

FEBRUARY 15, 1962 35c

down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JAZZ COMPOSITION—
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78. Miles Davis — In Person (Friday Night.) Recorded live at the Blackhawk in San Francisco. All of You; Bye Bye Blackbird; Walkin'; No Blues; Love, I've Found You; Bye Bye (Theme)

206. In Person (Saturday Night.) The second evening's performance — destined to rank with the all-time great releases in jazz. So What, Oleo, If I Were a Bell, Neo, Fran-Dance, etc.

235. Porgy and Bess. The dynamic artistry of Miles Davis combined with the distinguished arrangements of Gil Evans give a superb performance of the Gershwin score in a new idiom



77. Dave Brubeck — Time Out. "A fascinating experiment in offbeat rhythms . . . compelling . . . this is beautifully rhythmic surrealism . . . fans are going to like this one" — Billboard

132. Bernstein plays Brubeck plays Bernstein. "Engrossing . . . masterly command . . . enchanting in its lyricism." — The New Yorker



182. Lambert, Hendricks & Ross — "The Hottest New Group in Jazz". "Most creative vocal group in the business today." — L.A. Examiner. Charleston Alley, Bijou, Cloudburst, Moanin', Gimme That Wine, etc.

229. Lambert, Hendricks & Ross Sing Ellington. Happy Anatomy, Main Stem, Things Ain't What They Used To Be, What Am I Here For, Midnight Indigo, Caravan, etc.



30. Ella Fitzgerald — Mack the Knife. "One of her best records . . . projects a tremendous sense of excitement in everything she does." — High Fidelity. Gone With the Wind, How High the Moon, Misty, 6 more

215. Ella sings the Rodgers & Hart Song Book — Vol. 1. The Lady is a Tramp, This Can't Be Love, You Took Advantage of Me, Johnny One Note, Spring is Here, 7 more



230. Dizzy Gillespie — The Greatest Trumpet of Them All. Shabazz, Smoke Signal, Out of the Past, etc.

136. Gillespiana. Panamericana, Prelude, Africana, Tocata, Blues



218-219. Stan Getz At Large. Two-Record Set (Counts as 2 selections.) Night and Day, Cafe Montmartre Blues, 14 in all

85. Gerry Mulligan Meets Stan Getz. Let's Fall in Love, Too Close for Comfort, Ballad, etc.



184. Charlie Mingus — Mingus Ah Um. Boogie Stop Shuffle, Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, Jelly Roll, Better Git it in Your Soul, etc.

210. Mingus Dynasty. Things Ain't What They Used to Be; Gunslinging Bird; New Now, Knew How; etc.



142. The Great Wide World of Quincy Jones. Lester Leaps In, I Never Has Seen Snow, Caravan, Cherokee (Indian Love Song), Eesom, Ghana, etc.

214. Birth of a Band. Tickle Toe, I Remember Clifford, Tuxedo Junction, Along Came Betty, Moanin', etc.



124. The Divine Sarah Vaughan. Imagination, Please Mr. Brown, I Still Believe in You, That's Not the Kind of Love I Want, 8 more



212. The Jazz Soul of Oscar Peterson. Liza, Con Alma, Maidens of Cadiz, Close Your Eyes, etc.

211. The Oscar Peterson Trio at the Opera House; The Modern Jazz Quartet at the Opera House. Not available in stereo



39. Andre Previn — Like Love. Love Me or Leave Me, When I Fall in Love, Like Someone in Love, Love is Here to Stay, 8 more

40. Give My Regards to Broadway. Everything's Coming Up Roses, Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend, Sound of Music, etc.



84. The Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Chicago. Limehouse Blues, Wabash, Stars Fell on Alabama, etc.

221. Jump for Joy. Two Left Feet, I Got it Bad and That Ain't Good, Just Squeeze Me, Bli Blip, Brownskin Gal in a Calico Gown, Nothin', etc.



17. Dinah Washington and Brook Benton — The Two of Us. They team up on four hits and then take off on four solos apiece



82. Ahmad Jamal—Happy Moods. You'd Be So Easy to Love, For All We Know, Time on My Hands, I'll Never Stop Loving You, Excerpt from the Blues, Speak Low, 4 more

Selection Records Jazz Stars!



209. The Essential Charlie Parker, Funky Blues, Just Friends, Chi Chi, Au Privave, I Didn't Know What Time it Was, Bloomdido, KC Blues, etc. Not available in stereo

140. Charlie Parker — Night and Day. "By all means collect this record!"—Down Beat. Not available in stereo



207. Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard. Come Rain or Come Shine, Body and Soul, Blueport, etc.

208. Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster. The Cat Walk, Who's Got Rhythm, Tell Me When, Go Home, Sunday, Chelsea Bridge



213. Benny Goodman — Benny Swings Again. "The New" Sing, Sing, Sing; After You've Gone; Where or When; etc.



85. Olatunji — Afro Percussion. "Most exciting sounds put into the groove in some time" — Variety



80. Duke Ellington — Ellington Indigos. Where or When, Mood Indigo, Dancing in the Dark, etc.



234. Billie Holiday — Lady in Satin. Violets for Your Furs, I Get Along Without You Very Well, Glad to Be Unhappy, etc.



233. Lionel Hampton — Soft Vibes, Soaring Strings. Over the Rainbow, Deep Purple, On Green Dolphin Street, etc.



13. Duke Benton's Golden Hits. Kiddio, Just a Matter of Time, Endlessly, So Close, 12 in all

18 MORE RECORDS TO CHOOSE FROM

47. Buddy Morrow — Night Train. With a Song in My Heart, Pink Lady, Mangos, Rib Joint, 11 in all

147. Manny Albam — Drum Feast. Pickled Beats, Egg Foo Gong, Cymbal Soup, A Sip of Drum Bouie, etc.

148. Sonny Stitt Quartet — Saxophone Supremacy. I Cover the Waterfront, All of Me, Lazy Bones, etc.

183. Ramsey Lewis Trio — Down to Earth. "Rich, intense . . . quite a jumper." — Indianapolis Star

216. Art Farmer Quintet — Modern Art. Mox Nix, Darn That Dream, Like Someone in Love, Jubilation, etc.

217. J. J. Johnson Sextet — J. J. Inc. "Leading trombonist of jazz . . . rare technique" — Ralph Gleason

220. Sonny Stitt Blows the Blues. Birth of the Blues, Frankie and Johnny, Blue Prelude, etc.

222. Herbie Mann — Flautista. Cuban Potato Chips, Come on Mule, The Amazon River, Caravan, etc.

223. Clifford Brown With Strings. Yesterdays, Blue Moon, Stardust, 9 others. Not available in stereo

224. Ray Bryant Trio — Con Alma. Milestones, Ill Wind, Nuts and Bolts, Cubana Chant, etc.

225. Ray Brown — Jazz Cello. Almost Like Being in Love, Alice Blue Gown, Tangerine, etc.

226. Milt Jackson — Bags' Opus. Afternoon in Paris, I Remember Clifford, Ill Wind, Whisper Not, etc.

227. Terry Gibbs — More Vibes on Velvet. What is There to Say, Moonlight Serenade, At Last, etc.

228. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral — Sweet and Low Down. Cheek to Cheek, Chicago, Hallelujah!, etc.

236. Herb Ellis in Wonderland. "His solos are clean, imaginative" — Down Beat. Not available in stereo

237. Diahann Carroll With the Andre Previn Trio. I Should Care, Glad to Be Unhappy, 12 hits in all

238. Carmen McRae — Something to Swing About. You Leave Me Breathless, Love is a Simple Thing, etc.

239. Sir Charles Thompson and the Swing Organ. "Big and healthy sound . . . relaxed" — Down Beat

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THINGS TO COME

Louis Armstrong is one of the great artists jazz has produced. At least, many feel this way. Others say he is a buffoon, an Uncle Tom. The U.S. State Department evidently looks upon Louis as an ambassador. WHO'S THE REAL LOUIS ARMSTRONG? Read Leonard Feather's answer in the March 1 *Down Beat*, on sale from Feb. 15 to Feb. 28.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Praise for Gitler

Please pay no heed to the anguished protests of the various pan-African groups and misguided individuals who have been attacking Ira Gitler for his reviews of certain records by Abbey Lincoln and others.

The records themselves are not in question; I haven't heard most of them. But Gitler is quite possibly the finest record reviewer your magazine has ever had, and if the "soul brothers" knew half as much about jazz as he, they would be content to sit back, be cool, and read his writing with the same delight that I, and I'm sure many others, take in it.

Gitler knows more about modern jazz, and especially the vital years of the bop era, than anyone I've read. If and when he publishes his book on recent jazz history, our debt will be immense. *Down Beat* deserves great credit for presenting this superb jazz critic and historian to its readers—and we who love jazz will certainly never complain.

San Francisco, Calif. Edward A. Spring

Giuffre's Ideas

In your Dec. 7, 1961, issue you printed a very moving article, *Search for Freedom*, concerning the musical growth of Jimmy Giuffre. I should like to commend you for what I feel was an invaluable reading experience.

The ideas expressed by Giuffre are definitely those which should be adopted by many more free-thinking people, whether they be musicians or not. *Search for Freedom* was an excellent indication of your great interest in all areas of the music world.

Garden City, N. Y. Lawrence Slezak

An Old Wound

I am only now in the position to make a comment on Eric Vogel's articles, *Jazz in a Concentration Camp* (*DB*, Dec. 7, 21, Jan. 4) . . . I am not arguing or criticizing Vogel for writing this article on concentration camps. These are very sad and horrible facts. But I do criticize *Down Beat* for printing this article and for joining forces with other institutions that have nothing else to do but constantly remind the public what bad people the Germans are.

As a German (although only 29 years old) I am sick and tired of watching TV shows, seeing silly movies, looking at utterly ridiculous comic books, and I am disgusted now at seeing *Down Beat*, a "music magazine," copy a story that I do not consider a story in connection with music, at least very little of it.

Thank you, Eric Vogel and gentlemen from *Down Beat*, for your article on



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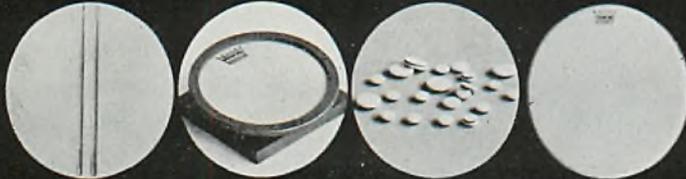


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"jazz"; it really helped to rip open old wounds, and it really will help to maintain and build up the proper attitude towards German people in my age, who were only children during the Third Reich.
Chicago Hansgeorg Krause

Saying It Like It Is

Congratulations to Don DeMicheal on his article *Jazz Vibes: Three Eras* (DB, Jan. 4).

I was glad to see that DeMicheal mentioned the late Lem Winchester in his article. One must hear one of Lem's fine albums really to appreciate his contribution to both the jazz and the vibes world. For example, on his album with the remarkable Ramsey Lewis Trio (*A Tribute to Clifford Brown* on Argo) he demonstrated his two-note chords, which had the effect of blues piano.

I believe DeMicheal put it perfectly when he said, "His [Winchester's] death a year ago stilled what could have been a major voice."
Milwaukee, Wis. Dennis R. Hendley

Thank you for the wonderful article on jazz vibes. The comment that impressed me mostly was the name calling of the instrument. It really should bring one to think of how a person can be hurt or aggravated by referring to his instrument as "that thing" or what-have-you.

As a former percussionist, I have been approached many times by some dunce, asking, "Do you *beat* the drums for so-and-so place?" Or when I doubled on bassoon in the school orchestra, they would ask, "What was that long thing you were playing?"

Well, for those who don't know, a marimba has wooden keys; a vibraharp has steel keys, and, in most cases, an electric motor; the organ is similar to a piano. The purpose of the electric motor on the vibraharp is to sustain a note, with damper bar depressed, and allow it to ring. Without the depressed damper bar, or the electric motor on, the note would have to be rolled to sustain it.

Come off of it, people, and get on to what instrument is what if you intend to carry on intelligent conversations about musical instruments. Or the least you can do if you don't know what the name of an instrument is, is politely to ask what it is.
Fort Huachuca, Ariz. Carletta E. Mosby Sp4, WAC

Reader Mosby has a point when she says listeners should know the names of instruments, but she is slightly afiel regarding the vibraharp. The instrument has aluminum bars, not steel keys and, in all cases, is equipped with an electric motor that produces a vibrato. The vibrato effect is not always used (Red Norvo does not use it), but the motor has little to do with sustaining a note. The vibrato causes a slight amplification of the sound, thereby making a sustained note audible longer. Depressing the damper bar, allowing the bars to ring unimpeded, is the usual way to sustain a note, though the note can be sustained by rolling it — with or without the vibrato.

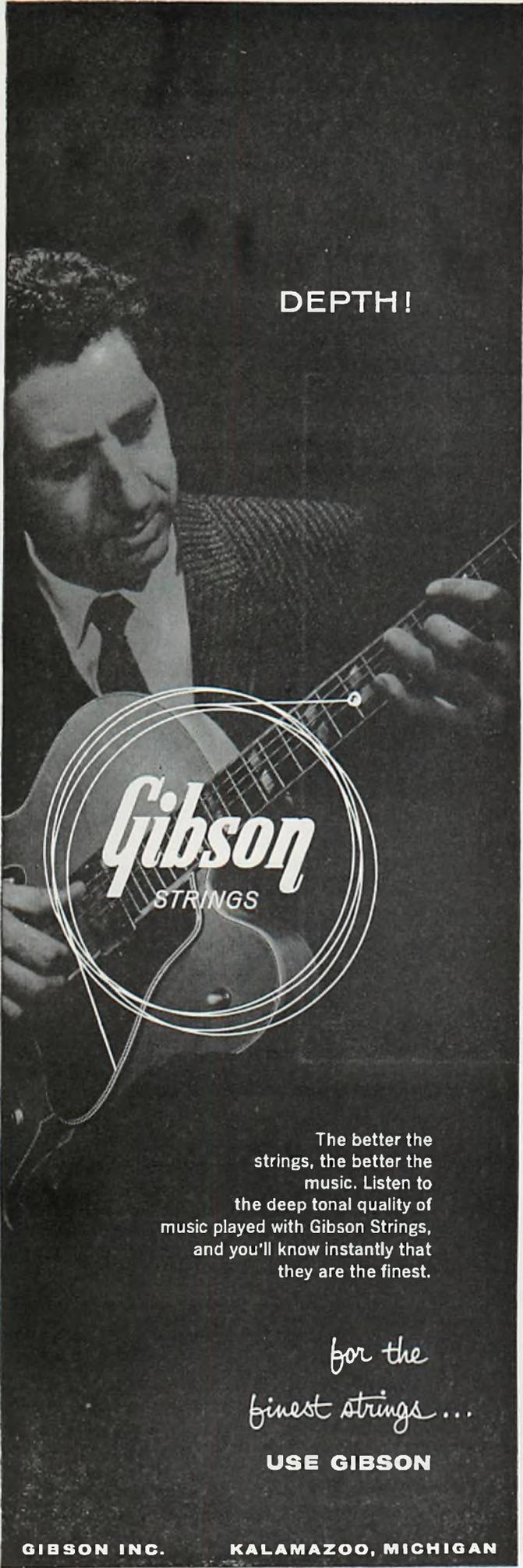
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NEW YORK

Newport, R.I., and its festival looms as the jazz news story most likely to confuse for the months to come. None of those involved—that includes Newport city council members, 1961's producers **Sid Bernstein** and **John Drew**, and original Newport producers **George Wein** and **Louis Lorillard**—will speak a word about what will happen or when in 1962. In fact, almost everyone denies being interested. But, on good authority, the festival has been up for grabs for several months. Some say it still is, but Newport Jazz Festival, Inc. (the Wein-Lorillard group) dropped its \$750,000 suit brought against the city government after the 1960 riot and festival cancelation, stating that "now nothing can be gained [by trying to collect the money] except more ill will and further bad publicity." There are those who believe withdrawal of the suit is part of a deal between Newport and Wein-Lorillard, which will lead to a 1962 festival presented by the original producers.



Goodman

Before this issue, but after the story was written (see page 18), composer **Tadd Dameron** suffered a stroke in Manhattan but is now recovered. The arranger-composer has completed albums for Blue Note and Riverside and is seemingly in the best of health ("Those things are just supposed to tell you to be careful.").

Benny Goodman, lately coming to listen at clubs featuring modern jazz, heard **Miles Davis** at the Jazz Gallery last month, then went to New York's Half Note, clarinet in hand, to hear **Al Cohn** and **Zoot Sims**. He sat in with them for several glittering sets. The rhythm section was made up of **John Bunche**, piano; **Buddy Catlett**, bass; **Bobby Pike**, drums.



Mann

Jazz historians certainly must have noted the Rose Bowl half-time festivities, telecast from Pasadena, Calif., on Jan. 1 over NBC-TV. The UCLA band played *How High the Moon*. The trumpet section played *Ornithology*. And Casey danced with that strawberry blond.

Herbie Mann has threatened to do away with the whole drum-laden bit of his recent years. As part of that, he bade goodbye to drummer **Rudy Collins** (he went with **Dizzy Gillespie**), drummer **Chief Bey** (he went to Africa for six months), and bassist **Ahmed Abdul-Malik** (who is working on his own projects of organizing oriental musics into Eastern modes). About his reorganization, Mann is most blasé, content for each to go and hear.

After two year of virtual exile, trumpeter **Cal Massey** has reappeared several times, most recently at Birdland with **Julius Watkins**, French horn; **Clifford Jordan**, tenor saxophone; **McCoy Tyner**, piano; **James Garrison**, bass; **Al Heath**, drums . . . **Les McCann** will tour Europe in April . . . **Count Basie** will swing through Scandinavia during his European tour in the spring of 1962 . . . **Jewel Brown** is the new vocalist with **Louis Armstrong** . . . The addition of reed man **Yusef Lateef** to the **Cannonball Adderley** group may be permanent . . . Observers say **Frank Sinatra** agents are looking around New York City for a theater

(Continued on page 52)

down beat

February 15, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 4



Buddy Rich

RICH AND JAMES TOGETHER AGAIN

Harry James has never made any bones about it: his favorite drummer is and always has been Buddy Rich.

Rich has been in and out of the James band several times in the past decade. Invariably his tenures were brief, but each time Rich would forsake the band, James would try to hire him back—usually at a higher salary.

The mercurial drummer's reasons for not staying long in the James band were varied and, some considered, quixotic. On one occasion he departed to launch a singing career. He recorded several vocal albums for Verve records and even took a fling at night-club singing. His drumming became a minor part of the act. As a cabaret entertainer, Rich was less than commercially successful. After a few forays, he returned to drumming full time and led his own small jazz group.

Rich's last hitch with the James band was in October, 1957, when he occupied the drum chair for a European tour.

When family illness compelled Jake Hanna, James' most recent drummer, to leave the band recently, the trumpeter lost no time in contacting his favorite drummer, then resting in Flori-

da from the rigors of a recent overseas tour. A deal was concluded. The upshot of James' most recent attempt to recapture Rich may now be witnessed at Harrah's gambling casino in Lake Tahoe, Nev.

Rich is back behind the Music Makers at a weekly salary reported "in the neighborhood of \$1,250." Some observers believe \$1,500 to be a more accurate figure.

How long will Rich stay this time? It's anybody's guess but the Harry James business office described the drummer's position as "permanent."

What induced Buddy Rich to return to the fold once more? When *Down Beat* asked James' band manager Frank (Pee Wee) Monte, he shrugged and said, "I guess he wants to play with a big band for a change."

TWO 'CONNECTION' SCORES PUBLISHED

Certainly no piece of theater, legitimate or not, has offered so much to so many jazz composers as has *The Connection*.

It is common knowledge by now that in this play about narcotics addiction the accompanying musicians play an integral role, occasionally speaking lines, though most often playing other lines. By its nature, the presentation requires the personal touch, and each change of musicians brings a fresh score into being.

So far there are four jazz scores for *The Connection*. The original, written by Freddie Redd, was heard in the off-Broadway Living Theater production, was recorded by Blue Note and Felsted, and is published by E. B. Marks. This is the score heard during last year's short run in England and recorded for the forthcoming film version.

During the play's European tour last year, another score was written and is now being performed during the current Living Theater production. Three of its songs were written by Cecil Payne, now with the New York cast, and four were written by Kenny Drew.

Payne has recorded this version for Charlie Parker records. The score will be published by Charlie Parker Music and Mayhew Music, and those companies also will issue a piano folio of the music.

The fate of two other scores is still in doubt. One is by Cecil Taylor, heard during the five weeks he spent with the New York production. The fourth was composed by Dexter Gordon for

the Los Angeles presentation early last year. In neither case are there plans for publishing scores or recording the music.

BAD ATMOSPHERE FOR DIZZY IN CHICAGO

Dizzy Gillespie is beginning to think Chicago is a bad-luck town for him.

