

MARCH 1, 1962

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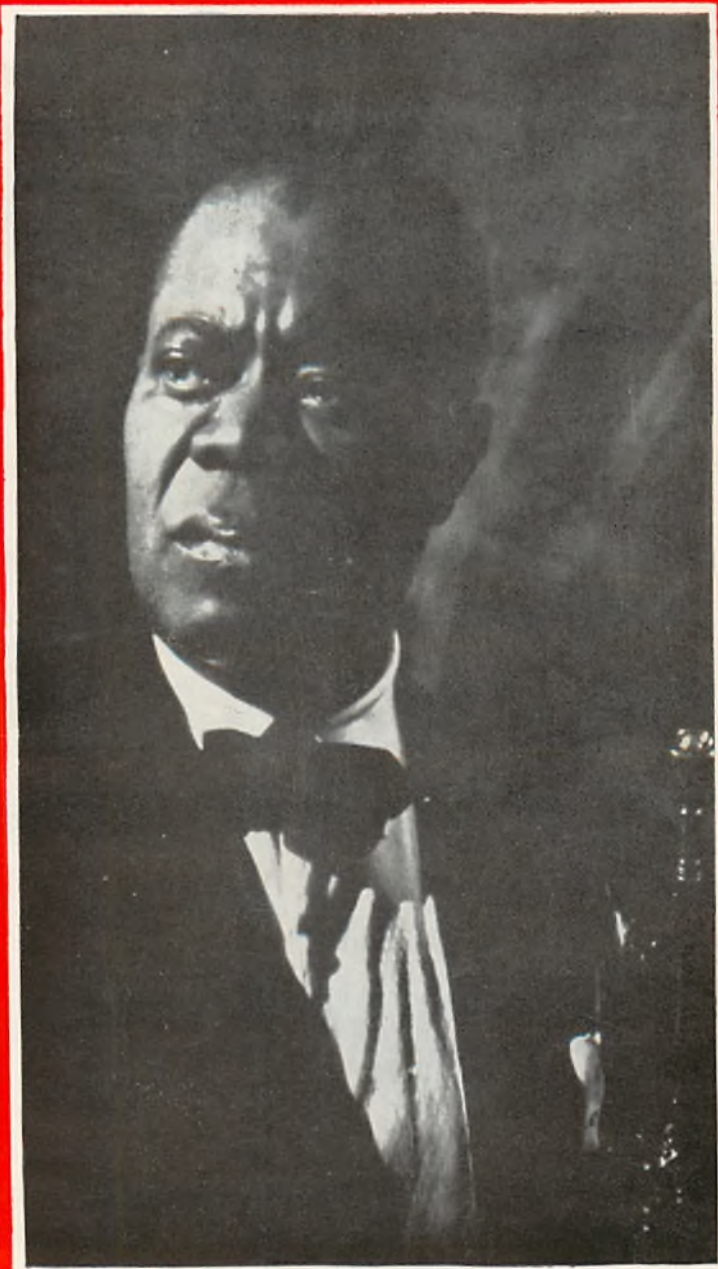
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Japanese Language Edition • Published in Tokyo

VOL. 29, NO. 5 MARCH 1, 1962

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THINGS TO COME In years past, jazz was often cited as an example of racial equality in action. Bigotry is rare in jazz, but prejudice does exist. To clear the air, *Down Beat* held a roundtable discussion on the matter with Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, Ira Gitler, Don Ellis, and others. Read this discussion in the March 15 *DB*.

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Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Subscription rates are \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years, \$16 for three years, payable in advance. Bundle subscriptions (five or more one-year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution) are \$1.90 for each individual subscription. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

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

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT: MUSIC 1962; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS: N.A.M.M. DAILY.

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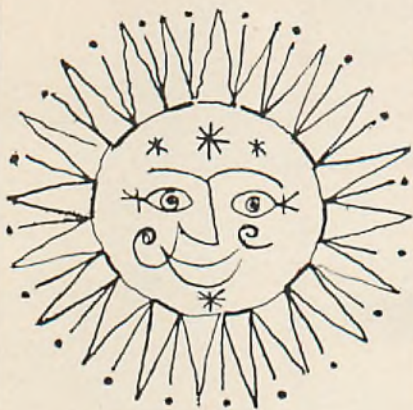
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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Setting the Record Straight

Gene Krupa usually is credited as being the first to record with bass drum—on the December, 1927, McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans sides.

Not quite. A Johnny Dodds collection on Brunswick B-1020 (78 rpm) has bass drum clearly audible on six sides dating from April, 1927. Since these precede the McKenzie-Condon records, Krupa is not such a pioneer, and credit must go to the late Baby Dodds, drummer on the Brunswick records, unless the recording dates are wrong.

I would like to know.
Buenos Aires, Brazil Carlos Ruiz

It is true that Gene Krupa is most often given credit for being the first drummer to record with a bass drum (recording equipment in the early and middle '20s could not pick up low-pitch sounds very well, and drummers were told to play only snare drum and various traps). We dug out the Dodds records reader Ruiz cited and found that, indeed, Baby Dodds played bass drum on them. The Dodds records were originally released on Vocalion and Brunswick and were recorded in April, 1927 (Wild Man Blues, Melancholy, Weary Blues, New Orleans Stomp, by Dodds' Black Bottom Stompers, which, for the recording date, included Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines) and November, 1927 (After You've Gone; Come On and Stomp, Stomp, Stomp; Joe Turner Blues; When Erastus Plays His Old Kazoo). Reader Ruiz is to be congratulated for setting the record straight.

Word from Mingus

Howard McGehee said (*DB*, Jan. 18), "I don't see any changes."

Wrong. Most of the "jazz" musicians aren't gassing, processing, straightening their hair nowadays.

On what does he base his statement about me? To my knowledge he has never been in a club to hear me in person. He probably doesn't own my records. Therefore, I feel that his statement is not valid.
New York City Charles Mingus

Empathy

In response to reader Chip Rosenblum's letter (*Chords*, Feb. 1) may I say that I heartily agree with him, not in respect to the Kenton review but concerning people and music, as well as musicians.

I, too, am sickened by remarks made by people (also, as he says, teenagers as well as adults) in reference to jazz and jazzmen. I hear, for example, "He's a jazz musician; therefore, he is a dope addict, or a nut, or a filthy slob."

I am also 15, but I know a good many musicians from 15 to 50, and they are all clean, respected citizens of our community. I speak in defense of the many musicians who are clean and honest men.

It is a shame that many more people do not read *DB* and learn about the core and backbone of all music (in contrast to rock and roll), the hard-working instrumentalist, vocalist, arranger, and composer.
Margate, N. J. Dave Reiter

East-West Clash

I have just read a letter sent by Bob Haney (*Chords*, Jan. 18) asking the difference between West and East Coast jazz. I am from the East Coast, and though jazz on the whole may or may not be geographically definable, it has, for me, a definite home (and I think that most artists will agree)—New York City.

The terms East and West Coast jazz are, in reality, true and not false, as you self-assuredly replied to Haney. From what I hear and see in and around the Los Angeles area, reading, writing, and composition are in the forefront. Musicians who are able to play polished and craftily arranged music is all very well, but little spontaneity and spirit is evident.

I am not putting down the theoretical position of jazz, but I do feel that there is much more happening, individually and group-wise, back East, with an atmosphere of humility, something I don't always find here. . . .

Las Vegas, Nev. Lou Taylor

Ornette's Letter

In the Jan. 18 issue of *Down Beat* I read with interest the words of Ornette Coleman. Seeing his letter somewhat surprised me, because in all the time I have read *Chords and Discords*, I can't recall an instance of a musician's writing a letter to your staff, giving an idea or thought.

I think Ornette's letter sets a good example for other musicians to voice their inner thoughts to the public. Regardless of my thoughts, I hope Ornette's example sets a few of the musicians' pens to work and give some of us the ideas that go on in their minds.

Chalk one up for Mr. Coleman.
Rochester, Minn. Jim Aug

*There have been many musicians who have taken the time to write *DB*; two musician letters are included in this issue. We hope, along with reader Aug, that musicians will write letters to this column more frequently.*

Jazz-Lover Role

In the editorial *The Role of the Jazz Lover* in the Jan. 18 *DB*, you stated that another way to support jazz is to write letters. I agree with you 100 percent and do not think the idea corny. I think we all should support jazz in every way possible. . . .

I have another idea about supporting jazz. . . . I think that if the public were allowed to write to the musicians them-

selves and let them know how much we appreciate them, their spirits and morale would really be raised.

If we could write to them in care of their recording companies . . . and be assured they would receive them *personally*, this would bring the public and the musician closer and would really be supporting jazz in the really true sense of the word. . . .

Let's support jazz all the way.
Baltimore, Md. Kim J. Timmons

You berate jazz fans for failure to write letters in support of jazz television programs and political actions favoring the fine arts. It is right that you should make this criticism, for I am sure people do not realize the potential importance of a volume of mail upon TV and government officials.

But *Down Beat* could help by bringing to the attention of readers jazz events and legislation worth noting. In the short time that I have been a reader and subscriber, I have not seen any notices recommending that the readers watch a certain program or write a letter to back certain governmental overseas jazz programs and federal legislation. Banding together, jazz lovers could form a lobbying force for the interests of music.

I personally wrote to NBC-TV to thank them for presenting *Chicago and All That Jazz*. The Du Pont Co., which sponsored the show, answered, "We are pleased that you enjoyed this show, and appreciate your taking the time to tell us about it. It is through such expressions that we are better able to program for the future."
Lewisburg, Pa. David J. Bakish

We shall endeavour to keep readers informed of future jazz events, as we did for Chicago and All That Jazz.

Russo Corrects

I have been wanting to write to you for several months.

Some time last summer your former editor, Gene Lees, made mention of his cello-playing uncle who had cut the skin between thumb and forefinger of his left hand in order to get a wider reach. Subsequently, someone wrote to you and said that this sort of wide reach was not in any way required by the playing of the cello, since the thumb always remains behind the fingerboard.

I have searched your columns diligently for a correction of this letter, and have not found it. You see, in playing the cello higher up on the strings, the whole hand is placed on the fingerboard and the amount of stretch between thumb and forefinger is very pertinent indeed.

I hope this advice is of some small interest to others who may have been puzzled about the motivation for Lees' uncle's self-laceration.

Another small point: in a recent column you referred to my trip to Rome as the first of my annual nine-month sojourns abroad. This is not true. We have come to live in Rome for a nine-month period and plan to return some time this summer but shall not have the opportunity to repeat this process each year.
Rome, Italy William Russo

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NEW YORK

Sonny Rollins, fresh from retirement, much romanced by record companies, has signed an exclusive contract with RCA Victor. Company executive **George Avakian** made Victor's position clear, concise, and cheery by outlining a company program built around Rollins, **Paul Desmond**, and **Joe Morello** (both signed exclusively to Victor beyond records they will make with **Dave Brubeck** for Columbia). Also on the Victor list is the **Jeanne Lee** and **Ran Blake** Duo, part of what Avakian calls "an expansion into untried jazz talent" and which he said he feels will be made possible because the initial "big-name talent" will establish a Victor jazz line capable of supporting young jazz musicians and capable of cutting through the "overabundance of poor records swamping the market."



Rollins

Behind that news: the Rollins contract is said to guarantee him \$90,000 over a 2½-year period for five albums. Any additional albums made for Victor during that time call for a \$10,000 guarantee for each. Veteran record men, nonveterans, too, estimate that Victor must sell 40,000 of each Rollins record (or 200,000 all told) to break even on this contract. In effect, since all companies measure money carefully, the fact of the money, and the projected fact of sales (Rollins' biggest seller thus far is a Prestige 25,000 winner) assures Victor's new interest in jazz, quickly building because it cannot bide.

Another big-money jazz artist, **Dave Brubeck**, last month called upon the music industry to "realize its duty to the public." His words, angry and otherwise, were part of an open letter to the record business and all associated outlets (distributors, jukebox operators, and disc jockeys), pointing to the success of some recent jazz singles and asking the industry to support music that is a "challenge to the public." According to Brubeck, challenging music has and can play an even more important part in the singles market. He said the underestimation of the public's taste is a "serious offense" and called on everyone in the field to support a return to good programming in jukeboxes and on the radio.



Brubeck

Back from Nigeria, **Lionel Hampton**, **Michael Olatunji**, **Odetta**, singer-composer **Brock Peters**, and a host of sidemen, all spoke with great enthusiasm for African musicians they had heard. The occasion was a two-day program devoted to the interpretation of African and American Negro arts in Lagos, Nigeria, attended by 33 American Negro educators and artists and a number of Africans active in the arts. The performances marked the opening of the American Society of African Culture Center in Lagos.

In France, expatriate pianist **Bud Powell** lost a job held for three years in Paris' Blue Note jazz club. Powell's wife insisted the firing came as a result of a "big incident" in the club, "when Bud drank someone else's drink by mistake." The Blue Note's manager just as insistently claimed that the "incident had nothing to do with letting Bud go. I just decided it was time for a change." Pianist **Kenny**

(Continued on page 44)



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March 1, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 5



Chico

A NEW FORMAT FOR HAMILTON

Since 1955 Chico Hamilton has become the successful drummer-leader of a jazz group whose unusual instrumentation played no small part in its rise in popularity. The most unorthodox feature of the Hamilton quintet was the role played by the cello used in jazz context along with alto or tenor saxophones, flute, guitar, bass, and drums.

Recently Hamilton told *Down Beat* he is abandoning the cello and radically altering his group's instrumentation and, inevitably, its sound. In place of cello the drummer has substituted trombone, "because the cello cannot serve in the capacity I now want."

Trombonist Garnett Brown, a Texan, replaced Nat Gershman, longtime cellist with the quintet.

Another replacement within the group, Hamilton said, is the substitution of Hungarian guitarist Gabor Szabo for guitarist Harry Polk. Charles Lloyd, flute and alto sax, and a bassist yet to be named complete the new group.

Hamilton does not feel he is gambling by making the changes. "In a sense," he said, "I'm starting all over again. But I've got over six years as a leader behind me, and I'm wiser." Of the music to be featured from now on, he commented, "It will be a whole new book. Everybody's writing."

Still pending is a projected tour of Japan scheduled early in the summer.

Meanwhile, the Hamilton quintet has played its first San Francisco engagement in three years.

With Szabo, Lloyd, and Brown already in the lineup, the accent is on youth. Remarked Hamilton, "If jazz is going to survive, it has got to be in the hands of the young players."

DePREIST OFF ON STATE DEPARTMENT TOUR

James Anderson DePreist (the middle name links him to his famous aunt, Marian Anderson), is a partisan of contemporary music, jazz and nonjazz. A musical switch-hitter, he has composed a ballet score, conducted members of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, and played drums with his own boppish jazz combo.

DePreist's latest endeavor is a four-month State Department tour of the Near East and Far East that began Feb. 1. The purpose of the tour is to acquaint Eastern musicians better with jazz and other forms of contemporary U.S. music.

The high point of the tour will be DePreist's appearance in Manila. He will direct Filipino musicians in works by John Lewis, J. J. Johnson, Gil Evans, Thelonious Monk—and by Samuel Barber, Gunther Schuller, Vincent Persichetti, Norman Dello Joio, and Aaron Copland.

DePreist will travel alone and will lecture and conduct in Thailand, Hong Kong, Egypt, and Lebanon as well as the Philippines.

DePreist, 25, is director and founder of Philadelphia's Contemporary Music Guild and conducted the U.S. premiere of *European Windows* by John Lewis with members of the Philadelphia orchestra. He also led his jazz group at festivals in Philadelphia, New York, and Atlantic City, N.J., and appeared for two years as a jazz commentator on Philadelphia's WHAT-FM.

Line Forms to the Right

From a press release announcing an engagement by The Playboys:

"The quintet, featuring saxophone, guitar, piano, and drums, is a moving, somewhat jazzy group which has enjoyed a modest amount of recording success on the Cameo label. . . . They wear bow ties with modern tuxedos in their act, making for an inviting appearance for fun-seeking patrons."

It's an age of conservatism.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INEVITABLE

Trombonist Frank Rehak and pianist Lou Stein are recording an album whose title will be *Frank and Stein*.

Philly Joe Jones can be expected to join the group sooner or later so that *Dracula* can meet *Frank and Stein*. Maybe Basil Rathbone or Boris Karloff could do the liner notes. Bud Abbott could still meet *Frank and Stein*. Could Ray Charles, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, even Rosemary Clooney meet *Frank and Stein*? We fear so.

By far, the biggest fear is of the song-titles game easily suggested. For a start, how about *No Moon at All*; *The Very Thought of You*; *There Will Never Be Another You*; *Too Late Now*; *You Better Go Now*; *The Man That Got Away*; *There Goes My Heart*; *He's Funny That Way*; *These Ghoulish Things*; *I've Got a Crush on You*; *I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good*; *Oh, Look at Me Now*; *I've Got You under My Skin*. Maybe, even, like real hip—*What's New?*

ALEXANDER AGENCY JOINS ANTIDISCRIMINATION CAMPAIGN

Jazz artists and their agents have begun their own fight against discrimination (*DB*, Dec. 7) with antisegregation clauses in contracts.

Erroll Garner, for himself; jazz impresario Norman Granz, for Jazz at the Philharmonic, Ella Fitzgerald, and Oscar Peterson; and Joe Glaser, president of Associated Booking Corp., who books scores of jazz artists, have had their own clauses for various amounts of time. Other artists and agencies have accomplished more or less the same thing by avoiding situations where prejudice existed.

Among those other agencies, however, Shaw Artists Corp. and Willard Alexander, Inc., evidenced real interest in including antisegregation clauses in their contracts, although both argued with the wording of such clauses already being used.

Now, from Willard Alexander, comes his company's approved clause, to be affixed to all contracts:

"If attendance or seating at the performance is or will be refused or separated because of differences in race, creed, color, or national origin; or if any facilities (including but not limited to dining, drinking, sanitation, dressing, or backstage facilities) at the establishment where the performance is to be rendered are in any way segregated; or

if there is or will be any discrimination in the composition, seating, or staging of the act or acts; or if there is any indication by advertising or otherwise that there will be such discrimination; then, in the event of the happening of one or more of the above mentioned occurrences, the parties hereto agree that the artist at his election may treat such occurrence or occurrences as a breach of his agreement. Upon such breach, the artist will be relieved from appearing and shall retain the deposit required herein as settled and liquidated damages for such breach."

CODA HELP WANTED

CODA, *The Canadian Jazz Magazine*, currently is in financial difficulties. Its owners and editors, John Norris and his wife, work without recompense, as do all its contributors, to produce

this mimeographed monthly music magazine.

For Norris the problem is simple. He must suspend publication for several months, the number dependent on how soon he can meet his financial obligations. To make this sooner, instead of later, he is willing to sell records and books from his personal collection.

The Norrises dedication is great. The list of available material can be had from him at P.O. Box 87, Station J., Toronto 6, Ontario.

CHAFF AND WHEAT SEPARATED FOR OSCARS

Duke Ellington's score for the picture *Paris Blues* is thought to stand a "better than even" chance for an Academy Award nomination this year.

Preliminary balloting for music from last year's movies, from which members of the academy music branch will choose the final five nominated cate-

gories, is under way. The Ellington score is numbered among 10 to be voted on this month. The Oscar nominations will be announced at academy headquarters in Hollywood Feb. 26.

Other scores competing with Ellington's are from *West Side Story* by Johnny Green, Saul Chaplin, Sid Ramin, and Irwin Koslad; *Flower Drum Song* by Alfred Newman; *Blue Hawaii* by Joseph J. Lilley; *Everything's Ducky* by Bernard Green; *Babes In Toyland* by George Bruns; and the U.S.S.R.'s *Khovanshchina* by Mussorgsky and Rimski-Korsakoff.

Although *Paris Blues* is generally considered a straight dramatic film, the category in which the Ellington score was placed by the academy is Best Scoring of a Musical Picture.

Of last year's movie songs, 10 were selected for preliminary selection. They are *Moon River* from *Breakfast at Tiffany's* by Henry Mancini and Johnny



Giuffre

Old Worlds— News Ideas

In the 1890s, when the royal purples really began to fade, young men were sent to Europe after being educated in the hope they might understand what they had already learned. There probably still is much to be said for sending most of us to Europe if only to touch the home base of most of our field of education. Perhaps it is even more important that artists go.

The latest of the latter to tour Europe is Jimmy Giuffre. His tour—20 concerts in Germany and three in Austria—was artistically and commercially successful and provided Giuffre with time and space in which to redevelop. It would not be accurate to say a new Giuffre returned, but there are some differences from the old, manifested in some outspoken opinions.

"Prez," he said, "was the father of

'ear-playing.' I don't know the changes either to lots of things. Bird did. I go by my ear. See, I knew you didn't know that. But that's what happens to many young musicians. That's why I stopped using drummers. They have more trouble with it than anyone else. They are more prone to using the required, almost prescribed, passed-down things, in the style of things, than any other instrumentalists, if only because other musicians can take a breath. Bassists have that problem, too, only less.

"But you see, that's the way I learned. It has taken me so long to shake Lester's pressure. I'm tired now of playing music passed on to me, no matter how much I like it. Ornette Coleman kicked me off into playing with my fingers instead of with my mind. Of course, both things happen, but his way you bridge things instead."

