

APRIL 12, 1962

35c

# down beat®

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

JOHN COLTRANE  
AND  
ERIC DOLPHY  
ANSWER THE  
JAZZ CRITICS

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



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

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

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



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



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

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



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

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



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

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



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

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



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

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



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

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



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



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

# Selection Records Jazz Stars!



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

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



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

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



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



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



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



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



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



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

## 18 MORE RECORDS TO CHOOSE FROM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## THINGS TO COME

The April 26 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, April 12, will be the Annual Big Band Issue. In his penetrating survey *The Reluctant Phoenix*, critic Don Heckman traces the rise and demise of the big jazz band. Among the other features are an exhaustive big-band listing and a Bill Mathieu big-band arrangement.

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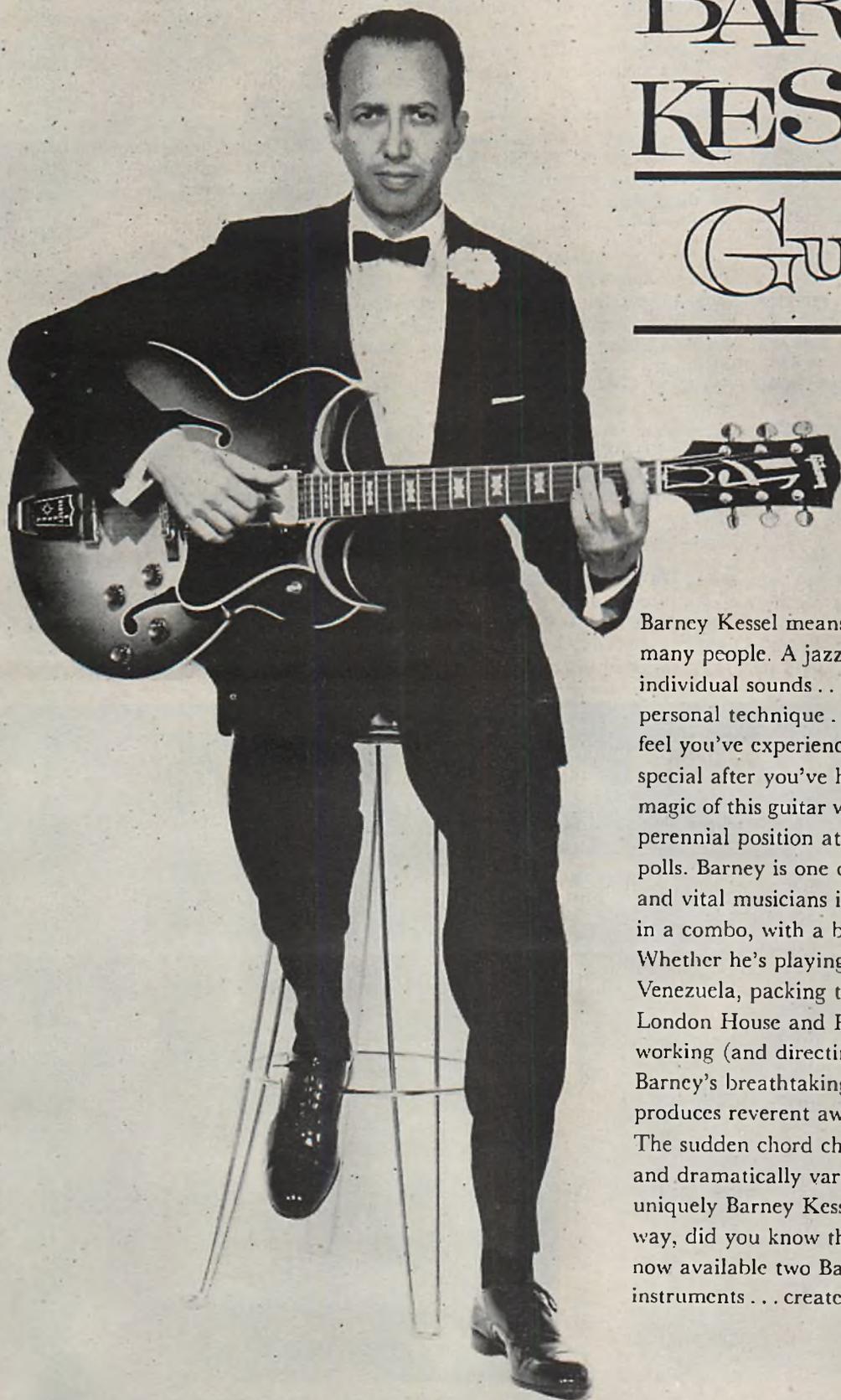
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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## Three Ticked by Feather . . .

Congratulations to Leonard Feather for his *Feather's Nest* (DB, Feb. 15). It said what has needed saying for a long time. The sincerity of Ornette Coleman does not make his music as good as that of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, or Miles Davis. The situation is that 20 years ago Charlie Parker was as radical as Ornette Coleman is now, but Bird knew precisely what he was doing. He was a great technician on the saxophone. Colman is not; he is playing within his limited capabilities and calling it esoteric.

As far as I can see, Feather summed up the reasons for Ornette Coleman's popularity. People are afraid of "missing another boat." This boat is bound to sink. Far Rockaway, N. Y. Jacob Stone

Bells, cheers, hurrahs, kudos, and chords for the splendidly-written article by Leonard Feather about Billie Holiday (DB, Feb. 1). It was the most moving piece I have read in *Down Beat* in the two years I have subscribed.

I adored Lady. She always typified to me the ultimate jazz singer. She was an institution, a poetess of incomparable inspiration.

I thought Feather's piece superb. To me, he is the dean of jazz critics, and I only

wish that we could hear more from him. I have kept up with *Feather's Nest*, but it runs rather inconsistently.

Again, cheers for such a penetrating and revealing piece on Lady Day. Articles of such depth and obvious respect and admiration should be done on all the greats of jazz. I would imagine that you have tried to do this in previous issues and hope you will keep it up—maybe two or three times a year.

Detroit, Mich.

D. W. Wisdom

I was very pleased to see that the *Held Notes* column by Leonard Feather (DB, Feb. 15) was about a friend of mine and my family, Andy Razaf. I at one time was in show business and came to know Razaf quite well.

For all the wonderful music he has given the world, I think Razaf deserves recognition—both from record companies and artists. Why not a tribute album to him while he can appreciate it? It would make a painful and lonely existence more livable.

New York City

Ruth Phelts

## . . . And One Feather-Ruffled

It's necessary to take argument with Leonard Feather in his evaluation of Bob Rogers' *All That and This Too*, Indigo 7501, reviewed in *Down Beat*, Feb. 15.

Feather makes mention of faulty liner notes and insinuates that the leader is responsible for this. "Rogers also fails" (he's at fault for not doing all the writing and arranging) "to take part instrumentally, aside from two appearances playing vibes on *Indigo* and *Lace*, both too brief to give him an idea of his capabilities."

Wrong, Mr. Feather.

It is so pleasant hearing quality rather than quantity. Why is it necessary for a musician to play every note he knows each time he gets up to play? Isn't it just as important to know when *not* to play? Beauty is found in simplicity, not clutter. What better showcase could be given the group by the leader? It's too often that the other guys just aren't given time to blow.

New York City

Walda Price

## Innovator vs. Synthesizer

In a recent issue (DB, Feb. 1), Pete Welding reviewed *Stone Blues*—a blowing session with an unknown group led by a young flute and altoist named Ken McIntyre. The review gave the McIntyre group 4½ stars. Curious to see why an unknown group merited such praise, I tracked down and listened to the record.

After hearing both sides, I agreed with Welding's recommendation—McIntyre is a fine young talent, and the session is more than listenable. However, the music is not astoundingly new or revolutionary or significantly a step forward—just good jazz. I think that any critic, after hearing it without knowing the personnel, would write about it as good to excellent jazz, better

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than most current LPs, a valuable addition to a record library and well worth the price. Yet I'd also guess that most critics after noting that these were young musicians, new to the scene would revise the review and downgrade the LP because no significant innovations were to be heard.

It's this "good jazz is good jazz" (or, "the synthesis is an important as the innovation") attitude that brings this letter. Usually—especially in the post-Parker era—a new talent is only noticed when his music is a step beyond the current fashion. The single significant criteria for a young musician seems to be how much further he's moving the art form itself. Tragically, when praise is reserved for the innovator a great deal of fine talent (and possibly, fine jazz) remains discouraged.

It might be interesting someday to examine the reasons why the innovator is always placed a step ahead of the synthesizer, i.e., the artist who absorbs the material placed at his disposal by the innovator and shapes it into a worthwhile work of art. Certainly, no one would deny that jazz has had an exciting share of musicians who said something new and said it in a moving and permanent way. . . . And equally certain is the truth that innovation isn't the only—or even the most important—factor in judging a young musician.

Perhaps part of the difficulty has come because critics seem to judge 20th century jazz as an art form in terms of 20th century painting rather than 20th century literature or classical music. Critics appear to be looking for the Picasso, the Kandinsky, the Mondrian, the Rothko, Kline, Pollock—the artist who creates new forms while creating great works—and ignoring the artist who utilizes the innovations of others while making his own worthwhile, equally valid statement. It's odd that jazz critics have chosen painting when you consider that a typical group of critics—say, Nat Hentoff, Ralph Gleason, Barry Ulanov, Rudi Blesh, Whitney Balliett, Marshall Stearns, Don Gold, Martin Williams, and Gunther Schuller (and I think that list is reasonably typical and important) could easily cut the liberal arts (certainly, the literature department) faculty of any American university.

It's odd—and too bad—that the critics seem to have settled on contemporary art history as a criteria for evaluating new jazz talent, since this attitude would deny the contributions of the bulk of great creative talent in the other arts. . . . Even in 20th century painting, to deny the synthesizer would be to deny Rouault, Klee, Ernst, Braque, Leger, and many others.

However, our basic argument is over jazz so let's consider that a moment. To praise, say, Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane while ignoring a Ken McIntyre, who has obviously listened to and built his own personal statements upon the Tranes, Sonny Rollins, Ornettes, and Cecil Taylors, would be to ignore all the great synthesizers in the history of jazz who have said nothing revolutionary or startling, merely beautiful and meaningful. . . .

So, thanks, for your review of the Ken McIntyre LP—and more heartfully, thanks for the attitude that review reveals.

Detroit, Mich.

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## NEW YORK

No one will admit it—as a matter of fact, everyone will deny it—but it is certain that **George Wein** will produce the next festival at Newport, R.I. In the meantime, he continues to look for locations for a jazz club in both New York City and Boston. His own, tongue-in-cheek, description of the search: "If I open a club in New York, I'll probably call it the Vanguard Gate Gallery."

If plans work out, 16 half-hour programs by **Duke Ellington** will be filmed for educational television. Boston's jazz priest, the Rev. **Norman O'Connor**, would supply the narration. Ellington also is waiting for the outcome of his Academy Award nomination for the film score of *Paris Blues*.

**Charlie Mingus** continues to appear in most facets of show business. CBS-TV's *The Way to Go* re-enacted a concert he gave at New York's Church of the Advent. The Rev. **John G. Gensel** and **Dr. Luther Cloud**, a psychiatrist, appeared and discussed the connections between jazz and religion, the reason why jazz can be a religious expression, and general problems of the jazz musician. (The Rev. Mr. Gensel performed the March 3 marriage ceremony between **Max Roach** and **Abbey Lincoln**.) Mingus, contracted to Atlantic records, will be represented, too, on RCA Victor with a collection of music written and recorded seven years ago but never issued. The music, several pieces, revolves around Mingus' experiences in Tijuana, Mexico.



Mingus

The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences has been presenting panel discussions at New York University, bringing members of the arts and trades together. Its latest artists-meet-the-businessmen discussion brought **Brook Benton**, **Billy Taylor**, and **Steve Lawrence**, representing the artists, and **Orrin Keepnews**, **Jerry Lieber**, **Harry Meyerson**, and **Richard Moore**, representing a&r men, with **Goddard Lieberson** as moderator in a big debate about the responsibilities of each.



Taylor

Lend-lease continues as English musicians **Tubby Hayes**, **Ronnie Ross**, **Ronnie Scott**, **Jimmy Deuchar**, and **Chris Barber** come here to play, mostly in New York, in exchange for such U.S. musicians as **Sonny Stitt**, **Zoot Sims**, and **Al Cohn**, who go to Britain. In addition, the **Kenny Ball Band** (*Midnight in Moscow*) will tour the United States sometime this year.

The Library of Congress should be encouraged to release for general distribution a recorded discussion between **Paul Whiteman** and **Dave Brubeck** about the different eras of jazz. The library accepted the discussion as a permanent part of its collection after auditing a video tape of it recently broadcast by WLOF-TV of Orlando, Fla. The program, *Orbit*, part of a series hosted by **Lowell Fenner**, strongly emphasized the overseas ambassadorship of jazz during the last several years.

**Andre Previn** has been announced as a guest soloist with the New York Philharmonic in April . . . **Igor Stravinsky** is working on a new composition for **Woody Herman** . . .

(Continued on page 43)

# down beat

April 12, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 8



Brubeck

## BRUBECK CALLS FOR EXCELLENCE

Dave Brubeck normally is quiet, humorous, introspective, but lately he has spoken out, insisting on standards of excellence in the music industry, an excellence often assumed to be present but seldom found.

Most jazz fans would easily accept his criticism of the record companies (*DB*, March 1), based on his own experience in an industry often given to a cynical or supercilious attitude about public taste and understanding.

And most jazz fans would also accept his most recent interviews, in which he has insisted, "Jazz is an answer to the raising of musical standards." He has called upon disc jockeys to exercise their responsibility to music in general.

But Brubeck, himself a man of high principle, blames disc jockeys and musicians for the poor state of the music business, asserting both have allowed themselves to be prostituted. He'll grant that both had much provocation, "but, especially in the pop field, so many brought it on themselves merely by acceding to others' wishes, and most of them continue to support music they know is no good, working beneath themselves, hurting music, impeding progress and shortchanging the public."

According to Brubeck, disc jockeys should be "the guidance in music," and musicians should refuse to play poor music: "Somebody has to hold out."

## DJ FOUND GUILTY OF PAYOLA TAX EVASION

Since the investigation into disc jockey payola last year by the Federal Trade Commission, it has appeared to many in the music industry that the hot issue of commercial bribery had been exploited to make election-year headlines.

Many disc jockeys lost their jobs because of admitted complicity in payola situations, but expected federal prosecution of some of the worst offenders seemed all but forgotten as reports circulated in the record business that payola was rampant once more.

However, recently in Los Angeles U.S. District Court the government secured its first payola conviction. Found guilty on three charges of income tax evasion by a jury of five men and seven women, veteran Hollywood rhythm-and-blues disc jockey Hunter Hancock was sentenced to a suspended term of four years in prison on each of the three counts.

Prosecuted by assistant U.S. attorney Robert E. Hinerfeld, the case is the first in the nation in which a disc jockey has been tried and convicted for not reporting income from payola.

Hancock's take, trial testimony disclosed, came to \$17,000 during the years 1956-58. Nine Los Angeles record distributors told the court during the one-week trial they paid Hancock from \$50 to \$250 a month to play their records on radio stations KPOP and KGFJ. Called to the witness stand were representatives of Allied Music Sales Co.; Central Record Sales Co.; Diamond Records Distributing Co., Inc.; King records; Mercury records; and Milton Phono and Records Merchandising Co., Inc.

Milton Weiss, head of Milton Phono Co., told the court he "would have gone out of business" had not Hancock played his records regularly.

Not all records played for pay on Hancock's programs were considered payola by the government. Prosecutor Hinerfeld based the government's case solely on income derived by Hancock from plays the defendant testified he spun as "favors." Other records played for cash on what Hancock described as "a contractual basis" did not figure in the prosecution because he reported the income derived therefrom. But it was the "favors," the government contended, that accounted for the \$17,000—at an average rate of from four to 19 plays per day when the DJ "leaned" on a payola disc to make it a hit.

## CBC TO TELECAST PREJUDICE IN JAZZ DISCUSSION

The Canadian Broadcasting Co. has filmed a half-hour television documentary built on the discussion *Racial Prejudice in Jazz* which appeared in the March 15 and March 29 issues of *Down Beat*. The film, to be shown on *Quest*, a regular CBC series, will be seen throughout Canada on April 1.

Director-producer Harvey Hart of the *Quest* series used the recorded tape of the discussion in conjunction with photos taken at the discussion and ones taken at the Abbey Lincoln *Straight Ahead* recording session for the program. (Miss Lincoln's album figured prominently in the discussion.)

Participants in the discussion were Miss Lincoln, Max Roach, Don Ellis, Lalo Schiffrin, Ira Gitler, Nat Hentoff, Bill Coss, and Don DeMicheal.

## PLANS FOR INTERNATIONAL JAZZ FESTIVAL ANNOUNCED

Initial plans for the International Jazz Festival, to be held in Washington May 31-June 3, indicate that it will be characterized by the old desire to make a lady out of jazz.

The program of nine concerts, in any event, will be an unusual mixture of formal music and jazz. The formal music, of course, will be related somehow to jazz.

The festival is being presented by the President's Music Committee of the People-to-People Program, with all profits going to further the committee's contacts with people in 101 countries, according to Mrs. Jouett Shouse, committee chairman.

President John F. Kennedy is honorary chairman of the People-to-People Program, former President Dwight D. Eisenhower is chairman of the board of trustees, and Mr. Joyce C. Hall is chairman of the executive committee.

The schedule, as announced by the committee:

Thursday evening, May 31—Constitution Hall. A program of jazz-oriented classical music performed by the National Symphony Orchestra with proceeds accruing to the symphony's pension fund. Howard Mitchell will conduct a portion of the program with guest conductors also participating. Two works commissioned by Broadcast Music, Inc., for this concert will receive their world premieres. The names of participating jazz soloists will be announced later.

Friday afternoon, June 1—Library of Congress. A program of chamber jazz and music by Debussy, Stravinsky, and

Bartok plus two works commissioned by BMI.

Friday evening, June 1—District of Columbia Armory. The first of several "Jazz at the Armory" programs, featuring well-known jazz performers.

Saturday morning, June 2—Constitution Hall. Concert for a "young audience." Two works have been commissioned by BMI for this program.

Saturday afternoon, June 2—Crampton Hall, Howard University. A program by small jazz groups.

Saturday evening, June 2—D. C. Armory. Second "Jazz at the Armory."

Sunday morning, June 3—D. C. Armory. Concert of Gospel music.

Sunday afternoon, June 3—D. C. Armory. Third "Jazz at the Armory."

Sunday evening, June 3—Constitution Hall. A jazz ballet concert.

New music for the festival has been commissioned, or is being sought from jazzmen George Russell, Jimmy Guiffre, and J. J. Johnson and from André Hodier and Larry Austin. Hodier is the French critic and composer. Austin is a music professor at the University of California.

The committee is now negotiating for appearances by a host of big names, including Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, and Lionel Hampton. Members of the U.S. embassy staff in Poland are financing the appearance of the Polish Jazz Quartet, and performers from France, Germany, Sweden, and Belgium have been invited.

## SHEARING REHEARSES NEW-SOUND GROUP

For the first time since organizing the present format of his quintet in 1949, George Shearing is experimenting with a new sound.

Now living permanently in Toluca Lake, a Hollywood suburb, the pianist has been rehearsing a radically new group consisting of rhythm section, tenor saxophone, bass trumpet, and accordion. Included in the rehearsal group are tenorist Teddy Edwards and bass trumpeter Dave Wells. Ralph Pena on bass and drummer Jan Hyde fill out the rhythm section.

Shearing, who has not regularly played jazz accordion since the early days of his quintet, recently expressed enthusiasm for the musical possibilities of his newly acquired Scandalli instrument. Not yet available on the market, the Scandalli features three banks of piano types of keys for the left hand.

Shearing's first objective, he said, is to get the new group recorded. He said he soon will cut an album for Capitol.

The pianist emphasized that he is not disbanding his present highly successful quintet, the arrangements for which

stress the familiar Shearing piano-guitar-vibraharp blend. This quintet recently played a tour up and down the West Coast and next September will do 30-day tour of Britain. Included in the quintet besides Pena and Hyde are vibist Doug Marsh, guitarist Johnny Gray, and Afro-Cuban percussionist Armando Peraza. The latter is the only holdover from previous Shearing groups.

The British tour will be Shearing's first visit to his native land since he left for the United States in 1947.

## LOCAL 47 PUSHES FOR BAN ON TAPE FOR ACTS

As the result of a resolution presented to the annual winter meeting of the American Federation of Musicians' international executive board in San Diego, Calif., taped music for acts working in night clubs, theaters, or other potential job locations for musicians may soon be banned by the union.

The board was pressed to act on the taped music issue by a delegation of officers from Los Angeles' Local 47—president John Tranchitella, vice president Max Herman, recording secretary Don Morris, and financial secretary Bob Manners. Their resolution "received favorable response" from the board, a union spokesman said. Beyond that, no other action was taken, although, it was added, the union's directing body had voted to "consider the matter further."

According to president Tranchitella, the use of taped music by variety acts is growing. Reports from members and a recent survey of night clubs in the Hollywood and Las Vegas, Nev. areas, Tranchitella said, now give rise to the fear that soon some clubs and theaters will no longer hire musicians to play for acts and, in fact, will use only those acts carrying their background music on a reel. The obvious economy to the club or theater operator by such practice would lend substance to the union's fear.

