

MARCH 15, 1962

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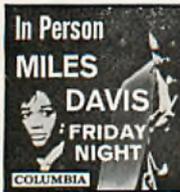
THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Beginning in this issue—a heated discussion of that explosive subject, Jim Crow and Crow Jim in jazz, by Max Roach, Don Ellis, Abbey Lincoln, Lalo Schifrin, Ira Gitler, Nat Hentoff, and others.

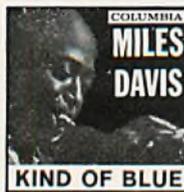
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133. Freddie Freeloader, Flamenco Sketches, etc.



85. Anything Goes, Ballad, Let's Fall in Love, etc.



138. Out of This World, I'm Gonna Go Fishin', etc.



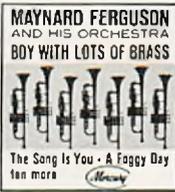
141. Let's Dance, Moonglow, etc. Not available in stereo.



31. Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, Man I Love, plus 9 more



30. Misty, Gone With the Wind, How High the Moon, 6 more



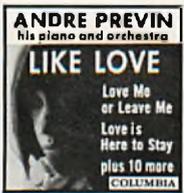
180. The Lamp Is Low, Song Is You, Easy to Love, etc.



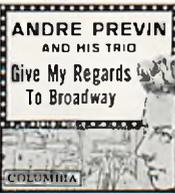
81. St. Louis Blues, My Heart Belongs to Daddy, etc.



136. Prelude, Blues, Africana, Toccata, Pan-Americana



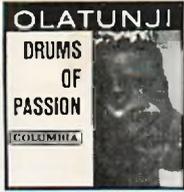
39. Also: When I Fall in Love, Like Someone in Love, etc.



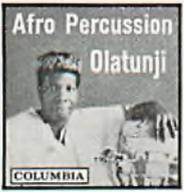
40. Sound of Music, Too Darn Hot, Take Me Along, 7 more



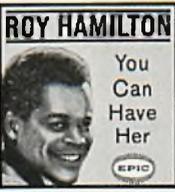
4. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, How High the Moon, etc.



139. Cult Rhythm, Chant to the God of Thunder, etc.



86. "It swings, it's full of excitement" - Downbeat Magazine



27. Never Let Me Go, Jungle Fever, Down By the Riverside, etc.



87. Also: Gone With the Wind, The Breeze and I, etc.



80. Willow Weep For Me, Solitude, Where or When, 6 more



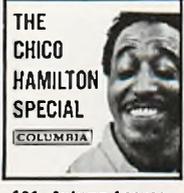
135. Squeeze Me, Stampy Jones, Big Shoe, Ruint, etc.



29. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all



144. Exciting Afro-Latin rhythms in dramatic settings



181. Autumn Leaves, New Rhumba, Way Down, Trio, etc.



182. Everybody's Boppin, Charleston Alley, etc.



183. Dark Eyes, John Henry, Greensleeves, Soul Mist, etc.



124. Hot and Cold, Running Tears, Imagination, 10 more



145. Close Your Eyes, Blues for Big Stella, D.P., etc.

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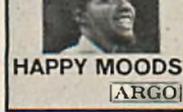
132. Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra, five more

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82. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more



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1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

7 MORE GREAT RECORDS TO CHOOSE FROM

175 & 176. Lester Young Memorial Album (2-Record Set — counts as two selections). Not available in stereo. Here's Lester Young, with Count Basie and his Orchestra, in 24 great performances. Shoe Shine Boy; Riff Interlude; Taxi War Dance; Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie; Easy Does It; I Never Knew; etc.

149. The Bob Bookmeyer Quartet — The Blues Hot and Cold. One of our finest trombonists improvises on Languid Blues, On the Sunny Side of the Street, I Got Rhythm, Stoppin' at the Savoy, etc.

150. Clifford Brown and Max Roach at Basin Street. Not available in stereo. What is This Thing Called Love? I'll Remember April, Time, 4 more

177 & 178. The Unforgettable Lady Day (2-Record Set — counts as two selections). Not available in stereo. 24 great Billie Holiday performances — Body and Soul, Strange Fruit, You Go to My Head, These Foolish Things, Man I Love, etc.

147. Manny Album — Drum Feast. 10 tasty tidbits — Pickled Beats, Cymbal Soup, A Sip of Drum Bouie, Tea 'n Timpani, Rare Snare, etc.

186. Dinah Washington — The Queen. All of Me, Bad Luck, Make Me a Present of You, Back Water Blues, 8 more

189. The Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet — You 'n Me. On the Alamo, Love for Sale, Awful Lonely, You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To, etc.

SILVER'S BLUE Horace Silver Quintet



185. To Beat or Not to Beat, etc. Not available in stereo

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134. Poor Butterfly, My Foolish Heart, Speak Low, etc.

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79. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, My Funny Valentine, 10 more

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187. Music from the Soundtrack. Not available in stereo

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THINGS TO COME The March 29 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, March 15, is our sixth annual percussion issue. Don't miss exciting articles such as *A Day with Gene Krupa* and its companion piece, *A Day with Roy Haynes*. Also there will be George Wettling's *Tribute to Baby Dodds* and *Racial Prejudice in Jazz*.

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Bias in Jazz

It seems to me that *Down Beat* has more or less been avoiding a cancer that has developed in jazz during the past few years. Every time I dare to mention this problem in one of my newspaper columns, or to jazz critics, I am accused of bigotry or of being anti-Negro. This just isn't the truth, for I objected just as strenuously to Jim Crow during the '30s and '40s. The new problem, of course, is Crow Jimism, and, frankly it has grown beyond the point of ignoring it.

Eastern record companies are now turning down white musicians because they are the wrong color. Negroes who play with white groups are given the "hate" treatment by other Negro musicians. There are a few intelligent exceptions such as the beautiful letter written by Don Byrd some-time ago (*Chords*, Dec. 1).

Racial conflict has no place in jazz. The music and the role of the musician should be judged on their own value, not on what color he is. I sincerely feel that if the barrier that colored musicians are now erecting (just as the equally guilty white musicians did 30 years ago) is not removed, it will destroy jazz. Jazz should be a music of happiness and love, not a music of hatred and revenge.

All races can contribute to jazz, and no one race has a monopoly on the playing or the writing of jazz.

Monroe, Conn.

Ed Mulford

See page 20.

Wisdom in the Young

Where is jazz going? This seems to be the question in vogue nowadays by fans, critics, and musicians. Can I ask another, seemingly forgotten, question? Where has jazz come from?

I have been listening, buying, supporting, and enjoying jazz for some three years now. I am young, still in my teens. I wasn't listening to jazz when Parker, Gillespie, and Monk and the many others played bop. Nor was I listening when Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Christian and the other members of the pre-bop era were "popular." I was just too young and uninterested.

I discovered jazz much after bop was established and accepted. I knew not too much about what preceded it. In order for me to understand what was being played, I knew I would have to further my knowledge of what came before Bird. I have learned a little, I hope.

It seems that, now, whenever you pick up a jazz magazine all you read about is Ornette, Dolphy, Coltrane. Fine with me. Coltrane is beautiful, and I'm really making an honest effort to understand Ornette and Cecil Taylor. I buy their records, listen to them, and, most of the time, enjoy them.

But have we completely forgotten the early giants? Just because they are not say-



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The sooner the younger generation of jazz fans realizes where jazz came from and how it came to be, the sooner they will be able to answer such perplexing and mysterious questions as: "Where is jazz going?" Upward. Onward. Where else?
Boston, Mass. Stephen Schwartz

Thanks from Pete

I want to thank all my fans who responded to Carroll Hardy's letter (*DB*, Jan. 18) and to the students of Amherst College and the University of Massachusetts whose names I didn't get.
Buffalo, N. Y. Pete Johnson

Word from Russia

I am not a constant reader of your magazine, since I have no opportunity to receive it often. Some of my friends in the United States send me copies now and then. Yet, I have to say that we Russian jazzmen appreciate your magazine very much and are glad to tell you that your magazine is very popular among Russian jazz fans.

However, let me express some criticism of Leonard Feather's *Blindfold Test*.

It seems to me that Feather does not take his column seriously, but as a joke. If he does, I'd advise him to let George Crater do it.

Apart from that, I consider *Blindfold Test* an important and interesting column and a very serious one. Readers are very interested to learn the viewpoints of jazzmen on the creations of their colleagues. . . . The aim should not be to recognize somebody but to discuss the music, the approach, and so forth.

I am an amateur jazz piano player and leader of the Russian Modern Jazz Sextet. I also have a very good collection of jazz records. I have decided to write a book about modern jazz today. Needless to say, I need much help with material that is hard to get in this country.

I would love to correspond with someone who is interested in jazz and to exchange records, books, magazines, and news.
Leningrad, USSR Yuri M. Vikhariesff

Reader Vikhariesff's address is Boulevard Profsoouff No. 11, Apt. 7; Leningrad, Center, USSR.

Happy with Holiday

It was a pleasure to read Leonard Feather's article on Billie Holiday (*DB*, Feb. 1)—devoid of calumny, legend, and mysticism.

Her entrance into the *Down Beat* Hall of Fame may be reassuring, as Feather states, yet it cannot justify the painful stigma inflicted on Lady Day during her career and even after her tragic death. It is also quite startling that it took the omnipotent hipsters such a long while to awaken to Billie's voice by voting her a winner for the first time—almost three years after her death.

I again would like to state my immense enjoyment at seeing a candid and truthful article concerning Billie Holiday.
New York City Michele DeAngelis

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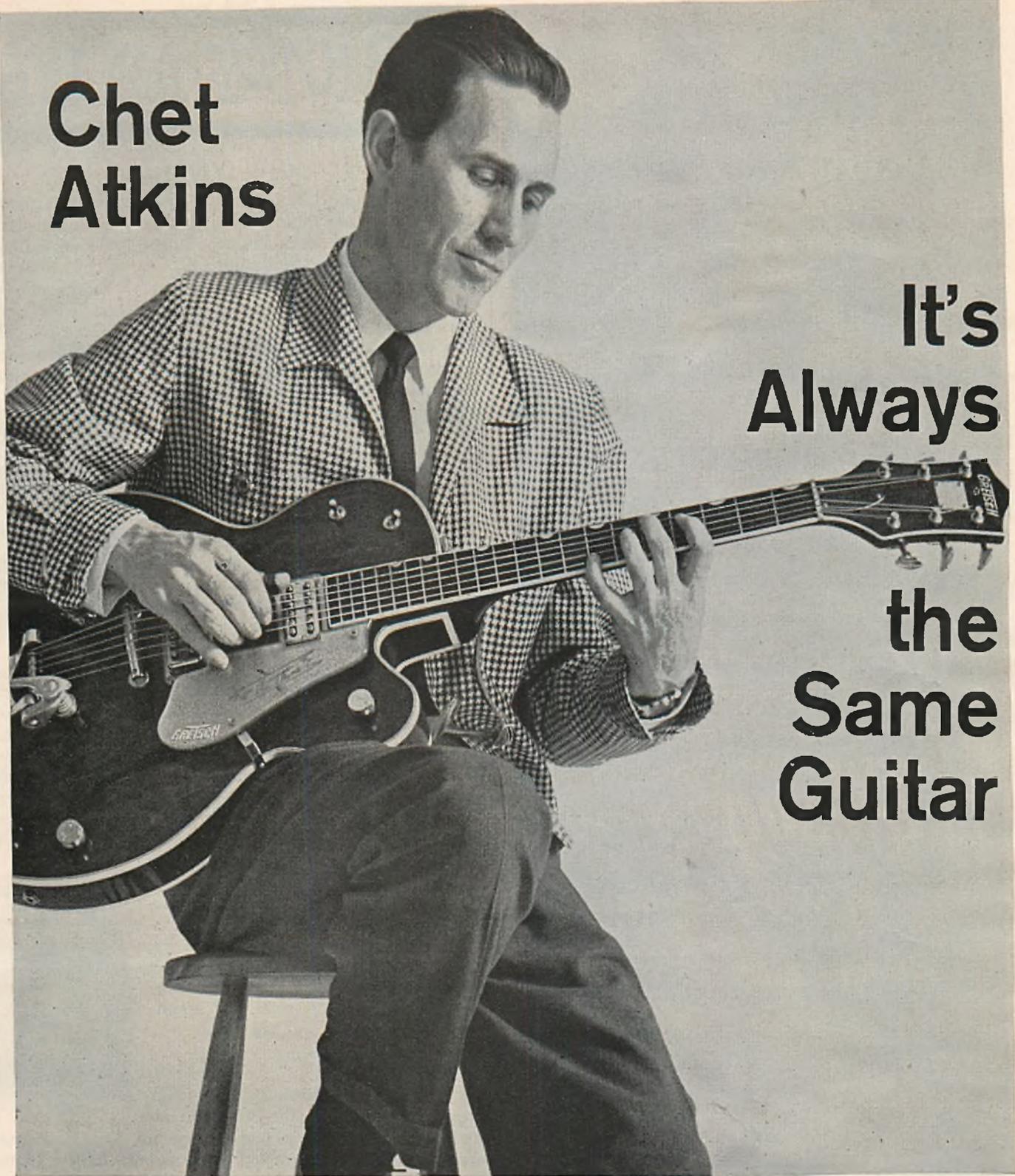
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NEW YORK

Depending on which columnists you read, or what rumors reached your ears, there was the ultimate in confusion about three jazz groups last month—the **Bobby Brookmeyer-Clark Terry** group, **Gerry Mulligan's** new quartet, and whatever **George Shearing** will lead. All rumors aside, Brookmeyer will be a part of the new Mulligan quartet, along with bassist **Bill Crow** and drummer **Gus Johnson**, but for only two weeks, and that means that no change has happened in Brookmeyer-Terry, Inc. Shearing, who was accused of everything from becoming a solo pianist through complete retirement, has reformed his group. Latin percussionist **Armando Perazza** is the only veteran remaining. The new members are **Johnny Gray**, guitar; **Doug Marsh**, vibes; **Ralph Pena**, bass; **Jan Hyde**, drums.



Mulligan

Personal manager - promoter **Monte Kay** is much in the news lately. For example, he is busily signing artists to contracts with his firm. (Inside sources only smile when asked whether the sudden flurry may be caused by increasingly persistent rumors that the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, Kay's star contractee, may dissolve soon—perhaps after its current concert tour. Kay, along with Berkshire Music Barn director **Donald Soviero**, is producing jazz and folk shows at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. No artists have been announced yet, but plans call for an eight-concert subscription series to be given the first Sunday of each month, beginning Nov. 4; another nine concerts, on a single-ticket basis, will be presented during the season. Kay and Soviero are commissioning new works for each concert. Kay also has begun a series of Kaufman Concert Hall concerts, collectively called **Jazz Theater**. The first concert featured **John Coltrane's** group, singer **Betty Carter**, and **Clara Ward** and her singers. The second concert, to be held on March 17, will star **Herbie Mann's** new group and **Bill Evans' trio**.



MJQ

U.S. television personnel should be sent to England this month to see the recording of the first in a possible series of jazz programs produced by the British Broadcasting Corp. This first film, *Theme for Jazz Variations*, stars musicians in bands led by modernist **Johnny Dankworth** and traditionalist **Kenny Ball**. Both groups will play versions of the same compositions, showing their different approaches to music. In addition, the musicians will discuss and demonstrate those differences.

Lionel Hampton's delight with his latest African trip knows no bounds. In addition to what was already reported (*DB*, March 1), he is making arrangements for **Zeal Onyia**, a 13-year-old trumpeter he heard at a benefit in Lagos, to come to this country and join the Hampton band. According to Lionel, Zeal has everything except U. S. exposure.

Cadence's Candid subsidiary, pronounced dead by Cadence president **Archie Bleyer** last fall, resurrected a few days later, and now readying releases, has a new manager, **Peter Hess**. The company has eight unreleased, **Nat Hentoff-supervised** albums in the can and is planning to do more

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down beat

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Doug Watkins

JIM MARSHALL

THE ROAD CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM

The jazz world was saddened by the sudden death of bassist Doug Watkins, killed in an automobile accident near Holbrook, Ariz., in the early morning hours of Feb. 5.

Arizona Highway Patrolman Kenneth G. Hagin told *Down Beat* that Watkins, driving his own car, crossed the highway and rammed head on into an oncoming pickup truck. The bassist apparently had fallen asleep at the wheel. The driver of the truck, Hagin said, was uninjured.

Also unharmed were Watkins' passengers—trumpeter Bill Hardman, 29; tenorist Roland Alexander, 26; and Fred Green, 28. The party was enroute to San Francisco where Watkins, Hardman, and Alexander were to join the new Philly Joe Jones group at the Jazz Workshop. Jones and pianist Elmo Hope had flown to San Francisco from New York.

Watkins, a native of the jazz-rich Detroit area, was among a wave of young jazzmen from that city (including his cousin bassist Paul Chambers) who caused a flurry of excitement when they descended *en masse* on New York City in the mid-1950s.

Prior to leaving Detroit, Watkins toured with the James Moody Band and worked with pianist Barry Harris.

Coming to New York City in August, 1954, he played with trumpeter Kenny Dorham and worked briefly at Minton's

Playhouse, before joining, early in 1955, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. When the Blakey group dissolved in September of the following year, Watkins went with the unit's pianist Horace Silver, who formed his own quintet. After leaving Silver, Watkins became a stalwart of the New York jazz world.

RAY CHARLES FREED ON NARCOTICS CHARGE

After two hearing postponements and much talk between lawyers and municipal authorities, Ray Charles was freed recently in Indianapolis, Ind., Municipal Court on grounds that he was arrested illegally for possession of narcotics last fall (*DB*, Dec. 21, Jan. 4).

The singer-pianist-organist-leader was arrested Nov. 14 in an Indianapolis hotel room without warrants for either his arrest or a search.

Judge Ernie S. Burke accepted a defense motion to suppress evidence and closed the case, stating that Charles was the victim of a "bad arrest" and that "a celebrity is entitled to his constitutional rights, the same as anybody else."

UNION MEMBERS PLAN FESTIVAL IN LAS VEGAS

A full-blown jazz festival tailored to fit Las Vegas night life will be staged by the musicians union local in the Nevada city July 7 and 8.

The new Las Vegas Convention Center will house the event, and the first of five performances will get under way at 2 a.m. on July 7. Succeeding shows will be held at 2:30 and 9 p.m. the same day and at 2 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. on July 8.

According to Jack Eglash, of AFM Local 369 and the festival organizer, planning and organization of the event will be solely in the hands of the union members.

Present plans, according to Eglash, call for the appearance at the festival of Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, the bands of Maynard Ferguson and Gerry Mulligan, and singer Mel Tormé, among

Caught in Passing

Opening night at one New York jazz club was made uncomfortable by high heat and nearly solid smoke. The manager left in search of explanation and returned to say "one of the blowers just went out" just in time to catch the car of a wandering hippy.

"I know, man," he said, "but he told me he'd be back before the next set."

others. Eglash said a highlight of the event will be performances of a jazz ballet choreographed by producer Barry Ashton with music by the Louis Bellson Band. Benny Carter will write and conduct for the festival.

