain."

"I don't think they teach it," he interjected with a smile. "Guys have done so much in the past that it's hard to come by, but I think it will come if you set your mind to it.

"I look at this artistic thing, and I know I've got time to get it. The things Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy and others do . . . I'm for them. Eventually I want to join them but *not* until I'm confident I can paint good pictures."

But then he added, "Jazz is at a crisis. We might be too anxious to stick our necks out." And later he said he didn't think anything new had happened in jazz since Charlie Parker, and those who thought something had happened were suffering from too much imagination. "There's only one *Mona Lisa*, you know," he chuckled.

Parker looms large in Wright's mind. He recalled his first impression of the altoist. It was in the early days of bop:

"I was young, just learning my horn. I didn't understand everything that Dizzy and Bird played, but I did see one thing: *whatever* they're playing, they know what they're doing. Bird painted pictures. He knew what to put when. Dizzy can do all sorts of things, but he doesn't get up there and show off. He puts things in their proper places, in proper perspective."

Though he has respect for the past, Wright said he does not feel that what has been accepted in the past necessarily remain inflexible. He referred to "rules" of music, such as those governing the use of the 12-tone row (which state, in part, that each tone of the chromatic scale must be played before any one may be repeated); if such devices are used outside the walls of the academy, the rules usually are modified, often by jazzmen.

"It's like parallel fifths," he explained. "It used to be that the use of parallel fifths was something you avoided. [Parallel motion means that individual voices of, say, an orchestral passage move in the same upward or downward direction, thereby retaining approximately the same distance separating them.] Now things have been modified, and parallel fifths are used a lot in arrangements.

"But how can you expect the public to accept something new, a new idea, if you don't do it artistically?"

THOUGH WRIGHT is self-deprecating, few can doubt his artistry on both alto and flute.

His alto work is hard-driving and
(Continued on page 40)

"IT'S SURPRISING that a musician with his knowledge and experience should take time out to listen to younger musicians, but then his thinking isn't limited by the past." Lockjaw Davis was talking about Coleman Hawkins, a senior he holds in high regard. "And he doesn't just listen to saxophones. He listens to all instruments. He always retains his personal flavor, but you find young musicians on his dates, and he's just as comfortable with them as with the older guys."

Hawkins' perennial freshness is echoed by Johnny Hodges: "The older he gets, the better he gets. If ever you think he's through, you find he's just gone right on ahead again."

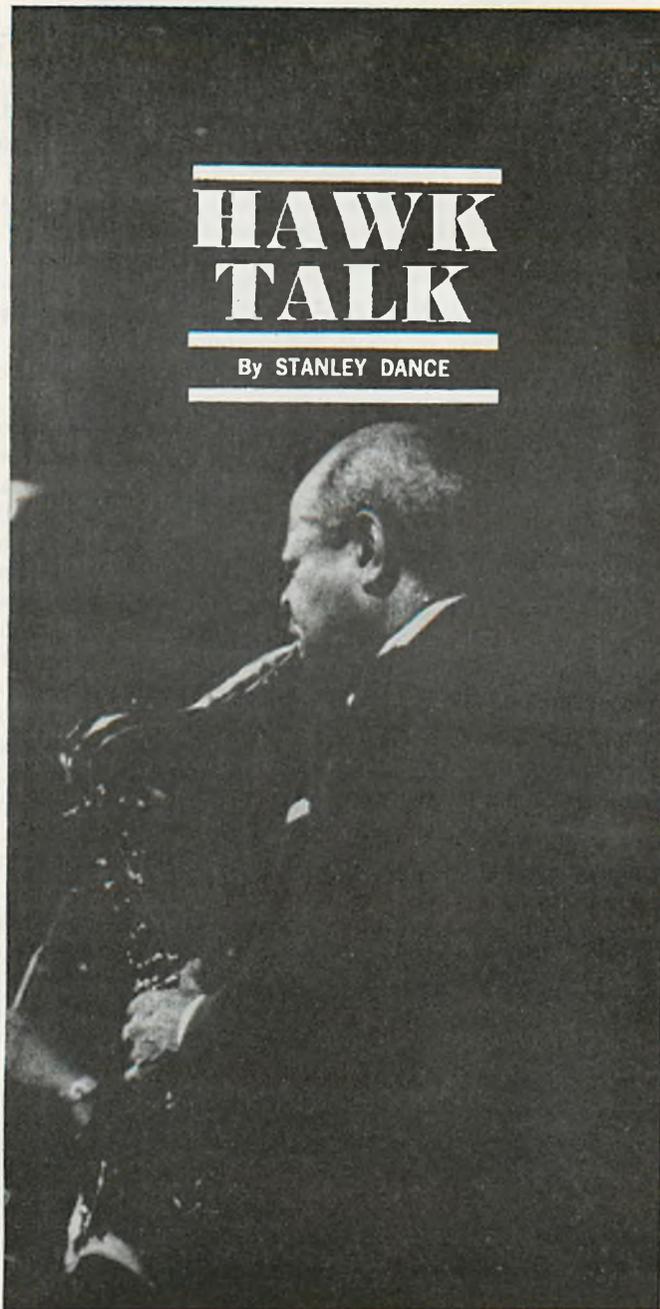
Paul Gonsalves, himself one of the formidable technicians of the tenor saxophone, never hesitates to express admiration:

"Coleman Hawkins is more than a stylist. He is a great stylist, of course, but he is also a very, very good musician. He plays jazz, and he also plays the instrument the way it should be played. I'm sure he could take a place among symphony musicians and command their respect. You might say that the secret of his success has been that he had a natural gift and that he took trouble to develop it, just like Duke. You can't rely on natural talent alone in today's competitive music world. There certainly aren't many guys around with talent like Hawk's, and there are even fewer with what I'd call the humility to recognize any need for developing that talent."

The subject of these perceptive comments is a jazz phenomenon. In terms of durable artistic accomplishment and growth, the only parallel to Hawkins' career is provided by that of Duke Ellington. Hawkins has been challenged by different stylists several times in his long career, but his supremacy has soon been reasserted. Basic to this, and to his ability to go on adding creatively, is his sound.

Discussing "the wide range of tonal approaches" to the tenor saxophone in *The Book of Jazz*, Leonard Feather refers to the "manly sonorities of a Coleman Hawkins." There have been many approaches, but for the majority of musicians and listeners, the Hawkins tone has consistently represented the ultimate. The tones of some others have been appealing, permissible deviations, though they often have suggested loyalties split between alto and tenor. Others again have sought to match the Hawkins tone, but they have never quite attained its full, rounded power and authority.

Despite his strong convictions about tone, Hawkins'



HAWK TALK

By STANLEY DANCE

BILL ABERNATHY

appreciation of another musician's ideas is unaffected by a differing tonal approach.

"I like most music unless it's wrong," he said. "I liked Lester Young the first time I heard him, and I always got along very well with him. We were on a lot of tours together, and I spent a lot of time with him, talking and drinking, in hotel rooms and places like that. People forget that Chu Berry's sound wasn't like mine either."

"As for mine, sometimes when people think I'm blowing harder or softer, I'm really blowing with just the same power, but the difference is due to the reed. I like my reed to speak. It's supposed to sound just like a voice. On records, the engineering can do things, too — make the sound harder or sharper. I dropped the buzz a long time ago and just play with a clear tone now."

His attitude toward contemporary activities is unambiguous.

"I've got all that current scene," he said. "If I play with you, I've got you. Coltrane, Lockjaw, Charlie Rouse, Paul Gonsalves, Johnny Griffin—I hear what they're doing, and I've played with all of them. And . . . I nearly forgot Sonny Rollins. He's a favorite of mine."

He kids the members of the quintet he and Roy Eldridge lead jointly: "Last night you had Coltrane. Tonight you're going to get plenty of Ornette!"

On his nocturnal rounds and in record studios he hears plenty of jazz, but at home the records he plays are almost entirely classical.

"I love all the operas," he said. "I like Stravinsky when I'm listening to Stravinsky, Bach when I'm listening to Bach, and Beethoven when I'm listening to Beethoven. I have no prejudices. I think Tchaikovsky was a great composer, but I guess his music became too popular to be chic."

"You see this sheet music here—*Deux Arabesques* by Debussy? I must have bought it 10 times, but I always seem to lose it. I play it on piano and on my horn."

"I'd been telling Roy for a year that I'd write out the melody of *I Mean You* for him, the number I did with Fats Navarro. Well, today I decided to do it, and I went out and bought some music paper and a couple of pencils, and there was this piece lying in the store right under my nose."

ALMOST EVERY night, between sets, wherever Hawkins happens to be playing, the length of his career becomes the subject for discussion.

The talk may at first sound unkind, even malicious, but with familiarity the outlines of a kind of game emerge, the object being to prove Hawkins older than he really is. (According to *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, he was born in St. Joseph, Mo., on Nov. 21, 1904.) The players do not expect to win. Their pleasure lies rather in seeing how he will extricate himself from the traps they set or how their arguments will be refuted. Two notably talented players of this game are Sonny Stitt and Roy Eldridge.

"Yeah?" someone says. "Then how about the time when you were working with Mamie Smith?"

"That was somebody else using my name," Hawkins replies with crushing finality.

"I can remember you, a grown man, playing with Fletcher Henderson when I was still a child," says some swing-era veteran.

Reminiscences flood in. Hawkins himself talks with more animation, to give the impression that his guard is down. Then:

"I don't think," he says, suddenly and airily, "that I ever was a child!"

When the Eldridge-Hawkins Quintet was playing the Heublein Lounge in Hartford, Conn., recently, an 8-year-old girl insisted on getting the autograph of Hawkins—and only his.

"How is it, Roy," Hawkins asked afterwards, "that all your fans are *old* people? They come in here with canes and crutches. They must be anywhere from 58 to 108. But my fans are all young, from 8 to 58 years old!"

"That little girl thought you were Santa Claus," said drummer Eddie Locke.

"Is that so? Well, who's got more fans than Santa Claus?"

An often-cited example of Hawkins' mischievous and sometimes macabre sense of humor goes back to the early Jazz at the Philharmonic tours. Several musicians on the tour were unaccustomed to flying and fearful of it. On this occasion, the plane took off uneventfully. No sooner were safety belts unloosed, however, than Hawkins was on his feet, slowly pacing the aisle, his head behind an opened tabloid, the big black headlines of which proclaimed the number dead in a catastrophic air crash.

Unsentimental about the past, he prefers to talk about today—and tomorrow. For instance, of Jimmy Harrison, one of the great pace-setters on trombone, with whom he had a close friendship, he will simply say:

"Yes, Jimmy and I were real tight. He could play. He had a good beat, and he could swing."

Although he prefers not to talk too much about the past, Hawkins remembers the time when bands were hired by clubs for long-run engagements. He said he feels that the current club policy of hiring groups for short periods of time has hurt the music business.

"They have a different group in their place every week, or every two weeks," he said. "You don't get to know the people, and they don't get to know you. They don't get into the *habit* of coming to hear you. They may like what you're doing, but when they come back, they find a totally different group and music. You take when Red Allen was at the Metropole all those years. People liked him and knew he was there and kept on coming back. Same thing with Wilbur DeParis at Ryan's. Engagements used to be much longer, and then you had a chance to build up a following. The combo would be identified with the place and the place with the combo."

Hawkins' ability to construct solos of depth, especially on ballads, has been noted by many critics. This sensitivity to emotion in music was reflected when he said:

"I think a solo should tell a story, but to most people that's as much a matter of shape as of what the story is about. Romanticism and sorrow and greed—they can all

be put into music. I can definitely recognize greed. I know when a man is playing for money. And, good gracious, there's plenty of that going on right now!

"Tempo is important, too, of course. Tempo should go according to the piece. Certain pieces are written so that the right tempo—fast, medium, slow—is really quite clear. If you play a slow ballad fast, you lose everything. There's plenty of that going on, too!"

THEN the tenor saxophonist reminisced a bit about his career.

"Some of my biggest moments," he said, "have been in jam sessions, but I don't want to talk about them. There were always other people involved.

"A big kick of another kind was when I opened at the Palladium in London with Jack Hylton [in 1934]. It was my first experience of an audience in Europe. And it was a huge stage. Just to walk out there was something! And then I was very well received.

"London and Paris were great metropolitan cities when I first went there," he reflected. "If you were good or if you were bad, you were treated accordingly, and that was that. But since those days, New York has become a very cosmopolitan city, too.

"When I came back here the first time [July, 1939], I was disappointed with what had happened in the music. Charlie Parker and Dizzy were getting started, but they needed help. What they were doing was 'far out' to a lot of people, but it was just music to me. Joe Guy was playing their way when he started with me in 1939.

"Another kick was when I opened with my own big band at the Golden Gate in 1940. They wouldn't let us off the stand. I enjoyed that period very much, and being leader didn't worry me. The band was very good—too good in some ways. We had fine arrangements by Andy Gibson, Buster Tolliver, and Buster Harding. And every now and then I wrote one.

"I always used to write when I felt like it. I remember writing an arrangement of *Singin' in the Rain* for Fletcher Henderson when that song was popular. I don't think Smack was recording then, because we never made a record of it. I also wrote a theme for him. We didn't give it a name, but it was written for the saxes and rhythm, including tuba.

"Since my own band broke up, I haven't worked regularly with a big band, and I like blowing with a big band just as much as with a small combo. I don't know how it is, but I never have played with Duke's band. I'd like to. I hope I can record with him some day.

"A date I did in November was one I'll remember. Benny Carter came into New York to do some work with Basie before going on to Europe again, and we recorded together for Impulse with the same instrumentation we used on a session in Paris in 1937, the one where we made *Crazy Rhythm* and *Honeysuckle Rose*. We made those titles again, but this time we had Phil Woods and Charlie Rouse. They can play, those two, and read!

Hawkins has said. "Nobody likes home town." Sometimes it rings true in Hawkins' case. He doesn't seem to be appreciated adequately in his own country. He is, after all, one of the greatest musicians jazz has produced and an aristocrat in his profession. In club after club he stands, detached, serene, distinguished, listening with a slightly benign smile as others play, a figure of evident intelligence and sophistication.

Then he begins to blow. Sometimes the audience listens appreciatively, and sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes it continues its unknowing babble and ignores the quality of the music. A poor audience deserves a poor performance, but it doesn't get it. Eyes closed, Hawk is immediately in flight.



BILLIE HOLIDAY

THE VOICE OF JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

BILLIE HOLIDAY's admittance to the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame, though several years late, is in a sense reassuring.

It could mean that the follower of jazz tends more and more now to be a sensitive student and researcher rather than a casual fan or autograph hunter. It may also reflect the peculiarly American death cult that has earned for James Dean, Charlie Parker, Lester Young, and Hank Williams more publicity posthumously than they earned alive.

Billie didn't live to see herself voted into first place in a *Down Beat* Readers Poll, or even in an International Jazz Critics Poll. To some observers this may seem insignificant, yet it is meaningful in the light of the facts about others who were more fortunate.

The jazz fans who voted for their favorite jazz singers in 1942 elected Helen Forrest, and in 1943, Jo Stafford. In 1944, probably Billie's peak year musically and commercially, they chose Dinah Shore. That's the way things were in those days, not just in jazz polls but in American life, and it would be naive not to acknowledge that this didn't have something to do with making Billie Holiday what she was.

It would be a gigantic oversimplification to pretend that social conditions alone shaped her life, formed her vocal style, led to her death. Ella Fitzgerald had to endure a family background and childhood not greatly different from Billie's. Each was the product of a breaking or broken family; both suffered through years of poverty; both were at the mercy of Jim Crow. In Ella's case these conditions led to a career that started her on an upward curve at the age of 16, to a success story that has never been touched by scandal, and to the achievement of economic security and creature comforts far beyond her most optimistic childhood aspirations. Yet during the same time span, these conditions in Billie's case led to marijuana at 14, a jail term as a prostitute at 15, and heroin addiction from her middle 20s.

The differences in their lives could be attributed at least partly, if not predominantly, to long-latent disparities in personal character; these in turn were the product of factors deeper and more complex than poverty and discrimination per se.

Only a psychoanalyst, after years of



probing, might have found the answer in Billie's case. Tragically, Billie turned for help not to psychotherapy but to a release that was to prove even more expensive, offered no solution, and ultimately helped to kill her.

Most readers who elected Billie to the Hall of Fame probably never heard her in person when she was in her prime, which, according to personal taste, could have been anywhere between 1935 and 1950. But the poll outcome could have been based on the study of records made during that period, or on nostalgia, or the death cult, or a combination of the three.

Whatever the answer, it is safe to assume that what Billie's voice meant to the jazz scene in her white-gardenia years cannot quite have the significance to the typical present-day listener that it had for her contemporaries, just as listening to a Louis Armstrong-Earl Hines 1928 masterpiece for the first time in 1962 can never quite achieve the value of having heard it in correct chronological sequence during its own era as part of an evolution. Nor can this handicap be overcome by reading books or seeing her on the screen* or listening to her LPs.

In this article I hope to bring something of the zeitgeist of Lady Day to those who arrived too late to be bound up in it and some of the facts of her life to some who may have read her autobiography *Lady Sings the Blues* and swallowed it whole without salt.

To call Billie the voice of jazz is logical, for no matter what controversies raged around other singers' relationship to jazz, it could never be disputed that whether she sang a ballad, a Tin Pan Alley potboiler, or the national anthem, Billie's remained inescapably a pure jazz sound.

The rough, tortured edges on the tones, the firm grasp on the note gradually released in a widening vibrato (in later years the grip weakened and the timbre sank), the frequent spontaneous use of flatted thirds and sevenths, the innate sense of syncopation; because of these and other elements she was musically, technically, and emotionally forever a part of jazz.