Tranchitella pointed out that the public is becoming "indoctrinated" to canned background in shows, particularly by many vocal acts who mouth or "lip-synch" their hit records to tape played backstage. This, he added, is due mainly to the fact that a studio recording is made in controlled conditions superior to those of most night clubs. An additional factor, Tranchitella said, is that the studio-recorded performance is generally made with many more musicians than night clubs usually can afford to hire.

While an AFM executive board ban on such taped backing for acts may be practically unenforceable, it is the feeling of the Local 47 delegation that such an edict would discourage many acts from indulging in the practice.

## CANNED MUSIC HASSEL WAXES HOT IN HOLLYWOOD

In Hollywood music circles these days, the words "canned music" are fighting words, to be sure.

At recent congressional hearings, canned soundtrack—or prerecorded music recorded outside the United States at lower labor cost—was tied to the over-all problem of "runaway production" by Phil Fischer, movie and television film studio representative of the American Federation of Musicians.



Gluskin

Fischer blasted its importation and usage as inimical to the economic welfare of American musicians (*DB*, Jan. 18).

Lines of battle in the canned-music controversy basically are drawn between the AFM and those producers who utilize the prepared soundtrack. As in most such controversies, however, there are those who find themselves in the middle but who are occasionally drawn into the firing line.

Thus, in a trade paper recently, Lud Gluskin, general music director for CBS Hollywood for the past 25 years, expressed himself on the controversial subject and quickly found himself the target of AFM criticism.

Speaking of the frantic production conditions in television as they affect the composers of noncanned soundtrack, Gluskin decried most of their work as churned out in haste and mediocre in quality.

"To meet the exigency of time," Gluskin said, "and not to cramp his own creative style, the composer farms out some of the jobs to less experienced men who may have recently self-graduated from the ranks of arrangers. This is a form of misrepresentation that needs to be corrected."

Contrasting the pace in television composing with the more leisurely schedule in motion picture work, Gluskin noted the TV composer is committed to write for one episode a week and, in some cases, for two one-hour shows a week.

"The result is," he declared, "it isn't music at all but a gimmicked-up score composed with a total disregard of a show's mood.

"Music for TV," he charged, "has

become a mass production off the assembly line. Like a piece of scenery, one is not conscious of good mood music, but he misses it if it isn't there. In pictures you can't compose music factory-style. Canned music is best because it is created by the best composers under normal conditions."

Elaborating on his defense of canned soundtrack, Gluskin pointed out that some three years ago there were widespread objections to the use of canned music in telefilms. Now, he contended, the pre-recorded product is preferred because the quality is better, is uncontrived, and is not dashed off in haste.

Composers, said Gluskin, have found their music for TV prerecorded overseas an economic boon. With unrestricted reuse, he explained, this soundtrack can bring up to \$25,000 a year in royalties where it has been indexed for use in network libraries.

Conversely, he pointed out, television music recorded in the United States by AFM members does not have this reuse application because it may be used only for the episode or series for which it was composed. AFM contracts with production companies prohibit this.

Reaction to Gluskin's statements from AFM studio representative Phil Fischer was categorical.

"He's talking through both sides of his mouth," Fischer told *Down Beat*. "Gluskin told me that he would rather do all the programs live."

"Besides," continued Fischer, "the facts don't bear out what he's saying. Three years ago 85 to 95 percent of television films were using canned music. Today, less than 50 percent are using it."

AFM's contract with the major telefilm producers, Fischer said, stipulates that live music be employed in all productions.

Gluskin, fending off Fischer's charges, asserted, "He's going off on a tangent."

"Certainly," he said, "I'd rather do every show live—if they could be done properly with quality music. I'm not at all averse to using live music, but under normal conditions. And I have no objection to doing every show live I can. But it's like tailoring a suit with lousy cloth. Or, going to the drugstore in a Ford or a Cadillac—I'd rather go in a Cadillac."

To Fischer's point on the increase in recording of live music, Gluskin responded that this was through necessity, that is, because of the AFM contracts. "I don't want that to sound negative," Gluskin said, "because I believe the union has done a great job in pressing for more live music through its agreements with producers."

"But," he added, "this doesn't alter

the basic facts I already cited regarding the mediocrity of the actual product.

"My point has nothing to do with the musicians but with the composers. You can't just grind out music like they do. This is a creative field."

"I can talk from actual experience," concluded Gluskin. "He can't."

Though Gluskin speaks for the product created by the composer and professes noninvolvement in the musicians' problems with canned soundtrack, the problem of his involuntary involvement would appear to be not so simple. One way or another, the musician's problem will have to be resolved. Unquestionably, the issue is now irrevocably joined.

## WANTED: YOUNG MUSIC TALENT

New York's Jazz Arts Society is holding auditions, until April 5, to find youngsters (13 to 18 years old) who have promising music talent but limited means of pursuing academic studies. The society will give them full scholarships from elementary through advanced study levels.

Mercer Ellington is in charge of the program, which is limited to students attending either junior high, high school, or any of the city's 600 schools.

Additional information may be obtained by writing the society at 20 W. 43rd St., New York City 36.

### Editorial

## Of Culture Booms and Jazz Appreciation

It is clear that this country is entering a period of great activity in the arts—a culture boom, as it often is termed.

A glance at the jazz world might lead one to conclude that this boom has had little effect on jazz. A long look, however, reveals something quite different. Putting together bits of news from various sections of the country, studying and analyzing these bits, leads one to the realization that this increased activity in the arts is having a definite effect on jazz' acceptance.

On the international level, jazz is making inroads inconceivable five years ago. There are, of course, the State Department-sponsored tours. And the announcement that Benny Goodman would play in Moscow is an important step forward. The recent report on jazz behind the Curtain (*DB*, March 15) pointed out the desire of many in the USSR, Poland, and Czechoslovakia to hear U.S. jazz artists in person. The report also made clear that modern jazz played by musicians native to these countries is of quality.

On the national level, in the mass media especially, jazz is coming more and more into its own. For example, excellent articles, written by knowledgeable jazz writers, are no longer a rarity in such magazines as *Harper's*, *The New Yorker*, *Saturday Review*, and others of similar quality. Even newspapers occasionally have intelligent jazz reporting.

But the strongest gains made by jazz in the mass media have been in television, the medium offering the greatest promise for the music. The increasing use of modern jazz groups on large-audience programs such as *The Ed Sullivan Show* is a healthy sign. Then there are the low-budget shows such as *Robert Herridge Theater* and *Look up and Live* that do excellent jobs of presenting jazz.

On the local level, there has been more intelligence and taste displayed in the presentation of jazz concerts. No longer are these concerts packed to the bursting point with jazz groups and singers; instead, most concerts concentrate on, at most, three compatible acts. Subscription concert series, now being presented in several medium-sized cities, present only one group a concert, attendance at which is usually large, sometimes overflowing.

But the most important indication that jazz will share greatly in the increased cultural activity is found in the schools. There are about 6,000 high school stage bands in this country. (Stage band means dance-jazz band.) Thus, thousands of young persons are becoming familiar with the workings—and depth—of jazz. Most of these youngsters will not, of course, become professional jazzmen, but the experience they gain today gives them understanding and appreciation that spells a glowing future for jazz.

College jazz bands, large and small, are becoming the training grounds for professional careers. The quality of college jazz is high; hardened jazz critics and musicians consistently have been amazed at the musical excellence displayed at collegiate jazz festivals such as the one held recently at Villanova University in Philadelphia and the one that takes place April 6-7 at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Ind.

In other words, the future for jazz is bright—brighter perhaps than it ever has been. All things considered, there is much we in the jazz world should be thankful for, much to be hopeful of.

# VERSATILE JIMMY KNEPPER



TOM HANNAN

ONCE, SOME years ago in Los Angeles, trombonist Jimmy Knepper was forced to split a \$5 gig with four other musicians. Times are not so bad now.

Knepper has earned a reputation and particular respect for his work with Charlie Mingus, with whom he has played and recorded, sporadically, since 1957. But, as of 1943, when he first began to play professionally, the bulk of Knepper's musical experience has been accumulated on the road, for his career has traversed the rosters of countless perpetually traveling jazz and dance bands.

"I think I've been with almost every band that goes out of town for the weekend," the trombonist said. And Knepper's experience, the special one-nighter experience peculiar to the U.S. band musician, has edged what seems a basically amiable, if reserved, nature with a mildly wry wit and cynicism that is, however, without very much bitterness.

"You don't mind the road so much," he said. "It's leaving town for so long that bothers you. So many one-nighters . . . You can't even unpack your suitcase down to the bottom. But you have to accept the fact that you're going to have to leave town, leave your family . . . It's a way of paying your dues. Of course, it's very precarious being a musician. Say this is October, and I know I'm booked for several weeks, but in February what will I be doing? Someone else can say—someone in another profession—'Well, I'll be right here.' Still you can get used to this sort of life. I heard a story about Quentin Jackson. He's been on the road for 35 years! He's so used to it he doesn't feel right if he's in town for more than a week."

The terms one might employ to suggest Knepper's physical appearance—lean, angular—would apply as well to the manner in which he projects his solos. If he is less than imposing on the stand, he is one of very few "modern" trombonists to have escaped, almost entirely, the trappings of limitation. He has his own statement to make and pretty much his own way of getting it said.

Gunther Schuller has said of him:

"The most remarkable thing about him is that he can really play any kind of music, and I mean *any* kind, a tribute you can't pay many other musicians, jazz or classical. I've further been very impressed with what I've heard of his improvising ability; he's original, with roots in the language. His tone is what I would term a sort of light, spunky tone with a good deal of rhythmic drive and emotional directness. I'm also impressed with his attitude toward music. He's wide open, willing to listen and play any kind, however experimental. . . ."

**K**NEPPER WAS born in Los Angeles in 1927. At 4, while in a military school, he took to sitting outside the bandroom after class.

Finally, Knepper recalled, the bandmaster said, "Why don't you come in?" So I did. They had all these horns hanging on the wall. At first he gave me an alto horn and later on a baritone. But my mother wanted me to be able to play in both the school band and orchestra so the bandmaster said, "You play trombone—you have a trombone mouth." I was about 9 then."

While he was in high school, still in his early teens, he studied with various private teachers and played with a university band. His first job was with Chuck Cabot, and there followed periods of varying lengths with the bands of Freddie Slack, Ray Bauduc, Cal Grayson, Charlie Barnet, Charlie Spivak, Ralph Flanagan, the Elgarts, Stan Kenton,

Gil Evans, Claude Thornhill (with whom he toured Germany, France, and North Africa), Buddy Morrow, Ralph Marterie, et al.

He's also worked with Tony Scott, who has called him "my favorite trombonist . . . a musician of tremendous capabilities," and Kai Winding ("I play with Kai once a year").

Despite this wide experience, Knepper finds, he said, little in big-band work that is essential to a jazz musician's experience:

"Do you learn much working with big bands? No, very little. Probably you can learn something playing with a good jazz band but not from a dance band. You learn how to work with other musicians, how to blend. Oh, yes. You learn how to put in a mute quickly."

His earliest influences were J. C. Higginbotham and Vic Dickenson, but a week in Philadelphia with Charlie Parker in 1950 opened his ear to newer concepts.

"He was a genius, a natural musician," Knepper said. "I wish I'd gotten to know him as a person. I wonder if anybody really did. I doubt if many people really thought of him as a human being. I'd say he was in fairly good physical condition then—or in as good a condition as he ever was. Of course, he had a lot of physical things wrong with him. The doctor would say he shouldn't eat fried chicken or drink, but he'd go right out and do them."

Knepper says his major inspiration now comes from the Ellington band and that he finds the recent band "really flabbergasting. They play pretty much the same way all the time, but it sure sounds good to me. There's no dead weight in that band. One of my ambitions has been to play with Duke.

"Actually, I have very little time to do much listening. The only time I get to really hear a musician is when I play with him. So I don't know too much about what other trombonists are doing. Willie Dennis, he's played with Mingus, is a very good trombone player. Britt Woodman . . . Buddy Morrow! He's really something. I thought Urbie Green could play, but Buddy Morrow is an old Urbie Green in all that that implies.

"There aren't very many trombone players because a lot of people find the trombone difficult to play. But actually it's easy. You play it more or less by feel. It just can't do the things that are easy for the other horns to play.

"One of the advantages of working with a band is getting to hear somebody. One of the reasons I enjoyed working with Tony Scott was because I got a chance to hear Bill Evans. And I really *heard* Joe Albany when I played with him. Of everyone I've played with, I felt most musically comfortable playing with Albany."

Knepper has found working with Mingus to be "very stimulating. It takes a little while to get in the spirit of some of his tunes—they're kind of strange at first. He's written tunes—he says he hears them like this—where all of a sudden there's one two-beat insert. So the soloist has to sort of hang on. The drummer plays it—he's straight—but the horns sort of have to stand around and mark time waiting for the bridge. But once you learn his tunes, once you *feel* how they should be played, they come easily. He expects quick results but understands the musician's problems. And he doesn't impose his own ideas on you but wants individual interpretations. He knows what he wants from a piano player, though, and that's why he's playing it himself now. When he had the band with Ted Curson and Eric Dolphy, he didn't use the piano. He needs a piano player of very high ability, but a piano player of the caliber that Mingus needs would probably be working with his own group. So Mingus took it over himself."

CERTAIN CURRENT trends in jazz disturb Knepper, among them "this Gospel thing," which he says seems like a gimmick, "something to sell."

He said he feels that jazz has gotten away from that—"we're playing European harmony now."

Another manifestation he dislikes it "this hysterical jazz. I don't want to hear it. Mingus calls some of the stuff we're playing 'rock-and-roll jazz.'"

"He knows you have to play what people want in order to survive," Knepper continued. "If Mingus could get up and play tunes from his older records or things like *The Clown*—and he hasn't played that in years—I think he would do much better. But he's psychologically incapable of practicing. In a way, though, it's a good thing that he keeps advancing. I like to play with sensitive musicians. The current style is to play almost as loud as you can, swing like mad, and don't give too much thought to what you're playing. Mingus occasionally gets into that, but very rarely. He's so much larger than that."

Knepper has serious reservations about some of the newer people.

"I hear that they're sincere, but they sound to me like they're putting themselves on or practicing on the stand," he said. "Most people who listen don't know a thing. Even other musicians don't know. In jazz a player plays for five minutes straight, and very few players can make any sense out of a solo of that length."

If jazz keeps borrowing from other sources, as it has, it will take more exceptional musicians to get it across, he said, and described much of present-day jazz soloing as just one note following another without much thought—"they go up, and they go down."

"Most players leave you cold," he said. "The way some of the harmony goes, it's very hard to get some melodic sense out of it. I try to play with a compositional technique, to play a melody and try and make some sense out of it. I feel most comfortable playing show tunes. I try to connect phrases so an idea has a reason for being there. Music comes out as a result of everything you've heard, since childhood. Sometimes you hear someone play something, say Bird, and you wonder where in the world would Bird have heard that? Something from an exercise book, a march, a skater's waltz.

"Jazz some day has got to get some form to it. Musicians have to think better when they solo. Tatum, Parker, and a few others got jazz out of the simple stage, and now it's imperative to be a virtuoso. I'd like to hear Mozart or one of those other 'classical' people playing jazz. The king would say to them, 'Play this melody.' So they'd play this impromptu, but they had beautiful thought—a beginning, a middle, and an end. Their music sounds so formal now, and yet they were improvising, developing themes, turning them upside down. There were introductions and codas."

Knepper recalls what he terms his "most enjoyable job," a date in a Los Angeles club where "the clientele was made up mostly of skid-row bums. The owner eventually changed it to accommodate more affluent bums. But these bums would come in off the street and just sit there with their mouths open. They really enjoyed it. They'd come in, and then they'd go out again and panhandle and come back to buy us wine. These are the people who need the music.

"It's too bad music can't be subsidized. People go out to a club to eat or drink. I don't like to drink too much, and the food in clubs is usually bad, so I don't get out very often. The customers have to get out of their skulls to listen. Maybe if they were sober, they wouldn't enjoy it so much. I'm afraid I don't have a very high opinion of the people we play for. Some people make a pretense of listening."





TED WILLIAMS

# LALO = BRILLIANCE

By GENE LEES

**B**ECAUSE Dizzy Gillespie is infinitely unpredictable (he has given up his northbound trumpet for a straight model, just when the world was getting used to the unorthodox horn), the music business has learned not to be surprised by his surprises.

Thus, when word went around the business last year that Gillespie had hired Xavier Cugat's pianist, the standard response was, "Well, that's Birks for you."

But as usual, Gillespie knew more than people knew he knew. Certainly in this case he knew precisely what he was doing. The association of pianist and arranger Lalo Schifrin with the Gillespie quintet has proved one of the trumpeter's most fruitful of recent years. So close is the collaboration that Gillespie compares it to that of Billy Strayhorn and Duke Ellington.

Schifrin was not, of course, Cugat's pianist at any time. A young freelance arranger working in New York, he had contributed arrangements to Cugat's book. And at that, they weren't standard Cugat arrangements. Schifrin added a distinct jazz tinge to the Cugat library.

More to the point, Schifrin was, and always had been, a jazz musician. Though he was born in Argentina, he had worked consistently with jazz groups, in his native country and in France.

Gillespie also knew this about Schifrin: he had studied composition with the noted Latin American 12-tone composer Juan-Carlos Paz, had led a highly successful 16-piece jazz band in his native Buenos Aires, and had taken four first prizes at the Paris Conservatory (in composition, harmony, fugue, and counterpoint). Finally, Schifrin already was working on the now-famous *Gillespiana Suite*, the idea for which had come to the young Argentinian when he first met Gillespie a few years ago during Dizzy's State Department tour of South America with a big band.

Lalo was a man with a lot of background.

**B**ORN Boris Schifrin 29 years ago (Lalo was a childhood nickname that stuck), he is the son of a musician. His father, Luis, led the second violin section of the Theater Colon Orchestra, one of South America's best symphony organizations, for 30 years.

When he was 10, Lalo started studying piano with a Russian teacher, Andreas Karalis, who had been the head of the Kiev Conservatory until his political convictions made it prudent for him to leave. At 16, Lalo started studying harmony with Juan-Carlos Paz. In the meantime, he was studying sociology and law at the University of Buenos Aires.

"Then I decided it had to be music," he recalled. "So I applied for a scholarship to the Paris Conservatory."

By now he was a draftee in the Argentine army. By luck, he was released from service in time to accept the scholarship and left for the French capital. There he studied with a celebrated disciple of Maurice Ravel.

"In the meantime," Schifrin said, "I was playing with French jazz groups. I played with Bobby Jaspas, who at that time was playing mostly tenor; Jean-Louis Chauton, baritone; Jean-Louis Viale, drums; and Benoit Quersin, the bassist, who now owns the Blue Note night club in Brussels."

He also played at the third International Festival of Jazz in Paris' Salle Pleyel, as a representative of Argentina. That was in 1955. In 1956 he went home to Buenos Aires and formed a 16-piece band. It was his country's first band in what Lalo calls "the Basie-Gillespie tradition."

"I wrote all the arrangements and put together the best musicians in town," Schifrin said. "The band was a big hit, and that we had not expected. We did concerts, radio and TV broadcasts, and dances. We had another book for dances, which I also wrote.

"A few months later, Dizzy came down on that State Department tour. It was the first American band to visit Argentina.

"We played for the musicians in Dizzy's band. The next day Dizzy asked me if I would write something for him. That's when I got the idea to write a Gillespiana suite."

But the time for the suite was not yet.

**I**N 1957, SCHIFRIN started writing for motion pictures. One of the films for which he did an underscore was called *El Jefe*, meaning the chief or leader. The score was strictly jazz. For it, he won an Argentine academy award. A ballad from the score also became a pop hit.

The following year, Schifrin picked up his second Argentine academy award, this one for a nonjazz, 12-tone score utilizing the curious sextet instrumentation of violin, viola, cello, tympani, alto saxophone, and baritone saxophone.

Schifrin decided it was time to go to the United States.

Shortly after his arrival in New York City, he put together a trio comprising himself, bassist Eddy DeHaas, and drummer Rudy Collins. Collins is now in the Gillespie quintet with him; he replaced Chuck Lampkin, who has been drafted. The trio played Basin Street East and the Embers. Schifrin also began to do studio arranging.

"It was ironic," he said. "They gave me more Latin American things to write than anything. They evidently couldn't believe I was a jazz musician.

"This was the period when I was writing for Cugat. I did a lot of work for him. There are several albums of my charts. I changed the sound of the band some-

what. Cugat liked it. He told me that all his life he had wanted to do something like it, but the business end of it had pushed him to do other things.

"All this time I had been carrying the idea for the *Gillespiana Suite* in my head. One day I wrote a sketch of it and took it to Dizzy."

Gillespie not only liked the sketch but also liked Schifrin's playing enough to hire him to replace Junior Mance, who had left the trumpeter.

If Schifrin had changed the sound of the Cugat band somewhat, he also changed that of the Gillespie quintet. After the bluesy sound of Mance, Schifrin's Latin American effects resulted in a considerable change of texture and, to an extent, of rhythmic emphasis.

But there was no clash. "Don't forget," Schifrin points out, "that Dizzy is the composer of *Manteca*, *Lorraine*, *A Night in Tunisia*, and *Con Alma*. He worked with Chano Pozo years ago. Dizzy has always had a sympathy for Latin American music."

To the listener, it sounds these days as if the group has been heavily Latinized. Sometimes whole sets are made up of Latin tunes, in which Gillespie seems to find even more than his usual freedom. Schifrin claims otherwise: "We've really added only a few Latin things to the book, including the thing we call *Safari*, which is really African, and the *Gillespiana Suite*. All the other Latin tunes were in the book before I came."

Rehearsals on the quintet version of *Gillespiana* began shortly after Schifrin joined the group. "Then Dizzy commissioned me to write it for big band," he said. "That was the original idea anyway."