"The festival," said Eglash, "is the fruit of years of planning to bring jazz in a big way to Las Vegas. We've got the most talented musicians in the country here and some of the best jazzmen, too. We're proud and happy now to see our plans for a true jazz festival finally being realized."

THE OTHER LEE WILEY

If you scratch a Lee Wiley fan, you'll find a dedicated person.

The most elegantly dressed and vocal of the vocalist's fans is George Frazier, long-time jazz writer, commentator on many subjects, and cicerone of the better life.

It stands to reason, then, that crossing a Frazier about Miss Wiley is tantamount to sticking your hand in a burning brazier, as the Schine Inn in Chicopee, Mass.; its management; and its press agent recently discovered.

Frazier, an important columnist in Boston, was invited to the inn to hear Lee Wiley. Proving his devotion, he drove 80 miles over snow-covered roads, only to discover another Lee Wiley—not the Lee Wiley—singing.

Frazier returned to Boston, filled his typewriter with thunder and lightning, suggested any number of punishments, softening his blows somewhat with, "For all I know, this girl may be named Lee Wiley, too."

Back in New York City, the Lee Wiley, lady-in-waiting now in semi-retirement, said she has been plagued with "the other Lee Wiley" for years. She said her attorneys tell her she must argue her case against the other singer in every state of the nation in order to protect herself. She also has complained to the American Guild of Variety Artists, but the organization can do nothing because the other Miss Wiley is not a member of the Guild.

Miss Wiley (the real one) says Miss Wiley (the other one) lives in New Jersey and has another name.

TV FUTURE CONTINUES TO BRIGHTEN FOR JAZZ

In addition to one-shot music programs that use jazz in varying amounts and degrees, there will be other uses made of jazz in the coming TV season. So far, there are three pilot films fea-

turing jazzmen now being shown prospective sponsors, a possible series of jazz films built around jazz names, and numerous other program possibilities. In all, 1962 looks as if it will be a good year on TV for our side.

And speaking of Goodyear, that tire company's proposed series is in the "possible" category — an hour-long Duke Ellington program already has been taped. If all goes well, Louis Armstrong and Dave Brubeck, respectively, will most likely star on the second and third shows.

The pilot films now being shown are *Jazz for Sale*, a half-hour series featuring prominent jazzmen (the first film has trumpeter Charlie Shavers, trombonist Billy Byers, saxophonists Al Cohn and Jerry Jerome, pianist Hank Jones, guitarist Mundell Lowe, bassist George Duvivier, and drummer Don Lamond); an as yet unnamed bowling (!) series emceed by Baltimore disc jockey Buddy Deane featuring recording artists, including jazzmen; and a new Frankie Laine show that will use jazzmen as a matter of course.

The possibilities are many and are now only in the conception stage, but the fact that they are being dreamed up indicates a much-changed network attitude toward jazz.

BRINKLEY JAZZ FEATURE IRKS NEW ORLEANIANS

NBC-TV's recent *David Brinkley's Journal* spotlighting New Orleans jazz precipitated a salty exchange between Brinkley and New Orleans *States-Item* columnist Bob Sublette.

Sublette branded the show false in its basic premise that strippers are replacing jazz in the Crescent City. He pointed to the show's own evidence to the contrary, including the activities at the purists' mecca, Preservation Hall, and the lively, if commercial, jazz offerings of several Bourbon St. clubs. Sublette suggested that the idea for the show was preconceived and charged that producer Ted Yates bent the facts to prove an *a priori* assumption.

Brinkley answered with a counter-barrage of remarks protesting Sublette's "sneering references" and soft-pedaling some of the show's exaggerations about the decline of jazz while magnifying aspects of the program that were favorable to Orleanians. Brinkley stated, "And by far the greater part of our work was devoted to the work of two organizations—the Jazz Club and Preservation Hall. . . ."

Disgruntled musicians and jazz fans who saw the program and read Brinkley's hindsight observations were wondering why Brinkley didn't answer Sublette's main question: if jazz is fading

away in New Orleans, why is there more jazz, commercial and genuine, in the city today than at any time in the last several decades?

FADING BUSINESS FADES CALIFORNIA'S ARAGON

A 42-year-old landmark of the dance-band business died recently when the Aragon Ballroom at Pacific Ocean Park in Santa Monica, Calif., closed because of declining business.

For 11 years home of the Lawrence Welk Band, the Aragon got a new tenant last May when Welk moved to the new Hollywood Palladium and Freddy Martin took over.

Initially booked for five nights a week, Martin most recently had been playing Saturday nights only. Martin's decision to return to the Cocolan Grove, with which he has been closely identified through the years, resulted in

the decision to shut the Aragon.

The weekly television show emanating from the ballroom and featuring the Martin band from now on will be staged at the local television outlet, KTLA.

Built by brewer Charles J. Lick in 1920, the ballroom became a noted name-band spot during the heyday of dance halls.

In the 1920s it regularly featured marathon dances; for some time after that it operated as a dime-a-dance place. During the boom years of World War II, as many as four name bands played nightly for war-production swing-shift workers. The ballroom is located on Santa Monica's Lick Pier—named for the brewer-builder—which was absorbed into the Pacific Ocean Park amusement complex four years ago.

The park management has no plans for the huge ballroom, now left with its ghosts and its memories.

Editorial

The Other Side of the Jazz-Business Coin

Last issue's editorial pointed out some of the bad working conditions prevalent in jazz night clubs and the need for immediate improvement in these areas. But there is another side of this coin—that of the musician.

It may be a strange way of putting it, but the jazzman is in business too, the business of creating (and selling) art-music. The musician's obligations are five: to his art, to the audience, to those who hire him, to his profession, and to himself. When one of these is abused, the others likewise suffer damage.

Too often when a musician has a complaint against the management, noisy members of the audience, another musician in the band, or whatever happens to upset him, he resorts to goofing off—which takes several forms—as a means of revenge. A childish way of evening scores, true, but not all jazz artists are mature persons.

A recent occurrence serves as an excellent example:

An immensely talented leader was playing one of the better jazz night clubs. All had gone well during the engagement—had gone well, that is, until the closing night. On that evening, because of some slight, whether real or imagined is immaterial, the leader stood on stand, horn in hand, and alternately stared at the packed house and exchanged comments with his sidemen—for 20 minutes.

What was accomplished? Undoubtedly, his ego was salvaged and the club owner infuriated. But the audience was insulted and cheated. The leader's reputation was certainly not enhanced. The art form and his fellow jazzmen were just as certainly done a disservice by his selfish, petulant act.

An isolated incident, to be sure, but there are other ways of an artist's not living up to his obligations: showing up late, disappearing before the end of the night, walking out on the job, working for less than union scale.

The last named is probably the most insidious and harmful practice a musician can get caught up in. Playing below scale—and this happens all over the country more than just frequently—hurts the whole profession. Most immediately, it can all but destroy the future earning power of he who succumbs to this terrible temptation, because once a musician gets the reputation of working for less than scale, it takes many years, or sudden fame, to escape this self-destruction. Some never escape. And there is more than one fairly well-known jazzman working for \$8 a night.

Of course, it takes two to indulge in this practice; the malevolent club-owner who takes advantage of another's misfortune is as much to blame as is the self-deluded musician who accepts under-scale propositions.

There are numerous other instances of musicians hurting themselves and others by misdeeds, just as there are other clubowner faults. But our purpose here is to point out the need for cleaning both sides of the coin. Now.

THE JAZZ MUSEUM

By CHARLES SUIHOR

The reactions of the jazz fan on visiting the New Orleans Jazz Museum are confused ones. Seeing Minor Hall's brushes, Sidney Bechet's soprano saxophone, and Johnny Bayersdorfer's cornet on unpretentious display, presenting themselves as genuine artifacts of U.S. culture, is an alternately gratifying and disconcerting experience.

The esoteric is no longer esoteric. The mostly forgotten, long-mourned-for greats are now remembered, and their names appear on charts and identification cards for the laity to peruse at will:

New Orleans . . . Bolden and Papa Jack Laine.

Chicago . . . Teschemacher . . . Rod Cless.

Kansas City . . . Benny Moten . . . Walter Page.

You don't have to be a member of the "insiders" anymore to read the *Record Changer* or hang around Orin Blackstone's record shop, to see those secret names and joke about Slow Drag Pavageau's homemade bass. The bass is there, and so is a picture of Drag, and you wonder if the guy standing next to you really knows the meaning of the names and the instruments and the museum itself.

Nevertheless, there are compensations for this intrusion on your hot little world of jazz insights. The unmistakable air of victory pervades the museum's 16 by 33 feet of floor space, and it is reflected in the confident, well-measured words of the New Orleans Jazz Club's Harry Souchon and the contagiously ebullient manner of museum director Clay Watson.

Souchon, a prominent local attorney and brother of the noted surgeon-guitarist Edmond Souchon, is generally conceded to be the main force in bringing the museum into existence. He wisely employed the full-time services of Watson to design, build, and operate the museum for the club.

The cottage that houses the museum was originally one of several located in another part of the French Quarter and owned by an adjoining department store. When the store announced plans to demolish the cottages and construct

a service building, the city's Vieux Carre Commission objected strenuously. After several unsuccessful attempts to compromise, a plan finally evolved at Souchon's suggestion to relocate the cottages elsewhere in the quarter, with one being donated for the establishment of a New Orleans jazz museum.

Souchon and Watson were still beaming with opening-night enthusiasm though almost two months had passed since its formal dedication.

The resourcefulness exercised by Watson in designing the museum was immediately apparent, for the room presented an uncluttered appearance despite an abundance of items. There were separate displays for the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Tom Brown's band, and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, as well as numerous memorabilia of such individual jazzmen as George Lewis, Irving Fazola, Sharkey Bonano, and Oscar (Papa) Celestin.

"We hope to have the use of the entire cottage within a few years," Souchon commented. "In the meantime, we have more items than we have room for, so we'll have to rotate our displays periodically."

Asked if the museum's activities would compete with the New Orleans Jazz Archives being compiled by Bill Russell and Dick Allen at Tulane University, Souchon declared, "Decidedly not. We're in co-operation with them, and they're in co-operation with us. In fact, if we receive something that's of interest to them, we let them have copies. Besides, their main interest isn't in things like musical instruments but in getting tapes, documents, and photographs of early musicians."

He pointed to a large stone sitting in the patio just outside the back door and asked, "What, for instance, could they do with that?"

An inscription on the stone read "Lulu

White." It had once been the stepping stone for visitors as they stepped from their carriages in front of Mahogany Hall.

On a large pillar in the center of the room there were several telephones.

"We call this the museumophone," Watson said. "For each number on the dial you hear a different phase of traditional jazz."

Only five of the tracks have been completed—blues singers, trumpeters, early string bands, early jazz bands, and marching bands. "We're planning to fill in the others soon," Souchon explained, "probably with Jelly Roll Morton, ragtime pianos and bands, foreign jazz bands, and a tape telling about the museum."

At the Tom Brown Band exhibit, the instruments of the front-line men are encased and near them is a contract dated March 1, 1915, for an engagement at Lamb's Cafe in Chicago, upholding the late trombonist's contention that his group preceded the ODJB up the river.

"You wouldn't believe how anxious the guys in that band were to get together again, even if it was in a museum," Souchon said with a smile.

It was good to hear this, for rumors had circulated earlier that some of the white and Negro musicians had been wary about donating to the museum, not knowing how much importance would be attached to their respective race's role in the beginnings of jazz.

"We had no trouble with this museum-wise," Souchon said. "In fact, most of the musicians wanted to get their instruments in. But there are some white musicians who are bitterly jealous of the colored. I don't know why—maybe it's the publicity and recognition some of the colored musicians have gotten. As for the museum itself, it isn't segregated."

The exhibits bear out Souchon's words. The clarinets of Leon Rappolo and George Lewis appear, and a tiny bust of Papa Celestin stands near Sharkey Bonano's famed derby hat. Even the charts tracing the history of jazz and significant jazz musicians are taken from Marshall Stearn's *Story of Jazz* and the French magazine *Jazz*, respectively, and reflect the views of no one member of the jazz club.

Does this liberalness extend to the acceptance of later forms of jazz? The only reference in the museum now to modern artists is in a casual pen-and-ink drawing called *Newport Doodlings* by the artist Friere. In the same frame with Louis Armstrong and Mahalia Jackson are Thelonious Monk and Tony Scott.

Souchon and Watson simultaneously
(Continued on page 42)



Director Watson and the jazz tree.



JAZZ BEHIND THE CURTAIN

By JOHN TYNAN

Modern jazz not only exists behind the Iron Curtain, it even can be said to be thriving, attracting a growing following among students, intellectuals, and professionals.

This is the essence of a report by Harold Jovien, jazz fan and Hollywood manager of music personalities, who toured extensively in Europe last fall visiting Moscow, Warsaw, Budapest, Prague, and East Berlin, as well as many Western capitals.

Jovien witnessed at first hand what he described as the "amazing" surge of interest in and performance of contemporary U. S. jazz by young musicians in Communist-ruled countries. He also transmitted their repeated requests for personal appearances in the capitals behind the curtain by the top U.S. jazzmen. (*DB*, Feb. 15).

A former staff member of *Down Beat* and *The Billboard* and for three years a member of *Esquire* magazine's jazz board, Jovien said he viewed the European trip as a unique opportunity to investigate personally the jazz situation in the five Red capitals on the travel itinerary.

Accompanying his wife, Mildred, touring on business in behalf of her Los Angeles travel agency, Jovien's jazz odyssey commenced with a polar jet flight to Copenhagen.

"We found jazz in Copenhagen here," he smiled, displaying a business card with the legend: "I Can Hop I Can Run In Vingaardens Bar (Center Of Modern Jazz)."

At Vingaardens, Jovien discovered the Jazz Quintet 60, a Danish group with two U.S. guests sitting in. The Americans, drummer Bobby Thomas and tenorist Frank Paoacky, told Jovien they were appearing in Denmark with a ballet troupe from New York.

There was no jazz to be heard. Jovien said, in Oslo, Stockholm, or Helsinki. He described Stockholm as "virtually closed down," adding that this was an unexpected disappointment since the Swedish capital generally has been considered one of the liveliest foreign jazz centers.

After Helsinki, the Joviens winged over the Curtain to Moscow and dinner in the Metropole Hotel.

"We were seated in the dining room," Jovien recalled, "waiting for service, when I noticed a bandstand all set up. Then, one of the musicians—a young, sharp-looking guy—appeared. He was followed by the rest of the band. We expected a waltz or mazurka, but the first number was *How High the Moon*. We flipped!"

This was followed quickly by *Take the A Train* and then the ballad *I Know Why (and So Do You)* and "some Kenton things." For variety, noted Jovien, the dinner orchestra alternated among modern jazz, popular American song fare, and Dixieland. Moreover, he added, there was nothing lacking in the Russians' musicianship.

At the end of the first set, Jovien said, the head waiter presented the American's business card to the musicians. In a body they came to the table, polite but eager for conversation.

"The language barrier," explained Jovien, "wasn't all that bad. We threw names at them like Thelonious Monk and Gil Evans, and this got a big reaction. They recognized them immediately and laughed happily and tried to speak with us in Russian."

According to the Russian musicians, the best jazz band in the USSR is based in Leningrad at a club named the First Five Years. Led by a musician named Somuloff, a drummer, its official name is the Leningrad Orchestra Vincstain.

"Unfortunately," said Jovien, "Leningrad was not on our itinerary."

According to the Moscow musicians, the best jazz band within the whole Soviet orbit, however, was to be found in Prague. They named Karel Krautgartner as the leader and urged the visitors to hear his music. In addition, said Jovien, they provided him with names of other Eastern European jazzmen in Prague, Warsaw, and Budapest.

"At this point in our mixed-up conversation," related Jovien, "we were suddenly brought down. We realized the Russians thought we were British. Then, when we made it clear to them we were Americans from Hollywood, they suddenly became very upset and obviously frightened that they'd said something they shouldn't to Americans. This fear of the U.S.—which it seemed to me to be—we found very sad and disturbing."

Before leaving, however, Jovien managed to get the names of these Moscow jazzmen. Levon Merabov was the pianist; Nikolet Larizev, drummer; Michail Aranovic, bassist; Vladimir Bondarenko, alto saxophonist; Jevgenio Jelifanov, tenor saxist; Genadio Alexandrov, trumpeter; and Nikolao Ponomarev, trombonist.

After five days of sight-seeing in Moscow—during which they noted Latin American and U.S. popular music being played over the public-address system of the huge GUM department store—the Joviens enplaned for Warsaw, Harold hot on the trail of Polish jazz.

"The first indication I saw of jazz in Warsaw," he said, "was a huge wall poster. Everything on it was in Polish except the words, 'Jazz Outsiders,' and 'New Orleans Stompers' in big capitals. I got the message. It was an ad for a jazz concert.

"Not being able to read Polish, I was

trying to discover where and when it was being held and getting nowhere fast. Then a young Pole addressed me in pretty fair English and asked if he could help. He did. He helped me get tickets and took me to a record store where I bought two LPs of groups scheduled to appear at the concert. I also got an album of Stan Getz playing with some Polish musicians.

"We had dinner with the young Polish jazz fan and his friend. They told us of the Hot Club Hybrydy, close by one of the universities, where the Komedya Trio works. This is a jazz trio with Wrzyszmof Komeda on piano, Adam Skorpka on bass, and Andrzej Zeilinski on drums. The pianist was terrific."

In their two days in Warsaw the Joviens found interest in modern jazz at a high level.

"All the jazzmen in the satellites," Jovien reported, "talked about the pianist Juncio Korosi in Bucharest as being fabulous. And the Polish musicians spoke highly of a trombonist and alto sax man, Zbyszek Namystowski, who had been voted Best Musician of 1960 in a jazz poll. Also, Tony Scott had been in Warsaw, and he made a big impression on the musicians."

So far as the Poles with whom they came in contact were concerned, Jovien noted, there was a marked contrast in their attitude to that of the Muscovite jazzmen. "The Poles knew we were Americans and didn't care," he said.

Budapest, Jovien described as "a delightful, charming city."

"But," he added, "I couldn't find any jazz. The people, there, though, are swinging livers, and the traditional Hungarian music was very much in evidence."

The Joviens' eight-day stay in Prague, he said, was the high point of the whole tour. He described Prague as a very jazz-conscious city with live jazz broadcasts a big feature on radio there. Regularly heard over Radio Prague is the Studio 5 group, a quintet led by bassist Ludek Hulan and comprising Richard Kubernat, trumpet; Artur Holitzer, trombone; Vladimir Tomek, guitar; Ivan Dominak, drums.

"The musical climax of our stay in Prague," Jovien recalled, "was a big jazz concert at the Rudolfino Auditorium—that's like our Carnegie Hall."

It was a historic occasion because the concert marked the first time jazz had been permitted entry by the cultural authorities into the sacred precincts of the theretofore longhair concert hall.

Topping the bill at the concert was the Krautgartner orchestra. Krautgartner, with bassist Hulan, make up "the most creative and hard-working" team for jazz in Prague, according to Jovien.

Also quite active in Czechoslovak jazz, Jovien said, is Gustav Brom, an arranger, conductor, and reed player heard regularly on radio from the city of Brno. Because of his broadcasts, Brom is well known and respected by musicians from Moscow to the western frontiers.