In the event of her arrest or some other unhappy incident that it took to bring her name into the news section, the papers almost invariably referred to her as a blues singer. This was a curious and inaccurate association that remained with her through her career and can be found today in retrospective assessments of her work.

The fact is that Billie from start to finish turned most often to Tin Pan Alley for her material, using both the better standards and the lesser popular songs. Of the hundreds of tunes she recorded, not more than a dozen were really blues, though they included two of her early hits, *Billie's Blues* and *Fine and Mellow*.

She brought the spirit of the blues to some of her slow-

*I know of only two motion pictures. In *Symphony in Black*, a 1935 short filmed on Long Island, and devoted mainly to Duke Ellington's orchestra, Billie is seen and heard briefly, singing 12 bars of blues. This was just before her 20th birthday. In 1946 she finally landed an acting part in a feature film—as Endie, a singing maid, opposite Louis Armstrong in *New Orleans*. It is often seen on television. When Billie broke the news to me that she had accepted this role, she smiled bravely and said, "I do play a maid, but she's a cute maid."

tempo ballads rather than the form and letter of the 12-bar source. *Lover Man*, possibly her biggest hit of all, certainly her first to reach extensively into the popular market, was also her first to use a string background.

Some of the critics at the time lamented the idea of "forcing" Billie to record with strings; they were unaware, or unwilling to face the fact, that it was Billie who had longed to record with a string background and persuaded Milt Gabler of Decca to let her do so. This was in 1944, almost a decade after she had started recording regularly. The performance, heard today in the light of Billie's entire recorded spectrum, remains a jazz masterpiece. The song was a superior pop tune, unrelated to the blues.

The blues tradition, in short, was never strongly rooted in Billie, though she was occasionally exposed in childhood to the records of Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong. Show business, from the beginning, had more meaningful overtones of glamour for her; even when she changed her name from Eleanora she borrowed one from a Hollywood star. ("I don't think I missed a single picture Billie Dove ever made.")

HER BIRTH AND early years in Baltimore are starkly outlined in her autobiography. In 1927, when she was 12, Billie followed her mother to New York City. Her singing career began about five years later when, as Billie said, "The rent was overdue. Mom got a notice that the law was going to put us out on the street; it was in the dead cold of winter, and she couldn't even walk. I told mom I would steal or murder or do anything before I'd let them pull that."

Walking down Seventh Ave. in Harlem, coatless, she cased bars, looking for a job of any kind. On 133rd St., at a speakeasy called Pod's and Jerry's, she said she was a dancer but flunked a fast audition. Asked whether she could sing, she said, "Sure I can sing, but what good is that?" She had been singing all her life, but had never thought of this as a source of income. The reaction to her first song, *Trav'lin All Alone*, was immediate and overwhelming. After staying at the club all night and bringing home what seemed like a small fortune in tips, she was hired at \$18 a week.

Billie's life up to that point had been so traumatically chaotic that this episode might easily have been broken off as casually as it had begun, and she might have returned to domestic service, or found a boy friend with money, or wandered off in any of a dozen other directions that would have eliminated her from musical history.

It is here that Billie's recollection of things past begins to rock conspicuously in her story. The saying that talent will out is a canard. Talent has to find channels or it may wither and die. It is very probable indeed that there would never have been a Billie Holiday Story had not John Hammond been in the habit of frequenting the Harlem night spots.

Once having heard Billie at the club, and having developed an uncanny ear for talent (Hammond was then 21 and already deeply involved in jazz as a producer of records, stage shows, and broadcasts), he proceeded to spread the word.

It was Hammond who took Benny Goodman to the club, as a direct result of which Billie made her first records—



Yesterdays: 1948



Sequestered days: 1957

two vocal choruses with a pickup Goodman band in late 1933. It was Hammond, too, who took Joe Glaser to hear her, and Glaser remained Billie's booker for the rest of her life.

More memorably, it was Hammond who conceived the idea of teaming her with Teddy Wilson for a record date in the summer of 1935. This session turned out to be the first in a five-year series that was unique in jazz.

The facts in Billie's book are completely garbled, even to the names of the tunes. On that day she sang *What a Little Moonlight Can Do* (a second-rate pop song that is still being performed today, entirely because Billie recorded it), *Miss Brown to You* and *I Wished on the Moon* (both of which, like *Moonlight*, remained permanently in her repertoire), and *A Sunbonnet Blue*. Wilson's sidemen were Benny Goodman (on the first three sides), Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, guitarist John Truehart, John Kirby, and Cozy Cole. It was July 2, 1935.

This was quite possibly the most auspicious day of Billie's life. It was a climactic event in a series of incidents that were directly the result of Hammond's indomitable faith in her and his ability to influence others. Hammond gets short shrift in her book; the credit is skimpy and grudging, for in later years, he became disillusioned in Billie after she fouled up deals he had arranged for her and had provoked havoc by getting high on record dates, there was a coolness between them that never quite healed.

A year after the Wilson-Holiday series began, Billie began to make sessions under her own name. These were largely similar to the Wilson dates, often using the same musicians, mainly men out of the big-name bands of the day. The Wilson dates came out on Brunswick 75-cent singles, the Holiday sides on Vocalion 35-cent discs.

It was at the first of Billie's own sessions that I met her. Invited to the date by Hammond, I heard her singing *Summertime* and *Billie's Blues* and two pop songs, backed by Bunny Berigan, Artie Shaw, Joe Bushkin, Dick McDonough, Cozy Cole, and Pete Peterson. Hammond had played me several Holiday records some months before, and the timbre at first had seemed harsh and unsympathetic. But after this initial reaction, a continued exposure to this unprecedented sound soon converted me.

During the next few years, I came to know Billie personally. Young and ingenuous and entirely unaware of her background, I found in her no ill-starred tragedienne, no social renegade. Billie was young, extraordinarily beautiful, and friendly; whatever neurotic or traumatic crosses she may have been carrying at the time, they were not evident to me. She must have been sensitive to my naivety, for the bitter, four-letter invective that I later came to associate with her was never in evidence.

She was living with her mother on 39th St. when I first visited her for dinner; later they moved to a brownstone on 99th St. near Central Park, where her mother ran a small store and they lived in an apartment upstairs. I remember Mrs. Gough (Billie's stepfather, Phil Gough, had died some years earlier) as a kindly, Christian woman, never sophisticated enough to deal with the mounting problems of her

wayward daughter. She died at 38, when Billie was 25.

What strikes me most forcibly in retrospect is that in spite of the brutal experiences she had suffered during most of her young life, Billie did not seem to harbor an ounce of generalized racial hate of the kind that has become so much a part of today's scene.

I remember that one day I traveled from New York to Boston specially to hear her debut with Artie Shaw's band, at Roseland in Boston. Her demeanor was as amiable and hospitable as always. The fears she was to suffer that night, the first night for the first Negro vocalist ever to join a white orchestra, were never reflected in her conversation.

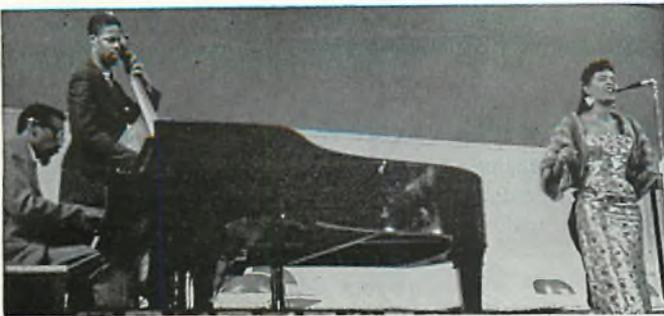
It was not simply that she wore a mask to cover her apprehension, but rather that she knew how senseless it was to nourish any resentment toward those who felt only an empathy and affection for her. Her grievances and animosities were always selective. Her deep-rooted goodness of heart and unwillingness to strike out indiscriminately at the whole white world can be seen poignantly in the chapter on the Shaw ordeal. Amplifying her statement that "most of the cats in the band were wonderful to me," she relates painful incidents in which Shaw, Tony Pastor, Georgie Auld, and the others made an active fight of protecting her against the crackers and the almost daily hassles.

BILLIE'S WORK in those years, both in material and interpretation, reflected some of those more positive aspects of her personality.

I have often been disturbed at the tendency of critics, particularly since her death, to treat her as a hopeless neurotic who poured nothing but sorrow into her songs. Long ago, when Billie and I were both 23 years old, I wrote of her, in an interview that preceded by many years those ponderous psychological examinations, "All the happiness, the unself-consciousness of personality that Billie has instilled into her records emerges in her personal manner. When she talks or sings, her lips display a grace of movement that contrasts sharply with the often ugly facial contortions of many an operatic soprano. Ginger Rogers once said of Billie: 'I wish I had a mouth as expressive as hers.'"

Looking back from the 1962 vantage point, I don't believe it was shallow, callow, or insensitive to find such positive qualities in Billie. Perhaps in later years, when she had paid the dues attendant on the wrong associations and the collapse of a rising career, an increasing bitterness and gloom did become apparent. Yet as the changes are traced through the years, though there is a gradual and pathetic deterioration in control, there is virtually no shift of emphasis in her repertoire.

Stripped of the psychoanalysis, the maudlin death-cultism, the romanticism, and the sentimentalization, Billie's singing has survived her not just as a monument to a desperate life, not only as the cry of anger against injustice, but as a self-sufficient musical entity, as one of the purest jazz sounds and styles, applying itself with no less relevance to the lightly sarcastic lyric of *I Cried for You*, the sophisticated balladry of *You Go to My Head* or *Night and Day*, the novelty-love-song simplicity of *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*, than to



Billie with pianist Mal Waldron at Monterey: 1958

the chilling story of a lynching told in *Strange Fruit* and the innumerable laments about no-good men and lost loves that were scattered through her songbook with autobiographical regularity.

Which one of these was the real Billie Holiday? All of them. That she could give herself just as completely to a light, happy lyric as to one of the darkest melancholy was superbly reflected in her reading of a Johnny Mercer song dedicated to his young daughter, *Mandy Is Two*. (It probably still can be found on some Columbia LP.) All Billie had to do was sing the melody, with a few little changes here and there (usually in the direction of simplification) and a gentle, subtle rhythmic reshaping every once in a while.

I never once heard her attempt any scat or bop solos, for singing to her was inextricably tied up with the interpreting of a lyric. It was for this reason that she never considered herself as part of an exclusive jazz world in a class apart from other singers. Contrary to the ugly implication of a story in her book, she had a mutual-admiration relationship with Peggy Lee ("I always loved Peggy," she told me, "and she's been very fortunate; she's always had the kind of background every singer needs") and often spoke of her enthusiasm for Frank Sinatra and other popular singers further removed from jazz.

Her inclination toward unspoiled melody was revealed during an old *Blindfold Test* in her reaction to a Sarah Vaughan record, which she liked because "she sticks to the melody." She complained that on an earlier record Sarah "goes so far out it stinks; she got so that even musicians couldn't understand what she was doing. That sort of stuff is for an instrument, not for a voice." Billie was never greatly impressed, either, by any of the Kenton girl vocalists. She didn't particularly dig Jimmy Rushing and preferred T-Bone Walker and Wynonie Harris. She wanted to hear blues at its funkier and popular music at its truest.

How could it be otherwise? Every note Billie Holiday sang was a mirror of her own very particular truth as she saw it. She was the complete, untrained, unadulterated, for-real jazz singer.

To the public, of course, this was not Billie's identity. The front-page headline, the freak show image of her has never quite died. Even now there is talk of a stage show or a movie, possibly starring Dorothy Dandridge. I can just imagine how *The Billie Holiday Story* would shape up on Broadway or in Hollywood. Who will they get to sing the sound track? Mabel Mercer? Chris Connor? Who will score the music? Hank Mancini?

Perhaps the project will never materialize, for I suspect that despite the ghoulish tendency of the profit merchants to capitalize on the dead, they will never be able to get any cast scheduled that would come close to seeming workable either in Shubert Alley or Culver City. So be it. Let Billie's tortured body rest in peace.

Her visit was a brief one. It began in 1915 in a Baltimore ghetto and ended 44 years later in a New York hospital bed. During that span, Billie gave us too many moments of incomparable and elusive beauty that it would be senseless to y, on celluloid or in print, to sum up her contribution.

When she died, I wrote a few recollections of what I had known of her (*DB*, Aug. 20, 1959). There is one passage that I'd like to quote, because it is as close as I could ever come to a summation:

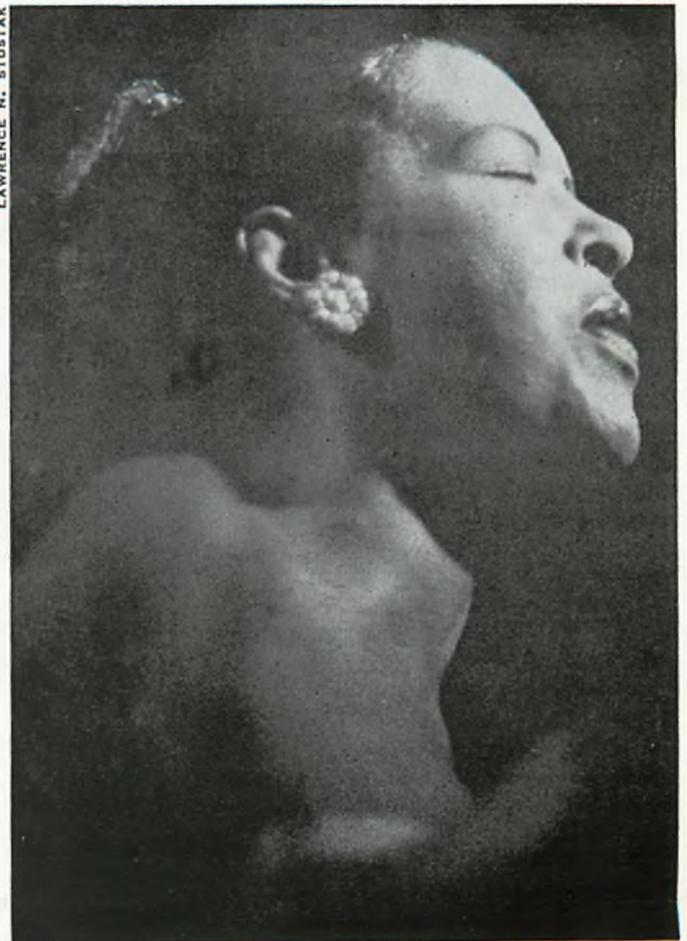
To the end, Billie for me was the incarnation of soul, of living intensity; she was everything that has ever been connoted by the word glamour. She was sweet, sour, kind, mean, generous, blasphemous, loving and lovable, and nobody who knew her expects ever again to know anyone quite like her. For most of us it will be impossible for many months to listen to one of her records without tears.

Two-and-a-half years later I find that the scar has not yet healed.

The Holiday concert memorial album, with the Gilbert Millstein narration, has been lying on my desk for two months, and I still can't quite bring myself to play it. But I would like to believe that all who voted Billie into the Hall of Fame, and all who didn't but are willing to believe just a little of what I have said about her, will listen to it and will listen with open hearts. Perhaps you will hear some of what I heard during the years when, for me and for so many others of our time, Billie's was the most moving human voice on earth.



LAWRENCE N. STUSTAK



THE BIG-TIME jazz festival may well be on its way out as a summer phenomenon, but festivals with more modest (and perhaps more honorable) intentions seem to be thriving. The one held at Virginia Beach, Va., last July received almost unanimous praise in the press.

One reason for this was the presence of the Sal Salvador Band and, as Dan Morgenstern reported, "a great book written by tenor man Larry Wilcox." Praise also came Wilcox' way in George Hoefler's report on the festival, and Wilcox' name has begun to appear in the new-star arranger category in the jazz polls.

Wilcox was born in Loveland, Colo., about 40 miles north of Denver, in 1935. He has an academic musical background—three years of it anyway, having majored in music education for that long at the University of Colorado.

He left during that third year to go to New York, intending to arrange and to play jazz tenor. He wasn't sure where or for whom, but he did know that New York was a more likely place to do it than Colorado.

However, it didn't prove to be so likely at first.

Wilcox spent a year taking flight reservations for American Airlines and not playing or writing at all. Gradually he found opportunity to do some arranging. There was a rehearsal band at Juilliard and another around town led by Bill Trowbridge. Both were composed of student musicians, but, Wilcox said, "they were about my speed at the time, and it was a good experience." His next job was professional; he toured with the Jimmy Palmer dance band off and on for eight months. He played tenor, but he did no writing.

"Up until that time, the people I had liked as arrangers were Nelson Riddle, mainly from a harmonic point of view, and Billy May, for his tongue-in-check humor that never seems gimmicky. I had been pretty unaware of what was going on in the East.

"On tenor I liked Stan Getz almost exclusively at first. I liked Lester Young, too, but actually I seldom thought of them separately. Now I have come to appreciate Lester more and more and certainly rate him above Getz.

"While I was with Jimmy Palmer, the other men in the band talked about people I had never really listened to very much. And it was then that I began to hear the Basic band and admire Ernie Wilkins' work for them. My ears opened up to Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane, Horace Silver and Thelonious Monk."

After the tour with Palmer, there was work with a couple of New York-based dance bands, "but I realized I needed guidance in arranging. I called

Bill Russo and began study with him.

Russo made him aware of things that theretofore he hadn't been listening to, Wilcox said. He cited George Russell's work, and the new approaches of Gunther Schuller and the Third Stream—of which, Wilcox added, incidentally, he does not think Russo is really a part.

"We studied a lot of legitimate techniques," he continued, "and I started listening to more classical music than I had before and listening to it with more understanding. Probably one of the best things Russo did for me was introduce me to Prokofiev. However, I always want to use improvisation in whatever I write, and I want to leave the soloist free."

