

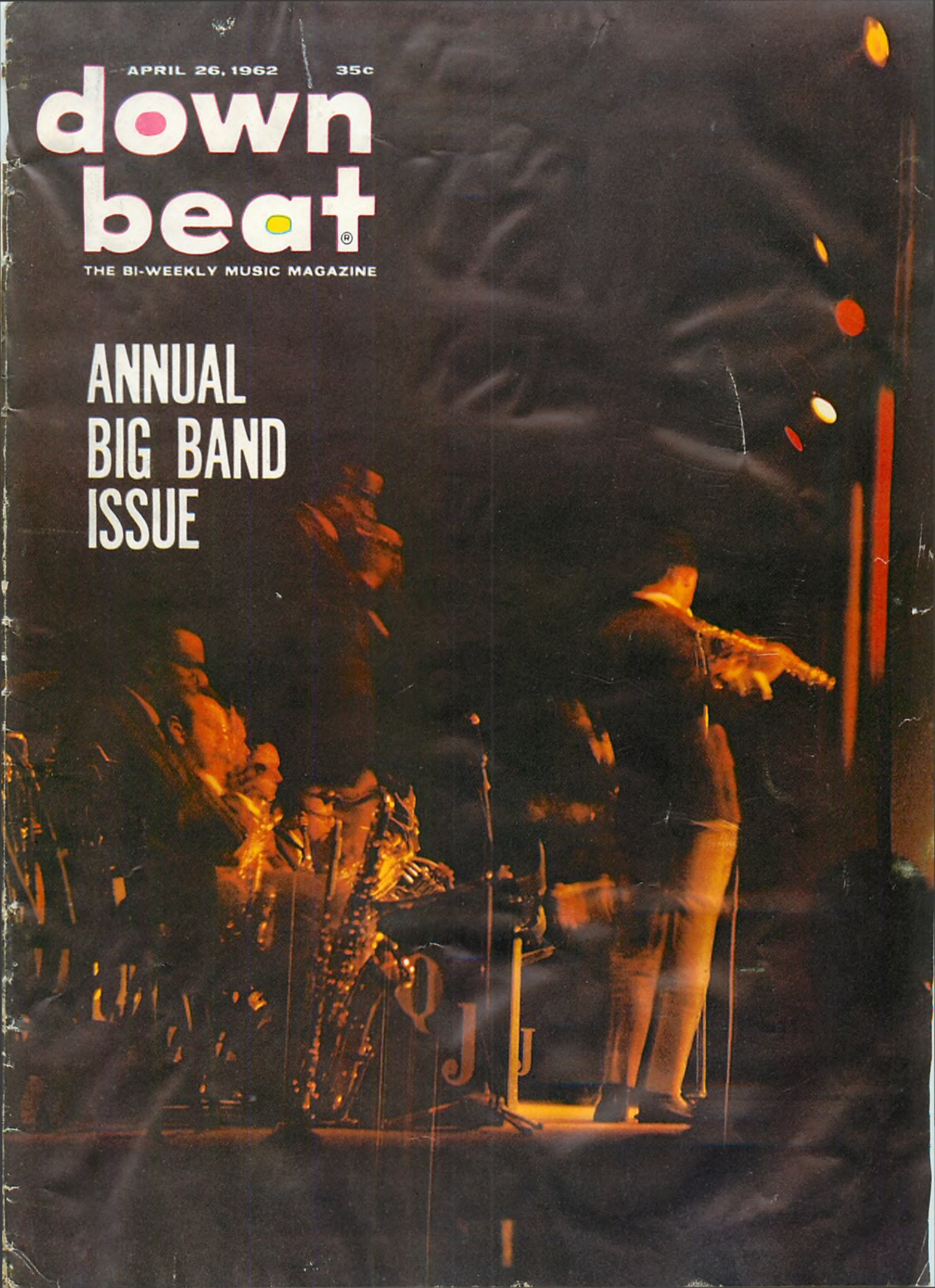
APRIL 26, 1962

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APRIL 26, 1962

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**THINGS TO COME** The May 10 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, April 26, will contain an analysis by Bill Mathieu of *Atonality in Jazz*. In addition, there will be informative articles on pianist-arranger Fred Kaz and irrepressible vibraharpist-leader Lionel Hampton, as well as *Down Beat's* regular features.