"We did it in concert with a big band in Carnegie Hall in March, 1961. In fact, I wrote all the arrangements for the concert, including a work called *Tunisian Fantasy*, which was based on *A Night in Tunisia*. Of all the works I've written for Dizzy, I was most happy with that one.

"It is a work in three movements. They're called *A Night in Tunisia*; *The Casbah*, which is a development on the bridge of the tune; and *Tunisian Promenade*, which is based on the interlude of the tune. It's really a duet for trumpet and bass with orchestra.

"The whole concert was recorded, but it hasn't been released yet."

SCHIFRIN continues to write at a furious pace. He has just completed a jazz piano sonata (the Modern Jazz Quartet publishes his music), which Bill Evans will probably record. Schifrin is scheduled himself to record, for Roulette, an extended work for small group, which is to be a choreographic poem, based probably on the Faust legend.

He says there is no nationalism in his use of Latin American rhythms. "I use them for color," he explained. "And they seem to work well with Dizzy."

"I have always had a great sympathy for Dizzy's music—his dramatic conception of both harmony and melody. And he always has been interested in different rhythmic effects. You know, when Dizzy uses Latin American rhythms—like when he's playing the cowbell while Leo Wright is soloing—they're absolutely authentic. He picks them up so easily it's amazing.

"You know, the man is a genius.

"It seems to me that there is enough room in jazz for all possible influences. I've just done a composition for the quintet called *Mount Olive*, which is based on Middle Eastern rhythms and scales.

"Jazz is music.

"It happens that it is facing certain problems at present. I think most creative musicians today are facing problems.

"Recently we've seen the introduction of Greek modes by young musicians; the use of polytonal harmony along with excursions into the atonal, a field which Lennie Tristano started exploring years ago; polyrhythmic things like Dave Brubeck is doing; different effects of timbre like Gil Evans uses. And there have been other explorations, using classical influences—for example, the music of John Lewis, Gunther Schuller, and J. J. Johnson. Don't overlook J. J.—he's something else as a composer. All of these explorations are having a revolutionary effect on the form of jazz, aiming toward escaping the constant use of simple theme and variations in the old way.

"Of course, there will always be guys who just want to blow. But the writers are becoming more important. They can give the player form and inspiration and support. The first to use that conception was Duke Ellington. For a long time he was alone."

GILLESPIE is of the view that his pianist is likely to be one of the writers contributing much to that development.

"Lalo has improved a lot as a pianist since he joined the group," said the trumpeter, who didn't bother to point out that every musician who has ever worked with him remembers that period of his life as one of great growth under Gillespie's almost off-handed teaching.

"People from other countries," Gillespie said, "they listen to records, get ideas. . . . But it's not the same as playing jazz all the time.

"A couple of things confused Lalo at first. But he's improved enormously, now that he's been here a while."

Lalo is well-schooled in Chopin, Beethoven, and other great classical writers for the keyboard. Yet his approach to jazz piano is quite unclassical, except for his fluency in playing long lines and runs. Sometimes he hammers at the keyboard in a stiff-wristed manner reminiscent of Dave Brubeck's.

He applies Latin American methods to jazz, in a highly personal way. Sometimes he can be heard repeating a left-handed chord in rhythmic unity with the running Latin chords (octaves with fifths, or sometimes fifths and sixths in between) while he is playing at surprising speed with his right. But the ideas are jazz ideas. As often as not, a solo will start with a single line and gradually develop into a powerful and exciting excursion into the Latin toward the end.

All this music comes from a somewhat unkempt, rather serious, and usually confused-looking young man who somehow reminds one of Bill Dana's television character, Jose Jimenez. Unsmiling when you meet him, Schifrin looks as if he'll, never in a million years, know what's happening.

The slightly discombooberated air is probably related to the fact that English is not his native language and he has to listen carefully to it. The subtlety of a joke will pass by when he has first met a person. Later, as his ears become attuned to the acquaintance's speech, his big, easy sense of humor manifests itself. He is a thoroughly cultivated young man of polished tastes, who may be found in intense conversation about Goethe or quoting the poetry of Paul Valery in French.

"Lalo is really something," Gillespie said. "And he hasn't really begun to show people his potential. He won't, until he gets a chance to use strings. He has ideas about strings that will scare you, using them percussively and that sort of thing.

"We're all going to hear a lot more from Lalo."



# JOHN COLTRANE AND ERIC DOLPHY ANSWER THE JAZZ CRITICS

By DON DeMICHEAL

JOHN COLTRANE has been the center of critical controversy ever since he unfurled his sheets of sound in his days with Miles Davis. At first disparaged for his sometimes involved, multinoted solos, Coltrane paid little heed and continued exploring music. In time, his harmonic approach—for the sheets were really rapid chord running, in the main—was accepted, even praised, by most jazz critics.

By the time critics had caught up with Coltrane, the tenor saxophonist had gone on to another way of playing. Coltrane II, if you will, was much concerned with linear theme development that seemed sculptured or torn from great blocks of granite. Little critical carping was heard of this second, architectural, Coltrane.

But Coltrane, an inquisitive-minded, probing musician, seemingly has left architecture for less concrete, more abstract means of expression. This third and present Coltrane has encountered an ever-growing block of criticism, much of it marked by a holy-war fervor.

Criticism of Coltrane III is almost always tied in with Coltrane's cohort Eric Dolphy, a member of that group of musicians who play what has been dubbed the "new thing."

Dolphy's playing has been praised and damned since his national-jazz-scene arrival about two years ago. Last summer Dolphy joined Coltrane's group for a tour. It was on this tour that Coltrane and Dolphy came under the withering fire of *Down Beat* associate editor John Tynan, the first critic to take a strong—and public—stand against what Coltrane and Dolphy were playing.

In the Nov. 23, 1961, *Down Beat* Tynan wrote, "At Hollywood's Renaissance club recently, I listened to a horrifying demonstration of what appears to be a growing anti-jazz trend exemplified by these foremost proponents [Coltrane and Dolphy] of what is termed avant garde music.

"I heard a good rhythm section . . . go to waste behind the nihilistic exercises of the two horns. . . . Coltrane and Dolphy seem intent on deliberately destroying [swing]. . . . They seem bent on pursuing an anarchistic course in their music that can but be termed anti-jazz."

The anti-jazz term was picked up by Leonard Feather and used as a basis for critical essays of Coltrane, Dolphy, Ornette Coleman, and the "new thing" in general in *Down Beat* and *Show*.



BILL ABERNATHY

COLTRANE



BENGT H. MALMQUIST

DOLPHY

The reaction from readers to both Tynan's and Feather's remarks was immediate, heated, and about evenly divided.

Recently, Coltrane and Dolphy agreed to sit down and discuss their music and the criticism leveled at it.

One of the recurring charges is that their performances are stretched out over too long a time, that Coltrane and Dolphy play on and on, past inspiration and into monotony.

Coltrane answered, "They're long because all the soloists try to explore all the avenues that the tune offers. They try to use all their resources in their solos. Everbody has quite a bit to work on. Like when I'm playing, there are certain things I try to get done and so does Eric and McCoy Tyner [Coltrane's pianist]. By the time we finish, the song is spread out over a pretty long time.

"It's not planned that way; it just happens. The performances get longer and longer. It's sort of growing that way."

But, goes the criticism, there must be editing, just as a writer must edit his work so that it keeps to the point and does not ramble and become boring.

Coltrane agreed that editing must be done—but for essentially a different reason from what might be expected.

"There are times," he said, "when we play places opposite another group, and in order to play a certain number of sets a night, you can't play an hour and a half at one time. You've got to play 45 or 55 minutes and rotate sets with the other band. And for those reasons, for a necessity such as that, I think it's quite in order that you edit and shorten things.

"But when your set is unlimited, timewise, and everything is really together musically—if there's continuity—it really doesn't make any difference how long you play.

"On the other hand, if there're dead spots, then it's really not good to play anything too long."

One of the tunes that Coltrane's group plays at length is *My Favorite Things*, a song, as played by the group, that can exert an intriguingly hypnotic effect, though sometimes it seems too long.

Upon listening closely to him play *Things* on the night before the interview, it seemed that he actually played two solos. He finished one, went back to the theme a bit, and then went into another improvisation.

"That's the way the song is constructed," Coltrane said. "It's divided into parts. We play both parts. There's a minor and a major part. We improvise in the minor, and we improvise in the major modes."

Is there a certain length to the two modes?

"It's entirely up to the artist—his choice," he answered. "We were playing it at one time with minor, then major, then minor modes, but it was *really* getting too long—it was about the only tune we had time to play in an average-length set."

But in playing extended solos, isn't there ever present the risk of running out of ideas? What happens when you've played all your ideas?

"It's easy to stop then," Coltrane said, grinning. "If I feel like I'm just playing notes . . . maybe I don't feel the rhythm or I'm not in the best shape that I should be in when this happens. When I become aware of it in the middle of a solo, I'll try to build things to the point where this inspiration is happening again, where things are spontaneous and not contrived. If it reaches that point again, I feel it can continue—it's alive again. But if it doesn't happen, I'll just quit, bow out."

Dolphy, who had been sitting pixie-like as Coltrane spoke, was in complete agreement about stopping when inspiration had flown.

Last fall at the Monterey Jazz Festival, the Coltrane-Dolphy group was featured opening night. In his playing that night Dolphy at times sounded as if he were imitating

birds. On the night before the interview some of Dolphy's flute solos brought Monterey to mind. Did he do this on purpose?

Dolphy smiled and said it was purposeful and that he had always liked birds.

Is bird imitation valid in jazz?

"I don't know if it's valid in jazz," he said, "but I enjoy it. It somehow comes in as part of the development of what I'm doing. Sometimes I can't do it.

"At home [in California] I used to play, and the birds always used to whistle with me. I would stop what I was working on and play with the birds."

He described how bird calls had been recorded and then slowed down in playback; the bird calls had a timbre similar to that of a flute. Conversely, he said, a symphony flutist recorded these bird calls, and when the recording was played at a fast speed, it sounded like birds.

Having made his point about the connection of bird whistles and flute playing, Dolphy explained his use of quarter tones when playing flute.

"That's the way birds do," he said. "Birds have notes in between our notes—you try to imitate something they do and, like, maybe it's between F and F#, and you'll have to go up or come down on the pitch. It's really something! And so, when you get playing, this comes. You try to do some things on it. Indian music has something of the same quality—different scales and quarter tones. I don't know how you label it, but it's pretty."

**T**HE QUESTION in many critics' minds, though they don't often verbalize it, is: What are John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy trying to do. Or: What *are* they doing?

Following the question, a 30-second silence was unbroken except by Dolphy's, "That's a good question." Dolphy was first to try to voice his aims in music:

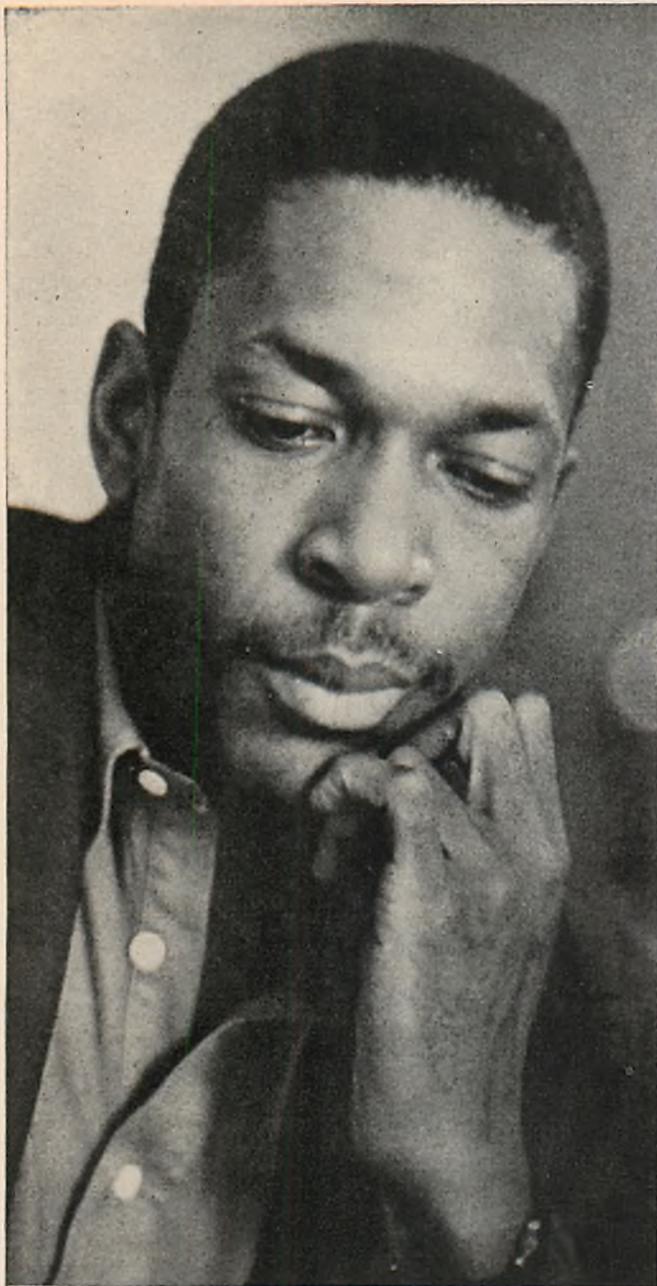
"What I'm trying to do I find enjoyable. Inspiring—what it makes me do. It helps me play, this feel. It's like you have no idea what you're going to do next. You have an idea, but there's always that spontaneous thing that happens. This feeling, to me, leads the whole group. When John plays, it might lead into something you had no idea could be done. Or McCoy does something. Or the way Elvin [Jones, drummer with the group] or Jimmy [Garrison, the bassist] play; they solo, they do something. Or when the rhythm section is sitting on something a different way. I feel that is what it does for me."

Coltrane, who had sat in frowned contemplation while Dolphy elaborated, dug into the past for his answer:

"Eric and I have been talking music for quite a few years, since about 1954. We've been close for quite a while. We watched music. We always talked about it, discussed what was being done down through the years, because we love music. What we're doing now was started a few years ago.

"A few months ago Eric was in New York, where the group was working, and he felt like playing, wanted to come down and sit in. So I told him to come on down and play, and he did—and turned us all around. I'd felt at ease with just a quartet till then, but he came in, and it was like having another member of the family. He'd found another way to express the same thing we had found one way to do.

"After he sat in, we decided to see what it would grow into. We began to play some of the things we had only talked about before. Since he's been in the band, he's had a broadening effect on us. There are a lot of things we try now that we never tried before. This helped me, because I've started to write—it's necessary that we have things written so that we can play together. We're playing things



JIM MARSHALL

Coltrane

that are freer than before.

"I would like for him to feel at home in the group and find a place to develop what he wants to do as an individualist and as a soloist—just as I hope everybody in the band will. And while we are doing this, I would also like the listener to be able to receive some of these good things—some of this beauty."

Coltrane paused, deep in thought. No one said anything. Finally he went on:

"It's more than beauty that I feel in music—that I think musicians feel in music. What we know we feel we'd like to convey to the listener. We hope that this can be shared by all. I think, basically, that's about what it is we're trying to do. We never talked about just what we were trying to do. If you ask me that question, I might say this today and tomorrow say something entirely different, because there are many things to do in music.

"But, over-all, I think the main thing a musician would like to do is to give a picture to the listener of the many wonderful things he knows of and senses in the universe. That's what music is to me—it's just another way of saying this is a big, beautiful universe we live in, that's been given to us, and here's an example of just how magnificent and encompassing it is. That's what I would like to do.

I think that's one of the greatest things you can do in life, and we all try to do it in some way. The musician's is through his music."

His philosophy about music, life, and the universe, Coltrane said, is "so important to music, and music is so important. Some realize it young and early in their careers. I didn't realize it as early as I should have, as early as I wish I had. Sometimes you have to take a thing when it comes and be glad."

When did he first begin to feel this way?

"I guess I was on my way in '57, when I started to get myself together musically, although at the time I was working academically and technically. It's just recently that I've tried to become even more aware of this other side—the life side of music. I feel I'm just beginning again. Which goes back to the group and what we're trying to do. I'm fortunate to be in the company I'm in now, because anything I'd like to do, I have a place to try. They respond so well that it's very easy to try new things."

Dolphy broke in with, "Music is a reflection of everything. And it's universal. Like, you can hear somebody from across the world, another country. You don't even know them, but they're in your back yard, you know?"

"It's a reflection of the universe," Coltrane said. "Like having life in miniature. You just take a situation in life or an emotion you know and put it into music. You take a scene you've seen, for instance, and put it to music."

Had he ever succeeded in re-creating a situation or scene?

"I was getting into it," he said, "but I haven't made it yet. But I'm beginning to see how to do it. I know a lot of musicians who have done it. It's just happening to me now. Actually, while a guy is soloing, there are many things that happen. Probably he himself doesn't know how many moods or themes he's created. But I think it really ends up with the listener. You know, you hear different people say, 'Man, I felt this while he was playing,' or 'I thought about this.' There's no telling what people are thinking. They take in what they have experienced. It's a sharing process—playing—for people."

"You can feel vibrations from the people," Dolphy added.

"The people can give you something too," Coltrane said. "If you play in a place where they really like you, like your group, they can make you play like you've never felt like playing before."

**A**NYONE WHO has heard the Coltrane group in person in such a situation knows the almost hypnotic effect the group can have on the audience and the audience's almost surging involvement in the music. But sometimes, it is said, the striving for excitement *per se* within the group leads to nonmusical effects. It was effects such as these that have led to the "anti-jazz" term.

Such a term is bound to arouse reaction in musicians like Coltrane and Dolphy.

Without a smile—or rancor—Coltrane said he would like the critics who have used the term in connection with him to tell him exactly what they mean. Then, he said, he could answer them.

One of the charges is that what Coltrane and Dolphy play doesn't swing.

"I don't know what to say about that," Dolphy said.

"Maybe it doesn't swing," Coltrane offered.

"I can't say that they're wrong," Dolphy said. "But I'm still playing."

Well, don't *you* feel that it swings? he was asked.

"Of course I do," Dolphy answered. "In fact, it swings so much I don't know what to do—it moves me so much. I'm with John; I'd like to know how they explain 'anti-jazz' Maybe they can tell us something."

"There are various types of swing," Coltrane said. "There's

straight 4/4, with heavy bass drum accents. Then there's the kind of thing that goes on in Count Basie's band. In fact, every group of individuals assembled has a different feeling—a different swing. It's the same with this band. It's a different feeling than in any other band. It's hard to answer a man who says it doesn't swing."

Later, when the first flush of defense had subsided, Coltrane allowed:

"Quite possibly a lot of things about the band need to be done. But everything has to be done in its own time. There are some things that you just grow into. Back to speaking about editing—things like that. I've felt a need for this, and I've felt a need for ensemble work—throughout the songs, a little cement between this block, a pillar here, some more cement there, etc. But as yet I don't know just how I would like to do it. So rather than make a move just because I know it needs to be done, a move that I've not arrived at through work, from what I naturally feel, I won't do it.

"There may be a lot of things missing from the music that are coming, if we stay together that long. When they come, they'll be things that will be built out of just what the group is. They will be unique to the group and of the group."

Coltrane said he felt that what he had said still did not answer his critics adequately, that in order to do so he would have to meet them and discuss what has been said so that he could see just what they mean.

Dolphy interjected that the critic should consult the musician when there is something the critic does not fully understand. "It's kind of alarming to the musician," he said, "when someone has written something bad about what the musician plays but never asks the musician anything about it. At least, the musician feels bad. But he doesn't feel so bad that he quits playing. The critic influences a lot of people. If something new has happened, something nobody knows what the musician is doing, he should ask the musician about it. Because somebody may like it; they might want to know something about it. Sometimes it really hurts, because a musician not only loves his work but depends on it for a living. If somebody writes something bad about musicians, people stay away. Not because the guys don't sound good but because somebody said something that has influence over a lot of people. They say, 'I read this, and I don't think he's so hot because so-and-so said so.'"

Dolphy had brought up a point that bothers most jazz critics: readers sometime forget that criticism is what *one* man thinks. A critic is telling how he feels about, how he reacts to, what he hears in, a performance or a piece of music.

"The best thing a critic can do," Coltrane said, "is to thoroughly understand what he is writing about and then jump in. That's all he can do. I have even seen favorable criticism which revealed a lack of profound analysis, causing it to be little more than superficial.

"Understanding is what is needed. That is *all* you can do. Get all the understanding for what you're speaking of that you can get. That way you have done your best. It's the same with a musician who is trying to understand music as well as he can. Undoubtedly, none of us are going to be 100 percent—in either criticism or music. No percent near that, but we've all got to try.

"Understanding is the whole thing. In talking to a critic try to understand him, and he can try to understand the part of the game you are in. With this understanding, there's no telling what could be accomplished. Everybody would benefit."

Though he said he failed to answer his critics, John Coltrane perhaps had succeeded more than he thought. 



BENGT H. MALINGQUIST

Dolphy

**T**HE AFRICAN thing, as a special thing in itself, is all over." So says Herbie Mann, who, since 1960 has been the leading exponent of jazz played with African percussion instruments in the rhythm section.

Some background information:

If your name is Herbert Jay Solomon Mann, Brooklyn-born on April 16, 1930, you will be called, naturally enough, Herbie from infancy. Also naturally enough, when you've become a poll winning jazzman, puns will be made on your surname, especially for album titles and magazine articles.