Giuffre said he now plays only clarinet "because switching always brings you a cold instrument, and how can you study both really, or how can an audience understand all the vocabulary if you keep presenting yourself differently."

His new approach, he said, is as free "probably as music can be, and the bag is so big—like, Ornette and I approach the same way, but it's hard to see the similarity—the possibilities are limitless."

A 20-minute *Suite for Germany*, now being recorded, may prove or not the validity of what he thinks he has found. Of his own music he does recognize that "since most of it is spontaneous, there are times when anything can happen—even things that don't make it. We allow so much space for the right things to happen; but space, in general,

is what we are working for. Sometimes there are times when the figure is clear, and I can literally feel the people grasp for it."

Apparently even a brief grasp may be enough. Almost every concert on the trip was a sellout. ("Well," truthful Giuffre said, "there were some walkouts at intermission. But, generally, we did three or four encores at the end. It was hard for me to know what to do with all that applause and appreciation.")

Producer Horst Lippman worked through the German Jazz Federation, in which each chapter president operates as his own producer with members as staff in practical-size halls, and without entertainment tax.

Regarding the audiences, Giuffre said, "People everywhere seemed interested in what we were doing in relationship to 12-tone, electronic music, etc."

"People in general," he said, "really wanted to talk about our different philosophies of life. From Frankfurt to Paris on the train, for example, we shared a compartment with two Frenchmen, and an Englishman who reminded me of Dave Brubeck. We talked about everything—a little bit about music—but more about the differences in the countries, even more about the differences in the relationship between males and females in the countries."

The "we" Giuffre used is not editorial, but includes his bride, Juanita. At the end, both agreed about the satisfaction of being accepted outside an entertainment basis, and Jimmy insisted that a U.S. audience must exist in much the same way, waiting only for "a circuit manager with taste and discretion to produce for it." [CB]

Mercer; *Town without Pity* by Dimitri Tiomkin and Ned Washington; *The Parent Trap* by Richard M. and Robert B. Sherman; *Cry for Happy* by George Duning and Stanley Styne; *Bachelor in Paradise* by Mancini and Mack David; *Pocketful of Miracles* by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen; *Love Theme from El Cid* by Miklos Rozsa and Paul Francis Webster; *All Hands on Deck* by Ray Evans and Jay Livingstone; and a brace of tunes from *Guns of Navarone*, the title song by Tiomkin and Webster and *Treusein* by Tiomkin and Alfred Perry.

Only seven scores were selected for Best Scoring of a Dramatic or Comedy Picture—*Summer and Smoke* by Elmer Bernstein; *One-Eyed Jacks* by Hugo Friedhofer; *The Parent Trap* by Paul Smith; *Breakfast at Tiffany's* by Henry Mancini; *King of Kings* and *El Cid* by Miklos Rozsa; *One, Two, Three* by André Previn; *Fanny*, adapted by Harry Sukman and Morris Stoloff from music by Harold Rome; *Guns of Navarone* by Dimitri Tiomkin; and the U.S.S.R.'s *Ballad of a Soldier* by Michael Siv.

'THE HORN' SCHEDULED TO BE FILMED

John Clellon Holmes' novel *The Horn*, thought by many to be a fictionalized portrait of the later Lester Young, with some touches of the late Charlie Parker, is now being scheduled as a film by R. Conrad Rooks, an independent producer with four low-budget movies to his credit.

Both Sonny Stitt and Dexter Gordon have been suggested for the lead role of Edgar Pool. Most jazz fans will have their own choices for various other characters in the book.

The producer has decided that Cecil Taylor should portray pianist Cleo, an avid disciple of Pool's. When asked about the film by friends, Taylor replied, "I didn't hear anyone ask me to play yet."

A JAZZ AWAKENING IN SYRACUSE

Syracuse, a major market place for the central area of New York state, is exhibiting a major jazz growth largely because of an alert public relations-conscious jazz club, the Jazz Corner, co-owned by Randolph Leonard, father-in-law of pianist Ray Bryant, and broadcaster Jim McKechnie.

Beyond intelligent managership, the club has many things in its favor. Four disc jockeys and two radio stations broadcast from it. It is probably the closest jazz club available to eight colleges. It has its own local house band to augment visiting groups.

Such things usually build a jazz citizenship, and it has, with drummer Jimmy Wormworth (of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross) the latest to "come home to roost." Bookings for the club have included such as Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt, and Bill Henderson. Tenor saxophonist Sam Nestico, a Syracuse legend,

leads the house band at the club.

Sound, lighting, and food are of the highest calibre. One might question the cuteness of the menu—such items as Berkeley School of Oysters, or Shrimp a la Satchmo, or Art Tatum's Tasty Tunes (veal cutlets). But no one should object to what's being done here.

Editorial

The Time for Action and Unity Is Now

Jazz is a living art form, its accomplished performers artists. That is how the form and the practitioners are referred to. The music is treated as art, but how often are the musicians treated as artists? Or even as skilled craftsmen? Seldom. At least, they are infrequently treated with respect by those who hire them.

Take night clubs, for example.

How many clubs provide the privacy of a dressing room for jazz artists? A few have sordid band rooms, but most neglect what they consider a minor, unnecessary accommodation that takes profitable seating space. But is it such a minor, unimportant consideration?

When a musician has been creating before an audience—in a sense, exposing his inner thoughts and feelings to strangers; in a sense, walking naked in a crowd—it is more than his due that he be allowed privacy if he so desires. In most clubs, he has no privacy; he finishes a set and must go out into the audience. Would Helen Hayes, for example, submit to such? Would she be expected to? Of course not. Why should Coleman Hawkins, say, be denied artistic privilege of privacy?

Then there are night-club pianos. Would Rubinstein be asked to play some of the out-of-tune, chipped-ivory devil boxes found in most jazz clubs? No? Then why should Oscar Peterson? And when a sensitive artist like Bill Evans canceled the remainder of an engagement—and he needed the money—because the club management would not provide him with a decent instrument, he's looked at with raised eyebrows.

But besides what it does to the pianist, an out-of-tune piano can make the difference between a good and bad performance by horn men. There's probably nothing as irritating to a horn player, or guitarist, or bassist, or vibraharpist than a piano so far out of tune that he can hear "beats" in the piano's tone. And the cost of having a piano tuned is a small price to pay for better performance.

That's the crux of the matter, better performance. For a man feels more like playing when he knows he's being treated with respect, when he's comfortable.

Or when he feels his music is being presented with taste and dignity. Good lighting can help inspire the musician; it can add drama to a performance. A good sound system not only assures the jazzman that everything is being done to help him get across to the audience, but it also makes the performance more enjoyable to the audience. All of which leads to return business and more revenue for the clubowners—and that's where most of them live.

What can be done? Individual jazzmen can refuse to play clubs that treat musicians unfairly, that care not a whit for the musician's comfort or privacy. Sure, he can do this—and he can starve, too. He'll be frozen out; he'll drop from sight.

These conditions and the many other tawdry things that blight jazz can only be corrected through organization. The American Federation of Musicians is not going to do anything it isn't forced to do to help its jazz members; it has proved that in the past. The AFM is more concerned with collecting dues, fines, and taxes than helping all its members.

What is needed is sort of a national jazz association, an organization that would look out for the jazz artists, protect them from some carnivorous booking agents, some recording companies, hoods, and the other blood-suckers, an organization to help jazzmen get decent working conditions and better salaries. Such groups have been formed before, but all have been torn apart by inept management or personality clashes.

But this is not to say it cannot be done. We would like to hear from musicians, listeners, critics, writers, all who hold a love and concern for jazz, about what can be done to help this art form, these artists.



JAZZ IN HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

THE YOUNG JAZZ arranger shivering in his basement apartment on the east side of Greenwich Village, cursing the landlord because the radiator is on the fritz again, might logically turn his thoughts west to sunny Hollywood, swimming pools, and the fabled existence of his colleagues who labor in Lotus Land.

But Hollywood today is far from paradise for the arranger, much less the specialized jazz writer. Of the latter, it is by no means extreme to suggest that professionally he has ceased to exist there.

This is not to say that there are no jazz arrangers active in Hollywood. There are perhaps more such musicians than in any other music center or entertainment metropolis, but there is not one earning his living writing jazz arrangements.

The inquisitive tourist will find cloistered at home many an arranger eminently capable of doing enviable justice to a jazz piece, worrying out arrangements for record dates that may range from mood music from Lebanon to the latest twister. Or on the motion picture lots the little bungalows with shingles above the doors labeled Music Dept. may, on any given day, become incubators for another *Theme from Exodus*. Or, again, in obscure corners of those sprawling factories endlessly spewing out television shows, a musical idea with the originality of the *Peter Gunn* soundtrack treatment may be aborning.

To the casual onlooker, the hum of musical industry in Hollywood is deceptively impressive. To the visiting jazz fan seeking fresh excitements in big-band jazz composition, the prospect is limited indeed.

In sum, for all the frequent declarations regarding the present and future need for new arranging talent in Hollywood's movie and television studios, the stark and depressing fact is that the market is already glutted.

Since the advent of talking pictures in 1927, movie scoring has been the preserve of a relatively small and exclusive band of craftsman who created the handmaiden art of "motion picture composition." Until recent years these musicians plied their craft almost exclusively within the confines of major studios such as Metro Goldwyn Mayer, 20th Century-Fox, or Warner Bros. In the majority of cases they were contracted exclusively with these studios; their talents were on call and to order conjunctive with the production schedules. With the rise of the independent producer, however, this situation changed radically. Today, the major studios operate music departments with skeleton staffs, and movie composers usually are contracted for individual pictures.

While it is true that the Era of the Independent has given newcomers to movies an opportunity to display fresh talent (John Mandel's underscore for *I Want to Live* is destined to remain the example celebre in this connection), this shift of the axis of production has not basically altered the Old Order. That Mandel has not, for example, gone

on to more auspicious undertakings in films is not his fault; it is the fault of producers more interested in playing it safe than in seeking the original and fresh in their pictures.

The Hollywood career of Johnny Mandel is, in fact, an apt subject for discussion vis a vis the jazz arranger who finds himself a displaced person in the maze of motion pictures.

Mandel came to Hollywood as a member of the Count Basie trombone section in fall of 1953. When the band returned east, he remained. After years of treading the tortuous path of studio work—starting with record dates and then gradually working his way into movies—he finally got the big break, the assignment of underscoring Walter Wanger's *I Want to Live*.

His music departed from previous jazz-influenced underscores (*The Man with the Golden Arm* and *The Wild Ones*, with music by Elmer Bernstein and Leith Stevens, respectively, serve as typical examples) in that it was uncompromisingly jazz in ensemble and solo performance and in over-all mood. Mandel bowed to no preset concept of movie music; he brought to the motion picture a musical attitude that was uniquely jazz, an outlook forged by his experience and talent as a jazz instrumentalist and arranger. In its totality it was a first for Hollywood—a first and, it would now appear, a last.

The Mandel music for the film was hailed at the time by such distinguished Hollywood veterans as Hugo Friedhofer. But when the time arrived for Academy Award nominations, the *I Want to Live* music was not even in the running.

Perhaps Mandel inadvertently typecast his work by that first underscore. Perhaps the power and adventurousness of the music scared off other producers who may have heard it as a freak one-shot. Perhaps they considered that motion pictures were not "ready" for such musical frankness. Whatever the reason, Mandel has not since had an opportunity to work on a picture like that given him by Wanger and director Robert Wise.

It is well to remember at this point that Hollywood always runs scared. *Conservatism* is forever engraved at the head of its Tablet of the Law.

The exceptions only serve to prove this rule. Even Otto Preminger, for all his periodic daring that many consider cynically to be motivated by a keen publicity sense, is first and always a showman who never takes chances he cannot bet on. In this connection, it should be remembered that for all the furor attending Elmer Bernstein's underscore for *The Man with the Golden Arm*, the music assuredly was more jazzy than jazz, turgid with parboiled Kentonian melodrama largely from the associated pen of Shorty Rogers. For all its pseudo-daring, the Bernstein-Rogers collaboration fit neatly into the Hollywood precept: Sales appeal without schmaltz ain't worth an ounce of chopped liver.

Obviously, John Mandel is not the only jazz arranger on the Hollywood scene. Benny Carter and Billy May are two of the busiest writers in the telefilm field—not writing



BILLY MAY



BENNY CARTER

jazz, to be sure, but contributing solid, workmanlike, and intelligent scores (usually recorded by a nucleus of able jazz instrumentalists) to television dramas.

Hank Mancini's jazz conception of the music for *Peter Gunn* broke ground in television for other men with similar ideas.

There was Pete Rugolo's music for the *Richard Diamond* series, the theme of the *M Squad* programs played by the Count Basie Band, and other examples.

Thanks to these musicians and others like them, a couple of years ago it seemed that television had "discovered" jazz and that a new morn was dawning for the jazz arranger in this mass-communication medium.

The jazz tidal wave hit, inundated telefilm sound stages from Burbank to Culver City, and then subsided. Where, today, are the sounds of yesteryear? One may dig them any old evening as the programs for which they were written are rerun on other channels. What many hopefully hailed as an enduring outlet for the jazz arranger-composer was rather quickly choked by too much of a good thing. Television, typically anarchic and gluttonous, gorged on the fad a while and then was done with it.

Thus, both motion pictures and telefilms have reasserted "normalcy" so far as jazz arrangers-composers are concerned.

Films such as *Paris Blues* are few and far between. It is to be hoped that the favorable critical reception accorded Duke Ellington's music in *Paris Blues* will encourage movie producers to think more in jazz terms. However, it is more likely that jazz in motion pictures will continue to be employed sparingly and then only when a picture has a music story line.

The new John Cassavetes film, *Too Late Blues*, starring Bobby Darin, is a good example. For the limited jazz sequences in the film (which, incidentally, chronicles the adventures of a small jazz group) composer David Raksin used Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Uan Rasey, trumpet; Milt Bernhart, trombone; Ted Nash, bass flute; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Larry Bunker, vibes; Red Mitchell, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums. An excellent lineup, to be sure. But the musicians' talents are employed in essentially conventional context. No trails are blazed, no new precedents set. This is not a criticism; it is merely recognition of the facts of life, which reveal in glorious Technicolor that jazz music and the movie business are uneasy bedfellows.

FOR THE JAZZ arranger inactive in either movies or television, life in Hollywood is compounded of splenetic frustration and weary resignation. Where is he to hear any new work performed? Not in the Stan Kenton Band, though it nominally is based on the coast; Kenton maintains his own arranging staff. Similarly, Harry James—who must of necessity now be said to be based in Las Vegas though his business office is headquartered in Hollywood—draws new arrangements from a small pool of established writers. For one arranger, Jay Hill, the Les Brown Band has proved a more than adequate testing

ground for new arrangements. One is more likely, though, to hear Hill's work regularly performed by the Chuck Marlowe rehearsal crew on Wednesday evenings.

It is in the rehearsal bands—and they vary in number from month to month—that works by both new and established arrangers are aired. In recent years they have served as laboratories for the proving of works by Bill Holman, Bob Florence, Allyn Ferguson, Gerald Wilson, Marty Paich, Joe Dolny, Bob Rogers, Dick Grove, Onzy Matthews, John Anderson, Kip Dobbs, Dave Roberts, Shorty Rogers, Med Flory, and others.

Some of these bands have blossomed on L.P. In most cases the sidemen remained the same; only the leaders changed—in the illusory optimism that they could create a going concern by obtaining steady work for their bands. Today in Hollywood it is a rare would-be leader who has not shed such illusions.

Still, the rehearsal bands continue to be heard and thus will it be so long as arrangers keep writing. And as long as there is jazz, whatever its economic condition on coasts east and west and points in between, there will always be new pens to paper. There will always be peaks and men to challenge them.



JOHN MANDEL

EARLY IN HIS career, almost every jazz musician finds the critics comparing him to this musician or that. There's a sound reason for doing it: only by relating to styles and approaches with which the reader (and the critic) are familiar can he hope to convey an impression of what the performer is doing.

But that makes comparisons no less burdensome to the artist. He tends to feel that there is an implication of derivativeness in the comparisons, an intimation that he has nothing of his own to offer.

For some time, trombonist Curtis Fuller labored under comparisons to J. J. Johnson. Not that Fuller denies the influence. Asked about the forces formative to his playing, he'll answer, "J. J. mostly."

For a man seeking his own identity, comparisons in print are a drag.

There was, in fact, an occasion on which Curtis lost his identity entirely. He became Jimmy Cleveland.

In a comedy of errors arising with a reviewer's Freudian slip at the typewriter, compounded by an editing mistake, and capped by a typographical error, a record by Fuller was reviewed in *Down Beat* two years ago as the work of Jimmy Cleveland. Cleveland and Fuller were not pleased. Everyone else concerned stood around and blushed.

But that is in the past, and so are the comparisons of Fuller to Johnson. "Now, more than ever," Fuller said recently, "I don't even sound like J. J. When I'm playing, I think more of Rollins and Coltrane."

An evening of listening to Fuller will clarify just how much Fuller has moved away from the Johnson influence.

Fuller's playing in recent years has become warm and softly throaty, a little like that of Lawrence Brown—to make one of those annoying comparisons. He is developing a remarkable control of his tone, too, becoming capable of shading it into a wide variety of colors. At times his trombone sounds uncannily like a French horn.

"That's deliberate," he said. "It's one of the things I'm trying to do with the hat." [Nowadays he leaves a trimmed-down felt tam hanging over the bell of his horn.] "The middle register of French horn is beautiful, and it's very compatible with trombone."

Fuller's tone—or tones, since he has a number of them—can only be described as lovely, among the loveliest the instrument has known in recent times.

"I try to keep my tone handleable," he said. "But sometimes you have to sacrifice sound for speed. You can't have everything. J. J. is about the only one I've heard who can do it—maintain tone at high speed.

"Part of the sound I'm getting is in the horn I'm now using. It's an instrument with a big bell and a large bore. The company wanted to see if it would work in the jazz market, and I've been trying it.

"That bore is really ridiculous. It takes everything you've got. I have to use an adjuster on the mouthpiece. But it's worth the effort. I think the horn has a lovely sound.

"I don't like that brassy sound on trombone. I like a smooth sound. Some day I'd like to be able to maintain that tone quality at any tempo.

"I like to hear the horn played very clean. J. J. uses single-tonguing, not double-tonguing, so that the articulation isn't mumbled. It's very clean and pure and true. I use single-tonguing, too."

Simply because he admires Johnson doesn't mean he's the only musician Fuller listens to, and he is quick to point this out. Benny Green, for one, was also one of the Fuller influences, and there are others.

"I also like to hear Jack Teagarden, especially on ballads," he said. "I like Bill Harris, Urbie Green, Jimmy Cleveland, Frank Rehak, Vic Dickenson, Dickie Wells, and quite a

number of others. I listened to Tommy Dorsey a lot when I was learning. I guess we all did.

"I like to listen. When I'm in a town, I like to go to the sessions and hear what the young people are doing—people younger than myself, I mean." [Fuller is 27.] "I also like to hear the older people when I get the chance."

This richness of listening background is evident in Fuller's playing—along with a richness of experimental background.

BORN IN DETROIT, he grew up with Donald Byrd, Paul Chambers, Barry Harris, Billy Mitchell, and two of the Jones brothers, Thad and Elvin. The third, Hank Jones, is a few years older.

The first band of national consequence with which Curtis worked was that of Dizzy Gillespie. Succeeding years saw him in groups led by James Moody and Lester Young. "I was with Lester Young's group when he died," he recalled. "We were going to Philadelphia that day."

At another time, he had a group with two more Detroiters, Kenny Burrell and Pepper Adams. Then he had a quintet with Benny Golson. Working opposite them in New York was a quartet in which trumpeter Art Farmer was playing. Fuller left the job to go with Gil Evans' first working band. After a few weeks, he returned to the quintet.

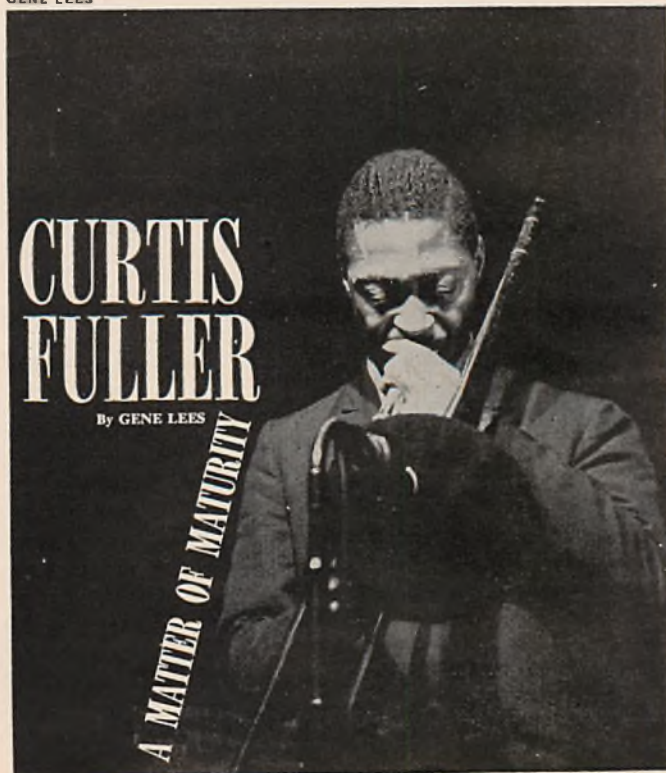
And thereby hangs a tale. During this period, the idea for a group to be called the Jazztet was born. Fuller says the very name Jazztet was his.