Last August, when the trumpeter played a week's engagement at the Regal Theater, someone walked off with his tilted trumpet. Neither thief nor horn has been found; Gillespie has used a conventional trumpet since.

Recently Gillespie and his group played a two-week stand at Chicago's Sutherland Lounge. At the end of the engagement, Gillespie ran into bad luck again—\$2,400 of it.

The trumpeter and some friends were in his hotel room when two men entered, one armed with a sawed-off shotgun.

"Where's the bread you just got from the Sutherland?" one asked.

Gillespie said he told the bandits most of the money was in the hotel safe. They forced him to have it sent to his room.

In addition to Gillespie's \$2,400, the robbers took a \$4,000 mink coat worn by one of Gillespie's visitors.

NEW RECORD FIRM FORMED IN LOS ANGELES

A new outlet for jazz on record was announced recently with the formation of Denny records, an independent label headed by Joe Lubin and headquartered at Los Angeles' International Sound Studio.

Lubin, formerly vice president of Doris Day's Arwin label, will not concentrate on jazz, however. Denny, he said, will feature pop performers also.

Among jazz groups sought by Lubin to introduce his new label are the combos of Eddie Atwood and Ray Crawford. Atwood is a former drummer with Earl Bostic. Crawford, a guitarist, has led a quintet of guitar, vibraharp, piano, bass, and drums in the Los Angeles area since moving to the West Coast from New York City two years ago.

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

If you live in Los Angeles or San Francisco you already may own a sweat-shirt emblazoned with life-size portraits of Beethoven, Brahms, or Bach.

Rainier Ale began a similar campaign in New York City recently after

a spectacularly successful tryout on the West Coast, where, the company exhorted readers to "be the first highbrow in your neighborhood to own a Beethoven, Brahms, or Bach sweatshirt." Within two days, the company had to scramble to find a sweatshirt manufacturer who could satisfy the demand.

It must be of some significance that the company's advertisements in the East implore customers to "be the first in your peer group to own a Beethoven, Brahms, or Bach sweatshirt."

There are some who think jazz has much to offer an enterprising sweatshirt manufacturer: for instance, Basie, Bechet, Beiderbecke, Berigan, Blakey, Brubeck, and such.

PAYING DUES BUT NOT PAYING DUES

Attila Galamb, "honey" to his mother, seven-year-old saxophonist intruder to the American Federation of Musicians, has won from the union the right to perform professionally with union orchestras.

The battle began in 1960 when the union demanded a standby fee from sponsors before allowing the young musician to appear at the Canadian National Exhibition.

The supreme court of Ontario issued an interim decree at that time ordering the union to accept Attila as a member. Since that time, the boy's lawyer has negotiated with union lawyers.

Now the AFM allows him to perform, stipulating he be paid union rates, but it will not allow the Toronto boy to join the union until he is 12. In return, all lawsuits against the union have been dropped. And, on Jan. 5, Attila Galamb left for a five-month concert tour of Hawaii and the Far East.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

During a whirlwind trip to Germany and England recently, Benny Carter may have laid the groundwork for a full-scale European tour this spring.

Carter, who worked only four days at Storyville, a club in Cologne, Germany, accompanied by a local rhythm section, told *Down Beat* he is thinking of returning in April for a more extended trip. According to Carter, European promoter John Marschall wants the altoist-trumpeter-arranger to return for engagements in Marschall's Storyville clubs in Cologne and Frankfurt at that time.

"I'd like to take my own rhythm section along," Carter said, "but the transportation costs may rule that out."

During a stopover in New York City, Carter said he recorded an album

of his own on Impulse and one with the Count Basie Band on Roulette.

JUKEBOXES AND RUHR CASTLES

Those people who find sick-world significance in such things will probably cringe in delight to discover a jukebox fever among the industrious industrialists of the Ruhr Valley in Germany.

Burgeoning burghers as well as tyro

and other tycoons reportedly have found it fun to install jukeboxes in castles, lodges, and such, playing mostly American songs, played mostly with actual coins but played sometimes with a twist that is not a dance.

One such variation is for guests to record their own tunes for replay.

Some charities have been assisted by the fad, but, by and large, the jukebox is a plaything for the German who has everything else.

Editorial

An Open Letter to President John F. Kennedy:

Sir:

Since you have been quoted in the press as stating that jazz is our most effective cultural ambassador, it would now seem appropriate to put forward some suggestions in this general area.

Recent reports from behind the Iron Curtain regarding the level of interest in jazz would appear to indicate that efforts in promoting international understanding—even amity—between the free world and the Communist bloc are being thwarted through ignorance of the impact made by modern jazz behind the curtain.

According to a U.S. observer, Harold Jovien, who toured in Moscow, Warsaw, Budapest, and Prague last fall, the enthusiasm for modern jazz on the part of students, intellectuals, and professional persons in these capitals has never been higher.

Far from viewing our native music as a manifestation of "decadent bourgeois culture," these enthusiasts are clamoring to hear in person such musicians as Thelonious Monk, Quincy Jones, Miles Davis, and Gerry Mulligan. Unfortunately, thus far appearances behind the Iron Curtain by leading U.S. jazzmen have been spotty at best, and there is no known State Department-sponsored program for such tours.

Jovien, manager of several music personalities in Hollywood, recently reported on his experiences with musicians in the aforementioned cities. Not only is modern jazz played and popular in these countries, he said, but long play recordings of the music also are regularly produced by musicians there. As a case in point, Jovien cited a recording session made in Warsaw by saxophonist Stan Getz with a Polish band.

These musicians want desperately to hear U.S. jazzmen in person, Jovien said. So do the young intellectuals in these countries. And, he pointed out, such young persons are the leaders of tomorrow.

On one point, Jovien was emphatic. He stressed that the demand behind the Iron Curtain is decidedly for modern jazz, *not* for Dixieland or semi-vaudeville bands. In Prague, particularly, he said, the modern jazz movement is thriving under the leadership of the Karel Krautgartner big band and the Ludek Hulan Sextet.

The Voice of America and Radio Free Europe currently program much modern jazz in their broadcasts behind the curtain. But this is not enough. If we are to bring the full impact of this vital part of U.S. democratic culture to the peoples who live under communism, we cannot substitute records for the real thing.

The success of Dave Brubeck behind the curtain revealed in small measure something of the reception awaiting U.S. jazzmen who travel there. Other U.S. musicians—Tony Scott is one—also have done much good for this country in bringing the jazz message in person to these peoples. The evidence, therefore, is in. Why does not the State Department act upon it? Why does not the State Department seriously plan a concerted program to gain wide exposure for jazz where it could do much good for the United States?

We do not delude ourselves that such a musical program, if it can be arranged, will result in ideological change on the part of the rulers of these nations. One cannot combat Marxism-Leninism with the works of Thelonious Monk. But in the area of cultural exchange, of exposing some of the truth about the United States in these lands, a lot can be accomplished.

Jazz alone will not end the cold war. But jazz musicians from the United States could contribute substantially toward inducing a thaw. 

NOT LONG AGO, one of the most prominent young trumpet players remarked, in an especially candid moment, that after Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, and a couple of others, all his co-instrumentalists sounded alike.

When Oliver Nelson, composer, arranger, and alto and tenor saxophonist, came actively on the New York scene about two years ago, one of the major decisions he felt he had to make was whether to play like Sonny Rollins or John Coltrane. Thus was Nelson, at that time, in much the same bag among saxophonists as are the trumpeters.

Feeling it necessary to make such a decision indicated no lack of depth or sincerity in Nelson, for any young musician should have a good model. And even though those involved in jazz like to tout its nonconformist aspects, it is probably true that a young saxophonist who played like neither of those two gentlemen, at least a little bit, would have trouble working with regularity.

On his early albums, Nelson can be heard wrestling with that problem. (He went so far as to write a blues called 'Trane Whistle.) However, sometime early in 1961, he decided that he would be Oliver Nelson. The results have been more than gratifying.

Nelson, when Nelson finally came through without benefit of imitation, represented a new breed of jazzman. In contrast to the older, more picaresque musicians, Nelson is quiet, modest, highly articulate, indistinguishable in dress from a young lawyer or account executive—even to the briefcase. He has been trained in conservatories, and jazz is only one of several kinds of music he might have chosen to play professionally.

With this training and attitude, the music he plays and composes is not run-of-the-mill. He holds a master's degree in music, having studied at Washington and Lincoln universities in Missouri as well as with Elliott Carter, a contemporary composer of highly complex works.

This is also the Oliver Nelson who has been a member of the reed sections of the Count Basie, Quincy Jones, and Duke Ellington bands. The Ellington job, though he only filled in two weeks for Russell Procope, is, in many ways, the most valuable Nelson ever has had. When he decided finally who he was, he placed composition and arranging ahead of playing, and in his mind, there is no finer model than Ellington.

He remembers sitting next to Johnny Hodges and asking if he should play a certain way because he had the lead. "Play it the way you hear it," Hodges said, "because in four bars the lead will go somewhere else. If your part sounds like the lead, it probably is, but it won't be long."

Nelson considers himself fortunate to have sat in the middle of the unique Ellington sound to hear what goes to make it up and, because his ambition is to write for movies, especially lucky to have been a member of the band that recorded the *Paris Blues* soundtrack. (Relatives in his home town of St. Louis, Mo., informed of the *Paris Blues* job, sat through the movie vainly looking for him.)

The unique music—and in an age of jazz conformity, Nelson's music is unmistakably his—that has resulted from both his training and his varied playing experience sounds like a synthesized blend of his favorite composer, Bartok, (later-period Stravinsky is not far behind) and Ellington. Two pieces he has recorded for Prestige records, *Nocturne* and *Images*, are both titled in homage to Bartok, and sound, with Nelson's alto, almost as though that composer were being played by Johnny Hodges.

But there is more to Nelson than this.

His Impulse album, *The Blues and the Abstract Truth* (his composition and arrangement *Stolen Moments* from that set appears elsewhere in this issue), has been highly praised, but even it probably does not represent the high point of his output.



FOCUS ON

**OLIVER
NELSON**



By **JOE GOLDBERG**

Perhaps his most impressive achievement so far has been his arrangements for an Etta Jones vocal album, *So Warm*. Since he is familiar with the classical string literature, from the Bach suites for orchestra through the Bartok quartets, he knew that there is no necessity for Mantovani-styled lushness or sentimentality in writing for strings, for in skillful hands, a cello is capable of a cry of anguish no blues singer can approach. Nelson had never written for strings before, and his only vocal-background arrangements had been for small combinations.

"I wrote as though the voice were an instrument," he said about the Etta Jones album. Because of this, he took several chances and got away with them—Miss Jones had some of the most complex accompanying lines to sing over ever confronting anyone.

An unreleased Prestige album, *Afro-American Sketches*, is his magnum opus to date. Scored for an orchestra, in some places numbering 20 members, it is a suite of six related pieces tracing the Negro from Africa to present-day United States. It should place Nelson in the forefront of contemporary composer-arrangers.

It also may cause him some degree of trouble with certain of his colleagues, for just as some St. Louis musicians disparaged his admiration of altoist Paul Desmond ("You've got to come down harder," they told him), his choice of white drummer Eddie Shaughnessy in an album of this nature might not sit too well in some quarters.

While he was working on the piece, one well-known musician brought him lithographs of slave ships so he could "get mad." But Nelson, by nature one of the most pleasant of men, did not get mad. The music is pure Nelson. Like Bartok compositions, much of the suite suggests folk music.

Nelson is not, by the way, a Third Stream composer. On that subject, he said, "If there ever is a Third Stream, it will require a new kind of improviser, one who doesn't rely completely on running the changes. Cecil Taylor comes the closest, but even he isn't there yet."

OF HIMSELF, he said, "I want to be a composer-arranger, because when you play, you can only express one idea at a time. When you write, you can say it all."

At 29, he has said a good deal of it already. Each new offering by the unclassifiable Nelson, who has a complete grasp of orchestral timbres, classical technique, and a deep appreciation for the roots of jazz, indicates that there will be more of greater value to come. And it is sure to be *his* music, owing debts, as all music does, but owing nothing to fashion.

DON SCHLITEN



TADD DAMERON says he is the most "miscast person in the music business."

So?

Who is Tadd Dameron?

Few new jazz listeners would know.

But Dameron is responsible for some of the most-known bop tunes, as well as being partly responsible for some of the most significant talents in the big world of bop.

Miscast he was because never was he really a pianist or arranger yet he is always written about as such.

Miscast he is because he is an important member of modern music, but practically unknown to all who deal with modern jazz.

They called him "The Disciple" in the early days of bop, but, as critic-author Barry Ulanov has said, "maybe 'The Mentor' would be a better name for Tadd Dameron, since so many of the young beboppers crowded around him, demanding and getting opinions and advice. He had no formal music education. He wrote music before he could read it. He regarded bop as just a steppingstone to a larger musical expression. Yet no one who gives bebop serious consideration can omit Tadd from the list of prime exponents and wise deponents of this modern jazz expression."

Who is Tadd Dameron? Hughes Panassié quaintly has said he is good, "but his work often strays into modern European music."

Who is Tadd Dameron? Leonard Feather says that only a few of the "men who have enobled the jazz pantheon as arrangers, Fletcher Henderson through Tadd Dameron to Gerry Mulligan, have surmounted technical limitations as pianists to offer solos of piquant quality."

Who is Tadd Dameron? He wrote songs or arrangements recorded by Dizzy Gillespie: *Good Bait*, *Our Delight*, *Hot House*, and *I Can't Get Started*. For Georgie Auld: *Air Mail Special*; *Just You, Just Me*; and *One Hundred Years from Today*. For Billy Eckstine: *Don't Take Your Love from Me*. For Sarah Vaughan: *If You Could See Me Now* and *You're Not the Kind*.

These records of these songs are universally acclaimed. Dameron calls them "turkeys, all of them. I've never been well represented on records."

Who is Tadd Dameron? Miscast, he says, but his songs are played by jazzmen over the world, his arrangements remain as standards in the jazz world, and some of those whom he "coached" were the most important voices in the new jazz.

"I'm a composer," he said, and his many excellent compositions attest to that.

"But, see," he continued, "you're not prepared to accept

what I say. I wrote most of the songs you praise me for in 1939. See, I was just a composer. My brother and I played them then. But no one else would. I couldn't get an arranger to work on what I had written. They thought I was weird. So I had to become an arranger to get my music played. Just by research I learned the range of the different instruments. Suddenly, I was an arranger. I still am. But I'm not. I'm only an arranger because there was no other way to get my music played."

Dameron is sometimes listed as a pianist.

"I've played since I was 5," he said, "but I never was a piano player. Actually, I began as a singer in Freddie Webster's band. But, one night, Don Byas called me up. He was playing at the Onyx on 52nd St. with Dizzy Gillespie, George Wallington, Oscar Pettiford, and Max Roach. He asked me to take George's place on piano for the night.

"First I said no. Then he talked me into it, but I told him I couldn't take any solos, and he said all right. So, we begin, and everyone takes a solo, then Don points at me and says, 'You take it.' I had to play. That's how I became a piano player."

Miscast, as he says, but even more so, because from 1958 until 1961 he spent his time in the federal "hospital" in Lexington, Ky., as a narcotics addict.

Now, back in New York City, he says he has to find out who Tadd Dameron is.

"Just a composer—that's what I am," he said. "Of course, I'll arrange. That's a way to make bread. I don't think I'll play much. I'm too old for that. But I'd like to record some. I play much better now than I ever did before. I'd like to do an album of just lovely music."

He has a lot to recapture.

And there are a lot of musical moments to remember.

BORN 1917 IN Cleveland, Ohio, as Tadley Ewing Dameron, with a father who played several instruments, a mother who played piano for the silent movies, and a brother, Caesar, who taught him the rudiments of jazz, young Tadd ("please spell it with two of those") fell naturally into the musical scene. Some of that was spoiled though because his high school teachers, intent upon teaching him in conventional methods, lost him. "I flunked the courses in theory and harmony," he said.

Discouraged away from music, Dameron decided to become a doctor, entered Oberlin College as a pre-med student, and then turned against it after a few years of study because he caught sight of a severed arm.

"There's enough ugliness in the world," he said. "I'm interested in beauty."

By **BILL COSS**

tadd's
back

So, in 1938, he joined a band led by the late Freddie Webster ("Freddie got me interested in music again"). There was no piano in the band. Tadd was the singer.

He spent a year there and then went with bands led by Zack White and Blanche Calloway. Immediately afterward, he played piano in his saxophonist brother's band in Cleveland. Dameron said the absence of a bassist in this band is the reason why his own left hand is so strong—and has been so strongly criticized. But this was the band that played *Hot House*, *Good Bait*, and such, leading into the times when Dameron would extend himself further.

By this time, a Cleveland friend, Louis Bolton, had helped him to understand some of the techniques of arranging. That helped him considerably after he had been fired by Vido Musso when that leader's band came to New York City in 1939. Immediately afterward, he went to Kansas City with Harlan Leonard's band.

"I had an apartment there," he remembered, "and the spirit was fantastic. Everybody would drop by."

In 1941 he went into a defense plant for a year. Then, from 1942 until 1945, he arranged for Jimmie Lunceford, Count Basic, Billy Eckstine, and Georgie Auld.

In 1945, Dameron and John Birks Gillespie came to know each other, and the former's songs and scores enlivened many a big-band Gillespie performance. It was also a time for an increase in his own personal problems, an increase in his help to other artists, and a phenomenally long booking at New York's Royal Roost—39 weeks as a kind of house-band leader.

The Gillespie performances are, thankfully, mostly a matter of record. So are some of the others. Certainly Sarah Vaughan's *If You Could See Me Now* is one of the most beautiful jazz ballad renditions known to jazz.

What is not so well known is the amount of actual "coaching" Dameron did in those years. It began with Freddie Webster.

"He and I talked about the business of *singing* on your horn," Dameron said. "Breath control was the most important thing if you had the other things. So many people forgot that. I would work with Fats Navarro, Freddie, Sarah, and Billy, and tell them to think this way—sound the note, then bring it out, then let it slide back. Another thing so many musicians forget is what happens between the eighth and ninth bar. It's not a place to rest. What you play there is terribly important. It should be. It should make all the difference between the great musician and just someone else.

"It's funny, I thought differently about things right from the beginning. Like that. Or, like, about arranging. I never wanted to be that, but once I did, I would never go to a piano to write until I had the whole thing in my head. For example, you remember *The Squirrel*? I thought that out in Central Park, New York, one day, watching a squirrel—the jerky motion they move in. After you know what you have, then you go to the piano. I guess you prove things at the piano, but only after you've written them. At least, that's the way it is with me."

The long stay in New York began in the middle 1940s at a 52nd St. club, the Nocturne, managed by Monte Kay and Symphony Sid Torin. There, Dameron led Doug Mettome, Charlie Rouse ("Wow! has he improved!"), Nelson Boyd, and Kenny Clarke in 1947. Before the year was out, Dameron had moved to the Royal Roost on Broadway with Fats Navarro, Allen Eager, Kai Winding, Curly Russell, and Clarke.

Dameron remembers Navarro joining the group at \$125 a week. "But Fats," he said, "used to do things—now that I look back at it. I believe he did them on purpose—so I'd fire him. Then, I'd try someone else for a while and get so

disturbed I'd go back to him and hire him back. Each time I did, he'd ask for a raise. Of course, I'd have to pay it to him. By the time we were through, he was making \$250 a week. I fired him again. Then I went back to him, and he wanted more. I told him, like I always told him, that he was too expensive. He told me, like he always did, that he didn't want to play for anyone else. But that was it as far as I was concerned. I told him he was drawing leader's salary, and it was about time for him to be a leader."

Immediately afterward, Dameron went to Paris for a 1949 jazz festival with the Miles Davis Quintet and then to England as an arranger for Ted Heath, returning to the United States to arrange for Bull Moose Jackson during 1951 and 1952. The next year, he formed his own band again, playing that summer in Atlantic City, N.J., with Clifford Brown and Benny Golson.

The long summer of addiction settled in. From then, Tadd was mostly legend even to those who appreciated him most. Finally, in 1958, he was arrested and sentenced. Now he is very much back again.

THIS ARTICLE is meant to be a recommendation. Much of the assessment has been suggested earlier. In most simple terms, Tadd is a superior musician who took superior, simple, swing melodies (for example, *Hot House* is based on the chords of Cole Porter's *What Is This Thing Called Love?*) and applied devices. With his most original compositions, he was one of the first, certainly one of the most disciplined, of the young arrangers who brought modernity to jazz. About all that, he said only, "I'm a much better arranger now."

He always has been a fascinating pianist, not really technically proficient but always melodically rewarding. "I've had time to practice," he said. "I can play better now."

But about it all, he remains constant in that he is "really only a composer. The years have gone by. I've learned a lot. One of the things I've learned is to concentrate on what you can really do. In the end, it will make you more of a person, and happier."