As all that and as a tenor saxophonist turned flutist, there is no hint of a special reason why Herbie Mann should have become the earliest of the Mann-meld with Africa, a very successful meld. Nor any reason, considering the success of the melded Mann, to expect Herbie to move from predominantly African-oriented presentation to something involved with many other fields.

But Mann explains the move to African rhythms, as well as his own disenchantment, in personal terms and in terms of both world history and the normal public excitement for novelty.

He is particularly qualified to judge because he first employed in jazz most of those who have or will make special marks in Afro and Cuban drumming: Carlos (Patato) Valeler, Jose Mangual, Ray Mantilla, Michael Olatunji, Ray Barretto, Chief Bey, Montego Joe, and Willie Bobo—more or less in that order, usually in twosomes, and most of them along with jazz drummer Rudy Collins.

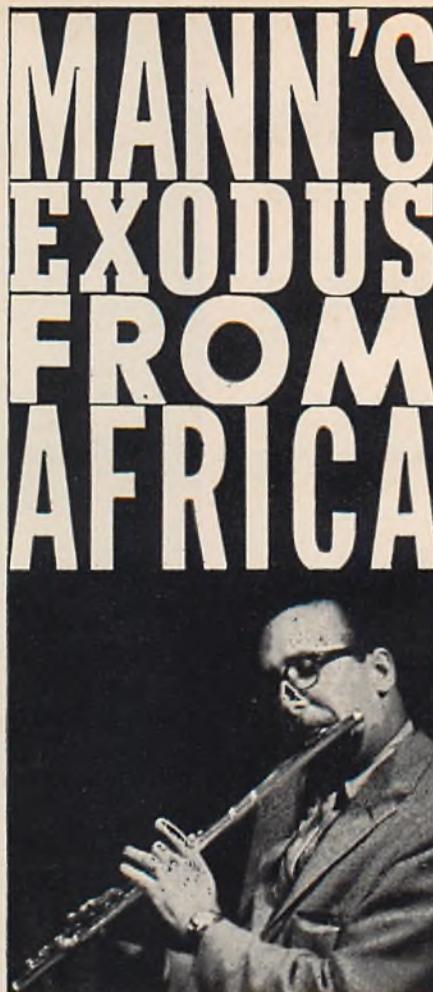
"In 1960," Herbie recalled recently, "Africa was the big thing in the news. For the first time the jazz audience really saw African drummers, or heard them, in all media. People *used* Africa. I did too, but I believed in it also. I began my group."

When that first group was formed—and became practically the house band at Basin Street East in New York—Herbie spent much time talking about it. He knew almost immediately he had something successful.

"The driving force in that group was not drums," he says now, "but the women who bring their dates to the club." Ralph Watkins, manager of Basin Street East, knew that too.

For Mann, the biggest problem was finding room in his sets for anything other than mere excitement. At the time he said, "It begins, and if it really gets going, it gets completely away from me, from all of us. The excitement becomes the thing, the only thing, and it is impossible to get any kind of music in it."

Since then, Mann has moderated all of that, has "consistently thinned out the African thing."



By BILL COSS

"The first thing you have to know," he said, "is that drummers are very narrow-minded. That is the basic trouble with drums. It is tough for drummers to think some other way.

"We were basically an Afro-Cuban group when we began. Both Patato and Jose Mangual had lived in the United States, so it was easier for them to swing in our style too. Then I went to Africa, and when I came back Ray Mantilla and Michael Olatunji joined along with Rudy Collins. Ray thinks in a very set, clave way. Olatunji had his own rhythms. Rudy was jazz.

"So, we had 1/4, 2/4, 3/4, whatever you wanted. It took some time for everyone to realize he really was playing in *four*. Even then, Ray would say, 'It's not authentic'; and Olatunji would say, 'It's not African'; and Rudy would say, 'It's not jazz.'

"I thought that group was a display of what jazz can be. It took eight months to get a groove going, one that was happy, a happy medium. The hardest cross was between Ray and Olatunji (I think Rudy Collins and Willie Bobo are the only two guys I know who can do both things.) Then, when we added Ahmed Abdul-Malik, we also added the Eastern thing. Even with all the personnel changes, it has basically gone the same way ever since.

"I guess, though, I ought to outline some of the other guys for you. Chief Bey—he's only gone back to Africa for a few months—is really the straw boss of African drummers in New York City. He can really sing the blues too. Really. And, like Montego Joe, he can play all the styles. Montego is exciting because he knows how to play every African-oriented kind of drums. Olatunji is not basically the guy who can set the rhythm, but one who can play the solos. You see, Chief Bey is quite different: he's lived here long enough to know the jazz thing. Ray Barretto is essentially a jazz drummer. He couldn't get a job as that because he was a Spaniard. So, he had to learn conga. Then he made all the jazz records on conga because he can hear both styles. The same thing with Willie Bobo. He's a fine jazz drummer, but he wasn't allowed to be because of the classification—'that's not your stick, baby,'

"But, to get back to the thing I said at the very beginning. The African thing was big, although I found it was out of control in my group. For many reasons, it's less of a thing now. Like so many parts of music, it's now become a part of the whole. I found it possible to control it more in my own group as I went along.

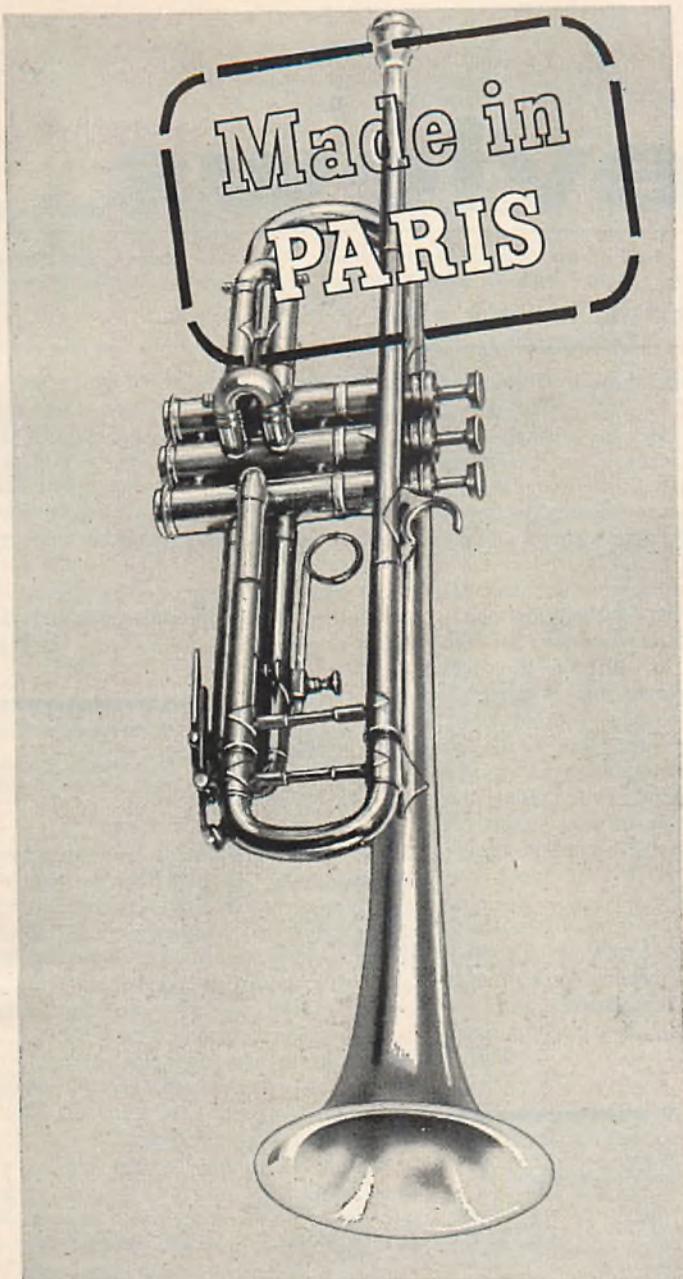
"I found that if you had an African section it had to end up the same way, based on excitement, naturally away from the lyric. That bugged me because I could see only one part of my musical personality coming through—just the excitement. So, gradually, I started to put some music in front of it, calmed it down, American-ized it. Gradually it became this present group."

**H**ERBIE'S PRESENT group has added guitarist Billy Bean, and has a rhythmic and musical latitude, encompassing the music of many countries.

"One of the reasons that happened," Mann said, "is because of my South American travels. If anything is going to happen now in jazz, it will be a push on Brazilian rhythms. We're doing that now. Other people are too. It's a new-old music with no real preconceptions—lyrical, but based on a light, sophisticated, durable kind of rhythm.

"And I'm getting the feeling now, after all I've said, that people might ask, 'Why not just play jazz?' Well, we are, but jazz is a strange kind of thing.

"The jazz thing depends on whether the artist is at the moment wailing—so as not to bore the audience, the artist, and me. But how much, how often, can you really wail? So, I say, let's use all the techniques available to us to cover the time when the ultimate doesn't happen. I like the broadest possible definition of jazz: if it swings, it's jazz."



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# record reviews

Records are reviewed by Don DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Don Henahan, Frank Kofsky, Bill Mathieu, 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

### Beethoven/Ormandy

BEETHOVEN — Columbia ML-5666 and MS-6266: *Symphony No. 3 in E Flat (Eroica)*.

Personnel: Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Ormandy's *Eroica* is played beautifully, as might be expected, considering the orchestral source, and there is nothing reprehensible about the interpretation.

The difficulty is that there are so many well-played versions of this masterwork, and several of them stay in the mind indelibly. Toscanini's, for one, or Klemperer's, or Reiner's. This is territory where a routine good performance seems hopelessly drab. (D.H.)

### Beethoven/Richter

BEETHOVEN — RCA Victor LM/LSC-2544: *Piano Concerto No. 1 in C Major; Piano Sonata No. 22 in F Major, Op. 51*.

Personnel: Sviatoslav Richter, piano; Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Munch, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It may come as a surprise to some that Richter, the indubitably first-rate Russian pianist, does not storm through Beethoven and chase all competition from the field. Sometimes, indeed, he sounds like a surprisingly finicky pianist.

There is evidence to support the belief that Munch expected a more full-bodied interpretation in the concerto, for he presents the opening tutti with characteristic bravado only to have Richter take over and firmly scale down the entire performance to more modest conception.

Theoretically, Richter is right, for the *C Major* is a Mozartian work and can stand simplicity and restraint. But somehow the effect is less than stunning. Richter, of course, plays with dazzling thrusts and with spirit, but there are too many swooping phrases and other distracting mannerisms to permit continuity to develop. Richter plays Beethoven's long cadenza to the first movement, but cuts the last 27 bars.

The *F Major Sonata*, a Richter favorite, receives the best performance here that he has given it on records, far cleaner than the Carnegie Hall live performance on Columbia. (D.H.)

### Chopin/Lypany

CHOPIN: THE COMPLETE NOCTURNES — Angel 3602; *Nocturnes Nos. 1-19* (two-disc set). Personnel: Moura Lypany, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Any new recording of the complete *Nocturnes* immediately runs up against the question of how it compares to the two

best existing versions, those by Rubinstein and Novaes.

Miss Lypany fares surprisingly well much of the time, though she challenges neither artist seriously. In the moodier sections (and the *Nocturnes* abound in these) she plays affectingly, with a sound Chopin style.

Rubinstein's supremacy in this music lies in the fact that even in the most sentimental pages, one is conscious of the virility just below the surface—the steel fist in the velvet glove. Miss Lypany's performances are feminine without being annoyingly ladylike, and she is of the Chopin school that maintains a steady pulse in the left hand while letting the right take liberties with the tempo, as Chopin himself advised. Rubinstein breaks this rule, and others, but so much the worse for the rules.

The one serious objection to the Lypany performances is that her adherence to steady time can become monotonous in the longer, and less interesting *Nocturnes*. But, all in all, an accomplished job by a serious artist. (D.H.)

### Sergei Rachmaninoff

THE GREAT RACHMANINOFF—RCA Victor LM-2587: *Scherzo from Midsummer Night's Dream and Spinning Song*, by Mendelssohn; *Waltzes in E Minor and C Sharp Minor, Nocturne in E Flat*, by Chopin; *Partita No. 3*, by Bach; *Harmonious Blacksmith*, by Handel; *Preludes in C Sharp Minor and F Minor, Etude in E Flat, Polka de W.R.*, by Rachmaninoff; *Troika Sleigh Ride*, by Tchaikovsky; *Serenade*, by Schubert; *One Lives But Once*, Strauss-Tausig.

Personnel: Rachmaninoff, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

One of the finest restoration jobs RCA's vault engineers have yet performed makes this a more than interesting release.

The artist, of course, was one of the great (to use the word correctly, for once) men of the keyboard. Rachmaninoff was given to brisk tempos, but not quite such inhuman ones as it has appeared on some past reissues of his performances. None of the pieces on this disc has been raised in pitch in an effort to obtain better sound. For example, *Spinning Song* comes out in C Minor, not D Minor, and at a merely incredible speed, no more.

RCA adheres to the laudable practice of dating each selection, but jacket notes are otherwise skimpy. Unless one recognizes the Bach *Prelude* as being Rachmaninoff's arrangement of the opening piece

of the *Partita in E Major for Unaccompanied Violin*, he might think it an extract from one of the piano partitas. Oddly, that *Prelude*, the only piece duplicated from the marvelous and now unobtainable Camden disc (*The Art of Rachmaninoff, Vol. 2*) has become somewhat fuzzier in its latest life.

At any rate, snap up this record and any other Rachmaninoffs that RCA sees fit to release. (D.H.)

### Ravel/Bernstein

RAVEL — Columbia ML-5660 and MS-6260: *Daphnis and Chloe* (complete).

Personnel: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein, conductor; Chorus of Schola Cantorum, Hugh Ross, director.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This work undoubtedly is tremendously effective in a live Bernstein performance, in which it would stand to benefit from the conductor's magnetism and choreographic mimicry. And in some sections, especially more frenzied ones, Bernstein brings off this music in the more impersonal medium of recordings. But for all its virtues, his disc does not enter into the mysterious world of the score as surely as do the competing versions of Charles Munch and Pierre Monteux.

Neither Bernstein's cruder attacks nor the Schola Cantorum's front-line singers are up to the competition. Strange, but in release after release, Bernstein seems purposely to sacrifice subtleties for the sake of momentary impact. That approach might just work in one of the *Daphnis* suites, but it hasn't a chance in the full choral version. (D.H.)

### Weber/Tcherepnin/Rachmaninoff

WEBER *Concert Piece in F Minor*; RACHMANINOFF *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*; TCHEREPNIN *Ten Bagatelles, Op. 5*—Deutsche Grammophon SLP.M-138710.

Personnel: Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, Ferenc Fricsay, conductor; Margrit Weber, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Weber, whose reputation has extended to this country as a specialist in contemporary music, reveals herself as a superior artist in the standard repertory, too.

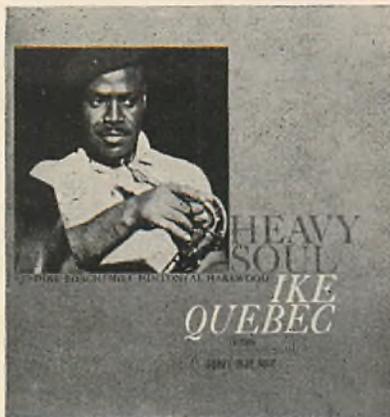
With Fricsay, one of the best European conductors, at the orchestral helm, Miss Weber turns in clean-fingered and expressive performances in all three works. The Tcherepnin pieces, transcribed from his famous early solo pieces for piano, are lightly orchestrated and make pleasant filler.

DGG'S sound, always in the top category, here surpasses itself. Lifelike, unstrained, and transparent—with utterly silent surfaces. (D.H.)

### Trouble in the Stars

In the March 29 *DB*, the rating of Dave Brubeck's *Time Further Out* album was ★ ★ ★ ★. The correct rating is ★ ★ ½.

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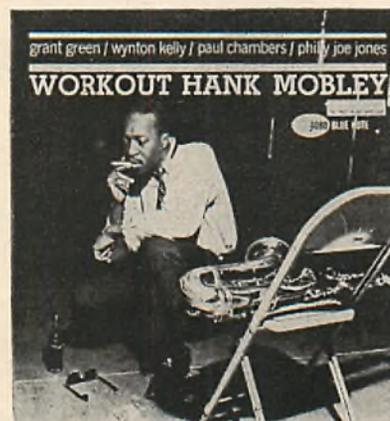
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# JAZZ

## Ray Bryant

DANCING THE BIG TWIST—Columbia 1746: *Twist City*; *Just a Little Bit of Twist*; *Big Susie*; *Twist On*; *Twistin' on a Cat's Paw*; *Mo-Lasses*; *Fast Twist*; *Do That Twist*.

Personnel: Bryant, piano; Joe Newman and Pat Jenkins or Harry Edison, trumpets; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Ben Richardson, baritone saxophone; Matthew Gee, trombone; Jimmy Rowser or Bill Lee, bass; Mickey Roker or Gus Johnson, drums; Ray Barretto, bongos, scraper.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Although there are direct allusions to Ray Charles on *Little Bit*, and there are a couple of other rock-and-rollish bits, this amounts to a mainstream blues LP, a good one and a very enjoyable one.

I was especially taken with Newman's and Tate's solos on *Susie*. And I am always taken with the way Edison can reshuffle his own current clichés and sound so good, as he does here on *Fast Twist*.

On that same *Fast Twist*, Bryant rephrases some "soul" clichés so personally as to make something almost beautiful out of them. There is no "playing down" on Bryant's part anywhere in the recital, and the wonderful rhythmic displacements on *Twist City* remind one greatly of the Ray Bryant of *Split Kick*. It would be a shame to lose that Ray Bryant, who has not been heard from for some time.

You can twist to this. But with so little of the really heavy rhythm that twisters apparently like, I wonder how many people will. This is much better music than what usually gets twisted to—as should go without saying—and it is a credit to everyone that nearly 40 minutes of blues is so pleasingly sustained. (M.W.)

## Kenny Burrell

BLUE LIGHTS—Blue Note 1597: *Rock Salt*; *The Man I Love*; *Chuckin'*; *Phinupi*.

Personnel: Burrell, guitar; Louis Smith, trumpet; Junior Cook, Tina Brooks, tenor saxophones; Bobby Timmons or Duke Jordan, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The four selections in this set represent one-half of a two-LP pair (the other is Blue Note 1596) featuring the same personnel variously juggled under Burrell's leadership.

Pairing the newer talents of trumpeter Smith and tenorists Cook and Brooks with the veteran rhythm section men is indicative of astute a&r judgment. As a consequence, there is not a moment of uncertainty audible throughout. This sense of unshakable purposefulness in all the performances is a major factor in the album's success.

Over-all, the flavor of the sessions is one of informal, easygoing blowing on skeletal frameworks. *Rock Salt* and *Phinupi* are Burrell originals, and *Chuckin'* is by bassist Jones. The lines are characteristically spare and blue-flavored. On the standard *Man I Love*, Jones once more proves his value as a soloist, making the most of the opportunity to demonstrate what imaginative handling of a melody line can produce.

The soloists acquit themselves with valor. Burrell is at the top of his form, eloquent and emotionally driving. Smith

is a strong, assertive player whose fire and aggressive conception compensate for occasional shortcomings.

Cook and Brooks make for interesting contrast as they alternate solos on *Rock* and *Chuckin'*. Though both men have similar approaches and are among the best of the younger crop of tenorists, there are many subtleties in their individual playing that serve to heighten the interest of the listener. This is not so with pianists Jordan and Timmons. Here the styles are clearly contrasting, and both are rewarding in their individual contributions.

Thanks mainly to Blakey, the rhythm section all but leaps and drives out of the studio. Bass and drums are fairly matched in torrid unity and serve up constant stimulation to the horns.

This is one of the better blowing dates and, so far as the younger horn men are concerned, points toward further development. (J.A.T.)

## Paul Desmond

DESMOND BLUE — RCA Victor 2438: *My Funny Valentine*; *Desmond Blue*; *Then I'll Be Tired of You*; *I've Got You under My Skin*; *Late Lament*; *I Should Care*; *Like Someone in Love*; *I'll Wind*; *Body and Soul*.

Personnel: Desmond, alto saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; orchestra, Bob Prince, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The strange suicidal urge that drives

jazz musicians relentlessly toward sessions with strings will probably never be satisfactorily explained. In any event, here is Desmond on his first date for Victor—with a big meringue of strings, laced with woodwinds and a French horn, closing in on him from all sides.

Desmond plays with his customary airy grace, although some of the floating fluency of his work is dimmed by engineering that sometimes catches more breathiness than saxophone sound. Hall slices through the thick textures of these performances with an occasional welcome guitar solo. On *Under My Skin* the strings are ignored most of the way, and Desmond and Hall reveal what a pleasant, unpretentious album this might have been. (J.S.W.)

## Dizzy Gillespie

AN ELECTRIFYING EVENING WITH THE DIZZY GILLESPIE QUINTET—Verve 8401: *Kush*; *Salt Peanuts*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *The Mooche*.