In the talking stage, he claims, the group was to be co-led by himself, Golson, and Donald Byrd. But when it came at last into being, Fuller, Golson, and Farmer were the front line. Fuller says that originally he was to have been one of the co-leaders. (The first *Down Beat* review of the group, by Ralph Gleason, in the March 31, 1960, issue, listed it as "Art Farmer-Benny Golson-Curtis Fuller-The Jazztet.")

Whatever the case, by the time the group was unveiled to the Chicago press a few weeks later at the Blue Note, Farmer and Golson were billed as the leaders.

Fuller felt he'd been elbowed aside. Farmer and Golson said shortly afterwards that it had never been intended that Fuller be a co-leader. No matter what the story, it made for

GENE LEES



a bad scene. Though Fuller was more suited to the group musically than any trombonist it has had since, he and the Jazztet parted company, and the bitter aftertaste is still detectable at times.

After the Jazztet, Fuller led a quartet for a while and then joined the Quincy Jones Band. He also worked in Gil Evans' big band. Fuller stayed with the Jones band nearly a year, making a European tour with it.

After leaving the band, he joined Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, taking leave from the group last summer to make a South American tour with Coleman Hawkins, after which he rejoined the drummer.

"That's one of my problems," Fuller said. "After I've been with a group for a while, I get . . . restless. Sometimes I think I'd like to stay home and just write. I'm writing for Art's group and for others.

"I want to write something very big. That's my ambition. Quincy was very helpful, and I learned a lot about writing while I was with the band, and I enjoyed every moment of it. And, of course, just playing Gil's things is an education in arranging and composition in itself.

"They were two vastly different bands to work with, of course. I found the material in Gil's more interesting to play. There were so many melodic things that required careful articulation. Not that Quincy's wasn't good writing, but it wasn't the same.

"On top of that, with Quincy I had two solos per evening, *Air Mail Special* and *Cherokee*—both in B-flat."

This restlessness isn't always musical. Sometimes, Fuller said, it's a matter of the personalities around him. He says he can't see the necessity of coping with personalities that don't meld well with his. So he may make a job change for that reason alone—and he will change in order to keep playing.

"The reason I'll never stay home and write, even though I get that feeling at times," he explained, "is that I like playing too much. And I'd like to go on doing what I'm doing now, but with personalities left at home.

"I don't know about other guys, but, say I have troubles at home or something, there's no point in taking them on the bandstand. Music is my escape.

"In a big band, for example, the sax section will perhaps turn around and tell the brass section, 'You guys are out of tune!' Hmm. How would they know? They play a bastard out-of-tune instrument to begin with, and sax players have the worst ears of any musicians."

THESSE ARE NOT all of Fuller's complaints about the current musical scene. He dislikes the way jazz records are usually made, though, of course, he's not alone in this.

Fuller, who estimates that in the last five years he's played on some 300 LPs, "of which 100 were jazz," said he thinks that most jazz records today are made sloppily. The virtually unanimous agreement of musicians on this point, the steady carping of critics, and public indifference to the many same-sounding "blowing" dates, would seem to indicate that everybody knows this but the a&r men.

"You know how it is," he said. "You go on the date. You arrive. There's no music, no chords. You're just there. You run it down once and do it. And later someone will say, 'I heard you on the such-and-such album. You know, man, you sounded like you didn't know the tune.' And he's right. You didn't.

"Some of the labels have become so commercially minded. Eddie Harris did his *Exodus* album and it's way up on the charts—the *pop* charts. So his label's had him do *Spartacus* and now *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. And I don't think he's got to the jazz audience yet. The jazz audience is still

unaware of what this man can do.

"Because of the success of the *Exodus* album, one label sent me the score of *Ben Hur*. They wanted me to do an album on it.

"They won't let you do what you want to do. If I'd been allowed to do what I wanted to, I wouldn't have made all the blunders I have."

So much for record labels. What about current trends in jazz, including the "shape of jazz to come"?

Fuller is explicit: "It's opening the door for quacks."

"It's not that I think I'm anything great," he said. "I'm still a student, and I always will be. But this thing they've got going, it's opening the door for excuses—that's what worries me. A musician will play some ridiculous notes and things unrelated to what anyone else is doing, and then he'll say, 'Well, man, that's the way I hear it.'

"They compare it to Charlie Parker. It's not the same at all.

"I don't have anything to say against Ornette Coleman or any musician. They all have a voice in jazz. But people shouldn't say, 'It's great, it's the greatest, this is the way it's got to go.' Just say its new.

"If there is to be a new era in jazz, Dave Baker should be in the center of it. His playing is very true and very clear." (Baker, a gifted trombonist and arranger, has worked with George Russell, among other groups. Recently he was hospitalized in Chicago, undergoing belated treatment of his jaw muscles, necessitated by an automobile accident injury some years ago.)

"I like what Dave Baker is doing very much," Fuller added. "It's more impressive than just about anything I've heard from anyone."

What else appeals to Fuller's tastes? Art and ballet, among other things. He enjoys touring art galleries. Soft-spoken and also well-spoken, Fuller majored in sociology at Detroit University and has a broader range of interests than one might suppose.

In general, it could be said that he likes lovely things—lyrical things. This one might deduce from his playing. His favorite pianist is Ahmad Jamal, a preference that is shared by a surprising number of musicians—though the view is less surprising to those who heard Jamal in the club he owned in Chicago, where he seemed more inclined to play what he liked than what the crowd expected. After Jamal, Fuller likes pianists Bill Evans, Tommy Flanagan, Wynton Kelly, Red Garland, McCoy Tyner, and Cedar Walton.

Almost needless to say, he much admires Miles Davis.

"It's been said that Miles plays that easy get-by style," Fuller said "But I don't think so. He plays with a simplicity that more players should have.


"He has a fascinating technique and knowledge of the horn. When he's in the mood, he uses it. We all have that characteristic—sometimes we feel like showing what we can do. Art [Blakey] is like that. Most of the time he plays for the group, and then once in a while he plays for Art.

"I'm no exception to that. Sometimes I don't feel like that race-horse kind of playing. Other nights I'm interested in technical things.

"But Miles . . . Miles has such a superb sense of simplicity. I've never heard anything that could move me so much."

That, then, is Curtis Fuller—or at least, a part of him.

He is discovering, as all good artists do as they move toward maturity, that art is a process of elimination, wherein what you leave out is perhaps even more important than what you put in.

The restlessness of which he speaks is apparent. Where it will lead, no one—least of all Curtis—knows. For the moment, it's resulting in some of the most beautifully melodic trombone work the business has heard in years. 



EARLY PREZ

by **GEORGE HOEFER**

The late tenor saxophonist Lester Young was one of the earliest and most influential figures in modern jazz. French critic André Hodeir wrote in 1955, "Young gave birth to an entirely new conception of jazz, rather than merely giving the tenor saxophone a new style." Others have said it was Prez, who, more than any other single musician, changed jazz from "hot" to "cool."

Young's originality and sensitive style of playing did not attain immediate acceptance.

He rode to fame along with the Count Basie Band during the swing era, even as many of the older musicians and jazz critics refused to take his unique sounds seriously. A co-worker in the Basie band, the late tenor saxophonist Herschel Evans, said to him, "Man, why don't you play alto? You've got an alto tone." Young, pointing to his head, replied, "There's some things going on up there. I think some of you guys are all belly."

Critic Mike Levin spoke disparagingly of Young's "cardboard tone" and said the tenor man's clarinet-playing was "more tasteful and ideaful than his tenorings." This coolness toward Young's artistry on the part of the jazz

writers continued after he left Basie. A *Down Beat* reviewer covering the Young brothers band (Lester on tenor and Lee on drums), a group that also included Bumps Myers on tenor, wrote in 1942, "The consensus of the crowd last night at the Club Capri (Hollywood) was that Myers was playing more interesting tenor than his boss." Other critics were unable to refrain from referring to "Young's honking tone."

But in spite of such offhand cracks and the apparent lack of interest on the part of older jazzmen and critics, Prez was getting through to the young jazz musicians on their way up. One of Young's disciples, tenor saxophonist Dexter Gordon, said in later years, "[Coleman] Hawkins had done everything possible and was the master of the horn, but when Prez appeared, we all started listening to him alone. Prez had an entirely new sound, one that we had been waiting for, the first one to really tell a story on the horn. He was saying so much that I gave up playing for two years!"

Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz has been quoted as observing, "The sound of Lester on the old Basie records—real beautiful tenor—saxophone sound, pure sound. How many people he's influenced—how many lives!"

Al Cohn has said, "Prez was the reason I became a tenor saxophone player."

Lester Willis Young was born 52 years ago in Woodville, Miss., a small village in the extreme southwest corner of the state about 100 miles above New Orleans. His father, Willis, had studied music at Tuskegee Institute and was able to teach and play all the instruments. According to Prez, his father was especially good on trumpet and violin.

The family traveled a great deal, for the elder Young played with minstrel show bands in carnivals. Shortly after Lester was born, they made New Orleans their headquarters, and in 1919 the future tenor star started to play drums, because, as Prez once stated, "the family band needed a drummer."

Lester did not find life with the Young family band too pleasant. His father threw him out once when he learned that his son had been ignoring lessons on music scales. Prez later said laconically, "I was doing it all by ear. I got mad when I got fired and learned to read just for revenge."

About 1927, when Young was 18, he left home without taking his horn and landed in Salina, Kan. His father had booked a string of dates through Texas, and Lester felt he had had enough of the Jim Crow-ism.

In Salina, he met Art Bronson, leader

of the Bostonians, who got him a baritone saxophone and put him to work. For the next few years, from 1929 through 1933, Young toured Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Minnesota, and the Dakotas. He worked with the late trumpeter King Oliver's band, Walter Page's 13 Original Blue Devils, Clarence Love's Kansas City outfit, and the Bennie Moten Band that also included pianist Basie and tenor man Evans. During these formative years he was playing alto in addition to tenor.

During the early '30s Kansas City, Mo., became a jazz musician's haven. The long jam sessions and the competitiveness of a long list of saxophonists (Evans, Herman Walder, Buster Smith, Ben Webster, Dick Wilson, and others) gave the young Mississippian plenty of opportunity to experiment and develop. He did so, as an original, without giving in to anyone else's style.

One night in early 1934, when the Fletcher Henderson Band was playing a one-nighter in Kansas City, Young got a chance to substitute for Coleman Hawkins and performed well enough to elicit an invitation to join the band permanently a few months later when Hawkins left to go to Europe.

He joined in Detroit and went on into New York City with them. Speaking of the experience in later years he said, "I got badly bruised because I didn't play like Hawk. Everybody tried to help by having me listen to Hawkins' choruses on the Henderson records. I roomed at Fletcher's house, and as soon as I got up, Mrs. Henderson had the phonograph running. I listened politely because I didn't want to hurt nobody's feelings."

After several months of frustration on everybody's part, Henderson and Young came to a mutual understanding: the tenor man was released from his contract and given a signed letter stating he had *not* been fired. He immediately joined the Andy Kirk Band for a six-month stint and by early 1936 was back at the Reno Club in Kansas City with Count Basie's combo. The money was short, but pianist Basie and the customers liked his playing.

The following summer, Basie's radio broadcasts were noticed, and things started to happen. The enlarged band, with Evans and Young both taking tenor saxophone solos, opened in September, 1936, at Chicago's Grand Terrace. The fact that Evans was a Hawkins-derived tenor man gave Young an opportunity to concentrate on playing his own unique style.

Within a few days after arriving in Chicago, Basie and Young got a chance to make a small-band jazz date for Vocalion. Negotiations were already under way to obtain an exclusive re-

ording contract for the full band under Basie's name. They, therefore, chose to use the names of drummer Jo Jones and trumpeter Carl Smith, and it came out Jones-Smith, Inc., on the label. Basie finally signed with Decca, and the first full-band date took place in New York on Jan. 22, 1937.

Beginning with his first recording date, the Vocalion session, Young's tenor playing startled the jazz world. It continued to do so for the next decade as his original sound and creative ideas shone on many a Basie band record and behind Billie Holiday's vocals. After his five-year period with Basie came many small-band records, and his playing was the reason for the record session.

The break with Basie came Dec. 13, 1940, a Friday, when he failed to appear at a scheduled recording. This magazine reported he was fired when the person sent to wake him up reported back to Basie, "Prez says go away and let him sleep. Man has got no business making music on Friday the 13th."

This, no doubt, was the immediate cause of a rift. However, the situation within the Basie organization in, December, 1940, also must be considered. The band had not worked for several weeks reportedly because of Basie's battle with his booking office. He wanted to get out of his Music Corp. of America contract and book through Willard Alexander at William Morris. When the band returned to New York after a grueling year of one-nighters, sometimes 550 miles apart, Basie announced he was giving up and would join a new Benny Goodman band on piano. He said he was tired of working hard every night and at the end of the year winding up with a profit of only \$7,000 for himself and \$5,000 for his best sidemen.

During the year the band had had few, if any, location dates where they could build up a following through radio broadcasts. When Basie finally resolved the problem by buying his contract from MCA, Young was busy rehearsing his own group to play Kelly's Stables.

Young's first New York engagement on his own, at Kelly's lasted a month. The group alternated with singer-pianist Una Mae Carlisle and recorded behind her for Bluebird. After closing in March, 1941, at Kelly's, further work was not forthcoming and Young eventually moved to California where he led a band with his brother, Lee, for more than a year and a half.

The group went east to play about a month at Cafe Society Downtown. The group then broke up when Lester elected to remain in New York, and

drummer Lee decided to return to the Pacific Coast.

Basie made several overtures toward getting the tenor ace back in his band, but Young always gave him an emphatic no. That is, until December, 1943. Then, as the story has been told, a Basie sideman ran into Lester one afternoon at a midtown bar and told him, "Prez, we are at the Hotel Lincoln. You are expected for work at 7." It was a big surprise to everyone when he quietly showed up with his horn and returned to the Basie fold as suddenly as he had left it three years previously. His second Basie period lasted only a few months, and there were no recording dates.

When Young went into the Army in October, 1944, he had almost completed a decade in the jazz big time. Those were to prove to be his most influential and musically productive years. In later years he made more fine records and at one comparatively short period was making more than \$50,000 a year.

He always had referred to himself as a "swing tenor," and when he was discharged from the service, he returned to New York to be confused by the new bebop movement that featured saxophones and trumpets in small jamming units. As one jazz star put it, "Lester walked up and down 52nd St. and was disturbed to hear all the young saxmen playing, and getting much applause for, ideas that he had used and discarded years before."

By 1945, there were many disciples of Lester Young recording and making names for themselves in modern jazz—Dexter Gordon, Wardell Gray, Allen Eager, Stan Getz, Al Cohn, and Paul Quinichette.

Although Young had some credits as a composer, *Tickle Toe*, *Jumpin' with Symphony Sid*, and *Lester Blows Again*, to name three, it probably will be his beautifully conceived interpretations of such melodies as *These Foolish Things*, *I Never Knew*, *I Want to Be Happy*, and *I Got Rhythm*, that will prove the most lovingly remembered.

Ross Russell, in an early piece on bebop, summed up the Lester Young artistic influence, not only on future saxophone stars but also on the modern jazz instrumentalists ranging from pianist Thelonious Monk to trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie.

"What they admired in Lester Young was his lighter and purer tone, his broader harmonic concepts, his greater extension of the solo line—with the resultant freedom from its bar divisions—his dreamier and more lyrical style. They recognized his transcendent qualities: his melodic gift, inventiveness, and, above all, his tremendous swing."

SELECTED LESTER YOUNG DISCOGRAPHY

Chicago, Oct. 9, 1936

Jones-Smith, Inc. (Count Basie's Blue Five)—Carl Smith, trumpet; Young, tenor saxophone; Count Basie, piano; Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Jimmy Rushing, vocals.

SHOE SHINE SWING (1657)

.....Vocalion 3441, Epic LN-3107
BOOGIE WOOGIE (1659)

.....Vocalion 3459, Epic LN-3107
LADY, BE GOOD (1660)

.....Vocalion 3459, Epic LN-3107
New York City, Jan. 22, 1937

Count Basie Orchestra—Joe Keyes, Smith, Buck Clayton, trumpets; George Hunt, Dan Minor, trombones; Jack Washington, alto, baritone saxophones; Coughy Roberts, alto saxophone; Herschel Evans, Young, tenor saxophones; Basie, piano; Claude Williams, guitar; Page, bass; Jones, drums.

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE (61542)

.....Decca 1141, Decca DL-8049
ROSELAND SHUFFLE (61545) ..Decca 1141

New York City, June 1, 1937

Teddy Wilson Orchestra—Clayton, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Young, tenor saxophone; Wilson, piano; Green, guitar; Page, bass; Jones, drums; Billie Holiday, vocals.

FOOLIN' MYSELF (21217)

....Brunswick 7911, Columbia CL-637
EASY LIVING (21218)

....Brunswick 7911, Columbia CL-637
New York City, June 15, 1937

Billie Holiday Orchestra—Clayton, trumpet; Ed Hall, clarinet; Young, tenor saxophone; James Sherman, piano; Green, guitar; Page, bass; Jones, drums; Miss Holiday, vocals.

A SAILBOAT IN THE MOONLIGHT (212507)

.....Vocalion 3605, Columbia CL-637
New York City, July 7, 1937

Count Basie Orchestra—Same as Jan. 22 date except Ed Lewis, Bobby Moore replace Keyes and Smith on trumpets, Earl Warren replaces Roberts on alto saxophone, Freddie Green replaces Williams on guitar.

ONE O'CLOCK JUMP (62332)

.....Decca 1363, Decca DL-8049
JOHN'S IDEA (62334).....Decca 1363,

Decca DL-8049, Brunswick BL 54012
New York City, Feb. 16, 1938

Count Basie Orchestra—Same as July 7 date except Harry Edison replaces Moore on trumpet, Morton replaces Hunt on trombone, and Eddie Durham is added on trombone.

SWINGING THE BLUES (63289)

.....Decca 1880, Decca DL-8049
New York City, June 6, 1938

*BLUE AND SENTIMENTAL (63919)

.....Decca 1965, Decca DL-8049,
Brunswick BL 54012

New York City, Aug. 22, 1938
Count Basie Orchestra—Same as Feb. 16 date except Dickie Wells replaces Durham on trombone.

*TEXAS SHUFFLE (64473)....Decca 2030,
Decca DL-8049, Brunswick BL 54012

JUMPIN' AT THE WOODSIDE (64474)

....Decca 2212, Brunswick BL-54012
(Continued on page 43)



THE REAL LOUIS ARMSTRONG

By LEONARD FEATHER

EXPLAINING LOUIS ARMSTRONG to a typical present-day jazz enthusiast, who probably is in his early 20s and regards Dizzy Gillespie as a patriarch, is a task scarcely less demanding than that of describing the sunset to a blind man, or a heat wave to an Alaskan who has never left home.

Nevertheless, it should be done, for the same reason that public schools should not begin at the 10th grade.

To look benignly but condescendingly on Armstrong as if he were some precious but superannuated relic is as foolish as to dismiss him on the grounds that he is a handkerchiefed clown or vaudevillian whose relationship to jazz is clouded by a nimbus of comedy.

Men such as Miles Davis and Gillespie, many years younger than Louis, can see his contribution in correct perspective. Like most of us who have tried to unwrap the entangling layer of show-biz polyethylene that envelops the Armstrong legend, they can look beyond it to find the genuine Louis. It would be helpful if Miles some day could deliver a lecture, to explain to his own admirers just what Louis means as a trumpeter, singer, and symbol of jazz history. Dizzy, a close friend and Long Island neighbor of

Louis for many years, could also do an admirable job of enlightenment.

Almost 10 years ago, I undertook the job myself, in an open letter to a young fan, the brunt of which was: "Dear Virginia: Yes, there is a Satchmo." Here are a few of the points I made:

"To believe in Satchmo as you believe in Santa Claus, you have to have at least 20 years' background of listening to jazz. This is possible even if you are only 25 years old and recall an Armstrong record as your first real musical experience. . . . Anyone who has been listening that long can recall the conditions, strange by today's standards, under which we first learned about Armstrong's music and what it represented.

"Jazz was rarely mentioned in the newspapers or the national magazines. . . . Jazz was living almost entirely by word of mouth among musicians. Until 1934 there was not even a *Down Beat* to keep them informed.

"In that atmosphere of semiseclusion, Louis Armstrong rose to become a symbol of jazz improvisation. When many jazz musicians were short on technical ability, and improvisation was still in its exploratory phase, Louis came along [showing] a warmth, an intensity, and a tone that were unique. Louis had the soul, an emotional quality that no other jazzman, on any instrument, had achieved. . . .

"All over the world, trumpet players started copying Louis, fans started collecting his records, and an international jazz cult centered on Louis, Duke, and a few others quickly sprang into life."