"I'm a composer," he repeated. "If you want to say what I am, or what I'm doing, or what can people expect from me, just tell them that. I'm a composer. That's what I'm going to be doing."

If you are old enough to remember the Tadd Dameron of yesterday, there is a treat held in store for today. If you are young, you may wait with confidence and anticipation. In either event, you will hear your first present-day Tadd Dameron composition and want to hear it again. That is the test. He's been graduated with honors. 

HERB SNITZER



JAZZ COMPOSITION WHAT IS IT?

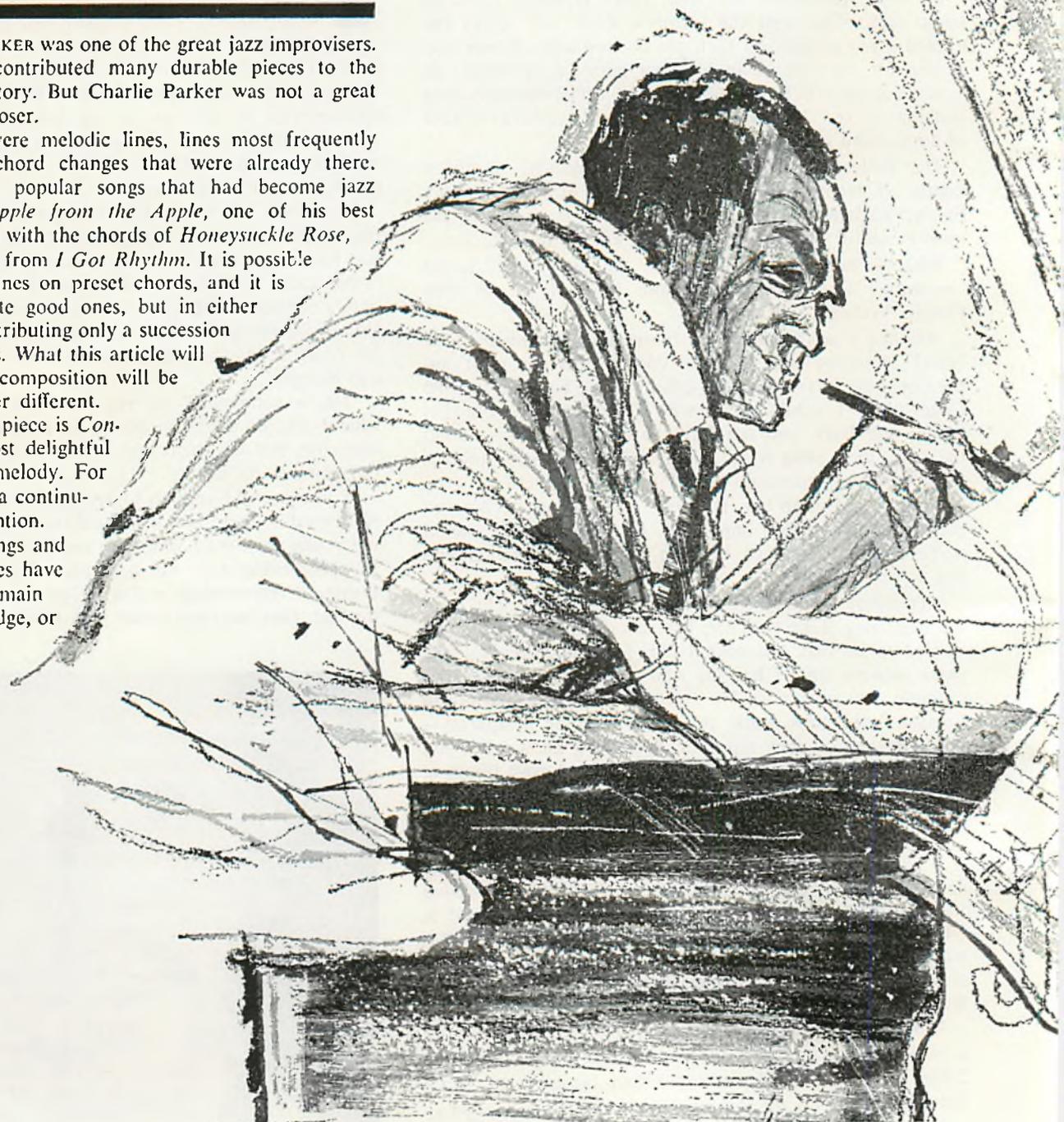
By MARTIN WILLIAMS

CHARLIE PARKER was one of the great jazz improvisers. He also contributed many durable pieces to the jazz repertory. But Charlie Parker was not a great jazz composer.

His pieces were melodic lines, lines most frequently written to fit chord changes that were already there, borrowed from popular songs that had become jazz standards. *Scrapple from the Apple*, one of his best melodies, began with the chords of *Honeysuckle Rose*, with the bridge from *I Got Rhythm*. It is possible to write poor lines on preset chords, and it is possible to write good ones, but in either case, one is contributing only a succession of melody notes. What this article will consider a jazz composition will be something rather different.

Parker's best piece is *Confirmation*, a most delightful and ingenious melody. For one thing, it is a continuous linear invention.

Most pop songs and many jazz pieces have two parts, a main strain and a bridge, or



middle strain. The main strain is repeated twice before the bridge and once after it. *Confirmation* skips along beautifully with no repeats (except for one very effective echo phrase) until the last eight bars, which are a kind of repeat in summary.

Moreover, the bridge does not seem an interruption or an interlude that breaks up the flow of the piece but is a part of the continuously developing melody. Finally, if the chord sequence to *Confirmation* preceded the melody, then the melody became so strong as Parker worked on it that it forced him to alter the chords to fit its developing contours. Vaguely in the background there seem to have been the *I Got Rhythm* changes, but they are so transformed in *Confirmation* as to be almost unrecognizable. *Confirmation* is Parker's approach to what this article is calling composition.

There is another basic point that might be established here. It is that a composition is, in some sense, a piece for instruments. It is not for voice—not a "song."

In its early stages, music begins as rhythm and then becomes vocal melody. But when man begins to use musical instruments, even simple drums, he discovers that the instruments have characteristics and resources the human voice does not have. Songs are written for the voice. The more able and trained the voice gets, the more complex the songs can become. But we write compositions for the specific resources of musical instruments.

The best test is that when we have heard a good song, we are likely to come away singing it ourselves. But when we have heard a good composition, we want to hear the instruments play it again. That explanation is not absolute, of course, because there are plenty of good instrumental melodies that we can sing or hum, and there are plenty of good songs that composers have been able to orchestrate effectively. But it is a good rule of thumb.

JAZZ, LIKE ANY other music, began as rhythm and then became song and chant. And soon this song and chant were imitated on homemade and "legitimate" instruments.

Apparently the whole intention of the early jazz player, as nearly as it can be deduced, was to imitate the human voice. At about the turn of the century, however, there developed a style called ragtime. Many ragtime melodies were derived from songs of various sources, but ragtime was primarily an instrumental music. At first it was a piano music, and simple, optimistic ragtime melodies had a definite instrumental conception, partly because ragtime was heavily influenced by march music.

Ragtime made a contribution in instrumental melody to jazz that is still being felt. Improvisation is not primary to ragtime, and even written variation is comparatively rare. But a ragtime piece is a two-handed composition for piano in which the melody and the harmony exist together.

Take the first really good rag, Scott Joplin's *Maple Leaf Rag*. The melody has little meaning by itself, and, despite their simplicity, the chord changes belong intrinsically to it. In his later years, in a piece like *Euphonic Sounds*, Joplin tried to extend the idiom further so that the left hand did not simply make rhythms and harmonies but was given an interweaving melodic function as well.

I believe the great jazz composers have been Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington and that the modern candidates are Thelonious Monk and John Lewis.

There are some interesting similarities among these men. Each is a pianist. Each also has been called a poor pianist—which, in some quite irrelevant way, each may be. Each man, in having an orchestral conception of piano and in terms of the specific techniques of jazz (techniques that jazz does *not* necessarily have in common with other music),

is actually a kind of jazz virtuoso. Each also has, in his own way, a concern for over-all form in a performance. That concern goes beyond composition to include exactly the way the soloist is related to the piece and to the total effect of a performance.

Monk, for example, is not the least bit interested in finger dexterity. But in terms of unique sound; of the most subtle sense of rhythm, meter, accent, and time; of the musical worth of each melody note and each note in each chord; of the ability to find endless and fascinating variations on even the simplest idea, Monk is one of the great jazzmen.

One of Morton's best recordings is of a piece he called *Dead Man Blues*. Like W. C. Handy's blues, and like ragtime pieces before them, *Dead Man* is built on several themes. These themes obviously need to work well together; they can't be three handy melodies just thrown into the same piece. And they need to be put into some kind of order that gives a musical and emotional development.

In orchestration one concern of the composer is to decide who plays what, who improvises when, and how to bring out the best in the improviser without letting him overpower the whole performance. The whole, in an ideal performance of a great jazz composition, has to be greater than the sum of its parts.

Morton's recording of *Dead Man* begins with the echo of a funeral, in an introductory bit of Chopin's *Funeral March*, played on trombone with just the merest hint of humor.

From this point on *Dead Man* attempts the very difficult task of being sober—even reverent—and at the same time being spirited. The first theme in *Dead Man* is stated in a dancing polyphony by the trumpet's lead, with the clarinet quietly in a second melody behind it, and a trombone in a rhythmic-melodic bass line. There is a wonderful lightness of melody and sound and rhythm in this chorus. It is quite unlike the heavy, plodding, and strident Dixieland ensembles we so often hear nowadays. Such masterful ensemble playing in the style is perhaps a lost art.

The second section of *Dead Man* is a series of variations. The first is a chorus by Omer Simeon's clarinet. In the second, trumpeter George Mitchell shapes two lovely, logically developed, simple melodies. Mitchell's second chorus is also a contrast to his first and it further prepares for the entrance of the third *Dead Man* theme. It is rare that a solo can have such structural uses and still be beautiful in itself, but the great jazz composers can always encourage such playing.

The third part of *Dead Man* begins simply, with a trio of clarinets playing a lovely, rifflike blues line. As they repeat it, Kid Ory's trombone enters behind them with a deeply sung countermelody. In the third chorus, as if encouraged by Ory, Mitchell and Simeon join the trombonist; the other two clarinets drop out. The three horns play a lovely three-part variation on the theme. Obviously, this section also echos the polyphonic chorus with which the record began, and it beautifully balances the piece with a similar effect at beginning and end.

(Warning: the version of *Dead Man* currently available is an incongruous composite tape-splice of several takes and that one section is from an obvious warm-up that no one would have wanted issued in any form. It will give you little idea of the real artistry of the final version of *Dead Man Blues*.)

Morton's best records abound with effects. Pieces like *Black Bottom Stomp*, *Grampa's Spells*, *Kansas City Stomps* have harmony, polyphony, solo, stop-time breaks, alternating 2/4 and 4/4 time, have rhythm instruments dropping out and re-entering, call-and-response patterns, riffs—*Smoke House Blues* even has a sudden double-time on top of a double-time.

Such a catalog of devices may make Morton's records sound ridiculously cluttered, particularly when it is remembered that most of them use at least three themes! But they are not. They move from beginning to end with a rare purpose, direction, and order.

ELLINGTON'S ACHIEVEMENTS place him beyond style or period to be sure; his stature as an orchestrator alone might assure that. But his is a truly co-operative art. Even the act of composition in the Ellington orchestra is a co-operative thing among the leader and his men. (But it is surely a measure of his stature that the subsequent careers of many Ellington sidemen have been less illustrious after they have left him.)

The important early Ellington-Bubber Miley pieces like *Black and Tan Fantasy* and *East St. Louis Toddle-oo* have been thoroughly discussed by Gunther Schuller in *Jazz*, edited by Nat Hentoff and Albert McCarthy.

Two of the masterpieces from what is perhaps his great period, 1938-1941, *Ko-Ko* and *Concerto for Cootie*, have been praised and meticulously analyzed by André Hodeir in *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence*. There is another piece from the same period, which, if it is not a masterpiece, is excellent Ellington, and that shows the function of Ellington's leadership perhaps even more readily. It is *Main Stem*.

On the face of it, *Main Stem* is nothing but a scantily orchestrated fast blues: a theme, a string of solos, and the theme again.

That theme is equally deceptive, because it may sound like a swing-style riff of the 1930s. But a moment's listening shows that it isn't. It is an ingeniously organized rhythmic idea. The solos—Rex Stewart's cornet, Johnny Hodges' alto saxophone, Stewart again, Ray Nance's trumpet, Joe Nanton's trombone, Ben Webster's tenor saxophone, Lawrence Brown's trombone—pass in rapid succession. But there is not the slightest effect of haste or overloading. And it does not become only a series of individual episodes by the players. It is a continuously developing performance, with an over-all effect of its own to which each player contributes.

The internal contrasts are lovely, too. For example, Barney Bigard's clarinet is, as usual, used more as an instrument of coloration than as a strong melodic voice. Stewart appears in both guises, once for instrumental color and once for strong melody. Nanton's trombone is for sound and emotion; Brown's is for lyric melody. And so on.

What gives *Main Stem* its special unity are the details of orchestration, background, transitional scoring. These group effects are essentially simple and almost perfect.

By contrast, a first-rate big-band blues from the same period, like Count Basie's *One O'Clock Jump*, belongs to each soloist in turn, and then to the group for a wrap-up that is again almost a-thing-in-itself. *Main Stem* belongs to its composer, to its soloists, and to the group throughout.

IF ANY JAZZ composer can be said to have surpassed Ellington in any respect whatever, it probably is Monk in the uniquely instrumental conception of certain of his pieces, particularly *Criss Cross*.

Monk had to wait a long time to become known, but he wrote and recorded *Criss Cross* more than 10 years ago. *Round Midnight* aside, some of the best Monk pieces are those least often played. Examples: *Criss Cross*, *Four in One*, *Skippy*, *Eronel*, *Gallop's Gallop*, *Epistrophy*. Of course, *Evidence*; *Well, You Needn't*; *Misterioso*; and *Straight, No Chaser* are fine Monk pieces that one does hear done by others.

Certainly, one revealing aspect of Monk the composer is Monk the re-composer. That is, the Monk who takes a popular ditty—which, after all, is a melody that is usually



JELLY ROLL MORTON



THELONIOUS MONK



RONALD HOWARD

DUKE ELLINGTON



JOHN LEWIS

harmonized in the simplest manner. He rephrases that melody, and he reharmonizes it until he has made a real two-handed composition for piano out of it. Excellent examples are things like *I Should Care* or (of all things) *You Took the Words Right out of My Heart*.

Another delightful aspect of Monk the composer is the way he will integrate the middle, the bridge, melody into a piece. *I Mean You*, for example, is in the standard popular-song form, 32 bars, A A B A. But the B melody of *I Mean You* is a musical development of the A theme. The same is true of many other Monk pieces.

Another delight is the way Monk fills in. His blues *Blue Monk* sounds almost like the most traditional of blues line. But most older blues (and some newer ones) are organized in four-bar units, and they have rests, open spaces of about three beats at the end of each unit. *Blue Monk's* melody

logically fills in all the empty space with a continuous melody.

Like Monk, John Lewis works with materials that seem simple on the surface. One of his best pieces, for example, is *The Golden Striker*, which might be called a somewhat modernized *Bugle Call Rag*. Another Lewis achievement is the blues *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West*. It sounds quite traditional and simple perhaps, but it has highly original twists of phrasing in its compellingly logical melody.

Lewis' best single piece is undoubtedly *Django*, and the Modern Jazz Quartet's performances of it are among the really sustained "extended" jazz performances on records.

The gradations of feeling in *Django* are also exceptional. It is of course, a memorial to guitarist Django Reinhardt, and its main theme suggests a French gypsy, a guitarist, and jazz, all at once.

It also is a funeral piece. And hovering in the background is the New Orleans tradition that funerals become occasions for rejoicing and reaffirmation of life as well as of reverent sadness. Besides its theme, *Django* is a chord sequence for the improvisers and not the same as that of the main theme. There is also a little recurring bass figure that is probably as old as jazz and that was used in King Oliver's 1926 blues *Snag It*.

Lewis has sometimes padded his music with more complex effects and with quite derivative classical devices, and the results have often been stilted and overblown. But when he reassesses the jazz tradition, with fairly simple melodies, Lewis is an eloquent jazz composer.

It should be mentioned that probably the one really successful Lewis piece that has been performed outside the MJQ is *Three Little Feelings*, written for a brass orchestra and Miles Davis. Lewis' *Odds against Tomorrow* is also admirable.

Boplicity, by Davis and scored by Gil Evans for the Davis nontet, has been called a first-rate jazz composition. Evans is of course, an excellent orchestrator. But it would seem that *Boplicity* has a rather indecisive melody, and it is more interesting for its orchestral color and as a framework for soloists.

THE FOREGOING, with the exception of *Django*, are works that, at least on records, last about three or four minutes.

Nowadays one is likely to hear a favorite Ellington score and be disappointed. For one thing, it is not being played by the same group of men with whom it was originally worked out. Furthermore, there is likely to be extended soloing, and, thus expanded, the piece may lose its original terseness and force.

However, since at least 1931 and his first (and far more successful) recording of *Creole Rhapsody* for Brunswick, Ellington has been trying to extend jazz composition in length, in time, and in its musical form.

Most often his efforts have taken the form of suites. And several of the suites have been, in effect, a succession of separate Ellington pieces, some good, some not, some suggesting order, some not. The most nearly sustained, until recently, was *Black, Brown, and Beige*, but the latter sections of that piece probably can be considered superior, with the *Come Sunday* theme showing Ellington's sentimental streak off as badly as anything he has done.

These references are not to either recorded version of *Black, Brown, and Beige*. Both are incomplete. The earlier is the better, and the more recent one largely wastes everyone's talent, including Mahalia Jackson's.

Ellington's more recent *Suite Thursday* is another matter. After a rather overblown introduction, the opening section of that delightful work states nearly all the musical material on which the rest of it is based. Thereby all four sections

of *Suite Thursday* follow along in a continuously integrated development.

Even a mention of extended jazz works is incomplete without the inclusion of George Russell's three-part variations, based on a children's jingle, which he calls *All about Rosie*, an exceptional piece of writing.

Russell has spoken more recently of his efforts with his new group to write so that the composition is loose and suggestive and so that the act of playing a piece and playing variations on it becomes one unbroken line—to write so that the soloist is almost forced to re-compose every piece in playing it, and the theme and variations assume a kind of equal status.

One is reminded of Charlie Mingus, for, similarly, some of Mingus' best pieces are the performances of such pieces.

One cannot imagine *Pithecanthropus Erectus* or *Haitian Fight Song* or *Folk Forms* aside from performance. It is as if the performance gave the composition whatever existence it has. A question like, "How does *Pithecanthropus* go?" is meaningless—it goes the way it is played, and only that way. Composition and collective performance are one.

Mingus often laments not having had a big band to work with all the time. But with achievements like *Pithecanthropus* and *Fight Song*, one wonders. Jazz would be poorer without them.

DISCOGRAPHY

A Charlie Parker Quintet plays *Scrapple from the Apple* on Roost 2210. A Parker quartet does *Confirmation* on Verve MG V-8005.

On Riverside 12-110 is Scott Joplin's *Euphonic Sounds*. On Riverside 12-134 is *Maple Leaf Rag*. Both are transcriptions from piano rolls that were run a bit too fast when the job was done.

The faulty composite *Dead Man Blues* by Jelly Roll Morton is on RCA Victor LP M1649, but the LP also has *Black Bottom Stomp*, *Grampa's Spells*, *Kansas City Stomps*, and *Smoke House Blues*.

Victor LP M1715 by Duke Ellington has *Ko Ko*, *Concerto for Cootie*, and the better version of *Black, Brown, and Beige*. *Main Stem* is a part of Victor LP M 1364. *Suite Thursday* is half of Columbia CL 1579.

On Blue Note 1509 are Thelonious Monk's classic *Criss Cross*, *Eronel*, *Misterioso*, and *Four in One*. Blue Note 1510 has *Off Minor*; *Well, You Needn't*; *I Mean You*; and *Epistrophy*. Blue Note 1511 has *Skippy* and *Straight, No Chaser*. *Gallop's Gallop* is on Savoy 12137. *I Should Care* is on his solo recital, Riverside 12-235. *You Took the Words Right out of My Heart* is on the other solo recital, Riverside 12-312. The original (and probably the best) version of *Blue Monk* is on Prestige 7159.

The Golden Striker is played by the Modern Jazz Quartet on Atlantic 1284. John Lewis' recent version of his blues line *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West* on Atlantic 1375 is superb. The quartet has recorded *Django* on Prestige 7057 (1954 version), on Atlantic 1325 (1959), and on Atlantic 2-603 (1960). *Three Little Feelings* was on Columbia CL 941 and is currently rather hard to find, unfortunately.