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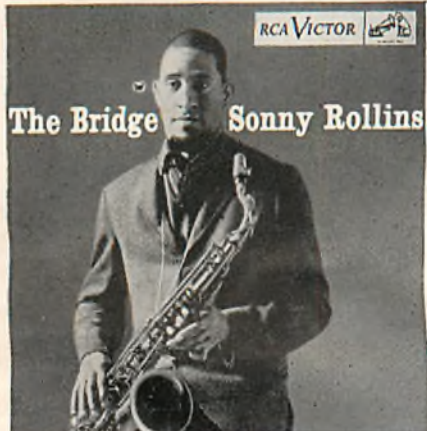




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## CHORDS & DISCORDS

### Intramural Bandyng

I have read John S. Wilson's analysis of my liner notes for Harold Corbin's *Roulette LP* (DB, Feb. 1) and am disturbed not so much by what he said as by the feeling that I have become the latest in a long line of excuses which Wilson continually finds for talking about everything but the music on the records you give him to review.

On the recent album *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, for instance, we learned what Wilson thinks is meant by the word "festival." A qualified literary critic might be of some value to the magazine, and perhaps you might ask Wilson if he is interested in the position. He might also have enlightening things to say about cover design. These duties would free him from the responsibility of talking about music, which is apparently not to his taste.

On the other hand, I realize that if all instances of this kind of personal pique were eliminated from the pages of jazz publications and expressed instead over the telephone, as they should be, your average issue would be a few pages smaller.

New York City

Joe Goldberg

### Miles Henry-Cleo Davis

It's good that Gary A. Soucie (*Chords and Discords*, March 29) knows who Tadd Dameron is, but doesn't he know who Cleo Henry, "author" of *Boplicity*, is? It's another way of saying Miles Davis.

Selmasville, Ore.

D. D. Noir

### The Time-for-Action Editorial

In regard to the editorial (DB, March 1), I feel that one way to help the art form and the artist is to try to start an organization of some type, as was stated. If all readers felt as I do about overcoming the situation, then such an organization would have some chance of success. I am all for it, and when it starts, you can count on my membership and co-operation.

Fort Huachuca, Ariz. Carletta E. Mosby

I would like to add to your editorial (DB, March 1) by saying that in this country, as modern as it is, there should be modern conveniences for our artists. I feel—as many others do—that artists deserve the best of accommodations when they're giving something to the public.

If more people would write to club-owners and make them aware of the situation at hand, I think that it would help a little in getting some results.

One more thing: jazz fans should form clubs everywhere and as units go to the clubowners and demand better conditions now. If the AFM won't do it, the public must.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sidney G. Karp

In your March 1 issue, I read your editorial, *The Time for Action and Unity Is Now*, in which you asked to hear from

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"musicians, listeners, critics, writers, all who hold a love and concern for jazz." I feel I fall into at least three, if not four of these categories.

I am a 19-year-old musician who enjoys jazz and all forms of music. I would feel very guilty if I did not take 15 minutes to write this letter, because it is up to the younger musicians like myself to see to it that improvements are made to assure the future of all music, including jazz.

I am wholeheartedly for the idea of some type of organization to advance this cause and would be happy to start some association in my local.

I also feel that I am not the only one concerned with this matter and would gladly give my time to try to further this point and get it across to as many other musicians as possible.

Jersey City, N.J. Dennis J. D'Alessandro

## A Suggestion for Solution

Night clubs with name-jazz policy, with some exceptions in New York and San Francisco, are dying. In the last year, many clubs around the country closed their doors. Many more than competent young musicians are not working. The cause seems to be way up at the summit; all business bad, tight money, faltering economics on every level. A storm to be ridden out.

Jazz, too, has become a business; a big business, set apart from its executants and devotees and heavily populated by our ever-pioneering gangsters. Many musicians don't want to play in these clubs anymore. It's not only the gangsterism that's dragging them.

The March 1 editorial cited the lack of proper facilities for off-set relaxation and privacy for the musicians in the nation's clubs. Right. Most clubs "just don't have the space." Often, in those that do provide this "luxury," it's a filthy storeroom or kitchen without so much as a comfortable chair.

The nonsegregation clause in artists' contracts is not enough protection for our musicians. They need protection for their instruments, their persons, and most important, their dignity.