The printed program of the concert at the Rudolfino Auditorium was revelative. Krautgartner's 14-piece orchestra (four reeds, six brass, four rhythm) was augmented for the occasion by men from the Hulan group, and solos were distributed to a variety of instrumentalists throughout the program. Bill Holman's *The Big Street* was featured prominently, as were Dave Brubeck's *The Duke*, arrangements of Jerome Kern's *The Song Is You* and Bill Hudson's *Moonglow*, Gil Evans' adaptation of Leo Delibes' *The Maids of Cadiz*, and compositions by Czech musicians, including a suite by Hulan titled (roughly in translation) *Black Streak*.

Jovien said he was greatly impressed not only with the versatility and high level of musicianship of these Czech musicians but also with their adept grasp of the jazz idiom.

"During intermission," Jovien said, "I was introduced backstage to a doctor named Jan Hammer. This man is the pioneer of jazz in Czechoslovakia. He's married to their top jazz vocalist, Pat Pruchova, and he accompanies her on piano at the Alfa Club in Prague where she works. Their two children are something else! The boy, who's 11, plays jazz piano you wouldn't believe; and his sister, 6, accompanies him on

drums. This is quite a family."

Jovien's final stopover behind the Iron Curtain was in East Berlin. The wall was up, and tension hung heavy. There was no East German jazz to be heard.

As a result of Jovien's contact with the top announcer on Radio Prague, Jaroslav Smehil, Jovien now is seeking to negotiate an exchange of taped jazz radio programs between Hollywood and the Czech capital. He explained that the jazz radio programs beamed behind the curtain by Voice of America and Radio Free Europe have "tremendous impact" and inspired the Czech authorities to broadcast their own jazz. Jovien is optimistic about the program exchange. "This could help remedy the lack of communication between us and them," he explained. "The demand is certainly there."

While the Joviens were in Prague, he said, the Modern Jazz Quartet was touring west of the Curtain, "but the desire to hear them in the east is just overwhelming."

In this connection, he pointed out, "It should not be taken for granted that just because jazz is prevalent and popular in other non-Curtain European countries, it is not necessary to push it in the Communist lands, too."

"The intellectuals and students are definitely interested in modern jazz. Therefore, we should get to them. They are the leaders of tomorrow. If we could send them Gil Evans, Quincy Jones, and the like, it would do more to communicate with these intellectuals than anything else we might think of."

Ludek Hulan (bass) and group.





RACIAL PREJUDICE IN JAZZ

■ The growth of ill feeling—based on racial differences—between Negro and white jazzmen has become distasteful to most, alarming to some. A few self-proclaimed oracles have warned that ill feeling would lead to strict separateness and eventually kill jazz. But these are the few; the many recognize the situation as one that will be resolved with understanding on both sides. ■ *Down Beat* invited Abbey Lincoln, Max Roach, Ira Gitler, Don Ellis, Lalo Schifrin and Nat Hentoff to meet with Bill Coss and Don DeMicheal to air the situation. Much of the ensuing conversation revolved around Gitler's review of Miss Lincoln's Candid album *Straight Ahead*. (Gitler's review is reprinted on the opposite page.) ■ *Abbey Lincoln* was at one time a supper-club singer but for some time has devoted her vocalizing to sterner stuff than the material heard in plush establishments. Much of her work, both as lyricist and performer, has dealt with social injustice. ■ *Max Roach* not only is one of the most influential drummers in jazz history, but is also a talented composer; many of his compositions have been sung by Miss Lincoln. Roach was the drummer on Miss Lincoln's album. ■ *Ira Gitler*, currently writing a book dealing with jazz of the '40s, is a regular *Down Beat* contributor and record reviewer. ■ *Don Ellis* has played with Maynard Ferguson and George Russell, among others. His thoroughly personal trumpet playing has caught the attention of critics and listeners. ■ *Lalo Schifrin*, born in Argentina but a resident of the United States for the last two years, is a composer and pianist of great merit and is currently a member of the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet. ■ *Nat Hentoff* is one of the most prolific freelance writers in this country and is generally recognized as one of jazz' best writers. He was a &r man for Miss Lincoln's album. ■ *Bill Coss*, who holds an M.A. in sociology, is associate editor of *Down Beat*. ■ *Don DeMicheal* is editor of *Down Beat*.

GITLER'S REVIEW

STRAIGHT AHEAD—Candid 8015: *Straight Ahead*; *When Malindy Sings*; *In the Red*; *Blue Monk*; *Left Alone*; *African Lady*; *Retribution*. Personnel: Miss Lincoln, vocals; Max Roach, drums; Coleman Hawkins or Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; Eric Dolphy, reeds; Mal Waldron, piano; Booker Little, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Art Davis, bass; Roger Sanders, Robert Whitley, conga drums, on track 6.

Rating: ★ ★

It is usually beyond the reviewer's province to discuss anything but the music, but here the sociological aspects are too interwoven with the material to be ignored.

I dislike propaganda in art when it is a device. Billy Holiday's *Strange Fruit* had a social message, but it was art first. It was a song that echoed the particular time in which it was done, but it was poetry of a lasting nature, too. *Straight Ahead*, the title song, fits the '60s, true, and I am in agreement with its sentiments—but its validity does not make it good art.

Miss Lincoln has emotional power, but her over-all mannered approach becomes wearing in the end. She has dropped her supper-club attitudes but has merely replaced them with a set from a different bag. The notes state that part of her liberation as a singer "has come from a renewed and urgent pride in herself as a Negro."

The only trouble is that she has become a "professional Negro."

Straight Ahead is about the slowness in the arrival of equal rights for the Negro. Although *In the Red* is about the trials of poverty, you get an impression that it is only about Negro poverty. When referring to Miss Holiday's *Left Alone*, Miss Lincoln is quoted in the notes as saying, "In a way, all these tunes are about Billie . . . they're about all of us." The latter statement was made, the notes say, as she looked around the studio.

All the musicians on the date are Negro. Therefore, the "all of us" seems to exclude whites. The irony here is that the main audience for her segregated singing will most probably be white, as the greater part of the general jazz audience is white.

I don't say that Miss Lincoln is not sincere in her racial attitude, but I do think she is misguided and naive. For instance, according to the notes, she is president of the Cultural Association for Women of African Heritage and attends other meetings to hear African nationalists speak. She is involved in African nationalism without realizing that the African Negro doesn't give a fig for the American Negro, especially if they are not blackly authentic. I would advise her to read *A Reporter at Large* in the May 13, 1961, issue of the *New*

Yorker or talk to an American Negro jazzman of my acquaintance who felt a strong draft on meeting African Negroes in Paris. Pride in one's heritage is one thing, but we don't need the Elijah Muhammed type of thinking in jazz.

Apart from the conscious racial angle, the quality of her singing is not consistent or is her material, and this is the most important consideration in evaluating her work. Her bad intonation could be excused if it led toward the achievement of something positive.

On *African Lady*, Miss Lincoln is particularly out of tune, and it is almost a blessing that the ensemble is sort of loud. *Retribution* contains a banal set of lyrics topped by a seemingly endless repetition of the "let the retribution match the contribution" line.

The reference I made to Billie Holiday was not accidental. Miss Lincoln has adopted some of Miss Holiday's mannerisms, and on her they don't sound quite the same. The effect is caricature. There are a few on *Blue Monk*, but there they do not annoy. Working with Thelonious Monk's blues, Miss Lincoln has fashioned a convincing set of lyrics and, with a minimum of flat notes, gives her best performance of the set. Even her coined term "monkery" ("the act of self-searching like a monk does") is more than merely clever. Her wordless improvisation at the end is extremely moving.

Hawkins has several powerful solos, the best of which are on *Left Alone* and *Monk*, but even he falls before the unmusical *In the Red*.

Little's sweet-toned, inventive trumpet is heard to advantage on *Malindy*, an Oscar Brown Jr. melody to a poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar that finds Miss Lincoln really capturing the lusty, exuberant feel of the whole composition.

Outside of *Monk* and *Malindy*, this set is subpar. Waldron's melodies on *Ahead* and *Alone* are worthy of better treatment, however.

Now that Abbey Lincoln has found herself as a Negro, I hope she can find herself as a militant but less one-sided American Negro. It could help her performance. (I.G.)

ALL PHOTOS BY CHARLES STEWART



Miss Lincoln

Gitler

THE PANEL DISCUSSION

At the start, participants talked of the working conditions in night clubs. Roach said it was one of the roles of the jazz magazines to make people aware of bad conditions in jazz instead of "tearing up individual artists."

Coss: I agree completely with all that, yet you may find an individual critic who feels very strongly about something, to the point where he feels he must not speak out against but *about* a particular artist. . . .

Miss Lincoln: But Ira's article [record review] was *against* me, not *about* me.

Coss: Was it against you?

Miss Lincoln: Yes, it was against me.

Gitler: I didn't say any good things about you?

Miss Lincoln: Firstly, it was not a review of the music.

Gitler: It was. It was something beyond it, but it also was a review of the music. I said explicitly in the review that the rating was for the music alone.

Miss Lincoln: No, but you didn't rate it for the music alone. You couldn't have, because in the whole article you talked about me as a human being and about my attitudes which you can't possibly even know about, Ira. How can you? . . . What makes you come to all the conclusions that you came to? The Muhammed-type thinking. And you said I was a professional Negro, which is really funny. It is impossible for me to be a professional Negro because I *am* a black woman. I can't become . . .

Gitler: I meant by that, using the fact that you were a Negro to exploit a career . . .

Miss Lincoln: Exploit a career? How can I sing as a black woman, as a Negro, if I don't exploit the fact that I'm a Negro?

Gitler: Yes, but I thought you were overdoing it, because the whole tone of the album was just one way.

Miss Lincoln: To you it was one way, because you came to it with . . .

Hentoff: In that sense, Ira, does Jimmy Baldwin exploit being a Negro when he writes? Because 90 percent of what he does, especially in his essays, is about being Negro. . . .

Roach: Well, here's one thing. Who knows more about the Negro than the Negro? If anybody has the right to exploit the Negro, it's the Negro. Everybody else up until this point has been exploiting the Negro. And the minute the Negro begins to exploit himself,

even if this was so, here comes somebody who says they shouldn't exploit themselves. But who *should* exploit the Negro? Here's the point: she has a perfect right to exploit the Negro.

Schifrin: Besides that, I think that the art of today is no more an abstract thing. Not only writers who write with words, but also musicians and painters, even abstract painters, they have an attitude. [You must understand] jazz musicians have an attitude even when they go to the stand and blow their instruments. You can't avoid that.

Hentoff: This is something, I think, fairly new in jazz, Ira, because whatever protest was in the music was often either oblique or done off the wall, in a sense. Even in the blues, if you go through the old lyrics, there are surprisingly few direct protests in the blues, and certainly very little in jazz until fairly recently.

It's all part of a radically changed social context, and I think it would be totally unrealistic, aside from esthetic judgments, to expect musicians today not to include everything they think and feel in their music. . . . It's no longer just entertainment. It's part of this whole evolution of jazz as an art in itself, as an object in itself, that probably Parker and Gillespie did more than anybody else to start. And when you've got that, it's no longer background music for drinking.

Gitler: I never thought it was.

Hentoff: No, but most people did, and most of the public attitude toward jazz has been that. That's one of the reasons why there's been a shock in this kind of work—in things like *Freedom Now Suite* or Abbey's album or Max' on Impulse.

Schifrin: Even when you are avoiding an attitude, you are having an attitude.

Hentoff: Evasion is an attitude, too.

Miss Lincoln: All art must be propaganda; all art must have an attitude; and all art must reflect the times you live in.

Roach: And be entertaining, to boot. It must give you something.

Hentoff: I think here it's a matter of semantics. Several people, not you, Ira, have mentioned that some of this music is ugly, that it's full of rage.

Gitler: Well, life is ugly, too.

Hentoff: The point is that there are no dictums that I ever heard of that one could respect that said all art must be pleasant or serene or cohesive. It can be just as fragmented or just as full of hate, if that's the feeling of the moment. . . .

Coss: I think Ira may have done himself a disservice, and maybe we are,

too, by using the word "exploit" all the time. I'm sure he might have used that word at one time meaning one thing, and I'm sure that is *not* what he really means in terms of what he wrote.

Miss Lincoln: Yes, but he must have when he said . . .

Roach: The tone of the whole article. . .

Miss Lincoln: . . . that I was a professional Negro.

Roach: . . . was in this attitude. Here's a woman who would speak, not only for herself but for me, too—and for anybody else . . . in a similar situation. And his approach was that she had no right to speak for herself. . . .

Gitler: I didn't write it that way.

Roach: It wasn't a critic, to me, [writing] from an artistic stand. It wasn't a critic who investigated whether it had or hadn't been done before. . . . It wasn't a critic, if you were to ap-



Roach

proach it from a social point of view, who even understood what a Negro goes through.

Gitler: I haven't experienced them because I'm not a Negro, but I understand some of them.

Miss Lincoln: Which does not give you the right to write that kind of an article.

Roach: You [criticized] it on a ground you knew nothing about, because there's no way possible for me to know what it is to be a Jew, even though I'm a Negro. We may be oppressed, both of us, but it's impossible for me to know how you feel when certain things come up.

Gitler: But you can understand certain things. You may not feel it acutely because you're not that person, but you can understand.

Miss Lincoln: You may not understand it either.

Roach: I would have to spend a lifetime as a person who didn't come up under Judaism in studying it to get me remotely close to what you really feel like when millions got murdered or something. I didn't feel the same way you do. And you can't feel something that happened in the South the way I feel it.

Gitler: Feel and understand are two

different words. I may not be able to feel it, but I can understand it.

Roach: You cannot understand it like I can.

Miss Lincoln: How can you understand if you don't feel it?

Gitler: Because I've been close to a lot of Negroes.

Roach: But you cannot understand it with the same kind of understanding that I do.

Gitler: But now we're talking about degree. . . .

Schifrin: At that point I think there is a human level where it is not only that you are a Negro or a Jew or whatever you are—

Roach: I wasn't thinking about that.

Schifrin: No. But there is a human thing. . . . Universal literature has an example like *Faust* . . . there are basic feelings of human beings that could happen in any kind of race.

Roach: Yes. I understand what you mean. But by the same token when your mother dies, Max Roach does not feel how you feel. When my mother dies . . . we may have had different feelings. I may have hated my mother.

Ellis: But, Max, when you read literature and you identify with some of the characters, aren't you doing just this? You are identifying yourself with whosever mother dies, or something like this. And you are feeling in your own way this feeling. Perhaps you can't feel it. No two people can ever feel the same way.

Miss Lincoln: I don't think that's a good analogy when you talk about mothers because everybody has a mother. But everybody is not black in this society. And the people who are are the only ones who are qualified to say how it feels. If my head is bloody, if somebody has kicked me in my head, I have the right to react however I choose. And if you have kicked me in my head, how can you then say to me how I should feel about it? You see what I mean? It's not valid.

DeMicheal: But aren't you saying how a whole race should feel about it when it's really how each individual feels about it?

Miss Lincoln: Each individual has his own way of looking at it.

DeMicheal: Yes, but when we talked in Chicago, you remember our talking about not the struggle for just one race but for all men.

Miss Lincoln: I'm for that. Yet my struggle first is for my people. I cannot. . . .

Roach: That's a socialist dream, Don. . . . We can only approach it with what happens to us today. But this is not a

dream. We're not dreaming. What you're talking about is a dream. We all would hope for something like that, but in the meantime we have to go on the street. We have to react.

Hentoff: I don't think it's realistic to expect the American Negro right now to expend any energy, or any significant amount of energy, toward working for "all of mankind." There's just so much that has to be done right now. If the kids in the South—and I speak especially of the ones I know in the Student Nonviolent Co-ordinating Committee, who are to the left of Martin Luther King in terms of direct action right now. Now several of these are pacifists. They're real Gandhians. They've thought it out. And sure, they're for unilateral disarmament and other kinds of supranational concerns, but right now they're in the South because that's the area of focus for a Negro, and I think if I were a Negro, I'd feel the same way. And it seems to me that another aspect of this that no one's brought out is that it's also unrealistic not to expect a period of catharsis for the American Negro—a period where all the rage and bitterness and anger and torment has to get out. I think it's very healthy that it gets out in the music and in writing and in all those areas. To expect the American Negro to say okay, we've got it or are about to get it, and then suddenly forget everything that has gone before is akin to expecting Jews to immediately forgive, using that term in a very vague sense, the Germans. It's just not possible. And no human being has reached that level of getting out of himself.

Gittler: I'll agree with you there. Because there have been so many years of taking that there has to be a period of giving. . . .

Hentoff: That's why I think the key thing in your review that I'd like to know how you can defend is the term "professional Negro." This really is the worst kind of epithet because it immediately implies falseness, dishonesty. I think you really have to have your facts before you can say this about anybody. I think there are professional Negroes—there are professional Jews, there are professional civil libertarians, there are professional Goldwaterites. But it's a rough charge.

Gittler: I felt she was leaning too much on her Negritude in this album. -

Miss Lincoln: How did you come to that conclusion?

Gittler: From a combination of the material. . . .

Miss Lincoln: What did the material say? There was only one tune, Randy Weston's *African Lady*, that said anything about being black. The rest of

the tunes—it all depends on how you listen to them—were about social conditions. *Straight Ahead* [the album's title track] would apply to anybody. . . .

Gittler: Then Nat's notes led me in another direction. [*Ed. note:* Hentoff wrote the album's liner notes.]

Miss Lincoln: But you. . . .

Gittler: Wait a minute. Do you remember that thing I quoted in the review about what Nat said in the notes about looking around the studio? [*Ed. note:* The liner notes read: "In a way," said Abbey, 'all these tunes are about Billie (Holiday).' She looked around the studio. 'They're about all of us.'"]

Roach: You should have read Nat's notes carefully. Nat gave you something of the artist, the personality of the artist, in his album notes. He gave you what he thought inspired some of the things he



Miss Lincoln

noticed about her. . . . that may have led her to this direction. It had nothing to do with saying. . . . but you approached it like it was a disgusting thing.

Coss: No. Not disgusting. . . .

Gittler: No, these were her thoughts. She said, "These are about all of us," looking about the studio.

Miss Lincoln: These are the thoughts that Nat said that I had, but I did not have. I had never met some of these people. . . .

Hentoff: There were several whites in the studio.

Gittler: You didn't imply this.

Miss Lincoln: He didn't have to imply it. You must have known Nat himself was there.

Gittler: What were the names of the musicians and singers that you named in connection. . . . You said about Billie, and, I think, you brought in Hawk [Coleman Hawkins].

Hentoff: I didn't think about it until I read your review.

Roach: She wasn't just singing to us in the studio; she was singing to the world. You don't make records to sing to guys around the studio. You make a record for the whole world to hear.

Gittler: I didn't assume that.

Ellis: Did you take in your review—if I'm wrong, correct me—but I got the feeling that you objected to, not just in Abbey's case, but in any case in general, to using some sort of a—what can I say?—to the Negro movement and the feelings of a Negro. You seemed to object to this as a basis for art.

Roach: But she was telling the whole world. . . .

Hentoff: I think Don's right. Where do you draw the line?

Gittler: I didn't think it was artistic, and that's how I based the review.