The Miles Davis Nontet performances are on *The Birth of the Cool*, Capitol T 762.

The original version of *All about Rosie* was on Columbia WL 127; the Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band plays it on the currently available Verve MG V-8415.

Pithecanthropus Erectus by Charlie Mingus is a part of Atlantic 1237. *Haitian Fight Song* is on Atlantic 1260 and 1337; it is elaborated as *Folk Forms* on Candid 8005.



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record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, 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.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Don Ellis

NEW IDEAS—Prestige/New Jazz 8257: *Natural H.*; *Despair to Hope*; *Uh-Huh*; *Four and Three*; *Imitation*; *Solo*; *Cock and Bull*; *Tragedy*.
Personnel: Ellis, trumpet; Al Francis, vibraharp; Jaki Byard, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Some seven months elapsed after the recording of Ellis' controversial first album, *How Time Passes* (Candid 8004), before this Prestige/New Jazz collection was done. Ellis' work here is, if anything, even more stimulating and exhilarating — certainly it's thorny enough! — than his provocative writing and improvising in the earlier collection.

There are several reasons for this. For one, this disc attempts a far-wider-ranging program of moods and effects than did the Candid. It seems to me that they're brought off more successfully here, too.

As far as the technical means used to achieve these effects are concerned, this collection is more ambitious in scope and realization and, in this sense, is more truly representative of Ellis' sure mastery of several disciplines. These range from near-conventional improvising (*Natural H.*) through atonal and serial techniques (*Tragedy* and *Imitation*), on to a wholly improvised ensemble piece based on indeterminacy principles (*Despair to Hope*), and a lengthy extemporized trumpet *Solo* that is completely effective.

This collection I find brilliant in every respect. Ellis' compelling music warrants complete attention if only for the freshness, ingenuity, and striking originality of its conception. The five-star commendation might legitimately be awarded for this reason alone.

Yet, beyond this, the execution of the music is itself particularly stunning. The five men play together remarkably well, as if with a single mind, reflecting a unity of conception, a rapport, and a desire to serve the best ends of the music. The results certainly rank with the finest jazz of the last decade.

Ellis and vibraharpist Francis, who, with this disc, makes an impressive debut, and pianist Byard are members of the steadily swelling jazz avant garde, leading proponents of the "new thing." They are younger musicians who have come to the fore in the last two years and who, it has been said, are breaking with traditional jazz practices in their explorations. This album offers a gripping illustration that what Ellis, at least, is doing hardly constitutes a break with jazz' past but, rather,

represents a brilliantly logical development of jazz conventions and practices.

There is no reason why a jazz musician should not bring the whole of his musical sensibility, the totality of his musical experience, to bear on his jazz writing and playing.

This is what Ellis has done here, and he brings to his jazz work a thorough understanding and appreciation of contemporary "serious" music concepts and practices, precepts that have been unself-consciously, inevitably, and totally assimilated into his playing and writing approaches, so much so that they have become his natural mode of expression. "Natural" is the crucial word here, for were these classical influences merely grafted on, his music would ring false and pretentious. Such is not the case. Ellis works from within them. They are integral components of his fully shaped approach.

On first listening, the music in this collection might appear a bit forbidding or bewildering. After a few plays, however, it loses much of its strangeness, and one begins to absorb Ellis' rationale. The best piece with which to begin is *Natural H.*, his fleet, coruscating reworking of *Sweet Georgia Brown* and the one piece in the album nearest to a conventional jazz performance, with its easily followed harmonic framework.

From this, one might proceed to the blues *Uh-Huh* and the sprightly trio piece *Four and Three* with its attractive alternation of 3/4 and 4/4 rhythms.

Imitation and *Tragedy* have as their basis the use of tone centers or clusters, and once the ear acclimates itself to their sound, the music is easily grasped and can be appreciated on its own terms. "It is interesting to notice," Ellis writes of the atonal *Tragedy*, "that after playing on these clusters for a while, they become 'tonal' to the ear, and you hear melodic ideas that can be either close to the sound of the cluster (sonorous) or further away from sound (more dissonant), so it is actually exactly like improvising on slow moving chords."

The most interesting number in the collection—because of its daring and its success—is *Despair*, a piece of group improvisation that is based in John Cage's indeterminacy principles.

The selection is wholly extemporized by the quintet and had no guiding framework save an emotional one: the idea of progressing musically from despair to hope. It is largely successful in its evocation of this emotional progression and in its incorporation of certain natural sounds not normally accorded any musical value

(for example, human sighs, splintering sounds, toy slide whistle) into the over-all structure of the piece.

This stimulating LP is one in which there are no loose ends, an album motivated by a strong, sure, and wholly unique conception. It has something to say and states it with force, directness, sensitivity, and conviction despite its variance with prevalent "trends" in jazz.

If Ellis' music requires a reorientation of the listener, it more than repays the effort with some of the most forthright, intense, and rewarding jazz listening in some time.

Final words: I found on two copies of this disc that it was mislabeled—that is, the labels had been placed on the wrong sides of the LP, which could prove frustrating if you try to match Ellis' program notes with what the label tells you is being played. The order of tunes is correct on both sides, but the tunes listed on Side A are correct for Side B. (P.W.)

CLASSICS

Dvorak/Monteux

DVORAK—RCA Victor LM/LSC-2489: *Symphony No. 2 in D Minor, Op. 70*.
Personnel: London Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

At 86, Monteux has accepted the job of permanent conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, thereby making official an arrangement that has been informally in being for years. No conductor has been able regularly to get such high-quality performances out of the group as Monteux manages.

Not as lithe or sharply etched a performance as George Szell achieves for Epic, this is nevertheless a noble reading, full of long, songlike phrases expertly played and conducted with a firmness and rhythmic control that would be worth noting in a conductor half Monteux' age. (D.H.)

Schubert/Argenta

SCHUBERT—Omega OSL-69: *Symphony No. 9 in C Major (The Great)*.
Personnel: Cento Soli Orchestra of Paris, Autaullo Argenta, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

Look out for this one. Both the jacket and the disc labels wrongly proclaim it to be Schubert's *Symphony No. 7 in E*, instead of his *Ninth* and last. The labeler was betrayed by the fact that until a few years ago, two early Schubert symphonies were not included in the numbering system.

Under no circumstances, however, should this record be thought to contain

the work now known as the *Symphony No. 7 in E*, which Schubert left in piano score and which has been available for several years only in the orchestration by Weingartner, played by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra on Vanguard. There are no notes of any kind to warn the unwary buyer, this release being an economy package.

Inasmuch as Argenta, the Spanish conductor, has been dead for half a dozen years, this release is obviously a gimmicked stereophonic remastering of the Omega monophonic version that once was in the LP catalogs.

Argenta's talent, great as it was, is not enough to override all the technical inadequacies inscribed on this disc. Even as a bargain Schubert *Ninth*, it is no bargain. (D.H.)

Segovia/Bach/Boccherini

SEGOVIA—Decca DL-710043. Bach, *Suite No. 3 in C Major* (transcribed from the cello suite in C Major by John W. Dunrite); Boccherini, *Concerto in E Major* (transcribed from the cello concerto in E Major by Guspar Cassado).

Personnel: Andres Segovia, guitar; Symphony of the Air, Enrique Jorda, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The guitar, despite its smaller sonority, has much in common with the cello, so much that various instrumentmakers of the past experimented with ways to combine the best features of both in one body. Segovia, whose playing has never been more technically adroit or interpretatively



probing than on this disc, takes on two cello transcriptions and makes each utterly convincing.

The solo suite of Bach, reworked by Duarte (who was Jack Duarte not many years ago as a popular English guitarist), will sound odd only to those who know the cello music itself intimately, and even they appreciate the sense of fluency and rich harmonies that the classic guitar can add to these sparsely constructed pieces.

The Boccherini is more questionable, musicologically, involving as it does not only an instrumental change but a key transposition as well. However, Boccherini himself transcribed a number of his string quintets late in life, giving the cello part to guitar, and the eminent cellist Cassado obviously knows both instruments well enough to keep from committing stylistic sins.

In the concerto, Segovia's dynamic nuances and color changes are caught with a close mike that could not be duplicated except in the tiniest of concert halls.

This is concert-hall realism and then some. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt

ROSS TENORS—Verve 8426: *Blues Up and Down*; *Counter Clockwise*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *The One Before This*; *Autumn Leaves*.

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone, Stitt, tenor, alto saxophones; John Houston, piano; Charles Williams, bass; George Brown, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Here are two tenor titans that it took almost 10 years to get back together. It was worth waiting. The rapport and dual vitality has not been dulled by the years. In fact, Ammons has been playing better lately than he has for several years. He may not be as inventive or quick in a linear way as Stitt is, but he is a man-mountain of emotion and knows just where to place his notes and phrases.

Stitt is in his usual fine form on tenor, and his only appearance on alto (*No Greater Love*) is highly lyrical.

The rhythm section does its job well throughout, although Brown has slightly squeaky hi-hats on *Blues Up and Down* and *Counter Clockwise* that are annoying. Houston, who played with Ammons and Stitt in the early '50s, is the only familiar name in the rhythm section. His solos are unexceptional but short.

Up and Down is a fast blues, with much romping and stomping, that the men used to play together back when. *Clockwise* is a slower, funkier blues.

The standards sandwich *The One Before This*, an intriguing one-note theme by Ammons, and balance the blues track perfectly. The playing on *Autumn Leaves* is really gorgeous. As the notes state, this isn't jazz you have to analyze. Just sit back and groove with two saxophone pros. (I.G.)

Jaki Byard

HERE'S JAKI—Prestige/New Jazz 8256: *Cinco y Quatro*; *Mellow Septet*; *Garnerin' a Bit*; *Giant Steps*; *Bess, You Is My Woman/It Ain't Necessarily So*; *To My Wife*; *D.D.L.J.*

Personnel: Byard, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Byard's playing as a sideman on several albums in the last year or so has been impressive, but this, the first album released under his own name, is disappointing.

The strong individualistic sideman Byard is almost obscured by an overlay of other pianists, including Ahmad Jamal, John Lewis, Red Garland, Art Tatum, Erroll Garner (in addition to the obvious *Garnerin' a Bit*), and Bill Evans. Instead of the album's being titled *Here's Jaki* it might be more fitting if it had been called *Where's Jaki?*

When sideman Byard does appear, the performance takes on luster, for then the piano single lines become lean and firm, the chords thick-textured and burning.

Wife has more sideman than the other tracks, excluding *Cinco*, one of those Latin montuna outings, this time in 5/4, during which Byard runs the gamut from Impressionism to funk, beginning ideas but rarely completing them. There is a swirling, multinode passage in *D.D.L.J.* that is attractive, though it comes off Tatumesque.

Throughout, Byard reveals his fine sense of time nicely complemented by Carter

and Haynes. But all in all, Byard is capable of more than what he does on this record. (D.DeM.)

Jimmy Forrest

OUT OF THE FORREST—Prestige 7202: *Bolo Blues*; *I Cried for You*; *I've Got a Right to Cry*; *This Can't Be Love*; *By the River Saint Marie*; *Yesterdays*; *Crash Program*; *That's All*.

Personnel: Forrest, tenor saxophone, Joe Zawinul, piano, Tommy Potter, bass; Clarence Johnston, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

If you gotta dance, children . . . if you dig healthy, full-blown tenor with no frills attached . . . if you want to forget the nuclear-age neurotics posing as avant gardists, then this meat-and-potatoes session is for you.

Forrest more recently has been working in the Harry Edison Quintet backing singer Joe Williams in night clubs. He is strong and basic and gets a fine, big tenor sound that leaps out and clobbers you. Sometimes, mainly in the ballads, he tends toward trite and tired ideas, more or less as if it were expected of him. But on tracks like *This Can't Be Love*, he cooks, driving straight ahead without a glance backward.

The rhythm section fits together like a finely dowled chair. All together, this is a comfortable, unaffected session built around Forrest's solid blowing. (J.A.T.)

Stan Getz-Bob Brookmeyer

STAN GETZ/BOB BROOKMEYER — Verve 8418: *Minuet Circa '61*; *Who Could Care?*; *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *Thump, Thump, Thump*; *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*; *Love Jumped Out*.

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Brookmeyer, valve trombone, Steve Kuhn, piano; John Neves, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This marks two events, the first recording by Getz since his return to the United States; a reunion with Brookmeyer, his partner of the mid-'50s.

The simultaneous happenings are cause for celebration. Getz and Brookmeyer are mature players, and everything they do on this record is in perfect balance insofar as ingredients required for one style of complete jazz performance are concerned.

The group, exclusive of Brookmeyer, is the one Getz has toured with since spring, 1961. Kuhn is a young pianist who has shown a liking for Bill Evans. He manifests this in several places here but also exhibits things of his own. He fits well in a subtle but driving (when it has to) rhythm section, completed by the strong Neves and the impeccable Haynes.

The three Brookmeyer originals are delightful: *Minuet* has as infectious a line as I've heard in a while, *Who Could Care?* is a lovely ballad, *Thump* is an equally engaging composition.

The other material is complementary. *Berkeley Square* is a beautiful ballad that has not been recorded into the ground, and Buck Clayton's *Love Jumped Out* is an old Basie feature that has only been done once since the 1930s (Paul Quinichette with a Basie alumni group in the '50s). It also has been some time since we've heard *Nice Work*. When it's played like this, however, you can enjoy it even if you had just heard several other versions.

There are many good things to be said about the individual merits of Getz and

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BOBBY TIMMONS TRIO

WITH CLAIR TERRY

& JULIUS WATKINS

ARRANGEMENTS BY JIMMY HEATH

+ ERNIE WILKINS, MELBA LISTON +

RIVERSIDE

LISTEN TO BARRY HARRIS... SOLO PIANO



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

The Bobby Timmons Trio in Person

The big news is that the sensationally soulful young pianist has graduated from the Jazz Messengers and is now leading his own formidable trio (with Ron Carter on bass; Albert Heath, drums). Their first album together is an exciting on-the-job session at New York's Village Vanguard.

(RLP 391; Stereo 9391)

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)

A Jazz Version of "Kean"

The big news is that the score of Broadway's newest top musical—the Alfred Drake hit, "Kean"—provides the basis for a truly different jazz album. An all-star ensemble headed by Blue Mitchell, Bobby Timmons, Jimmy Heath playing melodic but hard-swinging arrangements by Ernie Wilkins, Melba Liston & Heath.

(RLP 397; Stereo 9397)

Listen to Barry Harris

The big news is a wonderfully listenable unaccompanied album by a remarkable, skilled and sensitive pianist. Among its highlights is a Harris original, Mutattra, dedicated to Art Tatum—underlining the fact that Barry today is a worthy successor to Tatum as the finest of solo pianists.

(RLP 392; Stereo 9392)

Brookmeyer, but the most important factor in the success of this set is the ease with which these men communicate their thoughts and feelings to the audience. It seems to flow out and by the same token, right in. (I.G.)

Wild Bill Davis-Charlie Shavers

THE MUSIC FROM *MILK AND HONEY*—Everest 5133—*Milk and Honey; That Was Yesterday; I Will Follow You; Like a Young Man; Chin Up, Ladies; Independence Day Hora; There's No Reason in the World; Shalom; Let's Not Waste a Moment; As Simple as That.*

Personnel: Shavers, trumpet; Les Spann, flute, guitar; Davis, organ; Tommy Bryant, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

If it were not for the presence of Shavers, this would be an unconscionably dull disc. Jerry Herman has written some pleasant tunes for *Milk and Honey*, but



they are played here in relatively routine fashion.

Shavers' trumpet, muted and crisp or open and lustrous, frequently pierces the somnolence created by the rest of the group, but it quickly falls back in line, and his briefly promising moments never develop into anything of real interest. (J.S.W.)

Claude Hopkins

LET'S JAM—Prestige/Swingville 2020: *Offbeat Blues; Safari; Late Evening; The Way You Look Tonight; I Apologize; I Surrender, Dear; I Would Do Anything for You.*

Personnel: Joe Thomas, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Hopkins, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The honest joy of a group playing strongly rhythmic, dancing jazz pours out of this disc. It comes in two distinct flavors: hot and swinging on one side, balladic and swinging on the other.

Hopkins heads a superb rhythm section, playing with the economy and direction that come from long seasoning. Over this foundation Tate looms up in superb form, forming his big, sonorous lines with the exhilarating, all-inclusive sweep that has come to be expected of him.

The real revelation here is Thomas, who has been gradually working his way back to top shape and whose recent playing has been a mixture of brilliance and uncertainty. Here it is all brilliance—beautiful, bristling, full-bodied phrases that jab and sing and drive straight along.

It is fascinating to hear men with big-band backgrounds, such as Tate and Thomas, instinctively finding a supporting spot for themselves behind the other soloists instead of sitting out everything in

which they have no immediate concern.

Tate plays clarinet on one number, showing a completely individual manner with a warmly woody sound in the lower register and a clear, lovely tone as he moves up. And there's a brief and cheerfully nostalgic touch as Hopkins moves into his old hit, *I Would Do Anything for You*, with a blithely romping, clipped, and swinging solo. But this is no attempt to resurrect the past. These men play timeless, swinging jazz on a level that rarely reaches records. (J.S.W.)

Willis Jackson

IN MY SOLITUDE—Prestige/Moodsville 17: *Nobody Knows the Trouble I See; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; In My Solitude; Estrellita; It Never Entered My Mind; They Didn't Believe Me; Home; Nancy.*

Personnel: Jackson, tenor saxophone; Richard Wyands, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Granville Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Venturing into the field of ballads, Jackson has had the good sense to keep a sharp ear out for graceful melodiousness, but beyond that he has missed the boat completely if his aim was to produce something in the jazz realm.

Mere placid prettiness, which is as deep as he gets, is scarcely enough to qualify as jazz, as Jackson, or anyone else, can note by listening to such masters in this realm as Coleman Hawkins (hear *The Hawk Relaxes* in this same Prestige series) or Ben Webster.

Jackson simply plays the tunes, oozing along at a very slow pace, and rarely

makes any attempt to develop the material. When he does, as on *Believe*, he does not get very far. Wyands gets in a few brief and pleasant piano solos. This set doesn't make it as jazz, but it is serviceable as a soft-lights background. (J.S.W.)

Gary McFarland

THE JAZZ VERSION OF *HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING*—Verve 8443: *Grand Old Ivy; Love from a Heart of Gold; Grand Old Ivy, Part II; Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm; How to Succeed; I Believe in You; Paris Original; Brotherhood of Man.*

Personnel: Doc Severinson, Herb Pomeroy, Clark Terry, and Bernie Glow or Joe Newman, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Willie Dennis, Billy Byers, trombones; Ed Wasserman, Al Cohn, Oliver Nelson, Phil Woods, Sol Schlinger, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Jim Hall or Kenny Burrell, guitar; McFarland, vibraphone; George Duvivier or Joe Benjamin, bass; Mel Lewis or Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

The arrangements that McFarland has based on Frank Loesser's tunes for *How to Succeed* provide a happy omen for the future of big-band jazz.

McFarland shows that he can get away from the lumpy, heavy, static quality that has afflicted most big-band writing in recent years and can create inventive arrangements that swing loosely and that take advantage of the fact that, since there are a lot of instruments in a big band, a great deal of variety in textures and colors is possible.

Moreover, he keeps things happening behind his soloists in such a fashion as to make whatever the soloist does more interesting and to keep the whole piece on the move.

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)
- 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)
- Ken McIntyre, *Stone Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8259)
- Introducing Memphis Willie B.* (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1034)
- Anita O'Day, (vocal) *Travelin' Light* (Verve 2157)
- Martial Solal* (Capitol 10261)
- Gerald Wilson, *You Better Believe It* (Pacific Jazz 34)

★ ★ ★ ★

- Charlie Byrd at the Village Vanguard* (Offbeat 3008)
- Gold and Fizzdale Play Dave Brubeck's Jazz Ballet, Points on Jazz* (Columbia 1678)
- Wynton Kelly!* (Vee Jay 3022)
- Charlie Mingus, *Mingus* (Candid 8021)
- Oliver Nelson, *The Blues and the Abstract Truth* (Impulse 5)
- Ruth Price with Shelly Manne and His Men at the Manne-Hole* (vocal) (Contemporary 3590)
- Various Artists, *Chicago: The Living Legends* (Riverside 389/390)

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Jones and Gray join talents to offer brand new versions of tunes made famous by leading trumpet talents of the swing era. "Two O'Clock Jump," "I Can't Get Started," "Boy Meets Horn," "Hot Lips" and "Tenderly" are but a few of the brilliant products of this big band-quartet merger. Jazz history's greatest horn men could receive no finer tribute.

Old, new and blues... these two new albums belong in your record library... your friends may be upset if you try to borrow them.