The editorial asserts that an organization is needed to bring about reforms and musician protection within the jazz circle. I charge *Down Beat* with its own lack of responsibility to the people who keep its pages alive.

I pleaded once before that *Down Beat*, as a responsible part of the jazz world, with largest circulation for a jazz publication, provide space for a forum composed of union-clubowner-management-agent-musician. Only on this level can our problem find practicable solution. *Down Beat* might even sponsor this move. That's a challenge.

New York City

Gabrielle Martin

## Information Wanted

Can you give me information on joining the new Dizzy Gillespie fan club I keep hearing about—the John Birks Society? Waterford, Mich. Leonard Griffin

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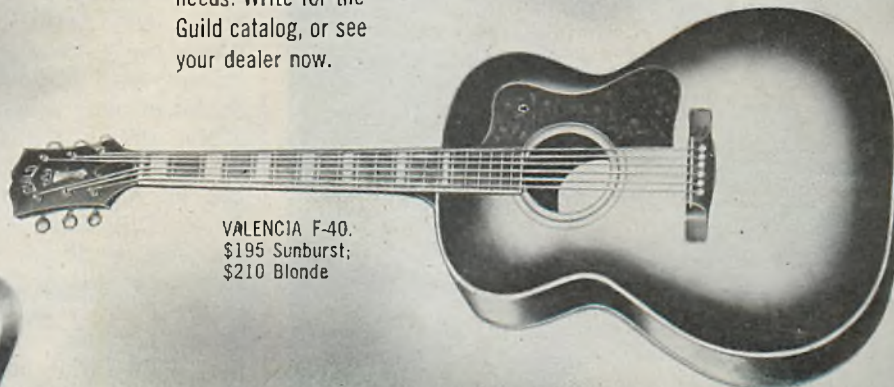


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## NEW YORK

A first-period jazz festival report:

Newport, as reported (*DB*, Feb. 15), will be under the control of **George Wein** this year, although no official news is yet public, and, at presstime, everyone was prepared to deny it. No dates or names are yet set, but the chances are the festival will take place during the July 4 weekend with the usual set of big-name jazz stars.

The New York *Daily News* holds its third annual jazz festival June 14, 15 at Madison Square Garden. Thus far only three artists have been signed: **Lionel Hampton**, **Eddie Condon**, and **Oscar Peterson**—all for the June 15 concert. Present plans call for Hampton to lead his band and also to play with groups led by Condon and Peterson.

Beginning June 29, there will be Friday and Saturday night concerts at Randall's Island, as part of a build-up for, then a follow-up to, the usual late-season jazz festival there. Most of the bookings are not yet definite, but promoter **Frank Geltman** and personal manager **Monte Kay** (who will aid in booking) already have announced **Jerry Lewis** and **Count Basie** on the July 7 bill. Other bookings, not yet set, will be evenings with **Duke Ellington** and **Nat Cole**.

The first International Jazz Festival (Washington, D.C., May 31 through June 3) has now grown to include 11 programs (*DB*, April 12), including a Polish Jazz Quartet, whose trip to Washington is being financed by the U.S. Embassy staff in Poland. Musicians will also appear from dozens of other countries.

Not strictly festivals, but, in some ways, more festive, are the benefits begun on March 26 for the Musicians' Clinic (*DB*, March 29), an organization providing psychiatric help for musicians addicted to narcotics. The first was held at the Jazz Gallery with **Count Basie**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, **Billy Taylor**, and many others participating. On April 1 the benefit was held at Birdland and was headlined by **Joe Williams** and **Chico Hamilton**. The April 9 show at the Village Gate starred **Cannonball Adderley**. The rest of April will have similar benefits at various clubs, with important jazz stars.

**Ornette Coleman** broke into new fields in April when he performed at New York's Hotel Plaza for the American Institute of Architects First Conference on Aesthetic Responsibility. Part of the reason for Coleman's appearance was his white plastic alto saxophone—a matter of design, you see. The other reason is best expressed by **Richard W. Snibbe**, chairman of the N.Y. chapter's design committee, who said: "Jazz artists are doing more—faster and better—towards a truly American expression than any other group. If there were as many good people in other professions as there are in jazz, we would have an American renaissance." Perhaps awed by those words, Coleman asked that his playing be introduced and explained to the audience by *Down Beat* contributor **Martin Williams**.