I then recalled my personal experiences, when I was a teenage jazz fan living in Paris and digging through piles of records in obscure shops for imported rarities. My life in jazz had been predestined on the day when a high-school friend in London played me Louis' original recording of *West End Blues*. The traumatic impact of that occasion is such that I can even recall, almost 30 years later, the shape and location of the listening booth in which we heard the disc.

I had heard practically no live jazz—in London, who could?—so, with a cadre of the faithful, I soon became one of those for whom the weekly parental allowance was something to be squandered as the next Armstrong or Ellington release arrived.

The London *Melody Maker* was vital in shaping both Louis' life and mine in those years. For me it was the only pipeline to a world with which I was increasingly eager to identify. For Louis, it was the sole source of publicity in Britain and one so powerful that by 1932 a booking was arranged at the London Palladium. (The *Melody Maker* even gave him his nickname. It was editor Percy Brooks' garbling of an earlier sobriquet, Satchelmouth, when he first greeted Armstrong in London.)

Though a major U.S. name since 1928, Louis was the first jazz instrumentalist ever to gain this kind of stature overseas. My excitement was such that I saved up enough money to fly from Paris for the opening. Not even a foul case of nausea could diminish the thrill of seeing Louis poking his head around the Palladium curtain on that memorable opening night.

The Miles Davis fan can never quite feel what we felt, in the esoteric jazz climate of those times, at the sight and sound of Louis Armstrong in the flesh.

Listening today to *West End* and *Muggles* and all the other Armstrong Hot Five sides with Earl Hines of the golden years, I can only hear them in terms of my original reaction. It's the old story of objectivity vs. subjectivity, and Louis is the one man in jazz about whom nobody is ever going to be completely objective.

TO SYNTHESIZE what has happened since then: out of Louis grew Red Allen and Roy Eldridge, Muggsy

Spanier and Harry James and Charlie Shavers, and all the other eminences of the 1930s whose work, though tonally different, faster and more complex melodically, were rooted in Louis, grounded in his primary harmonic concept.

Out of Eldridge grew Gillespie. Then Howard McGhee, Fats Navarro, Clifford Brown, Thad Jones, and the rest. Miles Davis was an offshoot of Gillespie's branch of the tree, as are Maynard Ferguson, Art Farmer, Lee Morgan, and most of the additions of recent years; even though the influence of Davis seems strong in Nat Adderley and others, basically they all go back to Gillespie just as surely as he was two generations removed from Louis.

Obviously all these developments have broadened the scene spectacularly. Today the sound of Louis has for a novice the quality of a Grandma Moses before the eyes of an Utrillophile. The analogy is imperfect, for Louis was the first real *post-primitive* of jazz.

Though his musical and formal education was minimal compared with that of today's college-graduate jazzmen, he did take jazz far enough beyond the semicoherent fumbblings of his predecessors to bring to his artistry an inspiration born not just of intuition but of carefully developed technique. The traditions of King Oliver, Bunk Johnson, and the other primitive improvisers were retained, but Louis' unprecedented purity of tone, brilliance of technique, and subtler rhythmic approaches gave his solos a burnished stamp of individualism that was new to jazz. (I won't call it unique, since Bix Beiderbecke, equally startling in his blending of similar virtues, was contemporaneous.)

That these qualities were astonishing in the context of their day does not help the 1962 student.

It might be easier were it not for what has happened on the nonmusical level in the last 30 years. From the earliest Connie's Inn days, Louis was a personality who, as singer and comedian rather than as trumpeter, had a rare knack of communicating with white audiences. By the onset of the 1930s he had already forsaken the blues almost entirely in favor of popular songs; singing, once incidental on his records (many of the original Hot Five sides had no vocals), became indispensable. But the in-groups, too, continued to follow Louis as he evolved from jazzman's jazzman into night-club act, international traveler, motion-picture performer, and, ultimately, great American tradition, comparable with Al Jolson, Fiorello La Guardia, and the World Series.

Even today Louis has an in-group in every country. At home, it includes men like Jimmy McPartland and Lee Castle, as well as youngsters who lead revivalist bands. Abroad it comprises earnest traditionalist-oriented musicians and jazz-club organizers, fans, and critics in England and Sweden and the Soviet Union, all of whom hold him in the same awe as he inspired in the young cultists of the '30s.

That Louis is additionally idolized by all the wrong people for the wrong reasons, that he represents a vaudeville aspect of Negro history with which observers have taken issue, is less important than Louis' personal attitude toward life, music, and his relations with his fellow men. How does he really feel about Jim Crow? About modern jazz? About the life he has lived?

Will the real Louis Armstrong please stand up?

FIRST IT WOULD BE wise to bear in mind that Louis' personality is inextricably bound up with his view of jazz as a form of entertainment. Most jazz critics and many musicians today assume a holier-than-thou posture based on the fallacious assumption that, because jazz is an art form, it should never be treated as mere entertainment and no conscious effort should ever be made to render

it more acceptable to a mass audience. Louis Armstrong never believed in this attitude, which he would dismiss as arty or highbrow. Neither, happily, does Dizzy Gillespie.

Second, remember that Louis sprang from a world completely circumscribed by segregation. It is a virtual impossibility for a man of his generation to adjust completely to the attitudes and psychological conditioning of the young sophisticated Negro or intellectual white. If he uses terms like "Technicolor Bing Crosby" in referring to Trummy Young, it is because this is a sure way to get a laugh and because he personally finds it innocuous.

Yet when the chips are down, Louis is nobody's fool.

Like Nature Boy, he knows that the greatest thing you'll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return. A delightful manifestation of this attitude is the fat pile of correspondence I have treasured through the years. Personally typed on large yellow sheets with "Satchmo" printed across the corner, they have run as long as 14 single-spaced pages, with rambling accounts of his travels and friends and troubles and plans. What present-day jazzman can you picture spending hours knocking out a letter like this, with nothing to gain but the interest and pleasure of the recipient?

Three decades and innumerable meetings after our original encounter backstage at the Palladium, I feel safe in drawing one major deduction: Louis Armstrong is not neurotic. The absence of a chip on his shoulder gives him an advantage obliquely resented by many younger jazzmen. It is no coincidence that Gillespie, another rarely well adjusted human being, is his good friend.

For all his clowning, Louis is a proud and Christian man who likes to look for the best in everyone. Nevertheless, he has strong views, which he keeps to himself save on rare occasions when the boiling point is reached.

A few years ago, when he criticized President Eisenhower's timidity in the school integration crisis, the statements attributed to him were promptly denied by his road manager, a southerner whose views on race relations are slightly to the right of Mississippi's Sen. James Eastland's. Having let off all the necessary steam, Louis subsided—and to this day retains the same road manager.

Louis has no eyes to become a politician; he is, by nature, a thorough diplomat. He has a tremendous loyalty toward old friends. To the successful—notably Joe Glaser, his manager for most of his big-time professional life—he accords deference and utter trust. To the poor he offers sympathy and unpublicized handouts.

His philosophy is so simple that nobody can understand it. How can anyone really not want to bother about money, not be dazzled and emboldened by the patronage of kings and presidents, only care about blowing the horn and watching television and tending to his tape collection and making people happy? Can anyone's life in this thermo-nuclear year 1962 really be that straightforward?

In Louis' case it is.

Not long ago my wife and I spent a day with the Armstrongs in Palm Springs, Calif. (Lucille Wilson Armstrong, an affable and articulate onetime *Blackbirds* chorus girl, became his fourth wife in 1942. She is an ideal combination of wife, friend, cook, and first line of defense.) The dinner Lucille served us started with caviar and continued with lamb chops and hominy grits, a neat symbolism of the kind of life the Armstrongs lead.

The year 1961 had been as eventful a year as most for Louis, beginning with an African tour. In each country he not only entertained but was entertained, by special performances of the native folk music and dances of the region. By the time he had celebrated his 61st birthday on the Fourth of July, he had returned home and then made a four-day trip to Berlin to film an Ed Sullivan TV show. Dining at Kempinski's, he heard a sudden roar as

he was recognized by fans; the onrush of autograph seekers was so wild that security officers had to lead him out of the restaurant.

Soon after, the Armstrongs and the band repaired to Mexico City for his first appearance there. It was just as you would expect: the usual greeting band at the airport, the reception at the Conrad Hilton, the triumphal public reaction to the show.

The power of Louis' name is stunning. "Even in the farthest corner of the remotest country," Lucille said, "we never yet found a place where he wasn't known."

In the course of the day at Palm Springs (the Armstrongs were staying in a private house that the local club keeps at the disposal of Negro performers in that Western outpost of residential segregation), we discussed many topics. Louis had been up almost all night with writer Sid Kuller ("He wrote that TV show when I did *Pagliacci* and Robert Merrill sang *Honeysuckle Rose*. We were sitting around chatting and laughing until 6 this morning.")

He was untired, relaxed, and eager to discuss his health:

"I take good care of myself. I've only been in the hospital twice in the last 25 years. Had my tonsils out in 1940. Then in 1959 in Spoleto, Italy, I had a little too much of that good spaghetti and everything, and it caught up with me. But I knew all along it wasn't my heart. I just needed to rest a while. I lost 15 pounds that I didn't need anyway.

"They took me to the hospital, and all the newspapers made it sound like it was serious. I was in good hands, with three people taking care of me by turns: Lucille and the nurse—she was a jazzy little chick—and an American girl who'd married a count. She was the heiress to a tennis-ball-and-sports-equipment fortune. She was a godsend.

"I warmed up for 15 minutes every day, just blowing the mouthpiece. Within two weeks I was back in New York sitting in with Jack Teagarden's band. I've been fine ever since."

The conversation drifted to the subject of modern jazz; and Louis said, "One cat I really admire is Maynard Ferguson. You don't hear him often enough on TV."

Of Gillespie, he said, "I heard that record with the big symphony group, doing the piece he played at Carnegie Hall—*Gillespiana*. Very good writing; and he played some fine horn."

I asked him about a musician who has shot to prominence during the last year. Louis said, "He's good. But he ain't no Bix, and he ain't no Bunny Berigan." Even this mildly qualified praise soon disturbed Louis' conscience. The next morning, back in Hollywood, I was awakened early by a call from Palm Springs: "This is Louis. Leonard, don't mention ----- He's trying, and I don't want to hurt him."

THOUGH HE IS slow to criticize individuals, Louis has remained firm in his stand on modern jazz in general. "Too many cats today," he said, "are worrying about styles, trying to stand on their heads and play jiu-jitsu music. If a cat can swing a lead and play a melody, that's what counts. *A straight lead is better than any jazz solo you know of.*" My italics, and my astonishment. Coming from the world's best-known jazz soloist, this is a statement of profound significance.

What it means is that the improvisational aspect of his own playing is not what concerns Louis. He is chiefly involved with beauty of sound and melodic structure. If only for this reason, he should not be criticized, as he has been often in recent years, for playing his solos almost note for note the same every night. Nor should it be inferred that Louis feels he has gone beyond improvisation. Take him to a recording studio and place a new piece before him, or simply ask him to play the blues or any

other traditional set of changes. What comes out will be, of course, the purest and most typical of ad lib Armstrong. But as soon as he has repeated the number a few dozen times, it will settle into a mold and remain fixed as long as he plays it. His is a mold that has become settled without stagnating; to be earthbound it is not necessary to remain hidebound.

Of course, what seems to Louis like a "straight lead" may be an exquisite jazz solo by the standards of others. But it is beyond dispute that one of his idols in the 1920s was B. A. Rolfe, a virtuoso trumpet player with no relationship to jazz and that Louis' aversion to most modern soloists is a consequence of his inability to find in their playing the tonal and melodic beauty that is so vital a part of his own best work.

There is no doubt that the basic motivation in jazz blowing has changed, since Louis' early days, from an equal emphasis on tone, style, and melodic content to a heavy accent on multiplicity of notes, technical bravura, and harmonic complexity, as a result of which some of the stress on tone production and an essentially horizontal line has inevitably been lost.

There is a parallel between Louis' refusal to accept the complications of modern jazz and his reluctance to become entangled in the social strains of the contemporary scene. Perhaps the secret of his attitude, as well as the answer to those who have thoughtlessly accused him of Uncle-Tomfoolery, can be found in an anecdote he told me.

"When I'm hurt," he said, "I'll fight back. When I was very young, I said to a boy who was bothering me, 'Hit me! 'Cause my mother told me not to start a fight.' So he started the fight and hit me, and my eye was damn near out, but I finally hung him."

Louis still doesn't start any fights, but when any situation arouses him, he immediately reveals that his role is far from passive. When I asked him, for instance, whether he was eager to undertake his long-delayed trip to the Soviet Union, he had an unexpected reply:

"Sure, I'd like to go to Russia some day, but what I can't wait to do is get back to New Orleans—on my own terms, with my white bass player right along with all the other cats."

A Louisiana state law, declared unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court but still enforced, forbids the appearance of interracial groups. Oddly enough, it is relatively recent addition to the odd folkways of the South. When I went to New Orleans in 1949, to see Louis elected King of the Zulus in the annual Mardi Gras parade, he had Jack Teagarden in the group and played locally without difficulty.

"Sad, isn't it?" he said. "I've been all over the world


with my band. In Wiesbaden, Germany, Lucille and I slept in the same bed the Kaiser and Hitler slept in. I've played for the kings of England, Sweden, Belgium, Holland; I've been invited to banquets with the president or prime minister of most of the countries I've visited. Yet I can't take my own band to my own town."

As for new musical horizons, there will always be challenges. Louis, at 61, was greatly stimulated by a recording made recently for Columbia of the stage show Dave Brubeck wrote with him in mind. ("He hasn't found a producer yet, but maybe we'll do it together as a TV program.") Louis, Brubeck, Carmen McRae, and Lambert-Hendricks-Ross provided the unique team that took part in the LP.

"Sure," said Louis, "there's a whole lot of stuff in me that the public ain't never heard yet. But why should I hurry? All those things I did on the early records, I'm just living by them now, after all these years."

Louis is held in near-reverence by his sidemen, all of whom have learned to respect him more and more, musically and personally, through extended association. James (Trummy) Young, the ex-Jimmie Lunceford trombonist, who just turned 50, has been with Louis since 1952. Joe Darensbourg, the 55-year-old clarinetist from Baton Rouge, La., replaced Barney Bigard last summer. Pianist Billy Kyle, whose jazz fame was the result of his association with the John Kirby Sextet in 1938-42, is 47 and has been with Louis for nine years. Danny Barcelona, the 32-year-old Filipino drummer, was born in Honolulu and was recommended to Louis by Young, who lived there for five years before joining Louis. Bassist Irv Manning, whose parents were native Londoners, worked in various British bands in the 1930s. He has been with Louis for eight months.

Manning's comment typifies the attitude of the sidemen: "My mouth still drops open at the fantastic conception that Louis has. And it's a wonderful group to work in—all the guys are just like a family."

AT A STAGE in its history where jazz has become perilously infected with bitterness, chauvinism, and outright hatred, when the emotional disturbances of the performers are painfully evident in the chaotic quality of their music, much can be gained by an inspection in depth of the fundamentals—of the rich, healthy music this still can be. Nowhere are these pristine qualities more clearly in evidence than in the best work, yesterday and today and undoubtedly tomorrow, of Daniel Louis Armstrong, the man from whom has flowed so much good music and so much good will that the world may never fully realize just how deeply it is in his debt. 



JOE ALPER



RAY AVERY



JOE ALPER

new writer in town

CHARLES STEWARD

by martin williams



THE NAME OF vibraphonist-composer-arranger Gary McFarland has been showing up on several jazz LPs recently.

He contributed pieces called *Weep* and *Chuggin'* to the Gerry Mulligan band's *A Concert in Jazz*. He wrote several lines for Johnny Hodges' *Blue Hodge*, including the title piece. He did all the arranging (and much of the selecting of tunes as well) for Anita O'Day's forthcoming recital, *All the Sad Young Men*. His work also will be represented on forthcoming records by Ray Brown and Bob Brookmeyer. And the Modern Jazz Quartet performs his lovely *Why Are You Blue?*, usually with a compliment to McFarland's talent in John Lewis' announcement.

Who is Gary McFarland, and how did he rise rather quietly to his current position of acceptance as an arranger and writer for jazz groups?

He is a young man, born in Los Angeles in 1933, who developed a liking of jazz as a youngster in the not-too-propitious town of Grants Pass, Ore., where his family moved when he was 15.

"It was during my year and a half at the University of Oregon that I began to listen to jazz records with some discrimination, or I hope with some discrimination," he said. "I had heard jazz before, of course, and liked it. I loved boogie woogie. I liked Lester Young, and I liked Miles Davis. I used to pester a record shop owner in Oregon for jazz records, and I was probably the only one who did, so he didn't keep many in stock. But I did manage to get some of the Miles Davis nontet things, *Move*, *Budo*, and others. The texture of those pieces fascinated me, although at the time I had no idea how it was done.

"I also listened then to some Woody Herman things, *Lemon Drop* particularly, and *Early Autumn*. I was aware of Gerry Mulligan's writing then, when his

first quartet things appeared, they made quite an impression. Everything seemed so orderly, although they were nothing like so formal as his scores for the Miles Davis group. I was hearing other things that were not quite so cool, too. I remember particularly the *Dig* album by Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. I got to know that at Oregon.

"Looking back, I think that anything that had a real bluesy quality really got to me then and still does."

In 1954, McFarland went into the Army and at Fort Sill in Oklahoma started to play. A musician friend there, he said, tried to get him over what he calls his "terrible laziness."

McFarland picked vibes, not because, he said, he liked the instrument, and not because of anybody who played them, but just because it seemed easy to play.

After the Army, McFarland spent a great deal of time almost wandering up and down the West Coast.

He went to visit a brother in San José in 1957, and he soon was giving education another try at the San José City College.

"I was playing no vibes—didn't even own a set—and I was not really involved in music then," he said, "but I met a man there named Santiago Gonzales who had a local quartet, and we became friendly.

"All the while I had kept hearing my own tunes in my head, even when I had lost all intention of working in music. One day, as Gonzales and I were talking, I started to play a melody on the piano. I have no idea how I harmonized it, but I was playing the line. He liked it immediately and encouraged me. He told me that anybody who could do that should work seriously as a musician.

"He also told me how lazy I was. I played him a piece I called *High Priest*—for Monk—and he really dug it. That very evening, he had his quartet do it

and had me play it with them. It felt wonderful! All of a sudden I had something I was really interested in. I had never even *tried* to learn to read music till then, and I certainly couldn't write it, but then I started to learn.

"I was married in the spring of 1958, and I am sure that helped stabilize me, too."

Soon McFarland had moved with Santiago and the group to San Francisco. He was still writing melodies for them and learning. At this point, he found out in *Down Beat* about scholarships to the Berklee School of Music in Boston.

"The group and I taped six things that I had written," he said. "Then I phoned Ralph Gleason, and he took the time in his very busy life to listen to them. He encouraged me greatly. I also needed some letters from musicians to apply to Berklee, and Cal Tjader and Buddy Montgomery helped me there. And I had also approached John Lewis and he said why not also try for the School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass.—with a stern warning about how much hard work was ahead."

In August, 1959, McFarland attended the School of Jazz as composer and vibraphonist.

"I did my first writing for horns at the School of Jazz, and I learned a lot," he said. "Chiefly, I learned how very

(Continued on page 43)

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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)

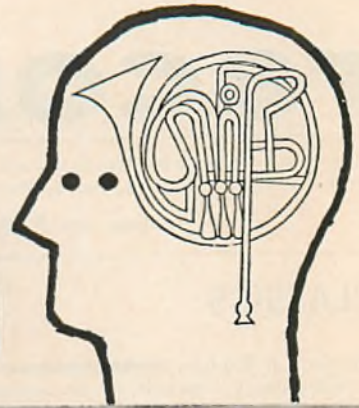
JUNIOR'S COOKIN': JUNIOR COOK

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)



OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

I've been thinking . . .

Do you get the feeling that, at the beginning of last year, at the annual convention of the Police Chiefs of America Association, it was decided that the year's contest (first prize, a 1962 Oldsmobile) would be called "Bust the Band"? The police chief busting the most musicians, naturally, copped the prize. The Philadelphia chief almost made it, but Eugene Ormandy put up a big squawk.

I can only speak for the New York radio jazz scene, but if you listen closely, between commercials for pants shops, record shops, hair pomade, jazz clubs, 98-cent wines, and disc-jockey schools, you might catch a Chris Connor record.

If England'll accept, I'm all for sending Noel Coward back and taking Tubby Hayes . . . Come to think of it, I'm all for sending Noel Coward back whether they give us Tubby or not.

When is the ad going to appear in *Down Beat* showing Olatunji peering out at us saying, "*I dreamt I played Birdland in my Pepperell Sheet?*"

I haven't been in a hospital in three weeks, and frankly I'm worried. Does Blue Cross cover my band clinic tuition? Whatever happened to Gil Melle?

Carmen McRae's a gas.

Integrity in the music business is at an old-time low. Musicians are selling out their talents right and left. I'd like to form Club Dates Anonymous. It's sorta be patterned after Alcoholic Anonymous, except, that every time a musician is tempted to take a wedding or a Bar Mizvah, he calls a fellow member who rushes over, talks him out of it, and both go out and get juiced.

Nina Simone is amazing.

I'm not putting it down, but if I hear John Coltrane play *My Favorite Things* once more, I'm gonna punch Mary Martin right in the chops.