Miss Lincoln: Why did you not think it was artistic?

Gittler: I didn't like your singing on a lot of the numbers.

Miss Lincoln: Why didn't you say that?

Gittler: I did.

Miss Lincoln: You said I sang out of tune.

Roach: She didn't sing out of tune on any of the tunes. . . .

Hentoff: For the sake of argument, let's suppose that Abbey were out of tune. . . . and suppose that the album was just horrible music artistically. Does the fact that somebody is inartistic, is a poor musician, a poor writer thereby immediately infer that he or she is a professional Negro?

Gittler: Those were two different parts of the review. As I pointed out in the review. . . . The star rating, as we have it, was for the musical content. Not that you can divorce the content of the words and everything from the musical content. They're together. But I was not prejudiced by the fact that I thought she was overdoing a certain thing as far as the musical content was concerned. If I had thought she sang brilliantly throughout, I would have given it a higher rating, even though I didn't agree with what I thought was her philosophy.

Miss Lincoln: How could you have listened to it that objectively since you had come to the conclusion that I was a racist? You automatically could not possibly have listened to the music objectively.

Gittler: I don't think you are a racist.

Miss Lincoln: You did say that in essence.

Gittler: I said Elijah Muhammed type of thinking and only implied by that that I don't want a separation of black and white. I want to keep the two together in jazz.

Miss Lincoln: Well, that's your problem, not mine.

Gittler: That's my opinion, not a problem.

Roach: It's the social problem of this



Ellis Hentoff Roach



Coss

country. . . . [later] Ira, who's a good singer to you?

Gittler: Billie Holiday. . . .

Miss Lincoln: Tell me, why is it that you never censured her for being an obvious masochist? Everything Billie Holiday sang was about unrequited love, nearly. Now, why is it nobody got after her about her subject matter? She sang about what was most important to her. And I, Abbey Lincoln, sing about what is most important to me. And what is most important to me is being free of the shackles that chain me in every walk of life that I live. If this were not so, I would still be a supper-club singer. Now just tell me why you never censured her for this.

Gittler: I was just about to answer that. I can't speak for other individuals, but I've never had the opportunity to review Billie Holiday's records. It never came up.

Miss Lincoln: Well, then why do you like her so much, because she was really one-sided. Billie sang about "My Man Don't Love Me" and "My Man's a Drag." My Man, My Man, My Man. . . .

Schifrin: That would make a critic like a psychoanalyst. Like judging if she is a masochist or has a deep-seated complex.

Miss Lincoln: But this is what he did to me. He said that I was a professional Negro because I sing about what is important to me. I can't sing about unrequited love because I don't have unrequited love. I can't sing about things except what I know about.

Hentoff: I think those two words are the core of the argument—the professional Negro.

Miss Lincoln: Yes. They were very painful. . . .

Coss: It may be that over a period of time, say over a year's time, the fact that you have been written up so often in the press as not being a professional Negro but being a . . .

Hentoff: Militant Negro.

Coss: . . . being a question of this and that and so on, might have built up an image about you.

Miss Lincoln: I'm sure of it.

Coss: But is the image true?

Roach: Yes, I'll tell you why. They don't teach Negro history in any school in the North. . . . The only place we can go to find out anything about ourselves is in places where if somebody sees you there it's . . . un-American.

Coss: Cecil Taylor said so well that Sidney Poitier didn't have anybody to go back to in order to understand what was going on in the American theater. All he could do was be a kind of Negro Marlon Brando. Whereas, the jazz artists could very much be himself and go back to his whole heritage as a jazz artist. Isn't that so?

Roach: That is true.

Miss Lincoln: Yes, Bill. And I'll tell you something. You know when I was a professional Negro nobody seemed to mind. . . . There was a time when I was really a professional Negro. I was capitalizing on the fact that I was a Negro, and I looked the way Western people expect you to look. I wore ridiculous dresses, and I sang the songs that were expected. I was a professional Negro. I was not an artist. I had nothing to say. I used innane, stupid material on the stage. And as soon as I said, "I don't want to do this anymore; I want to give the best that I have to the public," they came down on me with all four feet.

Gittler: Since this has got to be an individual thing between you and me because of the review, let me correct something you said before, or maybe implied. I did not come to that record with a prejudice of you.

Miss Lincoln: You must have.

Gittler: No, I didn't. Because the first time I heard you, I wasn't aware of you as a person, only as a vocalist. I didn't like your singing, frankly. You know, the early records you made on Riverside.

Miss Lincoln: I liked those albums.

Gittler: All right. I didn't. And so, I had no prejudice against you as a professional Negro, as you just put it, playing a certain role. Because I didn't see you perform. And I didn't see you gowned or anything like that. The first time I saw you was over at the theater on 74th St. right after the Newport rebel festival [1960], and you did *As Long as I'm Livin'*, and I dug it. In front, I liked you there. The next time was at the Jazz Gallery, and you were doing some of the same material—no, none of the same material you did in the album. You did *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*, I think. And so when I got this album, I had no prejudices. In other words, it was the album itself that hit me that way. . . .

Hentoff: This is as much a sociological as a musical question. So that the question—going back to professional Negro again—is what is the critic's measuring

criteria? For deciding when, as in this specific case, there is a feeling of Negro militancy, of impatience, of demands, of memories of past outrages. How do you decide which of this is false art, and hence—

Gittler: I didn't say "false."

DeMicheal: May I say something first? About 15 minutes ago Abbey said something about all art being propaganda. I don't believe this.

Gittler: I don't either.

Miss Lincoln: What is propaganda? Tell me what is propaganda first.

DeMicheal: Propaganda, to me, is the attempt to change someone's mind.

Miss Lincoln: To you, you said. I'm glad you said that, because to me propaganda is an attitude.

Roach: Yeah, from the dictionary it's information.

Miss Lincoln: In order to say anything, it must be propaganda. It's a point of view.

DeMicheal: Okay, I'll go along with you, but I don't like the word used in this context. . . .

Roach: Ira implied that it was bad. . . . You guys are propaganda organs. And an artist is the same thing, even if he is just trying to spread propaganda about himself.

DeMicheal: Well, it has a negative connotation. . . .

Miss Lincoln: But, Ira, your article was the epitome of propaganda because you said to the general public—to the people who read this magazine—watch out for Abbey Lincoln because, first, she doesn't like white people. She believes in separate states.

Coss: Do you, Abbey?

Miss Lincoln: First I'd like to qualify this by saying, Bill, that this is a very personal thing—whether I do or whether I don't—it's like your religion. It's not anything I need talk about, but I would like to say it just does not happen to be true. I'm not that idiotic that I'd dislike people because of the color of their skin. I dislike what white people have done to my people. Intensely.

DeMicheal: This brings up a point that

has bothered me for some time. We might as well use the term Crow Jim. To me, a lot of the Negro jazzmen have limited the people that they say swing—the people they will hire—to Negroes. They will say white guys don't swing, don't play jazz, and they have stolen our music.

Miss Lincoln: And they have.

DeMicheal: They haven't. I don't agree with you there.

Roach: Don, let's go back a little further now. This is a sort of a historical thing. We are all products of our environment. All of us. I mean early stages, in the beginning—up to a point. If I'd been raised in a classical family and been exposed to Bach and Mozart, I probably wouldn't have been as down as the guy who had been exposed to, say, Chick Webb all his life. . . . Now, by the same token, I find very few black people in the classical idiom of music. Because, you see, they haven't been exposed to this. I know very few like Robert Pritchard. Robert Pritchard has his doctor's in music; he's black as Miles Davis. And this guy cannot swing. His whole life he's been like this. There's no way in the world he can sit on a bandstand with a person like Bud Powell. By the same token, Bud Powell would be completely out of place with someone like Horowitz. Because Horowitz has been doing it all his life—like Bud has. So that is really one of the social evils that's got this country screwed up. That's a social subject, this Crow Jim, and everybody has such a wrong attitude about it. They think the guys are shutting them out, but if a guy wants a *good* jazz player, nine times out of 10 he stands a better chance of getting him from the black population than from the white population because of exposure.

DeMicheal: You're saying we are products of our social environment; therefore jazz is learned. Why would a Negro boy learn jazz better than a white boy?

Roach: My son—he listens to records all day. From before he was born—in his mother's belly—that's all he's been hearing.

DeMicheal: So has my son.



Ellis

Roach: All right. Then he stands a chance.

Hentoff: I think this generation may be different somehow. You know, Nat [Adderley] answered that question at that symposium pretty well. [Ed. note: Hentoff refers to the discussion *Inside the Cannonball Adderley Quintet*, which appeared in the June 8 and June 22, 1961, *Down Beats*.] Going by a store, say, or a restaurant he would hear a different sort of record than a white boy would [in a white neighborhood].

DeMicheal: I was over at Martin Williams' yesterday, and he made a very good point. He says Stan Getz plays one way, John Coltrane plays another, although he didn't name these as examples, but let's take these two people as opposites. Stan swings one way, John another. Why should difference be qualitative?

Roach: I agree with you there. I believe that when a guy . . .

Miss Lincoln: Why don't they say there's a difference though?

Roach: Wait a minute, Abbey. Excuse me one second. Here's what that is. After we get to a certain level in our craft, we are professionals. It's a matter of taste whether you like Coltrane or Getz. Both of these guys are good jazz players. This guy might like oranges, that guy might like apples better, but it's all full-grown fruit now. It's a matter of taste. For the record and for credit—I think credit should be given but only on the basis of whether someone contributes something new to what's happening, even if it's just a little bit. Where you can see that this is a new dimension a guy has given, like Bird has given. Then there's credit. But you can't say because Bird came up with a new dimension that he's a greater jazz player than Johnny Hodges, because both are masters of the craft. So then it's just a matter of your own personal taste. And people who say this guy is better than that guy, that this guy is completely out of it—musicians don't even judge like that.

DeMicheal: You've just said if you want a jazz player, or words to this effect,

that you would stand a better chance of hiring a Negro than a white player.

Roach: I'll tell you why. The jazz player I have to get today has to be over 21 years old. Now 21 years ago, Don DeMicheal was just a kid himself. And was your father, like you, interested in jazz?

DeMicheal: He played Caruso.

Roach: You understand what I mean. Whereas the colored guys of your age that I would get to work with me, they have been hearing jazz all their lives.

Ellis: Max, I think you're speaking a fallacy here. Because it doesn't take everyone the same amount of time to learn or to establish a feel for it. You may be completely isolated, grow up in the woods some place, and not hear jazz until you're 21, but at that time you should be better able to assimilate the feelings necessary.

Roach: There are exceptions to the rule.

Ellis: I don't think there are exceptions. I think it's just an individual thing.

Roach: It's an exception to the rule. It goes against the laws of nature. I look around, unbiasedly look and listen to everybody, and there are only certain guys I say—and these same people, everybody else says the same thing, too. I say, well I'd like to have Sonny Rollins when he was real young, but now everybody wants Sonny Rollins. . . .

Miss Lincoln: Don, I don't believe there's such a thing as Crow Jim. You know what Jim Crow is? Jim Crow makes it impossible for the black man to function in this country to the capacity that he should. Now you cannot possibly tell me that because certain Negro musicians hire the few . . . First, there's not that much work. A white musician can always get a job.

Gitler: Crow Jim is not the powerful thing Jim Crow is, but it's a term which means something.

Roach: It's a natural thing. I'm trying to explain it.

Miss Lincoln: I don't believe it exists.

Schifrin: I'm an . . . example of that. I work for Dizzy.

DeMicheal: And how long have you been interested in jazz? And you were



DeMicheal



Schifrin



Ellis Hentoff Roach

raised in a completely different—you were raised in Brazil.

Schifrin: No, Argentina.

Hentoff: A more stable environment.

DeMicheal: When did you get interested in jazz, Lalo?

Schifrin: About 10 years ago, maybe 11. I was 18. I was in the university and some friend of mine . . . no, I should tell that my first interest in jazz was when I listened to Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, and Albert Ammons. That was for me the door of jazz.

DeMicheal: In other words, you've learned in the last 10 years.

Schifrin: Only through records.

DeMicheal: Environment aside.

Miss Lincoln: You know what? When I was a little girl—

DeMicheal: But this doesn't necessarily make it better, Abbey.

Miss Lincoln: Yes, it does. It makes a difference. When I was a little girl, it seeped through the walls. My mother said it was terrible music. It was music of the devil, but I heard it anyway. It came from the ceiling, from somebody else's apartment. Jazz.

Coss: Even if your own parents didn't play it.

Miss Lincoln: That's right.

DeMicheal: I was raised in a hillbilly environment. I can't play hillbilly music worth a damn.

Miss Lincoln: You didn't hear hillbilly music through the walls.

DeMicheal: The hell I didn't. [Laughter]

Ellis: Abbey, you made the statement, I believe, that white people couldn't play jazz because they didn't have the same background.

Miss Lincoln: I didn't say that.

Ellis: What did you say?

Miss Lincoln: I believe that there are different approaches to jazz. I believe that white people have one approach and that Negroes have another. I don't say that they're not both jazz.

Ellis: Then you would also say, would you not, that Negro people and white

people have different approaches to Bach?

Miss Lincoln: Certainly.

Schifrin: I don't think so, because the message of Bach was not a message for white people; it was a message for the whole of humanity.

Miss Lincoln: How could it be for whole humanity? The only people, at the time, in the forefront were white people.

Schifrin: That doesn't mean anything, because human feelings are the same.

Miss Lincoln: They are not the same. I don't believe they are the same.

Roach: Basically, they really are. A mother feels towards her child—

Miss Lincoln: I'm not talking about mothers. I'm talking about . . . people have different temperaments, and this is the reason they all bring something different into the world.

Ellis: Abbey, in other words you are saying, in essence, that you, as a Negro, are different from every white person. Then you are giving ammunition to the whole thing of racial prejudice. . . .

Miss Lincoln: Because you are different does not necessarily mean that you are unequal. Why it is that people cannot be different as animals are different. Everybody has his own function. . . .

Hentoff: I think Abbey's point is indisputable. I think if you grew up in this country as a Negro, then you are going to feel different and therefore *be* different. Until such time as there is no difference in who you are in the outside world—

Roach: I'd like to add this. In the world today, it is as Abbey says. But the way the world *should* be is something else. We are all human beings, and basically it doesn't make any difference what any do. You can be this, and I can be that. It should be like this. But because of the world—socially, the way it's cut up—this person is regulated by this, these guys are known for this. This is something that has to happen [in such a society.] And today it does exist.

Ellis: Then I wish you'd tell me what the differences are.

Miss Lincoln: In people?

Ellis: Between Negro and white people.



DeMicheal Miss Lincoln

Roach: We are more prone to play jazz . . . than white guys are. And you guys are more prone to play classical music because of your environment.

DeMicheal: How much of it is economical?

Roach: I think all of it is. . . . But actually, I believe there is no difference. But because of society—you understand what I mean? Do you know what the social system is? The black man is here, and the white man is there. So we get a chance to operate at one level to our fullest capacity, and you get a chance to operate at another. So we both contribute different things because we are not together.

Miss Lincoln: And it's unrealistic to say that there is no difference. It's just as different as we look different. . . .

Roach: We're all human beings. It's true we can all function in any capacity, but I say it's society that has got us so that we contribute different, because, you'll find eventually, the Chinese will have just as good scientists as the Western civilization does. If given the opportunity, everybody will be able to work anything anybody else is able to do, be-



Gitler

cause we're all human beings. But society today has got everybody chopped up into little things so you only contribute . . . your contribution can only be measured by the standard of which you have really to work with.

If you don't have colleges, if you don't have this and that, you cannot produce atomic scientists. If you do, you can. But society today makes it different—not because you're black or he's white—given the same tools, we'd all be straight. But society puts you over here, puts him over there, so, consequently, your contribution is in very different degrees. You do best what you have to work with here, and he does best with what he has to work with over there.

Gitler: Look, granted the American Negro has been the most important person in jazz since its beginning, but the individual white musician—if he comes from a certain environment, or if he has it within himself—can be equally great, although it's the exception rather than the rule.

(To be continued next issue.)

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record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Henahan, Frank Kafsky, Bill Mathieu, Harvey Pekar, John A. Tynan, Pete Welding, Martin Williams, John S. Wilson. Reviews are initiated by the writers.

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

CLASSICS

Laurindo Almeida

REVERIE FOR SPANISH GUITAR—Capitol P-8571 and SP-8571: *Reverie*, by Debussy; *Melodie*, Op. 42, No. 3, *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*, *Waltz from Serenade for Strings*, *Barcarole from The Seasons*, by Tchaikovsky; *Discantus*, by Almeida; *Tango Espanol*, by Albeniz; *Pavane for a Dead Princess*, by Ravel; *Etude*, Op. 10, No. 3, by Chopin.

Personnel: Almeida, guitars.

Rating: ★

The disabling lack of taste that has marked Almeida's career as a classic guitarist (and which, incidentally, has helped put him in the forefront of current moneymakers as a recording artist) leaps out embarrassingly in this release.

The entire disc, with the possible exception of Almeida's own composition, is given over to lush transcriptions. In some instances the arrangements are entirely unidiomatic for the guitar. Hear the popular Chopin etude, for example, which sounds monstrous in this version. Worse yet, some sort of musical or antimusical narcissism has dictated Almeida's resort to the multiple guitar foolishness, in which he plays duets and trios with himself.

If there is any way to undercut the work that has been done in behalf of the guitar in this century by Segovia, Rey de la Torre, Julian Bream, and a few others, this is it. The tragedy is that Almeida is exceptionally talented. It is too bad that he has chosen to be the Carmen Dragon of the guitar. (D.H.)

Franck/Monteux

CESAR FRANCK—RCA Victor LM/LSC 2514: *Symphony in D Minor*.

Personnel: Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Here, for anyone's basic library of orchestral standards, is the most palatable Franck *Symphony* on records.

Monteux ignores the customary excesses of crescendo and diminuendo and of dreary rubato that have become attached to this work. His approach is classical in its refusal to belabor the obvious; never does he whip up a forte into a double or triple forte, and except where indicated, he refuses to indulge in expressive ritards.

Aurally, the Monteux-Chicago Symphony is less boisterous, though hardly lean, which would deprive Franck's organ-like sonorities of their prime appeal.

Perhaps Monteux' chief virtue in this scrupulously recorded work is his ability to give Franck's intrinsically weak developmental sections a constant interest through careful attention to nuance and orchestral detail. (D.H.)

Various Artists

KEYBOARD GIANTS OF THE PAST—RCA Victor LM-2585: Padrewski *Minuet in G* (played by Ignace Padrewski); Chopin *Impromptu in F Sharp*, Op. 36 (Vladimir de Pachmann); Liszt *Etude in D Flat* (Harold Bauer); Schumann *Carnaval*, selections (Sergei Rachmaninoff); Arensky *Waltz from Suite, Op. 15* (Harold Bauer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch); J. Strauss *Blue Danube Waltz* (Josef Lhevinne); Liszt *Chant Polonais No. 5* (Moriz Rosenthal); Levitzki *Arabesque Valsante* (Mitscha Levitzky); Liszt *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11* (William Kapell).

Personnel: Pianists as listed above.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I have a friend who solemnly insists that he would like to collect old records and would do so if the sound were better.