(Continued on page 50)



Wein



Coleman



# down beat®

April 26, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 9



Onzy Matthews

## TOUGH TIMES FOR MIXED BAND IN LOS ANGELES

With much attention focused today on reportedly strained racial relationships among jazz musicians in the United States (*DB*, March 15 and 29), a more familiar form of racial prejudice recently reasserted itself in the experience of Los Angeles bandleader Onzy Matthews.

Matthews, whose 17-piece band came within a narrow margin of winning AFM Local 47's Best New Band contest in Los Angeles last year, told *Down Beat* of his unsuccessful attempts to get the band recorded.

"I've spoken to a&r men at five big record companies in town," he said. "In every case, the response was the same: 'Your band is too mixed.' Too mixed!"

The leader, who is Negro, continued bitterly, "They told me, 'We don't mind a couple of white—or colored—players here and there in the band, but you've got too many of both.'"

"Then they'd throw this in: 'Besides, you can't get booked in Las Vegas with all that mixing.' I was told by all five of these record executives that the major night clubs besides those in Vegas feel the same way about a mixed band. That's the first thing they ask us when we call clubs about a booking," they claim.

"Since when have these companies tried to book a big band in clubs?"

The caliber of the Matthews band

may be judged by its personnel. Dexter Gordon, Curtis Amy, and Wilbur Brown are the tenor saxophonists. Gabe Baltazar and Ricky White play altos. In the trumpet section are Carmell Jones, Martin Banks, Bud Briscois, Steve Huffsteter, and Conte Candoli. The trombones are John Ewing, Joe Vasquez, Jack Redmon, and Dick Stahl. The rhythm section consists of Jim Crutcher, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums; Matthews, piano. The library is a modern jazz book, and, in addition, the leader is a capable vocalist.

Matthews maintains his band on a steady basis, currently working Monday nights at Virginia's, a Los Angeles club. Featured with the band are singers such as Jimmy Witherspoon, Ruth Price, Big Miller, and June Eckstine.

## GOODMAN RUSSIAN TOUR STIRS MILD DISSENT

A band led by Benny Goodman will make an official tour of Russia in May, representing the only jazz artists included in the latest cultural exchange program between the United States and Russia. The problem of personnel has not yet been settled, but the announcement itself unsettled a number of prominent musicians, most of whom refused to be quoted.

Not so shy were Dizzy Gillespie and George Shearing. The latter called the tour "a sterling plan" but wondered why the State Department continued to think and act so strongly in a "swing bag."

"I think," he said, "it's a good thing that they're presenting one of the most legendary figures in jazz, but, as in any art form, more than one school deserves a showcase... Benny Goodman's brand of music is highly commendable, but the scope is awfully narrow."

Gillespie, who went on one of the first State Department tours in 1956, through the Mideast and Europe, was even stronger. Admitting that he wanted to take a band to Russia, "so bad I can almost taste it," he asked why Goodman was being sent.

"After all," he said, "nobody here is playing Benny Goodman's music to-

day. What does he represent about today's jazz?"

The Gillespie humor returned, though. He insisted that Goodman would at least give the lie to any Russian propaganda about exploited jazz musicians. "You can't knock a millionaire, can you?" he laughed.

Goodman seemed more than usually laconic about the whole thing. The criticism didn't bother him. When asked why he supposed the Russians had reversed their past stand on the decadence of jazz, he replied, "Well, you never can tell what those people are thinking."

The chances are that the applause he certainly will receive there will tell him all he wants to know.

## BIG BEAT BANISHES BIG-BAND BLUES

Sometimes advice comes from an unexpected quarter. A word to the wise big-band leader surviving today in the debris of the rock-and-roll fad was sounded in Hollywood by one of the top hit-making arrangers of the past three years, Hank Levine.

Levine, recently signed exclusively by Liberty records, believes there is a future for big bands on record—provided they adhere to one precept.

"There is a ready market for anything with a beat under it," Levine told *Down Beat*. "This is the beat that has been selling records for years, that solid, commercial beat that has dominated American pop music since the early 1950s."

In Levine's view, it is beneficial for big bands—"or anybody wanting to sell records"—to follow this pattern. "Rock and roll," he declared, "has made the country beat-conscious."