Annie Ross owes me a dinner.

Since I started doing my radio show again, I've come to understand what FM means—*forget money*.

Since Shelly Manne's been so successful with his club, Shelly's Manne-Hole on the West Coast, I can't see why a few of our East Coast musicians don't follow suit. For instance, we could have Phil's Woods-Shed or maybe Jim's Hall-Closet or Al's Nose-Cohn or Manny's Albam-Cover or even Bill's Crow's-Nest or even—oh, forget it . . .

Pizza crust is the lowest.

Since Junior's and Charlie's are only about two or three doors away from each other on 52nd St. and since the majority of their patrons go from place to place during an evening, if I could have some sort of underground shuttle built and then get, maybe, 15 cents a trip and . . .

Now that I've been signed by Joe Glaser, I wonder if I'm entitled to free passes to all of Sugar Ray Robinson's fights?

I hope Annie Ross doesn't make liver.

Willie Maiden, Eddie Costa, and I *should* open up that chain of health studios I've been thinking about.

We lost a winner in the Gerry Mulligan big band.

Dick Gregory makes me sick.

Red Foxx kills me.

I sure hope it isn't liver.

What happens if you get hooked on egg-nog one Christmas? You can only get it once a year. A whole year, a whole year, walking the streets with a chicken on your back.

Horace Silver's *still* restricting himself with the quintet.

From the sound of his *At the Summit* LP, Terry Gibbs has been studying tempo-shouting with Woody Herman.

Wouldn't it be wild if, after all these years, we found out Terry Gibbs *doesn't* chew gum?

Annie doesn't look the liver type.

Jazz concert promoters would make tremendous fallout-shelter salesmen.

Maybe *that's* what we should do with Birdland—stock it with some canned water, an air filter . . . and if the bomb dropped on a Monday night, dollar-and-a-half admission and no minimum at the tables.

Frankie Avalon is prettier than Connie Francis.

It's been a good year and a half and nobody's written a letter to the editors asking where Al Haig is.

There's absolutely *nothing* happening in the music business. I take that back, the union's still collecting dues.

Basin Street East is the ideal place to take your chick and listen to an evening of jazz on a modest budget of \$246.39.

I wouldn't mind spare ribs.

I didn't mind high-school marching bands playing at football game halftimes until I heard one play *Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered*.

Junior's new jukebox reminds me of the '61 Pontiac.

I had a fantastic dream the other day. I dreamt that there was a record date in New York and Bernie Glow wasn't in the trumpet section!

I heard her pork chops are too much.

It'd be a groove just to retire in Maumee, Ohio, and spend the rest of my days writing freelance kidnap notes.

With cats on the scene like *Slide* Hampton, *Groove* Holmes, *Babyface* Willette, *Dizzy* Reece, *Fathead* Newman, I'd like to see some cat named Baxter Lefcourt come along and really make it.

Bobby Short plays a lot like Don Shirley.

I wonder if Bernie Glow's *popular* in Maumee, Ohio?

If I finish this up now, I might be able to catch the last half of *Bullwinkle*.

To be honest with you, if we can just get rid of Dave and Jon, I'd settle for a cheeseburger.



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, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

CLASSICS

Beethoven/Richter

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER AT CARNEGIE HALL—Columbia M2L-272: Beethoven *Sonatas: No. 3 in C Major, Op. 2, No. 3; No. 9 in E Major, Op. 14, No. 1; No. 22 in F Major, Op. 54; No. 12 in A-Flat Major, Op. 26; No. 23 in F Minor, Op. 57 (Appassionata).*

Personnel: Richter, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Russia's lion of the piano gave this all-Beethoven sonata recital in his first appearance at Carnegie Hall on Oct. 29, 1960, and Columbia was on the spot to capture the event—thunderous applause, thunderously wrong notes, and all.

Strange to say, these imperfect, unedited performances exude a fidelity to the Beethoven spirit that most scrupulously touched up discs do not approach. For example, eight bars before the end of the first movement in the *F-Major* sonata Richter hit a clinker in an F-major chord that evidently infuriated him, and as the next bar calls for a sudden fortissimo, his slashing attack at this point provides an unwritten element of excitement of the sort concertgoers cherish.

All in all, this album provides a fair picture both of Richter's impressive talents and of Beethoven's. (D.H.)

Berlioz/Markevitch

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE — Deutsche Grammophon DGG-SLPM 138712.

Personnel: Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris, Igor Markevitch, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The Lamoureux, an orchestra owned and controlled by the musicians in it, recently fired Markevitch as its conductor for reasons that only those immersed in Parisian musical politics are equipped to judge. Here, however, conductor and men were still working in harmony.

Despite Markevitch's tendency to overstate music that is always perilously close to overstatement anyway, the Lamoureux co-operative plan has produced a good *Symphonie Fantastique*.

DGG's stereo is not so directional as some others, but it has a body and solidity that suits the Berlioz extremely well. (D.H.)

Binkerd/Wagner

GORDON BINKERD *Symphony No. 1*; WAGNER *Siegfried Idyll*—Columbia ML-5691 and MS-6291.

Personnel: St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, Eduard Van Remortel, conductor, in the Binkerd; Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Max Rudolf, conductor, in the Wagner.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a case of poor packaging, something Columbia is rarely guilty of. Anyone who wants the Binkerd symphony

is not likely to be overjoyed at having to take routine reading of the *Siegfried Idyll* along with it.

On the other hand, those who want the Wagner will very likely look for a disc that contains a more familiar work than the University of Illinois professor's.

The Binkerd, written in 1954, is solidly professional, in the neo-classical idiom of middle Stravinsky, whose influence it reflects in many ways. It bears up well under repeated hearings and seems to be well performed. (D.H.)

Debussy/Bernstein

DEBUSSY—Columbia ML-5671 and MS-6271: *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun; Two Nocturnes (Nuages, Fetes); Jeux.*

Personnel: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Debussy, one of the least flamboyant of composers, and Bernstein, one of the most flamboyant baton-wavers in existence, would not necessarily be expected to make a good match.

Nevertheless this turns out to be a fine disc, with *Jeux* receiving an especially incisive and colorful treatment. Bernstein does not quite resist the temptation to treat this long, sometimes puzzling work as if it were *The Rite of Spring* but brings out all its still-startling 20th century sounds superbly. (D.H.)

Jimmy Giuffre

PIECE FOR CLARINET AND STRINGS—Verve V-8395: *Piece for Clarinet and String Orchestra; Mobiles (1-16).*

Personnel: Giuffre, clarinet; string section of the Sudwestfunk Orchestra of Baden-Baden, Germany, Walfmuhle Rohrig, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The wanderer outside tradition is not to be envied. At every hand he is forced to manufacture his own forms and try to impose a style on them.

Giuffre, going as far from the recognizable jazz idioms as any jazz-rooted composer I have yet heard, creates interesting moments both in the entirely composed *Piece* and in the largely improvised *Mobiles*. The introduction to the former strikes a promising attitude, for example, and there are innumerable chunks of music throughout that might be lifted out and developed into something of more than passing interest.

But Giuffre seems not to have decided what he wants to say and do beyond making a 20th century *sound* with the instruments, using small, germinal ideas that somehow never quite germinate.

His *Mobiles*, some only a minute long, are necessarily short-winded and aimed at fleeting effects, superficially in the

manner of Webern's terser pieces. However, Webern's interest is mostly in lucidity of form and structure, whereas Giuffre seems to be experimenting with sonorities. Some of these 16 ideas have possibilities, but as a group they betray a paucity of invention.

The five-movement *Piece* is another matter, on the surface, but really more of the same. It is a mosaic of hundreds of not very startling notions, eclectically chosen, and giving little impression of unified conception despite the use of many tricks of the traditional composer's craft. This music notably lacks direction and movement.

Giuffre and his fellow wanderers on both sides of the jazz-classical fence have yet to discover ways to give their random inspirations the sense of cohesion and destination that both jazz and classical forms can suggest to the listener. (D.H.)

Fine Arts Quartet/Mendelssohn

MENDELSSOHN — Concert-Disc CS-224: *String Quartets in E Flat, Op. 12; E Minor, Op. 44, No. 2.*

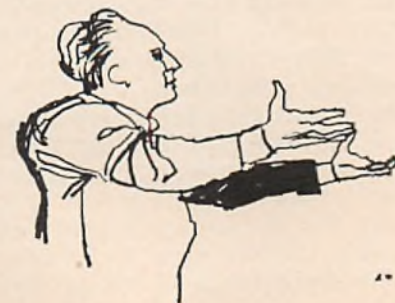
Personnel: Fine Arts Quartet (Leonard Sorkin, Abram Loft, violins; Irving Ilmer, viola; George Sopkin, cello).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Mendelssohn quartets have a way of slipping into LP catalogs without fanfare and, regrettably often, of slipping out the same way.

Although an assiduous collector could have corralled a good many of these works over the years, the Fine Arts disc has only one companion in Schwann's as this is written. One reason is, as Michael Steinberg's liner notes point out, that there are no extra-musical reasons for listening to Mendelssohn; if one is not interested in what is happening musically, he is bored by Mendelssohn's salon style. That is true to a greater extent of the *E Flat* on this disc than of the *E Minor*, which often suggests a depth of emotion in the hands of the quartet that recalls Mozart's *G-Minor Quintet*.

The quartet plays both works excellently, and the stereo sound is bright and spacious. (D.H.)



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Cannonball Adderley, whose sensational group has swiftly climbed to the top of the heap, represents one of the most dazzling success stories in jazz history. Once upon a time (late in 1959, to be exact) there was an album recorded at the Jazz Workshop. It was the phenomenal "Cannonball Adderley Quintet in San Francisco" LP, which introduced the soulful hit tune, This Here, and made the whole jazz world permanently Cannonball-conscious. By now, you might take the poll-winning alto sax star for granted—but he won't let you, for he continues to pour out soaring, exciting, wide-ranging music, including that remarkable jazz tune that cracked into the pop-hit charts: African Waltz (and the big band album of the same name).



The latest bombshell from the Cannon is the expansion of his group to a sextet, with the addition of the great big tenor (and flute and oboe) sound of Yusef Lateef to a truly all-star lineup that also features the brilliant cornet of brother Nat Adderley. Watch for their exceptional latest release, recorded at the Village Vanguard—

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY SEXTET IN NEW YORK (RLP 404; Stereo 9404)

Other Adderley best-sellers include—

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO (RLP 311; Stereo 1157) • THEM DIRTY BLUES (RLP 322; Stereo 1170) • CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE (RLP 344; Stereo 9344) • CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET PLUS (RLP 388; Stereo 9388) • AFRICAN WALTZ (RLP 377; Stereo 9377) • THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER—with Milt Jackson (RLP 286; Stereo 1128) • CANNONBALL ADDERLEY AND THE POLL WINNERS (RLP 355; Stereo 9355)

Thelonious Monk has been called "genius" so often in recent years that it may be hard to remember that he wasn't always the favorite of critics and fans. But not too many years ago, other musicians were almost the only champions of his provocative music, and when he first came to Riverside it was because another label saw no harm in letting him go on request. It's a move we have always appreciated, for under the Riverside banner Thelonious proceeded to create a long and truly brilliant list of albums.



His records run the gamut in size from orchestra (in an historic concert taped at Town Hall) to solo piano (one such set recorded in New York, another in California). The roster of artists associated with him on Riverside is somewhat incredible: John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Gerry Mulligan, Coleman Hawkins, Max Roach, Art Blakey, Johnny Griffin, Oscar Pettiford, etc., etc. The music, mostly his own renowned compositions but also including some surprising versions of standards, is always unique, challenging and thoroughly rewarding. The albums are—

THELONIOUS MONK ORCHESTRA AT TOWN HALL (RLP 300; Stereo 1138) • MULLIGAN MEETS MONK (RLP 247; Stereo 1106) • MONK'S MUSIC (RLP 242; Stereo 1102) • BRILLIANT CORNERS (RLP 226; Stereo 1174) • FIVE BY MONK BY FIVE (RLP 305; Stereo 1150) • THELONIOUS MONK AT THE BLACK-HAWK (RLP 323; Stereo 1171) • THELONIOUS IN ACTION (RLP 262; Stereo 1190) • MISTERJOSO (RLP 279; Stereo 1133) • THELONIOUS ALONE IN SAN FRANCISCO (RLP 312; Stereo 1158) • THELONIOUS HIMSELF (RLP 235) • THE UNIQUE THELONIOUS MONK (RLP 209) • THELONIOUS MONK PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON (RLP 201)

Johnny Griffin has absolutely forbidden us to refer again to the fact that he has out-lived his early reputation as strictly the fastest tenor saxophonist in the world, but we'll risk his anger by making this point for the very last time by way of emphasizing what more and more listeners are coming to realize—that this truly creative artist has accomplished in a very short time a fascinating growth to musical maturity.

We enjoyed Johnny's first albums just as happy examples of hard-driving small band jazz, but the first clue to the "new" Griffin came in one such album, a comparatively neglected tight-knit sextet effort titled "The Little Giant." Then, in swift succession during the past year have come three quite varied and thoroughly distinctive efforts, each worthy of major attention. "The Big Soul-Band" digs deeply and warmly to the heart of a group of spirituals and soulful originals. "Change of Pace," a most unusual album written for tenor sax, French horn, drums and two basses, could be termed "post-bop chamber music" if you like—but it's easier to listen to than to describe. "White Gardenia" displays Griffin's tenor against a rich brass and strings background in a tribute to Billie Holiday that reaches peaks of tenderness and emotion that are almost literally "too much."



Never doubt that Griff still swings with the best of them, but albums like these are currently demonstrating that the Little Giant has become a very big jazz artist—

WHITE GARDENIA (RLP 387; Stereo 9387) • THE BIG SOUL-BAND (RLP 331; Stereo 1179) • THE LITTLE GIANT (RLP 304; Stereo 1149) • CHANGE OF PACE (RLP 368; Stereo 9368)

Wes Montgomery, just a couple of years ago, was known to hardly anyone. Today, with dramatic suddenness, he stands as the unchallenged leader among guitarists, acknowledged as the most important new force on his instrument since Charlie Christian, some twenty years ago, first freed the guitar from its rhythm-section-only shackles. It is almost unbelievable that Wes is self-taught, and quite unbelievable (but true) that he can play those "impossible" octaves and chords, armed only with the greatest thumb in jazz (no pick!).



We first heard Wes in a small club in his home town of Indianapolis, having made the trip there at the excited urging of the usually un-flippable Cannonball Adderley. Frankly, we don't think any record has yet totally captured the magic of an in-person Montgomery evening (so we heartily recommend that you turn out the next time the Montgomery Brothers group, featuring Wes, hits your town). But we don't at all mean to put down his remarkable albums, of which the very latest (available March 1st) may be the most unusual and intriguing. It's a collaboration with the great vibist, Milt Jackson, plus a just-about-perfect rhythm section (Wynton Kelly, Sam Jones, Philly Joe Jones) that helps bring out the swinging, creative, blues-drenched best in both stars—

BAGS MEETS WES (Milt Jackson & Wes Montgomery) (RLP 407; Stereo 9407)

Other albums include—
THE INCREDIBLE JAZZ GUITAR OF WES MONTGOMERY (RLP 320; Stereo 1169) • MOVIN' ALONG (RLP 342; Stereo 9342) • SO MUCH GUITAR! (RLP 382; Stereo 9382) • WES MONTGOMERY TRIO (RLP 310; Stereo 1156) • GROOVE YARD (Montgomery Brothers) (RLP 362; Stereo 9362)

JAZZ

Dave Bailey

BASH!—Jazzline 33-01: *Grand Street*; *Like Someone in Love*; *An Oscar for Oscar*; *Osmosis*; *Just Friends*; *Soul Support*.

Personnel: Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Frank Haynes, tenor saxophone; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Bash! presents a relaxed and enjoyable blowing session; my only reservation consists in noting that Fuller and Dorham are capable of much more than the straightforward competence they here exhibit.

Grand is a Sonny Rollins tune, given provocative voicing by arranger Rudy Stevenson. Dorham's up-tempo blues, *Oscar*, is one of the two sextet high points on the LP (*Osmosis* is the other), every-one stretching out to good effect.

Osmosis by Osie Johnson, puts me in mind of the Miles Davis Sextet version of *Milestones*, although the two pieces have a different architecture. Again, all concerned solo well, with honors going to Haynes, who is very much of a John Coltrane persuasion on this track. *Soul* is one of those numbers and easily the most dispensible item on the record.

The two standards, *Friends* and *Someone in Love*, are taken with the horns omitted. Flanagan is thus given an opportunity to strut his wares; he is, as usual, logical, melodic, urbane, and the soul of economy. Ever heard him waste a note? As far as I am concerned, he, with Mal Waldron, remains one of jazz' un-sung heroes. (F.K.)

Bill Evans

SUNDAY AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Riverside 376: *Gloria's Step*; *My Man's Gone Now*; *Solar*; *Alice in Wonderland*; *All of You*; *Jade Visions*.

Personnel: Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This program was recorded before an audience on a Sunday afternoon and evening at the Village Vanguard in New York, 10 days before LaFaro's death. The LP has qualities preserved on no other recording by this trio. On the whole, I do not think this is quite so good as their first one, *Portrait in Jazz* (Riverside 315), but in several of its details this Vanguard set surpasses the earlier recitals.

Gloria's Step is by LaFaro; it is a good, if not thoroughly original, line, and on it the young bassist shows the most singularly valuable quality that he had at his death—he selected his notes from unexpected places, and he used them in an unexpected order that turns out to have its own embryonic logic.

It takes sophisticated musical knowledge and a sophisticated ear to play this way, of course. But it also takes a developing imagination. On *All of You* the same qualities are even more evident, but there is the flaw of some rhythmic sameness in his phrasing.

On *Gone Now* and especially on *Solar*, the trio goes a long way toward becoming what it wanted to be—three men simultaneously improvising around given

material, each playing musical phrases, no one an "accompanist" or timekeeper, and the result an interweaving of three nearly equal parts.

I have spoken almost as if this were a bass player's record, which it isn't, and as if this were really a trio's record, which, happily, sometimes it nearly is. But it is first of all Evans' record. I think it would be commendably his if only for the way he handles the improvised impressionism of *Jade Visions*—I still have my doubts about such moods as jazz, but I have no doubts about how well Evans can do them. And it is commendably Evans' record even for so simple a matter as the compelling yet gentle momentum with which he exposes the theme statements themselves on *Gone Now*, *Solar*, and *Alice*.

There is hardly a selection here—hardly a chorus here—on which Evans is not musically interesting. And yet to hear that he was interesting, I realize that I had to remind myself to give almost constant and careful musical and technical attention. I think Evans has a problem with audiences and with the emotional communication of his music; I think he has, with so fine yet so fragily introverted a talent, a problem in reaching people.

Oscar Peterson's flash and Dave Brubeck's geniality, for examples, are obvious and natural qualities, ready for an audience to grasp immediately. It happens

that I doubt if these qualities go very deep in those men, but my point is that probably neither man has had very much trouble getting to an audience emotionally with what he has to offer.

Evans' is, I am sure, a potentially more complex, and therefore potentially greater, talent. And so he has to face problems that some men don't have to face and work to do that not all men need to do. But such problems can be faced honorably and with musical integrity. During the late 1930s and early '40s Teddy Wilson was able to play out his melodically inventive and gentle introversion and reach people with it. And I expect it has cost John Lewis a great deal to learn to project his essentially introspective talent so strongly as he does now. A musician can make great emotional demands on an audience—Thelonious Monk does—but one cannot ask an audience to do a musician's part of that job.

No man can tell another how to solve such problems of communication. "Communication," a much-abused word, is not necessarily a small consideration, especially not for a complex talent. And the work to be done, if the problem of communicating exists, cannot be run away from no matter how difficult it is. Unless I am wrong, Evans has such a problem—and an opportunity to surmount it to become, thereby, an even more expressive player. (M.W.)

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

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

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- The Indispensable Duke Ellington* (reissue) (RCA Victor 6009)
- Don Ellis, *New Ideas* (Prestige/New Jazz 8257)
- Stan Getz-Bob Brookmeyer (Verve 8418)
- The Essential Charlie Parker* (reissue) (Verve 8409)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt, *Boss Tenors* (Verve 8426)
- 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)
- Claude Hopkins, *Let's Jam* (Prestige/Swingville 2020)
- The Jazztet at Birdhouse* (Argo 688)
- Gary McFarland, *The Jazz Version of How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* (Verve 8443)
- Ken McIntyre, *Stone Blues* (Prestige/New Jazz 8259)
- Introducing Memphis Willie B.* (vocal) (Prestige/Bluesville 1034)
- Gerald Wilson, *You Better Believe It* (Pacific Jazz 34)

★ ★ ★ ★

- Charlie Byrd at the Village Vanguard* (Offbeat 3008)
- Gold and Fildale Play Dave Brubeck's Jazz Ballet, Points on Jazz* (Columbia 1678)
- Wynton Kelly! (Vec Jay 3022)
- Charlie Mingus, *Mingus* (Candid 8021)
- Charlie Rouse/Seldon Powell, *We Paid Our Dues* (Epic 16018)
- Various Artists, *Chicago: The Living Legends* (Riverside 389/390)
- Various Artists, *Chicago and All That Jazz* (Verve 8441)
- Various Artists, (reissue) *A History of Jazz: the New York Scene* (Folkways RBF 3)

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Johnny Griffin

WHITE GARDENIA—Riverside 387: *Gloomy Sunday; That Old Devil Called Love; White Gardenia; God Bless the Child; Detour Ahead; Good Morning, Heartache; Don't Explain; Travelin' Light; No More; Left Alone.*

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Ernie Royal, trumpet; Nat Adderley, cornet; Ray Alonge, French horn; Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green, Paul Faulice, trombones; Barry Harris or Jimmy Jones, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Ben Riley, drums; string section.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Tenorist Griffin's tribute to Billie Holiday concentrates on the reflective, disconsolate side of her repertoire. (Does anyone remember *Holiday in Brass*, a delightful 10-inch Bethlehem album of a few years back by Ruby Braff and Bob Wilber that covered the bright, ebullient side of Miss Holiday?)