Through Russo he met Marshall Brown and began writing for his youth band. Wilcox recalls that experience as a great help—Brown had an organized band that needed arrangements, and Wilcox was to provide them.

Among the soloists in the band, the tenorist rates Andy Marsala and Ronnie Cuber as good as any jazz soloists on their instruments. Wilcox found it most important to be learning to write for the talents of specific persons.

"Also, I was beginning to learn a lot about the music business," he said, "and a lot about the shocking politics involved. I have ghosted a lot of things for a lot of people, but I don't feel free yet to say for whom."

AFTER WILCOX had been with the youth band more than a year, Brown introduced him to guitarist-leader Sal Salvador, who then was

changing his all-brass band into one with a more conventional format and one that would play a lot more jazz.

"I began the job of writing his new book," Wilcox said. "I had free rein—I could even determine the style of the band. Sal had complete faith in anything I did. I tried to build the book around what I thought was his own best playing groove and his own happy way of thinking."

Wilcox originals recorded by the Salvador band include *Venice, Anyone?* and *Bleecker Street Blues*. (Wilcox refuses the blame for the titles.) He did settings of many standards for the band's soloists, and he scored some lines written by other men for the band. However, he said in disagreement with some of his notices, "there is nothing that has been recorded of mine that I now feel I would really want to save. The pieces represent stages that I was passing through. I have two things called *Re-fractions* and *Dusk* that I think are my best, but no one has recorded them yet.

"Another thing that I discovered working with Salvador was that I like writing for singers, and that I like the similar sort of scoring that needs to be done on ballads that feature a single instrumentalist.

"I am told that some of my most inventive things for the band are vocal backgrounds and backgrounds for Sal's ballad features."

As he has been writing more and more, he has been playing less. He started out definitely wanting to be a jazz tenor player, but he is not so sure of that any more, he says.

It means that Wilcox is going to have to change his medium in a way, because the best place for a man to play is in public performance, but for an arranger he said he feels that the best medium now probably is records.

In the last few years, he has changed a lot in the people he says he likes on tenor. He recently discovered Lockjaw Davis and Billy Mitchell, and would call Davis and Paul Gonsalves his favorite tenor men now. "They are spontaneous, and they really ad lib," he said. "I don't like the idea that a man's playing shows he has worked out a series of complex licks and effects in all keys and that sort of thing. Instrumental practicing and technique should be strictly to help with free ad libbing, not to work out some tricks ahead of time."

Lockjaw Davis, Billy Mitchell, Paul Gonsalves, Billy May, Ernie Wilkins, and Prokofiev.

"I am in a big hurry," Wilcox said, "but if in 20 years I thought I had something of the skill and craftsmanship in my own field that Prokofiev has, would feel a sense of achievement." 

FOCUS ON

LARRY WILCOX



ALICE J. BILLINGS

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

record reviews

Records are received by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, and John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

CLASSICS

Bach/Chasins/Keene

J. S. BACH CONCERTOS FOR TWO PIANOS AND ORCHESTRA—Kapp KCL-9064: *Concertos in C Major (No. 2), C Minor (No. 3)*.

Personnel: Abram Chasins, Constance Keene, pianos; Kapp Sinfonietta, Emanuel Vardi, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

If one grants that these concertos for two harpsichords and string orchestra may be played on modern pianos without desecrating the shrine of J. S. Bach (which this reviewer is prepared to grant), there can be no questioning the quality of these performances.

Chasins and his wife, Miss Keene, make little attempt to imitate the harpsichord sound in the way that Glenn Gould, say, does in the Partitas. They capture the Bach idiom beautifully, nevertheless, playing as if with one mind throughout, as is necessary in these masterpieces of intricate by-play. Everything is, of course, larger than Bach had in mind but not out of proportion.

At first glance, these double concertos might seem to be a stereophonic natural, but this monophonic version actually comes close to the sound of two keyboard instruments as heard in the concert hall. Two pianos, after all, are invariably pushed together so that their sounding boards are dovetailed. Except possibly in the front row, no stereo effect can be noted by ear in actual performance.

Considering the necessity for close-knit teamwork, there is even some doubt that Bach would approve of the kind of separation that one hears in some stereo recordings of his concertos for two, three, and four instruments.

At any rate, the sound in this Kapp version is rich (even a little too much so) and well focussed. Vardi keeps the orchestra moving along at lively but sensible tempos. (D.H.)

Beethoven/Francescatti

BEETHOVEN—Columbia ML-5663 and MS-6263: *Violin Concerto*.

Personnel: Zino Francescatti, violin; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Francescatti, his Italianate name notwithstanding, is a French violinist, being born in Marseilles and being a foremost representative of the French school of fiddling.

His Beethoven, no matter how impassioned it becomes, retains an aloof, fastidious sound. Walter's accompaniment is in the more openhearted Viennese tradition, with expansive phrasing and more care for expression than finesse.

Oddly, the mixing of styles, on the level at which these two musicians dwell, makes for an absorbing interplay. (D.H.)

Chopin/Rubinstein

CHOPIN—RCA Victor LM/LSC-2575: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in E Minor*.

Personnel: Rubinstein, piano; New Symphony Orchestra of London, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Rubinstein's previous recording of the Chopin *E Minor Concerto*, with Wallenstein and the Los Angeles Philharmonic as accompanists, has ruled the roost for years, and its sound is still good enough to make it a valuable item in anyone's collection.

For those who want a stereo version, or a richer sounding monophonic one, this becomes first choice. Only the beautifully recorded and well-played version by Pollini has virtues that challenge Rubinstein's performance.

Compared with his own older effort, engineering aside, it must be noted that the young Pole Skrowaczewski does not provide as interesting an orchestral part as Wallenstein, tending to be rather prosaic and matter-of-fact in his phrasing at crucial moments. (D.H.)

Haydn/Mozart

HAYDN *Symphony No. 83 in G Minor (La Paule)*; MOZART *Symphony No. 29 in A Major, K. 201—Epic LC-3810 and HC-1148*.

Personnel: Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, Szymon Goldberg, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It is not often these days that a reviewer finds himself noting that a classical work has been recorded by a smaller instrumental group than was used in the first performance. However, the Netherlands orchestra, numbering not much more than 20 men by the sound of it, seems right for the Haydn symphony despite the fact that it was first played in Paris in 1788 by an orchestra of Wagnerian proportions.

The work, nicknamed *The Hen* because of its peculiar clucking first movement, is full-ripened Haydn, and this recording serves both it and the more familiar Mozart symphony very well. The Haydn, moreover, has been out of the LP catalogs for many years.

Goldberg takes a less Dionysian view of these classical works than some conductors, but his stress on rhythmic regularity and orchestral details is both pleasing and authentic in sound. (D.H.)

Oscar Levant

OSCAR LEVANT AT THE PIANO—Columbia ML-5676 and MS-6276: *Waltz in C Sharp Minor, Op. 64, No. 2; Mazurkas in A Minor, Op. 17, No. 4, in B-Flat Minor, Op. 24, No. 4, in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 63, No. 3, and in A Minor, Op. 67, No. 4; Etude in C Minor Op. 10, No. 12 (Revolutionary)*, by Chopin. *Minstrels (from Preludes, Book I), General Lavine (from Preludes, Book II), and Jardins sous la pluie (from Etampes)*, by Debussy. *Sonatine*, by Ravel.

Personnel: Levant, piano.

Rating: ★ ★

Unless you know one who presses flowers

in books and likes to play Chopin nocturnes by candlelight, don't give any pianist this record.

Levant's style is so personal as to be outlandish in such a staple as the Chopin *Sylphide* waltz, which he completely distorts in a fashion now thankfully all but dead.

In the mazurkas, too, his rhythmic taffypulling destroys the classical simplicity of these Chopin miniatures. In the *Revolutionary* etude, in which he has less opportunity to think, the results are tolerable.

In the Debussy and Ravel selections, Levant's ear for tone color provides some fine moments; in the Debussy, especially, rhythmic solidity is not so crucial as in Chopin.

But even at its best, this is a record that thousands of students could match. (D.H.)

Schubert/Fine Arts Quartet

SCHUBERT—Concert-Disc CS-212: *Quartet in D Minor (Death and the Maiden)*.

Personnel: Fine Arts Quartet (Leonard Sorkin, violin; Abram Loft, violin; Irving Ilmer, viola; George Supkin, cello).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

There is lively, reverberant sound, and a probing performance here by the Fine Arts.

On several counts, however, this recording of the popular Schubert quartet must take second place to Victor's superlative Juilliard Quartet version, also in stereo. The Juilliard attacks with more bite, produces a slightly less grainy tone, and invests such dramatic moments as the opening of the slow movement with more forboding. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Art Blakey

BLAKEY IN PARIS—Epic 16017: *Dance of the Infidels; Bouncing with Bud; The Midget; A Night in Tunisia*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2—Lee Morgan, trumpet; Barney Wilen, alto saxophone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Bud Powell, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums. Tracks 3, 4—Morgan; Shorter; Walter Davis Jr., piano; Merritt; Blakey.

Rating: ★ ★

The conjunction of Bud Powell and the Jazz Messengers on a stage in Paris is the kind of meeting that ought to be preserved on records, as it is on the first side of this disc. It is unfortunate, however, that the occasion seems to have been shrouded in uncertainty; Blakey's group appears to be rather vague about the two Powell compositions that the joint forces play, although Blakey and Merritt supply a strong rhythmic foundation.

Morgan's trumpet work is full-bodied but becomes vacuous. Shorter squeaks and strains to little effect. Wilen, on the other

hand, is at least consistently fluent and swinging, although he is not particularly fertile in the idea department either. Powell churns along in nimble, quiet, unprepossessing fashion, but he works over such a small area for so long that monotony sets in, a feeling that is underlined by the static drumming with which Blakey backs him.

On the second side the Messengers are on alone, doing their own material, which they play with infinitely more confidence, although Shorter continues to exude unattractive, almost desperate mishmashes of phrases. Davis' light, relaxed piano style is almost lost in the hurly-burly that surrounds him, but he contributes some excellent backing in a brief solo by Merritt.

For anyone who holds that anything Powell plays is important, this record may have some merit. Otherwise, most of it is routine and tedious. (J.S.W.)

Dave Brubeck-Bill Smith

NEAR MYTH—Fantasy 3319: *The Unicorn; Bach un' All; Siren Song; Pan's Pipes; By Jupiter; Baggin' the Dragon; Apollo's Ax; The Sailor and the Mermaid; Neb-Tune; Pan Dance.*
Personnel: Brubeck, piano; Smith, clarinet; Eugene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In his liner notes, Brubeck describes this happily serene session as "different." That it is. Interesting, too. Clarinetist Smith (moderately celebrated as William O. Smith in the contemporary legit music world) composed all the selections, whimsically dedicated to mythological folk and fancy.

Some 25 years ago, when the first Benny Goodman small-group records appeared reviewers took to referring to those trio and quartet sides as jazz chamber music. This Brubeck-Smith collaboration fits that description very nicely. Only occasionally does the feeling become heavy. When it does, it is because of Brubeck's two-handed ponderosity. By and large, however, the mood is light, often tongue in cheek, sometimes (as in *Siren Song*) almost ethereal.

Smith undeniably is one of the best jazz clarinetists, one generally forgot by poll voters. His tone and range are superior, and his technique needs no defense.

This is good-humored, intelligent, and utterly relaxed jazz that not only casts Brubeck, Wright, and Morello in somewhat offbeat roles, but also makes for ample appreciation of Smith as jazzman-composer. (J.A.T.)

John Coltrane

OLE COLTRANE—Atlantic 1373: *Ole; Dahomey Dance; Aisha.*

Personnel: Coltrane, soprano, tenor saxophones; George Lane, flute, alto saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, Art Davis, basses; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Though this is not Coltrane's best album, in its three selections are several outstanding moments that place it above countless ordinary jazz releases. One is the remarkable two-bass byplay of Workman and Davis in *Ole*, capped by an absorbing arco duet. Another occurs in *Aisha*, a charming Coltrane ballad, where "Lane" (Eric Dolphy, no doubt), and Tyner develop the same basic phrase invented by Hubbard just before.

Coltrane performs well on tenor in *Dahomey*, an original that seems to slip back and forth from a 6/4 to a 4/4 feeling, but he potters uneventfully on soprano in *Ole*.

The latter is still another of those monotonous things with some degree of hypnotic fascination, stemming mostly from the playing of the two outstanding bassists but which suffers from the restricted harmonic framework that has been rather overworked by Coltrane lately.

If any jazzman is to make the soprano into a really worthwhile instrument again, Coltrane should be the one. He is, of course, a master of the saxophone and certainly one of its most creative players.

Unfortunately, however, the perverse soprano magnifies all faults, and what sounds like a slightly pinched—rather engagingly so, in fact—upper register on Coltrane's tenor amounts to absolute strangulation on the smaller horn. Added resistance in the tiny bore would account, too, for the absence of a free and open sound when a tenor player, even an exceptional one such as this, attempts to double on soprano.

Whatever the factors, Coltrane himself in *Ole* simply is not very effective, except for one brief moment when his soprano approaches the folk quality of a gypsy violin—or, perhaps, a Hungarian tarogato. (R.B.H.)

Harold Corbin

SOUL BROTHER — Roulette 52079: *Soul Sister; Don't Blame Me; Rene; The Gypsy; Caroline; JAMF's; I've Never Been in Love Before; The Girl in the Window; Soul Brother; Tunga.*

Personnel: Corbin, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; Eddie Campbell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Joe Goldberg, whose liner notes in the past have usually conveyed the impression that he honestly meant what he was trying to write, has graduated to the real pro, slick-type category with his notes on Corbin. Goldberg skillfully conveys the impression that he is saying that Corbin has developed a personal style, but a careful reading of his words shows that he has actually skirted the issue completely. Similarly he leaves it to Corbin, in a direct quote, to admit that he used to sound like Erroll Garner and to claim that he has given this up (although Roulette's proofreader almost ruined Goldberg's strategy by misplacing a quotation mark).

The fact is that Corbin is a close copy of Garner with an occasional bit of Ahmad Jamal thrown in. He shows no individuality whatever. He plays his pastiches neatly and cleanly, but he is not Garner and he is not Jamal, and, what is decidedly worse for him, he is not Harold Corbin, whatever that may be.

Personalities aside, this is a pleasant collection of cocktail jazz. (J.S.W.)

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. Use this guide as a handy check list.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- The Indispensable Duke Ellington* (reissue) (RCA Victor 6009)
- Thelonious Monk with John Coltrane* (Jazzland 46)
- Charlie Parker, (reissue) *The Early Bird* (Baronet 107)
- The Essential Charlie Parker* (reissue) (Verve 8409)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington* (Roulette 52074)
- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers* (Impulse 7)
- Scrapper Blackwell, (vocal) *Blues before Sunrise* ("77" Records 77-LA-12-4)
- Benny Golson, *Gettin' with It* (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)
- Coleman Hawkins, *The Hawk Relaxes* (Prestige/Moodsville 15)
- The Essential Billie Holiday* (vocal) (Verve 8410)
- The Jazztet at Birdhouse* (Argo 688)
- Charlie Mingus, *Pre-Bird* (Mercury 20627)
- Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Travelin' Light* (Verve 2157)
- Charlie Parker-Dizzy Gillespie, (reissue) *A Handful of Modern Jazz* (Baronet 105)
- Martial Solal* (Capitol 10261)

★ ★ ★ ★

- Bob Brookmeyer, *7 X Wilder* (Verve 8413)
- Charlie Byrd at the *Village Vanguard* (Offbeat 3008)
- Gold and Fisdale Play Dave Brubeck's Jazz Ballet, Points on Jazz* (Columbia 1678)
- Ella Fitzgerald, *Get Happy* (Verve 4036)
- Grant Green, *Green Street* (Blue Note 4071)
- Wynton Kelly! (Vee Jay 3022)
- Oliver Nelson, *Blues and the Abstract Truth* (Impulse 5)
- Ruth Price with Shelly Manne and His Men at the Manne-Hole* (vocal) (Contemporary 3590)
- Jack Teagarden, *Mis'ry and the Blues* (Verve 8416)
- Various Artists, *Chicago: The Living Legends* (Riverside 389/390)

4 big-news items... on Riverside, of course...

The Bobby Timmons Trio In Person



The Bobby Timmons Trio in Person

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(RLP 391; Stereo 9391)

MARK MURPHY



Rah: Mark Murphy

The big news is that this most swinging singer's Riverside debut is a most unusual LP. It features such hip songs as *Doodlin'*, *Li'l Darlin'*, *Milestones*; plus great standards like *Angel Eyes*, *Out of This World*, *My Favorite Things*; all backed by a unique brass-choir sound arranged by Ernie Wilkins.

(RLP 395; Stereo 9395)

RIVERSIDE RECORDS

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(RLP 397; Stereo 9397)

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Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis

TRANE WHISTLE — Prestige 7206; *Trane Whistle; Whole Nelson; You Are Too Beautiful; The Stolen Moment; Walk Away; Jaws.*

Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, Oliver Nelson, Eric Dolphy, George Barrow, Bob Ashton, reeds; Clark Terry, Richard Williams, Bob Bryant, trumpets; Melba Liston, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Richard Wyands, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Davis, an open-throated shouter in the Coleman Hawkins-Illinois Jacquet tradition, plays as forcefully as ever here but falls just short of developing the harmonic ingenuity and melodic invention—qualities possessed in abundance by both Hawkins and the underrated Jacquet—needed to justify this big-band showcase fully.