He believes it behooves big bands to bear this in mind if the few that are left wish to survive.

## AND WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

New York jazz clubs suffered a severe slump during late winter. Disc jockey Les Davis asked listeners to his show, broadcast by radio station WNCN from the Jazz Gallery, to phone him telling the reasons why they were at home listening to him rather than being in a jazz club.

The response was enormous. It seemed almost as if everyone felt he had to justify being home. Out of the hundreds of calls, a pattern of reasons developed, most falling into four categories:

Financial reasons were the most common. Some objected to the prices in

### Little Things Mean a Lot

When asked to identify himself for the viewing public of the CBS-TV panel show *To Tell the Truth*, George T. Simon replied, "I'm called the dean of jazz critics."

*Will the other deans please sit down?*



the clubs (admissions, cover charges and/or minimums, and the cost of drinks). A large majority claimed they were still paying Christmas bills. The next largest group blamed income-tax problems.

Weather was another factor, particularly for those who lived in the suburbs.

Third in order of importance was the problem of oversaturation. Many listeners claimed only a handful of artists were working in one club after another, sometimes, they said, with no lapse between engagements.

And, of course, there were some ruggedly individualistic replies. Among them:

"My wife is a square."

"My husband had his horoscope read and is not supposed to do anything or even go out until Pisces comes in."

"My husband is a square."

"I'm a ladies man. I just got through paying Christmas bills, and now I have all my Valentine bills."

"It has to do with the barometer.

## Sturdy Jazz From Academe

Advocates of church unity might well take heart from the outcome of the recent second annual Villanova Jazz Festival. Villanova is a Philadelphia, Pa., college administered by Augustinian priests. The winners in the competition were a group from Muhlenberg, a Lutheran college.

Nearly everything heard and seen that night was of a surprisingly high order. So also obviously felt the audience of 2,000 (300 percent more than last year) and so, too, the judges—Bernard Peiffer, jazz pianist; Toby DeLuca, music director of WFIL, Philadelphia; Bruce Davidson, Philadelphia promotional director of Capitol Records; and myself.

Unlike most college festivals, most of which are really competitions with three prizes, this, although competitive, was planned, paced, and presented as if it were an actual concert.

There were seven groups in all: one trio, one vocal quartet, two instrumental quintets, and three big bands. These were final choices, carefully screened by tape auditions and personal interviews by co-chairmen Joseph C. Zawacki and James C. Braithwaite.

First place went to the Bob Kindred Quintet (Muhlenberg). It was a thoroughly professional-sounding group, with the added advantage of not sounding particularly like any other.

Tenor saxophonist Kindred seems to have melded several styles and sounds into his own. So has trumpeter Skip

Everyone is sluggish in February."

"Baby-sitters are impossible in February. The young ones are too busy with studies, and the older ones are too sick."

"I had a baby last February. Now I have another one this February. I'm up all night, but not at clubs."

### NEW JAZZ TV SERIES UNDERWAY

A new television series spotlighting modern jazz groups will be Steve Allen's first venture into telefilm production, it was announced in Hollywood.

Titled *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, the series will be produced by the comedian's Meadowlane Productions, Inc., for syndication in U.S. markets with heavy Negro concentration and in general markets abroad.

The new series, *Down Beat* learned, will be hosted by a Negro master of ceremonies. While the host has yet to be cast, it was further learned that au-

Reider, though the late Clifford Brown was obviously a strong influence. (Reider was the outstanding soloist on this evening.) So has pianist Dave Roper — his particularly fine solo on *Señor Blues* carefully suggested Horace Silver without imitating him. Bassist Mike Shahan and drummer Jimmy Meyers were strong but flexible.

Second place went to the Criterions, led by trombonist Bob Curnow (all



4/5ths of the Bob Kindred Quintet

from West Chester State College). A 19-piece band made up of music majors, the instrumentation was four rhythm, five reeds, five trombones (one tripling on bass trombone and tuba), and five trumpets. This might indicate the general Stan Kenton sound and approach of this band. With more soloists, it probably would have won. Several of the musicians in this band attended the Stan Kenton clinics. This year, 10 of them hope to be there.