Well, here is his chance to begin in the piano category: on this disc RCA has gathered nine of the finest gems from its vault and then engineered them within an inch of their lives to make the sound as faithful as possible.

Oddly, not much seems to have been done to improve the rather fuzzy Kapell selection, which dates only to 1951, but that allows the earlier performances to sound even more remarkable.

As a group, the departed artists heard here play with more ease and expansiveness, and with more freedom of interpretation, than today's pianists. The Rachmaninoff contribution is no less than phenomenal, and RCA ought to reissue the entire *Carnaval* in a re-engineered edition immediately. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Cannonball Adderley

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET PLUS—Riverside 388: *Arriving Soon*; *Well, You Needn't*; *New Delhi*; *Winetone*; *Star Eyes*; *Lisa*.

Personnel: Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Victor Feldman, vibraharp, piano; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

To my ears, this is the most satisfying Adderley group session in some time. The disc is refreshingly free of mannerisms or gratuitous funk; it contains, instead, some surging examples of the powerful, direct, and earthily persuasive jazz of which Cannonball and cohorts are capable.

All six men—for ringer Kelly is heard on piano on four selections (all but *Arriving* and *Lisa*) on which Feldman switches to vibes—play beautifully throughout, and especially so on the first three selections.

Cannonball himself is at peak form, playing with a swaggering, blustering assurance and a creative intensity that I had found lacking in some of the group's more commercially oriented work of late. His plunging, quick-silver alto work is con-

sistently exciting and stimulating on the album's first side, particularly on the up-tempo *Arriving*. He, as usual, dominates the group, and after his slashing, glistening solos, it is no wonder that brother Nat's work sounds a bit pale. (In any other setting Nat would probably come across to better advantage; here, however, he has to take a back seat.)

Nat does have a well-constructed solo on the feelingly executed *Needn't*, but here, as elsewhere, he tends to dissipate its effect in some sputtering, near-hysterical upper-register work (he seems to take refuge in this when he gets in trouble in his solos). His shrill, strident, and largely insensitive solos on *Star Eyes*—the most pedestrian of the six pieces, by the way—strike the only false notes in the proceedings. Muted, as in Feldman's relaxed *New Delhi*, his work is engaging and unpretentious, and in this unhurried atmosphere he produces his best solo in the album.

Kelly, in his four appearances, comes across with some well-ordered improvisations in his usual understated manner and is a model accompanist.

Feldman's spare, darting vibes lines are extensions of his piano style—discrete and uncluttered. Hayes and Jones are exemplary in their rhythm role, and their sensitive playing on *Needn't* is worthy of particular attention. (P.W.)

Shorty Baker-Doc Cheatham

SHORTY & DOC—Prestige/Swingville 2021: *Chitlin's*; *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *Baker's Dozen*; *Good Queen Bess*; *Night Train*; *Lullabye in Rhythm*.

Personnel: Baker, Cheatham, trumpets; Walter Bishop Jr., piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It has always seemed to me that Baker does not know what to do with the simple structure of the 12-bar blues, and his playing in this album does not contradict this impression. Cheatham is much more at home with blues material, and he shines here in *Baker's Dozen*, *Night Train*, and the overlong *Chitlin's*, while Baker is hung on a few narrow phrases.

But Baker shows his colors on Johnny Hodges' old *Queen Bess* and the lovely *I Didn't Know*. There are just a few musicians who can interpret ballads as well as Baker, and it is a real pleasure hearing his burnished tone, his taste, his timing on *I Didn't Know*.

The high point of the album is in *Lullabye*, where Baker, in complete command, springs out of the last bars of the opening ensemble and takes two kindled choruses, and where Cheatham, after some difficult solo moments, trades slashing

Miles in Disneyland
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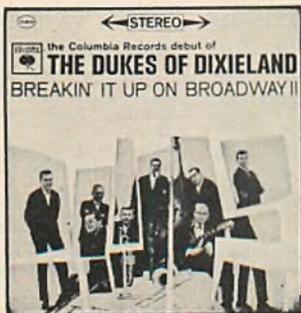
JAZZ

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Rockin' Rhythm
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RECORDS

ideas with Baker in the closing choruses.

Bishop, Marshall, and Heard are excellent. Bishop's comping on Baker's second chorus on *Queen Bess*, after laying out entirely for the first chorus, is very effective. (G.M.E.)

Art Blakey

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES—Epic 16022: *No Problem; No Hay Problems; Prelude in Blue; Valmontana; Miguel's Party; Prelude in Blue II; No Problem II; Weehawken Mad Pad; Valmontana II.*

Personnel: Blakey, drums; Barney Wilen, tenor, soprano saxophones; Lee Morgan, trumpet; bass, piano, unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

As the rating indicates, this record, containing the original sound track of the film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, is good. However, it's far from completely satisfying.

Wilen and Morgan are not living up to the expectations they gave rise to several years ago. Both swing and play with a certain amount of continuity and melodic inventiveness, but most of their ideas are commonplace.

Morgan is still just a good disciple of Clifford Brown. Wilen is especially disappointing in view of the short but exquisite solos he contributed to Miles Davis' *Elevator to the Scaffold* in 1957. His style—though it had some resemblance to Lucky Thompson's—was very fresh. Since then his playing derives rather obviously from three sources: Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane.

Most of the compositions are undisistinguished, though *Prelude in Blue* is pretty and *Valmontana* infectious.

Wilen, on soprano, takes his best solo on *Prelude in Blue*. His tone on this technically devilish instrument is warm and vibrato-tinged. He has admirable control in the lower register. (It's possible that Sidney Bechet had some influence on him because he doesn't emphasize the dry, ascetic possibilities of the horn.)

The pianist has a tasty, straightforward spot on this track as well as on *Valmontana II*. His playing is free from the more apparent Red Garland and Horace Silver devices.

Morgan cooks on the second version of *Prelude* and on *Weehawken*, displaying an admirably full tone and powerful attack. He demonstrates his ability to conceive and execute long, complex lines on the latter tune.

Blakey's work in the rhythm section is probably the highlight of the album. Past complaints about his "insensitivity" will not hold up under scrutinization. Listen to his restrained, beautifully clean work behind the piano solo on *Valmontana II*.

His place in jazz as one of the men who recognized and extended the poly-rhythmic tendencies of Kenny Clarke's original modern jazz drumming style is secure. (H.P.)

Brun Campbell-Dink Johnson

THE PROFESSORS—Euphonic 1201: *Maple Leaf Rag; Barber Shop Rag; Salome's Slow Drag; Fragment; Brun's Slow Drag; Short Rag; Essay in Ragtime; Slow and Easy; Blue Rag; Lulu White; Reminiscences; Kansas City Stamps; Twelfth Street Rag; When the Sun Goes Down; Cannonball Rag; Frog-i-More Rag; Dink's Blues; Original Jelly Roll Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-11, Campbell, piano. Tracks 12-18—Johnson, piano, vocals; drums unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Euphonic records, produced by Paul E. Affeldt, editor of *Jazz Report*, makes an auspicious debut with this collection of performances by two little-known jazzmen.

Campbell is a ragtime pianist who knew and studied with Scott Joplin, Louis Chauvin, James Scott, and Tom Turpin in the heyday of ragtime. He retired about 1928 but was lured back to activity by the traditional revival of the '40s when these performances were recorded on acetate discs.

With one exception, he plays his own compositions, the exception being Joplin's *Maple Leaf*, which emerges in the manner in which, one assumes, it was intended to be played—at a moderate tempo and with a firm, deliberate attack.

The constant plea of the old ragtime pianists that piano rags were not to be played fast is respected in Campbell's performance and results in a cumulative, building effect that is much more moving than anything the flying-fingers approaches have produced. There is considerable variety in Campbell's tunes, ranging from a gay and driving piece, *Essay*, to his stately and deliberate development of *Brun's Slow Drag*. Liting, melodic beauty runs through all the pieces, and Campbell's playing, occasionally hesitant in the opening stages of a selection, is firm and steady.

There is considerable surface scratch on some pieces, and the recording in general is middle-fi, but neither element is serious enough to diminish the interest of these performances.

Johnson was a New Orleans man, brother of bass player Bill Johnson, brother-in-law of Jelly Roll Morton. His selections were taped some time after the Campbell recordings and are considerably better recorded. Johnson has a marvelously lithe, easy manner of playing, occasionally bursting into song, frequently singing a wordless melody line and trimming his piano part down to simple accompaniment. At times he seems to be a blend of Fats Waller and Morton, mixing Waller's blithe spirit with Morton's long, flowing blues lines.

Although Johnson was older than Campbell (both men are now dead), his playing is quite contemporary, while Campbell's style is a reflection of an era long past. In each case, these are fascinating performances—both instructive and entertaining—and an extremely welcome addition to jazz discography. (J.S.W.)

John Coltrane

SETTIN' THE PACE—Prestige 7213: *I See Your Face before Me; If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You; Little Melonae; Rise and Shine.*

Personnel: Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

There has been much hue and cry late-

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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- Don Ellis, *New Ideas* (Prestige/New Jazz 8257)
- Stan Getz-Bob Brookmeyer (Verve 8418)
- Lightnin' Hopkins-Sonny Terry, (vocal) *Last Night Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1029)
- The Essential Charlie Parker* (reissue) (Verve 8409)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt, *Boss Tenors* (Verve 8426)
- 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)
- Oscar Peterson, *The Trio* (Verve 8420)
- Gerald Wilson, *You Better Believe It* (Pacific Jazz 34)

★ ★ ★ ★

- Charlie Byrd at the Village Vanguard* (Offbeat 3008)
- Bill Evans, *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (Riverside 376)
- Ella Fitzgerald, (vocal) *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* (Verve 4053)
- Charlie Mingus, *Mingus* (Candid 8021)
- Fats Navarro with the Tadd Dameron Quintet* (Riverside Jazzland 50)
- Sonny Rollins, *Sonny Boy* (Prestige 7207)
- Charlie Rouse/Seldon Powell, *We Paid Our Dues* (Epic 16018)
- Clark Terry, *Color Changes* (Candid 8009)
- 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

RBFB 3)

The Cannon Is Heard Again...

on Riverside, of course

It's no mere pun to say that the sound of this Cannon—CANNONBALL ADDERLEY and his sensational group—is the most forceful sound in jazz today. Which makes the announcement of their newest album a major event:

The Cannonball Adderley Sextet In New York

(RLP 404—monaural; RLP 9404—stereo)

It's another 'live' recording—made at the celebrated Village Vanguard, and brimming over with all the wonderful enthusiasm and vivid excitement of audience reaction that sparked the group's two previous record-

breaking 'live' best-sellers: THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET IN SAN FRANCISCO (RLP 311—monaural; RLP 1157—stereo)...THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE (RLP 344—monaural; RLP 9344—stereo)

As the title of the latest album tells you, the group is now bigger and better than ever, with the deep-down tenor sax (and the flute and oboe) of Yusef Lateef added to the soaring, top-rated alto sax of Cannonball, the brilliantly driving cornet of Nat Adderly, and that surging rhythm section made up of Joe Zawinul (piano), Sam Jones (bass), and Louis Hayes (drums). They're all at their soulful best, with special emphasis on a great new, blues-drenched Jimmy Heath tune called **Gemini** that you're sure to be hearing a lot of from now on.

RIVERSIDE

ly about Coltrane's current playing habit: overlong solos in confined harmonic areas. Compared with his present excursions, these tracks of a few years ago seem short, though they are by no means two- or three-chorus outings.

Coltrane plays at length, melodically developing his solos, never becoming monotonous. Even *Rise*, on which he doesn't make everything he tries for, is exciting. Such is not the case with Coltrane today, but that's another story.

Garland has a building solo on *Meloniae*, Jackie McLean's fine line; Chambers and Taylor contribute good solos on this track, too. Chambers also has a typically well-thought-out bowed solo on *Face*.

The best track, to me, is *Lovelier*, which never has been treated this way before. Coltrane really makes something beautifully personal from it.

Those who like what Coltrane is doing in 1962 and those who reject it will both like this album. (I.G.)

Red Garland

HIGH PRESSURE—Prestige 7209: *Soft Winds*; *Solitude*; *Undecided*; *What Is There to Say?*; *Two Bass Hit*.

Personnel: John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Garland, piano; George Joyner, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

High Pressure is from the session, recorded after the breakup of the original Miles Davis Quintet but before the group's re-formation as a sextet, that previously produced *All Mornin' Long* and *Soul Junction*.

It is natural to place this LP in time by referring to the Davis quintet, for, because of the presence of Coltrane and Garland, it is with that group that one almost immediately thinks of comparing the five-some herein presented.

What does that comparison show? Joyner and Taylor both were lacking in subtlety and imagination with respect to Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones, their Davis counterparts. And Byrd, for all his Clifford Brown-ish passion and fire of this period, was simply not the equivalent of Davis.

That said, the debit side of the ledger is cleared, and it must be admitted that it is far outweighed by the credits.

To begin with, there is the leader. Garland has been referred to as a cocktail pianist, a designation difficult to understand. To be sure, Prestige sometimes has exploited the more lyrical facets of Garland's playing in order to have a competitor in the Ahmad Jamal-Ramsey Lewis-Three Sounds vein. Yet this ignores the fact that Garland is not an imitator; doubtless he was playing that style before anyone heard of Jamal.

In any case, a solo such as the one he unfolds on the blues *Soft Winds* is sufficient to establish him as a model post-bop pianist.

With lyricism, economy, and an apparently unquenchable flair for melodic invention, he weaves chorus after chorus, each containing just enough of the unexpected to keep the listener on seat-edge. It is the Garland world in miniature: single-line phrasing yielding to block

chords, then a brief allusion to Coltrane's sheets-of-sound approach, and finally an impressionistic passage taken in octaves. In all, a tour de force of which any piano player might be proud. Cocktail pianist indeed!

And then there is Coltrane.

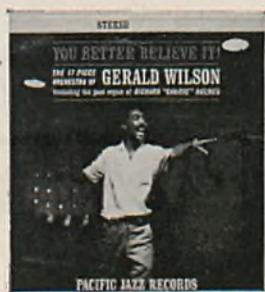
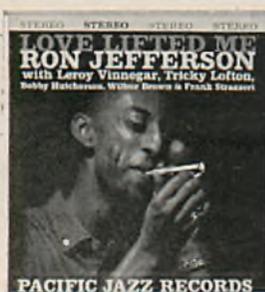
He is typically unbelievable on *Soft Winds*, literally tearing off strings (or sheets, if you prefer) of notes with that intensity we have come to expect, while yet softening his furious inventions with the compassion that makes him the major poet of his instrument and not, as some would have him, a dehumanized machine for the production of arpeggios.

Coltrane's statement on *Two Bass Hit*, like *Soft Winds*, a blues, is of another stripe. Where *Winds* found him in his *Blue Train-Traneing In* mood, *Hit*, like his solo on *Straight, No Chaser* (on Miles Davis' *Milestones* LP), gives hints of things to come.

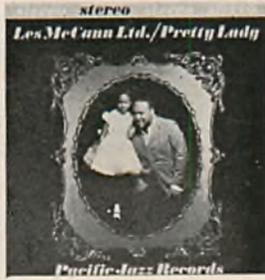
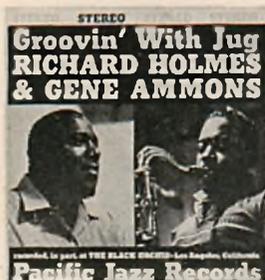
So oblique is Coltrane's reference to the basic chords that one would scarcely fancy it a blues. Marvelous to behold is his ability to broaden the harmony of a tune so that even the most unrelated notes sound "right" when he plays them. What was begun on *Hit* and *No Chaser* we now see coming to fruition in such works as *But Not for Me* and *Summertime* on his *My Favorite Things* LP.

Byrd's playing bristles with excitement. Alas, it is sometimes superficial: I had difficulty remembering what he had just played when it was over. But then, he was a much younger and less-matured soloist at that period. While one might decry the

WORTH HAVING / PACIFIC JAZZ



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

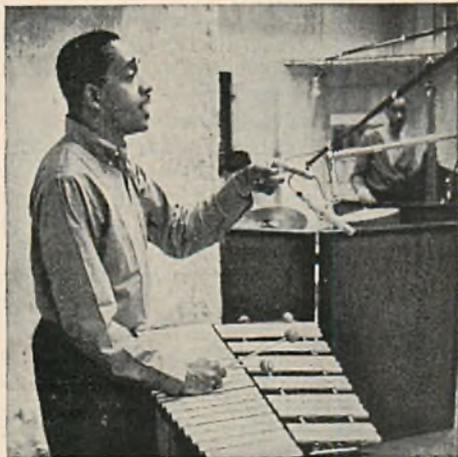


The RICHARD HOLMES-GENE AMMONS collaboration ("Groovin' With Jug" PJ-32) has produced one of the few fresh organ-tenor albums of the year. The enormously talented RICHARD TWARDZIK recorded just one album prior to his untimely death... this is it ("The Last Set" PJ-37). HARRY EDISON, RICHIE KAMUCA and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

E Unum Pluribus...

It may not be proper Latin, and it's certainly not the way the slogan reads on coins turned out by the U.S. Mint (in case you haven't read any coins lately, they say "E Pluribus Unum"—out of many, one—meaning one country created out of many states). But it struck us as a fitting way of announcing a most important and pleasing fact:

It seems that Milt Jackson, sometimes known as "Bags," and always known as the greatest of jazz vibraharpists, was to make one album for **Riverside**. He did—and more about that in a moment—but almost before the tape ma-



chines stopped turning on that one we became able to announce that Bags has become an exclusive **Riverside** recording artist. Instead of a quick trip, he'll be calling

this label 'home' for quite some time. Instead of a single album, we are happy to inform you there'll be lots of Milt Jackson records. As you might say (translating that hip Latin phrase above):

Out of One, Many by Milt Jackson on Riverside

...And that first, but far from only, LP is on its way to you now. It's a fabulous pairing of two of the most inventive, most swinging, top-ranked artists of our time, backed by a truly superlative rhythm section: **BAGS MEETS WES**. Milt Jackson & Wes Montgomery (with Wynton Kelly, Sam Jones, Philly Joe Jones) (RLP 407—monaural; RLP 9407—stereo).

You'll surely agree with us that this is one of the great "meetings"...and one of the great albums...and a wonderful way to introduce Bags into the distinguished **Riverside** jazz catalogue—a brilliant array of talent that also includes (alphabetically): CANNONBALL ADDERLEY... NAT ADDERLEY... EDDIE 'LOCKJAW' DAVIS... BILL EVANS... JOHNNY GRIFFIN... BARRY HARRIS... JIMMY HEATH... SAM JONES... BLUE MITCHELL... THELONIOUS MONK... WES MONTGOMERY... GEORGE RUSSELL... BOBBY TIMMONS... and many others.

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lack of profundity in his work, there is no denying that it is technically flawless and, as it is on this LP, quite moving at times.

Any of the three albums that resulted from the Garland quintet session would be a worthy and desirable addition to a balanced jazz collection, not the least this one.

However, if you pick this one, take the precaution of playing before purchasing. Some parts of my review copy were unplayable. (F.K.)