Davis also has a disturbing habit, made more obvious by his firm rhythmic support on this date, of mussing up cadences, thus spoiling otherwise very satisfying solos. Still, there is little that is unpleasant here, and the wholesomely extroverted blowing by Davis and the three trumpet soloists over a big band is something of a welcome change from the massive output of trio, quartet, and quintet albums these days.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of this set is saxophonist Nelson's debut as a big-band arranger on four tracks. Though less than strikingly original scores, they represent an excellent beginning for a new talent. (In the old days, Nelson could have tested his ideas in a number of good big bands, but now the recording studio has become the proving ground.)

The six arrangements, two by Ernie Wilkins, offer some curiously nostalgic fare: old Gil Fuller-like ensemble bop figures on *Whole Nelson*; five stinging brass throughout in the classic manner of Fletcher Henderson, though updated; echoes of Tiny Kahn and the shouting Woody Herman Herd in Wilkins' *Jaws*; a touch of Gil Evans chorales in *The Stolen Moment*, a version which might, if shortened, make it as a single release.

In all, a good set of minor performances. (R.B.H.)

Hampton Hawes

FOR REAL!—Contemporary 3589; *Hip; Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams; Crazeology; Numbers Game; For Real; I Love You.*

Personnel: Hawes, piano; Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Scott LaFaro, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One problem here is a sameness of tempo, mood, touch, and dynamics within each piece and from piece to piece.

On *Numbers Game*, for example, the changes go by in the same way, over and over again; Land runs through some fairly standard hard-bop phrases; Hawes accompanies percussively and goes through funk devices in his solo. It is quite true, as André Previn says in the notes (and he ought to know), that Hawes has been raided for ideas by many a lesser player, but here Hawes seems to be raiding himself. In any one or two of these numbers, he has played almost everything that he plays in all six.

I said *almost*, particularly because of *Wrap Your Troubles*. It is a revelation. There Hawes' right hand strays into areas that his otherwise hip playing would not

allow. He uses his otherwise inhibited technique and his otherwise inhibited musical mind, and there are ideas otherwise unheard. This piece seems to suggest that if, perhaps, he dropped the preoccupation with hardness and with groove-funk-soul, what a wonderfully resourceful and flexible pianist Hamp Hawes might be. The piece even suggests, I will go so far as to say, that Hawes could grasp aspects of Art Tatum's work other than the surface mannerisms so many players get hung up on.

LaFaro offers moments of tonal variety throughout, almost the only moments of real harmonic strength there are. Butler is wonderful: light, attentive, quick, swinging. (M.W.)

Jonah Jones

BROADWAY SWINGS AGAIN—Capitol 1641; *'Til Tomorrow; Almost Like Being in Love; Tall Hope; If Ever I Would Leave You; Good Clean Fun; I Wish I Were in Love Again; Put on a Happy Face; The Sound of Music; Get Me to the Church on Time; Make Someone Happy; Hey, Look Me Over; Together Wherever We Go.*

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; unidentified piano, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

With patience and strong stomach one can distill some extremely good jazz trumpet playing from a Jonah Jones performance—at least, it can be done with the pieces in this collection. The trick is to survive the first chorus in which Jones displays his uncanny ability for playing the melody clearly enough so that the least astute ear can follow it, and, at the same time, he makes it seem so totally anonymous that those who *don't* recognize it won't be offended because it sounds so much like something that they *do* know.

It is in the second chorus that Jones comes alive, even if only briefly—sometimes he has just half a chorus, and even that is trimmed down by the stock codas that are as predictable as the first choruses. But for those fleeting moments when he is past the compulsory melody statement and before he is trapped in the compulsory ending, the very real talents of Jonah Jones move brilliantly into view.

It would be nice if he could be lured out of the bank vault just long enough to make one record on which he is not encumbered by the formula he has so successfully popularized. (J.S.W.)

Billy Maxted

SWINGABILITY—K & H Records 301; *Old Miss; Satin Doll; Runnin' Wild; Just a Closer Walk with Thee; Tiger Rag; Come Back, Sweet Papa; Gin Mill Blues; Milneberg Joys; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Song of the Wanderer.*

Personnel: Danny Tracey, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Chuck Forsyth, trumpet; John Dengler, trumpet, tuba, bass saxophone; Ed Hubble, trombone; Maxted, piano; Jack Lesberg, bass; Don MacLean, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The Maxted band's sound is derived from the semi-Dixieland style in vogue in the late 1930s and featured in such bands as Bob Crosby's and Wingy Manone's. Most of those bands had the grace to strive for distinctive traits in playing, and while this quality is lacking in much of this band's approach, there are enough good moments provided by Tracey's tenor and Hubble's trombone to pull this album up to a three-star rating.

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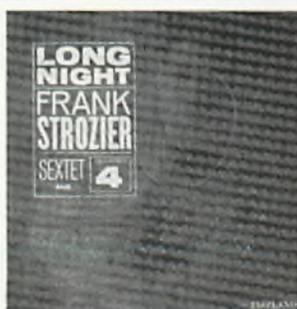
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Maxted's main concern seems to be to keep everything commercially palatable and safe. This album is undoubtedly this, but there are also the by-products of this approach: playing that is tame, anonymous, contrived, boneless.

A characteristic of a good jazzman is the way he treats solo space. If he leaps into his phrases with an eagerness to see if he can make some marvelous kind of melody on the particular flow of chords, he is a good jazzman. If he merely fills the space with loud and fast runs, he may be nothing more than a good craftsman. Too much of the playing here is in the latter category. (G.M.E.)

Ken McIntyre
STONE BLUES—Prestige/New Jazz 8259: *Stone Blues*; *Cornballs*; *Blanche*; *Mellifluous*; *Smax*; *Charshee*; *I'll Close My Eyes*.
Personnel: McIntyre, alto saxophone, flute; John Mancebo Lewis, trombone; Dizzy Sal, piano; Paul Morrison, bass; Bobby Ward, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½
I have found this album so thoroughly enjoyable and consistently rewarding that I have no reservations in commending it as heartily as I can.

The second disc under McIntyre's name in Prestige's valuable New Jazz series, this might be more properly considered his real debut as a leader. In the previous collection (*Looking Ahead*, NJ-8247), made in the company of such strong voices as Eric Dolphy, Walter Bishop, Sam Jones, and Art Taylor, McIntyre's role was little more than that of a sideman. He had little opportunity in such surroundings to exert himself or to dominate the session.

Here, happily, the opposite is true, with the result that his own compellingly original musical thinking animates and courses through every piece in this collection. The four musicians with whom he works here, all virtually unknown, are from McIntyre's native Boston and had been together as a group for a while before recording. They are more than sympathetic to his music; their own approaches seem logical descendants of his own conception. Sort of musical stepchildren.

McIntyre as a composer and instrumentalist is one of the least forbidding of the wave of young musicians involved in the so-called (for better or worse) new thing.

His music possesses to a high degree the total emotional commitment that characterizes the work of the other members of the jazz avant garde, yet he has not discarded the conventional jazz structures or forms. He builds his improvisations on easily followed chord patterns ("I want to have a link with the past," he says, "and that link is chord changes") and though his solos are developed along fixed harmonic lines, they are likewise motivated by the same esthetic as are, say, those of Dolphy or Ornette Coleman.

McIntyre's approach, then, is a unique and workable marriage of conventional and expressionist practices. Yet it is a wholly personal, cogent, and integrated approach with no loose ends, as any one of the seven pieces here will abundantly attest.

His music, whether written or extemporised, is surprisingly lyrical and tender—despite the brusqueness of its execution

(and, like a number of his compatriots, McIntyre often adopts a nervous, bristling, purposely brutal sound on alto).

His melody lines possess a singular charm and striking originality, are suffused with pungent wit in the unexpected twists and turns, yet possess a flowing continuity and a sense of individuality, of which *Stone Blues* is a fine example.

The three numbers composed for flute—*Blanche*, *Mellifluous*, and *Eyes*—are the most overtly romantic and ardently lyrical pieces, as might be expected; still they are sinewy, full-bodied samples of a kind of lyricism with guts.

McIntyre's alto playing is the main show, however. He spins out his long lines in a sinuous, spiraling obligatto manner—his tone dry and crackling—in a veritable torrent of notes (buckshot fashion), an approach in which the cry of the human voice is ever-present.

His blistering style is handsomely complemented by trombonist Lewis' spare, warm, essentially legato approach. Lewis acquits himself extremely well, constructing a series of discrete, fluid, and unhurried solos in a manner suggestive of Billy Byers, especially so on *Smax*. The flute-trombone voicing, by the way, is a delight. Rhythm support throughout is impeccable.

All in all, it is a thoroughly enjoyable and stimulating set. (P.W.)

Charlie Mingus
MINGUS — Candid 8021; MDM; *Stormy Weather*; *Lock 'Em Up*.
Personnel: Track 1—Mingus, bass; Jimmy Knepper, Britt Woodman, trombones; Charlie McPherson, alto saxophone; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Ted Curson, Lonnie Hillyer, trumpets; Nico Bunick, piano; Danny Richmond, drums. Track 2—Mingus, Richmond, Dolphy, Curson. Track 3—Mingus, McPherson, Dolphy, Hillyer, Curson, Richmond, Ervin, Paul Bley, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★
Mingus, a resolute independent of many faces, never turns out to be quite as original as he pronounces himself to be. As this and most of his other records show, he is more the creative follower than the restless innovator.

He has had a fling at every trend in jazz that has come along—cool jazz, hard bop, Third Stream, soul jazz, and more recently "all-out" jazz—yet has failed to make a lasting stylistic impression or even to create for non-Mingus jazzmen a body of really playable tunes.

But Mingus plays superb Blanton-inspired bass, and he is capable of building around him a highly charged, remarkably free musical climate that often brings out the best in his brood. Happily, this album is concerned mainly with these two departments of Mingus' manifold musical capacities.

MDM, a blustery blues so named because it contains thematic fragments by Thelonious Monk, Duke Ellington, and Mingus, runs nearly 20 minutes, in the course of which Dolphy outplays McPherson, Curson tops Hillyer, Knepper ties with Woodman, and the Mingus-Richmond team consolidates its position as one of the finest rhythm combinations of all time.

Dolphy is the protagonist in *Stormy Weather*, a five-star quartet performance

of solemn elegance and moving depth. This is the same impressive group Mingus used on his first Candid release.

Lock 'Em Up, a musical story of Mingus' experiences in Bellevue, is appropriately frenzied, even confused, but a number of creditable, if not fully developed, solos emerge from the tangle. Bley, for one, plays splendidly but implies that he has much more to say and not enough time to say it.

Ervin's work on *MDM* and *Lock 'Em Up* is thoughtful, communicative, ordered, and crackling with controlled power. Judging from these two performances alone, he belongs in the front rank of contemporary tenor saxophonists.

This is all-out, emotionally unconfined jazz, tempered by a smattering of venerable riffs and some traditional melodic materials, played by interesting young men who know, thanks to Mingus' guidance, just what they're doing. The master can be proud of this crop of students.

(R.B.H.)

Gerry Mulligan

A CONCERT IN JAZZ—Verve #415: *All about Rosie; Weep; I Know, Don't Know How; Chuggin'; Summer's Over; Israel.*

Personnel: Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Nick Travis, Doc Severinsen, Don Ferrara, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Willie Dennis, Allan Raph, trombones; Gene Quill, Bob Donovan, Jim Reider, Gene Allen, saxophones; Bill Crow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If I could rate composition and scoring alone, George Russell's *All about Rosie* would get five stars. And Gary McFarland, who contributed *Weep* and *Chuggin'*, would get much praise. It would be quite wrong to speak of McFarland's talent as "promising" when there is already this much fulfillment.

No one could question the skill with which these sidemen play frequently very difficult parts. What is the trouble, then? The impression of tepid, light, even uncommitted music persists, despite the skill, despite the material, even despite the moments when the group rises to the level of that material.

This band, of course, was a financial failure. But since it held so much artistic promise to so many people, perhaps what are to me esthetic shortcomings might be discussed with profit.

I think that, one way and another, several of the shortcomings have to do with orchestral color and range. In the first place, there is the matter of piano. It may very well be true, as members of the group contended, that they do not need a piano. But surely the piano is the most resourceful and flexible instrument that exists, in range of effects, in color—in the very things that legitimately and musically help a listener and help a music. The effectiveness of Mulligan's piano on *Chuggin'* is undeniable. And I think this band rather decidedly needed help in range and color. For one thing, its sound was almost entirely organized around Mulligan's baritone and Brookmeyer's trombone. (The fact that Raph is on bass trombone is indicative.) The brass, for example, seems constantly to be tied down. So does the percussion.

This was, in effect, a studio band. Perhaps only a studio band of the best men could cut some of these arrangements. At

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any rate, it is quite possible for a studio band to swing with spirited cohesion. But more often the collective result is a kind of tepid high-competence.

Take *Israel* as an example. The piece remains exceptional, but here the slightly faster tempo and the general mood make it an almost glib, surface performance. Certainly there are exceptions. For one, Mulligan's opening statement on *Don't Know How* encourages a good groove out of everybody. (M.W.)

Buddy Rich

BLUES CARAVAN—Verve 8425; *Blow'n' the Blues Away*; *BR Blues*; *Late Date*; *Caravan*; *Young Blood*; *I Remember Clifford*.

Personnel: Rolf Ericson, trumpet; Sam Most, flute; Mike Mainieri, vibraharp; Johnny Morris, piano; Wyatt Ruther, bass; Rich, drums.

Rating ★ ★ ½

Rich can be the most exciting drummer in the world, but he also can be the loudest. He can leave you gasping at his finesse, control, and taste, and then repel you with extroverted exhibitionism that can be described only as hectic. Both sides of Rich are in this album—perhaps more of his less admirable qualities are present than his good points.

And if Buddy is playing hectically, the other members of his sextet follow suit, as on *Blow'n'*, which begins promisingly enough but which gradually bores with a too-long vibes solo and a long bass-and-drum bit, neither of which quite come off.

Yet, on the other hand, there's *Young* and *Date*. On each, Rich and his cohorts display taste and thought in their solos. Buddy's drum solo on *Young* is an exciting display of how to play the snare drum; his brush work on *Date* is like a sand dance, complete with slides.

Mainieri, who sometimes lacks control on this album, is at his best on *Date*, as is Most. Mainieri's four-mallet work on Clifford is very good, too. Ericson, the newest member of the group, manages to stay fairly relaxed throughout and is the most consistent soloist.

Caravan has good trumpet and vibes solos and another long drum solo, which, despite its length, is noteworthy for Rich's excellent sense of time and for his absolute command of his instrument.

But, in all, this is an uneven-in-quality effort, one that does not compare with the group's earlier *Playtime* album.

(D.DeM.)

Gerald Wilson

YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT—Pacific Jazz 34; *Blues for Yna Yna*; *Jeri*; *Moody Blue*; *Straight Up and Down*; *The Wailer*; *You Better Believe It*; *Yvette*.

Personnel: Wilson, conductor, trumpet. Tracks 1, 4, 5—Ray Triscari, Jimmy Zito, Johnny Audino, Carmell Jones, trumpets; Bob Edmonson, Kenny Shroyer, Lester Robinson, John Ewing, trombones; Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, Buddy Collette, Harry Klee, Jack Nimitz, reeds; Richard Holmes, organ; Jimmy Bond, bass; Mel Lewis, drums. Tracks 2, 3, 6, 7—Al Porcino, Audino, Jack Trainer, Jones, trumpets; Edmonson, Shroyer, Ewing, Frank Strong, trombones; Edwards, Walter Benton, Joe Maini, Collette, Don Raffell, reeds; Holmes, organ; Gene Edwards, guitar; Bond, bass; Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This album makes it clear that Wilson's is one of the most exciting and well-rounded writing talents today. Dealing mostly with blues in this LP, he has written a set of arrangements (he also wrote five of the tunes and co-authored

one with Holmes) that have a range of emotion from melancholy, *Yna*, to mischievousness, *Straight*, and place the soloists in settings that often trigger them to outstanding performances.

Holmes is impressive with a big band shouting behind and around him. The brass seem to set him off especially well on his first *Wailer* solo—his second solo is right out of a theater pit and detracts from the whole track.

Jones, who, with Holmes, is heavily featured, shows he is a thinking young musician. His solos are well turned and melodic, building to logical, but not predictable, climaxes. Of all the soloists, Jones seems the most sympathetic to the moods Wilson achieves: sober on *Yna*, shouting on *Jeri*, tongue-in-cheek on *Straight*; humorous on *Believe*.

But as good as the soloists are (besides Jones and Holmes, there are Edwards, Land, Benton, and Maini), Wilson's writing is the main show here.

His arranging is never cluttered or hackneyed. Sometimes he scores the instruments in parallel layers, as on *Yna* and the last chorus of *Wailer*; other times he writes thick-textured, though not heavy, passages. He perhaps writes better for brasses than saxes, though the Ellington-touched sax



swells at the end of *Moody* are surely adroitly written.

His use of flutes (or is there a piccolo in there?) in a descending figure high above and against the brass is a masterful touch. He also achieves an eerie feeling by having flutes play a counterfigure to Holmes' organ statement of the *Moody* theme.

But these are only means to an end, parts of a whole. What matters is the effect of all parts combined. In Wilson's case, the end effect usually packs a wallop. For example, the rolling, brass-led figure repeated behind Holmes' first *Wailer* solo builds chills-up-the-spine tension, which is broken at just the right moment by Edwards' tenor.

Two tracks, *Believe* and *Yvette*, pull the rating down. *Believe* is mostly a series of solos, though there is a Basie-like ensemble after the soloists have had their say. *Yvette*, by George Stoll, is a light theme stated by trumpet and tenor, but there is not too much that happens on the track, either in writing or in solos. The rhythm section, which boots the band throughout the rest of the album, sounds uneasy on *Yvette*.