The arrangements, by Melba Liston (tracks 1, 2, 3, 7, 9, 10) and Norman Simmons, are appropriately dark-hued and brooding—at times, even whimpering—and set off Griffin's relaxed, pensive, if somewhat uneventful, noodling very well.

The four Simmons charts are prominent for their extensive gleanings from Gil Evans, notably *Heartache*; Miss Liston's are functional. All the arrangements, though, possess the character of the accompaniments of the Decca sides with strings of the 1940s. There is little of depth or intensity in these 10 pleasant, low-keyed numbers, but they do make for attractive listening. Certainly no disservice is done Billie by them. (P.W.)

Jimmy Hamilton

IT'S ABOUT TIME! — Prestige/Swingville 2022: *Two for One; Mr. Good Blues; Peanut Head; Stupid but Not Crazy; Nits and Wits; Gone with the Blues.*

Personnel: Hamilton, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Britt Woodman, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

As he approaches his 20th year as a member of the Ellington band, Hamilton undoubtedly has become philosophical about the continued complaints that he just won't do as an Ellington clarinetist.

As a matter of fact, it goes further than that, because even outside the Ellington context Hamilton almost always seems less a jazz clarinetist than a legitimate musician trying to be one of the boys. As he points out in these liner notes, Hamilton is proud of his legitimate technique and values what he calls his "legitimate-type training." But, as this collection shows once more, a good legitimate technique does not necessarily produce a good jazz performance and can be a hindrance.

If it were not that Hamilton also plays tenor saxophone, one could say that he lacks a feeling for jazz. But since he is a strongly swinging, highly expressive performer on tenor, one can only conclude that it is his obsession with technique that makes his clarinet work so wan and dry.

There are moments in these pieces when his clarinet speaks in reasonable effective jazz terms with overtones of the cool side of Tony Scott. But his best contributions are done on tenor, particularly on a lusty stop-time chorus and an extended, driving solo that opens *Gone with the Blues*.

Under the circumstances, most the interest in this set revolves around Terry, Woodman, and, occasionally, Flanagan. Woodman's warmth and ease are especially impressive. The selections, mostly basic blues, have a somewhat deadening sameness when they are heard all at one sitting. (J.S.W.)

Paul Horn

THE SOUND OF PAUL HORN—Columbia 1677: *Benny's Buns; Without a Song; Yazz Per Favoire; Mirage for Miles; Short Politician; My Funny Valentine; Blue on Blue; Moer or Less.*

Personnel: Horn, alto saxophone, flute; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Paul Moer, piano; Jimmy Bond or Bill Plummer, bass; Milt Turner or Maurice Miller, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

That Horn is an excellent musician, technically speaking, is evident to all by now. That he has been influenced by certain areas of Miles Davis' thinking (specifically Davis' *Kinda Blue* album) was established in his *Something Blue* album (Hifjazz) of 1960 and is reiterated here in his own compositions, *Mirage* and *Blue on Blue*. John Coltrane shows up in his alto solo on *Yazz*, a Richards blues in 6/4.

Most of Horn's playing in this set is confined to flute, including that on the two ballads, *Song* and *Valentine*. He is able to build a certain intensity of feeling here, creating moods that carry them out of the category of just mood jazz.

Richards is a vibist with a personal style, but like Horn—ballads excepted—and Moer, he never seems to get where he is going. Everything *sounds* nice, but perhaps too much is based on this and not enough on linear development. An example of this is *Mirage*, on which the soloists don't supply the dynamism that the static harmonic progressions needs. The freedom is given to them, but they don't take advantage of it.

Despite the swinging Bond and Turner, the over-all effect is too gauzy. After the solos are over, it is hard to call them memorable. Like cotton candy, they have evaporated. (I.G.)

Quincy Jones

NEWPORT '61—Mercury 20653: *Meet B.B.; The Boy in the Tree; Evening in Paris; Air Mail Special; Lester Leaps In; G'Wou Train; Banjo Luka.*

Personnel: Joe Newman, Joe Bello, Jimmy Maxwell, Jimmy Nottingham, trumpets; Curtis Fuller, Britt Woodman, Melba Liston, Paul Faulise, trombones; Joe Lopes, Phil Woods, alto saxophones; Jerome Richardson, Eric Dixon, tenor saxophones; Pat Patrick, baritone saxophone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Patty Bawn, piano; Les Spann, guitar, flute; Art Davis, bass; Stu Martin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Location recording may have its dangers, but it certainly does not have to be as bad as this job, done, as the title indicates, at Newport last summer.

One can only wonder why Mercury chose to release such a dismally flat, badly balanced recording as this. The answer, I suspect, is that Quincy Jones' band put on such a great performance that, bad recording or not, it had to be put in circulation. This, of course, simply doubles one's irritation with the quality of the recording, because there are things in this set that one would treasure for a long time if the engineering had been adequate

—and even as they are, they're worth repeated hearing.

There is, for instance, Newman's gloriously raucous, shouting trumpet over the band's strongly rhythmic riffing on *Tree*. There is a marvelous display of split-second virtuosity by Fuller on *Air Mail Special* in an arrangement that is capped by a tremendously riding saxophone ensemble, which, fortunately, is clearly on-mike. There are other worthy spots, too, particularly from Woods. But too much is lost in the mushy, soggy reproduction. (J.S.W.)

Yusef Lateef

THE SOUNDS OF YUSEF — Prestige/New Jazz 8261: *Take the A Train*; *Playful Flute*; *Love and Humor*; *Buckingham*; *Meditation*.

Personnel: Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, argol; Wilbur Harden, fluegelhorn; Hugh Lawson, piano; Ernie Farrow, bass, rabat; Oliver Jackson, drums, earthboard.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

I have no quarrel with Lateef's use of such esoteric Middle Eastern instruments as the argol, rabat, and earthboard (to say nothing of the Seven-Up bottle and rubber balloon). But despite all this rather far-fetched paraphernalia, he still contrives to be only occasionally interesting.

To be explicit: *Playful Flute* is too much of the adjective and insufficient of the noun. *Love and Humor* contains precious little love, and the humor—as far as it goes—is primarily of an unsubtle and flatulent variety. *Buckingham and Meditation* are so inconsequential that after several hearings, I cannot even remember how they sound.

In fact, only *A Train* succeeds in rescuing the album from the dustbin of superfluous LPs in which it would otherwise belong. Both Lateef and Harden turn in well-thought-out solos, and Lateef essays some simultaneous fluting-singing of the kind Sam Most used to practice a few years ago.

However, one track does not an album make. All concerned have been heard elsewhere to better advantage. (F.K.)

Fats Navarro-Tadd Dameron

FATS NAVARRO WITH THE TADD DAMERON QUINTET — Jazzland 50: *Anthropology*; *Lady, Be Good*; *The Squirrel*; *Our Delight*; *Good Bat*; *Dameronia*; *Tadd Walk*.

Personnel: Navarro, trumpet; Allan Eager, tenor saxophone; Rudy Williams, alto saxophone; Tadd Dameron, piano; Curly Russell, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

These selections are from broadcasts done from the Royal Roost in the summer and fall of 1948. As very special documents of a very special time in American jazz, they are invaluable. And they capture the excitement, the exuberant qualities of that time as no commercial, studio-made recordings do.

One can take two different positions about them as music, however. Clarke is himself, which is to say, one of the most smoothly infectious jazz drummers ever, a man with an important idea of the function of his instrument. But otherwise, one could say that what goes on here is a kind of pastiche playing.

Dameron, as usual, plays "arranger's piano," solos in which not much happens

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MICHAEL JAMES
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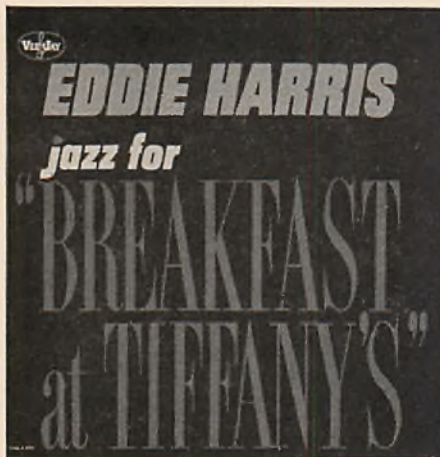
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except chords are stated and perhaps slightly embellished or a theme gets restated without really being reinterpreted. But wisely, his solos are brief, they have a kind of unapologetic movement to them, and they certainly do not bring things to a stall or a standstill. Williams plays an unsettled, erratic cross between '30s alto and Charlie Parker.

Eager offers early Lester Young phrases, one after another, and it is the most adroitly sophisticated pastiche imaginable. It is easy to resent what some players have done in borrowing Young's style, for some of them rattle off his ideas with an appalling disarray and illogic. But Eager—like, say, Wardell Gray—seemed to get more of the point, and, as he used Young's ideas, he captured some of Young's unexpected melodic logic too. At any rate, he plays with such youthful, dancing aplomb and such a clear sound that he is most often a delight, borrowings and all.

It also seems to me quite reasonable to say that, at his death, Navarro was still doing Dizzy Gillespie, with touches of Parker, Young, and others. Doing Gillespie in a personal way, to be sure, musically and emotionally, but still many a phrase, we know perfectly well, comes from Gillespie.

I readily confess that I did not know how much of Fats Navarro, particularly his attack, was his own until I heard Clifford Brown after he had absorbed Navarro's style. But I still think Fats was more like Gillespie than, say, Buck Clayton is like Louis Armstrong.

He did have his own way of doing it, and he was a compelling trumpeter and improviser. I have played the bridge he uses in the first chorus of *Lady* (this is actually the *Riffside-Red Barn* line rather than the melody itself) about 15 times, and I still find it an almost unbelievable, breathlessly humorous episode. It is only one example.

If it were true that it ain't *ever* what you do but always is only how you do it, then Fats Navarro would have been one of the truly great players of his generation and Allan Eager a very good one. There is more to it than *just* how you do it, of course, but it was in how he did it that the really personal qualities of Navarro's playing lay. And they were very special.

This is no place to launch into a review of Dameron's now happily renewed career. He grew up writing swing arrangements and became "the disciple" of the modernists. I think some of his best lines from this period combine qualities of both styles, and I am glad that *The Squirrel* is included here, for it is a good example of the results up to that point. The later Dameron, the Dameron of *Fountainebleau*, is another and potentially bigger story. (M.W.)

Oscar Peterson

THE TRIO—Verve 8420: *I've Never Been in Love Before*; *In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning*; *Chicago*; *The Night We Called It a Day*; *Sometimes I'm Happy*; *Whisper Not*; *Billy Boy*.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Edmund Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

After years of being waylaid by his

very evident virtuosity, Peterson finally has put his technique into perspective and has turned out the solidly swinging set of jazz performances that he has always quite evidently been capable of but, for whatever reasons, has consistently failed to produce.

Excellent recorded in performance at the London House in Chicago and given superb accompaniment by Brown and Thigpen, Peterson settles right into an easy, swinging groove on *Never Been in Love* and stays there throughout the disc.

The empty superficiality that has turned up so frequently in his work before—the rocketing finger-busting that was all motion and no matter, the vapid balladry—are happily absent. His virtuosity is now turned to the thoughtful development of a swinging structure in a variety of tempos. It is as though everything has suddenly fallen into place for him, for he moves through these pieces with confidence and ease and with no indication that he has spent years directing his undeniable talents to the flashy process of skimming the surface.

Here he ranges from real stomping joy in *Chicago* (with a wonderful glimpse of a roaring stride style) through a beautifully graceful, flowingly long-lined projection of *Whisper*, and—in a way his most impressive effort—a slow, thoroughly balladic performance of *Small Hours* that never becomes heavy or stodgy.

Brown and Thigpen are of inestimable value in sustaining, strengthening, and broadening Peterson's playing. Thigpen, as the least celebrated member of the trio, deserves special commendation for the soundly based drive that he brings to the group. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Rollins

SONNY BOY — Prestige 7207: *Ee-Ah*; *B. Quick*; *B. Swift*; *The House I Live In*; *Sonny Boy*.

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Kenny Drew, piano; George Morrow, bass; Max Roach, drums. Track 4—add Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Wade Legge, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

One side of this half-reissue LP includes three selections, previously released in a set called *Tour de Force*. *Ee-Ah* is the medium-tempo blues in which Rollins tantalizingly weaves in and out of his improvising a little three-note phrase from which the title is taken.

Swift and *Quick* are challenging, up-tempo inventions on the chords of *Lover* and *Cherokee*, respectively. Their only flaw is that they are perhaps filled in a little too thickly and densely. I think that Rollins' phrasing now has a kind of relaxed ease and variety that would not cause an effect of onrushing notes even at such break-neck speeds.

The second "new" track of the record, *Sonny Boy*, has a really wonderful forward movement and rhythmic variety. It would be special if only for the humor of Rollins' fours at the end with Roach. There Roach also gets praiseworthy variety in his ideas, but the mike pickup on him was not ideal. Drew is at his most Bud Powell-ish on this one.

On *The House I Live In* there is again Rollins' ease, his love of melody, and his ability—especially at medium-swinging

tempos like this one—to rephrase and alter a banal melody into a good one.

There also is his special talent for using interpolations (here *Mairzy Doats* and *Jeepers Creepers!*) without seeming trivial or irrelevant or self-interrupting but with a humor that goes beyond obvious musical joking.

I think that Rollins is today one of the authoritative players of jazz history. One reason for that authority is this thorough-going, abiding, and complex humor. It informs everything he does, and now that he has learned even to turn it inward, on himself, it has further deepened the import of his playing.

These 1956 performances were done at the moment of discovery of his kind of authority. There is nothing on this LP quite as good as *Blue Seven* or *Blues for Billy Joe* or most of the selections on the *Way out West* album. But four stars mean "very good," and very good from a great player in the early assertion of that greatness is a rare thing to hear. (M.W.)

Jimmy Smith

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL—Blue Note 4078: *Midnight Special; A Subtle One; Jumpin' the Blues; Why Was I Born?; One O'Clock Jump.*

Personnel: Smith, organ; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Smith's latest Blue Note album—his 18th, the notes inform us—is a relaxed, informal studio session that makes few demands on the listener.

All five numbers are straightforward, middle-of-the-road pieces, with a definite Basie-ish feeling established on several of them. *One O'Clock* most notably. Smith plays throughout with refreshing restraint and taste, preferring to understate rather than the opposite, which is the too-usual jazz organ approach.

Still, the major solo interest is afforded by Turrentine, whose full-blooded, virile tenor is shown off to excellent advantage in the unpretentious swing-rooted groove that dominates the album. Burrell also has a couple of clean-lined solos.

Fine, relaxed mood jazz. (P.W.)

Clark Terry

COLOR CHANGES — Candid 8009: *Blue Waltz; Brother Terry; Flutin' and Flugin'; No Problem; La Rive Gauche; Nahstye Blues; Chat Qui Peche.*

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Yusef Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, English horn, oboe; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone, flute; Tommy Flanagan or Budd Johnson, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Ed Shaughnessey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is one of the most delightful, intelligent, and well-balanced sessions to emerge from a New York studio in a long time.

There is evident in the band's performances much thought, careful preparation, and perspicacity in selection of tunes and if individual performances are not consistently up to this level, they leave little to be desired.

Nobody is the star on the date. If Terry is leader, he doesn't take license with the position. His almost literally breathtaking technical command of trumpet and fluegel-

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horn permits him so much freedom as to create the illusion of complete effortless-ness in fashioning ideas.

Lateef is the heavy-duty man on the date. He alternates among his four horns with aplomb, contributing much to the skillful arrangements and striding out with big-toned and virile tenor solos. Knepper, too, is an exciting soloist with technique to burn and the imagination to employ it with a freshness of conception that sets him apart from his contemporaries.

The three tunes on side 2 and *Flutin'* on side 1 are Terry's. *Brother* is Lateef's. *No Problem* is Duke Jordan's, and the opening fast waltz is Bob Wilber's.

One is moved to note the character of much of the writing. It is penned with a light, even delicate, touch, far removed

from the "hard" conception so identified in the past with New York arrangers. One might, in fact, even go so far as to term it "West Coast." One might, but one does not dare. (J.A.T.)

Kai Winding

KAI OLE—Verve 8427: *To the Ends of the Earth; Amour; Them There Eyes; Caribe; Esto Es Felicidad; Manteca; Autumn Leaves; Dansero; Que Pasa; Besame Mucho; Adios; Surrey with the Fringe on Top.*

Personnel: Complete personnel unlisted but includes Joe Newman, Doc Severinsen, trumpets; Clark Terry, fluegelhorn; Kai Winding, Billy Byers, trombones; Tony Studd, bass trombone; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Danny Banks, bass clarinet; Willie Rodriguez, percussion.

Rating: ★ ½

Coyne reigns supreme in the pleasant set of Latin-styled dance arrangements that Winding has here assembled.

For the most part the scores are of the cutest, most unadventurous, conventional type—so much so that one begins to wonder if they're not just stocks—and bear the most peripheral of associations to jazz. The only real claim the disc might have as a jazz album resides in the composition of the band, yet the jazzmen who comprise it do little more than execute the arrangements and take a few short solos.

Along with Winding, altoist Woods has most solo space, but, sad to say, not much happens in the course of either man's work.

Terry, however, takes a flaring, pungent one-chorus fluegelhorn solo on *Surrey* that causes one to wish that he had been more prominently featured. More work like his could have saved this collection from tedium. Too bad. (P.W.)

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Art Farmer

EARLY ART: Prestige/New Jazz 8258. *Autumn Nocturne; Soft Shoe; Confab in Tempo; I'll Take Romance; Wisteria; I've Never Been in Love Before; I'll Walk Alone; Gone with the Wind; Alone Together; Preamp.*

Personnel: Farmer, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor saxophone; Horace Silver or Wynton Kelly, piano; Percy Heath or Addison Farmer, bass; Kenny Clarke or Herbie Lovelle, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Because Art Farmer has long been a trumpet player of extraordinary ability and rare finesse, even his early recordings are still pleasing to hear.

In 1954, when these sessions took place, he was, as now, at his creative best on slow ballads—despite the occasional intrusion of his pronounced, unvaryingly torpid vibrato. Really good ballad players always have been a distinguished minority in jazz, and these recordings show in early Art the basic ingredients—restraint, taste, tone, harmonic and melodic sophistication—that many jazzmen fail ever to discover. These qualities eventually were to place Farmer alongside such other ballad experts of the trumpet as Bobby Hackett, Joe Wilder, Joe Thomas, and Harry Edison.

Unfortunately, however, the actual musical content of Farmer's solos in 1954 often amounted to a little more than handsomely wrought platitudes. His playing on faster tunes, like *Soft Shoe*, was rather uneventful and bloodless, rooted in a style that seemed to lie somewhere between Billy Butterfield and Clifford Brown but lacked the vigor of either. The problem was, I believe, that Art simply did not take enough chances; for all its grace, his work suffered (and still does, to some extent) from a lack of the vital element of surprise.

Young Kelly was, on the other hand, an inventive and witty pianist even in 1954. His ballad solos here are generally fresher and more melodically sound than those of Farmer himself.

Also of interest on four of these tracks is the strong backing of Silver and Clarke, as well as a curiously subdued Rollins,

who was still unsure of what he wanted to do.

In all, this collection stands up better than many 1954 recordings could be expected to. Musical good taste, even when not ennobled by searching ideas, is always welcome. (R.B.H.)

VOCAL

Ella Fitzgerald

CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE— Verve 4053: *Night in Tunisia; You're My Thrill; My Reverie; Stella by Starlight; 'Round Midnight; Jersey Bounce; Signing Off; Cry Me a River; This Year's Kisses; Good Morning, Heartache; Born to Be Blue; Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most; The Music Goes Round and Round.*

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Lou Levy, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; Stan Levey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Amid the flood of Fitzgerald albums in recent years, few stand as superior representation of the singer as a jazz interpreter. This set is one of her best. Too often her albums bear the sausage-factory stamp; they appear to grind on and on, and as a consequence this superlative artist—who never turns in a musically bad performance—occasionally conveys a slick superficiality and a blandness that is admittedly never too hard to take.

Thanks to the superb rhythm section and Levy's sensitivity as accompanist, this session is light, airy, and swinging all the way. It is a distinct pleasure to hear Miss Fitzgerald groove with only four men rather than with one of those ponderous orchestras with which she is so often encumbered.