Erroll Garner

CLOSEUP IN SWING—ABC-Paramount 395: *You Do Something to Me; My Silent Love; All of Me; Shadows; St. Louis Blues; Some of These Days; I'm in the Mood for Love; El Papa Grande; The Best Things in Life Are Free; Back in Your Own Back Yard.*

Personnel: Garner, piano; Eddie Calhoun, bass; Kelly Martin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

When a soup manufacturer perfects a particularly satisfying recipe, it is gratifying to know that every time you open a can of that soup, the flavor, bouquet, and texture are going to be the same. One applauds such consistency. And, if one views Garner as a commercial vehicle, one must approve the consistency with which he delivers the product that he perfected several years ago.

When you buy a current Garner record, avoiding the collections of culls that Columbia has been dredging out of its vaults occasionally since it had its falling out with Garner, you get the flavor, the bouquet, the texture—everything—as before. But whereas there's an obvious reason for buying another can of good soup after one has been consumed, a good Garner record will last a long time with proper care.

The question boils down to how many Garner records do you want or need? *Closeup in Swing* is a good collection of Garner, complete with the customary Garner hallmarks (or clichés if you've heard them too many times). But it is no different from any number of other good Garner records. There is a point at which Garner's consistency becomes self-defeating. (J.S.W.)

Dave Grusin

SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING—Epic 622: *I'm Just Taking My Time; Ride through the Night; Now I Have Someone; When You Help a Friend Out; Getting Married; How Can You Describe a Face?; Who Knows What Might Have Been?; I Said It, and I'm Glad; Comes Once in a Lifetime.*

Personnel: Grusin, piano; Milt Hinton, bass; Don Lamond, drums.

Rating: see below

When the first jazz LP of a show score was released in 1956 (the Shelly Manne *My Fair Lady*, with André Previn, on Contemporary) I found it agreeable listening on the first hearing but didn't get any tremendous message. At that time the show hadn't been on Broadway long, and the melodies were not familiar. Many months later, when a couple of the songs were established hits and the rest were at least recognizable, the Manne-Previn variations became far more interesting.

For the same reason it is hard to judge this Grusin package. If you have seen the

show and know the tunes well, this version will probably mean more to you than to those who are unfamiliar with the score (as am I); however, Grusin is a capable performer in a modern, Previnish manner.

It would have been easier on Grusin if his debut album had a set of well-known standards and/or jazz-oriented original instrumentals.

Maybe next time?

(L.G.F.)

Tubby Hayes

INTRODUCING TUBBS—Epic 16019: *The Late One; Love Walked In; S'posin'; Tubbsville; R.T.H.; Cherokee; Falling in Love with Love; The Folks Who Live on the Hill; Wonderful! Wonderful!*

Personnel: Hayes, tenor saxophone, vibraphone (tracks 3, 8); Terry Shannon, piano; Jeff Clyne, bass; Bill Eyden, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 6—Bobby Pratt, Stan Raderick, Eddie Blair, Jimmy Deuchar, trumpets; Don Lusher, Jimmy Wilson, Keith Christie, Ray Premru, trombones; Alfie Rees, tuba; Johnny Scott, piccolo, added. Tracks 3, 8—Dave Goldberg, guitar; Johnny Scott, flute; Bill Skeets, flute, clarinet; Bob Burns, Al Newman, clarinets, bass clarinets; Harry Meyers, oboe, added to the first personnel.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

As Hayes showed clearly when he visited this country for a week's engagement at New York City's Half Note, he is one of Great Britain's finest modern jazz saxophonists and is able to stand on his own in world competition.

In New York he was heard only in a small-group context and on tenor saxophone. In this recording, made in Britain, he is presented in three different settings, one of which features vibes (*Tubbsville* and *Wonderful!*). He also functions as composer-arranger.

Hayes has indicated a liking for Sonny Stitt, Sonny Rollins, and Hank Mobley. His playing seems closer to Mobley than to the others, but his is a harder-punching, more relentless attack than Mobley's, and his sound is his own.

As it turns out, the best tracks here are with the quartet. Hayes rips through *Late*, based on Rollins' *Airegin* pattern, and is far more convincing on the funky-minor *R.T.H.* than on the "soul-conscious" *Tubbsville*, which features a brass ensemble.

Falling in Love swings at medium tempo, with Hayes more lyrical than usual. There are times at up tempos when the welter of notes can be wearying. *Cherokee* has some of these but it also swings mightily and contains a section in which Hayes blazes unaccompanied in an extremely convincing demonstration of his ability.

On the brass tracks, Hayes voices piccolo with trumpets, showing imagination as an arranger and orchestrator. The most successful usage of the device is on *Love Walked In*.

As a vibist, he does not approach his saxophone prowess, although he is more than adequate. As annotator Benny Green points out, *Folks* is treated with "fine sensitivity." But *S'posin'* is pedestrian in its theme statement and doesn't rise far above that level even when Hayes and Shannon improvise.

The longest track is the eight-minute *Wonderful!*, which Rollins recorded a couple of years ago. Hayes is reminiscent of Rollins in the melody statement but becomes completely Tubby again in an assertive, thoughtful set of choruses and exchanges with Eyden.

Clyne has a couple of nice solos, espe-

cially the one on *R.T.H.*, and Deuchar sounds good on *Love Walked In*. But Hayes has the spotlight and deservedly so. This is not the best Hayes can do, but it's still better than good. (I.G.)

Kid Howard

AFRAID TO STAY HERE, AFRAID TO LEAVE THIS TOWN—Icon 4: *Indian Sun Wau: The Three Sixes; Willie the Weeper; High Society; In Gloryland; When My Dreamboat Comes Home; See See Rider; Londonderry Air.*
 Personnel: Howard, cornet; Eddie Summers, trombone; Israel Gorman, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles or Homer Eugene, banjo; Louis James, bass; Josiah Frazier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

One would think that these veteran New Orleanians would have enough problems in trying to get themselves back into proper playing shape for a disc without having to face the added complication of inept recording.

This disc is the product of two sessions held in August and September, 1961. Side 1, made at the first session, is very badly balanced, Howard's cornet clearly in focus and everything else dimly recessed in a background that is filled with echoing tubbiness.

The second session, side 2, gets off to an unpromising start with *Gloryland*, on which the band is placed on a generally equal level of dimness and, incredibly, the vocalist is somewhat off-mike. With *Dreamboat* the recording quality picks up and remains on a reasonable level for the rest of the side.

As to the performances, the major points of interest are Howard and Sayles. Howard goofs some of his openings, but once he gets going, he produces a big tone and has a strong, positive attack.

Sayles contributes to the generally effective rhythm section and has several warm, easy solos. He is, in fact, the most assured and polished performer in the group.

Gorman's clarinet, almost inaudible on the first side, is thin-toned but singing with a legitimate rather than a jazz tinge while Summers is a limited and unimpressive trombonist.

On the whole, the disc does little credit to the project of Grayson Mills, who produced it, to preserve the New Orleans jazz of the 1920s. (J.S.W.)

Roland Kirk

KIRK'S WORK—Prestige 7210: *Three for Dizzy; Makin' Whoopee; Funk Underneath; Kirk's Work; Doin' the Sixty-Eight; Too Late Now; Skater's Waltz.*

Personnel: Kirk, tenor saxophone, strich, manzello, flute, siren; Jack McDuff, organ; Joe Benjamin, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

German critic Joachim Berendt once said of Kirk, "He has all the wild, untutored quality of a street musician coupled with the subtlety of a modern jazzman."

As a tenor saxophonist, Kirk is in the hard-swinging groove generally associated with many of the tenor men who came out of bop. It is his other instruments, the strich and the manzello, that impart the "street" flavor, especially when he is playing them simultaneously and/or with tenor, as on *Three for Dizzy*.

This multiplicity, plus McDuff's charging organ, make this LP sound as if there is

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JACKIE McLEAN



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with Freddie Hubbard, Kenny Drew, Doug Watkins, Pete La Roca.

McLean's playing was once described as hurt, lonely and, as a result, angry. This was true of an earlier Jackie. Today he is still very much a hard

swinger but the anger has abated to a large degree. He has matured in many ways and this is reflected in his music. McLean does not espouse sentimentality, to be sure, but neither does he avoid honest sentiment and tender moments as the word "unsentimental" might imply. —Ira Gitler

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a bigger band present. Listen to *Sixty-Eight*; McDuff's backgrounds are very effective, and he plays his best solo of the album. He's no Jimmy Smith, but he does have a lot of spirit and works well with Kirk.

As a flutist (*Funk Underneath*) Kirk also shows himself to be distinctive. While playing flute, he produces a parallel voice, not by humming as do Sam Most and Yusef Lateef, but by singing and growling in his throat.

Occasionally, he gives a short "wheeee" on the siren whistle that hangs around his neck. Its effect is somewhat whimsical and not overdone at all.

There are a lot of blues, major and minor, in this set, but they are not wearing. Additional balance is supplied by a tender mood on *Too Late Now* and the inclusion of *Whoopee* and *Waltz* (done in 4/4, the latter is a good use of unlikely material). All in all, this is a cooking set. (I.G.)

Booker Little

OUT FRONT — Candid 8027: *We Speak; Strength and Sanity; Quiet, Please; Moods in Free Time; Man of Words; Hazy Hues; A New Day.*

Personnel: Little, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Julian Priester, trombone; Don Friedman, piano; Max Roach, drums, tympani, vibraharp; Art Davis or Ron Carter, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Posthumous praise is sometimes all too easy to give, but it is deserved in the case of the late Little.

Many diverse musicians, such as Freddie Hubbard and Teddy Charles, thought he was the next trumpeter in jazz. His playing in this album, the best he put on record, is strong evidence that he well might have been.

Over-all control and ease in the upper register were two of his noteworthy attributes; purity of sound was another. Although he was technically advanced, he seemed to have curbed his tendency to use it for its own sake. Of all the young trumpeters to have stemmed from Clifford Brown, Little developed his own personality in the shortest time.

His compositional side, represented here by all seven selections, is starkly expressive and markedly individual. There is a seeming linkage among several of the selections, leading one to believe that perhaps he had a suite in mind when he was writing these pieces. A somber mood prevails and is relieved only occasionally.

Priester is tentative in his short solos; and although Friedman sounds good, he has little space to develop his ideas. Roach is an inventive percussionist throughout, but on *We Speak*, he is too much for my speakers and tone arm.

It is fortunate that Dolphy does not get any more solo space than he does. I used to be one of his champions, but he is hard to tolerate any more. I like to think that it is he, rather than I, who has changed. He has taken his worst characteristics and amplified them.

Only on *Free Time* does he concentrate on some held notes and melodic playing instead of running his favorite cliché. On *We Speak*, he is emotionally effective at times but gets hung up on his clichés and downright ugly noise. His *Hazy Hues* solo

begins with that oft-repeated run of his (I'm sure you'll recognize it from his other solos, no matter which record you refer to), and he continues to restate it.

The rating is for Little. (I.G.)

George Shearing-Montgomery Brothers

GEORGE SHEARING AND THE MONTGOMERY BROTHERS — Jazzland 55: *Love Walked In; Love for Sale; No Hard Feelings; Enchanted; Stranger in Paradise; The Lamp Is Low; Double Deal; And Then I Wrote; Darn That Dream; Lois Ann; Mambo in Chimes.*

Personnel: Shearing, piano; Buddy Montgomery, vibraharp; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Monk Montgomery, bass; Walter Perkins, drums; Armando Peraza, Ricardo Chimelis, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

I stand disillusioned. You see, for some time I've held the opinion that George Shearing is one of the ablest pianists in jazz and that if he would forget the dollars to be had by serving music to digest by—if only for the time it takes to cut a record in company other than his group—he would show his salt.

I looked forward to this album; here was Shearing in fast company, and he was not the sole leader. Or so I thought. And what is the result of this meeting of Shearing and the Montgomery Brothers? Easily digested jazz, which, in effect, turns the brothers into just another Shearing quintet.

Not that there aren't interesting moments. There usually are even on the most commercial Shearing record. But with this lineup there should have been many more. It's just that nobody seems really to have his heart in it.

The best track, I feel, is Buddy Montgomery's attractive original *No Hard Feelings*, on which Shearing plays a quietly cooking solo and Wes turns in one of his light, glistening performances.

But aside from that, not much happens. The two ballads, Shearing's *Enchanted* and Buddy's *Lois Ann*, have pleasant and relaxed piano, but on *Enchanted*, so relaxed it's almost sleepy. The Latin things, *Stranger*, *Chimes*, and *Lamp*, are unexciting, featuring for the most part Shearing's attempts to capture the fervor this music should have; he sounds merely careful.

Disillusioned, you see. Maybe someday the Shearing record I keep telling myself is in the man will be made. This wasn't it, for sure. (D.DeM.)

Bobby Timmons

THE BOBBY TIMMONS TRIO IN PERSON — Riverside 391: *Autumn Leaves; So Tired; Goodbye; Dat Dere; Popsy; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Dat Dere II.*

Personnel: Timmons, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Carter, another of the fine crop of bassists to hit the scene recently, is the star of this date. Like Charlie Haden and the late Scott LaFaro, he tries to expand the melodic scope of his instrument.

His touch is percussive, achieving a "hard" sound in contrast to the fuller sonorities of, say, Ray Brown. His featured solo on *Softly* has admirable continuity, and fortunately, as the liner notes imply, he is allowed complete freedom in the rhythm section. His accompaniments are often more interesting than the piano solos.

Timmons is a swinging and tasteful, but not particularly distinctive, musician. He seems content to play in a fairly conventional fashion and to absorb the devices of whichever pianists are currently popular. On most of the tunes he works out of a Bud Powell-Horace Silver-Red Garland bag; on *Goodbye* some of his ascending phrases are clearly derived from Bill Evans.

I hope Timmons realizes the nature of his shortcomings, since he seems to have the equipment to become a first-rate soloist. At present, however, some of his contemporaries, such as Cedar Walton and especially McCoy Tyner, are outclassing him in that area.

Heath turns in a competent though not greatly inspired performance. (H.P.)

Various Artists

THE JAZZ LIFE—Candid 9019: *R&R; Black Cat; Father and Son; Lord, Lord Am I Ever Gonna Know?; Vassarlean; Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah.*

Personnel: Track 1—Charlie Mingus, bass; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Jo Jones, drums. Track 2—Lightnin' Hopkins, vocal, guitar. Track 3—Cal Massey, trumpet; Julius Watkins, French horn; Hugh Bradie, tenor saxophone; Patti Bown, piano; Jimmy Garrison, bass; G. T. Hogan, drums. Track 4—Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Kenny Clarke, drums; Martial Solal, piano; Peter Trunk, bass. Track 5—Mingus, bass; Lonnie Hillyer, Ted Curson, trumpets; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Dolphy, bass clarinet; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Nico Bunink, piano; Dannie Richmond, drums. Track 6—Kenny Dorham, Benny Bailey, trumpets; Max Roach, drums; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; Julian Priester, trombone; John (Peck) Morrison, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This potpourri is a companion piece to his book of the same name, produced by a&r man-author Nat Hentoff. None of the selections has been issued before, but this is an uneven collection at best.

The longest track is *R&R*, a simple riff on *I Got Rhythm*. Eldridge starts it with a muted stint and closes it with some open rasping and screaming that could have come earlier. In between, there are solos by Dolphy, Knepper, Flanagan, and Mingus that are good by themselves but don't build to the kind of climax Eldridge gives them.

Hopkins' recitative and blue guitar make *Black Cat* one of the best things in the set.

Massey's *Father and Son* is a somber, pedestrian theme that doesn't measure up to some of his previous writing (i.e., *Nakatini*), and the whole performance seems to drag.

Despite its title, *Lord, Lord* is not a hyper-Gospel number. It has a strong blues feel without being a 12-bar blues. Thompson is in a relaxed, flowing groove; Solal's short solo gives more than a hint of why he is so highly regarded, and it's always good to hear Clarke.

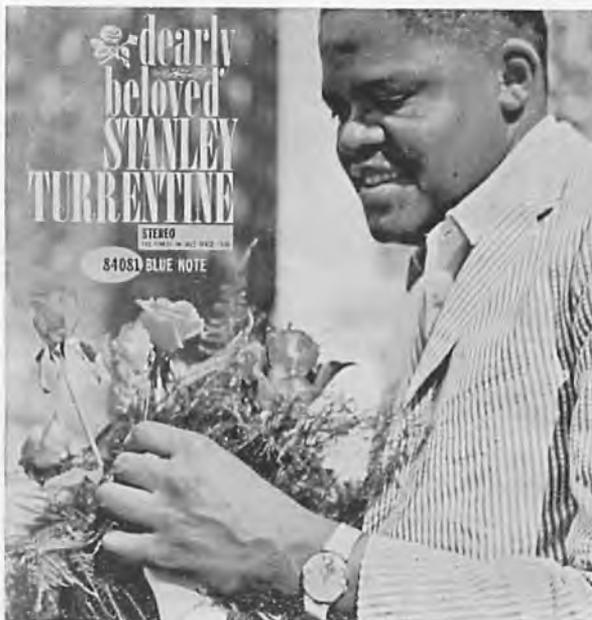
If you remember Mingus' *Smooch*, recorded by Miles Davis for Prestige in 1953, then you'll recognize *Vassarlean* as being the same theme. Here, Hillyer is the featured soloist. He is the first young trumpet player in a long time to be strongly influenced by Dizzy Gillespie. His is a sensitive performance in which he shows a grasp of Gillespie's style rather than mere imitative posturings. The backgrounds

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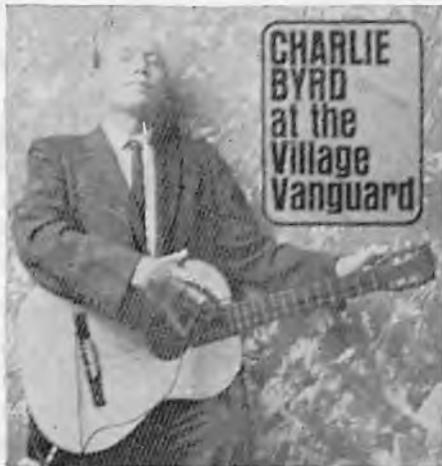
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There are four other notable Byrd LPs on **Offbeat**—JAZZ AT THE SHOWBOAT—listed in the New York Times Basic Jazz Library (3001)
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OFFBEAT

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by the other horns, especially Dolphy's dark-toned bass clarinet sounds, are very effective.

Oh Yeah is, as Hentoff describes it, "a gentle semiparody of the back-to-the-Gospel-roots vein" written by Dorham. The two trumpets play well, but Payne sounds tired despite the stimulating support from Roach.

This particular *Jazz Life* is not worth living. (I.G.)

VOCAL

Lonnie Johnson-Victoria Spivey

IDLE HOURS—Prestige/Bluesville 1044; *Darling, I Miss You So; You Are My Life; Oh, Yes, Baby; Please, Baby; Leave Me or Love Me; You Have No Love in Your Heart; Good Luck, Darling; No More Cryin'; End It All; Long Time Blues; I Got the Blues so Bad; Idle Hours*.
Personnel: Johnson, Miss Spivey, vocals; Johnson, guitar; Cliff Jackson, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Along with a number of excellent performances by Johnson, this set offers some lucid instruction, although producer Chris Albertson undoubtedly did not have this intention in mind. Johnson is a wonderful guitarist, who precedes each of his songs with a short solo that is almost always delightfully sinuous and swinging. And when he starts to sing in his plaintive voice, with its underlying intensity, and in a style that draws on elements of both blues and ballad singing, he projects strong conviction.