But these things aside, this is an album happily recommended. (D.DeM.)

SAMPLERS & REPACKAGES

The number of sampler albums and repackaged albums of material originally released and reviewed within the last five years or so has increased recently. Down Beat is instituting this capsule-comment section to keep readers abreast of what is available in these releases. Reissues made up of older vintage records will continue to be reviewed under Old Wine—New Bottles.

One of the best samplers to be issued in some time is Atlantic's *The Blues in Modern Jazz* (1337). Four of the tracks are excellent: *Blue Monk* by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers with Thelonious Monk, *Haitian Fight Song* by Charlie Mingus, Milt Jackson's *Blues at Twilight*, and *Bluesology* by the Modern Jazz Quartet. The Blakey track is distinguished by a strong Monk solo, the Mingus offering by an equally virile bass solo by the leader. The other two outstanding tracks show Jackson in fine form, his *Bluesology* solo a shade better than his *Twilight* effort. The MJQ track also features one of John Lewis' song-like piano solos. Other tracks are *Requiem*, a piano solo by Lennie Tristano; *Just Blues*, by Dizzy Gillespie with tenorist Don Byas contributing; Ray Charles' *Sweet Sixteen*, a Gospel piano-with-rhythm outing; and *Two Kinds of Blues* by the Jimmy Giuffre 3, a pleasant grass-roots movement with exquisite Jim Hall guitar.

Another blues sampler, but not nearly of the quality of the Atlantic release, is *This Is the Blues, Vol. 2*, on Pacific Jazz 30. It suffers sameness from track to track, though each is by a different group (leaders' names not given). Some of the similarity in concept may stem from several of the practitioners' popping up on more than one track—pianist Les McCann, trumpeter Carmell Jones, and tenor saxophonist Curtis Amy each are on two. There are interesting moments, nonetheless. Ben Webster's tenor, which seems unquenchable no matter the surrounding, is heard to advantage on *That Healin' Feelin'* (have you noticed how the "g" disappears on titles lately?). Amy has something to say on *Groovin' Blue*, but he doesn't come off nearly as well as on *Early in the Morning*. The best track, the least cluttered one, is *Tempo de Blues*, which features the tenor of Harold Land. There also is *Big Jim* by McCann's trio, in which McCann offers some cliché-ridden piano. Most of the appeal of the collection is rhythmic; there is little melodic development within its grooves.

A better-than-average piano sampler is Riverside's *The Soul of Jazz Piano*, with tasty selections by Thelonious Monk (*Pannonica*), Wynton Kelly (*Old Clothes*), Billy Taylor (*Warmin' Up*), Victor Feldman (*Blake's Blues*), Bobby Timmons (*Pretty Memory*), Bill Evans (*Peace Piece*), Barry Harris (*Lolita*), and Dick Morgan (*See What I Mean?*). Monk's is an unaccompanied solo, impressionistic, with traces of what sound like Herman Chittison out of Art Tatum. The best track, one of the outstanding jazz piano recordings to

my mind, is Evans' *Peace*. The other tracks are all with bass and drum accompaniment and find the various pianists at various levels of creation. None of the tracks is without worth. The collection is heartily recommended.

Summit Meeting, a sampling of Vee Jay jazz (3026), is an uneven set containing tracks by Eddie Harris, Bill Henderson, Paul Chambers, Louis Hayes, Wynton Kelly, Benny Green, Lee Morgan, and the MJT+3. The best tracks are Henderson's *Bye, Bye, Blackbird*, one of the vocalist's best efforts to date, and the MJT+3's *Sleepy*, a track with good thematic material (something not prevalent in the album's other originals) and fine solos by altoist Frank Strozier, trumpeter Willie Thomas, and pianist Harold Mabern. Harris' *Exodus* is the truncated version that gained popularity last year, and Green's *Jim Dog* is suspiciously short. Other pleasant moments are provided by Morgan on his own *I'm a Fool to Want You* and on the groove blues *Wrinkles* by Kelly. But on the whole, there's not much shakin' here.

Pacific Jazz-World Pacific is one of the most active companies in the repackaging field. It takes careful reading between the lines of the album notes to determine if the record is a first-time release or a repackage. And woe to those who haven't memorized the label's catalog. (I remember reviewing a Bud Shank album as a new release, but it had been issued the year previously and reviewed by John Tynan at that time. Yes, we both gave it the same rating.)

Poetry & Jazz is among World Pacific's recent repackagings (WP-1409). It was originally issued as **Jazz Canto** about two years ago. The collection's greatest interest is historical—the wedding of jazz and poetry ended on the rocks. The quality of the poetry contained in the album generally is higher than the music used as background, some of which has little relation to jazz. The readings vary from excellent (Roy Glenn's of Philip Whalen's *Big High Song for Somebody* with *Piano Blues* by Gerry Mulligan as accompaniment) to the overly dramatic pratings of John Carradine. The closest integration between poem and music is pianist Bob Dorough's amusing reading of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's *Dog* with Dorough's quintet in the background. In fact, I liked best the tracks with Dorough's vocalizations backed by his own group (he also sing-talks *Three Songs* by Langston Hughes). But too often in this album the rhythm of the poem conflicts and fights the rhythm of the music—or would it be vice versa?

Of much more jazz interest is **Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers/Elmo Hope** on Pacific Jazz 33. Each group has a side of its own. The Blakey side is, of course, intense, but the solos and the mood of its two tracks (*Lil T* and *Exhibit "A"*) are one-level. The side suffers from lack of contrast. The tracks are from the 1956 Jazz Messengers edition, which had Bill Hardman, trumpet; Jackie McLean, alto saxophone; Sam Dockery, piano; Spanky DeBrest, bass; and Blakey, drums. The album's other side is a different story, however. Pianist Hope's writing on *So Nice* and *Vann Ex* and the excellence

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of the solos by tenorist Harold Land and Hope make for highly rewarding listening. The side's other track is a no-theme blues, *St. Elmo's Fire*, set off by a warm trumpet solo by Stu Williamson, who also plays a fine solo on *Vaun*. The Hope tracks make this album highly recommendable.

The Dukes of Dixieland are represented in recent repackagings with *Dukes of Dixieland* (RCA Victor LSP-2097). This makes the third time this collection has been issued; this time it has been "electronically reprocessed" to simulate stereo. This fake stereo adds echo and makes the sound sort of rock from channel to channel. The music, though, is pretty good here, much of the quality resulting from the playing of clarinetist Pete Fountain and trumpeter Frank Assunto. Fountain is eloquent in a long *Tin Roof Blues* solo, displaying his early admiration for Irving Fazola's playing. Some of it is directly from Fazola's excellent *Clarinet Blues*, recorded with Jess Stacy about 1940. Detractions are trombonist Fred Assunto and the rhythm section. (D.DeM.)

VOCAL

Etta Jones

SO WARM—Prestige 7204: *Unchained Melody*; *I Laughed at Love*; *You Don't Know What Love Is*; *Hurry Home*; *I Wish I Didn't Love You So*; *You Better Go Now*; *And This Is My Beloved*; *I'm Through with Love*; *If You Were Mine*; *Can You Look Me in the Eyes? How Deep Is the Ocean?*; *All My Life*.

Personnel: Miss Jones, vocals; unidentified orchestra conducted by Oliver Nelson.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Jones is one of the latest in a

long line of musical descendants from Ethel Waters. Her sense of drama, in fact, seems to lie about midway between Miss Waters and latter-day Billie Holiday but remains within hailing distance of Dinah Washington. With all that, she is her own stylist.

The most heartening feature of Miss Jones' style, for this listener, is her use of easygoing understatement, a device seldom heard in contemporary jazz-oriented singers, some of whom seem to suffer from a compulsive desire to compete with instrumentalists, complicated by what often appears to be a chronic case of belly cramps.

Miss Jones, though hardly a great singer, is at least content just to sing. Her *Unchained Melody*, about the best of this lot, sounds like the work of an ingenious Dinah Washington, if one can imagine such a thing.

The arrangements, which include some handsome string writing, are by Nelson. Together with the vocals, they make this an ideal set for late-night disc jockey who believes in good taste but isn't quite permitted to play the real stuff. (R.B.H.)

Memphis Willie B.

INTRODUCING MEMPHIS WILLIE B.—Prestige/Bluesville 1034: *Brownsville Blues*; *Country Girl Blues*; *Highway 61*; *Bad Girl Blues*; *The Stuff Is Here*; *Overseas Blues*; *Stop Cryin' Blues*; *Worried Man Blues*; *Mailman Blues*; *Every Day I Have the Blues*; *Mattie Mae*; *Grief Will Kill You*.

Personnel: Willie Borum, vocals, guitar, harmonica.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Memphis Willie B(orum), discovered

by folklorist Sam Charters on a field trip to Memphis, Tenn., reveals himself in his initial recording as a blues artist of the first rank.

A 50-year-old native of that city, Willie B. is a performer—singer, guitarist, harmonica player — whose fervent work is firmly rooted in the strong, vital country blues traditions of the rural South, having learned much of his repertoire and instrumental technique, and, in fact, his whole musical orientation from his guitarist father.

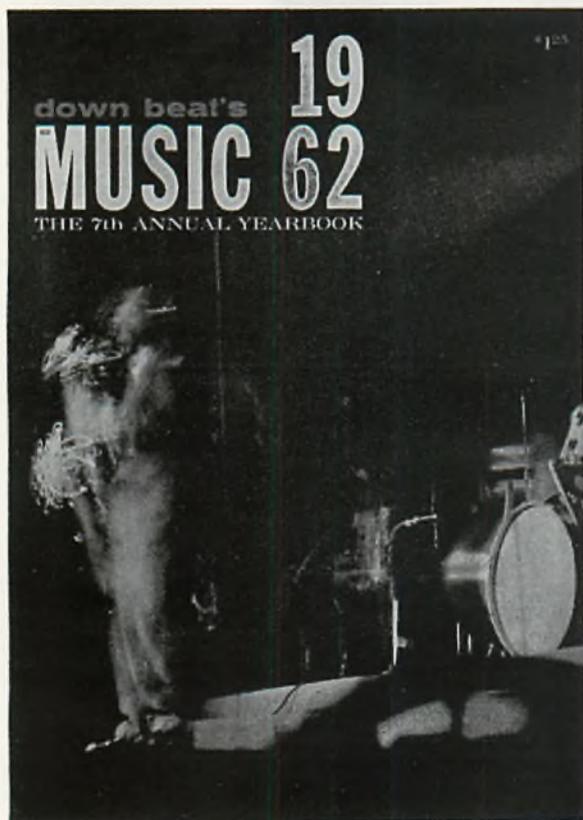
Borum's is an extremely exciting style. His vocals have an urgent shouting intensity to them, and he underlines and punctuates his insistent singing with dramatic contrapuntal guitar and harmonica lines of great power and propulsiveness (*Stop Cryin'* and *Mailman* are particularly rousing examples).

His guitar approach is more linear than is customary in this kind of blues. He severely limits his use of chords, employing them only occasionally as points of emphasis, but his flashing runs and melody lines are particularly fleet and brilliant, often used in conjunction with a driving bass drone. His harmonica style is modeled greatly on his guitar approach.

With the exception of Memphis Slim's well-known *Every Day*, these are all original pieces by Willie B., and each of them is a deeply felt autobiographical statement.

The most telling are *Brownsville*, *Worried Man*, and *Overseas*. All 12 are powerfully individual blues performances, almost brutal in their raw, blunt emotional intensity and sincerity. (P.W.)

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"The weak point of English jazz is the rhythm sections."

SKEETZ

BLINDFOLD TEST

VIC FELDMAN

By LEONARD FEATHER

At the time of Vic Feldman's last *Blindfold Test* (*Down Beat*, Dec. 22, 1960) he had been with the Cannonball Adderley Quintet for a couple of months. The association with Adderley, which lasted for nine months, was priceless in two respects. It gave Feldman the most significant musical experience of his adult career, one from which he emerged an even better musician; and it earned him a degree of acceptance among jazz fans and critics that would have been hard to come by in any other surroundings.

For his latest test, I included a couple of items with special relevance for him: the Kenny Drew track includes his rhythm section teammates from the Adderley quintet; Woody Herman was his first employer after he arrived in this country almost six years ago; the Jazz Couriers, of course, include musicians he knew and worked with in England. He was given no information about the records.

The Records

1. Richard Holmes. *That Healin' Feelin'* (from *Groove*, Pacific Jazz). Holmes, organ; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Lawrence Lofton, trombone. No bass.

The organ player might have been Shirley Scott, but it sounded a little more to me like a man playing. I notice a Fender bass in there; that could have been Monk Montgomery. I don't know who was on tenor or trombone.

The trombone player sounded as though he was very much influenced by Bill Harris. I think they got a groove for what they were trying to do. It came off well. Four stars.

2. Woody Herman. *Panotela* (from *The Fourth Herd*, Jazzland). Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Eddie Costa, vibes; Al Cohn, composer, arranger. Recorded Aug. 1, 1959.

I think that was Woody Herman's band, and the tenor player on the first chorus sounded a lot like Zoot. The trumpet sounded like Nat Adderley. The arrangement . . . I don't know . . . sounds a little like Al Cohn.

I didn't like the recording; it was sort of echoy. I don't know if that's the band Woody's been traveling with, because it sounds like they just got together for that date. The vibraphone player sounds like the one who plays with Buddy Rich—Mike Mainieri—I'm not sure. I've heard so many better, really swinging records by Woody. Two stars.

3. Kenny Drew. *The Pat's On* (from *Undercurrent*, Blue Note). Drew, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet.

I'll start with the rhythm section: I think the bass player's Sam Jones, the drummer sounds like Louis Hayes—I'm not sure, and the piano sounds like Barry Harris—here I'm not sure because I've heard him play much better than that.

I worked with Sam and Louis with Cannonball. Being with that group did me a world of good musically. The tenor

player played like Sonny Stitt used to play, but I'm sure it's not Sonny. Could be Hank Mobley. The trumpet . . . is there a trumpet player named Freddie Greenwood? The record was swinging . . . played well. Four stars.

4. Curtis Fuller. *Chantized* (from *Boss of the Soul-Stream Trombone*, Warwick). Fuller, trombone; Walter Bishop, piano; Stu Martin, drums; Buddy Catlett, bass.

I don't know who that is. Could be Benny Green on trombone. If it is Benny, he sounds a little bit like Curtis Fuller. I thought it was kind of uninteresting because of the melody . . . the line . . . the rhythm all the way through. Some pieces can have the rhythm all the way through and be interesting, but this was monotonous.

The soloists didn't have much to say. Coltrane can do this kind of thing and make it interesting. Two stars.

5. Cannonball Adderley. *A Foggy Day* (from *Cannonball En Route*, Mercury). Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Sam Jones, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums; Junior Mance, piano. Recorded, 1957.

That was Cannonball and Nat Adderley. The record must be two or three years old; I think Sam's on bass, and the piano player could have been Junior Mance. I don't know the drummer; it didn't sound like Louis. I enjoyed listening to it . . . it was good . . . not exceptional.

The group has changed. Nat and Cannon both play differently now—like all musicians, the longer we play, the more we hope we improve. They're much greater now, yet the standard and the feeling are still there. Now they have more excitement and group feeling. They had more when I was with them than they do here. Three stars.

6. The Jazz Couriers. *Whisper Not* (from *Message from Britain*, Jazzland). Ronnie Scott, tenor saxophone; Tubby Hayes, vibes; Kenny Napper, bass; Phil Seamen, drums; Terry Shannon, piano. Recorded in London.

Sounds like an English group. The tenor player sounds like Tubby Hayes, but he didn't take a long-enough solo for me to really tell. The ensemble playing sounded like Tubby. The vibraphone player . . . that threw me a curve . . . gets a very nice sound. I don't know anyone in England who sounds like that. There's a vibraphone player in this country, whom I heard a couple of years ago, who's very good—Bobby Hutcherson—but I don't know how he sounds now.

The recording . . . the general sound . . . the drums . . . the whole rhythm section . . . make me believe that it is an English or a European group.

Quite a few musicians, orchestrators, and arrangers I've spoken to here feel that they record better in England. I don't agree. The difference is partly the recording and partly the performance. The weak point of English jazz is the rhythm sections. They don't have the same environment musicians do here. They don't see these musicians all the time in person and talk to them and discuss things as they can here.

Drummers in England play in clubs which are underground and very damp, so they have a terrible job tuning their drums; it really makes a difference. Rhythm is improving though. There are a couple of wonderful bass players—Kenny Napper—in fact, that could have been him here—and Lenny Bush. I heard some good drummers, too, when I was there a couple of months ago. I recognized Terry Shannon on piano. Two stars.

7. John Coltrane. *Every Time We Say Goodbye* (from *My Favorite Things*, Atlantic). Coltrane, soprano saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano.

That was John Coltrane playing soprano sax, and the piano player was McCoy Tyner. It's a very pretty tune; I like the changes Tyner plays. All I can say is that it was pleasant. The saxophone sounded out of tune on a few notes.

I hate to be unenthusiastic, but I think this deserves three stars.



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sittin' in

By Art Hodes

Recently I wrote an article for an English magazine. When pay time rolled around, I suggested they send me a few recordings in lieu of cash, discs no longer available here—jazz records cut here but cut out.

We produce it, make it good, and then forget it. We just don't stock yesterday, not yesterday's jazz. We talk of King Oliver, Beiderbecke, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Sidney Bechet . . . So you're interested, and you'd like to dig their playing just to get some idea of what "that sort of jazz" sounded like. Where are the records? In England. France. Europe values our contributions. You ask me, "How good was Sidney Bechet?" And I tell you, "Get one of his records and give a listen." You come back at me, "Yeah? Where? Where do I find a Bechet record?"