The selection of tunes, moreover, provides frequent delight. Listen to the oldie, *My Reverie*, for example, and you'll never recall Bea Wain again. *Jersey Bounce*, too, is another exercise in reminiscence, but the dated lyric in Miss Fitzgerald's hands takes on distinct charm. Even *Cry Me a River* is rejuvenated.

On the hipper side, Miss Fitzgerald does admirably by Dizzy Gillespie's *Tunisia*, Thelonious Monk's *Midnight*, and Leonard Feather's *Signing Off*. And her performance of Tommy Wolf's and Frances Landesman's poignant *Spring* is a joy.

This is better-than-average Fitzgerald—and that's going some. (J.A.T.)

Lightnin' Hopkins-Sonny Terry

LAST NIGHT BLUES— Prestige/Bluesville 1029: *Rocky Mountain; Got to Move Your Baby; So Sorry to Leave You; Take a Trip with Me; Last Night Blues; Lightnin's Stroke; Hard to Love a Woman; Conversation Blues.*

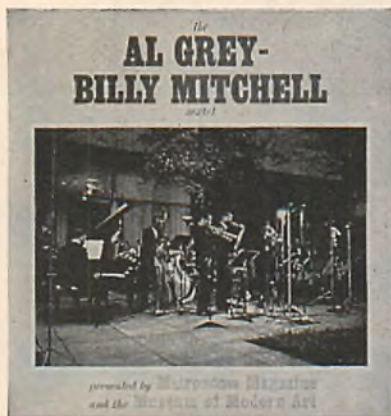
Personnel: Hopkins, vocals, guitar; Terry, harmonica; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Belton Evans, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hopkins and Terry make a striking combination — much more felicitous than the hidebound Brownie McGhee-Terry pairing.

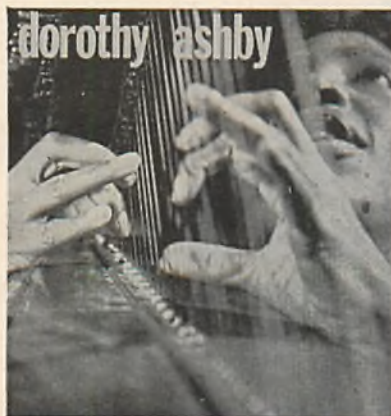
The reason is easy to fathom, too, for both Lightnin' and Sonny are artists whose primary allegiance is to the sturdy, fertile country blues traditions of their respective backgrounds. On this stunningly effective disc, the acid, impassioned blues style of the east Texas Piney Woods

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region meets the equally intense and gripping approach bred in rural North Carolina. Hopkins and Terry, coevals in age and heritage, represent the best of their traditions, and they complement each other magnificently here.

This is Hopkins' date, and all of the selections are in his characteristic vinegary, straightforward, and understated style, ironic, galvanic, intense, and full of mother wit.

His guitar figures dart in and out of his mordant vocals with keen incisiveness, razor-sharp in their authoritativeness and economy, a proper second voice on equal footing with Hopkins' own.

Terry's support is as sensitive as it is passionate. Here his harmonica is a vir-

tual Greek chorus all the way through. The two men are at their best on the fantastic instrumental *Lightnin's Stroke*, on which the interplay left me gasping.

Just one aside: *Take a Trip* is Hopkins' personal reworking of the Chubby Checker pop hit *The Twist*. He takes that piece's melody line and verbal pattern and turns it into an impassioned and charging blues of real power and viability. It's not the first time he's done this to a piece of current frippery, either. (P.W.)

Helen Humes

SWINGIN' WITH HUMES — Contemporary 3598: *When Day Is Done; Home; There'll Be Some Changes Made; Some Day My Prince Will Come; I'm Confessin'; S'posin'; Pennies from Heaven; The Very Thought of You; Baby, Won't*

You Please Come Home?; Solitude; I Surrender, Dear; My Blue Heaven.

Personnel: Miss Humes, vocals; Joe Gordon, trumpet; Teddy Edwards, tenor saxophone; Wyn-ton Kelly, piano; Al Viola, guitar; Leroy Vinne-gar, bass; Frank Butler, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

After two increasingly impressive LPs for Contemporary, Miss Humes comes a bad cropper on this one.

This normally buoyant, swinging singer has chosen a program consisting mostly of standard ballads that she has flattened out in the graceless manner of latter-day vocalists who have only the merest shred of her singing ability.

As one listens, however, the nagging suspicion arises that her troubles may come at least partly from inadequate accompaniment. When she moves into the overtly shouting, swinging style that she does so well on *Changes* and *Baby*, the pieces scarcely get off the ground despite her vigorous efforts because the band does nothing for her whatever. Throughout the set these musicians just clump stolidly along.

Possibly Miss Humes' approach to *When Day Is Done*, *Confessin'*, *S'posin'*, *Pennies*, and *Very Thought of You* might have come off all right if she had had a properly swinging band behind her. But nothing could save the mawkishness of *Prince*, which probably will be turning up on records with deadening regularity now that Miles Davis has sanctified it.

(J.S.W.)



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Sister Rosetta Tharpe

SISTER ON TOUR—Verve 3005: *Joy in This Land; God Is Wonderful; Just Keep Still; Everything to Me; Take a New Look; Look in the Good Book, Brother; With His Great Love; As You Sow, So Shall You Reap; There's a Hand Leading Me; Faith in God; Woman; The Lonesome Road.*

Personnel: Miss Tharpe, vocals; unidentified vocal group, band, Techo Wiltshire, conductor.

Rating: ★ ½

Sad to say, this is a most disappointing album. For some inexplicable reason Verve has chosen to set Sister Rosetta's throaty, exuberant singing against the backing of a tepid r&r-styled vocal group and a small band in the very worst traditions of trash pop music.

The vocal "accompaniments" are in the most tasteless vein imaginable and are intoned without the slightest trace of emotion or excitement by what appears to be one of those anonymous, epicene groups that back all those identical gutless and embarrassingly amateurish adolescent "vocalists" who cater to the countless pimply pubescents who dictate the course of popular music today.

The instrumental support is, if possible, even worse. Sister Rosetta struggles womanfully to surmount the insurmountable, but even her strong, fervent singing cannot help but bog down in the tasteless, heavy-handed, and inapposite backing she is given here. Even her low-down, ringing guitar is silenced!

I suppose it would be too much to ask that she be presented in the setting in which she is so grippingly effective—backed by a rousing Gospel group. This present collection reflects only discredit on everyone connected with it, save Miss Tharpe, who does as much as is humanly possible under the circumstances. (P.W.)



CHARLES STEWART

ERROLL GARNER

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

During the last couple of years, Erroll Garner has become, for musicians, not only the world's foremost pianistic individualist but also a symbol of professional progress on two other levels.

His fight to elevate jazz to recital stature began long ago when he worked as an unaccompanied soloist on 52nd St.; he played his first Town Hall concert in 1945. The battle culminated with his being signed by concert impresario Sol Hurok, who carefully built a concert schedule that now permits Garner to stay out of the night clubs altogether, except for an occasional date when the pianist feels like it.

Garner's running battle with Columbia records has become, for many observers, symbolic of the whole struggle for the artist's integrity and control over his recorded works. Despite the time-consuming legal ramifications of the case, he has blithely continued playing his most happy piano and had just celebrated his 40th birthday at the Crescendo when the *Blindfold Test* transcribed below took place.

Garner truly never had heard the Linton Garner (Erroll's brother) record before. He was given no information about any of the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Victor Feldman. *For Dancers Only* (from *Merry Olde Soul*, Riverside). Feldman, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

I like that song, if it's what I think it is—*For Dancers Only*. Wonderful. I love the piano player—I don't know who it is—but personally, I found the drums a little too sharp and loud for what the piano player was trying to do. It should have had a little more underneath him. That's one man's opinion.

The bass player is fine, but there was a little too much volume on the bass, too . . . kind of overshadowed the piano, especially when he plays chords, like the full-band style. Well, I recognized *For Dancers Only*, and I'm known to be a melody man, so I can go for that. Four stars.

2. Joyce Collins Trio. *Day In, Day Out* (from *Girl Here Plays Mean Piano*, Jazzland). Miss Collins, piano; Frank Butler, drums.

I don't know, but that sounds like it could be the same piano player I just heard in the other record. But I'm not sure. The drums were terribly loud again, especially when he went to the sticks. You really have to play right down to a certain level when you play drums in a trio. The rhythm completely outshadowed the piano, but I dug the arrangement and everything. And he's a very good technical pianist, too.

I just hate to see a good pianist overshadowed, as he was here, especially after he got into the swing chorus. Three stars.

3. Marvin Jenkins. *Stella by Starlight* (from *Marv Jenkins Arrives*, Orovox). Jenkins, piano.

I must admit he got me a little confused. I'm not sure whether everybody knew that tune real well. I don't think the group was quite sure of the changes, and I think the pianist hasn't made up his mind who he wants to play like, but he's got a nice little attack. They weren't quite together so I can't give it more than two stars.

4. *One World Jazz*. *Misty* (Columbia). Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Clark Terry, trumpet; Stéphane Grappelly, violin; George Christolm, trombone.

No. 1, you know I got to like that record! I was a little mystified at first, because I was trying to figure out whether that was Ben Webster or somebody that loves him very, very much.

I think I do know the trumpet player—that was Clark Terry. And Stéphane, the guy from Europe that plays wonderful violin.

But I must admit they played it kind of bluesy . . . sounded bluesy and misty.

I don't know that trombone, but I liked him very much indeed . . . reminded me a little bit of Vic Dickenson. Five stars for this one. They sure did justice to the tune.

5. Linton Garner. *Easily* (from *Garner Plays Garner*, Enrico). Garner, piano.

I kinda liked that; I never heard it before, but I like the tune—a cute little thing. I liked the pianist, because I think he played nice and clean—a nice, little, relaxed, floating thing.

In fact, I like the way all of them played on it. Five stars.


6. Bobby Timmons Trio. *Easy Does It* (Riverside). Timmons, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

I guess you're going to think I've got a complex about basses and drums. I thought the drummer was too loud again. The bass player—whoever it was—was great, but I thought he drowned out the pianist, too.

The piano playing was, I'll say, fair. I started thinking about pianists like Bud Powell and other people, and it sounded fair to me. Three stars.

7. Jackie McLean. *A Ballad for Doll* (from *Jackie's Bag*, Blue Note). McLean, alto saxophone, composer; Sonny Clark, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

I liked that very much, sincerely. I like pretty tunes anyway, and I think the arrangement and the whole record were done real nice. They kept below the level of the piano so it was a beautiful effect with the writing—a good balance, a good mood.

It must be an original tune, because I never heard it before. Five stars. 

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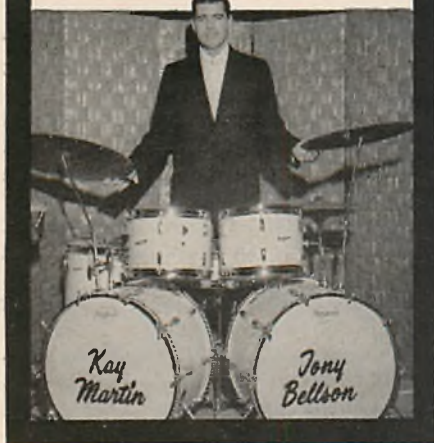
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COUNT BASIE PLAYS QUINCY JONES

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 recopied especially for DOWN BEAT'S MUSIC '62. It starts on page 97.

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT



DUKE ELLINGTON

Museum of Modern Art, New York City
Personnel: Ellington, piano; Aaron Bell, bass;
Sam Woodyard, drums.

Ellington is thrice blessed: enormous talent; friends who shout its presence everywhere; critics who, even at their worst, must praise while damning.

On this night he played without his orchestra, the orchestra that is, in a sense, his instrument. He made it clear that he found the situation strange. "This is not a pianist's recital," he said in his introductory remarks. And, I suppose he proved that—if a comparison were made between some technical wizards and his own curious admixture of styles, ranging from ragtime through the most maverick moderns.

The first half of the program was vintage Ellington, played solo. Shorn of all accompaniment, the music showed more clearly than it usually does, its certain similarities to the best of what was written by George Gershwin. And whether it was his 1939 composition *Blue Bells of Harlem*, written for Paul Whiteman; 1945's *There Was Nobody Looking*; or 1946's *The Clothed Woman*, all the music was rich, sophisticated, and most especially programmatic.

After the intermission, Ellington was joined by bassist Bell and drummer Woodyard. The tenor of the evening changed. The composer left for the performer. They played *Take the A Train*, *Lotus Blossom*, and *Satin Doll*, plus a section from Ellington's suite for Queen Elizabeth, *Single Petal of a Rose*. Bell was willing and able, particularly fine soloing on *Doll*. For my tastes, Woodyard performed too often insensitively in a steam engine manner. Through it all Ellington moved with real authority, finding new meanings in his and Billy Strayhorn's works.

As an encore, after a medley of his most famous compositions ended the concert, all the sides of Ellington merged in perfect, wonderful accord, as he delightfully played the engaging *Dancers in Love* (from *Perfume Suite*), leading the audience in finger snapping (to fill in for orchestral breaks). No audience ever snapped with such precision, perfectly in accord, as it should have been, with a modern music master who again had distinctively demonstrated his special gifts to American music.

—Coss

LIONEL HAMPTON

Metropole, New York City
Personnel: Hampton, vibraharp, piano, drums;
Virgil Jones, Andrew Woods, David Gonsales,
Floyd Jones, trumpets; Horace Tapscott, Lester
Robertson, Hallin Rascheeb, trombones; Bobby

Plater, Edward Pazant, John Neelly, Andrew McGhee, Lonnie Shaw, reeds; Kenneth Lowe, piano; Lawrence Burgen, bass; Oliver Jackson, drums.

This is the best band Hampton has had in years. There are some debits. The reed section is undistinguished and comparatively stereotyped musically, but at least it plays with generally good intonation. Hampton, who begins each set showing his magnificent musicianship and taste, ends each set with excursions into the frenzy of such as *Flying Home*, now really a caricature of the original.

But those things aside, the brass section snaps and cracks, the rhythm section is strong and swingingly modern, there are some excellent soloists, and, gradually, new and bright arrangements are being added to the book.

Of the soloists, trumpeters Virgil and Floyd Jones and trombonist Robertson stand out. Virgil is the more contemporary of the two trumpeters, and his sound and conception are delightfully fluid and frothy, almost as if you had taken all the current trumpet styles and beaten them to just the right consistency in a blender.

Floyd is older, more restrained, but more driving. There is a similarity in their roles to that once played by Thad Jones and Joe Newman in the Count Basie Band. Trombonist Robertson's one solo during the evening was excellent, but his fellow musicians said it was not his best and that he is fast developing into a soloist of great importance.

Through it all, Hampton wanders. His ballads are, as always, beautiful, sometimes filled with almost breathtaking resolutions. Those moments and the excellence of the band itself make the frenetic displays that follow less distasteful than in the past.

This is a band to hear.

—Coss



Hampton

PREZ from page 19

New York City, Aug. 4, 1939
 Count Basie Orchestra—Same as March 19 date.
 CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE (24981) . . . Vocalion 5085, Epic LN-3107
 New York City, Sept. 5, 1939
 Count Basie Kansas City Seven—Clayton, trumpet; Wells, trombone; Young, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Green, guitar; Page, bass; Jones, drums.
 DICKIE'S DREAM (25296)
 Vocalion 5118, Epic LN-3107
 LESTER LEAPS IN (25296)
 Vocalion 5118, Epic LN-3107
 New York City, Sept. 8, 1938
 Kansas City Six — Clayton, trumpet; Durham, trombone, electric guitar; Young, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Green, guitar; Page, bass; Jones, drums.
 WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS (23421) Commodore 512, Commodore LP 30014
 *COUNTLESS BLUES (23422) . . . Commodore 509, Commodore LP 30014
 *I WANT A LITTLE GIRL (23424)
 Commodore 509, Commodore LP 30014
 *PAGIN' THE DEVIL (23425) . . . Commodore 512, Commodore LP 30014
 New York City, Nov. 16, 1938
 Count Basie Orchestra—Same as Aug. 22 date.
 SHORTY GEORGE (64747) . . . Decca 2325, Brunswick BL-54012
 PANASSIE STOMP (64750) . . . Decca 2224, Decca DL-8049
 New York City, Feb. 2, 1938
 Count Basie Sextet—Shad Collins, trumpet; Young, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Green, guitar; Page, bass; Jones, drums; Rushing, vocal.
 YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME (64978)
 Decca 2631
 Count Basie Orchestra—Same as Nov. 16 date except Shad Collins is added on trumpet.
 CHEROKEE, Parts I & II (64979/80)
 Decca 2406, Brunswick BL-54012
 New York City, March 19, 1939
 Count Basie Orchestra—Same as Feb. 2 date except Buddy Tate replaces Evans on tenor saxophone.
 TAXI WAR DANCE (24242)
 Vocalion 4748, Epic LN-3107
 JUMP FOR ME (24244)
 Vocalion 4886, Epic LN-3107
 New York City, April 5, 1939
 12TH STREET RAG (24339)
 Vocalion 4886, Epic LN-3107
 New York City, Dec. 15, 1939
 Billie Holiday Orchestra—Clayton, Edison, trumpets; Warren, Washington, alto saxophones; Young, tenor saxophone; Joe Sullivan, piano; Green, guitar; Page, bass; Jones, drums; Miss Holiday, vocal.
 THE MAN I LOVE (26342)
 Vocalion 5377
 New York City, March 19, 1940
 Count Basie Orchestra—Same as Nov. 6 date except Al Killian replaces Collins on trumpet and Vic Dickenson replaces Morton on trombone.
 I NEVER KNEW (26655)

*Young solos on clarinet.

. Columbia 35521, Epic LN-3168
 TICKLE TOE (26656)
 Columbia 35521, Epic LN-3168
 New York City, March 31, 1940
 Count Basie Orchestra—Same as March 19 date except Tab Smith is added on alto saxophone.
 BLOW TOP (26870)
 Okch 5629, Epic LN-3168
 Chicago, Aug. 28, 1940
 Count Basie Orchestra—Same as March 31 date except Smith is out on alto saxophone.
 THE WORLD IS MAD, Parts I & II (3255/56) Okeh 5816
 Hollywood, July 15, 1942
 Lester Young Trio—Nat Cole, piano; Young, tenor saxophone; Red Callender, bass.
 INDIANA (1000) . . . Philo-Aladdin Album 1
 I CAN'T GET STARTED (1001)
 Philo-Aladdin Album 1
 TEA FOR TWO (1002)
 Philo-Aladdin Album 1
 BODY AND SOUL (1003)
 Philo-Aladdin Album 1
 New York City, Dec. 21, 1943
 Dickie Wells Orchestra—Bill Coleman, trumpet; Wells, trombone; Young, tenor saxophone; Ellis Larkins, piano; Green, guitar; Al Hall, bass; Jones, drums.
 HELLO, BABE (1919) . . . Signature 28115
 LINGER A WHILE (1920) . . Signature 28115
 I GOT RHYTHM (19003) . . Signature 90002
 I'M FER IT, TOO (19004)
 Signature 90003
 New York City, Dec. 28, 1943
 Lester Young Quartet—Young, tenor saxophone; Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Slam Stewart, bass; Sid Catlett, drums.
 JUST YOU, JUST ME (1) . . . Keynote 603
 I NEVER KNEW (2) Keynote 603
 AFTERNOON OF A BASIE-ITE (3)
 Keynote 604
 SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY (4) . . Keynote 604
 New York City, March 22, 1944
 Kansas City Seven—Clayton, trumpet; Wells, trombone; Young, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Green, guitar; Rod Richardson, bass; Jones, drums.
 AFTER THEATER JUMP (21)
 . . . Keynote 1302, Mercury MG 25015
 SIX CATS AND A PRINCE (22)
 . . . Keynote 1303, Mercury MG 25015
 DESTINATION K.C. (24)
 . . . Keynote 1303, Mercury MG 25015
 Kansas City Five—Same as above except Clayton and Wells are out.
 LESTER LEAPS AGAIN (23)
 . . . Keynote 1302, Mercury MG 25015
 New York City, March, 1944
 Kansas City Six — Coleman, trumpet; Wells, trombone; Young, tenor saxophone; Joe Bushkin, piano; John Simmons, bass; Jones, drums.
 THREE LITTLE WORDS (4746)
 Commodore 573, Commodore FL-20021
 Jo-Jo (4747)
 Commodore 555, Commodore FL-20021
 I GOT RHYTHM (4748)
 Commodore 555, Commodore FL-20021
 FOUR O'CLOCK DRAG (4749)
 Commodore 573, Commodore FL-20021

new writer continued from page 24

confused and amateurish I had been before.”
 McFarland was back at Lenox in 1960, but, meanwhile, put in a semester at the Berklee School, and while there he had a chance to work with the Herb Pomeroy Band at the Stable.
 “Then I *really* learned,” McFarland recalled. “I was very lucky to be working with Herb. He never gave orders, but he always encouraged me. He always tried out everything I brought in and rehearsed it carefully. Altogether I did about 15 arrangements. Some of them he didn't use, and I began to realize that in those particularly, I wasn't really writing for the men in *that* band. As soon as this began to dawn on me, he would say, ‘Just write, but write for the *men*.’ It was an essential lesson.”
 McFarland said he thinks that this is what Duke Ellington has always done and why he is so great.
 “When I first heard him in person at the Music Barn at Lenox, I was completely taken,” he said. “Those men can go up on the stand looking so down, but the moment they begin to play, it's magnificent. Have you heard *Suite Thursday*? Especially that last section!”
 “Billy Strayhorn and Duke Ellington are really my favorite writers—and Gil Evans. And Mulligan especially taught me to build things, to structure for climaxes. But I think Miles Davis is still my biggest influence.”
 McFarland was recently asked by Verve a&r man Creed Taylor to do the writing for a jazz LP of the score of the well-received musical *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*.
 Transforming an unfamiliar score into jazz material is not an easy job. Although musical comedy has supplied the jazz repertory with plenty of material, what is effective on stage is not always effective as jazz.
 “Most of the pieces in *How to Succeed* are made fairly simple to fit the plot and characters of the show,” he said. “As I began to work on them, I realized that that simplicity was a big help in rephrasing them. Then, when we started lining up the band, well! Al Cohn, Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Phil Woods, Oliver Nelson, Hank Jones, Kenny Burrell—you can depend on them to make music out of almost anything. I reminded myself to write for them. I made each piece to feature one or two of them. I would ask myself, ‘How would Clark or Bob or Al phrase this line?’ write it that way, and then give them solos. They made it very easy.”
 Brookmeyer's comment: “Al Cohn and I have given Gary McFarland fair warning—if he gets any better we are going to shoot him.”