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It is particularly interesting to hear the two different treatments he gives to *Ivy*, one a swinging showcase for some trimly fluent tenor saxophone work by Cohn, the other built around a crisply crackling, exuberant solo by Terry and clipped, bouncing alto playing by Woods. McFarland also makes provocative use of Woods as a warm, full-bodied clarinetist on *Paris*.

The impressive thing about these arrangements is that something is always going on, that there is nothing of the tired, cut-and-dried approach that has become almost habitual with big-band arrangers.

Besides Cohn, Terry, and Woods, the soloists who have the benefit of McFarland's lively imagination include Burrell, Brookmeyer, Jones, and McFarland himself, who swings lazily along on vibes in *Dinner*, with Cohn noodling darkly under him on clarinet and the band leaping and darting behind him.

McFarland has done a brilliant job with a score that, basically, would seem to be little more than merely serviceable.

(J.S.W.)

Riverside Jazz Stars

A JAZZ VERSION OF *KEAN*—Riverside 397: *Sweet Danger; Chime In; Penny Plain; To Look upon My Love; The Fog and the Grog; Elena; Inevitable; Willow, Willow, Willow.*

Personnel: Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Clark Terry, flugelhorn, trumpet, or Ernie Royal, trumpet; Julius Watkins, French horn; George Dorse, alto saxophone; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Arthur Clarke, baritone saxophone; Bobby Timmons, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Riverside has succeeded in reducing a session that was potentially promising on at least two counts to mere routine competence.

With the music for the Broadway musical *Kean*, written by Robert Wright and George Forrest, the most richly melodic score of the current season was at hand. And the Riverside Jazz Stars include two unusually brilliant and inventive jazzmen, Terry and Watkins. Yet the resultant performances just trundle along listlessly, reaching their minor moments of merit in a pair of mood-set arrangements, Melba Liston's *Penny Plain* and Ernie Wilkins' *Inevitable*.

For the rest, the arrangements are matter-of-fact and routine (Heath shares in this responsibility). And Terry and Watkins, whose musical personalities might have juiced things up a bit, are relegated to subsidiary roles while Mitchell, Heath, and Timmons get the bulk of the solo space. Their playing is cleanly professional but without any of the spark or vitality that is so sadly missing through this set.

(J.S.W.)

Jim Robinson

JIM ROBINSON PLAYS SPIRITUALS AND BLUES—Riverside 393: *Lily of the Valley; Sweet Bye and Bye; Tin Roof Blues; Jeunes Amis Blues; You Pray for Me; Take My Hand, Precious Lord; Toulouse Street Lament; Dippermouth Blues.*

Personnel: Robinson, trombone; Ernest Cagnolatti, trumpet; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; George Guesnon, banjo; Alcide Pavageau, bass; Alfred Williams, drums. Track 2—Annie Pavageau, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It is unfortunate that Thomas Jefferson, Al Burbank, and Robinson did not get

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The brilliant playing and composing skills of one of the most promising alto sax men to come along in many a year are spotlighted here — melodic, intriguing, soaring jazz! (Jazzland 56; Stereo 956)

JUNIOR'S COOKIN': JUNIOR COOK

Tenor star of the Horace Silver Quintet in his first album as a leader, an exciting romp that also features Junior's famed band-mate, trumpet star Blue Mitchell!

(Jazzland 58; Stereo 958)



together for an album in Riverside's *Living Legend* series, for a session with this front line would likely have produced four- and five-star tracks.

Here Robinson is joined by Cagnolatti and Cottrell, and while these three try for, and reach, driving solo and ensemble work, there doesn't always seem to be a good three-way sit.

Pray for Me and *Dippermouth* move along nicely, and everyone, Cagnolatti especially, comes through persuasively on the three blues tracks; but there is also much unsteady groping on Cottrell's part, dry and limited ideas from Cagnolatti, and times when Robinson seems not so sure how to play his lusty vamping phrases.

There is a good rhythmic balance on these tracks; Williams, Pavageau, and Guesnon provide solid, tasty background throughout the album. (G.M.E.)

Charlie Rouse-Seldon Powell

WE PAID OUR DUES—Epic 16018: *Two for One*; *When Sunny Gets Blue*; *For Lester*; *Quarter Moon*; *Boat of Soul*; *I Should Care*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 5—Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Peck Morrison, bass; Denzil Best, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 6—Rouse, tenor saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is a good idea. By presenting two different, although related groups, this release gets away from the too-much-of-one-thing feeling that pervades many LPs. Both tenor men have been underrated in the past. Rouse, even before he joined Thelonious Monk, had more exposure

than Powell and won the new-star tenor award in the 1961 International Jazz Critics Poll, but his is still not as widely celebrated a name as it should be.

Powell is not so much underrated as unknown to a wide audience. He has recorded before but not recently, except as an anonymous sideman in big studio bands. He is the extrovert of the two, and his numbers in this album seem to point this up. He is powerful on Mayers' minor-key *Two for One*, exhibiting good continuity of thought. His *Lester* is in a Pres vein but with Powell's own sound. It is not an attempt to copy Young assiduously but, instead, is a personal tribute. *Bowl* has him fluting his own blues effectively. Morrison has a couple of good solos, especially the one on *One*, but Mayers' piano stints are obvious exercises in the ordinary.

Rouse, as opposed to Powell, is in a balladic mood through most of his set. Even the exotic, minor *Quarter Moon* by Mahones is stated in ballad tempo, except for the bridge, before going into a medium groove that finds Rouse charging in his angular way.

Blue and *Care* are warmly delivered, the latter showing Monk's influence on Rouse's phrasing in the closing section that follows Mahones' short but neat solo. One discomfort is the repetition of Rouse's pet run on *Blue*. It may be his own cliché, but a cliché it is. In the long view, however, Rouse's passion and singular approach far outweigh this negative aspect of his playing. (I.G.)

Bob Rogers

ALL THAT AND THIS TOO—Indigo 7501: *This Too*; *Bluesy*; *Shadow Waltz*; *A Minute before I Go*; *Mood Indigo*; *Room with a View*; *Coffee Kate*; *Midnight Lace*; *Alone Together*.

Personnel: Rogers, vibraphone; Jay Migliori, alto saxophone; Al Lasky, alto saxophone, flute; Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone; Jack Nimitz, baritone saxophone; Ki Dubbs, Bud Billings, trumpets; Dave Wells, bass trumpet, trombone; Len Stack, piano; Gary Pencock, bass; Roy Roten, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This band has been working casuals around southern California. It's a well-organized, clean group with arrangements more or less in the style of the Stan Kenton early-'50s dance band, despite the far more limited instrumentation.

Contrary to the implications of the journalistic liner notes, Rogers did none of the writing. With the exception of *Alone Together* and the original *Bluesy*, which were written by pianist Stack, all the arrangements are the work of Dubbs.

Rogers also fails to take part instrumentally, aside from two appearances playing vibes on *Indigo* and *Lace*, both too brief to give an idea of his capabilities.

Minute is a pleasant *Li'l Darlin'* type of tune. *Alone Together* has an interesting re-shaping of the melody; *Indigo* gets an unusual treatment in long meter. *Shadow* is the most resourceful arrangement, but the band needs a little more light and shade in its dynamics; there's an interlude after the first chorus, for instance, that could have meant something, given a touch of contrast, but as a riff it becomes merely a bore.

Nimitz and Wells have some good solo

WORTH HAVING / PACIFIC JAZZ



DURHAM & McLEAN in a powerful in-person performance by their newly-formed quintet at the Jazz Workshop ("Inta Somethin'" PJ-41). RON JEFFERSON makes his leader debut in an earthy set of six (PJ-36) with the great LEROY VINNEGAR, "TRICKY" LOFTON and BOBBY HUTCHERSON. GERALD WILSON's marvelous arranging skill is used to advantage both as an instrumental force on "You Better Believe It" (PJ-34, with RICHARD "GROOVE" HOLMES), and as an effective framework for the amazing vocal debut of LES McCANN (PJ-31). BUD SHANK comes up with a surprise hit with his inventive sound-track score from "Barefoot Adventure" (PJ-35) also featuring CARMELL JONES.



The RICHARD HOLMES-GENE AMMONS collaboration ("Groovin' With Jug" PJ-32) has produced one of the few fresh organ-tenor albums of the year. The enormously talented RICHARD TWARDZIK recorded just one album prior to his untimely death... this is it ("The Last Set" PJ-37). HARRY EDISON, RICHIE KAMUCA and CY TOUFF in an authentic jazz classic ("Keester Parade" PJ-42). The remarkable CARMELL JONES is heard for the first time as leader in a powerful album that features HAROLD LAND (PJ-29). The controversial LES McCANN, on "Pretty Lady" (PJ-25), reveals a new and especially rewarding side of his musical personality on an all-ballad set.



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moments, but Perkins appears to have been having some reed trouble.

Territory bands like this should be encouraged. But with the uncountable new releases rolling off the assembly line nowadays, it's more likely than not that the average potential purchaser's reaction will be, "All those and this, too? I'll buy one of those."

Next time I hope Rogers will introduce himself unabashedly as vibraharpist, composer, and arranger. A band should be the reflection of its leader's personality if he has something of value to say. (L.G.F.)

Cal Tjader

IN A LATIN BAG—Verve 8419: *Ben-Hur; Davito; Green Dolphin Street; Panneto's Point; Speak Low; Triste; Misty; Mambo in Miami; Ecstasy; Half and Half.*

Personnel: Tjader, vibraharp; Paul Horn, flute, alto saxophone; Lonnie Hewitt, piano; Al McKibbon, bass; Armando Peraza, bongos; Wilfredo Vicente, conga; Johnny Rae, timbales.

Rating: see below

This can't be rated as a jazz album because it doesn't pretend to be, except in the liner notes. The musicianship is excellent, and there is jazz flavoring on several numbers. Only *Street* and *Half* contain any real attempts at improvisation, and the former skirts the subject at that.

If you dig Latin-flavored pop jazz or jazz-flavored Latin pop, then this is for you. In its own category it rates four stars. (I. G.)

Various Artists

CHICAGO AND ALL THAT JAZZ!—Verve 8441: *Logan Square; Chicago; Original Boogie; Original Rag; After You've Gone; China Boy; Take Me to the Land of Jazz; Sugar; Nobody's Sweetheart; Wolverine Blues; Chicago.*

Personnel: Jimmy McPartland, cornet; Jack Teagarden, trombone, vocals; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Joe Sullivan, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Bob Haggart, bass; Gene Krupa, drums; Lil Armstrong, Blossom Seeley, vocals. Track 3, 4—Lil Armstrong, solo piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Part of the cast of the TV production *Chicago and All That Jazz* was spirited away from rehearsals for that show to a recording studio to make this disc. The results, in light of the show, suggest they did their best playing for the record.

Teagarden, in particular, projects tremendous strength, vitality, and general *joie de vivre* both on his horn and in his singing. Freeman comes on with a keen-edged, lusty attack that should make the current tenor stars reconsider their stature. Sullivan rollicks across the piano like a great, sure-footed bear. And Russell is simply magnificent in his tightly etched eloquence. Furthermore, anyone who has wondered if Condon really does play anything when he sits up there strumming his guitar can hear exactly what he is doing all through this set—which is quite aplenty both in rolling the rhythm along and, in one notable instance, giving Russell a tremendous, running shove into a solo.

Two short piano solos by Miss Armstrong and a pair of numbers in which she, Miss Seeley, and Teagarden share the vocal honors (if that is the appropriate word) are out of place both as regards context and quality.

But the rest is just about the best display of up-dated Chicago-Condon style jazz that has been recorded yet. (J.S.W.)

**OLD WINE
NEW BOTTLES**

Count Basie

THE ESSENTIAL COUNT BASIE—Verve 8407: *Paradise Squat; You for Me; Two for the Blues; Every Day I Have the Blues; The Comeback; All Right, Okay, You Win; April in Paris; Flute Juice; One O'Clock Jump; Blee Blop Blues; Jumpin' at the Woodside.*

Personnel: Paul Campbell or Thad Jones, Reunald Jones, Wendell Culley, Joe Newman, trumpets; Jim Wilkins or Bill Hughes, Henry Coker, Benny Powell, trombones; Ernie Wilkins or Bill Graham, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis or Frank Wess, Paul Quinichette or Frank Foster, Charlie Fowlkes, saxophones; Basie, piano, Freddie Green, guitar; Jimmy Lewis or Eddie Jones, bass; Gus Johnson or Sonny Payne, drums; Joe Williams, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These sides have been culled from the 1952-1956 period of the Basic band and might reasonably be viewed as the cream of the Basic works of those years. But not quite "essential" when one considers what Basie has done before and since.

Still these are lustily swinging, highly creditable Basie performances that suffer primarily from the bad balancing and tubbiness that Norman Granz seemed quite content to load on the Basic band in those days (can it be entirely coincidence that the technical quality of Verve records has improved noticeably since they are no longer "under the personal supervision of Norman Granz," a label credit that often seemed more like a warning than a boast?).

The set includes three of Williams' most popular efforts, done when they had not yet been reduced to rote and when he still tossed in such extra touches as some really belting singing, as opposed to the more static shouting, or a gently hummed chorus.

There are a few glimpses of the unquenchably tasteful Basie piano; a brief bit of his organ style on *Paradise*, which underlines the essential awkwardness of most of the recent organ "stars"; a demonstration by Wess on *Juice* that the flute can really swing when it is given Wess' gutty phrasing and the accompanying impetus of the Basic band; and some roaring ensembles that have to be listened to with knowledgeable imagination to make up for the dampening effect of the recording.

(J.S.W.)

Various Artists

A HISTORY OF JAZZ: THE NEW YORK SCENE—Folkways RBF 3: *Too Much Mustard, Europe's Society Orchestra; Sensation Rag, Original Dixieland Jazz Band; Crazy Blues, Mamie Smith; Sugar Foot Stomp, Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra; Log Cabin Blues, Clarence Williams Washboard Five; Boy in the Boat, Charlie Johnson's Paradise Orchestra; Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble, Miff Mole's Little Molers; Thou Swell, Louisiana Sugar Babes; Harlem River Quiver, Duke Ellington and His Orchestra; Ozark Mountain Blues, The Missourians; Keep That Hi-de-hi in Your Soul, Cab Calloway and His Orchestra; Jazzocracy, Jimmie Lunceford and His Orchestra; Flyin' Hawk, Coleman Hawkins Quartet; Groovin' High, Dizzy Gillespie Sextet.*

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In the tradition of Folkways' incomparable 11-volume *Jazz Anthology*, this collection has been derived from a variety of sources (uncredited, incidentally) as illustrative accompaniment to a book, *Jazz, a History of the New York Scene*, by Samuel B. Charters and Leonard Kunstadt.

As a rundown of various aspects of

New York jazz from 1914 to 1945, this set serves its purposes excellently although it might have been possible to select an entirely different group of records with equal validity. However, this disc does not have quite the value of the earlier releases in the *Jazz Anthology* series since eight of the 14 selections already have been reissued on LP at least once. The previously unreissued pieces, by themselves, make up an interesting collection.

A 1914 recording by Jim Europe's band is loaded with vitality and demonstrates one of the clearest transition stages of band music toward jazz. Mamie Smith's *Crazy Blues*, the first blues recording, has some fine trombone by Herb Fleming; *Log Cabin* is one of those deftly swinging Williams small-group pieces with Cy St. Clair's tuba rolling smoothly through it; *Thou Swell* is a classic performance in which Fats Waller, on organ, and James P. Johnson, on piano, have at each other after a crisp muted trumpet solo by Jabbo Smith; and *Flyin' Hawk* gives us a glimpse of Thelonious Monk in 1944. The only really dispensable piece is the Callo-way item. (J.S.W.)

SAMPLERS & REPACKAGES

There is some good wine among re-packaged nonmodern albums, much of it in an Audiophile series put out by Concert-Disc, which has issued several Fine Arts String Quartet chamber-music albums. The jazz Concert-Discs, in excellent stereo, are from the Audiophile catalog and were originally issued on Audiophile.

Three albums by cornetist Doc Evans are included in the first Concert-Disc releases. The most consistent Evans' album is the relaxed *A Cure for the Blues*, (CS-49), which retains subtlety without losing spirit. Evans' Bix-like cornet lends clarity to such tunes as *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*, *Joe Turner Blues*, *Terrible Blues*, *How Long Blues*, *Just a Little While to Stay Here*, *Ain't Nobody's Business*, and *Winin' Boy Blues*—most of which are not too often heard. Clarinetist Dick Pendleton adds much to the proceedings, especially with an easy, subdued *How Long* solo. Knocky Parker is the pianist on this album, as he is on the other two Evans' releases, but I found his playing, while certainly pleasant, quite eclectic, with snatches of Joe Sullivan, Jess Stacy, Fats Waller, even Joe Bushkin, Jelly Roll



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Morton, and Art Hodes—which elicits a smile considering that Hodes wrote the liner notes and included a line about Parker: "His piano sounds like he's been listenin' to a lot of people."

Another of the Evans Concert-Discs is **Muskrat Ramble** (CS-48), which contains capable, though sometimes stiff, versions of Jelly Roll Morton's *New Orleans Joys*, *Georgia Swing*, and *Mr. Jelly Lord*. Evans is joined by cornetist Bob Gruenenfelder for a King Oliver-Louis Armstrong effect on four of the tracks.

The third Evans release is **Rx for the Blues** (CS-51). The sterling New Orleans clarinetist Albert Nicholas is added on some of the tracks, but too often things

get corny instead of, pardon the expression, hot. There is an attempt to recapture the feeling of the Jimmie Noone-Earl Hines Vocalions of the 1920s on *Sweet Lorraine* and *Four or Five Times*, which Nicholas plays with just the rhythm section, but the efforts lack the fire of their models.

Not a strictly traditional album, more of a swing-era outing, is Art Hodes' **Cat on the Keys**, Concert-Disc CS-50. Five of the tracks are by pianist Hodes accompanied by Marty Grosz, guitar; Truck Parham, bass; Freddie Kohlman, drums, a generally satisfying rhythm section except for the sometimes conflicting senses of time of Kohlman and Grosz. Two of

these tracks are excellent, *Chimes Blues* and *Liberty Inn Drag*, both blues. On the other four tracks, clarinetist Eddie Burleton is added, his playing doing much to give a feeling of the swing era. Burleton's clarinet is controlled and emotional, though not as fiery as this style of clarinetting can be. Hodes is rather subdued throughout the album, as if he were being cautious, which is a shame, since he can roar when he wants. But the two aforementioned blues are nice.

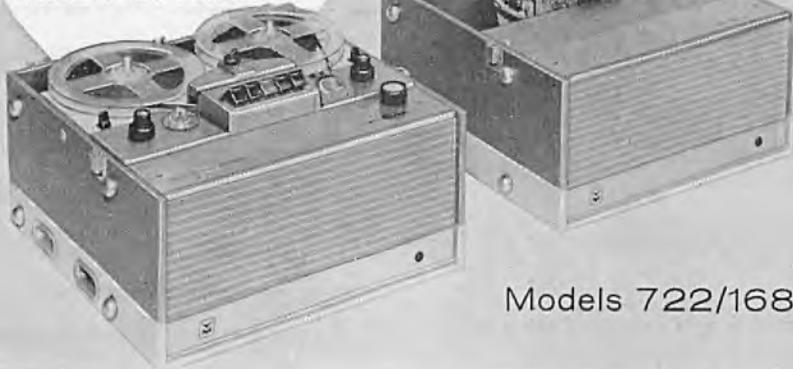
Red Nichols and His Five Pennies (Concert-Disc CS-53) is a dreary item, the band never finding reading, for the most part, the gray-sounding, tepid arrangements the cornetist favors. Sometimes, as in *Rondo*, things are ridiculously pretentious, but then there are moments when the reins are slack and a more barrel-house atmosphere prevails. Most of the interest here is in Matty Matlock's clarinet and Joe Rushton's bass saxophone, which is heard mostly in the rhythm section but occasionally in solo.

Another Concert-Disc is released under Nichols' name—**Lots of Nichols** (CS-55)—but only five of the 11 tracks are by the cornetist, which is misleading at the least. The Nichols' efforts are as sterile and tea-dancey as in the other album under his name, but the other material on this record is more interesting. Clarinetist Rosy McHargue's crew does a workmanlike job on *Aunt Hagar's Blues* and *Asleep in the Deep*. The Carl Haden Band handles ensembles well on its four tracks (*Oh, Baby*; *Apex Blues*; *Don't Leave Me, Daddy*; *Skiffle Session*), getting a good stomp-off-let's-go feeling. The solos are of less interest; it's rather disconcerting to hear Jimmie Noone's *Apex* solo, one of his most beautiful, played by a clarinetist who sounds like he's playing through his nose. On the other hand, this type of playing is fine on *Skiffle*, on which the clarinet wraps itself around a kazoo, obtaining the effect of a Johnny Dodds doing *Merrymakers' Twine* or *In the Alley*. The final track of this album is a horrendous *Anytime* by Earl Foutz and His Band. Except for a fairly good Beiderbeckeish cornet, this track sounds like a macabre musical joke. Fortunately for Foutz, no personnels are given for any of the tracks.