Third place went to the Bob Shemeneck big band (unofficially representing La Salle College but composed of students from several colleges, most from West Chester State College). Its star soloist was Smokey Stover, a trombonist of a wild, woolly, wonderful kind. Its leader is a trumpeter, mostly in lead

ditions for the part have already been held in Hollywood. Among those auditioning were local jazz disc jockeys and musicians Benny Carter, Buddy Collette, and Dexter Gordon. *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* will place heavy emphasis on Negro and mixed groups.

Named to produce the show was Jimmie Baker, former producer of the Emmy Award-winning *Stars of Jazz* series. The director will be Norman Abbott.

### KENTON HIRES NEW THRAUSH FOR ANNUAL SPRING TOUR

Back on the road with 8½ months before him of grueling one-nighters, concerts, and club dates, Stan Kenton has given a new look to his band in the person of his latest vocalist, 25-year-old Jean Turner.

Petite and pretty, Miss Turner is a native San Franciscan and the wife of Detroit arranger-pianist Rick Appling. She is a discovery of Eddie Beal, vet-

trumpet capacity. Sound and lack of rehearsal hurt the band to a certain extent, but the enthusiasm was great, the swinging was strong. No performances were particularly exceptional because of certain faults: Quincy Jones' *Jessica's Day*, a concerto grosso type of piece, was beautifully played by the small ensemble but hurt by the raggedness of the large ensemble around it; *Rick Mason's Blues*, by Phil Woods, suffered from a punchy, rather than punching, brass section. Still, it was a fine, much-more-than student band, obviously stretching itself out for other things to do. (Among those things is the possibility of being rehearsed consistently by alto saxophonist Phil Woods.

Fourth was the S. J. Quintet (St. Joseph's College): valve trombone, tenor saxophone, piano, bass, and drums. Though it did not win a prize, this could and should be a good group shortly.

Others were the Kenny Delmar Band (Drexel Institute of Technology); the Jeff Haskell Trio, last year's winner, (West Chester State College); and the Wesleyan Jazz Singers, a Lambert-Hendricks-Ross type of group, (Wesleyan College).

The festival was a success. I know similar quality did not exist when I was in college, at least in such large numbers. At least one of the groups—the winners—will appear at New Jersey's Red Hill Inn as an additional prize. Perhaps others will, too.

I came away with a marvelous feeling about jazz, having heard many youngsters who played well, and some few who played better than many I hear today or will hear tonight. Every person involved should be congratulated.

—Coss





Kenton

Miss Turner

eran Hollywood vocal coach and songwriter. Beal, who introduced Miss Turner to Kenton and arranged an audition for the singer, performed the same function some years ago when he brought Kenton and Ann Richards together. Miss Richards became the leader's band vocalist, later his wife, and now his ex-wife.

Though relatively unknown in her home town, Miss Turner at 19 toured Europe with a USO show headlined by Herb Jeffries. She has since worked such clubs as the Elmwild Casino in Windsor, Ontario; and the Town Casino in Buffalo, N. Y.; and the now-defunct Zardi's in Hollywood, Calif.

Asked how she felt about joining Kenton, who has signed the singer on a personal, two-year contract, Miss Turner said, "I'm just thrilled to death. It's a great break for me to go with a band like this."

Miss Turner, it was learned, will record single records initially for Capitol. Plans call for a first single to be sent exclusively to disc jockeys as a means of introducing the new singer. Her vocal arrangements with the Kenton band will be written by Bill Holman and Lennie Neihaus.

## UCLA JAZZ IN SUMMER TOO

Although the University of California at Los Angeles is among those schools slow to accept jazz as an important musical art form, in recent years its Westwood campus has rocked to concerts performed by artists ranging from Lightnin' Hopkins to Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars.

In the classroom this semester the jazz message is being heard—for credit—just as it has been for five previous terms in a course titled The Development of Jazz. Conducted by American Broadcasting Co. orchestra staffer Paul Tanner, the classes have grown in attendance each semester, attracting a variety

of adult extension students: doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, and the like.

Tanner is a member of the academic music faculty of the university and also teaches instrumental classes there. He illustrates his lectures with personal demonstrations, recordings, and, using various guest musicians, by concerts that trace jazz development.

This summer, for the first time, Tan-

ner's course will be offered by the university in the regular six-week daytime summer session. Following the summer extension of the course, Tanner will conduct part of an eight-day workshop devoted to the increasing demands for stage-band education. A series of Tanner's arrangements for youth bands is being published currently by Leeds Music Corp.