Personnel: Gillespie, trumpet; Leo Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Lalo Schifrin, piano; Chuck Lampkin, drums; Bob Cunningham, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

After the stunning success, on a far more ambitious level, of the two orchestral suites last year (*Gillespiana* and *Perceptions*), it is refreshing to be reminded that the small-group context in which Gillespie normally works nowadays is

# 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)
- Stan Getz, *Focus* (Verve 8412)
- Lightnin' Hopkins-Sonny Terry, (vocal) *Last Night Blues* (Prestige/Bluesville 1029)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt, *Boss Tenors* (Verve 8426)
- John Coltrane, *Settin' the Pace* (Prestige 7213)
- Red Garland, *High Pressure* (Prestige 7209)
- Listen to Barry Harris (Riverside 392)
- Claude Hopkins, *Let's Jam* (Prestige/Swingville 2020)
- Gary McFarland, *The Jazz Version of How to Succeed in Business without Really Trying* (Verve 8443)
- Oscar Peterson, *The Trio* (Verve 8420)

★ ★ ★ ★

- The Cannonball Adderley Quintet Plus* (Riverside 388)
- Brun Campbell-Dink Johnson, *The Professors* (Euphonic 1201)
- Bill Evans, *Sunday at the Village Vanguard* (Riverside 376)
- Ella Fitzgerald, (vocal) *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* (Verve 4053)
- Roland Kirk, *Kirk's Work* (Prestige 7210)
- Booker Little, *Out Front* (Candid 8027)
- Fats Navarro with the Tadd Dameron Quintet* (Jazzland 50)
- Oliver Nelson, *Straight Ahead* (Prestige/New Jazz 8255)
- Sonny Rollins, *Sonny Boy* (Prestige 7207)
- Charlie Rouse/Seldon Powell, *We Paid Our Dues* (Epic 16018)
- Clark Terry, *Color Changes* (Candid 8009)
- Cal Tjader Plays Harold Arlen (Fantasy 3330)
- Various Artists, *Chicago and All That Jazz* (Verve 8441)
- Various Artists, (reissue) *A History of Jazz: the New York Scene* (Folkways RBF 3)

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Obviously it is the product of economic realities; he would far rather have the big band around him all the time, but by now the quintet has settled into such a satisfactory and self-sustaining groove that the pangs of nostalgia for that memorable 1956-7 band are being driven out by the irresistible impact of the small group.

This is a live set, as all such albums should be for Diz. Recorded more than a year ago at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, it reflects all the virtues of this indomitable and incredibly gifted man. The performances are dazzling, beautifully integrated, peppered with humor and rhythmic variety, reflecting at once a casualness and a dedication that are both pervasive characteristics of every Gillespie group.

It is a five-star album in every respect but one. The loss of a half-star is due simply to the length and familiarity of the numbers. It would have been more valuable and more invigorating to hear, say, seven five-minute tracks comprising new original material by Gillespie, Schiffrin, or Wright.

Gillespie has been recording *Peanuts* and *Tunisia* off and on for close to 20 years, and the time has come to bench them, at least for a few years. *The Mooche* is a Duke Ellington composition that goes back to 1928. The only new work in the LP is *Kush*, a most attractive 6/4 piece by Gillespie with some of the boldest and most exciting Wright alto yet heard on records, and some interestingly congruous Latin-piano touches by Schiffrin.

Despite those minor reservations it must be pointed out that, aside from the first and last choruses, *Peanuts* is basically nothing but blowing on *I Got Rhythm* changes. Gillespie's invention, control, and continuity reach magnificent heights on this track. Even *Tunisia* is dressed in new and exotic clothes. It now carries itself rather beguilingly in a 12/8 outfit.

Ralph Gleason's notes, by the way, though they completely neglect the essential function of all liner notes (to inform about the music, the sidemen, the occasion, etc.), more than compensate for this by providing just about the most intimate, hilarious and penetrating pen-portrait of Gillespie ever printed. In fact, this essay is alone worth the price of the album.

(L.G.F.)

### Elmo Hope

HERE'S HOPE—Celebrity 209; *Hot Sauce*; *When the Groove Is Low*; *De Dah*; *Abdula*; *Freddie*; *Stars over Marakeh*.

Personnel: Hope, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Elmo Hope is a pro—there's no doubt of that. He may not be an innovator, but he is his own man. His style probably crystallized in the late '40s or early '50s; at any rate, there are relatively few traces of neo-bop techniques in his playing.

In Jones and Chambers, Hope has two of the greatest rhythm-section members in modern jazz. Jones' percussion work combines the clean, crisp attack of Kenny Clarke with the power and complex poly-rhythms of Roach and Blakey.

Chambers, a great soloist, is also an

excellent accompanist. He has rock-steady time and great drive, though there are a few bassists (Percy Heath, Charlie Mingus, the late Oscar Pettiford) whose lines are more interesting from a melodic standpoint.

All the compositions in this album were written by Hope, and they are, at the very least, functional bases for improvisation. *Hot Sauce*, an up-tempo tune, is filled with melodic twists and turns. The pianist displays his dynamic mastery on *Groove*, alternating between single-note lines and block chords. His writing and voicing on *De Dah* and *Abdula* sound a lot like Bud Powell's. Listen to the way he uses his left hand—those who claim modern pianists don't know what to do with their left hands should hear this record. *Marakesh* an exotic sounding, Middle Eastern-flavored tune, finds Hope spinning pretty melodic lines in the upper octaves of the piano. Jones and Chambers generate irresistible momentum, the deliberate medium tempo being very conducive to swing.

Anyone who likes modern swinging piano will not be disappointed by this record. (H.P.)

### Kenyon Hopkins

THE HUSTLER—Kapp 1264; *Main Title* (Stop and Go); *Minnesota Fats*; *The Loser*; *Sarah's Theme*; *Four Flights Up*; *Fast Buck*; *Small-Time Charlie*; *Bert's Theme*; *Contract with Depravity*; *All Thumbs*; *Dining Out*; *Derby Time*; *Lipstick on a Mirror*; *The Winner*; *End Title*.

Personnel: Phil Woods, Phil Bodner, Jerome Richardson, Romeo Penque, reeds; Bernie Glow, Doc Severinsen, Joe Wilder, Tony Miranda, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Frank Rehak, Richard Hixon, trombones; Hank Jones or Bernie Leighton, piano; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Osie Johnson, drums; Joe Venuto, percussion.

Rating: see below

There ought to be a law requiring record companies that release soundtrack albums to include with the album a pass to the movie in question. Movie scores, however well composed, are not intended to stand on their own feet. They are essentially functional works of musical composition—or should be—and, furthermore, should be of serious interest only to students of the art of writing for the movies.

It is in this context that Hopkins' underscore for *The Hustler* is here evaluated, and it is because of this that no rating as a jazz album is awarded. Hopkins' music is skillful and sensitive; it is to his credit that he employed first-rate jazzmen in the personnel.

Woods' alto saxophone is a leading voice throughout the score, warm and evocative on the *Main Title*, soaring on the bittersweet *Sarah's*, and poignant on *Charlie*, which it shares with flute and oboe. *Fats* has some good muted jazz trumpet, and the writing for sax section on *Flights Up* is notable.

*Bert's Theme* is set to a rhythm-and-blues shuffle beat with sax figures and solos reminiscent of Duke Ellington's band of the early 1940s. A cocktail or restaurant mood is established with guitar and piano on *Dining Out*, and one of the pianists—the notes fail to say which—is heard at solo length on *Derby Time*, in the course of which he switches from

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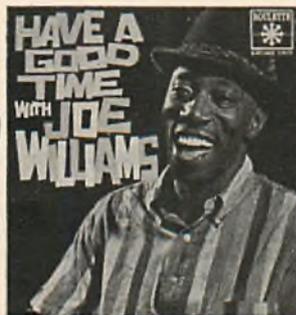


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"cocktail bluesy" noodling to a strutting medium tempo with stride feeling and walking bass.

While one may say in fairness—even without seeing the picture—that Hopkins has written an effective and sometimes moving score, one cannot at all presume to judge this album for what it is not. For individual and collective performance by all these talented musicians, five stars for a cracking good job. (J.A.T.)

## Ron Jefferson

LOVE LIFTED ME—Pacific Jazz 36; *Love Lifted Me*; *For Carl Perkins*; *Little One*; *Ivy League Blues*; *Flamingo*; *George's Dilemma*.

Personnel: Tricky Lofton, trombone; Wilbur Brown, tenor saxophone; Hobby Hutcherson, vibraharp; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The group Jefferson leads on this disc and the program he has chosen are both pleasant and unhackneyed. Even the bow to Gospelism—*Love Lifted Me*—has distinct individuality and is a reasonably imaginative treatment of an idiom that is usually funneled into a well-worn groove.

The most interesting piece in the set is *Perkins*, a gracefully melodious and rather wistful lament in 3/4 that has some charming ensemble work and a notable solo by Brown, who plays in long, lean, firmly stated lines. However, the piece is a little too fragile to be sustained for 10½ minutes.

The members of the group maintain a remarkably consistent level throughout the set. Aside from Brown, the most provocative soloist is Lofton whose blithe, lusty manner on trombone is a refreshing updating of the earthy style of an earlier jazz day. (J.S.W.)

## Howard McGhee

MAGGIE'S BACK IN TOWN!!—Contemporary 3596; *Demon Chase*; *Willow*, *Weep for Me*; *Softly*, as in *a Morning Sunrise*; *Sunset Eyes*; *Maggie's Back in Town*; *Summertime*; *Brownie Speaks*.

Personnel: McGhee, trumpet; Phineas Newborn Jr., piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

I wish I could say I thought McGhee plays as well here as he did on *Together Again*. That album was a real rediscovery of a talent. McGhee was very good indeed, probably better than he ever had been on records before. He played with emotional consistency and, perhaps most important, with his own voice, with all his influences fully assimilated and a personal style in evidence.

Here, the background is somehow spelled out, the lessons on exhibit. I suppose that sort of thing sometimes happens to any improvising player—and for that matter, to any composer. When there is emotional organization, such playing can have virtues of its own, as *Demon Chase* certainly does here.

There is no point listing all his influences, but an indication is in order: there is a great deal of Roy Eldridge on *Maggie* and on *Willow*; *Summertime* begins with inevitable allusions to Miles Davis and then becomes more like virtuoso Dizzy Gillespie.

With a lesser player, one might not complain. And it is a tribute to McGhee's achievements, especially his recent ones, that one is so aware of what happens on these tracks.

The muted *Sunrise* is an exception and a dancing delight. Nothing really shows but McGhee, organized, direct, and complete; the man who played on *Together Again* played that.

It is true what has been said about Newborn; he is using his techniques with more choice, more discretion, and more emotional involvement. *Willow* is fine evidence of that; he has some wonderful left-hand effects on *Sunset*, and *Brownie* shows that, with this kind of feeling, even the old tricks don't sound so much like tricks anymore. (M.W.)

## Perri Lee

A NIGHT AT COUNT BASIE'S—Roulette 52080; *Blues in the Closet*; *Doodlin'*; *Red Sails in the Sunset*; *Ummn*; *Land of Dreams*; *Loose Walk*; *Duet*; *Just the Blues*; *Mr. Lucky*; *June Night*; *What's New?*; *A'hallelujah*.

Personnel: Miss Lee, organ; Eddie Chamblee, tenor saxophone; John Kriegh, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

By now it's a fairly reliable rule of thumb that the music on any record that displays the words "soul" or "funky" prominently on the cover will be as drably routine as the thinking that provoked the use of these words. And when one of the instruments involved is an electric organ, the rule becomes practically without exceptions.

So it is somewhat of a triumph for this disc—which is subtitled *The Funky Jazz of the Perri Lee Trio* and which uses an organ as one-third of the instrumentation—that it escapes total dismalness. Its savior is Chamblee, who is scarcely a monumental tenor saxophonist but whose flowing, Lester Young-based lines bring some swinging vitality to these performances.

Of course, Miss Lee's organ is usually squeaking and groaning behind him, which is no help, but despite this, Chamblee manages to make several of the tracks fairly listenable. (J.S.W.)

## Oscar Peterson-Milt Jackson

VERY TALL—Verve 8429; *Green Dolphin Street*; *Heartstrings*; *Work Song*; *John Brown's Body*; *A Wonderful Guy*; *Reunion Blues*.

Personnel: Peterson, piano; Jackson, vibraharp; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This was an alliance as successful as it was logical. Peterson and Jackson have far more in common musically than their regular contexts might imply.

Jackson, out of his Modern Jazz Quartet corset, swings as freely as he did (and still does from time to time) in the earlier, earthier days of that august organization; yet he bends less in Peterson's direction than Peterson bends in his. The single-note-line piano solo on *Dolphin* shows a side of Peterson that is subtle and delicate in its understatement. This side, by the way, is not nearly as rare or unexpected as the notes condescendingly imply; it can be heard in dozens (possibly hundreds) of his ballad records.

An interesting effect on this track (not noted in the notes) is achieved, apparently, by Peterson's drawing his fingers across the piano strings.

*Heartstrings* is an attractive *Yesterdays* type of tune composed by Jackson. *Work Song* does full justice to Nat Adderley's work; the cold-hammer intensity of the theme statement and the dramatic-yet-never-melodramatic emphases of Thigpen, are the bread in this solid, swinging sandwich.

The opener on the second side, which might well have been retitled *Ray Brown's Body* in tribute to the magnificent substance of the bass lines, stretches this thin 16-bar theme to almost eight minutes, yet achieves a consistent groove. *Wonderful Guy* is perhaps the least impressive track, if only because it is a waltz. At this stage of the jazz-waltz game, either it has to be a funky blues in three, or some highly original variant of the normal triple-beat structure else it loses more than it gains by dropping the 4/4 pulse.

*Reunion Blues* (despite this title, Jackson and Peterson have never before recorded together) closes the set with a simple swinger in which some lines by Jackson with Brown are notably effective.

As Nat Hentoff points out in the notes, this date was not intended to prove anything other than that compatible musicians can produce first-rate, cheerfully uncomplicated music. (L.G.F.)

#### Zoot Sims-Al Cohn

**EITHER WAY**—Fred Miles Presents 1: *P-Town*; *I Like It Like That*; *Sweet Lorraine*; *Autumn Leaves*; *The Thing*; *I'm Tellin' Ya*; *Nagasaki*; *Morning Fun*.

Personnel: Sims, Cohn, tenor saxophones; Old Grand Happy, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; Cecil (Kid Haffey) Collier, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There's something about the Sims-Cohn combination that brings out the best in each man. Separately, they can be heard in other contexts and be quite convincing, but together they feed on each other, goad each other, and obviously delight each other, as can be heard on every track of this happy-go-lucky collection of pure and simple swing.

Arrangements, in the main, consist only of in and out choruses, most often in unison, but sometimes, as on *Morning Fun* and *Autumn*, one of the tenor men states the melody and the other improvises a second line. It's what happens between the first and last choruses that counts, though—and there's enough there to satisfy almost anyone.

Both Cohn and Sims stem from Lester Young, of course, yet each has developed a style of his own from this common base. Cohn is actually closer to Prez than is Sims; sometimes he quotes directly, but the similarity to Young has more to do with melodiousness and utter relaxation than imitation. Cohn also uses a heavier and darker tone than either Young or Sims, and his sense of humor is more direct than was Young's.

Sims' dry humor comes across on this album, too. But humor is a minor part of Sims' playing. His greatest virtues are an immutable ability to swing anything or anybody with a rhythmic aware-

ness and subtlety as keen as any in jazz and the talent for creating singing lines, which, incidentally, are more sharp angled and cutting than either Young's or Cohn's. On all tracks he is in excellent form, but if I had to pick one Sims solo in this collection to take to a desert island, I would choose his *Morning Fun* effort.

The fun aura of this record is enhanced by Collier's hoarse vocals on *That, Sweet*, and *Nagasaki*, with Sims and Cohn urging him on. On each of the tracks Sims-Cohn solos. I say "Sims-Cohn solos" because in dividing the chorus following the vocal, the two men blend into one; it's as if one played the whole solo, so alike and complementary do they play. Unless Sims-Cohn is a figment of my imagination, Sims begins each of the exchanges.

The rhythm section is unobtrusive (as a Sims and Cohn rhythm section should be) and swings with fervor (as a Sims and Cohn rhythm section must). Happy, whoever he might be, has a few long-phrased, simple solos; he sounds as if he might be a horn player turned pianist for the date. Crow has only one solo, but a good one, on *P-Town*.

A happy, swinging thing, this album.

(D.DeM.)

## OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

#### Erroll Garner

**ERROLL GARNER PLAYS MISTY**—Mercury 60662: *Misty*; *Exactly Like You*; *You Are My Sunshine*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *Frantality*; *Again*; *Where or When?*; *Love in Bloom*; *Through a Long and Sleepless Night*; *That Old Feeling*.

Personnel: Garner, piano; bass; drums unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

Currently there is a lot of ill feeling directed toward critics who put down jazzmen who have started to make it financially. Of course, it is ridiculous to say that someone is a lousy musician because he isn't starving; nevertheless, there have been many individual cases where the quality of a man's work decreased as his income increased. Garner is one—although he has not prostituted his talent as has, say, George Shearing.

I believe Garner's best solos were recorded in 1948 when he was a member of the Charlie Parker pickup group that cut *Cool Blues* and *Bird's Nest*. His style was already original and had been so for some years, the most interesting aspect of his playing being a unique method of phrasing behind the beat. As time went on, however, Garner's style became increasingly bombastic and sentimental and his records uniformly mediocre.

Although this record contains a few worthwhile moments, for the most part it is bad. His boppish second chorus on *Sunshine* merits more than passing attention, though he falls back on mannerisms at the end of the tune.

The best track is undoubtedly *Frantality*, an odd composition based on a repeated riff. Garner eschews the lush chords for a single-note-line approach. He paces himself well, shifting accents unexpectedly and building a thoroughly satisfying solo.

*What Is This Thing?* has virtues, but

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Garner's unvarying left hand gets monotonous.

Little of consequence occurs on the second side of this album, though *Where or When?* makes for pleasant mood listening.

And Garner should leave *Bloom* to Jack Benny. (H.P.)

### Lionel Hampton

THE "ORIGINAL" STARDUST—Decca 74194: *Stardust*; *One O'Clock Jump*; *The Man I Love*; *Oh, Lady, Be Good*.

Personnel: Track 1—Hampton, vibraharp; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Willie Smith, alto saxophone; Corky Corcoran, tenor saxophone; Tommy Todd, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; Lee Young, drums. Track 2—same personnel without Hampton. Tracks 3, 4—same personnel as track 2 but Jackie Mills, drums, replaces Young.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

First, let it be said that the rating is not for Hampton's *Stardust* solo—that is worth all the stars you can heap upon it. What lowers the rating is the poor playing on the non-Hampton tracks.

Shavers and Stewart are both capable of spewing forth some of the most tasteless music in jazz, as they do here too often; and Smith at times can be a most unswinging, mechanical player, as he shows us in several solos in this collection. These things bring down the rating.

Yet, on the other hand, these three men can play extremely well more than occasionally. For example, the Smith *Man I Love* solo is one of the loveliest, best-constructed things he ever did. And Stewart and Shavers, when they're not clowning, do inspired things.

Aside from the Hampton solo, the most interesting music played at this 1947 Gene Norman concert was by Corcoran and Todd, two musicians unfortunately disappeared from the active jazz scene.

Corcoran turns in some fine Coleman Hawkins-Charlie Ventura-inspired work. He always seemed to me a player of sensitivity and discretion, despite his derivativeness. Todd plays some engaging, sharp-angled solos here. Somewhat of a Tatumist, his work showed a sense of the abstract, something missing from the playing of most of his contemporaries. Unfortunately, he's not given much solo space. Further, it seems as if a piano solo were cut out of *Man* and half of one dropped from *Stardust*, where the cut is so bad that the time is turned around to the off beat.

But the *creme de creme* in this LP is, of course, the Hampton *Stardust*. The solo can be analyzed and broken down, showing exactly what was done, but this would be ridiculous.

Perhaps it would be best if I got very subjective. I bought the 10-inch LP version of this many years ago. I listened awestruck to Hampton then; I listen awestruck now. Some might say his doubling, then quadrupling the tempo is pyrotechnical. I would say to them, "Forget your snobbishness and immerse yourself in what he's playing." Others might say his grunting, his interpolations of other tunes are in egregious taste. To them I would say,

"Listen to the *music* this man is playing."

To you I say Hampton's solo is magnificent. (D.DeM.)

### Tommy Ladnier

BLUES AND STOMPS—Riverside 154: *Heebie Jeebies*; *Charleston Mad*; *Peepin' Blues*; *Charleston*; *Stoppin' on the Blues*; *Traveling Blues*; *Jackass Blues*; *Play That Thing*; *Brown Skin Man*; *Traveling Blues*; *Black Man Blues*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-4—Ladnier, cornet; Jimmy O'Bryant, clarinet; Lovie Austin, piano; unknown drums; Priscilla Stewart, vocals. Tracks 5, 6—Ladnier; O'Bryant; Miss Austin. Track 7—Ladnier; Johnny Dodds, clarinet; Miss Austin; unknown trombone. Track 8—Ladnier, Calimese, cornets; Eddie Vincent, trombone; Jimmy Noone, clarinet; Clover Compton, piano; Ollie Powers, drums. Tracks 9-12—Ladnier; O'Bryant; Miss Austin; Arville Harris, tenor saxophone; Edmonia Henderson, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

So little of Ladnier's bright, glowing cornet work is available on records that this set is particularly welcome even though the recording is technically limited. It covers a period from 1923 to 1926 and, besides spotlighting Ladnier's clear, biting lines, shows that clarinetist O'Bryant deserves more credit than he usually receives as one of the major clarinetists in Chicago in the '20s.

On all tracks except the four selections featuring vocals by Miss Henderson (for which the instrumental group serves only as accompaniment) this is almost constantly ensemble jazz with Ladnier and O'Bryant playing with and around each other throughout every piece. They make a brilliant team (Lovie Austin is forced even farther into the background than she normally might be by the inability of acoustical recording to do justice to a piano), producing chorus upon chorus of tremendously vital, driving jazz. Their duet breaks on *Heebie Jeebies* and *Charleston Mad* follow in the notable tradition of the Louis Armstrong-King Oliver breaks.