The unusual merit of his singing is made impressively clear on the three selections—*Long Time Blues*, *Idle Hours*, and *I Got the Blues so Bad*—he shares with Miss Spivey, all of them her own material. Hers is a superficial, contrived style, and in their duets, Johnson is forced to adapt to her delivery.

The contrast between Johnson in this guise and in his own easily moving routines is striking. In his numbers with Miss Spivey, his singing is quite commonplace. Yet on his own, Johnson manages to blend in a valid manner a smoothly swinging surface and an earthy foundation. (J.S.W.)

Lil' Son Jackson

LIL' SON JACKSON—Arhoolie 1004: *Blues Come to Texas; Cairo Blues; Ticket Agent; Louise Blues; Sugar Mama; The Girl I Love; Santa Fe Blues; Turn Your Lamp Down Low; Groundhog Blues; Gambler Blues; Charley Cherry I & 2; West Dallas Blues; Rollin' Mill Went Down; Red River Blues; Roberta Blues*.
Personnel: Melvin (Lil' Son) Jackson, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This important release presents the undiluted country blues of Jackson, a 45-year-old Texas singer and guitarist whose own forceful, individual blues approach often has suffered at the hands of the various r&b-oriented labels for which he has recorded in the past.

His records, especially those on the Imperial label, sold fairly well, but an auto accident while on the road, coupled with his own religious convictions, decided him to give up an active musical career six years ago. Since then he has

worked as an auto mechanic in Fort Worth, where blues collectors Chris Strachwitz and Paul Oliver recorded this collection in 1960.

The 15 selections are in the rough, jagged, heavily rhythmic "deep" blues style, and Jackson's powerful work invites comparison to that of the best Texas blues men of the past.

He intones his lyrics (particularly well-constructed and devoid of banality or artificiality, and very traditional in feeling) in a doleful, high-pitched voice perfectly suited to the high emotional content of the pieces. It must be admitted that there is not a great deal of melodic interest to his singing, for most of the selections are chanted rather than sung, but they are delivered with a great deal of honest conviction and driving passion.

Jackson's guitar accompaniments are notable for the near ferocious insistence of their rhythms. Generally, he keeps a heavy propulsive drone going in the bass, over which he places stinging melody lines and accents in the treble, producing a dark, brooding, thick-textured effect of considerable power.

No one can gainsay the power and intensity of Jackson's performances; they are marred, however, by an unrelieved sameness of approach on a good number of the selections. At least six or seven of the pieces begin with the same guitar intro, have the same pace, employ identical accompaniments, have the same "melody lines," and for all intents and purposes are the same song. But for this, the rating would have been higher. (P.W.)

Dakota Staton

DAKOTA AT STORYVILLE—Capitol 1649: *Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?; This Is the Beginning of the End; Saturday Night; The Show Must Go On; When I Grow Too Old to Dream; Mean and Evil Blues; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; It's the Talk of The Town; Easy to Love; Music, Maestro, Please; Play Your Hands, Girls*.

Personnel: Miss Staton, vocals; Norman Simmons, piano; bass; drums; tenor saxophone; flute, unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is a pleasant though inconsequential set recorded live at Boston's Storyville. The audience even sings along on *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*.

Miss Staton has synthesized several currently popular styles and is an effective vocalist when not indulging in certain affectations, such as a self-conscious tendency to project too much sex. Her singing is blues-drenched and of more than passing rhythmic interest. Catch the way she employs held notes and glissandos to build and reach climaxes.

What is missing on this album is a deep emotional involvement with the songs. This is indicated by the fact that much of the time the rhythm falls into a modified rock-and-roll groove. When she sings *Mean and Evil*, you don't really believe it.

Beginning of the End, sung in an unusually restrained manner, and a hard-swinging version of *Easy to Love* are good tracks, but taken as a whole, some of her earlier LPs are much better.

The rhythm section performs adequately though its role here is certainly not a challenging one. (H.P.)

TEST BLINDFOLD PETE JOLLY



By LEONARD FEATHER

Though Pete Jolly has been known mainly in recent years as one of the most inventive and facile pianists on his scene, which happens to be the southern Californian scene, it is not nearly as well known as it should be that he is possibly the best of the few modern jazz accordionists.

Born in New Haven, Conn., Jolly started playing a miniature accordion at the age of 3, studying with his father, a music teacher who played in local bands. He didn't take up piano until a few years later; while in grammar school he earned his first income jobbing as an accordionist.

Jolly's many records on piano with Shorty Rogers, Buddy DeFranco, and others are well known. His accordion appearances have included the *Jolly Jumps In* set on RCA Victor, Terry Gibbs' Duke Ellington salute on Mercury, and *Porgy and Bess* with Buddy Collette on Interlude.

Jolly said he believes that the accordion itself has improved technically as an instrument and that it has unused jazz potential. But there's more demand for him as a pianist, and lately he's been heard most often at the keyboard of the Losers on the Sunset Strip. For his first *Blindfold Test*, I divided the records between piano and accordion items.

THE RECORDS

1. Elmo Hope. *Moe, Jr.* (from *Homecoming*, Riverside). Jimmy Heath, Frank Foster, tenor saxophones; Hope, piano.

Well, the tenor player would probably be the leader of the group; I'm not too sure who he is, but I thought he was the best soloist out of the quintet . . . sounds like he was influenced by Sonny Rollins.

The rhythm section was adequate, but I thought the best thing was the tenor player. It's hard to say about the piano player . . . adequate but nothing outstanding; however, because of the tenor player I'll give this two stars.

2. Leon Sash. *Sash-Kebop* (from *Toshiko & Leon Sash at Newport*, Verve). Sash, accordion.

I take it from the applause at the end that this was probably recorded in some club or outside at some festival or something like that, but the recording was very poor, I thought. It's amplified accordion . . . It might be Mathews or Leon Sash.

The record didn't do too much for me; it didn't sound like a really sincere jazz feeling. I wouldn't know who the sidemen were, as they weren't too outstanding.

There was sort of a ricky-ticky feeling throughout—it didn't swing. But I'll have to give it one star, because it's nice to see a different instrumentation tried at least—with the use of the accordion.

3. Wynton Kelly. *Joe's Avenue* (Vee Jay). Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

It was pretty hard to determine who that was, but I really liked the feeling—a nice blues feeling. I enjoyed the bass player and the drummer, and I thought the piano player was nice, too . . . it could be Vic Feldman.

It was a good blues chart . . . There was still something to be desired in the piano solo, though. It could be somebody from the West Coast, and I have a feeling it was. Well, I guess three stars . . . I liked it.

4. George Shearing. *Cherokee* (from *Midnight on Cloud 69*, Savoy). Shearing, accordion; Margie Hyams, vibes; Chuck Wayne, guitar; John Levy, bass; Denzil Best, drums.

Well, this I remember from quite a few years back. It's George Shearing's Quintet

with Chuck Wayne, Margie Hyams, Denzil Best, and John Levy, right?

I believe Margie played piano, and he played accordion. However, the best solo was Chuck Wayne's. He did a beautiful job on guitar. I don't know why George never did pursue the instrument and play a little more accordion; not that I think this was great jazz accordion playing, but he had the basic feeling.

You know, the basic difference between the piano and any accordion is that the accordion is controlled by a flow of air, and the main control of air is in your left hand in that pushing and pulling—controlling it like you would a reed instrument or a trumpet or anything else, and I think this is what most jazz accordionists lack—that control of that end of the instrument that will give you a good jazz sound.

Of course, my approach to jazz has changed since I heard this record, but if I was to judge this record a few years back, I would probably have to give it five stars, and today maybe two or three, so to compromise I'll give it four.

5. Oliver Nelson. *Yearnin'* (from *The Blues and the Abstract Truth*, Impulse). Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Roy Haynes, drums.

Gosh, I thought the recording job was superb, and the rhythm section was wonderful—I enjoyed just about everything about this record.

The pianist sounds like he had been influenced by Red Garland, as so many pianists are today; it *wasn't* Red, but whoever it was, he was playing some very nice piano. And I enjoyed the alto player . . . I know it wasn't Cannonball because it wasn't melodic enough to be Cannonball, and it's not Ornette Coleman; but it's somebody in between those two schools.

The bass player was great, and all the solos were all good, and I enjoyed the feeling of the record and the sound, the balance and the level it was recorded at; but I wish I could pin down the alto player. I'll give it 4½ stars.

6. Frank Marocco. *Tiny's Blues* (from *Like Marocco*, Verve). Marocco, accordion; Victor Feldman, vibes; Al Hendrickson, guitar.

This is something I've never heard be-

fore. It's the same instrumentation as Art Van Damme's group, although I know it's not Art—I could detect him immediately. The accordion player played with a nice jazz feeling; the last ensemble chorus was a little sloppy. I thought it was a nice record, but nothing to rave about. Two and a half stars.

7. Red Garland. *On Green Dolphin Street* (from *Bright and Breezy*, Jazzland). Garland, piano; Sam Jones, bass.

That's funny—that's the same ending we used on our version of *Green Dolphin Street*. I'd have had to give this one a zero, outside of the bass solo, and I'll give it one for that, but I've heard so many versions of this tune that it sort of spoils it for me.

8. Art Van Damme. *On Green Dolphin Street* (from *Accordion a La Mode*, Columbia). Van Damme, accordion; other personnel unidentified.

Well, it's a commercial version of this tune—sort of a little cocktail lounge group you'd expect to hear in some hotel. The accordion player really has me stumped, because I know most of the groups that are working now—but the vibes really get me, and the guitar, too.

It was pleasant . . . the feeling that the accordion player had on his solo was pretty nice; he didn't really dig into it, but a two feeling at that tempo is almost like a dance tempo, and it would be pretty hard to dig into anything unless they went into a straight four, which they never did do; so it's pretty hard to give it a good jazz rating because of that, but I'll give it 1½ stars.

9. Mat Mathews. *Owl Eyes*. (from *Mat Mathews—Accordion Solos*, Brunswick). Herbie Mann, flute; Mathews, accordion.

Can you give one-quarter of a star? You really should give *something* just because the guys went to the date. The whole thing didn't do anything for me—it sort of left me cold.

I don't know who it is, but I thought the accordionist was kidding, in some spots where he played funny little sounds here and there. I don't know who the flute player is, either, but as I said, a quarter of a star for going to the date.





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MUSEUM continued from page 17

gave contradictory answers when asked if the museum would attempt to preserve artifacts of swing-era and modern artists.

Watson answered affirmatively: "If this is a jazz museum, surely these things will have some future value."

"But it's the *New Orleans Jazz Museum*," Souchon asserted. "We're interested in anything connected with New Orleans or New Orleans-influenced musicians, but as for progressive jazz, I don't know."

"For instance, we could use Muggsy Spanier's cornet because although Muggsy was from Chicago, he was influenced by early New Orleans musicians and developed from the New Orleans style. Or someone like Bix Beiderbecke. We could use anything of Bix Beiderbecke's."

"But you can't limit yourself," Watson objected. "If you put yourself into a slot of one particular era, you'll run into a brick wall. Isn't it possible that we'll branch out later and have exhibits for all that jazz?"

"Yes, it's possible, but at present we have no such plans," Souchon said.

It was apparent that the question of other-than-traditional jazz in the museum had not been explicitly dealt with before. Who ultimately would be responsible for a decision in the matter?

"The officers of the club," Souchon responded. "We're thinking now of having a special museum board besides the officers to deal with the museum. If we do that, the board will decide on museum policies."

The Christmas issue of the jazz club's publication, *The Second Line*, contained a page that gave perhaps the most concise illustration of the meaning of the jazz museum.

It was a reprint without comment of two editorials in the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, separated by 44 years. The first, dated June 17, 1917, was entitled *Jazz and Jazzism*. It condemned jazz outspokenly as a vice, urging its suppression as "a point of civic honor." The other, *Jazz Has Made It*, was dated Nov. 11, 1961. It praised jazz freely and called the museum "a significant addition to the cultural heritage of the city."

Jazz has outlived the woolly protests of its detractors. It has climbed from the status of brothel music to recognition as our country's only truly indigenous art.

The jazz museum, whatever its problems with regard to space and schools of jazz, is a triumph for jazz. It is the incarnation of the social acceptance achieved over half a century by an art that is the most immediate expression of this country's experience.

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MOVIE REVIEW

It is to no man's credit—and particularly not to producer-director-writer John Cassavetes' that *Too Late Blues* (Paramount) is touted as a "jazz movie." Not only is it not a "jazz movie," it is not even passably good entertainment.

The jazz content is negligible. David Raksin's score is more than adequate but almost completely wasted by Cassavetes. As jazz, it emerges owing more to gentility than to authenticity. While the soundtrack musicians are properly credited, the billing is an unnecessary gesture in view of what they are heard playing.

The basic lineup consists of Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Uan Rasey, trumpet; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums. Heard also at various times on the soundtrack are trombonist Milt Bernhart, guitarist Barney Kessel, vibraharpist Larry Bunker, and flutist Ted Nash. Singer Loulie-Jean Norman does an excellent job as the soundtrack voice of actress Stella Stevens in the wordless vocal of a poignant melody, *A Song after Sundown*, that is the picture's theme.

It is difficult to judge from Cassavetes' and Richard Carr's story and screenplay whether corn or cliché emerge triumphant, for the production labors under a surfeit of both. The Boy meets Girl (Bobby Darin and Miss Stevens), Boy loses Girl, Boy wins Girl routine is as ancient and accepted as Big Ben, but in character motivation both lad and lassie come across as unbelievable persons.

Darin, who proves he can act and handles his part with the aplomb he displays on a night-club floor, is cast in the role of a modern jazz pianist and composer who "will not compromise his art."

Consequently his quintet is forced to confine its activities to playing trust-fund gigs in public parks and charitable institutions. At a show-biz party (where interracial mixing of guests is emphasized by the director in contrast to the jazz group, which is all white), Darin meets his Juliet and falls in love at first blink with the crazy, mixed-up kid. She wants to be a singer, but the Villainous Agent, played with unbearable tautness by Everett Chambers, who has taken her under his wing, can't see her vocal cords for more obvious anatomical virtues.

Love walks in dragging its heels a bit; a record date is arranged by the agent. Joy unconfined prevails briefly.

The agent sells out Darin and his masterpiece, the *Song after Sundown*, for a pittance, and after much psychological brouhaha, Darin dumps the chick and decides to pursue the Road to Success and to hell with art.

Enter the Other Woman. She is known as The Countess and is celebrated for a penchant of "sponsoring" worthy young jazzmen in return for certain boudoir reciprocities.

With his eyes wide open, Darin plunges along the Road to Success until the Final Disillusionment. By this time his name is mud in jazz circles, but he doesn't care. He wants to return to his art. He also wants his chick back. She, however, has degenerated into prostitution and is so overcome by Darin's reappearance after a year of high life playing in Velvet Alley, she decides the only way out is to End It All. She tries and misses. The lovers are reunited.

That, pared to bare essentials, is the plot. If Cassavetes' characters careen crazily through this maze, they benefit from surprisingly convincing dialog.

In fact, this triumph of form over content is precisely what is wrong with the picture. It is this concentration on means-to-no-end that leaves us in a vacuum, albeit impressed by some imaginative camera work and frequently adroit direction.

—Tynan

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AD LIB from page 12

jazz dates in the future. Candid releases scheduled for immediate release are two blues collections, one by Memphis Slim, the other an anthology of blues and related music titled *A Treasury of Field Recordings*, put together by blues specialist Mack McCormick when he was doing research in the Houston, Texas, area. The *Treasury* originally was issued on 77 Records, a British label.

Radio Station WNEW in New York began a series of live jazz concerts late last year that have included Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, and Duke Ellington. In February, that station's Big Wilson, who does all the live shows, presented Erroll Garner for 25 minutes. The result of these programs has been an interest around the country for live jazz on big-time radio. The result of the Garner program is a tape, some part of which will be used on a forthcoming Garner album for Octave, but all of which is being considered by other large independent radio stations as an initial program in a series of jazz broadcasts. WNEW spokesmen insist the secret is in simply giving complete freedom to excellent musicians.

It seems likely Stan Getz will go on tour with a string ensemble playing music written for him by Eddie Sauter for the Verve album *Focus*. . . Horace Silver is back from Japan exultant about the treatment he received there and the citizens' knowledge of jazz. . . Dave Brubeck played two concerts in Cape Canaveral, Fla., recently. They were the first integrated concerts ever held there; no incidents occurred, and the concerts were financially successful. . . Sonny Rollins has had more drummers recently than Heinz has varieties. Latest news from that front: Al Heath was the January drummer, following Walter Perkins and Jimmy Cobb (during December), and this month's is Billy Higgins.

Jimmy Giuffre makes his symphonic debut March 25 in Pittsfield, Mass., in that city's College Auditorium. Jack Duffy will conduct Giuffre and the Symphony of the Hills in a reading of Giuffre's *Piece for Clarinet and String Orchestra*. . . The Four Freshmen are in England from March 16 through April 7. . . Herbie Mann's new group consists of Hugood Hardy, vibes, piano; Billy Bean, guitar; Willie Bobo, drums, timbales; Montego Joe, congas; Don Payne, bass. . . Ray Draper, who played tuba with Max Roach several years ago, is back in New York, concentrating on composition. . . Benny Goodman visited Pablo Casals in Puerto Rico last month. . . The Vienna Amateur Jazz Festival occurs March 24-26.

John Drew, bass player with Gene Krupa during the early 1950s, died in Liverpool, England, in January. . . Coleman Hawkins is appearing at Michael Roth's music lounge in Schenectady, N. Y., a city where jazz radio has had much recent assistance from Dave Kidd (WGY-FM).

Two New York jazz clubs—the Village Vanguard and the Jazz Gallery—now have Sunday afternoon programs beginning at 4:30. Others holding Sunday daylight sessions include Aspects, currently featuring Les Spann and Jerome Richardson; Jazz and Java, at the Charles Theater—a recent program featured Randy Weston, James Moody, and Art Taylor (it begins at 2 p.m.). . . A weekly jazz party featuring Ahmed Abdul-Malik is held at 20 Spruce St., where black-eyed peas and rice and dancing happen until the early hours, all for 99 cents.

Composer Tadd Dameron, recovering from a heart attack, is hardly able to rest quietly. He has three albums in the works. For Atlantic, Dameron has recorded four of his own songs and four of Milt Jackson's. The album's personnel is made up of Jackson, vibraharp; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Julius Watkins, French horn; Leo Wright, flute, alto saxophone; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone; Cecil Payne, baritone saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Connie Kay, drums. For Riverside, Dameron has a big-band date, titled *The Old and the New*, comprising arrangements of five of his old compositions, five of his newest. For Columbia, he has an album with strings, again of his own compositions; one side of the LP features trumpeter Harold Baker, the other side Coleman Hawkins.