The best of the nonmodern repackaged goods is **No Saints** by Franz Jackson's Original Jass All-Stars (Pinnacle 102). The spirit of this band, most of whose members are in or near their 60s, will shake you out of your chair. There are good solos by trombonist Al Wynn and clarinetist Jackson, though Jackson's occasional slap-tonguing is in questionable taste. Two of the 11 tracks, *Alabama Jubilee* and *Squeeze Me* feature Lawrence Dixon's banjo, the latter track being more musical and less plantationish than the former. The outstanding man on this disc is trumpeter Bob Shoffner. He is in exceptional form here; his sweet-sour playing continually turned my head around. Shoffner is especially rewarding—and refreshing—on *Sugarfoot Stomp* and *Al's Strut*. Albums like this hearten sinking traditional-jazz spirits and show Jackson's to be the best traditional jazz band around. (D. DeM.)

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CALVIN JACKSON

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Calvin Jackson is a member of that microscopic minority of musicians (the only other I can think of offhand is André Previn) who can claim to have lived successfully in the three normally disparate worlds of jazz, classical concertizing, and Hollywood movie writing.

More than 20 years have passed since the first write-up about him in *Down Beat* suggested he might be the next Art Tatum. But that didn't turn out to be his direction. From 1943 until '47 he was an assistant music director under George Stoll at MGM in Hollywood.

Disgusted with politics and discrimination in film land, he gave up and settled in Toronto, Ontario, spending most of the 1950s there and occasionally visiting the United States with a jazz combo. For the last five years he has been back on the West Coast, writing for such television shows as *Asphalt Jungle*, playing occasional concerts, and recording lately for Reprise.

This was Jackson's first *Blindfold Test*. The third and fifth records were included because of his strong association with George Gershwin via concert recitals. He received no information about the records played.

"It sounds to me like a hurried imitation of Miles Davis with overtones of one of Ellington's small combos playing Hindemith."

THE RECORDS

1. Dave Brubeck. *The Unihorn* (from *Near Myth, Fantasy*). Brubeck, piano; Bill Smith, clarinet, composer; Gene Wright, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

It has a very nice, easy swing. Sounds to me very much like Dave Brubeck on piano, or someone who's a very close second. But if the clarinetist is Paul Desmond, this is quite a surprise; I don't remember having heard him play clarinet. If he does, he certainly does something for the instrument.

The drummer is a little better than most that I'm accustomed to hear playing with small groups—he doesn't seem to want to deluge everybody with sound, pistol shots, and cannon roars. I've heard some groups recently that don't stand much of a chance of being heard because of their foundation.

I liked this very much. Compositionally it does not sound too much like Brubeck, but as far as the musical feeling, it does.

The pianist in the swinging parts uses his right hand more than his left, but as he gets wound up, he seems to employ the left hand more, the way Brubeck does when he gets rolling; you hear the influence of the modern composition that he's been studying for a long time. I'd rate this 4½.

2. George Russell. *Thoughts* (from *Ezz-thetics*, Riverside). Russell, piano, composer; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet.

Well, for one thing, I wish the horns would tune up to each other, at least. This is very good descriptive music, I must say—but of what, I don't know. It doesn't swing, even though the tempi are consistent. I mean when they move to a fast tempo, they stay there for a while. Then they come back to a slower tempo. . . . It sounds to me like a hurried imitation of Miles Davis with overtones of one of Ellington's small combos playing Hindemith!

I'd say the instrumentalists were very

familiar with what they were playing, very definite about it, and felt in good company with one another.

I wasn't too impressed with the reed soloist. At first, in the very beginning, I thought it might be Cannonball Adderley, but I am very impressed with Cannonball at all times, and I don't think my ears would play me such a trick. Cannonball could never be confined to this type of composition. If it's Coltrane—though I doubt it, because there wasn't enough of the solo, and generally his things run on and on—so I doubt it.

Over-all, two stars, but for the performance four, because I believe they believed in what they were doing.

3. Bill Evans. *My Man's Gone Now* (from *Sunday at the Village Vanguard*, Riverside). Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass.

It is increasingly astounding to me how the works of George Gershwin lend themselves to practically any age of music. This I think is a wonderful interpretation of *My Man's Gone Now*. He has the feeling of Dwiki Mitchell or Jimmy Jones—Ellis Larkins, too; that soft touch.

There's a raft of pianists that are not Third Stream but sort of a very calm brook—or a big ocean that is like a sea of glass.

I love this kind of piano playing, even though I don't play in this manner myself—I play more extrovertish, more in a temperature and blood-pressure-raising way. I've appreciated this type of pianist from Teddy Wilson on up. Even at a fast tempo Teddy always had the wonderful placidity.

The bassist is excellent. From a technical standpoint, it could be a Ray Brown, but I'm sure it's not. Anyhow, I'm very struck by this recording. Five stars.

4. John Lewis. *Abstraction* (from *Jazz Abstractions*, Atlantic). Ornette Coleman, alto saxophone; Gunther Schuller, composer.

Well . . . it sounds like a Motorola

running backwards. If this composition is supposed to be describing postnuclear panic, then it's very successful.

The raucous grindings of the strings, the strident sound of the alto sax are very neurotic. The difficulty in reading the notes are not worth the effort. I can only hope that this was done for a particular effect. I would give it 1½ stars, but from a musicianship standpoint, I feel it is nearer to electronic music than not.

I saw the electronic ballet that the New York ballet company put on here last summer. It was very interesting, because it had a visual thing to go with it, plus the staging. But just for bald listening, this sort of music has to be in the category of description.

I just hope the title is competent enough to describe the effort necessary in putting this down on paper.

5. Teddy Wilson. *Bess, You Is My Woman Now* (from *Mr. Wilson & Mr. Gershwin*, Columbia).

Ah, I see we've returned to music! At first I thought it was Art Tatum, but it never got quite as flowery as Tatum could get even within the confines of 32 bars. I don't know who it was, but it was very, very pleasant, and I'll rate this four stars.

6. Cecil Taylor. *Part of Call* (from *The World of Cecil Taylor*, Candid). Taylor, piano; Buell Neidlinger, bass.

You don't have a minus star, do you? Actually, this is even a little more neurotic than that one that sounded like the Motorola running backwards. It's sort of like gibberish, you know?

Is the bassist playing a different tune, or is his bass tuned properly? He never did seem to have very much rapport with the pianist; there is an attempt at construction, though, but it falls pretty shallow on my ears. I'll give it one star for that attempt, but it has no musical meaning to me.





CAUGHT IN THE ACT

GENE AMMONS-SONNY STITT-JAMES MOODY

McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge, Chicago

Personnel: Ammons, Moody, tenor saxophones; Stitt, tenor, alto saxophones; Eddie Buster, organ; Gerald Donovan, drums.

The most invigorating listening moments I've experienced in the last few months in Chicago have been at McKie's south side club.

It began late in September when Dexter Gordon brought his tenor to town and played a few weeks at the club with Gene Ammons and trombonist Benny Green, and it can be said, somewhat after the fact, that Gordon has seldom played as well as he did in the company he found on the club's small bandstand.

Perhaps it was the relaxed atmosphere of the club—shouted encouragements from the audience (and bartenders and other employes), a warm camaraderie among the musicians, friendliness everywhere, that made good playing conditions. But I believe the excellence of the jazz heard at McKie's during Gordon's stay, and afterward, was more the result of Ammons' playing than any other single factor.

I must say in front that I'd not been notably taken with Ammons' playing in times past, but during his 15-week run at the club, I became convinced that he is one of the most virile, vital tenor men in the business.

On the night of review, which was at the end of his run, he was in excellent form, as were Stitt and Moody. The latter had joined the others only a week before. But as well as Stitt and Moody played, it was Ammons who was in command.

The first thing that gets you is his tone, a yard wide, warm and woolly. After that, it's his way of starting easy on a solo and gradually building and twisting it to climax that gets to you. Soon it's apparent that Jug has much to say and knows how to say it and when to say it. It matters little if the business at hand is a blues, a standard medium or up tune, or a ballad, Ammons' message is sure to be heated, touched with humor, and to the point.

Ammons seems especially vigorous when he's teamed with Stitt. The musical exchanges between the two most often took the form of a good-natured blowtorch duel. Sometimes Moody was singing in the cross-fire, but, then, he was new on the job.

It was interesting to hear each of the men pay respect to Lester Young, each

in his own way, for although the three have learned from Prez, each has found his own way.

The Ammons-Stitt-Moody combine was short-lived, unfortunately; but while it was in existence, I doubt if there was better blowing jazz to be heard anywhere, and blowing was the watchword. After so much talk about jazz soloists needing more discipline and the impending doom of free-blowing jazz, these men renewed my faith in the untrammelled ones. —DeMicheal

JIMMY DREW

Birdland, New York City

Personnel: Drew, piano; Johnny Coles, trumpet; Frank Haynes, tenor saxophone; Peck Morrison, bass; Clifford Evelyn, drums.

Drew, a gypsy-like citizen of Florida, who has appeared on the national jazz scene from time to time during the last 15 years, only to disappear again, is a musician of many facets.

In Florida, Drew appeared as a kind of folk artist who happened to play jazz, much involved with country blues, singing originals much approximating the Mose Allison style.

But at this Birdland appearance, Drew blazed a bright blues line, many times more reminiscent of late 1940s bop than of what has come since. No criticism is implied there, of course. The music he plays is pleasant, swinging, and filled with warmth—the latter particularly the result of his own piano and Coles' trumpet. Those two would be singled out in any group, but all these musicians are excellent apart from and with one another.

Coles' forte is warm, agile horn, controlled in any register and within all moods. His is a talent much underrated. Drew is as controlled, but he doesn't seem so. The listener is likely to find him less sophisticated, more devious, and, even, sometimes, funny. Together they present a piquant musical taste.

I cannot remember having enjoyed myself as much in years. Drew plays music to like yourself by. —Coss

CLARA WARD SINGERS

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Miss Ward, Mildred Means, Madeline Thompson, Jesse Tucker, vocals; Al Williams, piano.

Considering the Gospel, or sons-of-I-believe, orientation of much current jazz, Miss Ward & Co. come as no surprise and are, in fact, a softer-sounding, welcome relief to some of what goes on elsewhere.

By and large, the act, and it has become such, depends on excitement generated—the women to each other, to the audience, and from the audience to them. Sometimes it happens. When it does, all heaven seems to break loose.

Otherwise, and most times, the outcome is a curious melange of grits and God, chitlins and children, yams and yes'm. —Coss

CARMEN McRAE

Birdhouse, Chicago

Personnel: Miss McRae, vocals; Norman Simmons, piano; Victor Sproles, bass; Bob Fuhlrodt, drums.

Were it not for the existence of Sarah

Vaughan and Mel Tormé, it could be said that Miss McRae is in a class by herself. As it is, it's best to think of the three of them together. The difference between them and other singers is not only one of quality. It's a difference in kind.

(There are no doubt those who would make this a four-voice category by including Ella Fitzgerald. But Miss Fitzgerald, to me at least, constitutes still another phenomenon.)

Vaughan, McRae, and Tormé all play piano, and when they improvise vocally on a tune, they do so with the assurance of knowledge. Some of the others who try it may sound hip to the uninitiated, but they're often out of tune and harmonically well beyond their depth.

Miss McRae always has been an intelligent and musicianly singer. But only in recent years has she been achieving her current kind of emotional intensity in projecting lyrics.

She's almost a sloppy singer. But she's sloppy in the way Miles Davis is: for a purpose. Sometimes she uses the voice at its minimum, risking the possibilities of cracks and frays in the sound. If they happen, they do so in a way that certain Oriental philosophers and modern painters would interpret as controlled accident. It takes tremendous confidence to work this way, and, again like Davis, Miss McRae has an onstage assurance that goes to the edge of arrogance. Her ebullience, her humor, leaven it.

The night I heard her, she did a thing on *Yesterdays* that particularly reminded me of Davis. On that long phrase that climbs to the tune's climax, she articulated each word-note briefly, leaving spaces between the notes—making each note a separate entity, floating detached from the rest. And each was placed with a sort of deliberate squareness of time. When she reached the top of the phrase, she held it a long time and then negotiated the descent with a series of mournful glissandi. Most like Miles, most like.

In the second chorus of the tune, she sang a long descent in half-steps that was exceptional.

Capably—very capably—supported by a trio that comprises two Chicagoans, Simmons and Sproles, on piano and bass, respectively, and Fuhlrodt on drums, she does a repertoire composed mostly of standards—I *Could Write a Book*, *Lover Man*, *I Can't Get Started*, and the like.

In an *I Get a Kick out of You* done 'way up tempo, one encountered her willingness to use the voice harshly, when it suits her emotional purpose. And talk about funk in a voice. There is a deep-down earthiness to her singing that is an obvious consequence of her ironic down-to-earth off-stage realism. In everything she does, in fact, there is a quality of experience, of knowing what life is all about—of emotional depth, if you like—that makes even the best of other singers seem somehow light and unpenetrating by comparison.

My personal view is that her combination of characteristics makes her the best of female vocalists in the pops-jazz field. She's flatly my favorite female singer. She's kind of a giant. —Gene Lees

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FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

John Tynan's comments on the "anti-jazz" trend (*DB*, Nov. 23, 1961) were as acute as they were timely. It seems to me that too many of us—musicians and critics alike—have been too bashful in bringing forth publicly these truths that privately we held to be self-evident.

Tynan's analysis of John Coltrane-Eric Dolphy, and his recent review of Ornette Coleman's double-quartet LP, led to further reflection concerning the significance of the whole "new-thing" movement. The very constructively critical assessment by Martin Williams of Coltrane's *Africa/Brass* LP was no less provocative, especially since Williams has been an enthusiastic champion of Coleman and most of the "new-thing" exponents.

Is the new wave peculiar to music? Certainly not. There are clear parallels in the other arts. The theater, of course, has given birth to anti-theater, rejecting plot, structure, realism, and other tra-

ditional values. Anti-painting painting has been firmly established for several decades; nonobjective art, long past the crucible stage, by now is generally accepted as a valid form. But the visual arts, lacking a continuity factor, are not governed by the mathematical rules that control all music.

Here, it seems to me, is a factor central to the problem.

The case of George Russell is one that should be held up as an example to those jazzmen who seek a tonal nirvana through rejection of rules. Russell spent almost a decade evolving the theory he calls the Lydian Concept of Tonal Organization. Although he developed his thesis as scientifically as a laboratory technician, George, ironically, is highly respected by the same observers who have been hailing the anti-jazz movement as a symbol of "liberation" from musical law.

Russell, to my mind, is about the most gifted and successful writer of avant-garde jazz. One of the main reasons for his success, above and beyond the natural talent that must be a prerequisite, is his awareness of the inescapable need to establish rules, to sense and observe them in writing and playing before honoring them in the breach.

One argument that frequently has

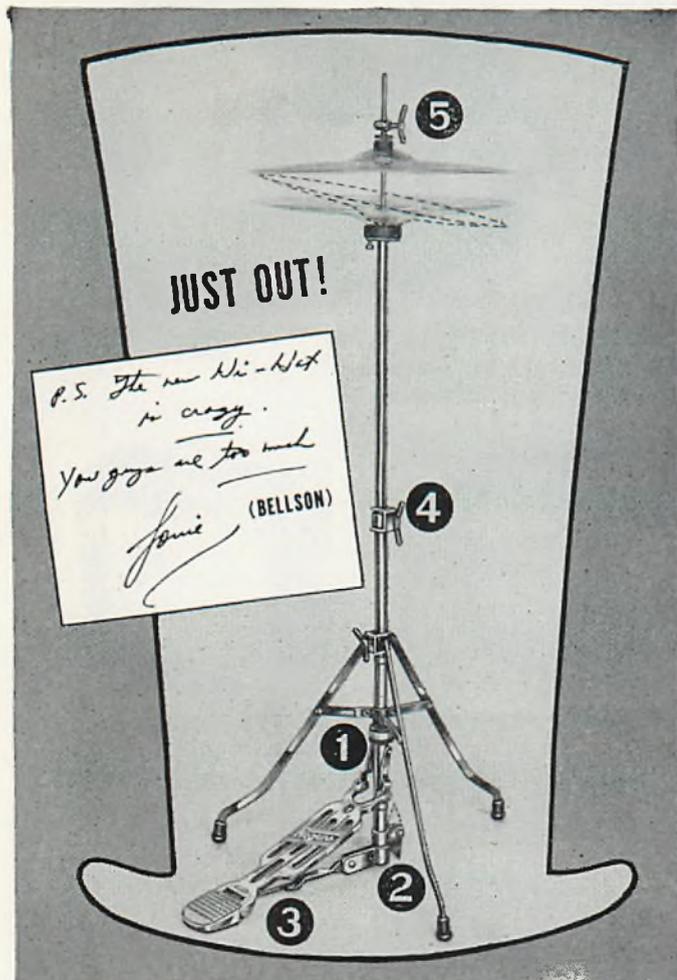
been raised in behalf of the defiant ones is that even if the results at present are roughhewn and imperfect, they must at least be given credit for sincerity and passionate dedication. The answer to this, of course, is an analogy that holds good: Hitler was sincere.

The generally negative attitude toward anti-jazz held by most musicians, including both modernists and traditionalists, contrasts sharply with the almost immediate enthusiasm shown by many leading jazzmen during the last real jazz revolution, the arrival of hop.

It is significant that the most vocal adherents of anti-jazz include a high proportion of nonplaying experts, some of whom, at the time of the arrival of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, the true jazz radicals of the last 20 years, opposed them violently.

Could it be that they are now afraid that they may be in danger of missing another boat, and that for this reason they have jumped aboard, without ascertaining whether or not this year's craft may be outward bound with no destination?

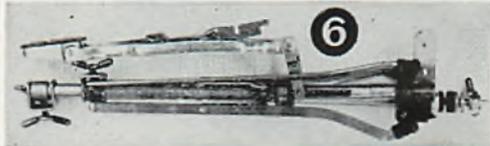
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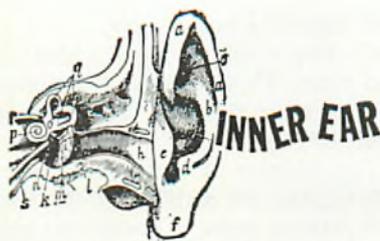


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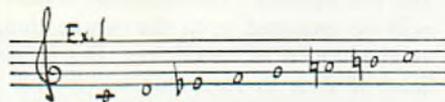
Throughout these columns devoted to tonality, I've avoided mention of one confusing problem: the promiscuous instability of the minor mode.

The major mode is a relatively stable one. It firmly holds its ground in almost any context. It forms a strong center of gravity. The minor mode, however, is relatively unstable. Certain elements in this mode are much less obvious to the ear and require more practice to master.

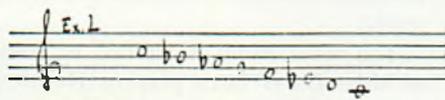
First, let's differentiate major from minor. The determining factor of the minor mode is that the third degree of the scale is lowered a half-step. In addition, the sixth and seventh degrees are sometimes lowered a half-step. The third is always lowered and presents no difficulty. The problem is: when are the sixth and seventh degrees lowered, and when do they remain natural?

Classical theory teaches an involved system setting forth three species of minor modes. These rules may prove confusing, and it's probably easier to think in terms of more basic concepts, which depend largely on the ear for their fruition.

The first basic concept is that in an ascending figure, the sixth and seventh degrees are natural:



and in a descending figure, these degrees are lowered:



This "rule," however, is at best a rule of thumb (or a rule of ear) and is broken as often as not. It does in fact contain truth about the directional tendencies of the pitches.

The second basic concept is less flexible and more useful. It's in two parts:

A. Of the four possibilities (the lowered sixth, the natural sixth, the lowered seventh, and the natural seventh) two of them have strong resolving powers. The lowered sixth wants the dominant; the natural seventh wants the tonic. Or in the key of C minor: $a\flat$ wants g ; $b\natural$ wants c . These tones lead very strongly to their respective goals.

B. The other two pitches do not

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DB 2/15

have strong resolving power. The natural sixth and the lowered seventh both have a neutral, nonleading character. (Don't confuse this with the lowered seventh over a *major* triad.) In C minor: a \sharp and b \flat both want to stay put, they are more at rest, more willing to be made to sit where they are.

Now most harmonic movement can be reduced to broad tonal areas having either a dominant function or a tonic function. The harmony pushes forward or it comes to relative rest—tension or release, motion or stasis. During the “dominant” areas, melodic instability is desired, and pitches should be used that require resolution.