There are two outstanding substitutions for O'Bryant on a pair of tracks—Dodds, thinly recorded, on one, and Noone, "singing" beautifully on the other. Miss Henderson is scarcely a memorable singer but O'Bryant lets loose vibrant solos on each of her numbers. (J.S.W.)

### Art Tatum

THE ESSENTIAL ART TATUM—Verve 8433: *Tenderly*; *Elegy*; *Someone to Watch over Me*; *Dixieland Band*; *You're Blase*; *Jitterbug Waltz*; *Would You Like to Take a Walk?*; *My Ideal*; *Willow, Weep for Me*.

Personnel: Tatum, piano. Track 9—add Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Red Callender, bass; Bill Douglass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As Billy Taylor says in his excellent liner notes for this set, "Every Art Tatum album is essential."

If this particular album is any more essential than others in the vast number he recorded for Verve, Clef, and other labels before them, it might be because of something that actually has nothing to do with the recordings themselves: Taylor's liner notes on Tatum, whom he knew extremely well, and the combination of professional and personal comment that he brings to his remarks on each of the selections. This is liner-note writing at its very best—well written, unusually well informed and full of insights that add immeasurably to the listener's pleasure and understanding.



The recordings themselves are, in most cases, doubly familiar because they are pieces that Tatum played and recorded frequently, and these particular versions have all appeared at least once in the Clef-Verve series. It is a well-chosen collection, including a beautifully idiomatic Tatum treatment of *Tenderly*, one of his rocketing showpieces; *Elegy*; and a combo treatment of *My Ideal* on which Webster plays in his warmest, most singing fashion while Tatum works his way down from blithe lyricism to deeper and deeper guttiness. (J.S.W.)

## VOCAL

### Mark Murphy

RAH—Riverside 395: *Angel Eyes*; *Green Dolphin Street*; *Stoppin' the Clock*; *Spring Can Really Hang You up the Most*; *No Tears for Me*; *Out of This World*; *Milestones*; *My Favorite Things*; *Doodlin'*; *Lil' Darlin'*; *Twisted*; *I'll Be Seeing You*.

Personnel: Murphy, vocals; Clark Terry, Blue Mitchell, Joe Wilder, Bernie Glow or Ernie Royal, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Urbie Green or Melba Liston, trombones; Wynton Kelly or Bill Evans, piano; Barry Galbraith or Sam Herman, guitar; George Duvivier or Art Davis, bass; Ray Barretto, conga drum; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Murphy should thank his lucky stars for, among other things such as his talent, Ernie Wilkins. Wilkins has written a set of arrangements for the young jazz singer that should turn Frank Sinatra green with envy. Much of this album's success is due to the arranger's pen.

Murphy tackles standards and jazz originals with equal aplomb, extending his rich baritone over such disparate material as *Angel Eyes* and *Milestones*. The first six tracks emphasize ballads; the others are mainly devoted to sprightlier things.

On all selections but three—*Milestones*, *Doodlin'*, and *Twisted* where trumpeters Mitchell and Terry take over the accompaniment—the Wilkins charts vest this recording with true distinction. The arrangements never obtrude; instead, they abet the singer to the fullest extent. As a case in point, listen to the treatment of *World*, a Johnny Mercer-Harold Arlen ballad originally made famous as a lush torch song by Dick Haymes. For Murphy and Wilkins the song translates into a torrid Caribbean pulse carried on Barretto's conga; with the band building to a throbbing 3/4-time climax behind the singer.

Murphy's scatting on overt jazz numbers is somewhat less successful, but it is not of the downright embarrassing variety so common to would-be jazz vocalists.

If there be a reservation about Murphy's singing it is that he tends to treat his material a bit heavy-handedly and rather consistently gives the impression of trying a shade too hard to achieve the jazz feeling. One has but to listen to Frank Sinatra to hear the antithesis of this. If Murphy could absorb the essence of that Sinatra effortlessness, he could become far and away the best male jazz singer extant.

Still, this is an album that does great credit to the singer and the songs. It marks a definite breakthrough for Murphy. Above all, it is proof positive that where

the basic conception is firmly grounded (c.f., Ernie Wilkins), and where the instrument is worthy of the conception, the sky's the limit. (J.A.T.)

### Mary Stallings-Cal Tjader

MARY STALLINGS SINGS — CAL TJADER PLAYS—Fantasy 3325: *Mighty Rumbly Blues*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *God Bless the Child*; *Just Squeeze Me*; *I Didn't Know about You*; *I'm Beginning to See the Light*; *Goodbye*; *Why Don't You Do Right?*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *I'm Just a Lucky So and So*; *Ain't Misbehavin'*; *Mr. Blues*.

Personnel: Miss Stallings, vocals; Tjader, vibraharp; Lonnie Hewitt or Clare Fisher, piano; Paul Horn, flute; Victor Venegas or Freddie Schreiber, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Stallings is one of the better singers to come along in the last several years.

Like many other young vocalists, she has been influenced by her Gospel singing background, but her precise diction suggests more sophisticated stylists like Ella Fitzgerald or Sarah Vaughan. As is mentioned in the liner notes, Miss Stallings is technically as advanced as many well-known singers.

But she could relax her attack—which sometimes borders on the strident—and soften her sonority, though no one could complain about her tender treatment of *God Bless*.

*Mighty Rumbly* is fine; Miss Stallings approaches it in a manner reminiscent of Dinah Washington or even the powerful female blues artists of the '20s, but she is not as convincing on *Why Don't You*. She swings *Honeysuckle* delightfully but overblows on *Misbehavin'* and *Lucky*.

Tjader's group provides appropriate and unobtrusive accompaniments, and pianist Hewitt contributes a couple of tasty solos as bonus to a well-recorded, well-produced, enjoyable album. (H.P.)

### Roosevelt Sykes

BLUES—Folkways FS 3827: *Sweet Old Chicago*; *Don't Care Blues*; *47th Street Jive*; *Memphis Slim Rock*; *44 Blues*; *Security Blues*; *R.S. Stomp*; *Ran the Blues out of My Window*; *All My Money's Gone*; *Woman in Elaine, Arkansas*; *The Mistaken Life*; *The Sweet Root Man*; *The Thing*; *Please Don't Talk about Me When I'm Gone*.

Personnel: Sykes, piano, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Sykes' lusty, open personality comes across brilliantly on this record. He is a strong, sturdy pianist with a fondness for boogie figures and a shouting, high spirited vocalist who generates a good-time, party feeling in most his work.

The naturalness and ease of these pieces can be attributed at least in part to Sykes' spontaneity as a performer, for he rarely falls below a reasonably good level of competence in his recording work—but it also could be because the a&r man on the session was Memphis Slim, who gets such prominent billing on the album cover that it could start a new trend in building up a&r men as personalities.

Sykes is not a probing singer, neither a sociologist nor a polemicist. Rather, he supplies good-time music, with strong overtones of Fats Waller (the other side of this style of delivery may be heard in the work of Champion Jack Dupree), and this collection catches him in a typically lusty, freewheeling mood. (J.S.W.)

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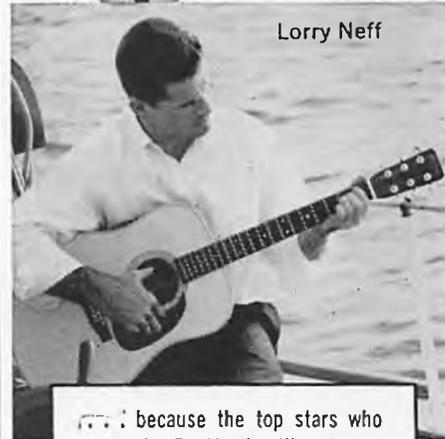
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# BLINDFOLD TEST



# THE ADDERLEYS



Nat

By LEONARD FEATHER

The last time Cannonball Adderley took a *Blindfold Test* (DB, Dec. 24, 1959) he had only recently reorganized his quintet, after two years as a sideman with Miles Davis.

The phenomenal upsurge in his fortunes since then is indicative not only of the unprecedented heights of commercial success to which a jazz talent can rise nowadays but also of the almost overnight speed with which this can be accomplished.

The Adderley snowball started rolling with *This Here*, continued with the *African Waltz*, and has since reached such a peak that the quintet probably can coast safely for a year or two without any more major individual hits.

Although Cannonball has taken the test twice and Nat once, they never had been interviewed jointly until recently. This is the first of a two-part test.



Cannonball

## The Records:

1. Kai Winding. *Surrey with the Fringe on Top* (from *Kai Olé*, Verve). Winding, trombone, arranger; Clark Terry, fluegelhorn; Phil Woods, alto saxophone.

NAT: Clark Terry! Best thing on the record.

CANNONBALL: I liked the arrangement. But when I listen to something like that, I don't know what they intend—whether it's an arranger's record or what. I don't know whether they're trying to reach a jazz market or a pop market. It's got enough elements to be any kind of thing.

But it was well written and played. For a moment I thought the alto might have been Gene Quill, but I don't know who it was.

NAT: I didn't dig the alto too much; it wasn't startling. Clark Terry was very good. The arrangement got to be monotonous as it wore on and on, but on the whole it was a good record. 3½ stars.

CANNONBALL: Okay.

2. Benny Carter. *Old-Fashioned Love*—(from *Jazz Giant*, Contemporary). Personnel: Carter, alto saxophone; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Frank Rosolino, trombone; André Previn, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums.

NAT: Cannon, I'm going to let you have this one; except I'm going to make my statement about the rhythm section.

CANNONBALL: Well, I think I know who most of the cats are. The only cat that I don't think I can identify is the drummer. And it's probably just as well. It sounds like Benny Carter with the giants.

It's a funny thing, but I've always said that a truly great player hardly confines himself to a school. For instance, I heard Dizzy Gillespie on a record with Duke, and I could hear him with Basie or with a swing group or anything, and always fitting right in.

I don't mean that everybody spans everything, but there is a definite overlapping of influences in this kind of personnel. Like, André Previn could be a swing player or a modern player. And Leroy Vinnegar, being the type bass player he is, can fit with the most modern jazz group, or, as in this case, a group that feels largely like a swing group.

Frank Rosolino sounds very well in this group, and so does Ben Webster. In fact, Nat identified Ben in the opening ensemble, which was beautiful to me. To think you could pick out his sound in an ensemble.

This is very interesting to me. When you listen to this kind of thing—the hippies won't agree with me. When I say hippies, I don't mean it derogatorily, but they'll say, "What is that?" But you should listen to everything in its own context, according to itself. And this is a good record. For them to get together with all these different ideas and get a unity of feeling—with the possible exception of the rhythm section. But the general over-all feeling was great to me; and, of course, I love Benny.

NAT: The rhythm section—Well, André is great, and Leroy is great. I don't know who the drummer is, but no matter how great the three of them are, everybody doesn't always play well together. You can take the three greatest cats in the world, and they won't necessarily fit with each other.

CANNONBALL: Don't forget it's four. Barney Kessel's there, too.

NAT: Excuse me! Anyhow, the rhythm section was a little stiff at times.

CANNONBALL: But for each cat's statement in the context of that tune, the traditional changes and so forth, it was a good four-star effort.

NAT: I disagree with you about that guitar player. I thought it was Herb Ellis.

CANNONBALL: They got the Texas sound, anyhow; it could be any of those cats.

NAT: I'll give it 4½.

3. Don Ellis. *Four and Three* (from *New Ideas*, Prestige). Ellis, trumpet, composer; Al Francis, vibraphone; Jaki Byard, piano; Charlie Persip, drums; Ron Carter, bass.

NAT: Do I have to go first? I'm scared of that one! You know, if you hear this kind of thing, and you just listen to one track like this, you can't get a—

First of all, the trumpet player's very good. Being unrestricted the way that this type thing is, I don't know exactly what they meant to do, but whatever they meant, I think it was well done, from what I can understand. I don't understand everything about it.

They all sound like good musicians. It

can be any of at least three different groups that I can think of. If it had been a faster tune, I probably could make a more accurate guess. While it was on, I mentioned Don Ellis, because even though I haven't heard Don Ellis and don't know how he sounds, I read about what kind of things he does.

The best that I can say is that under the circumstances, I'd rate it highly. However, I think that if I had to listen to the full album, I would probably rate it lower. I think it would wear thin over a period of time; I don't know about playing without chords.

But they sound to me as though if they were playing with people who play *with* chords, then they would probably sound good. The vibes player sounded like a good vibes player. The piano player—I didn't get what he was doing, but I don't think he intended for me to. I give it 3½.

CANNONBALL: I don't know what it meant, really. I don't know what the composer intended; I have no point of reference. According to the widespread current thinking in jazz, you don't have to know what it means. You either listen to it and enjoy it or not. So I'll just put it frankly.

You know, once I read a review of one of our records by a guy named LeRoi Jones or something, and he said that the whole thing, to him, was a bore. He thought there was not enough new being said. And Nat felt a draft when he read this. This cat said, like, Bobby Timmons was nothing, and we were nothing, and if he heard one tune, he'd heard enough of the Adderleys for the evening. And I felt he was entitled to say it, if that was the way he felt.

By the same token, all I have to hear of this kind of music is a little bit. It wouldn't interest me very long; in fact, while listening to this, I was wondering when it was going to end. Not because it was bad or good, because I don't know whether it was good or bad.

I feel that all the guys are obviously decent musicians. The bass player sounds good, the drummer was doing all sorts of things. But unfortunately I'm one of those old-timers who feel they have to get an understanding of what it means to really thoroughly enjoy a thing. And I don't think I'm ready to rate this. 

# caught in the act



## DON ELLIS

Wells', New York City

Personnel: Ellis, trumpet; Paul Bley, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Bobby Thomas, drums.

It shouldn't be, but it is, amazing to find a primarily white group in a Harlem night club, much appreciated by owner (Ellis' original two-week engagement was extended to seven weeks), patrons, and other musicians.

Perhaps the pudding and proof of it is in the musicianship the group possesses. This begins with drummer Thomas; moves through bassist Swallow, who plays some of the most moving musical bass solos you can hear today; to pianist Bley, who is remarkably eclectic, surprisingly different, in everything he plays.

On top of that all, you have trumpeter Ellis, known as a modern among moderns, who does what I've always imagined possible—but heard so seldom—the playing of almost uncompromisingly modern lines, while appearing to be Roy Eldridge, Cootie Williams, or Rex Stewart.

Well, no, that isn't completely accurate. I heard some more obvious touches of *Let Me off Uptown* than that sentence might imply, but, basically, this is what Ellis can do—or does on this job at least. He has captured the amalgam of modernity and humanity, as have such other important trumpeters as Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, etc., and, if that seems too much praise, I suggest you hear what that combination is like and also suggest that, all other things aside, Don Ellis will be the trumpet player most contending for new-star categories, and some day will give great competition to those who are established.—*Coss*

## LEE LIND

The Grapevine, Chicago

Personnel: Miss Lind, piano; Paul Friedman, bass; Stan Shaw, drums.

One of the strongest prejudices in jazz is the one held by most male musicians against female musicians. The highest compliment the male can pay the female species is to say she plays like a man—which leads to all sorts of reactions from distaff jazzers.

So I won't make the mistake of saying Miss Lind plays like a man; I'll merely say she plays strong, muscular piano, on the one hand, and whimsical, delicate piano, on the other. A two-handed player, you see.

Seriously, Miss Lind's light should be taken from under the basket where it now hides and brought forth for more to see. She has been ensconced at the Grapevine (one of those carpeted clubs that you know about but seldom find strong jazz in) for some months now. Before then she worked in similar clubs.

A relative newcomer to jazz—she's been at it full time for only a couple of years—Miss Lind shows more than mere promise. She shows real ability. There are touches of Red Garland and Bill Evans in her playing (just as there are Garland and Evans touches in about every pianist now) and more than a touch of impressionism, which does not congeal into stickiness but remains firm and resilient.

Her program selection includes unexpected tunes such as Billy Strayhorn's *Chelsa Bridge* (played with proper tenderness and romance) and Frank Foster's *Shiny Stockings* (played with proper strength and drive). In her repertoire is the seldom-heard *Because We're Kids*, which Miss Lind sang in wispy voice, with her out-of-tempo piano the only accompaniment. And while there is variety in tune selection, there is added variety within each selection; no one tune is given a single treatment but several, one dovetailing with the others.

Bassist Friedman is an exceptionally strong player. On the night of review his section work and solos vied with Miss Lind's playing for top honors. Shaw, Miss Lind's husband, was somewhat out of shape—he works with the others only on Fridays and Saturdays—and early in the night there was a tightening of the time. But after a couple of sets, he had got out the kinks and proved to be a tasty accompanist.

Chicagoans who might want to hear Miss Lind and friends had better hurry, though; she and Shaw are scheduled to leave for Puerto Rico in April.

—*DeMicheal*

## MARY LOU WILLIAMS

Sheraton-Palace Hotel, San Francisco

Personnel: Miss Williams, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

It seems a shame that Miss Williams' first appearance in San Francisco had to be in this setting. As posh and historic as the venerable Palace is, its Tudor Room can be rated no better than poor for the fine music the trio plays.

The room is big, and its acoustics are not the best; the noise from the bar and the kitchen is very distracting. Moreover, the majority of the room's patrons come to eat, drink, and socialize—and perhaps dance to the music of the hotel band.

Those who came to hear the trio and were fortunate enough to obtain a seat near the bandstand were rewarded with some of the most delightful jazz ever heard in this area. Miss Williams' style—an individual creation that reflects musical nourishment from swing (Kansas City in the '30s), bop (New York in the '40s), Ellington (then until now), and the classical idiom; spiritual nourishment that followed her conversion to Roman Catholicism several years ago; and the nourishment of superb talent and distinctive thinking—is applied to a repertoire that includes jazz standards, top-flight pop tunes, and her own compositions. Always, too, there are the blues.

It seems almost redundant to note that the trio swings from first to last. Its playing also exemplifies a remark made by Miss Williams: "Jazz is supposed to make people happy." She most certainly does

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that—and also gives those who will (and can) listen something to think about.

—Russ Wilson

## DEXTER GORDON

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Dick Whittington, piano; George Morrow, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

Like any good storyteller, Gordon likes to take his time with the end of a tale. Every time he plays, he spins the jazz story in his own way, and his telling of it reveals him to be no mere raconteur, but a poet with a horn.

Gordon is by now well launched on what is generally known as a "come-back." Celebrated in the late 1940s as one of the foremost exponents of jazz tenor in the school he shared with the late Wardell Gray, he remains one of the finest, most stimulating horn men in jazz.

A melodic player, he luxuriates in long-lined, lazy phrasing drawn from his essential debt to Lester Young. Yet his tone and his big tenor sound sometimes would



Marable Gordon Morrow

appear to belie the link with Prez. He blows a *man's* tenor. His tone can be raw and rough-edged on a blues such as *Stanley the Steamer* or the laconically melodic *Dexter's Deck*.

But Gordon is not all hard-boiled. He can take *You've Changed*, make love to it, and then close his performance with a long, leisurely arabesque of lovely proportions.

Gordon is blessed with a rhythm section equal to his intentions. Marable, long recognized and respected by his fellows as one of the most musically dependable time-keepers and noted for the salty fire of his playing, is in his element with the tenorist. No crude walloper, Marable combines taste with spirit and knows when to soft pedal, too.

Bassist Morrow fits neatly with Marable. He is like a rock behind a soloist and is capable of saying his own piece well when called on.

Pianist Whittington is developing into one of the better jazz pianists. His taste and melodic conception are flowering under Dexter's sun. He uses his undeniably good technique to worthwhile ends; he builds as he plays.

In one respect, Whittington appears not to be following Gordon: he is not fond of borrowing liberally from melody lines of other songs. The tenorist is a bit overfond

of this. He interpolates these quotations constantly in his solos and if there is a little too much dependence on this familiar device, he at least handles it intelligently.

Dexter Gordon is no "new wave" innovator out to press back the frontiers of jazz with the confused fanaticism of some of his younger colleagues. He is one of the great jazz tenorists. And isn't that enough?

—Tynan

## DICK RUEDEBUSCH

The Metropole, New York City

Personnel: Ruedebusch, trumpet; Sunny Seivert, trombone; Chuck Hedges, clarinet; Ron Martinson, piano; Lee Burrows, bass; Al Praefke, drums.

This sextet operates under the name of Dick Ruedebusch and the Underprivileged Five, and is managed by Woody Herman and his manager, Abe Turchin. The group is in no sense underprivileged.

At least, this reviewer can't avoid such a comment or the following comments: A legend is ready to build here—Ruedebusch is from Mayville, Wis.; he hadn't tried the big-time jazz field until he was 36; until then he set up manure-spreaders for his family's farm equipment business, sold cars in a family-owned agency, and played jazz on weekends; he and his wife have three children: Randall Bix, Stacy Allen, and Richard Hackett (named for three of his favorite musicians).

And perhaps the legend is real. Because, though this group is substantially Dixie-land-oriented, its leader and its music work with Southern thread on Northern fabric and, then, vice versa.

That is, the rhythm section plays in a modern, at least a swing, style; Hedges plays a beautiful, Goodman-styled ensemble and solo clarinet; most especially, Ruedebusch plays with a sound descended from Bunny Berigan, but at tempos more reminiscent of Dizzy Gillespie.

And this is both a strength and weakness in this group. All are fine musicians. Ruedebusch plays all the inches of his horn, and it is an exciting experience for those who like a big trumpet sound. But, to avoid the stereotype of Dixie, the group often concentrates on breathtaking tempos. When it swings, the effect is exceptional and invigorating, quite beyond the music itself, though involved with the ability of each musician. When it doesn't swing...