Don Elliott is writing the music for the Broadway play *Vanity Fair*. . . Billy May did the film score of Frank Sinatra's *Sergeants Three*. . . Broadway columnists keep listing Calvin Jackson as the composer of *Fly Blackbird*, a musical, but the author is Clarence Jackson. . . Jazz trombonist-actor Conrad Janis is appearing in the play *Sunday in New York*. . . Gerry Mulligan and bassist Joe Benjamin have been named to the board of governors of the New York chapter of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

WASHINGTON

Popular veteran pianist Booker Coleman has recovered from his heart attack and is back leading his Dixie group at the Charles Hotel. Swing clarinetist Wally Garner has been added and is giving the group a lively new voice.

Network producers received a lesson in how a music program ought to be

presented on television recently. A one-hour program, on the local WTOP-TV series *Portfolio*, featured guitarist **Charlie Byrd** and was taped at the Showboat Lounge, where Byrd works regularly. There was no emcee, only Byrd introducing the music; the sound was good, the camera work imaginative, the entire show in impeccable taste. The program ranged from Bach, Villa Lobos, Barreos, and contemporary Latin pieces to modern jazz by a nine-piece band of crack area musicians. The band, especially assembled for the show, featured arrangements by valve trombonist **Bobby Felder**. The personnel, in addition to Byrd and Felder, included **Tom Gwaltney**, **Bobby Silverstein**, reeds; **Bob Carey**, trumpet; **Joe Byrd**, bass, guitar; **Keter Betts**, bass; **Sammy Krupit**, piano; **Buddy Deppenschmidt**, drums. Charlie's brother, Joe, is a student at Peabody in Baltimore,



Charlie Byrd and men in TV rehearsal.

and his bass duets with Betts proved to be a highlight of the show.

Felder, a junior high school music teacher, also arranges and is a key member of the Masters, a 13-piece band led by drummer **Frank Toperzer**, another junior high school music teacher. This rehearsal band, which includes seven school music teachers, tried something new recently when it played for 950 junior high students in concert and for dancing. Toperzer hopes to make such afternoon concert-dances at schools regular events . . . Pianist **Charlie Sneer** is now working with drummer **Vince Fabrizio** and bassist **Keith Hodgson** at the Cafe Lounge

DETROIT

Detroit's only successful jazz-policy coffee house, the Minor Key, has opened another club in Flint, Mich. It started with one week of **Ahmad Jamal** and followed with **Cannonball Adderley** and then **John Coltrane**. Owner **Sam Garmo** has plans for clubs in several other cities . . . The **Four Freshmen** returned for another week at suburban Wyandotte's Pier 500 . . . Club Omira is making Tuesday jazz night. **Tom Houghton** fronts a sextet that features **Sid Blair** on tenor saxophone. Blair fits in well with the group.

Roger Nivan left Kevin House and is appearing at the Au Sable on Mon-

days . . . Jazz disc jockey **Ben Johnson** has broadened his scope, and is now sports director of a local radio station . . . **Joe Williams** and **Harry Edison** are set for a Club Alamo booking in mid-March . . . The promoters of the workshop sessions at 20 Grand have given up. Club owner **Bill Kabush** is going to try to keep things swinging, for a while.

CHICAGO

Bassist **Ike Issacs**, for two years leader of the rhythm section backing **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, has joined the **Harry Edison Quintet**. Pianist **Gildo Mahones** will probably take over as leader. Issacs finished L-H-R's Birdhouse engagements here and joined Edison in Pittsburgh. Other misfortunes plague the singing trio. **Annie Ross**, ill with pneumonia, was unable to make the Birdhouse opening, and one of the members failed to show when the group was to appear on a local TV program, but the other two carried on without the third. **Jon Hendricks** continues to talk of settling in Chicago, but so far nothing is definite . . . **Anita O'Day** was scheduled to follow L-H-R into Birdhouse.

Jazz is very much on the agenda of the Music Educators National Conference, to be held here March 14-19. Guitarist **Johnny Smith** will serve as a clinician at the jazz clinic taking place the last day of the meeting; **Matt Betton** will be chief clinician at the event. **Hank Mancini** will address the educators the same day; his topic is "The Responsibility of Music Education to Jazz and Popular Music." Mancini also will serve as a judge at the annual Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival, which is scheduled for April at South Bend, Ind.

Count Basie stopped in town long enough to play a one-nighter at the north-side Holiday ballroom . . . **Duke Ellington** will play a week at the Regal Theater beginning March 19. It will be the first Ellington theater engagement in the Windy City for some time . . . Trumpeter **Ira Sullivan**, tenorist **Dick Krohl**, bassist **Don Garrett**, and drummer **Robert Berry** have been successful with Saturday afternoon concerts at the No Exit coffee house near the Northwestern University campus in suburban Evanston. Sullivan may go into New York's Five Spot . . . Trumpeter **Howard McGhee** played a three-weeker at McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge last month with trumpeter **Paul Serrano**.

The Sutherland continues to be a confusing scene as far as who's coming in when. Tenorist **Eddie Harris** worked as second group during the last part of **Dakota Staton's** engagement and then held the fort till the **Al Grey-Billy**

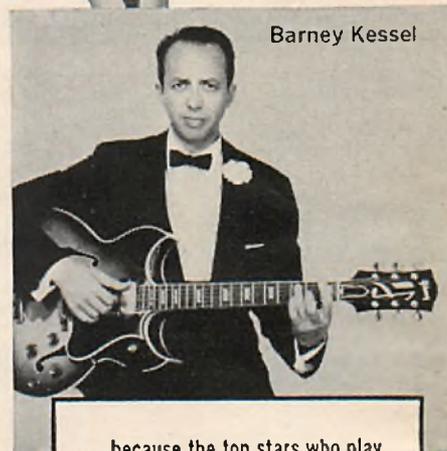


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Mitchell Sextet opened on Feb. 10. **Harris** left, and singer **Bill Henderson** was to follow for two weeks as second attraction (nobody seemed definitely to know at presstime who was going to be the first group after **Grey-Mitchell**). **Harold Ward**, singer, and **Tommy Ponce**, pianist-trumpeter-baritone saxophonist, were to follow Henderson. Still with us? . . . **Claude Thornhill** has been working with a six-piecer at the officers club at Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

The boxoffice failure of last year's Indiana Jazz Festival at Evansville did not kill jazz in that southern Indiana city. **Edward L. Joyner** of Carver Community Organization, a recreation center, has had success with a city-wide teenage jazz movement. He has staged monthly jazz concerts featuring name and local talent, followed by jam sessions with teenage musicians taking part. There also are jazz polls among the youth and weekly record-listening sessions. Recently the jazz activity was capped with a performance by a teenage Third Stream group at the Carver Annual Art Show.

DALLAS

When tenorist **Gene Ammons** canceled a one-nighter at the **Flamingo**, some welcome and unexpected compensation was provided by the presence of reed men **Dexter Gordon** and **Ornette Coleman**, who filled in on very short notice. **James Clay's** tenor provided a third horn. **James Fisher**, bass, and **Oscar Williams**, drums, completed the lineup.

Sam Donahue with the **Tommy Dorsey** Band played a dance at **Lou Anns**, which on Feb. 4 presented a concert of **Ray Charles** sidemen who live in this area—**Ieroy Cooper** and **David Newman**—as well as about 15 local musicians including **Dude Kahn** and **Claude Johnson** . . . **George Shearing** played to an audience of 1,000 at the Music Hall recently. Drummer **Ronnie Tutt** filled in on drums for Shearing regular **Jan HYTE** who was stranded in Salt Lake, Utah.

LOS ANGELES

Neal Hefti quit his a&r job at **Reprise** and is now working with novelist **David Chandler** on a Broadway musical version of Chandler's book *O'Malley's Nuns*, scheduled for production by **David L. March** in September . . . Blues singer **Clarence (Big) Miller** formed his own trio for night-club work. Miller plays cocktail drums; **Chris Collins** sings and plays piano; **Clarence Daniels** is on bass. Miller's new Columbia album will be arranged and conducted by **Bob Florence** and will be titled *Goin' Fishin'*. Also, Miller will talk about the blues on the new

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Tell It to Groucho TV show in April.

Folk singer **Travis Edmondson**, 29, of the now-disbanded Bud and Travis team, was arrested recently at his West Hollywood apartment for possession of marijuana. Police said they "acted on information" . . . **Jimmy Witherspoon's** new Reprise album *Hey, Mrs. Jones*, in which the blues singer is backed by a big band led by arranger **H. B. Barnum**, was produced by a&r man **Dave Axelrod**. There is no a&r credit given on the liner . . . Rhythm-and-blues personality, disc jockey, and drummer **Johnny Otis** is reorganizing his big band after 14 years. The band will include such sidemen as **Harold Land** and **Plas Johnson**, tenor saxophones; **William Green**, reeds; and **Jimmy Bond**, bass. "I refuse to believe there's not room for one good, swinging band," Otis said, adding that he will record the aggregation for the King label for which he is West Coast a&r supervisor. The band will work Mondays at the southside Nite Life.

Pianist-vocalist **Page Cavanaugh** formed a new group to work his own club in the Valley. It includes **Bob Jung**, alto saxophone; **Dave Wells**, trombone, bass trumpet; **Jim Bates**, bass . . . **Pearl Bailey** recorded two LPs for Roulette during a recent stopover here. Charts were, as usual, by **Don Redman** and the sessions took place while husband **Louis Bellson** was recording his own big-band album at the Summit . . . Summit owner **Bob Gefaell** will make it a swinging spring at the club. He brings in the new **Cal Tjader** group on March 22, **Dizzy Gillespie** on May 4, and **Cannonball Adderley** in June.

Gene Norman, owner of the Crescendo and Interlude rooms on the Strip, was elected president of the newly-formed Associated Night Clubs of America at the organization's first meetings in Houston, Texas. Other officers include **Oscar Marienthal** (co-owner of the London House and Mister Kelly's in Chicago), **Enrico Banducci** (of the hungry i in San Francisco) and **Ralph Watkins** (of Basin Street East in New York City) . . . **Joe Lubin** is negotiating a recording contract with **Buddy Collette**, whose quintet holds the stand Wednesdays at Shelly's Manne-Hole, for newly-formed Denny records. . . . **Felix Slatkin**, violinist and composer, is preparing a Liberty album of his own compositions. Jazz soloists will be featured . . . **Allyn Ferguson's** big band and the **Johnny Mann Singers** recorded the station breaks for KLAC radio . . . **Claude Gordon**, whose band has been hitting the one-nighter trail recently, reports Warner Bros. records is holding two of his LPs in the can. He's moving to another label.

Gerald Wilson's big band plays an

NAACP benefit March 23 in the International Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel. **Sammy Davis Jr.** will headline the show . . . For the first time in 30 years, the **Mills Brothers** were forced to cancel dates due to illness. Ailing and recently operated on in New York is **Mrs. Herb Mills**. The group will lay off for several months.

SAN FRANCISCO

Reminiscing about the '30s during a talk on jazz he made at the Oakland Public Library, **Earl Hines** recalled some memorable incidents that occurred on his orchestra's tours. "Like when it came payoff time for the night," Hines said, "and the promoter sits there with a pistol on the table and tells you, 'I'm gonna give you \$200 and that's all.' So what are you going to say to that pistol?" Happier memories were preponderant, however. At any rate, Hines is devoting most of his spare time these days to the 16-piece jazz orchestra that he and musical director **Grover Mitchell** are hopeful will make its sound heard on a nationwide level. The band's debut, an hour-long concert which also featured singers and a comedian-dancer, drew more than 400 persons to the suburban club where these Sunday afternoon presentations are staged.

The **Rudy Salvini** big band, a relatively long-time fixture on the local jazz scene, continues to work frequent casuals. Among the latest was a dance at the Fairmont Hotel Grand Ballroom for the NAACP and another at a suburban country club for employees of a major calculating-machine manufacturer.

The Black Hawk's gamble with the high-priced **Ahmad Jamal Trio** paid off. Despite the group's price, rumored to be nearly \$4,000 a week, the room did good business; the pianist's fans turned out in large numbers. Coincidentally, **Chico Hamilton's** new quintet, making its first appearance at the Jazz Workshop, (DB, March 1), "was a revelation business-wise and music-wise," according to **Art Auerbach**, owner of the club.

Fack's once more has had to realign its bookings, and **Count Basie** now is scheduled to play the club May 18-27. **Billy Eckstine** began a 10-day run at the club March 1, and the **Billy Williams** revue—presumably with **Horace Henderson** still its musical director—was set to follow . . . **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** made their first appearance on the University of California campus when they appeared at recent concert sponsored by the Associated Students. . . . The 14-month-old son of pianist and Mrs. **John True** was fatally injured in a fall in the family home here. The couple are parents of an older child and are expecting another soon. 

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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, Shecky Green, to 3/17. Frances Faye, Trenlers, open 3/18.
Birdland: *unk*.
Coronet (Brooklyn): sessions, Mon.
Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *tfn*.
Count Basie's: *unk*.
Embers: Harold Quinn, Charlie Shavers, to 3/17.
Ronnie Brown, 3/19-4/14.
Five Spot: Ira Sullivan, tentatively.
Half Note: Phil Woods, Gene Quill, to 3/4. Al Grey-Billy Mitchell, 3/6-18.
Hickory House, Billy Taylor, *tfn*.
Jazz Gallery: *unk*.
Metropole: Dukes of Dixieland, *tfn*.
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.
Phase Two: Carla Bley, wknds.
Ryan's: Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry, *tfn*.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): Billy Bauer, wknds.
Village Gate: Thelonious Monk, *tfn*.
Village Vanguard: Dizzy Gillespie, Mose Allison, to 3/11. Joe Williams, 3/13-18.
Wells: Don Ellis, tentatively.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spall, *hb*.
Beef 'n' Bourbon: Billy Hays, *hb*.
Chadmoore Jazz Suite: John Bonnie, Sun.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims, *hb*.
Open Hearth: Ted Arnold-Don Michaelson, *tfn*.
Paddock (Trenton): Capital City 5, Fri., Sat.
Pep's: *unk*.
Red Hill Inn: Mel Torme, 3/16-18, 23-25.
Show Boat: *unk*.
The Mark (Morrisville): Don McCargar, Mon., Fri., Sat.
Trade Winds: Vince Montana, *tfn*.
21 Key Club: Dee Lloyd McKay, *tfn*.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: Big Bill Decker, *tfn*.
Charles Hotel: Booker Coleman, *tfn*.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, *tfn*.
Orbit Room: Buck Clarke, *tfn*.

MIAMI

Eden Roc: 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, Pete Monteleone, *hbs*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Vernon's: Nat Perrilliat, 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*.
Roostertail: George Primo, *hb*.
Topper Lounge: Bobby Laurel, *tfn*.
Trent's Lounge: Alex Kallao to 3/18.

CHICAGO

Birdhouse: Oscar Peterson to 3/11.
Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.
Grapevine: Lee Lind, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Wed.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas, *tfn*.
Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Marian McPartland to 3/18.
Teddy Wilson, 3/20-4/8. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: John Coltrane, 3/7-18. Muddy Waters, Tues.
Regal Theater: Duke Ellington, 3/9-15.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Pepper's Lounge: Muddy Waters, wknds.
Regal Theater: Duke Ellington, 3/9-15.
Sutherland: Harold Ward, Tommy Ponce, to

3/17. Nancy Wilson, John Young, 4/3-15. Cannonball Adderley, 4/18-29. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 5/16-27, tentatively.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.
Way Out: Joyce London, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Ash Grove: Rachel Hadass, *tfn*. Children's concerts Sat.
Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.
Beverly Hilton Hotel International Ballroom: NAACP Benefit. Sammy Davis Jr., Gerald Wilson, 3/23.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): Vince Wallace, wknds. Sun. morning sessions.
Claremont Men's College: Joanie Sommers, Martin Denny, Four Preps, 3/10.
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, *tfn*.
Cocoanut Grove: Freddy Martin, *hb*.
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: Winl Beatty, Hob Bates, *tfn*.
Kings Surf (Santa Monica): Jack Mülman to 3/31.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*.
Losers: Paul Moer, Kenny Hume, *tfn*.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): Johnny Lane, wknds.
Melody Room: Henri Rose, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.
Nite Life: Johnny Otis, Mon.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.
Peppermint West: Five Emcees, *tfn*.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*.
Red Carpet Room: Richie Goldberg, Mon.
Renaissance: Sonny Rollins to 3/4. Art Blakey, 3/9-18.
Roaring 20's: Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *tfn*. Mon. sessions.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, wknds. Red Mitchell-Harold Land, Mon. Dexter Gordon, Tues. Buddy Collette, Weds. Herb Ellis-Claude Williamson, Thurs.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols to 3/31.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly-Ralph Pena, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sun. sessions.
Statler Hilton: Skinnay Ennis, *hb*.
Summit: Cal Tjader opens 3/22. Dizzy Gillespie opens 5/4.
Storyville (Pomona): Roy Martin, Tallgate Rammers, *tfn*.
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): John Alfano, Earl Treichel, Rick Mattox, Fri., Sat. Sun. sessions.
Winners: Don Randl, *tfn*.
Zebra Lounge: Jazz Crusaders, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Carmen McRae to 3/18. 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 Gambrell, *hb*, afterhours.
Coffee Gallery: Norman Williams, *tfn*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, Clancy Hayes, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.
Fack's: Billy Eckstine to 3/11. Billy Williams, 3/16-25. Count Basie, 5/18-27.
Fairmont Hotel: Frankie Lane to 3/22. Pearl Bailey, 4/12-5/2.
Hangover: Muggsy Spanier-Ralph Sutton, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: Sonny Rollins to 3/25.
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: Albert White, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: Bessie Griffin, Gospel Pearls, to 3/24.
Two C's House of Jazz: Larry Vuckovich, wknds.
Bistro San Martin (Berkeley): Bob Detwiler, *tfn*.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz artists, Mon.-Thurs. Mike White, wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): The Group, *tfn*.
Left Bank (Oakland): Paul Humphrey, wknds.
San Marco (Oakland): Fred Cummings, *tfn*.
Suite 14 (Oakland): Perry Lind, *tfn*.
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, wknds.
Zack's (Sausalito): John Truc, *tfn*.





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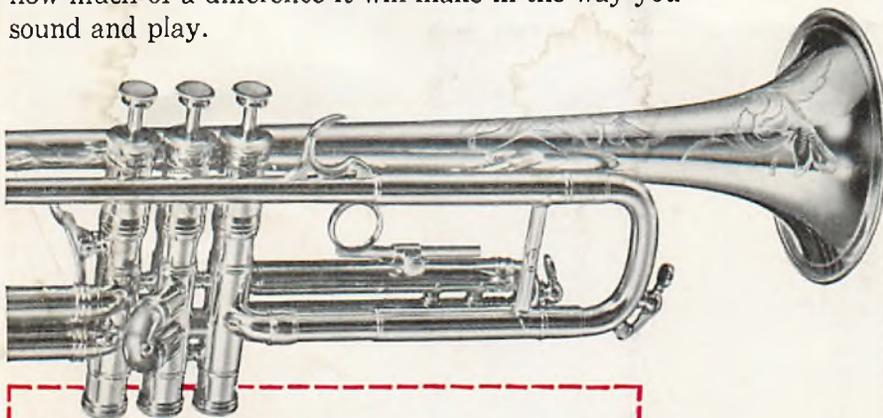
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