During “tonic” areas, pitches should be used that have relative stability, that are in themselves resolutions. The sixth and seventh degrees of the minor mode, with their built-in alterations, provide perfect elements for this dichotomy, as follows:

For a “dominant” feeling, the unstable tones—the lowered sixth and the natural seventh—give the most melodic motion. For a “tonic” feeling the two more stable tones—the natural sixth and the lowered seventh—are most “resolving.”

This principle is a principle only, and like most principles cannot be applied unilaterally. Understanding the principle will not “inspire” the improviser (I hope), but it should clarify his musical thought.

A brief addendum about the types of minor chords that ordinarily appear in jazz:

A. Minor seventh flat five type chords (e. g., Dmi7 \flat 5) are almost invariably followed by a related dominant, part of a group like Dmi7 \flat 5 \rightarrow G7 \rightarrow Cmi. The chord is treated as the dominant function of the approaching tonal area, in this case, C minor. As already outlined, an a \flat over this chord will want g, b \sharp will want c. B \flat is also available as a neutral tone that does not lead strongly. A \sharp is a dissonance.

B. Minor seventh type chords (e. g., Gmi7) are often followed by some related dominant, and in this context serve a dominant function. They are actually more common to major modes than to minor modes. Sometimes they are used in a parallel fashion that is almost anti-harmonic motion (for example: Cmi7 \rightarrow Fmi7 \rightarrow Gmi7 \rightarrow Fmi7 \rightarrow B \flat mi7, etc.).

But minor seventh type chords are often so neutral in quality that they can occur almost anywhere as a function of anything. It is usually best to allow this chord to adopt the color of the surrounding landscape. That is, since it rarely has much of a life of its own, find out what it is *part of*,

and improvise accordingly.

C. Minor chords with added sixth and ninth. These chords almost always have a tonic function. The symbol is Cmi \flat 6 or Cmi \flat 9.

The addition of the lowered seventh will weaken the stability of the chord, and perhaps make a dissonance, and is to be avoided unless this is the effect desired.

The more interesting deviation from the rule, however, is the inclusion, in modern jazz, of the natural seventh as a “resolved” addition to this chord. This interesting phenomenon seems to fortify an opinion of mine: much of what is “natural” in music is simply learned—that is, merely what we are accustomed to. To Bach, the b \sharp hanging over a C minor triad *must* resolve. To our jazz-influenced ears it sits pretty where it is. Nonetheless, if we are at all familiar with Western music other than contemporary jazz, the “leading tone” (the natural seventh) still speaks to us with ascending energy.

A square (albeit excellent) professor of mine once asked, “Why don't you resolve all those leading tones?”

I replied, “I resolve them by letting them hang.”

This long series on tonality in jazz will end with a capsule reference to historical perspective. There are two prevailing points of view.

One camp seems to be getting away from tonality by distorting it, sometimes beyond recognition. In this respect jazz tonality is in the same historical groove as was Wagner late in the last century. The limits of tonality will be explored until the whole thing is abandoned as insufficient. But atonal jazz, if it is in store for us, is still a long way from the mainstream. Jazz will be slow to acquire the extreme intellectual discipline required for atonal music.

The other camp is typified by some of Miles Davis' latest playing. He often uses tonality on its very broadest level, dispensing with fine detail. The players think in terms of different scales, which are in effect over different chunks of the music. Chord changes within any given chunk are largely dispensed with. Harmonic motion is curtailed, but this gives the player the freedom to gear his melodic motion to his own design.

A mainstream could never be based on this mild device, but the advance is significant.

It seems that jazz musicians from both sides of the fence are moving slowly away from the kind of harmonic scenery that has formed a boundary for jazz, for better or for worse, since its inception a short time ago. 



STOLEN MOMENTS

Oliver Nelson is one of the bright new faces in jazz arranging and composition (for more on Nelson, see page 17 in this issue). Nelson also has gained attention by his tenor and alto saxophone work with the big bands of Louis Bellson and Quincy Jones and on records, most of them under his own name and featuring his writing as well.

One of his most successful records to date has been the recent *The Blues and the Abstract Truth* on Impulse. In this album, he displayed a knack for writing simple, melodic lines without sacrificing musical interest and subtlety.

Nelson's original arrangement of *Stolen Moments*, as heard in the Impulse album begins on the opposite page. In several ways, it shows the skill and depth of his writing. There is deft use of major and minor seconds, especially minor second intervals between the tenor and baritone saxophones, which give the arrangement vibrancy and thick texture. Nelson employs parallel motion in *Stolen Moments* to achieve a light, floating sound. The tempo of the recorded performance is slightly less than medium; the feeling is lazily relaxed.

Nelson composed *Stolen Moments* in September, 1958, for an Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis big-band session for Prestige records. The composition (mis-titled *The Stolen Moment*) is included in Davis' *Trane Whistle* on that label.

TRUMPET

ARRANGED & COMPOSED BY
OLIVER E. NELSON

$\text{♩} = 104$

A *mf* (Soli) No Vib

Cresce Poco A Poco

Fortc *FF* *Dim*

No Vib

(Trumpet Solo)

Dim7 Dim6 2. Gmi7 Gmi6 Dim7 Dim6 E7 A7 Dim7 Dim6

After ALL Solos, Return to the top, Play Letter **A** Twice. On The Repeats, Jump From The Symbol  To The Coda.

Coda (No Vib) (Rit) Give each Note !!

Fine

OLIVER E. NELSON
1195
LOCAL 802
REGISTERED 1960 No. _____

ALTO SAX

$\text{♩} = 104$

A *Soli* *No Vib* *mf*

Cresc Poco A Poco *mp* *mf*

Forte *Dim* *(Solo)* *Soli*

Trumpet, Tenor + Piano Solos

After ALL Solos, Return to the Top, Play Letter **A** Twice.
On The Repeat, Jump From The symbol  To The Coda.

Coda

mf *No Vib* *(Rit)* *mp* Fine

TENOR SAX

$\text{♩} = 104$

A *mf* *Soli*, No Vib

mp *Cresc Poco A Poco* *mf*

Forte *Dim* *Soli*

***** (Trumpet Solo) 24 Bars

Dmi7 Dmi6 2. Gmi7 Gmi6. Dmi7 Dmi6 E7 A7 Dmi7 Dmi6

After ALL Solos, Return to The top, Play Letter **A** Twice. On The Repeat, Jump from the Symbol ***** To The Coda.

Coda *mf* No Vib (Rit) *mp* **Fine**

OLIVER E. NELSON
N. 1196
LOCAL 802
R.C. 1952 1760 No.

BARITONE SAX

$\text{♩} = 104$

A *mf* *Soli* No Vib

mp *Cresc Poco A Poco* *mf*

Forte! *Dim* *push.* *Soli*

***** (Trumpet, Tenor + Piano Solos)

After ALL Solos, Return to the top, Play Letter **A** Twice. On The Repeat, Jump From The Symbol ***** To The Coda.

Coda *mf* No Vib (Rit) *mp* **Fine**

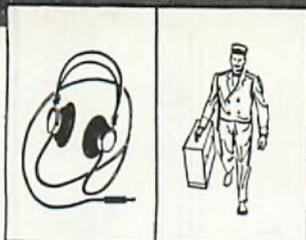
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PIANO

♩ = 104

Handwritten piano score for the first page. It consists of six systems of musical notation. The first system includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a tempo marking of ♩ = 104. The notation includes chords and melodic lines with various dynamics and articulations. A box labeled 'A' is present in the second system. The third system has a box with an asterisk. The fourth system includes a box with an asterisk and the label '(RH)'. The fifth system includes the label '(LH)'. The sixth system includes the label '(RH)' and '(LH)'. Below the sixth system, there is a handwritten instruction: '(Changes For Solos) (Trp, Tenor & Piano)'. The seventh system shows a sequence of chords: Cmi7, Cmi6, Cmi7, Cmi6, Fmi7, Fmi6, Cmi9, Cmi6.

D7 G7 Cmi7 Cmi6

Handwritten musical notation for the first system of the second page. It includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a sequence of chords: D7, G7, Cmi7, Cmi6. The notation includes a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

After ALL Solos, Return to the top and Include the Pickup,
Play Letter **A** Twice, On The Repeat, Jump From the
Symbol ***** To The Coda

Four empty musical staves on the second page.

Coda

Handwritten musical notation for the Coda section. It includes a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a sequence of chords: Cmi7, Cmi6, Cmi7, Cmi6, Fmi7, Fmi6, Cmi9, Cmi6. The notation includes a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. Dynamics include mf, (pp), and Pedal. Performance instructions include (Rit) and (Let Vibrate). The section ends with the word 'Fine'. A publisher's mark is visible: OLIVER E. NELSON N. 1100 LOCAL 802 P.O. BOX 1960 No.

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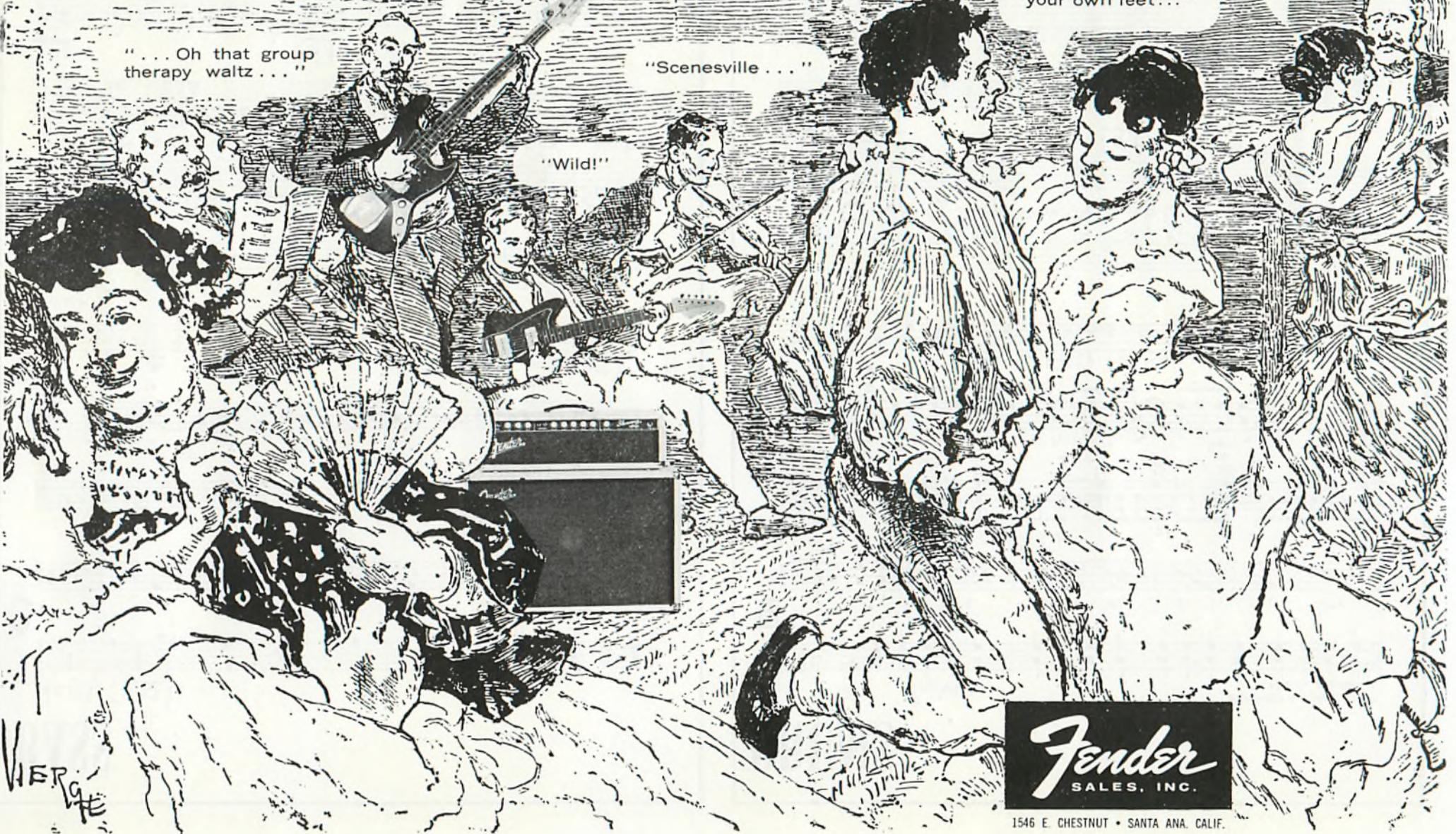
"Quite."

"... Oh that group therapy waltz..."

"Scenesville..."

"Wild!"

"Yes Bert, you're even stepping on your own feet..."



VER
98

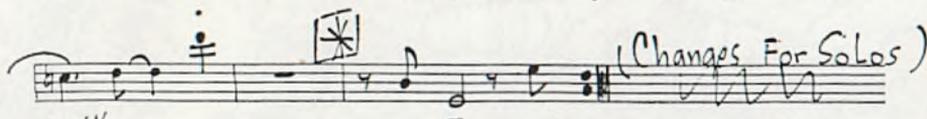
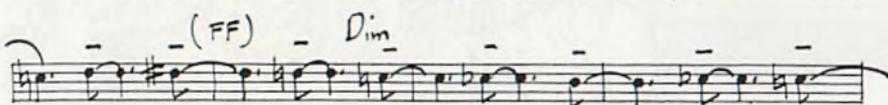
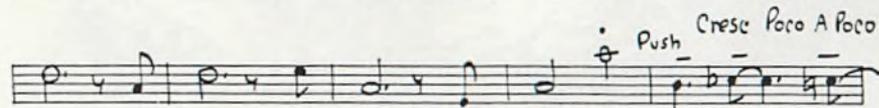
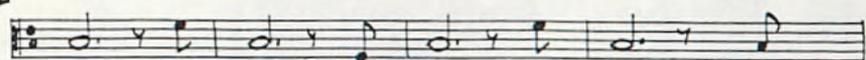
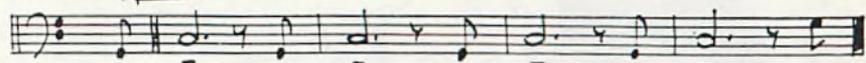
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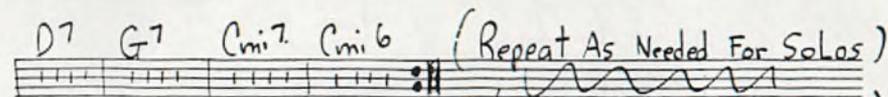
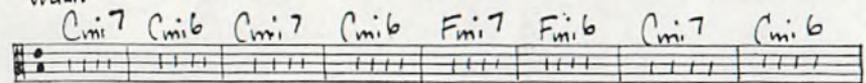
BASS

♩ = 104 (pizz.)

A



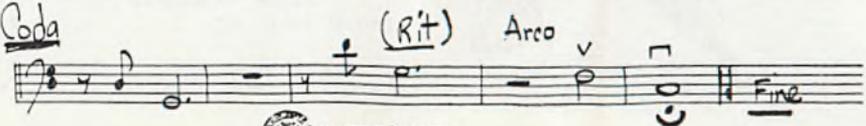
WALK



After ALL Solos, Return to the top (including the Pickup Note)

Play Letter **A** Twice. On The Repeat, Jump From the Symbol  To The Coda

Coda



 OLIVER E. NELSON
N. 1106
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DRUMS

♩ = 104

Brushes

ARRANGED & COMPOSED BY
OLIVER E. NELSON

A

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.

8. 9. 10. 11.

12. 13. 14. 15. *

(Go to Sticks For Solos)
Each Chorus is 12 Bars

After ALL Solos, Return to the top, Play Letter **A** Twice.
On The Repeat, Jump From the symbol ***** To The Coda.

Coda (Brushes) (Rit) (Softly)

16. 17. 18. Fine



OLIVER E. NELSON
N. 1100
LOCAL 802
REGISTERED 1940 No.



HELD NOTES

This is the first in a series of columns about men who, though still active, have been passed by or almost forgotten by the public recently.

It would be difficult for anyone who ever has collected jazz records to be unfamiliar with the name of Andy Razaf.

The achievements associated with the name, a little more blurred in the public mind, include authorship of several hundred song lyrics, not the least of which are *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *S'posin'*; *Memories of You*; *You're Lucky to Me*; *In the Mood*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Stompin' at the Savoy*; *12th Street Rag*; *My Fate Is in Your Hands*; *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town*; *Christopher Columbus*; *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?*; *Blue Turning Grey over You*; and *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*.

This is a fairly formidable record for a lyricist; yet while others whose lists of hits by comparison are puny in quantity and quality, Razaf remains less celebrated than his contemporaries, less honored than men with a 10th of his talent and 10 times his promotional ability.

A few weeks ago, I visited Razaf in the quiet Los Angeles home where he has lived for the last decade. Stricken in 1950 with a still-unexplained form of paralysis, he has been a paraplegic since then, spending all but a few hours of each day in bed and the rest strapped to a wheel chair. A firm-minded, resilient man of 65, he has fought loneliness and physical disability by maintaining correspondence with pen friends all over the world (his address: 3429 Country Club Dr., Los Angeles 19).

"Songwriting used to be an art," Razaf said, as we sat reminiscing. "I studied the hard way, working nights as an elevator boy or porter and hanging around Tin Pan Alley in the daytime. Had my first song published in 1913, when I was 17—*Baltimore*, featured in *The Passing Show* at the Winter Garden. The song-publishing business as we knew it is dead; rock and roll is twisting the knife in its heart."

Razaf had a background not common among songwriters. His grandfather, Capt. John L. Waller (bearing the same last name as the man who was to be Andy's most famous collaborator) was U.S. consul in Madagascar; his father was killed during the fighting with the French in that country. His mother, fleeing with the rest of the family to the United States, gave birth to Andy a few months later in Washington, D.C. The first eight years of

his life was spent mainly in Cuba; he went to school in New Jersey and New York.

His salad days were the early 1920s, when he wrote prolifically, but the era of recognition came during the last couple of years before the depression, when Razaf and Fats Waller produced their biggest hits. *Connie's Hot Chocolates* show, due for production in 1929, was all set when a last-minute addition was required for a theme. Razaf said, "I stopped off at Fats' house on 133rd St.; we had it completed in 45 minutes. That was *Ain't Misbehavin'*."

It was hard to tie Waller down to a job. "My mother made the finest food, baked special cookies, anything to keep him around our house in Asbury Park while we were working on a score," Razaf recalled. "One day we were working on a show for Connie, *Load of Coal*, when Fats suddenly remembered a date and said, 'I gotta go.' We had done just half the chorus of a number; I finished it up, added a verse and gave him the rest over the telephone. The tune was *Honeysuckle Rose*."

Andy has stockpiled memories like this for the last 35 years. Now he lives on them, and on the ASCAP income and royalties from the early successes. But his pride demands something more than this continual living in and on the past. Writing the kind of songs today that made a fortune for him yesterday would be useless in today's teenage market.

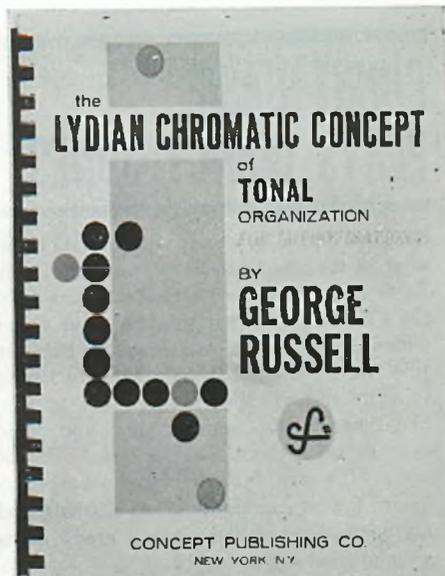
What seems hard to understand, and it must be as painful to Andy as his constant physical agony, is the fact that the major record companies and artists still ignore him when tribute albums are being assigned. After all the dozens of LPs given over to the works of less gifted but more aggressive writers, why hasn't somebody yet found room for a big-scale compendium paying homage to the works of this pioneer?

But perhaps I'm prejudiced. I happen to know what an album like this would mean to Andy Razaf's morale. But I can just hear the big executives now, saying, "We're not in business to build morales."

They can say that again. —*Feather*



Andy Razaf



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Some of Jones' most successful writing has been in the style associated with the Count Basie Band. One such arrangement is JESSICA'S DAY, written originally for Dizzy Gillespie's big band, and given to Basie in 1958. Says Jones of Basie: "Usually I have to write out all the nuances, but a band like Basie's puts more in than you could ever write." About JESSICA'S DAY, he says: "It's my favorite type of arrangement. It's a combination of a small and big band—almost like a small group being accompanied by a big band."

Jones' original score for JESSICA'S DAY was recycled especially for DOWN BEAT'S MUSIC '62. It starts on page 97.