In any case, Ruedebusch and perhaps Hedges are the two most likely to succeed in the mammoth market. Hedges is playing an instrument not much in favor and one very much controlled by just a few performers. Ruedebusch has the right instrument, perhaps not the right time, but certainly all the technical abilities.

But jazz is a strange beast to cook. It takes all kinds of fire—the hard, fierce, and bright may be more suited to welding. It still remains to be seen whether Ruedebusch can boil, broil, bake, and fry, as well as pressure-cook.

You will, I trust, appreciate my excess in language when you hear him. There is little other way to criticize what is as good as he is. All things considered, I believe the criticism will stand, and the waiting is worth the impatience.

—Cross



# hot box

By George Hoefler

## early bird

It was in February, 1940, that *Down Beat's* Kansas City correspondent announced in his column: "Pianist-band-leader Jay McShann over at the Century Room has added first trumpeter Bernard (Buddy) Anderson from Tulsa, Okla., and a new alto sax man."

The unidentified saxophonist was known to his fellow musicians as Yardbird (later shortened to Bird)—Charlie Parker, who ultimately became the most influential voice in modern jazz.

He came out of the Kansas City, Mo., swing environment with a musical concept entirely his own. The means by which he was finally able to get off the ground on his flight to jazz immortality came through his affiliation with the Jay McShann Band, for it was McShann who brought Parker to New York City in 1942 as an established musician—the altoist previously had spent several months in Harlem as a dishwasher.

Prior to 1940 the only mention of Parker's playing in print came from tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson, who mentioned Parker's name to a *Down Beat* reporter. It seems one night in 1938 a shabby Bird had walked into the Club 68 on Chicago's south side and asked to sit in with King Kolax's band, and his playing greatly impressed Johnson.

That Parker had charted a path of his own prior to his McShann days, was borne out by a recent Dizzy Gillespie article (*DB*, May 25, 1961). Gillespie recalled that he first met Parker in the fall of 1939 while he was in Kansas City with the Cab Calloway Band. He spent an afternoon in a hotel room playing and exchanging ideas with Buddy Anderson and Parker. Gillespie was impressed by Bird's ideas. "We understood each other right away," he said, and he was pleased by Parker's ability to show him what he was doing by demonstrating on the piano.

The McShann band barnstormed through Kansas, Missouri, Texas, and Oklahoma during 1940-41. The band periodically returned to Kansas City, its headquarters, and played at Tootie's Mayfair, Steel's Blue Room, the Cen-

tury, Martin's Plaza, and, during the summer, at John Tumino's Fairyland amusement park. It was Tumino who saw promise in McShann's band and eventually became its manager and booker.

The first step designed to make a national attraction out of the aggregation was taken in April, 1941, when Dave Kapp of Decca records, went to Dallas, Texas, to record the band. Kapp was mainly interested in the group's blues arrangements, which were sung by Walter Brown. Four sides made in Dallas were released on the label's



Parker

"Sepia" series for what would now be called the rhythm-and-blues market.

But the McShann band was more than just a blues band. It had Basie-like arrangements by tenor saxophonist William Scott and charts made from several Parker compositions. McShann, originally from Muskogee, Okla., was a good jazz pianist, described in *Down Beat* as playing "like Mary Lou Williams, but heavier, with bursts of Hines and Tatum in the treble." The band also boasted a good rhythm section with McShann, bassist Gene Ramey, and drummer Gus Johnson.

From a commercial standpoint Kapp had been right. The record *Confessin' the Blues*, a blues-shout featuring Brown with the rhythm section, had sold 100,000 copies by November, 1941. The success of the side prompted Moe Gale to buy up McShann's contract from Tumino and to book the band into his Savoy Ballroom in New York for a Feb. 14, 1942, opening.

While McShann was at the Savoy, jazz critic Barry Ulanov gave Parker his first write-up in a music magazine, saying, "... the jazz set forth by the Parker alto is superb. His tone tends to rubberiness and he has a tendency to play too many notes, but his continued search for wild ideas and the consistency with which he finds them compensates for the weaknesses that should be easily overcome in the future."

Later, in a July, 1942, *Down Beat*, reviewer Bob Locke wrote, "Charlie Parker offers inspired alto solos, using

a minimum of notes in a fluid style with a somewhat thin tone but a wealth of pleasing ideas."

In July, 1942, while the band was playing the Paradise Theater in Detroit, Parker decided to leave the band and return to New York. He remained with the band, however, until shortly after its third Decca date, held this time in New York. There had been a second date in November, 1941, but, contrary to discographies, Parker was not involved. The date was made on the strength of *Confessin' the Blues* and only the rhythm section and singers were used.

Today, the McShann recordings are hard to come by; only *Sepian Bounce* in Decca's *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, Vol. 3, DL 8400, and *Hootie Blues*, Folkways FJ 2810, are listed in the current catalogues.

Parker's playing on the McShann records indicates he had already started to use some of the ideas that he later perfected and enlarged upon. His phrasing was much more complex than that of the other men in the band, and he was using combinations of grace notes and inflections which had never been heard before.

This chapter of *Hot Box* has covered the highlights of Parker's rise from obscurity in Kansas City to the time he settled permanently in New York in late 1942. Future *Boxes* will deal with Parker's musical development and his great influence on the evolution of jazz.

## parker with mcshann

Dallas, Texas, April 30, 1941

Jay McShann and His Orchestra—Harold Bruce, Bernard (Buddy) Anderson, Orville (Piggy) Minor, trumpets; Joe Taswell Baird, trombone; Bob Mabane, H. Ferguson, tenor saxophones; Charlie Parker, John Jackson, alto saxophones; Jay McShann, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; Gus Johnson, drums; Walter Brown, vocal. HOOTIE BLUES (93731) . . . . . Decca 8559, DL-5503, Folkways FJ 2810 DEXTER BLUES (93732)

. . . . . Decca 8583, DL-5503

New York City, July 2, 1942

Jay McShann and His Orchestra—Bob Merrill, Anderson, Minor, trumpets; Lawrence (Frog) Anderson, Baird, trombones; Freddy Culliver, Buck Douglas, tenor saxophones; Jackson, Parker, alto saxophones; James Coe, baritone saxophone, arranger; Jay McShann, piano; Leonard (Lucky) Enois, guitar; Ramey, bass; Harold (Doc) West, drums; Brown, Al Hibbler, vocals. LONELY BOY BLUES (70993) . . . Decca 4387 GET ME ON YOUR MIND (70994)

. . . . . Decca 4418, DL-5503, Coral 60034

THE JUMPIN' BLUES (70995)

. . . . . Decca 4418, DL-5503, Coral 60034

SEPIAN BOUNCE (70996) . . . . . Decca 4387, DL-5503, DL-8385, DL-8400



# sittin' in

By Art Hodes

Musician first class.

You know, it's nice to see a youngster come along whose actions speak well of his parents. It's also nice to see a jazz musician come along who remembers that if it weren't for the past, he wouldn't have a present. Poor indeed would I have been had there been no James P. Johnson, Pine Top Smith, Earl Hines, Walter Davis, LeRoy Carr. . . . Yes, I've needed the great music from the soul of the colored man. They gave freely; no one acted scared that I might walk away with his style.

Today I hear a new pattern to an old sound. Yesterday I played dirty; I'm playing funky today. Yesterday with feeling. Today with soul. The difference is not so much in language; it's in topics. Yesteryear we may have sung of self-love or lack of food, shelter, etc. Today's music speaks of freedom. Sounds from distant lands find their way into the blues. Today's music is much more experimental, searching. But one thing stays the same: the story. You still must tell your story. He who pours out a tale that rings true holds the listener.

An old tale: it's summer, and the scene is Chicago's south side, 35th and State, a record shop. The turntable spins, and the music is being heard outside. The curb is occupied with listeners. It's the same record being played over and over. I ask the clerk, "Mam, what is that?"

"That's LeRoy Carr . . . let's see . . . it's *That's All Right for You, Baby*." I must have a copy, and she sells me the only one she has, the one spinning on the turntable. As I leave, I see the curb-listeners disperse.

That record has been like medicine to me at times. It's a bit of greatness. He played himself inside of me. And just the other day I saw a chap listening to Ray Charles' version of *Georgia on My Mind*, which by now has been on the market at least a year. Certainly I've had time to hear it. I've heard it again and again. I'd like to hear it some more. This is my measure of great music. The great musicians of today would have been great yesteryear. Everybody comes on the scene at some given period. Everyone tunes in at some certain moment. And that moment or period identifies you with a given time. I can't see how one can be all things to all people, how one can span all periods. I'm sure someone will disprove me, I'm sure someone will try.

Blow, Sidney . . . no, I can't tell your whole story. No one person can. You spent time with too many of us. Bechet the swinger, the worker. He didn't hold back because the scale wasn't high enough. At heart, he was like most males I know, a boy at heart. 

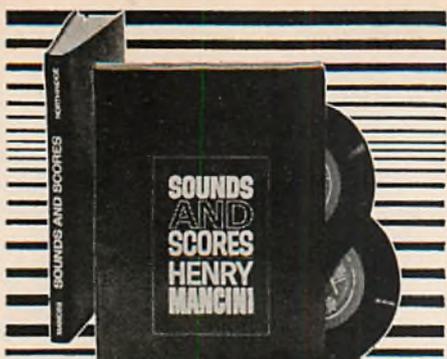
Jazz has survived because people believed in it and because these people did something about their beliefs. Simple, but that's the formula. Action is the magic word. Folks who invested in a recording, attended a concert, paid the tariff at some night club, the writers who spread the word, the youth at the colleges who campaigned for jazz and jazzmen, fought to get the higher-ups interested.

This brings to mind two such lads. There may have been a few more . . . Penn State is a large school. I was contracted for date there on a Sunday night—six musicians, plus a guest star, Sidney Bechet. We six had been working a steady two months on the same job—Cecil Scott, clarinet; George Lugg, trombone; Pops Foster, bass; Henry Goodwin, trumpet; Baby Dodds, drums; myself, piano. (Ole South, the night club, aged some when the boss discovered the band was mixed.)

The engagement ended the night before our scheduled Penn concert. The two college men drove down, waited 'til we finished work, helped us pack, and away we went. Two cars. Ah, for the life of a musician—travel, glory, fans, the tinsel. But there are times . . .

We got there all right. One interesting bit: the driver in the second car started interviewing one of the players. Maybe a just-to-stay-awake measure. Who knows. But a jug appeared, and one player got stoned . . .

You know, in a six-piece band, you can't hide. It's not like playing fourth sax in a large band or violin in a string section (although I'm sure they'll spot you in both cases). You should have heard Bechet. He took one look at this guy, and sparks flew. Sidney read him off. That was just to get his attention. Next came a cold bath. Then some walking around the block. After that, aspirins and black coffee. That musician played the date and performed as well as any of the rest of us. Bechet didn't draw top billing this concert; it was my baby. But Sidney didn't look at the marquee. He did what he did because that was the way he operated. He gave his best no matter who was leader. Come to think of it, Bechet did a lot of leading on my gigs. I've heard it said that Charlie Parker, explaining Bechet to someone, called him a swinger. That's a good description. He picks you up and says, "Let's go." Did you ever hear his recording of *I Found a New Baby*? That really moves . . .



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By John Tynan

It has long been a peevish contention of mine that jazz needs more humor.

I'm frequently smothered by the feeling that the music and the men and women who make it seem committed to gloom around with long faces and pursed lips as if they had never heard of Dizzy Gillespie.

Now, sobriety, dignity, and "Ars Gratia Artis" may be valid concepts in the presentation of jazz. I cannot cavil about the Modern Jazz Quartet and what it has come to represent. But a steady diet of sobersided John Lewis and others of his earnest persuasion wrecks havoc in my fun-loving soul.

That's why I exulted recently in the glad tidings that trumpeter Jack Sheldon and sax man Joe Maini had formed their own big band.

For those who have not been let in on the secret, the Sheldon-Maini partnership, makes Rowan and Martin's look like the Alsop brothers. Musicians are traditionally renowned for the antic in their outlook on life and for the

wacky and the zany in their humor, but Sheldon and Maini as a team have long been uncontested champs in the breakup department. Who else, for example, would hustle up a gig at the Los Angeles Home for Unwed Mothers? Who else would include in the band's program during that memorable engagement such fiendishly selected numbers as *Get Me to the Church on Time*, *Rockabye Your Baby to a Dixie Melody*, and *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*?

The team maintains the same standard in fronting the new band. Though this may be letting the cat out of the bag, in the interests of honest journalism I must report the Maini method of signaling the close of a set. He calls it the Interlude. Conducting in the best Stokowski tradition, Maini leads the sidemen in a rising and diminishing crescendo of incoherent mumbles.

As the band wallops out one of the many Al Cohn, Johnny Mandel, or Manny Albam arrangements in the book, Sheldon and Maini go into a vaudeville dance routine. This is never overdone, of course; it merely adds a dash of spice to the dish.

Their patter is necessarily ad lib, neither co-leader knowing for certain how he may feel on a particular engagement—or even during a particular tune. Without delving into specifics, it is safe to say for the most part the wisecracks are of the adult variety.

Now, please do not conclude that the Sheldon-Maini band is all play and no work. Though Jack is anything but a dull boy, and his altoist partner Joe

would never be taken for Lee Konitz, the jazz played by them and by the band is belting and fiery fare of the first order.

The soloists among the sidemen are more than equipped to give good accounts of themselves. When have the following been stumped for jazz commentary? Conte Candoli, Al Porcino, and Frank Huggins on trumpets; Bob Edmondson and Gil Falco among the trombones; altoist Charles Kennedy; pianist Lou Levy; bassist Max Bennett; and a tall, young up-and-comer on drums named Bill Goodwin.

The sum of the Sheldon-Maini enterprise is that the trumpeter and the saxist are proving that jazz and fun do mix.

Speaking realistically, it is unlikely that their band (and act) will ever hit the road. America is just going to have to do without the S-M sense of humor.

So far as recording is concerned, it is even more doubtful that their shenanigans would be effective, or even intelligible, on vinyl. But no matter. The important thing is that a start has been made in restoring a smile to the face of jazz in the great tradition of Fats Waller and Dizzy, to name but two practitioners of the art of jazz humor.

Personally, I consider the endeavor admirable. In fact, I herewith appoint myself a one-man chamber of commerce to encourage the spring and summer jazz tourist traffic to Hollywood. Because the Sheldon and Maini message needs propagandists.

What are you doing on your vacation? 

## AD LIB *from page 10*

London's Flamingo Club is showing interest in **Horace Silver**, **Art Blakey**, and **John Coltrane** . . . **Don Ellis** did two Zenith Radio-sponsored broadcasts from Wells' in Harlem. *Down Beat's* **George Crater** also was part of the program emceed by jazz disc jockey **Les Davis**. Ellis has been commissioned by the American Guild of Organists to write a religious service for its national convention in Los Angeles on July 5 . . . **Stan Kenton** will reorganize his band in the spring . . . **Jimmy Manone**, son of famed Dixieland trumpeter **Wingy Manone**, is now playing drums in the Nevada Club, Las Vegas . . . Organist-pianist **Sir Charles Thompson** is now playing with a small band led by tenor man **Illinois Jacquet**.

The American Society of African Culture gave a party at Birdland for **Lionel Hampton** . . . **Horace Silver**, heretofore virtually unknown in Norwalk, Conn., where he was born and grew up, will probably have a day there all to himself. A local reporter has

been chiding the city administration, with the result that the mayor appointed a special committee to deal with the Silver testimonial.

**Mort Fega's** jazz show at the Apollo Theater was so successful he plans another one for May . . . Similar case for **Nat Cohen**, owner of Brooklyn jazz club, the Coronet. His *Jazz Spectacular* in Brooklyn's Brevoort Theater occasioned one more: April 21-23, featuring **Maynard Ferguson** . . . Two other New York clubs added jazz: the Second Step, a Greenwich Village coffee house with such as **Steve Lacy** in residence, and the Moulin Rouge in Brooklyn, currently featuring altoist **Ken McIntyre**.

Trumpeter **Yank Lawson**, veteran (50 years old) musician (usually, though erroneously, thought of as a Dixielander), suddenly left the comfort of New York radio, television, and recording studios, and has gone back on the long road with a sextet: **Cutty Cutshall**, trombone; **Dean Kincaide**, five reed instruments; **Dill Jones** (a recent emigre from England), piano; **Joe Williams**, bass; **Cliff Leeman**, drums. Although the group occasionally will

play Dixie classics, it is essentially a mainstream group. For recording, it will swell to 10 pieces. Bassist **Bob Haggart**, who writes the arrangements, will replace Williams for recording. A second trumpeter has not yet been added, but these musicians have been: **Peanuts Hucko**, clarinet; **Lou McGarity**, trombone; **Bud Freeman**, tenor saxophone.

The Negro American Labor Council held a benefit at the Apollo Theater featuring the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Thelonious Monk**, **Charlie Mingus**, **Ray Bryant**, **Oscar Brown Jr.**, and many others, all under the direction of **Tadd Dameron** . . . The Embers, possibly New York's most east-side jazz club, begins its 12th year in business this month . . . **Kingston Trio** heretic **Dave Guard** brings his new group, the **Whiskey Hill Trio**, into the Village Vanguard on May 22, on the same bill with **Stan Getz** . . . **Louis Armstrong** will play dates in Scotland during May. . . . Drummer **Milford Graves** formed his own group with **Pete Yellin**, alto saxophone; **Chicky Correa**, piano; **Lisle Atkinson**, bass; **William Fitch**, conga.

**George Williams** has written a jazz

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suite, *The Evolution of Drums*, to be recorded by Gene Krupa . . . Wild Bill Davison has recorded for RCA Victor . . . Reprise records says it will expand into all fields of music, including classical . . . Riverside has signed jazz singer Billie Poole. Its subsidiary, Jazzland, has issued an album of the last recordings made by the late Oscar Pettiford . . . John Hammond's latest Marlowe Morris date for Columbia, stars Morris on organ, Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Jo Jones, drums.

Robert Prince did the incidental music for the Jerome Robbins-produced *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad*, that opened in New York last month . . . Radio Free Europe taped two hours of music by Lionel Hampton for overseas broadcasting . . . For seven years now, C. W. Walton, city editor of the Norfolk *Ledger-Star*, has done a traditional jazz show on WRVC-FM, Norfolk . . . Woody Herman's orchestra was heard live from the grand ball, part of the *Charro Days Fiesta*, broadcast by ABC from Brownsville, Texas . . . Ken Harris, WLNA-FM, Sunday evening jazz disc jockey on the *World of Jazz*, has returned to Army service and now is replaced by Sonny Mann, who has been a regular on a Saturday night feature, *The Big Band Sounds*. The station is in Peekskill, N. Y.

The Juilliard Concert Hall presented a concert of chamber music recently featuring Gunther Schuller's *Symphony for Brass and Percussion, Op. 16* and Hall Overton's *Fantasy for Brass and Percussion* . . . The Canadian Broadcasting Corp., commissioned three works by Jimmy Giuffre some time ago. The second of these already has been broadcast. Giuffre is at work on the third . . . Among the Monte Kay-produced concerts at the 92nd St. YMHA, will be one with John Lewis, Sonny Rollins, and the Contemporary String Quartet, on April 23.

## LONDON

Tenorist Tubby Hayes abruptly disbanded his successful poll-winning quartet. Leaving are pianist Terry Shannon, bassist Jeff Clyne, and drummer Bill Eyden. Their respective replacements are Gordon Beck, Freddy Legon, and Allan Ganley. The group is now augmented by the presence of trumpeter-arranger Jimmy Deuchar. The new quintet will become a resident attraction at the Ronnie Scott Club. Meanwhile, Shannon, Clyne, and Eyden will work as trio occasionally adding tenorist Bobby Wellins.

Ronnie Scott also has broken up his quintet; Deuchar, as reported, has joined the Hayes group, while the

rhythm section, pianist-vibist Stan Tracey, bassist Peter Ind, and drummer Bobby Orr are going out under Tracey's leadership . . . The Vic Ash-Harry Klein Jazz Five, which toured Britain with Carmen McRae, Miles Davis, and Dave Brubeck, also has broken up. Ash has added flute to the instruments he plays.

*All Night Long*, a new film thriller about jazz musicians, stars Patrick McGoohan, Keith Michell, Betsy Blair, Paul Harris, Marti Stevens, and Richard Attenborough, plus guest stars Dave Brubeck, Charlie Mingus, Tubby Hayes, Johnny Dankworth, Bert Courtney, Johnny Scott, Harold McNair, Allan Ganley, and Keith Cristie, among many others. The story is based on *Othello*.

Jeff Kruger's Ember International label has issued two albums by drummers Tony Kinsey and Tony Crombie . . . Fontana records are to release albums featuring Zoot Sims, Ronnie Scott and his Quintet, and altoist Harold McNair. The discs were cut live at Scott's club.

## PARIS

Pianist Bud Powell, an almost-permanent fixture for the last three years at the Blue Note here, has been playing other European capitals lately. His first stop after leaving Paris was a two-month stay at the Montmartre Club in Copenhagen. Powell recorded several originals for Columbia records before he left. The date was supervised by Cannonball Adderley for Adderley's new production company, Junat . . . Another Adderley-supervised expatriate date was drummer Kenny Clarke's. Also on the date were Powell, tenorist Don Byas, trumpeter Idrees Sulieman, and French bassist Pierre Michelot . . . During his Paris visit, Adderley discussed plans to sponsor the return to the United States this year of Powell, Clark, Byas, and other expatriate jazzmen.