I remember when Sidney was a hot item, when it was important to a record company that I get up to Brooklyn and sit down with Bechet and get together on tunes and arrangements. I'm talking about some 15, 16 years ago.

Funny how two guys meet. I'd been running jam sessions at a Greenwich Village cafe, La Casita . . . a place large enough to seat 75 people if you were good at magic.

At a buck a head, you better fill the place if you wanted to pay off.

Friday night Pee Wee Russell, Wild Bill Davison, Rod Cless, Mezz Mezzrow, Kaiser Marshall, Max Kaminsky . . . anybody who could blow who was free that night. We were doing okay.

Someone suggested, "Why don't you use Bechet?" I got him. He didn't show. So I scrambled around (call up or send runners), and we got by. But the next week . . . I hired two clarinet men. That's the night Sidney showed.

Well, let me tell you something about myself. In the last dozen years, I've got a lot more peaceful than I ever was. At that period, I could be described as being a bit turbulent. All right, stormy.

I let Sidney play but wouldn't pay him. If you knew Bechet, you know he wouldn't take that sort of thing. When it got to the "I'll see you at the union" stage, reason returned. I mailed Sidney his pay.

That's how we met. How lucky can you get? When someone suggested Bechet and I team up on a recording, there was good feeling between us. Although it turned out that I was leader on the date, Sidney knocked himself out on the session, making it good. That's the type of performer he was.

All and all, we must have cut at least two dozen records together. He acted the same on every one of them. He always gave his best.

Describe him? Middle-size . . . 5 feet, 7 inches, 180 pounds . . . lot of white hair, full face, nice cherub smile, which he didn't wear constantly . . . dress at ease.

A time man. I never cut a date with Bechet where he wasn't fully aware. Music was his business. Like the date we cut where the drummer didn't suit Sidney. Next date? A change of drummers. The drummer he parted with was colored. The one he hired was white. It didn't matter to Bechet what or who you were. All you had to be was a producer. As a guy I know would say, "We don't need listeners, we need workers." Bechet not only played for himself and for his audience, he played for the band. If it wasn't swinging, he'd get in there and help, all the time playing a worthwhile solo. Sidney would lean on a note with a bit more emphasis, like bending the



Sidney Bechet

rhythm section to his will, working it in line, helping to warm it up.

On a record date, Sidney was like a band after they'd been blowing two hours. He didn't warm up to a date—he got there warmed up. (I remember Wingy Manone doing that. He'd take the band somewhere, some place we could blow, and we'd play, right up to the minute it got feeling real good. Then Wingy would say, "All right, let's go." And off to the studio. Maybe this is New Orleans style. I don't know. I know it worked.) After the date, Bechet and I would sit and listen. "Play it back." It had to be good or we'd do it over.

Well, what about the soprano sax? (Sidney played soprano mostly.) Did I dig the instrument? Tell you what . . . One time I caught a show at the Regal Theater in Chicago that featured a ukelele player. Up to that time, if you'd ever mentioned that instrument to me, I'd look you over sideways. But after hearing what this man said . . . I mean, blues were dripping. Seems to me it doesn't matter *what* you play, it's *how* you play that counts. That's the way it was with hearing Bechet blow the soprano. All I could hear was his story. This guy told a tale.



CLASSIFIED SONG DIRECTORY,
by Anthony & Anne Stecheson. Pub-
lished by Music Industry Press. 503
pp., \$25.

This is the fattest and most fascin-
ating reference book of its kind ever pub-
lished and also, by all odds, the most
expensive. But when your mind begins
to boggle at the thought of the work
that went into these king-size pages
(8½ inches by 11 inches) you wonder
how the compiler, even at this price,
can ever be fully repaid.

Stecheson, a music department man-
ager at Music City, the vast record and
sheet-music emporium in Hollywood,
rightly opens his foreword with the
assertion that this was the one book
really needed and sorely lacking in the
music world. More than 100,000 song
titles are listed in 395 different cate-
gories.

Until now, the only way to check on,
say, songs about gypsies, was to look
under "G" in an alphabetical list. Here,
though, in the gypsy category, you find
not only items that begin with that
word, but everything else attendant to
the subject from *Dark Eyes* and *For-
tune Telling Man* to *Play, Fiddle, Play*
and *Two Guitars*.

It's the same with songs about mar-
riage, divorce, and alimony; or furni-
ture songs, jail songs, insect and reptile
and animal songs, angry songs, hobo
songs, lazy songs, me songs and you
songs, money songs and Czech songs,
dinner songs and Hungary songs, Japan
and sand and man songs, Michigan and
mother and memory songs. Even song
songs.

But that's only half of it. There are
special lists: 11 pages of film musicals,
listing years and songs, all the way back
to *Broadway Melody of 1929*. A
chronology of songs through the dec-
ades, through 1920, and then year by
year up to 1961. Lists of standard top
sheet-music sellers, with composers' last
names, year and publisher. Lists of
Academy Award winners, of rumbas,
tangos, sambas, boleros, waltzes, boogie
woogie, and blues.

Incredibly, there is no "swing" cate-

gory, and unhappily, the jazz category
is appalling. How the Stechesons ever
settled for this apparently arbitrary list
of barely 200 titles can be known only
to God, ASCAP, and BMI. An obscure
Duke Ellington item named *Sweet
Chariot* is listed but none of the great
Ellington jazz standards. Dave Brubeck,
Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Erroll Gar-
ner, and Henry Mancini are heavily
represented, but the works of Dizzy
Gillespie, John Lewis, Horace Silver,
Quincy Jones, Benny Golson, André
Previn, and almost every other con-
temporary writer are ignored. Steche-

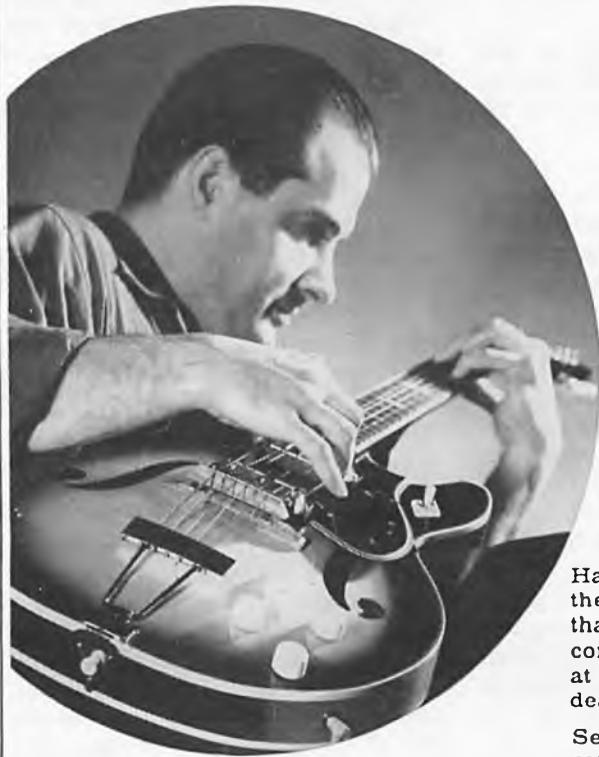
son will have to overhaul and expand
this segment drastically in the next
edition (fortunately, he plans to update
the book regularly).

Though it's evidently designed for
radio and television stations, disc
jockeys and researchers in various
areas, the *Directory* has a built-in read-
ability of the habit-forming kind. When
I want to look up something in an old
issue of *Down Beat*, I end up spending
hours looking. Stecheson, too, can do
this to you. Don't ever take this book
to an airport; you can miss every plane
for a week.

—Feather

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hot box

By George Hoefler

The career of the late Jimmy Blanton eerily paralleled the short span of years allotted to Charlie Christian. Both men radically changed concepts of playing their instruments—what Christian did for guitar, Blanton did for bass.

They both came upon the jazz scene about the same time (late 1939) at approximately the same age (21); they both worked for a short time with the (James) Jeeter-(Hayes) Pillars Band out of St. Louis, Mo., though there is no record that their tenures coincided; both were stricken with tuberculosis and died in 1942, Christian in March in a Staten Island, N.Y., sanitarium, Blanton in July in a sanitarium near Los Angeles.

Blanton, like Christian, arrived on the scene suddenly, playing melody on an instrument that had been confined to rhythmic duty since jazz began. Christian and Blanton were among the first rhythm men to realize the difference between a chugging, chopped beat and a flowing beat.

Musicians were awestruck by the bassist's use of harmonic and melodic ideas that had never been heard on the instrument before.

On solo work he was equally as creative in bowed playing as he was in pizzicato passages. He phrased fluently with complete control of his cumbersome instrument and reached out to flatted fifths, ninths, and 13ths.

Blanton's solo work on Duke Ellington's *Jack the Bear* was for a long time considered to be the greatest bass-playing on record. On it is illustrated his skill at playing fast passages, sometimes averaging six strokes a second. The tune, written by Ellington for Blanton, was recorded several months after he joined the band.

A good example of Blanton's adeptness with the bow is on the bass-piano version of *Sophisticated Lady*, on which he bows two choruses. The intonation may have been faulty, but it set the way for the later bass work of Slam Stewart, Milt Hinton on *Ebony Silhouette* (with Cab Calloway's band), and Howard Rumsey's bass-bowing on Stan Kenton's *Concerto for Doghouse*.

Blanton's sense of rhythm had its affect on the Ellington band. The rhythmic drive became less rigid with Blanton's propulsive swing behind the ensembles. His playing was relaxed but

extremely powerful. His lifting beat is particularly noticeable on *Jumpin' Punks* by the band and *Squatty Roo* by the Johnny Hodges contingent.

Blanton was born in St. Louis, some say in 1919 and others say 1921. His was a musical family. At the time Ellington discovered him in October, 1939, the bassist's mother was leading a jump group, known as Mrs. Blanton's Swingsters, in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Young Blanton went to school at Tennessee State College in Nashville, Tenn., where he played bass with the Tennessee State Collegians.

When Ellington, who was playing the Coronado Hotel in St. Louis, first heard Blanton, the young bassist was finishing a summer with the late Fate Marable's riverboat band. Blanton left St. Louis with Ellington, replacing Billy Taylor.

His playing fascinated Ellington, and in a month the first bass-piano duets were recorded. One afternoon in November, 1939, after the leader and his bass player had participated in a Barney Bigard Jazzopators session for the Vocalion-Okeh label, they sat down together and knocked out *Blues* and *Plucked Again*. The experiment turned out so well the company released the sides on the parent Columbia label.

Almost a year later in Chicago at the Victor studios they again recorded together. This time four duets were made—*Pitter Panther Patter* (the band was playing the Hotel Sherman Panther Room at the time), *Body and Soul*, *Sophisticated Lady*, and *Mr. J. B. Blues*.

These bass-piano duets brought forth some of the first rabid anti-change jazz criticism. Of the first two sides on Columbia, *Down Beat's* record reviewer, Barrelhouse Dan (Dave Dexter) wrote, "... should have been titled *Concerto for the Bull Fiddle*—hardly hot jazz but darned interesting, and perhaps it will strike you as humorous, as it did this reviewer."

It was concerning the Victor duets that the same reviewer really blew his top. Reviewing *Sophisticated Lady* and *Pitter Panther Patter*, he said, "Blanton's booming thumps are not always in tune, and when they are, the music is poor. Duke doesn't often go in for vulgar technical demonstrations and meaningless exhibitions such as he allows Blanton to perform on these titles. Two unfortunate sides." Of *Body and Soul* and *Mr. J. B. Blues*, the reaction was "... the most sickening, unmusical, and thoroughly disgusting sides the Duke has ever needed. The first title, a jazz classic revered by all who ever sat in on a session, is hacked, slashed, and brutally butchered by Blanton's bullish bass bowings. The blues is easily as frightful, with Blanton thumping his strings as well as sawing them. All

standards for intonation are forsaken."

A classical bassist and music teacher, Edward Gottlieb, wrote to the magazine and suggested that the record reviewer take some lessons on the instrument before writing about bass recordings. He wrote, "What Dexter calls 'brutally butchered bowings' and 'string thumpings' are in fact a fine demonstration of what can be done on a string bass." Dexter answered that he had made arrangements to take bass lessons from Sid Weiss of Tommy Dorsey's band and from Artie Bernstein of Benny Goodman's. He said, "I aim to substantiate my criticisms if I have to cut my fingers to shreds doing it."

Blanton's illness began to impair his activities as early as September, 1941. At first, bassist Jimmy Bryant substituted for him on recording dates and on one-nighters. When it was decided to hospitalize Blanton, Alvin (Junior) Raglin joined the band and worked out with Blanton for a few nights. Some of Raglin's first recordings with Ellington have been mistaken for Blanton's.

The doctors thought they had caught Blanton's illness in time. He went into Los Angeles General Hospital in December, 1941, and was later transferred to the sanitarium in Duarte, Calif.

The Ellington band members frequently visited and encouraged him. On one of their last visits, the Ellingtonians told him he was about ready to rejoin. But Blanton smiled and said, "Yeah, I'd sure like to get within slappin' distance of that old fiddle of mine again. But what's the use of kidding myself."

The reports had been too optimistic. By the middle of July the doctors gave up hope, and Blanton died July 30, 1942.

The word of Blanton's death reached the Ellington band at the Panther Room in Chicago. Those who heard the band that night will never forget it. What Blanton meant to Ellington and the band came out in Billy Strayhorn's bitter statement, "Not only do the good die young; they suffer while they live."

jimmy blanton discography

Chicago, Oct. 14, 1939

Johnny Hodges Orchestra—Cootie Williams, trumpet; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Billy Strayhorn, piano; Blanton, bass; Sonny Greer, drums.

SKUNK HOLLOW BLUES (WM1096)
.....Vocalion 5533, Okeh 5533

TIRED SOCKS (WM 1099)
.....Vocalion 5533, Okeh 5533

New York City, Nov. 22, 1939

Barney Bigard's Jazzopators — Rex Stewart, cornet; Juan Tizol, trombone;

Barney Bigard, clarinet; Hodges; Carney; Duke Ellington, piano; Fred Guy, guitar; Blanton; Greer.

MINUET IN BLUES (WM1117)
Vocalion 5376, Okeh 5376,
 Epic LP 3237

Duke Ellington-Jimmy Blanton Duo
 BLUES (WM1120).....Columbia 35322
 PLUCKED AGAIN (WM1121)
Columbia 35322

Chicago, March 6, 1940
 Duke Ellington and His Famous Or-
 chestra—Wallace Jones, Williams, trum-
 pets; Stewart, cornet; Joe Nanton, Tizol,
 Brown, trombones; Bigard, clarinet; Otto
 Hardwicke, Hodges, alto saxophones;
 Carney; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone;
 Ellington; Guy, guitar; Blanton; Greer.
 JACK THE BEAR (044888-1)

.....RCA Victor 26536, LPM-1715
 Ko-Ko (044889-2)
RCA Victor 26577, LPM-1715

March 15, 1940
 CONGA BRAVA (049015-1)
RCA Victor 26577

CONCERTO FOR COOTIE (Do
 NOTHING 'TIL YOU HEAR
 FROM ME) (049016-1)
RCA Victor 26598, LPM 1715

May 28, 1940
 BOJANGLES (053021-1)
RCA Victor 26644, LPM-6009
 New York City, July 24, 1940

SEPIA PANORAMA (054625-1)
RCA Victor 26731, LPM-1364
 Chicago, Sept. 5, 1940

IN A MELLOTONE (053428-1)
RCA Victor 26788, LPM-1364

Oct. 1, 1940
 Duke Ellington-Jimmy Blanton Duo
 PITTER PANTHER PATTEN (053504-2)
RCA Victor 27221, LPM-6009

BODY AND SOUL (053505-3)
RCA Victor 27406
 SOPHISTICATED LADY (053506-2)
RCA Victor 27221

MR. J. B. BLUES (053507-1)
RCA Victor 27406, LPM-6009

Oct. 28, 1940
 Duke Ellington Orchestra — Same as
 above.

ACROSS THE TRACK BLUES (053579-1)
RCA Victor 27235, LPM-1715
 CHLOE (053580-1)...RCA Victor 27235,
 20-1547, LPM-1715

Hollywood, Feb. 15, 1941
 Duke Ellington Orchestra — Same as
 above except Ray Nance, trumpet, re-
 places Williams.

JUMPIN' PUNKINS (055284-2)
RCA Victor 27356

July 3, 1941
 Rex Stewart and His Orchestra—Stewart;
 Brown; Webster; Carney; Ellington; Blan-
 ton; Greer.

SUBTLE SLOUGH (061343-1)
Bluebird 11258

Johnny Hodges Orchestra — same as
 Stewart group except Webster is out,
 Nance replaces Stewart, and Hodges is
 added.

SQUATTY ROO (061346-1)
Bluebird 11447

GOING OUT THE BACK WAY
 (061349-1)Bluebird 30-0817

WRIGHT *from page 15*

biting with acidity in both tone and ideas. His tone is particularly distinc- tive. He structures solos that sometimes build to almost-savage climaxes. At the Monterey Jazz Festival last year, he was like a whirlwind of creativity and turned in a performance that had the audience cheering.

His approach to flute is more re- strained; it is not an instrument one can blow as hard as saxophone. But it is his flute playing that has captured the fancy of most critics and listeners.

Wright said he has been playing flute for more than five years but not always of his own volition.

"The instrument was put upon me," he said. "I had a flute, messed around on it, but I was devoted to alto saxo- phone. When I registered at San Fran- cisco State College, I found I couldn't major on saxophone. I didn't have a clarinet, so I took a flute class."