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FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST

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where Sinatra can present continuous, Las Vegas-type performances with all the gang. In line with that, columnist Earl Wilson quotes Sammy Davis Jr. as saying the clan is "a little group of ordinary guys who gather together once a year to take over the world."

New things afoot include a series at the Museum of Modern Art. That series, Jazz Profiles, began with a Duke Ellington recital—only a trio—then continued at the end of January with Sonny Rollins. More will follow . . .

A Brooklyn club, the Show Spot, has a new jazz policy, which includes appearances by Don Ellis, Julian Priester, Lou Donaldson, and such . . . Long Island's 112 Lounge in Medford has Sunday afternoon concerts featuring John LaPorta's group . . . Small's Paradise began its Sunday concert series with Babs Gonzales and The Be-Bop Story, featuring the Horace Parlan Trio, Johnny Griffin, and Clark Terry. Future concerts will be announced . . . The Aspects Gallery also began a series in January with vibist Dave Pike. Much other art is on the wall . . . In the meantime, many are happy that the lack of musical plays available, and the high cost of established stars, may bring music tents and summer beach clubs to a point where managers of such establishments will think more particularly about hiring jazz talent.

Erroll Garner plays an afternoon concert in Providence, R.I., on Feb. 11, at the Rhode Island College of Education. His Boston concert is at Symphony Hall, Feb. 16 . . . Opening night at New York's Lincoln Center is September 23. CBS-TV will cover the opening. Leonard Bernstein will conduct the New York Philharmonic . . . William Dixon, musician and founder of the United Nations Jazz Society, and Miles J. Lourie, an attorney, have just begun teaching a course, Introduction to an American Art: Jazz, the first of its kind to be offered on Long Island, in this case, the Rockville Centre Adult Education Program at the South Side Senior High School in Rockville Centre.

Radio did well by jazz (well, big bands at least) on New Year's Eve. At final count, NBC featured 11 bands during a four-hour time — Billy May, Gene Krupa, Charlie Shavers, Chico Hamilton, and Harry James among them. CBS had 17 bands, almost all of them beyond our interest . . . Chet Baker, recently released from jail in Italy, will portray himself in *The Chet Baker Story*, produced in Italy, filmed in Rome.

Riverside recorded its newest Cannonball Adderley album, this one with

Yusef Lateef, at New York's Village Vanguard . . . Also on Riverside will be an album featuring Milt Jackson with the Montgomery Brothers . . . And, in person, recorded at the Village Gate—Stanley Turrentine with Les McCann . . . Three Stan Kenton albums are in the offing: one with arrangements of blues by Gene Roland; *Kenton in Manhattan*, arrangements by Lennie Niehaus; and *The New Era in Modern Music* . . . New-era trumpeter, Don Ellis, is an appropriate replacement for Thad Jones in the Count Basie band until Thad returns . . . Erroll Garner has begun work on still a third album for his own label, Octave.

Chris Albertson, former jazz disc and now freelance a&r man (he did Riverside's well-received *Living Legends* series) has formed his own record production company. The new company's first recording session brought together Howard McGhee, George Coleman, and Junior Mance. Jimmy Rushing is scheduled to do two albums, one with a re-assembled Fats Waller group and one with Basic-ites.

CHICAGO

Young alto saxophonist Paul Winters begins a 23-week, 11-country tour of Latin America with a concert in the Dominican Republic on Feb. 2. Winters' sextet, which won first prize at the 1961 Intercollegiate Jazz Festival, will play colleges in the south-of-the-border tour. The U. S. State Department will pick up the tab. Columbia records' John Hammond recorded the group in Chicago recently; a single from the session should be in the record stalls soon. In addition to Winters, the six-piecer includes Dick Whitsel, trumpet; Les Rout, baritone saxophone; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Richard Evans (who is leaving his London House gig with Eddie Higgins to make the tour), bass; Harold Jones, drums. Former *DB* editor Gene Lees is scheduled to accompany the young musicians as manager. Baritonist Rout, whose thesis for his master's degree was on Argentine history, will work on his doctorate during the trip.

Folk music and blues continue to be heard more and more in the Windy City. Frank Fried's Triangle Theatrical Productions has signed a number of folk artists for a Spring Folk Art Series: Goula Gill, the Oranim Zabar Israeli Group, Feb. 10; Oscar Brand, March 3; Joan Baez, the Greenbriar Boys, March 17; Theodore Bikel, April 14; Sabicas, April 27. The Miss Gill, Brand, and Sabicas concerts will be held at the Studebaker Theater; Bikel appears at McCormick Place; Miss Baez will sing at Orchestra Hall . . . Blues men Big Joe Williams and Curtis Jones have been recent features at Birdhouse's Sun-

day night comedy-folkfest sessions. Jones, who left on an extended European tour last week, was also spotlighted at Hooley's, a club on the near-north side. Williams was featured at several blues sessions at the International Hospitality Center of Chicago . . . **Josh White** sang for the prisoners in Cook County Jail's maximum-security block while he was in town at the Gate of Horn. *Life* magazine covered the singer's appearance at the jail.

The University of Chicago Documentary Film Group is in the midst of an old-movie series titled Images of the American Negro on Film. Artists included in the showings have been **Bessie Smith** in *St. Louis Blues* and *Hallelujah*, both dating from 1920, and **Lena Horne, Duke Ellington, and Louis Armstrong** in the early 1940s release *Cabin in the Sky*. The more recent *The Cry of Jazz* is to be shown Feb. 23 at Judd Hall on the campus.

Mahalia Jackson, Gospel singer supreme, has established a scholarship fund to Roosevelt University's music school. Miss Jackson's philanthropy extends beyond scholarships, though; she contributes a great deal of her earnings to the Mahalia Jackson Foundation which is collecting money to build a large place of worship . . . In suburban Park Forest, traditional jazz is creating a stir at the local American Legion post. The veterans organization has started Sunday afternoon Dixieland concerts; **Bob Scobey's** crew was the first to be featured. Other concerts are scheduled, including ones by **Eddie Condon, Al Hirt, Georg Brunis, and Jack Teagarden**.

Birdhouse got on the Twist wagon during **Carmen McRae's** recent stay at the club; the management cleared an area for dancing and had a Twist band play between Miss McRae's sets.

LOUISVILLE

Often there is more jazz activity in this medium-size city than in metropolitan areas of larger population. Much of the ground work for the acceptance of jazz in Louisville has been done by Arts in Louisville, a non-profit cultural organization. The establishment has featured jazz groups, both local and name, for more than three years. Currently ensconced at the organization's combination art gallery-night club is pianist **Don Murray's** group.

Most of the city's coffee houses closed doors when beatniks ceased to be topical. But one, the Topaz, is attempting to weather financial storms with jazz every night of the week. The club was bought recently by bassist **Gene Klingman**, whose group (**John Alberding**, alto saxophone; **Raymond Johnson**, piano; **Boots Brown**, drums) has been serving as house band. Klingman occasionally brings in name soloists; **Pepper Adams** was the first.

The jazz-concert calendar will enjoy an upswing this winter and spring. The **Modern Jazz Quartet** will play an afternoon concert at Memorial Auditorium on Feb. 14. The MJQ concert will be sponsored by Kappa Alpha Psi fraternity, which will use the proceeds to provide college scholarships to worthy high school students. A subscription

series titled Three Evenings of Jazz begins Feb. 8 when the **Count Basie Band** plays a concert at Memorial Auditorium. The **Dave Brubeck Quartet** (March 3) and the **George Shearing** group (April 25) complete the series.

LOS ANGELES

Ben Shapiro kicks off his Winter Festival at the Renaissance on Feb. 23 with the **Sonny Rollins** group. **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** follow for 10 days starting March 9. Then **Miles Davis** returns for a fortnight beginning March 20. The **Joe Williams-Harry Edison** bill did well at the club, Shapiro said. He broke even.

A warped-minded practical joker celebrating the holiday season phoned AFM Local 47 during an executive board meeting with the news that there was a bomb planted in the union building. The police bomb squad combed the place from basement to rafters but found no bomb.

Management of PJ's offered pianist **Eddie Cano** a percentage of the club, where his quartet has been breaking it up. Cano's first Reprise LP has just been released . . . In the **Harry James Band** trumpeter **Mike Conn** replaced **Vern Guertin**, and **Dempsey Wright** joined the rhythm section on guitar. The band opens at Harrah's, Lake



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Tahoe, Nev., on Feb. 19 with blues singer **Jimmy Rushing** front and center . . . **Buddy Collette** has composed the underscore for the independently produced film *Trauma*, starring **Lynn Bari** and **John Conte** . . . Singer **Andy Williams** has been set to star in the picture, *Le Jazz Hot*, to be produced in Paris late this year by **Glenn Ford's** Newton Productions. Williams will play a teenagers' idol.

Famed comedienne **Jackie (Moms) Mabley** plays a Feb. 9 concert at the Shrine Auditorium on a bill with **George Shearing**, the **Four Freshmen**, and **Nancy Wilson** . . . **Lena Horne** returns to night-club work Feb. 6 with a stand at the Coconut Grove for a month, after which she heads north for an engagement at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel . . . **Nat Cole** will take a new revue into show tents across the country this summer. The tour tees off at the Greek Theater here on Aug. 3. Previous to that, Cole will perform at the Seattle World's Fair July 24-29 . . . **Billy Eckstine** moves from the Dunes Hotel, in Las Vegas, Nev., to the Flamingo, where he will play 16 weeks starting April 19.

Pianist **Don Randi** signed with Verve for two LPs a year, the first of which will be recorded soon. He heads east next month for stands at the Embers in New York and at Chicago's London House. Randi's new personal manager is former Capitol-ist **Dick Heckenkamp**.

The **Buddy De Franco-Tommy Gumina** Quartet (with **Charlie Haden**, bass, and **Dick Wilson**, drums) moved east to Phoenix, Ariz., for an engagement at the Stein and Sirloin . . . Admirers of **Med Flory's** alto and tenor saxophone work can view him soon in the role of actor; the towering jazzman plays the role of a sheriff in *Marshal Maverick*, one of the *Maverick* series on ABC-TV. Flory's big band played the first Monterey Jazz Festival in 1958 (**Al Porcino** was co-leader) following which the reedman joined **Terry Bibbs'** big crew . . . Pianist **Ben Di Tosti** took his trio (**Vic Gaskin**, bass, **Carlos Vasquez**, drums) into San Diego's Rancho Presidio Hotel.

SAN FRANCISCO

Back home after a six-month tour of the Midwest, East, and Canada, cornetist **Muggsy Spanier** has begun an indefinite engagement at the Hangover. The band he heads includes pianist **Ralph Sutton**, clarinetist **Vince Cattolica**, trombonist **Jerry Butzen**, bassist **Ernie Figueroa**, and drummer **Cuz Cousineau** . . . **Sonny Rollins** had offers from both the Black Hawk and Jazz Workshop and chose the latter's (which reportedly was for less loot). His last San Fran-

WHERE TO STUDY

DRUMMERS

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cisco appearance was at the Workshop.

Verve records was scheduled to tape **Cal Tjader's** combo during the last week of its stay at the Black Hawk, for a forthcoming *non-Latin Jazz LP*. Tjader's group was succeeded at the club by **Ahmad Jamal**, a high-priced booking that had other club operators watching closely to see if the gamble would pay off against the post-holiday, tight-money odds . . . **Earl Hines** has taken over direction of the **Grover Mitchell** rehearsal big band and added some of his charts to its book. Another reminder of Hines' earlier days is the presence of trumpeter **Art Walker**, once a member of Hines' big band. Walker now lives in Oakland.

Pianist **Calvin Jackson** flew up from Los Angeles to videotape a segment for *PM West*. His associates on the television show were bassist **John Mosher** and drummer **Ray Fisher** . . . **Ray Charles** drew 3,500 paid admissions to a Christmas Eve dance at Oakland's municipal auditorium and full houses for each of two concerts staged five nights later at Longshoremen's Hall . . . The **George Shearing** group, singer **Nancy Wilson**, the **Four Freshmen** and comic **Moms Mabley** are teamed for a Feb. 16 concert at Masonic Memorial Auditorium here. **Count Basie** opens at Fack's the same night.

Television performer **Ben Alexander** (he was **Jack Webb's** sidekick on *Dragnet*) has begun a weekly jazz show on KTVU. The series is called *Land of Jazz* and features blind clarinetist **Vince Cattolica** and his band. Singer **Jeanette Knox** was the show's first guest. The program directors plan not to waste time on talk but instead will concentrate on getting as much music as possible into the time allotted.

Richie Crabbtree is playing piano and organ with **Bob Davidson**, alto saxophone, flute, bass clarinet, and **Junius Simmons**, guitar, in a group led by drummer **Russell Lee** at Blue Peacock, in Millbrae, down the peninsula. A few miles farther south, in Redwood City, drummer **Benny Barth**, is working week-ends at the Tunn with pianist **Al Plank** and bassist **Don Prell**.

Drummer **Billy Exner**, who in past years sojourned with the **Boyd Raeburn Orchestra** and **Billie Holiday's** combo, currently is with singer **Tony Bennett**, as is music director-pianist **Ralph Sharon**. They were at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room recently . . . Guitarist-singer **Saunders King's** trio (**Merrill Hoover**, piano; **Billy Cayou**, bass) is at Squaw Valley Village, one of the top winter sports spots . . . **Lenny Bruce** has been granted the seventh continuance in his trial on charges of giving an obscene performance.

JOHN COLTRANE JAZZMAN of the YEAR

"It was John Coltrane's year. His saxophone work brought him the accolades of listeners and critics alike. Besides winning the International Jazz Critics Poll for his tenor saxophone playing, Coltrane captured two other awards in that poll—he was chosen new star on miscellaneous instrument (soprano saxophone), and his quartet was named new-star combo.

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Most men show many faces to the public. Jazzmen are no different. One of the great jazz musicians — Louis Armstrong — is many things to many people, but which is his true face? Read in the Feb. 15 issue of *Down Beat* Leonard Feather's intriguing

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: Ella Fitzgerald to 2/3. Billy Daniels, Shecky Greene, 2/5-3/17. Frances Faye, The Treniers, open 3/8.
Birdland: Joe Williams, Harry Edison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis-Johnny Griffin to 2/7.
Coronet (Brooklyn): sessions, Mon.
Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.
Count Basie's: *unk*.
Embers: Meade Lux Lewis, Roy Eldridge, to 2/17. Five Spot: *unk*.
Half Note: Sonny Stitt to 2/18. Phil Woods, Gene Quill, 2/20-3/4. Al Grey-Billy Mitchell, 3/6-18.
Hickory House: Billy Taylor, *tfn*.
Jazz Gallery: Herbie Mann, Junior Mance, Ernestine Anderson, to 2/11. Guest Stars, Mon.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 2/17.
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *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, Oscar Brown Jr., to 2/18.
Village Vanguard: Montgomery Brothers, Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, to 2/11. Gerry Mulligan, 2/13-3/1. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/2-11.
Wells: Walt Dickerson, tentatively.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown): Tony Spair, *hb*.
Big Bill's: Beryl Booker, *tfn*.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, *hb*.
Open Hearth: Ted Arnold-Don Michaelson, *tfn*.
Paddock (Trenton): Capitol City 5, Fri., Sat.
Red Hill Inn: Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 2/16-18.
Show Boat: Miles Davis to 2/3; Olatunji, 2/5-10.
Sunnybrook (Pottstown): Ray McKinley, 2/3.
The Mark (Morrisville): Don McCargar, Mon., Fri., Sat.
Trade Winds: Vince Montana, *tfn*.

MIAMI

Eden Roc: 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, 3/14-22.

NEW ORLEANS

Blue Room: Dukes of Dixieland to 2/14.
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 Perrilliat, wknds.

DETROIT

Au Sable: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: Don Shirley to 2/4.
Checker Bar-B-Q: after hours, Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.
52nd Show Bar: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
Kevin House: Roger Nivan, *tfn*.
Minor Key: 3 Sounds to 2/4. Gene Ammons, 2/6-11.
Roostertail: George Primo, *hb*.
Trent's: *unk*.

CHICAGO

Basin Street: *unk*. Sessions, Sun.
Birdhouse: Oscar Peterson, 2/27-3/11. Comedy-folkfest, Sun.
Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Nip, Wed.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Dorothy Donegan to 2/20. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Eddie Vinson to 2/4. Muddy Waters, Tues.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Red Arrow: Al Wynn, wknds.
Sutherland: *unk*.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Aragon Pavilion (Pacific Ocean Park): Freddy Martin, Sat.
Ash Grove: Miriam Makeba, Rose Heredia, to 2/18. Rachel Hadass opens 2/20. Children's concerts, Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.
Black Bull: Dick Cathcart, *tfn*.
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.
Cocoanut Grove: Lena Horne, 2/6-3/4.
Gigolo (Pasadena): Keith Shaw, Bob Molina, Gary Coleman, Dick Dorothy, *tfn*.
Hollywood Palladium: Lawrence Welk, *hb*, wknds.
Hermosa Inn: The Saints, wknds.
Kent Room: Wini Beatty, Bob Bates, *tfn*.
Larry Potter's: Wayne Robinson, Arthur Blake, Maurice, La Monte, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Name groups, Sun.
Losers: Frank Rosolino, *tfn*.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Mel-O-Dee (Glendale): Bob Harrington, Jim Crutcher, Jack Lynde, Beverly Joy, *tfn*.
Melody Room: Ronnie Brown, *tfn*.
Nickelton: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*.
Rancho Presidio (San Diego): Ben Di Tostl, Vic Gaskin, Carlos Vasquez, *tfn*.
Red Carpet Room: Richie Goldberg, Mon.
Renaissance: Les McCann, Sonny Rollins, 2/23-3/4. Art Blakey, 3/9-18. Miles Davis opens 3/20.
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. Dexter Gordon, Tues. Buddy Collette, Wed. Herb Ellis, Thurs.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols, *tfn*.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Ralph Pena, *tfn*.
Shrine Auditorium: George Shearing, Four Freshmen, Nancy Wilson, Jackie (Moms) Mabley, 2/9.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): sessions, Sun.
Statler Hilton: Skinny Ennis, *hb*.
Summit: Joyce Collins, Bob Bertaux, *tfn*.
Storyville (Pomona): Roy Martin, Eddy Elston, Tailgate Ramblers, *tfn*.
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): John Alfano, Earl Treichel, Rick Mattox, Fri., Sat. Sessions, Sun.
Winners: Don Randi, *tfn*.
Zebra Lounge: Neshert Hooper, Jazz Crusaders, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Chris Connor to 2/18. Carmen McRae, 3/6-18. George Shearing, 3/20-4/8.
Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/8-20. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/22-6/10.
Black Sheep: Earl Hines, *tfn*.
Bop City: Freddie Gambrell, *tfn*.
Coffee Gallery: Monty Waters-Dewey Redman, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: Louis Armstrong to 2/7. Nat Cole, 2/6-20. Betty Johnson, 2/21-28. Frankie Laine, 3/1-22.
Hangover: Muggsy Spanier, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: Les McCann, 2/20-3/4. Sonny Rollins, 3/6-25.
One-Eighty-One Club: Billy Harris, *hb*.
Palace Hotel: Mary Lou Williams, *tfn*.
Pier 23: Burt Bates, *tfn*.
Roaring Twenties: Frank Goudle, *tfn*.
Station J: Vince Guaraldi, Albert White, *tfn*.
Stereos Club: Horace Benjamin, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: Virgin Island Steel Band to 2/24. Bessie Griffin, Gospel Pearls, 2/26-3/24.
Two C's House of Jazz: Ray Black, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz artists, Mon.-Thurs. Mike White, wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): The Group, *tfn*.
Blue Peacock (Millbrae): Russell Lee, *tfn*.
Zack's (Sausalito): John True, *tfn*.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

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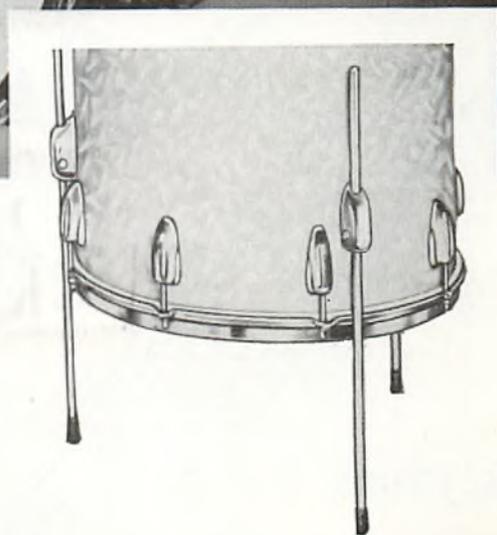
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The new Series 9 clarinet embodies the boldest design changes in Selmer's 75-year history. Tuning, tone quality and feel have all been improved by a completely re-designed scale. The bore is .002" smaller, tone holes have been resized and their placement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

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

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

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