Alto saxist Herb Geller has settled in Paris after a recent tour of South America with the Benny Goodman aggregation . . . Bassist George Joyner and drummer Buster Smith stopped over in Paris on their way from Milan, Italy, to the U. S. after three years living and working in Europe.

The Academie du Jazz, a society founded in Paris in 1954, presented its yearly awards at a cocktail party at the Club St. Germain recently. Winner of the Django Reinhardt Award for best French jazz musician of 1961 was pianist Maurice Vander; runner-up was bassist Michelot. The award for best American jazz album issued in Europe in 1961 went to George Russell for his *New York, N. Y.* album issued on Brunswick in Europe. Runners-up were the Aretha Franklin album on Fontana and Sonny Rollins' *Saxophone Colossus* on the Barclay label.

The Hot Club de Paris held its annual Nuit du Jazz at the Salle Wagram. Musicians of note included pianist **Martial Solal**, vibist **Michel Hausser**, the **Double Six**, tenor saxist **Dominique Chanson**, pianists-band leaders **Claude Bolling** and **Jacques Danjean**, along with Americans clarinetist **Albert Nicholas**, trumpeter **Peanuts Holland**, tenor saxist **Zoot Sims**, and Jamaican pianist **Michel Sardaby**.

**Joseph Cerebalcek**, editor of a Polish jazz magazine, the only jazz magazine published in Iron Curtain countries, was in Paris recently to line up talent for the annual Polish Jazz Festival to be held in Warsaw in late spring.

#### BOSTON

The current lineup at the Jazz Workshop in Copley Square has **Gene Distasio's** group on Monday's, **Herb Pomeroy's** band on Tuesday and Thursday, and **Varty Haroutunian's** quintet on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday . . . Pomeroy's pianist, **Hal Galper**, fronts his own trio when not working with the Pomeroy band. Besides Galper, the trio personnel is **Phil Morrison**, bass, and **Jimmy Zitano**, drums . . . Danny's on Haviland St. features the **Ernie West-Dick Wetmore Quintet** (West, drums, vibes; Wetmore, trumpet; **Alex Cerin**, bass; **Don Ritter**, piano; **Terry Kuth**, tenor saxophone).

The Massachusetts Jazz Society's recent cocktail party-dance was a success. **Sonny Staton's** group and the West-Wetmore quintet were featured. A special guest was singer **Nancy Wilson** . . . The **Alex Cerin Trio** is playing at the Stage Door Lounge in Lynn, Mass. The bassist leader, formerly with **Woody Herman**, has Berklee student **Mike Nock** on piano and **Chet Kruley** on guitar.

Connolly's continues its policy of bringing in name horn men to work with **Jimmy Tyler's** house band. Leader Tyler plays alto and tenor; **Hillary Rose**, organ; **Bill Grant**, drums. In recent weeks **James Moody**, **Budd Johnson**, and **Melba Liston** have been in for one-week stands. Scheduled tentatively are **Stan Getz**, **Charlie Shavers**, and **Illinois Jacquet** . . . **Dick Wright**, trumpeter in Herb Pomeroy's band, leads his own band at the Inman Square in Cambridge, Mass. . . . Bostonian altoist-flutist **Ken McIntyre** is now living in Brooklyn, teaching in New York City, and playing nightly.

#### CLEVELAND

**Eddie Condon's** group was recently at the Theatrical Grill with **Buck Clayton**, trumpet; **Peanuts Hucko**, clarinet; **Dick Rath**, trombone; **John Varro**, piano; **Buzzy Drootin**, drums. The **Ellie Frankel Trio** alternated . . . **John-**

# Ludwig



**Percy Brice** is a name that appeared early and often on lists of promising young talent, and then richly fulfilled the promise by moving up to the rosters of all-time stars. Born in New York in '23, he studied piano and violin before shifting to drums, under **Aubry Brooks** of Local 802. He's played with **Luis Russell**, **Benny Carter**, **Duke Ellington**, **Johnny Otis**, the **Billy Taylor** trio and **George Shearing's** quintet; he's now with a combo backing up **Sara Vaughan**. And one other big name is always associated with Brice's: **LUDWIG**, the MOST FAMOUS NAME ON DRUMS.

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April 12, 1962 • 45

ny (Scat) Davis was at the Hickory Grill . . . The Four Coins played to full houses at the Copa assisted by the Tony Carmen Quartet. A recent gas was Richard Rodgers' pre-Broadway run of *No Strings*, playing to a capacity house every night. Besides having an excellent cast and a strong plot, it integrated the musicians into the story line. As the show progressed, one, two, and sometimes three musicians moved throughout the set, blending in with the action in a refreshing new approach to musicals. The instrumentalists are Walter Wegner, flute; Aaron Sachs, clarinet; Ernie Mauro, oboe; Walter Kane, bassoon; Jimmy Sedler, trumpet; Jim Dahl, trombone; Joe Benjamin, bass; Ronnie Bedford, drums. Arrangements are by Ralph Burns and are conducted by Peter Matz.

### CHICAGO

The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet struck paydirt during its recent prolonged stay in Chicago. The group impressed all listeners with its excellence, but it impressed most Sutherland Lounge co-owner Ewart Abner. Abner, also head of Vee Jay records, guaranteed Grey and Mitchell 22 weeks of work in Chicago during the rest of the year, most of it at the Sutherland. In addition to its original two-weeker at the club in February, the group filled in a week at the Sutherland's sister club, Birdhouse; returned to the Sutherland to finish Ahmad Jamal's engagement (Jamal reportedly was forced to cancel because of illness); and took the Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt slot at Sutherland when Ammons and Stitt were moved up to fill the Gerry Mulligan engagement, which fell through early last month.

Clarinetist Joe Marsala has returned to Chicago to live. He's now a salesman for Seeberg Corp. Marsala's trumpeter brother Marty, has written Chicago friends that he has recovered from his serious illness and is eager to play again—perhaps centering his activities in Chicago . . . Trombonist Floyd O'Brien, lately of the Smokey Stover Dixie group, has decided to quit the road and will gig around town. He also will teach . . . The Red Arrow, in Stickney, Ill., for more than 10 years one of the best traditional-jazz clubs in the country, is up for sale . . . A new traditional room, Chez Ray, opened recently in nearby Aurora, Ill. Brian Shanley, clarinet; Norman Murphy, trumpet; Jim Beebe, trombone; Manny (Fish) Williams, piano; Mike Kendrick, banjo; Earl Murphy, bass; Booker T. Washington, drums, made up the first group to play the club . . . Trombonist Beebe, however, is now at Jazz, Ltd. There have been other changes in

Bill Reinhart's band there; Lil Armstrong is the new pianist, and Bobby Lewis is the new trumpeter . . . Trumpeter Emmett Berry and bassist Truck Parham were on board for Pearl Bailey's Empire Room engagement.

Harlem Globetrotters manager Abe Saperstein was in town to clear up final details for the Bob Scobey Band's 10-week European tour with the famed basketballers. Kenny Ball's English trad band will work a week (May 10-17) at Scobey's club, Bourbon Street, in exchange for Scobey's appearance in Great Britain. Scobey, by the way, was recently in the hospital for ulcer treatment—his second such hospitalization in six months.

The University of Chicago Documentary Film Group will hold a Midwest Film Festival April 24-29. William D. Routt, chairman of the group, is looking for jazz films to show at the event. Stipulations are that the photographer must be an amateur, one who does not have a film in commercial distribution; the film must be on 16-mm. film, and running time must be less than 45 minutes. Routt can be contacted by writing him at the university's faculty exchange . . . Prestige records has opened a sales and promotion office in Chicago. Benny Robles is head of the new office.

Muddy Waters and his five-piece blues band appear weekends at the south-side Pepper's Lounge . . . The Staple Singers, family Gospel quintet led by father-guitarist Roebuck Staples, have signed with Riverside records to appear not on the Riverside Gospel subsidiary, Battle, but on the parent label. The Staples were formerly with Vee Jay . . . Among artists appearing at the now defunct Omnibus sessions at the Gate of Horn were blues men Big Joe Williams, Speckled Red, Roosevelt Sykes, Curtis Jones, Little David Alexander (pianist-singer recently rediscovered by Jones), Kokomo Arnold, and Ransom Knowling. Legendary blues singer Sleepy John Estes, recently found by Delmar records' Bob Koester, will be brought to Chicago and recorded by that label.

The North Texas Lab Band, from North Texas State Teachers College, Denton, Texas, will play a benefit concert on April 8 at St. Florian's parish hall. The band will be returning from the Collegiate Jazz Festival, to be held April 6 and 7 at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. . . Stan Kenton's aggregation also is scheduled for a benefit performance here—the Mt. Sinai Hospital Fund concert-dance on May 5. It's to be a veddy formal affair, and the Kentonites were informed they must be dressed in tuxedos. To the chagrin of those who

believe the old "have-tux-will-etc." baloney, the Kenton band will rent the attire. Gingiss Bros., a local clothing rental service, will pick up the tab . . . The Kenton band also will be featured in a scholarship concert on May 6. The concert, at McCormick Place, is sponsored by the Chicagoland Music Studios Assoc. The net receipts will go for scholarships to the Kenton Clinics at the National Band Camp next summer. Also on the concert bill are the Art Van Damme Quintet, the Notre Dame High School stage band, and the Thornton Township High School stage band.

### LOS ANGELES

Latin America can look forward to a stream of U.S. jazz and general music talent this year as a result of a new tie-in between Buenos Aires' Walter Thiers and Hollywood's Fred Monte of the Harry James organization. During 1962, Monte will set Latin American tours for Les Elgart, Joe Williams, Harry Edison, Richard Holmes, Al Hibbler, the Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet, and the Miguelito Valdez Band, among others. Impresario Thiers, who publishes *Jazzmania* magazine in Argentina in addition to promoting jazz concerts and running assorted radio and television programs there, will present the attractions under his La Escala Musical banner all over the continent.

AFM Local 47 slapped an "unfair" brand on the shuttered Black Orchid jazz room because of the management's alleged failure to pay Jennell Hawkins \$1,132 owed in salaries. In recent months some top Eastern jazz names played the Washington Blvd. spot.

Dexter Gordon flew north recently to play two weeks in Seattle and a week in Vancouver with local rhythm sections . . . Steve Allen had so much fun sitting in at Shelley's Manne-Hole with the Gordon quartet recently that he agreed to play piano with Terry Gibbs' Quartet Wednesdays and Thursdays for a couple of weeks—perhaps for a prolonged period if all goes well. The comedian-musician also handles a nightly taped program over FM station KRHM . . . Trumpeter Pete Candoli and vocalist Gloria Wood teamed to do a night-club act. Their *Hey, Bellboy* record of almost a decade ago was a novelty hit.

Terry Gibbs' regular quartet (sans Steve Allen, that is) is ensconced in PJ's back room Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays with Pat Moran, piano; her husband, John Doling, bass; Will Bradley Jr., drums. Also regularly featured at the Santa Monica Blvd. club is the Danny Long Trio, a modern-jazz group working there Tuesdays through Sundays. All this in addition to the constantly held over Eddie Cano, who

continues to rock the joint.

Chicago jazz singer Lorez Alexandria, here to visit her mother and son, plans to stay a while, possibly to do club work . . . **Louis Bellson** returns to the Summit with his big band for a two-weeker beginning April 10 . . . Pianist **Joe Albany** has been working Thursdays through Saturdays with **John Simmons** on bass at the Playboy.

**Frank Sinatra** is off on an eight-week world tour in April. The singer will perform at benefits for underprivileged children of all nationalities. Accompanying the singer on the tour will be **Harry Klee**, reeds; **Emil Richards**, vibraharp; **Bill Miller**, piano; **Al Viola** guitar; **Ralph Pena**, bass; **Irv Cottler**, drums. Cottler gives up his NBC staff job to make the tour.

### SAN FRANCISCO

**Harry James'** orchestra drew 2,000 persons at \$2.50 each to a one-nighter at the Ali Baba Ballroom in Oakland. The previous house record was 1,700 at a free Christmas party. The presence of drummer **Buddy Rich** was credited for a significant share of the turnout. James and altoist **Willie Smith** played the bulk of the solos, and the band also drew heavily on old arrangements of nostalgic appeal.

Across the bay in San Francisco on the same Friday night, an overflow crowd of 3,200 jammed Masonic Auditorium for a concert package featuring the **George Shearing** Quintet, West Coast division; the **Four Freshmen**; singer **Nancy Wilson**; and comedienne **Moms Mabley**. Making her first appearance here, Moms scored a hit in an extremely brief appearance. As a result, another promotional group booked her for shows in Oakland, San Francisco, and Richmond with support by a dozen pop and r&b groups.

Clarinetist **Darnell Howard**, whose long career in jazz has included service with **Fletcher Henderson**, **Teddy Weatherford** in China, and the **Earl Hines** big band in Chicago, is hospitalized with a heart attack. His temporary replacement in the Hines sextet is **Frank (Big Boy) Goudie**, another veteran.

**Stan Kenton's** 24-piece, mellophonium-equipped orchestra and singer **June Christy** were reunited for a concert at Masonic Auditorium here . . . San Francisco State College is planning its annual jazz festival for early May . . . The fourth annual concert by the high school jazz band of Pleasant Hill, an east-bay suburban town, drew 600 persons—the largest crowd yet—despite rain interspersed with hail . . . A mental lapse led to erroneous identification in this column last issue of **Chris Connor's** pianist **Ronnie Ball** as "Randell."

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# IN THE NEXT ISSUE

# ANNUAL BIG BAND ISSUE

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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

After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): **Teddy Charles**, *tfn*.  
Basin Street East: *unk*.  
Birdland: *unk*.  
Carnegie Hall: **Dave Brubeck**, 4/21.  
Condon's: **Max Kaminsky**, *tfn*.  
Coronet (Brooklyn): **John Coltrane**, *tfn*.  
Charles Theater: **Jazz and Java**, Sun.  
Embers: **Ronnie Brown**, to 4/14.  
Half Note: *unk*.  
Hickory House: **Billy Taylor**, *tfn*.  
Jazz Gallery: **Count Basie**, **Jimmy Gluffre**, to 4/8.  
Metropole: **Woody Herman**, *tfn*.  
Moulin Rouge (Brooklyn): **Ken McIntyre**, *tfn*.  
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison**, *tfn*.  
Phase Two: **Carla Bley**, *tfn*.  
Ryan's: **Wilbur DeParis**, **Don Fry**, *tfn*.  
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): **Billy Bauer**, *wknds*.  
Village Gate: **Modern Jazz Quartet** to 4/22.  
**Carmen Amaya**, 5/1-6/3. **Chris Connor**, **Herbie Mann**, 6/5-7/1.  
Village Vanguard: **Lennie Bruce**, **Carol Sloane**, **Bill Rubenstein**, to 4/15. **Miles Davis**, **Bill Evans**, 4/17-29. **Dave Guard**, **Stan Getz**, open 5/22.  
Wells': **Don Ellis**, *tfn*.

## BOSTON

Connolly's: **Jimmy Tyler**, *tfn*.  
Danny's: **Ernie West-Dick Wetmore**, *tfn*.  
Inman Square Club: **Dick Wright**, *tfn*.  
Jazz Workshop: **Varty Haroutunian**, Mon.  
**Herb Pomeroy**, Tues., Thurs. **Gene DiStasio**, Wed., Fri., Sat.  
Lindy's: **Bob Penza**, *tfn*.  
Unicorn Coffee House: *unk*.  
The Upstairs: **Bill Kehoe**, *tfn*.

## PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony DeNicola** 3, Mon. **Tony Spair**, *hb*.  
Club 13: **Elmer Snowden**, Fri., Sat.  
Chadmoore Jazz Suite: sessions, Sun.  
El Condado (Trenton): name groups, *wknds*.  
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Sims**, *hb*.  
Open Hearth: **Ted Arnold-Don Michaelson**, *tfn*.  
Paddock (Trenton): **Capital City** 5, Fri., Sat.  
Pep's: **Cannonball Adderley**, to 3/31. **Lloyd Price**, 4/27-7.  
Picasso Room: **Johnny April**, *tfn*.  
Red Hill Inn: **Maynard Ferguson** to 4/1.  
Show Boat: *unk*.  
The Mark (Morrisville): **Don McCargar**, Mon., Fri., Sat.

## NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, opens 4/1.  
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: **Sharkey Bonano**, **Santo Pecora**, *tfn*.  
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*.  
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.  
Midway: **Alvin Tyler**, *wknds*.  
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crasby**, *tfn*.  
Prince Conti Motel: **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.  
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, *hbs*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
Silver Frolics: **Paul Ferrara**, *hb*, afterhours.

## DETROIT

Au Sable: *unk*.  
Baker's Keyboard: **Nancy Wilson** to 3/31. **Eddie Hazel**, 4/2-15. **Jack Brokensha**, *hb*.  
Checker Bar-B-Q: *unk*.  
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.  
Earl's Bar: **Frank Isola**, *tfn*.  
52nd Show Bar: **Ronnie Phillips**, *tfn*.  
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.  
Minor Key (Detroit): **Ramsey Lewis** to 4/1.  
Minor Key (Flint): *unk*.  
Momo's: **Mel Ball**, *wknds*.  
Omira: **Tom Houghton**, *tfn*.  
Roostertail: **George Primo**, *hb*.  
Trent's: **Bess Bonnier**, *tfn*.

## CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: **Bob Seoby**, **Art Hodes**, *tfn*.  
Diamond Jim's (restaurant): **Chet Roble**, *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: **Teddy Wilson** to 4/8. **Jose Belhancourt**, **Larry Novak**, *hbs*.  
McKie's: **Dexter Gordon**, 3/28-4/15. **Jimmy Smith**, 4/18-29.  
Mister Kelly's: **Margaret Whiting** to 4/8. **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hbs*.  
Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, *wknds*.  
Sutherland: **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** to 4/1. **Redd Foxx**, **Nancy Wilson**, 4/13-15. **Cannonball Adderley**, 4/17-29. **Miles Davis** 5/1-13. *tentative*.  
**Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, 5/15-27. **Moms Mabley**, 5/29-6/10. **Ramsey Lewis**, 6/5-17. **Joe Williams-Harry Edison**, open 5/19.  
Velvet Swing: **Woody Trotter**, *tfn*.  
Way Out: **Joyce London**, *tfn*.

## LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.  
Cascades (Belmont Shore): **Vince Wallace**, **Lou Ciotti**, **Chiz Harris**, *wknds*.  
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): **Edgar Hayes**, *tfn*.  
Cocoanut Grove: **Freddy Martin**, *hb*.  
Flower Drum: **Paul Togawa**, **Marty Harris**, **Bill Plummer**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sun.  
Hollywood Palladium: **Lawrence Welk**, *wknds*.  
Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*.  
Jesters (El Monte): **Doug Sawtelle**, **The Uptowners**, to 5/20.  
Kings Surf (Santa Monica): **Jack Millman** to 3/31.  
Le Grand Theatre: afterhours sessions, Fri., Sat.  
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.  
Losers: **Sandi Garner**, **Charlie Shoemake**, Sun.  
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): **Johnny Lane**, *wknds*.  
Melody Room: **Kellie Greene** *tfn*. **Herb Ellis**, Sun.  
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.  
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.  
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*. **Terry Gibbs**, Sun., Mon., Tues. **Danny Long**, Tues.-Sun.  
Renaissance: **Three Sounds**, 4/3 to 4/5.  
Red Carpet Room: **Richie Goldberg**, Mon.  
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc**, **Pud Brown**, *tfn*.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**, **Marvin Jenkins**, **Bob Martin**, *tfn*. Sessions, Mon.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, **Ruth Price**, *wknds*. **Red Mitchell-Harold Land**, **Mon. Dexter Gordon**, Tues. **Steve Allen**, **Terry Gibbs**, Weds., Thurs.  
Sheraton West: **Red Nichols** to 3/31.  
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, *tfn*.  
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sessions, Sun.  
Statler-Hilton: **Skinny Ennis**, *hb*.  
Summit: **Cal Tjader**. **Louis Bellson** opens 4/10. **Dizzy Gillespie** opens 5/4.  
Storyville (Pomona): **Roy Martin**, **Tallgate Ramblers**, *tfn*.  
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): **John Alfano**, **Earl Treichel**, **Rick Mattox**, Fri., Sat. Sessions, Sun.  
Winners: **Don Randi**, *tfn*.  
Zebra Lounge: **Jazz Crusaders**, *tfn*.  
23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five**, *tfn*.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **George Shearing** to 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*.  
Burb Hollow: **Dixieland combo**, *wknds*.  
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Fat Yankee**, **Clancy Hayes**, *tfn*.  
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *tfn*.  
Fairmont Hotel: **Lena Horne** to 4/11. **Pearl Bailey**, 4/12-5/2.  
Hangover: **Muggsy Spanier-Ralph Sutton**, *tfn*.  
Jazz Workshop: **Theonious Monk** to 4/15. **Three Sounds**, 4/17-5/2.  
Palace Hotel: **Red Nichols** to 6/30.  
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*.  
Sugar Hill: **Mose Allison** to 4/21. **Virgin Island Steel Band**, 4/23-5/19.  
San Marco (Oakland): **Fred Cummings**, *tfn*.  
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Al Zuluca**, *tfn*.  
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): **Dixieland combo**, *wknds*.  
Trois Couleurs (Berkeley): various jazz groups, Sun.-Thurs. **Bill Weisjahn**, *wknds*.  
Tsubo (Berkeley): **The Group**, *tfn*.  
The Indies (Irvington): **John Bilodeau**, *tfn*.  
The Palate (Sausalito): **Bryce Rohde**, *wknds*.  
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *wknds*.  
Zack's (Sausalito): **Jim Purcell**, *wknds*.

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