That was in 1956. Before the year was out, Wright was drafted into the Army. When he put in for band duty, stating that he was a saxophonist, he was met with, "Everybody plays sax— don't you play anything else?" During his 21-month Army stint, during which he toured Europe with a large company of entertainers and musicians, he con- tinued to play both his horns.

When he was released and returned to San Francisco State, he again was thwarted in his desire to study saxo- phone.

"I began to resent flute," he said. "When am I going to learn sax?" I asked myself.

He left college and went to New York and Charlie Mingus in 1959. Then he joined Gillespie. "Back on flute again," he said wryly. "I decided to get down and study it."

The amount of study he devoted to flute, and to music in general, is evi- dent in Wright's playing on both his instruments. Well versed in chords and scales, he said he believes learning to play jazz by running chords is not im- proper.

"It's a tool," he said. "The more you play, the more you progress. The more you learn, the less dependent you are on chords. But as my own critic, I feel I'm too dependent on chords. Diz tells me I know them and now's the time to set my mind in another direc- tion. This is what I'm working on— feverishly."

He reflected a moment.

"Music is very easy to abuse," he said. "Rock and roll and such. You've got to be an artist at all times. My main objective is to contribute some- thing to jazz. Then I will have con- tributed to the beauty of living." 

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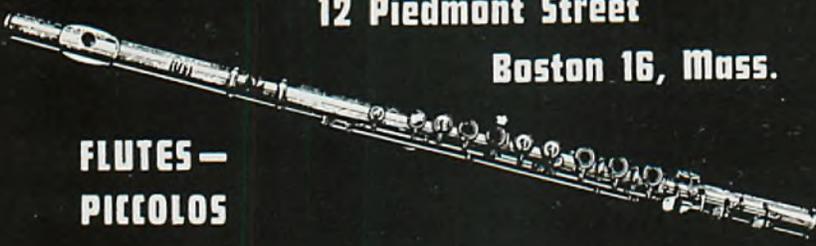
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beck's *Take Five*, a rhythmic exercise in 5/4 is doing exceptionally well as a single, both in this country and in Great Britain), and inclined to be bombastic.

Grossinger's second annual College Jazz Festival was held with New York disc jockey **Les Davis** as a co-ordinator and **Herbie Mann** as a judge. The contest was won by a group from Queens College. Its members are **Mike Jemielita**, piano; **Charlie Rousch**, alto saxophone; **Bob Mann**, guitar; **Rich Hechendorin**, bass; **Roe Chambers**, drums.

. . . Tenorist **Stan Getz**, who was to appear at a New Year's Eve Carnegie Hall concert, was canceled out of the event.

Jazz troubles of a kind appeared in two motion pictures this month. The film of *The Connection* appeared before New York's state board of regents for a ruling as to whether the board would uphold a decision to ban the film on a judgment by the New York state licensing division of the department of education. If the board of regents bans the movie, the distributor, *Films Around the World*, will take the case to court to challenge the constitutionality of the decision.

At the same time a French movie, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, with soundtrack by such as **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**, saxophonist **Barney Wilen**, and **Thelonious Monk**, almost didn't open in New York City because pianist-composer **Duke Jordan** brought an injunction against the theater showing the film. He claimed his royalty agreement for the song *No Problem*, heard in the film, had not been honored. The case will be argued in the courts.

Kay Norton, now part owner of the Jazz Gallery, is signing some artists to exclusive contracts—that is, they will play nowhere else in New York City except at the Gallery. **Art Blakey** is the first on contract . . . Minton's is again playing young stars. **Ted Curson** has been there for several weeks . . . One-time **Fats Waller** trumpeter **Herman Autrey** led a group in the *Embers* recently. . . Trombonist **Curtis Fuller** played with the **Modern Jazz Quartet** at Town Hall . . . Pianist **Herman Chittison** is now playing at **Harry Elgart's** Sutton East.

Leo Reisman, never a jazzman, but always an important part of the society-dance-band movement, died Dec. 18 in New York City.

Writer **Harry Kane's** *How to Write a Song*, an as-told-to book, with conversations and interviews with **Duke Ellington**, **Hoagy Carmichael**, **Johnny Mercer**, among others, will be published soon . . . **Tony Scott** and several Japanese jazz critics played host to **Charlie Barnet** recently in Tokyo . . . The theme for

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ABC-TV's *Number Please* was written by **Don Elliott**.

John Drew Jr., and **Sid Bernstein**, who produced last year's *Music at Newport* festival, are on a rock-and-roll kick. Their latest show was an r-and-r extravaganza at Medinah Temple in Chicago . . . **The Salt City Six** is back in New York, and with the group is original trombonist **Will Alger**, long a favorite of traditionalist critics . . . **Ralph Burns** is doing the orchestrations for *No Strings*, a forthcoming Broadway show . . . **Stephen Longstreet** is writing the screen biography of **Hoagy Carmichael**. Music for the film will be scored by **Dimitri Tiomkin**.

Milt Jackson is part of the next album by **Oscar Peterson Trio** for Verve . . . Rumors are heavy that **Peggy Lee** and **Eddie Fisher** will move to Reprise records soon, as many are doing . . . **Quincy Jones** will be off soon for a 32-country tour representing Mercury records artists . . . Cadence assures the trade that **Candid** will definitely go on, **Nat Hentoff** to continue supervising any jazz albums in the future, but regular releases are to be scheduled from already recorded albums.

Riverside has signed **Eddie (Cleanhead) Vincent**, altoist-singer and a bandleader of the 1940s. His first efforts are pop singles with **Cannonball Adderley** . . . **Dave Grusin**, pianist-arranger, has been signed by Epic and recorded the score from *Subways Are for Sleeping*. Grusin was singer **Andy Williams'** arranger and accompanist for the last two years.

TORONTO

Jackie Paris and his bride, Toronto jazz singer **Anne Marie Moss**, headlined a week's engagement at the Town Tavern. They'll next appear on *Parade*, a CBS-TV show. Paris, who now intends to make Toronto his home, said he'll soon be doing an album for ABC-Paramount to be called *The Song Is Paris*. The title tune was written for him by **Bobby Scott**.



Complete Details

The Fifth in Down Beat's Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

Down Beat has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American Music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$950 each, will be in honor of Billie Holiday, chosen by *Down Beat* readers as the 1961 Hall of Fame member. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

Who is Eligible?

Junior division: (\$2700 . . . one full scholarship of \$950; two partial scholarships of \$400 each; three partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before June 15, 1962.

Senior division: (\$2700 . . . one full scholarship of \$950; two partial scholarships of \$500 each; three partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before June 15, 1962.

Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, Feb. 28, 1962. The scholarship winners will be announced in a May, 1962 issue of *Down Beat*.

How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions will be final, will be: the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$950. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships are in the value of: four at \$500, and six at \$250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school term.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of three possible starting dates: September, 1962; January, 1963; May, 1963 or forfeit the scholarship.

How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., to receive the official application form.

With the official application, you will be required to send to the above address a tape or record of your playing an instrument or a group in performance of your original composition and/or arrangement.

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The Norm Amadio Trio played for Town Tavern patrons over the Christmas holidays, following engagements by Junior Mance and Ray Bryant . . . At the Colonial, Jimmy Rushing and Paul Barbarin's New Orleans band played a two-week date, followed by Eddie Condon's band. Despite the tremendous success of the Rushing and Condon appearances, the Colonial inexplicably changed policy. Next to arrive were the Three Suns and several folk-music acts including the Journeymen, the Travelers, Anita Sheer, and Jacques Menahem . . . Blues singer John Lee Hooker was recently at the Fifth Peg.

DETROIT

Tom Houghton's seven-piece dance band has been drawing capacity crowds at the Club Omira. The owners are contemplating booking a jazz group to play intermissions . . . Pianist Ronnie Phillips is appearing at the Blue Dahlia Mondays, the Duchess Thursdays and the 52nd Show Bar the rest of the week. All this, plus doing the afterhour stint at Checker Bar B-Q six nights a week . . . The workshop sessions at the 20 Grand Gold Room are looking up. The promoters are bringing in name groups. They started with Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt.

The Kevin House is picking up where the Empire left off in returning jazz to downtown Detroit. They're starting with Roger Nivan's Dixieland All-Stars, which just left the Penn Sheraton in Pittsburgh . . . Uncle Sam called Billy Prince, and he was chosen for Maj. Mark Azzolina's North American Air Defense Band . . . Carol and Hank Diamond had two successful weeks at the Club Alamo. While here, they cut a record for Barry Gordy's Tamla label.

CHICAGO

Bad happenings in Chicago lately: Sarah Vaughan had much trouble collecting her salary at My Lady Fair; Miss Vaughan finally insisted that the club pay her each night—before going on . . . A local jazz room may drop its name-group policy very soon if the asking prices of such groups don't come down . . . Horace Silver's drummer, Roy Brooks, became very ill while the pianist's quintet was at the Sutherland; a local drummer filled in the last two nights.

Trombonist Georg Bruzis, back in town after his short reunion with Muggsy Spanier, played the new year in at Basin Street. He took Jim Beebe's place with clarinetist Brian Shandley's house band. Other members of the group are Norman Murphy, trumpet; Fish Johnson, piano; Earl Murphy, bass; Booker T. Washington, drums. Trumpeter Murphy is a standout . . . Bob Seobey and his Dixie crew are scheduled to tour Germany in May. They will play between halves of Harlem Globetrotters basketball games . . . Trumpeter Nappy Trottier is signed at the Velvet Swing for a year.

The first World's Fair of Music & Sound will be held at mammoth McCormick Place Aug. 31-Sept. 9. Afternoon and evening performances of all types of music are planned, but artists have not been announced. Jazz will be included. The fair sponsors, which includes Bill Vecek, former Chicago White Sox president, hope the event "will bring together all elements of music and sound industries in a combined effort to further the cause of world peace and world trade, with music as the international interpreter."

The Gate of Horn, which took a flyer on small-scale, intimate musical theater, returned to folk music. Josh White was a recent feature . . . Cy Touff has entered his second year at the Downstage Room at the Happy Medium. The bass trumpeter and his quartet play for dancing there on Mondays and Tuesdays. The Cliff Niep Quartet holds forth the other nights of the week . . . Reedman James Moody took trombonist Benny Green's place at McKie's and for a while it was a sax battle royal—Gene Ammons and

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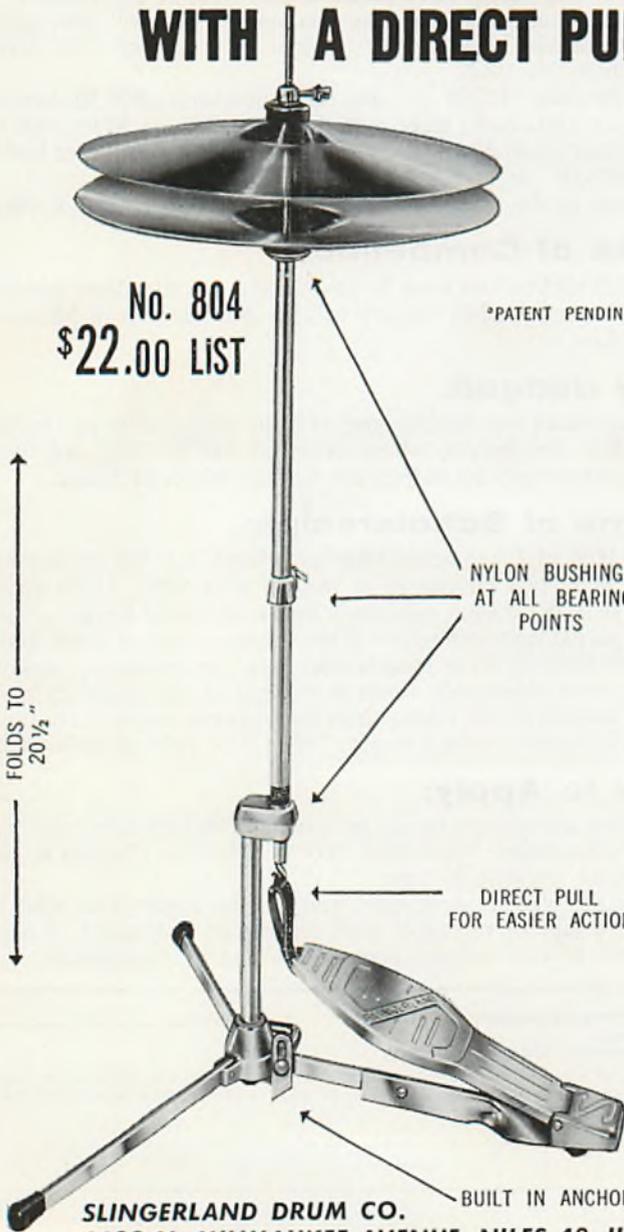
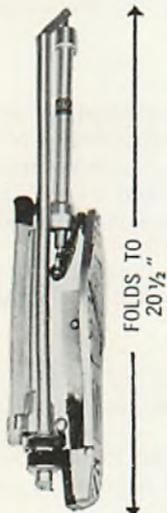
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Sonny Stitt were the other two horns.

Ira Sullivan, player of many horns, just finished an eight-week run at Mr. Lucky's on the south side. Donald Garrett was with him on bass.

Folk music made inroads back into religion when the Rev. Ian Mitchell, vicar of St. Ann Episcopal Church, presented his *The American Folk Song Mass* at Good Samaritan Episcopal Church in suburban Oak Park. The vicar sang the service and accompanied himself on guitar . . . Folk singer Pete Seeger sang and played before a SRO crowd at Orchestra Hall recently. Some 200 of the overflow audience were seated on the stage.

Drummer Red Saunders figures he has the answer to success through records: "Tricky arrangements of commercial tunes, ballads, and blues. . ." His first venture utilizing this concept was a recording session for Jet with a 14-piece band, chorale, and singer Jo Ann Henderson. Johnny Pate served as chorus director. Arrangements were done by Pate, Bunky Green, and Leon Washington.

DALLAS

Ray Charles' Dec. 9 date at Southern Methodist University was canceled when the singer's narcotics arrest was announced, but he was booked by an independent promoter into Memorial Auditorium for a Dec. 10 concert. Charles, a Dallas favorite, had not played a concert here for several years.

90th Floor Records which began a flourishing local reputation by recording Dick and Kiz Harp, the North Texas Lab Band, and many other local groups, has entered the national distribution picture by signing a contract with Time Records, Inc. The label will serve as Time's jazz line, producing two albums a month. Time has 32 distributors in this country and several in Europe. 90th has albums by Jane Ames, Mal Fitch, Paul Guerrero, and Harvey Anderson in the works now. This new tie-up will be the first chance for consistent national exposure for the majority of the artists . . . Another local label, Levee, has released *Explosion in Jazz* by the Ed Bernet Dixie group.

Breck Wall's Playbill presented a concert of West Coasters recently. Trumpeter Conte Candoli, tenorist Richie Kamuca, and trombonist Frank Rosolino played the date backed by a local rhythm section . . . After a concert for the current Fort Worth jazz series, Jack Teagarden stayed over in the Dallas area for several days, playing the Chalet and a concert at SMU . . . Dewey Groom's Longhorn Ranch continues to bring in blues singers and rhythm-and-blues groups. Organist Bill Doggett was there, as was Bobby Blue

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Bland . . . Big Jack Dixon is at the Brown Derby . . . Tenorist James Clay, at the Green Parrot, is having the longest jazz run in town . . . Cliff Brewton's Southwest Jazz Band is playing Sundays at the Paradise Valley Country Club . . . Harry James and his big band played a one-nighter at the Hi-Ho . . . Scat Davis, Les Elgart, and Pete Fountain were presented on the same program in an unusual concert promoted by Iva Nichols.

The North Texas Lab Band presented its annual autumn concert last month in Denton. James Clay was guest artist. The concert introduced the band's first female member, Margaret Wilbur on tenor.

LOS ANGELES

Agent Frank Rio of the Associated Booking Corp. western office flew to Tokyo, Japan, for a weekend to look over the prospects there for future U.S. name jazz bookings . . . Singer Helen Humes turned down that tour of Germany with a folk-blues package that was to leave this month. She may take the trip on her own in the spring . . . Dizzy Gillespie's stand at the Summit was postponed at the last minute for a later date, in March or April. Pianist Joyce Collins returned to the Sunset Blvd. room with Bob Bertaux on bass. The Summit, incidentally, will be the scene of an on-the-spot recording, Jan. 22-24, of Louis Bellson's new big-band album for Roulette. The LP will consist of Benny Carter arrangements.

George Shearing took a month off to get acquainted with his plush new home in Toluca Lake outside Hollywood. He's now a permanent resident . . . Drummer Will Bradley Jr. returned to the local scene . . . World Pacific recorded Les McCann, Herbie Lewis, and Ron Jefferson during Christmas week at New York's Village Gate . . . Disneyland did it up in a big way on New Year's Eve. The amusement park shelled out \$9,600 for musicians in five bands and numerous small groups. Louis Bellson's 17-piece crew headlined a music bill that included the Elliott Brothers Band, the Firehouse Five Plus Two, Johnny St. Cyr's Dixieland combo, and the Don Ricardo Band.

Dave Axelrod produced a new Jimmy Witherspoon album for Frank Sinatra's Reprise label in which the blues singer is backed by Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Gerald Wilson, trumpet; Ernie Freeman, piano; Herman Mitchell, guitar; Chuck Hamilton, bass; Jimmy Miller, drums . . . Pianist Pete Jolly and bassist Ralph Pena, who have been working as a jazz duo for the last two years, are back at Sherry's cocktail lounge on the Sunset Strip . . . Clarinetist Johnny Lane is leading his Dixieland crew at the Mardi Gras Steak House

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in outlying Orange, Calif. Besides Lane, the band includes **Warren Smith**, trombone; **Garner Clark**, cornet; **Freddie Lent**, piano; **Nick Pelico**, drums . . . The Black Orchid club folded following the recent **Kenny Dorham** engagement.