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.

"His influence on other musicians continued to grow; many young tenorists continued slavishly to imitate him. But more important than poll victories, critical praise, and influence, Coltrane provided some of the most exciting and musically stimulating moments of the year."

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AD LIB from page 10

Drew is Powell's replacement. Powell and his wife are now vacationing in Switzerland with no intention of returning to the United States.

Just before l'affaire Bud bloomed, Powell recorded in Paris with a new group led by drummer **Kenny Clarke** and including **Don Byas**, tenor saxophone; **Idrees Sulieman**, trumpet; **Pierre Michelot**, bass. **Cannonball Adderley** supervised the album for Riverside records . . . Other European news: reed man **Bobby Jaspar** is playing at **Ronnie Scott's** jazz club in London; **Buddy Greco** will go to Europe this month; **Art Blakey** goes in April.

Drummer **Jimmy Cobb**, originally a replacement for **Walter Perkins** with **Sonny Rollins**, rejoined **Miles Davis** instead. **Philly Joe Jones** left Davis to form a group of his own. Pianist **Wynton Kelly**, by the way, is back with the trumpeter . . . **John Harris** is the new drummer with **Horace Silver** . . . Drummer **Pete LaRoca**, whose infant daughter died Christmas Eve, has at least some consolation in the help given to him by friends to keep him working as much as possible.

Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker, by **Robert George Reisner**, will be published this month by Citadel Press . . . Tenor saxophonist **Budd Johnson** was replaced by **Eric Dixon** in the **Count Basie Orchestra** . . . **George Wein** should open his New York Storyville, a new jazz club in Greenwich Village, before the month is over. **Ruby Braff** and **Marshall Brown** will be the first musicians to play there . . . **Harold Baker** returned to the **Duke Ellington Orchestra** replacing trumpeter **Howard McGhee**.

Trombonist **Claude Jones**, 59, once a mainstay of the **McKinney's Cotton Pickers**, **Ellington**, **Cab Calloway**, **Chick Webb**, and **Fletcher Henderson** bands, died Jan. 17 aboard the *SS United States*, on which he had been working as a steward.

Accordionist **Angelo DiPippo**, playing no jazz at the moment, is leading a society band at the *Maisonette* in the *Hotel St. Regis*, a band also including jazz guitarist **Howard Collins** . . . The *Jazz Gallery* now has Sunday afternoon concerts with regularly appearing artists plus a guest. Monday evening sessions there are run by artist manager **Monte Kay** and disc jockey **Symphony Sid Torin** . . . **John LaPorta** leads a quartet Sunday afternoons at the *112 Lounge* in Medford, on Long Island . . . **Charlie Mingus'** current group includes bassist **Herman Wright** (Mingus plays both bass and piano), **Richard Williams**, trumpet; **John Handy**, alto saxophone; **Booker Ervin**,

tenor saxophone; **Danny Richmond**, drums . . . Pianist **Al Haig** is now at the *Rum Room* of the *Hotel Edison* . . . Pianist **Carla Bley**, wife of pianist **Paul** plays Sunday afternoons at the *Phase Two* . . . The **Modern Jazz Quartet** began a *Columbia Artists* tour on Feb. 4 that includes an appearance with the **Toledo Symphony Orchestra** . . . Veteran singer **Ida Cox** said she will not resume her career despite the success of her *Riverside* record.

Veteran trumpeter **Frankie Quartell**, once closely associated with **Bix Beiderbecke**, now owns the **Frankie Quartell Band and Orchestra Service** with headquarters in Hollywood, Fla. . . . **Jack Teagarden**, recently moved from California to Pompano Beach, Fla., visited New York in January with trumpeter **Don Goldie** to record a new with-strings album for Verve.

Aside from RCA Victor's re-entry into the jazz field, January's biggest record news was the signing of singer **Mel Tormé** by Atlantic records. According to all parties concerned, Tormé will record with many of the most important Atlantic jazz stars. His first album will be cut in London, England. . . . **Max Roach** has just finished an album for Impulse — his first using voices in a jazz setting . . . The Verve album *Focus*, composed and scored for strings by **Eddie Sauter** as accompaniment to **Stan Getz** as soloist, is an ambitious project receiving unprecedented publicity and advertising support from the company . . . **Erroll Garner's** *Misty* has been recorded in more than 60 versions, in case you're keeping tab.

Prestige signed **Jakie Byard** to an exclusive contract. The pianist, composer, and saxophonist will appear on that company's New Jazz label . . . Contrary to reports published here, vibist **Walt Dickerson** will remain with Prestige. His new album is due out soon . . . *Jazzline's* second album (its first was *Bash!*) is titled *Hush!*, and features pianist **Duke Pearson** leading trumpeters **Donald Byrd** and **Johnny Coles**, bassist **Bob Cranshaw**, and drummer **Walter Perkins** . . . Vocalist **Billy Daniels** will sing-along with arrangements by **Benny Carter** in an album recorded this month at Basin Street East for ABC-Paramount . . . Veteran jazz pianist **Mel Henke** will record for Warner Bros. records . . . *Riverside* is rushing its new **Cannonball Adderley** album to market, *The Cannonball Adderley Sextet in New York*. It is the first time **Yusef Lateef**, the group's newest addition, has recorded with it. The album was recorded last month at the *Village Vanguard* . . . Mercury records is repackaging **Erroll Garner** records made in 1946 and 1954. The first is titled *Misty* . . . Singer

owners' troubles, but audiences were dwindling before the snow and below-zero temperature came. Strong rumor has it that one of the best jazz clubs in the city will soon shutter (it may be closed by the time this sees print). Another club, Basin Street, has dropped traditional jazz in favor of a Twist band.

On the brighter side of things, the Regal Theater is holding what the management calls its Annual Jazz Festival. Miles Davis, who was on a similar bill at the theater last winter, is the feature act. Others on the show are

Maynard Ferguson's big band and singer Gloria Lynne. The package opens Feb. 23 for one week. The Sutherland Lounge hopes to snare Davis and his group for a two-week stand following the Regal engagement.

The Oscar Peterson Trio, which is booked at Birdhouse beginning Feb. 27, may work the Sutherland instead. Both clubs are owned by Ewart Abner and Art Sheridan . . . Carmen McRae cut short her Birdhouse run, and the Twist band that shared the booking finished the engagement alone.

Mercury records, now owned by Philips Phonographische Industrie of the Netherlands, announced the formation of a new label—Philips. Part of the Dutch parent firm's library will be made available on the new label for distribution in this country. But there also will be new releases, recorded here. Among the initial releases are Woody Herman's *Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet* and Franz Jackson's *Jazz, Jazz, Jazz*. The Jackson album is from a session held about three years ago for Mercury but never released. Also in the first Philips releases are albums by Francis Bay and Michel Legrand.

Singer Dakota Staton and trio did a joyous two-weeker at the Sutherland. Sharing the stand was localite Amanda Ambrose, a singer of great worth and conviction. The Billy Wallace Trio also worked the south side club during January.

LOS ANGELES

A 10-night jazz festival to be held at Long Beach's Wilton Hotel in March is being planned. The project is the work of the hotel's new management, which seeks to do something about changing the port town's square reputation. Plans call for the simultaneous appearance of a big jazz band and two smaller groups in the hotel's large ballroom and two cocktail lounges. Terry Gibbs' big band is on tap for the event.

A deal is now in the works with Japanese promoters for Leonard Feather to tour Nippon with his Seven Ages of Jazz show in May or June. The musical format will employ four horns, a rhythm section, and two singers—but with less narration. "I don't speak that much Japanese," Feather said . . . Also slated for a Japanese tour is the Chico Hamilton Quintet under aegis of Associated Booking Corp. . . . The Soviet government has invited movie composer Franz Waxman to conduct four concerts, a brace each in Leningrad and Kiev, between March 15 and 30. Now, how about Gil Evans?

Red Nichols celebrated his 40th year in jazz Feb. 6 with a party for music notables at the Sheraton West. The only one of the original Five Pennies still active, besides himself, Nichols reported, is Arthur Schutt . . . Trumpeter Dick Cathcart joined the Lawrence Welk champagne cooks at the Hollywood Palladium . . . Arranger-conductor Bob Thompson conducted for singer Rosemary Clooney at the White House recently. The occasion was the first anniversary of President Kennedy's inauguration . . . Jazz pianist Joe Castro is now music director and accompanist for singer Tony Martin . . . Bassist Ted Hammond and drummer Bill Douglass are volunteer instrumental teachers at

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JAZZ COLLECTOR'S ITEM! What true jazz fan will ever forget the 1960 Newport Jazz Festival? The editors of Down Beat prepared a special magazine for the occasion to report the on-

location action of the happenings and the people who made them happen. Included is a review of the highlights of previous Newport Jazz Festivals, penetrating and revealing stories by top jazz writers on famous personalities like Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans, and the Lambert-Hendricks-Ross trio. There's John S. Wilson's story on "What Do We Mean by Jazz?", George Crater's view of Newport, Charles Edward Smith's report on "25 Years of Jazz" . . . and more, much more. Originally published at \$1.00 a copy, we offer "Newport Jazz Festival, 1960" now, while the supply lasts, for just 50¢. Don't be disappointed. Send for your copy today, to DOWN BEAT, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Illinois.

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the Synanon Foundation. They donate their services gratis. Other jazzmen could follow suit.

Before the series went off the air, Calvin Jackson taped two appearances on *PM West* and then was invited back to handle the music for the show's final segment. For the occasion, Jackson transcribed for piano an orchestral score by Arthur Honegger. Recently, Jackson conducted the Hollywood Symphony Orchestra in a program of Brahms, Wagner, Beethoven, and Rachmaninoff at a memorial program for the orchestra's late conductor, Ernst Gebert, with whom Jackson had played recitals.

Vibraharpist-arranger-drummer Doug Marsh joined the George Shearing Quintet. The group is now on a three-month tour . . . Former Lionel Hampton drummer Paul Togawa reorganized his group, a trio, with Bill Plummer, bass, and Marty Harris, piano. The trio works six nights weekly at the Oriental restaurant, Flower Drum . . . Dexter Gordon recently cut two additional albums in New York for Blue Note, making his total for the label four LPs, though the tenorist's contract calls only for three . . . Blind multi-instrumentalist Roland Kirk has formed his own group here featuring a pianist known only as Cottontail.

Alan Waite returned to town and is active again in management of jazz musicians. His latest client is Paul Horn. Waite also handles the affairs of composer-conductor Allyn Ferguson, who just assumed conductorship of the Los Angeles "pop" symphony orchestra in addition to his jazz arranging . . . Nick Darin's Keyboard Lounge in Gardena brought back former Duke Ellington singer Lil Greenwood (Lili Gigi) for a third stint in the room. Darin recently had Red Norvo there and plans to continue a jazz policy

SAN FRANCISCO

Just like June in *Oklahoma!*, jazz is bustin' out all over the bay area, sweeping away the last vestiges of the holiday doldrums.

All within one week, Mary Lou Williams opened with a trio at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel's Tudor Room; Louis Armstrong's group took over the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room; the Ahmad Jamal Trio came to the Black Hawk; Chico Hamilton introduced his quintet at the Jazz Workshop; the Virgin Island Steel Band made by its local debut at Sugar Hill; Earl Hines unveiled his new big band in the first of a series of Sunday concert-dances at Happy Valley Inn in Lafayette, 20 miles east of San Francisco; the Oakland

Public Library staged a lecture on the history of jazz by Hines and veteran bassist Pops Foster; and the Oakland Public Museum, as part of its regular free art programs, presented a concert by The Group, a local modern-jazz foursome. Meanwhile, all the other established jazz precincts were continuing to bring the sounds to receptive ears.

Miss Williams' appearance was notable in several respects. Hers is the first undiluted jazz group to play the Tudor since Cal Tjader's combo opened the room in June, 1956. In the years since, the spot has been devoted to dancing, with music by hotel types of bands, including the resurgent Anson Weeks and, on occasion, Red Nichols. Miss Williams' associates are bassist George Tucker and drummer Al Harewood . . . Armstrong drew a packed room for his opening on Nob Hill. His booking is the most outright move toward jazz yet made by the Fairmont.

Gary Nottingham, 60, who for 20 years headed one of the most popular dance bands in the bay area, died in an Oakland hospital after a short illness. Born in Wisconsin, Nottingham—a fine trombonist—worked in the Midwest and Pacific Northwest before moving to Oakland.



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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

PREJUDICE IN JAZZ

Race prejudice in jazz is a double-edged sword, one side labeled Jim Crow, the other Crow Jim. Often denied and hidden under elaborate rationales, prejudice nonetheless exists in the music that is thought to be free of bias. In the March 15 *Down Beat* begins a frank, sometimes boiling, discussion of this blight. The participants are Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, Ira Gitler, Don Ellis, Lalo Schifrin, Nat Hentoff, Bill Coss, and Don DeMicheal.

The March 15 *Down Beat* goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, March 1.

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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: Billy Daniels, Sheeky Greene, to 3/17. Frances Faye, Treniers, open 3/18.
Birdland: *unk*.
Coronet (Brooklyn): sessions, Mon.
Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.
Count Basie's: *unk*.
Embers: Meade Lux Lewis, Henry (Red) Allen to 2/24. Harold Quinn, Charlie Shavers, 2/26-3/17. Ronnie Brown, 3/19-4/14.
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: Count Basie opens 3/13, tentatively.
Metropole: Charlie Shavers, Gene Krupa to 2/19.
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.
Phase Two: Carla Bley, *wknds*.
Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.
Town Hall: Dave Brubeck, 2/21.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): Billy Bauer, *wknds*.
Village Gate: Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Brown Jr., to 2/18.
Village Vanguard: Gerry Mulligan to 3/1. Dizzy Gillespie, 3/2-11.
Wells: Walt Dickerson, *tfn*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair, *hb*.
Beef 'N' Bourbon: Billy Hays, *hb*.
Big Bill's: Beryl Booker, *tfn*.
Chadmoore Jazz Suite: Sun. afternoon sessions.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer, *hb*.
Open Hearth: Ted Arnold-Don Michaelson, *tfn*.
Paddock (Trenton): Capital City 5, Fri., Sat.
Pep's: *unk*.
Red Hill Inn: Jackie Cain-Roy Kral, 2/16-18.
Show Boat: Oscar Brown Jr., 2/19-24.
The Mark (Morrisville): Don McCargar, Mon., Fri., Sat.
Trade Winds: Vince Montana, *tfn*.
21 Key Club: Dee Lloyd McKay, *tfn*.

MIAMI

Eden Roc: 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

Famous Door: Sharkey Bonano, Murphy Campo.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*.
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *tfn*.
Midway: Alvin Tyler, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, *tfn*.
Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Rusty Mayne, *hbs*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Vernon's: Nat Perrillat, *wknds*.

DETROIT

Au Sable: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: Miriam Makeba, to 3/4.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.
52nd Show Bar: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
Minor Key (Detroit): 3 Sounds to 2/19; Junior Mance, 2/20-25.
Minor Key (Flint): Gene Ammons, to 2/18; Three Sounds, 2/20-25.
Roostertail: George Prino, *hb*.
Topper Lounge: Bobby Laurel, *tfn*.
Trent's Lounge: Alex Kallao, to 3/18.
20 Grand: workshop sessions, Mon.

CHICAGO

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 Nlep, Wed.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Dorothy Donegan to 2/18. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: *unk*. Muddy Waters, Tues.
Mister Kelly's: Marjy Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Red Arrow: Al Wynn, *wknds*.
Regal Theater: Miles Davis, Maynard Ferguson, Gloria Lynne, 2/23-3/1. Duke Ellington, 3/9-15.

Sutherland: Miles Davis, 3/7-18, tentatively. Cannonball Adderley, 4/18-29. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 5/16-27, tentatively.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Aragon: Pavillon (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*.
Cascades (Belmont Shore, Long Beach): Vince Wallace, *wknds*. Sun. morning sessions.
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.
Flower Drum: Paul Togawa, Marty Harris, Bill Plummer, *tfn*.
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*.
Keyboard Lounge (Gardena): Lil Greenwood to 3/1.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.
Losers: Paul Moer, Kenny Hume, *tfn*.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): Johnny Lane, *wknds*.
Mel-O-Dee (Glendale): Bob Harrington, Jim Crutcher, Jack Lynde, Beverly Joy, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, *wknds*.
Peppermint Lounge West: Five Emcees, *tfn*.
P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, *tfn*.
Rancho Presidio (San Diego): Ben Di Tosti, Vic Gaskin, Carlos Vasquez, *tfn*.
Red Carpet Room: Richie Goldberg, Mon.
Renaissance: Sonny Rollins. 2/23-3/4. Art Blakey, 3/9-18.
Roaring '20s: Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, *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. Herbie Ellis-Claude Williamson, Thurs.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols to 3/31.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sunday sessions.
Statler Hilton: Sklunay 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 Randl, *tfn*.
Zebra Lounge: Jazz Crusaders, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Art Blakey, 2/20-3/4. Carmen McRae, 3/6-18. George Shearing, 3/20-4/8. Oscar Peterson, 4/10-29. Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/8-20. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/22-6/10. Miles Davis, 6/12-7/1.
Black Sheep: Earl Hines, *tfn*.
Bop City: Freddie Gumbrell, *hb*, afterhours.
Coffee Gallery: Monty Waters-Dewey Redman, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, Clancy Hayes, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.
Fack's: Count Basie opens 3/2.
Fairmont Hotel: Betty Johnson to 2/28. Frankie Laine, 3/1-22.
Hangover: Muggsy Spanier-Ralph Sutton, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: Les McCann to 3/4. Sonny Rollins, 3/6-25.
One-Eighty-One Club: Billy Harris *hb*, afterhours.
Palace Hotel: Mary Lou Williams to 3/31. Red Nichols, 4/2-6/30.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *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*.
Bistro San Martin (Berkeley): Bob Detwiler, *tfn*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz artists, Mon.-Thurs. Mike White, *wknds*.
Tsubo (Berkeley): The Group, *tfn*.
Left Bank (Oakland): Paul Humphrey, *wknds*.
Suite 14 (Oakland): Perry Lind, *tfn*.
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, Sun.
Zack's (Sausalito): John True, *tfn*.



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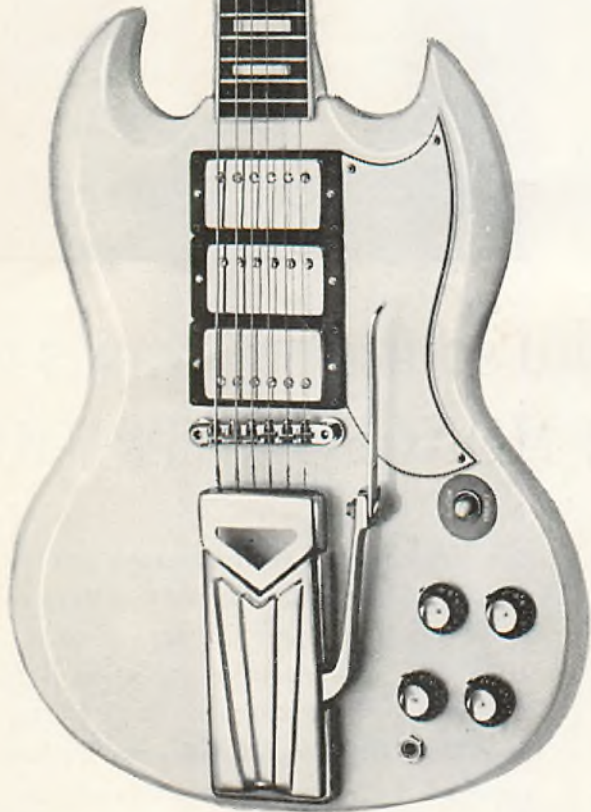
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