Harry James' manager, **Frank (Pee Wee) Monte** and his wife welcomed a new son, **Frank Jr.**, recently . . . *Down Beat's* **John Tynan** and wife, **Corinne**, added a second daughter, **Gwyneth Maura**, to the stable near year's end.

Indigo records, reportedly in financial doldrums, sold vibist-drummer-arranger **Bob Rogers'** contract to Reprise. Rogers' 10-piece jazz crew cut one album, *All That and This Too*, for Indigo and has one more to do under the contract . . . **Modesto Brisen** joined the **Red Norvo Quintet** on alto, tenor, and flute. Ditto drummer **Kenny Hume** . . . **Bob Leonard** and **Frank Di La Pena** formed Creative Artists Management agency. The new office specializes in jazz talent . . . International Sound Studios got a facelift to the tune of \$250,000 in new recording equipment. New ownership—an investors group—is headed by industrialist **Richard A. Livingston**, former president of the California Manufacturing Association.

Nat Cole recently introduced a new juvenile jazz group comprised of the offspring of well-known music figures. The teenage band, which debuted at a

charity benefit in Cole's Los Angeles home, includes **Natalie (Sweetie) Cole**, Nat's daughter, on vocals; **Nelson Riddle Jr.**; and **Dennis Dragon**, son of Carmen.

A new two-beat jazz club, the South Bay New Orleans Jazz Club, "dedicated to the preservation of New Orleans traditional style jazz," meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p.m. at the Golden Gate club, Redondo Beach. Music director is **Jerry Kaehle**, assisted by **Gordon Wilson**. Sitters in are welcome at the sessions.

SAN FRANCISCO

Not only the blues are brewin' at Sugar Hill. The blues club now has supplied fuel for a lawsuit that is coming to a boil. Legal action started bubbling when a suit was filed on behalf of singer **Barbara Dane** and her husband, **Byron Mendenez**. The target of the court action is **Mrs. Norma Aston**, wealthy La Jolla, Calif., socialite, who was the club's major financier. Miss Dane and her husband contend they were ousted from club operation several weeks ago and are suing to recover what they maintain is their rightful share of the business. Miss Dane said she conceived the idea of the club and developed and built its business on the basis of her knowledge and talent. Sugar Hill, a unique operation in the bay area,

books only blues singers; among those heard there have been **Lightnin' Hopkins**, **Mama Yancey**, **Lonnie Johnson**, and **Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee** . . . Miss Dane, incidentally, has signed with Capitol records and was slated for a recording session during her performances at Ash Grove, in Los Angeles.

Jeannie Blevins, the bay area's only female disc jockey, was honored at reception staged by some 75 civic, social and fraternal groups as appreciation for aid the beautiful broadcaster has given them. Guests included civic dignitaries and musicians, among whom were **Earl Hines** and **Ben Webster** . . . Friends of the Oakland Public Library sponsored Jazz Night at the main library auditorium recently. The event highlighted a historical survey by pianist Hines with musical illustrations by himself and bassist **Pops Foster**.

Bassist **Max Hartstein's** avant garde play *The Subway Grate*, which has a jazz quartet's music as an integral part of the action, has been doing so well it now is running three nights a week at the Coffee Gallery, a coffee-wine-and-beer club in the North Beach section. . . . Some 50 couples attended the Christmas party of the S.F. chapter of the League of Musicians Wives, organized last March and still growing. Unit's prexy is wife of drummer **Benny Barth**.



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ANNUAL ARRANGER-COMPOSER ISSUE

READ MARTIN WILLIAMS' FASCINATING JAZZ COMPOSITION—WHAT IS IT?

On sale at newsstands Feb. 1

WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Ella Fitzgerald to 2/3. Billy Daniels, Sheeky Greene, 2/5-3/7. Frances Faye, The Treniers, open 3/8.

Birdland: Maynard Ferguson to 1/18.

Coronet (Brooklyn): *unk*. Sessions Mon.

Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.

Count Basie's: Joe Newman, *tfn*.

Embers: Lee Evans to 1/20. Jonah Jones to 2/3.

Five Spot: *unk*.

Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 1/24. Clark Terry-Bobby Brookmeyer, 1/25-2/8.

Hickory House: Billy Taylor, *tfn*.

Jazz Gallery: Horace Silver opens 1/29.

Metropole: Woody Herman, Dick Ruedebusch, to 1/28. Gene Krupa, 1/29-2/17.

Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.

Nobel's Place: Noreen Tate, Joan Shaw, *tfn*.

Minton's Playhouse: Ted Curson, *tfn*.

Phase Two: Carla Bley, wknds.

Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.

Sherwood Inn (Long Island): Billy Bauer, wknds.

Sutton East: Herman Chittison, *tfn*.

Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie, *tfn*.

Village Vanguard: Modern Jazz Quartet, Bill Evans, to 1/28. Montgomery Bros., Jackie Cain-Roy Kral open 1/30.

Wells: Shirley Scott, *tfn*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair, *hb*.

Beef 'N Bourbon: Billy Hays, *hb*.

Big Bill's: Beryl Booker, *tfn*.

Chetwynd Lounge: Gerald Price, *tfn*.

Open Hearth: Don Michaelson-Ted Arnold, *tfn*.

Paddock (Trenton): Capital City 5, Fri., Sat.

Pep's: *unk*.

Red Hill Inn: *unk*.

Second Fret: folk artists.

Show Boat: *unk*.

The Mark (Morrisville): Don McCargar, *tfn*.

Trade Winds: Vince Montana, *tfn*.

Underground: Butch Ballard, *hb*.

Woodland Inn: Bernard Peiffer, *tfn*.

MIAMI

Eden Roc: Tony Martin to 1/23. Alan King, Barry Sisters, 1/24-30. Milton Berle, 1/31-2/6. Ella Fitzgerald, Joe E. Lewis, 2/7-14. Al Hirt, George Burns, 2/15-22. Nat Cole, 2/23-3/1.

Dinah Shore, 3/2-11. Connie Francis, 2/14-22.

Taboo: Marian McPartland to 1/27.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.

Dream Room: Santo Pecora, *hb*.

Famous Door: Sharkey Bonano, Murphy Campo.

French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*.

Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *tfn*.

Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, *tfn*.

Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *tfn*.

Playboy: Al Belletto, *tfn*.

Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

Vernon's: Nat Perrillat, wknds.

DETROIT

Au Sable: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.

Baker's Keyboard: Jackie Cain-Roy Kral to 1/27.

Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours, *tfn*.

Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.

52nd Show Bar: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.

Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.

Kevin House: Roger Nyvan, *tfn*.

Minor Key: John Coltrane to 1/22; Maynard Ferguson, 1/23-30.

Roostertail: George Primo, *hb*.

Trent's: Danny Stevenson to 1/27.

20 Grand: workshop sessions, Mon.

CHICAGO

Basin Street: Brian Shudley, *hb*. Sessions, Sun.

Birdhouse: Lambert-Hendricks-Ross to 1/27.

Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.

Grapevine: Lee Lind, *tfn*.

Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Wed.-Sun.

Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas, *tfn*.

Franz Jackson, Thurs.

London House: Red Allen to 1/28. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.

McKie's: *unk*.

Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.

Red Arrow: Al Wynn, wknds.

Sutherland: Montgomery Bros. to 1/28.

Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Alexandria Hotel: Russ Morgan, *hb*.

Aragon Pavilion (Pacific Ocean Park): Freddy Martin, Sat.

Ash Grove: Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry, Chambers Brothers Gospel Quintet. Mirlam Makeba, Rose Heredia, 1/23-2/18. Rachel Hadass opens 2/20. Children's concerts, Sat.

Beverly Cavern: Kid Ory, Firehouse Five Plus Two, *tfn*.

Bit: various jazz groups.

Cascades (Belmont Shore, Long Beach): Frank Rosolino, Beverly Kelly, *tfn*.

Charlemagne Room: The Unpredictables, *tfn*.

Coachman Steak House (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.

Gigolo (Pasadena): Keith Shaw, Bob Molina, Gary Coleman, Dick Dorothy, *tfn*.

Hollywood Palladium: Lawrence Welk, wknds.

Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.

Kent Room: Wini Beatty, Bob Bates, *tfn*.

Larry Potters: Wayne Robinson, Arthur Blake, Maurice, La Monte, *tfn*.

Le Crazy Horse: Sam Butera, *tfn*.

Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Name groups, Sun.

Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): Johnny Lane, wknds.

McL-O-Dee (Glendale): Bob Harrington, Jim Crutcher, Jack Lynde, Beverly Joy, *tfn*.

Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.

PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*. Joyce Collins, Tues.

Playboy: Jay Corre, Paul Moer, Ruth Price, wknds.

Red Carpet Room: Richie Goldberg, *tfn*.

Renaissance: Les McCann opens 1/23. Ramsey Lewis opens 2/20.

Roaring '20s: Pud Brown, Ray Bauduc, *tfn*.

Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *tfn*. Sessions, Mon.

Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, wknds. Red Mitchell-Harold Land, Mon. Jack Sheldon-Joe Maini, Tues. Phineas Newhorn, Wed. Herb Ellis, Thurs.

Sheraton West: Red Nichols, *tfn*.

Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Ralph Pena, *tfn*.

Spigot (Santa Barbara): sessions, Sun.

Statter Hilton: Skinnay Ennis, *hb*.

Summit: Joyce Collins, Bob Bertaux, *tfn*.

Storyville (Pomona): Roy Martin, Eddy Elston, Tallate Ramblers, *tfn*.

Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): John Alfano, Earl Treichel, Rick Malfox, Fri.-Sat. Sessions, Sun.

Winners: Don Randi, *tfn*.

Zebra Lounge: Nesbert Hooper, Jazz Crusaders, *tfn*.

23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Carl Tjader to 1/21. Ahmad Jamal, 1/23-2/4.

Black Sheep: Earl Hines, *tfn*.

Bob City: Flip Nunes, *hb*.

Burp Hollow: Frank Goulette, wknds.

Coffee Gallery: Monty Watters, *tfn*.

Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, *tfn*.

Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.

Fairmont Hotel: Louie Armstrong, 1/18-2/7. Nat Cole, 2/8-20.

Hangover: Joe Sullivan, *tfn*.

Jazz Workshop: Dexter Gordon to 1/23.

One-Eighty-One Club: Billy Harris, *hb*.

Pier 23: Hurt Bales, *tfn*.

Station J: Vince Guaraldi, *tfn*.

Stereo Club: Horace Benjamin, *tfn*.

Sugar Hill: Lonnie Johnson to 1/27.

Two C's House of Jazz: R. C. Jones, wknds.

Suite 14 (Oakland): Perry Lind, *tfn*.

Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Mike White, wknds.

Tsabo (Berkeley): The Group, *tfn*.

Colonel's Ranch Wagon (Marin County): Ralph Sutton, *tfn*.

Blue Peacock (Millbrae): Russell Lee, *tfn*.

Zack's (Sausalito): John True, *tfn*.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Intercontinental Hotel: Gregg Jones, Jackie Darois, *tfn*.





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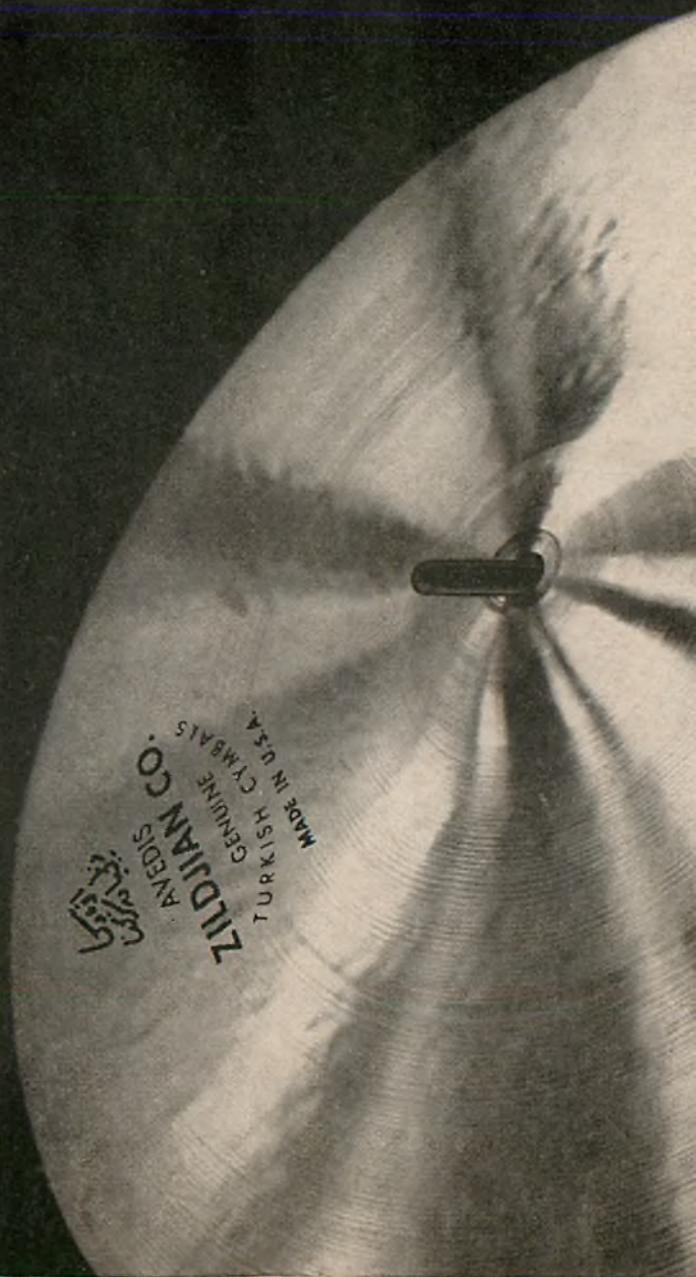
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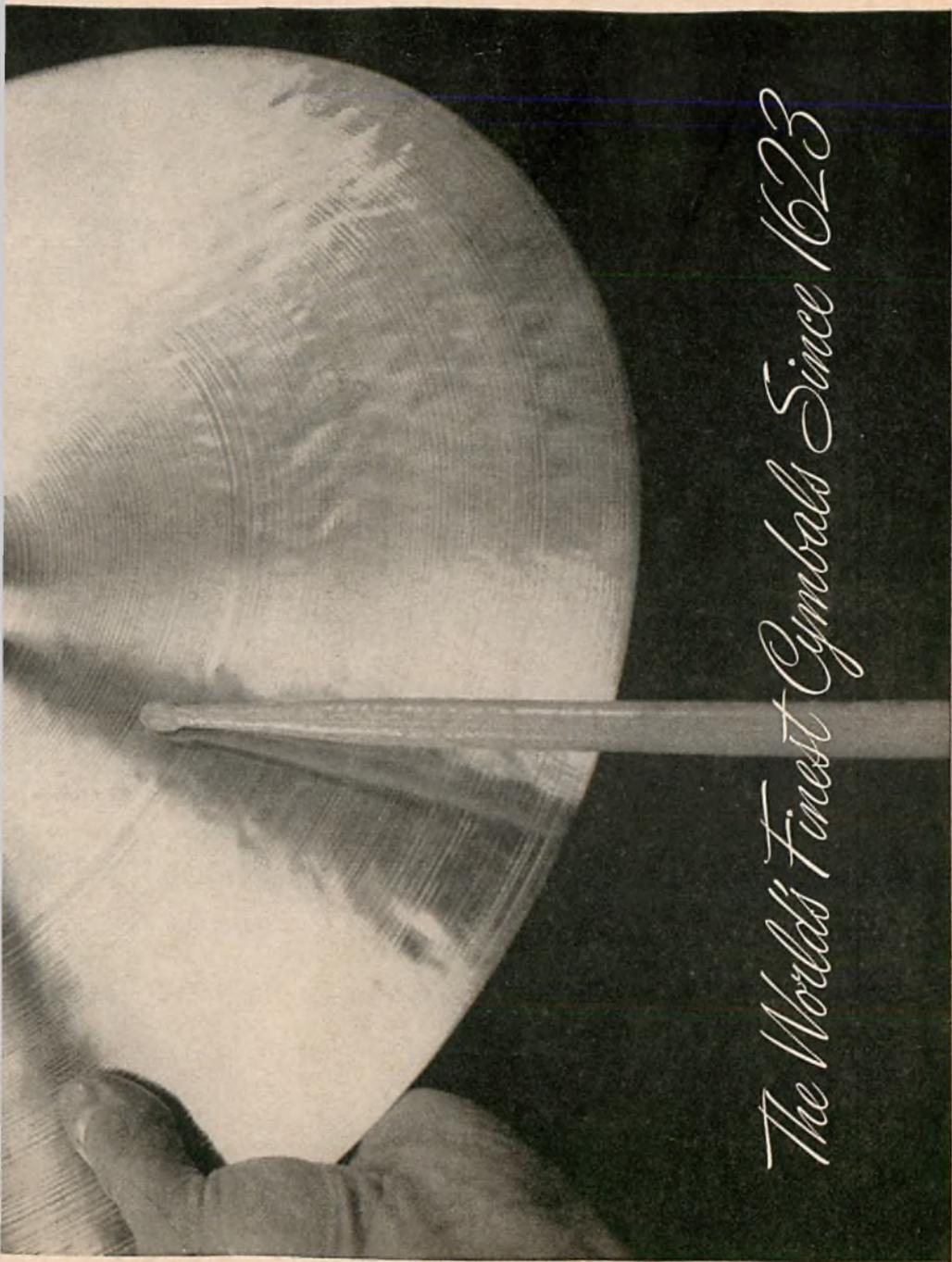
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