## Editorial

# New Bands and Fresh Thinking Needed

Since the end of the big-band boom more than a decade ago, this magazine has steadily and sturdily striven to keep alive public interest in the existence of bands. During these troubled years, *Down Beat* encouraged and worked with a now-defunct organization, Dance Orchestra Leaders of America, only to see it crumble to a frustrated end.

Why did DOLA fail? The unpleasant truth is that DOLA was killed by its own members. It appeared at the time of its formation that all were agreed on the necessity of "bringing back the bands," but too few of the leaders involved were willing to contribute money and effort toward that end. So DOLA died.

Because big bands need dance halls in which to play and be heard to best advantage, *Down Beat* through the years has co-operated with and encouraged the National Ballroom Operators of America in that organization's stated wish to stimulate a renewed interest in dancing and in dance bands. But after all the fine words and high-flown phrases were spoken, it seemed they were as quickly forgotten.

One of NBOA's aims supposedly is to help new big bands get started and, once on their feet, to keep them in bookings. Yet the reaction of most ballroom operators—Tom Archer in the Midwest is a notable exception—to new bands has been tepid at best and at worst downright negative. Ballroom operators as businessmen seem committed to playing it safe, to rely on the ancient and established reputations of the so-called ghost bands—those that use a dead leader's name. A new band, an unknown quantity, presents a risk too few operators are willing to take in booking it. Yet, the association's members constantly cry the Bad Business Blues. Their meetings reflect the need to lure more dancers into ballrooms.

Could it not be that the public has become jaded with ghost bands and their tired repertoires? Could it not be that the answer to sagging business in ballrooms lies in building new names and new bands?

When the American Federation of Musicians announced in 1959 its plan for an annual Best New Band contest, *Down Beat* responded enthusiastically. The coverage given this contest in these pages testified to this enthusiasm.

As a direct result of winning the AFM contest in 1959, Claude Gordon's new band got off to an encouraging start. But what has happened since then? For some reason best known to its sponsors, the contest has become a bitter joke to those hopeful leaders who participated in it in 1960 and 1961. To put it bluntly, the annual event ran out of promotional gas. If the first contest attracted considerable national attention, the second event got noticeably less press and radio coverage. So far as the general public is concerned, the 1961 contest was practically unknown.

However admirable and progressive the union's intentions are in encouraging new bands through the contest, they will come to naught because of weakness in promoting it.

It is perhaps too easy to say of the DOLA leaders "if they refused to help themselves, they deserve the present sickness of the business." Or of NBOA that it "isn't in business to take chances." Or of the AFM that it's "too pre-occupied in union politics to do a good job of promotion."

But certain facts must be faced: The big-band business has been slowly dying for more than a decade. The cry "Bring Back the Bands" is no longer adequate in the present situation. The question is not one of bringing back the bands, for this implies a reversion to what is past musically, but of working with those new bands still trying to make headway. If new bands are assisted by NBOA and AFM and by reoriented booking agencies, it will not be necessary to bring back any bands; there will be enough new bands with which to work.



# THE RELUCTANT PHOENIX

## A Detailed Account Of The Big Band In Jazz, Its Impact, Importance And Untimely Demise

By Don Heckman

THE STATUS—or lack of it—of the big jazz band has been *a cause celebre* for a long time now. The prime period of such music brought it tantalizingly close to a popularity unrivaled by any other jazz before or after. The result has been a series of seninostalgic, hopeful predictions of the imminent return of the “big bands”—maybe even next year.

But “big bands” is an ambiguous term. Does it mean big jazz bands or something completely different? What most commentators refer to are the swing-era bands, the big-name ensembles that dominated U. S. popular music for almost a decade. However excellent they were, the swing bands played a diluted version of a music that had blossomed and come to fruition as much as 10 years earlier—a music that flowed from two important sources: Kansas City and the Southwest, and New York.

The “western” bands—those of Benny Moten, Andy Kirk, Walter Page, and Alphonso Trent, among many others—were rough, full-throated ensembles that relied heavily upon the blues and the riff. About 1930 the substitution of string bass for tuba accelerated the important stylistic evolution of the four-to-the-bar rhythm, the basic underpinning of the whole swing era.

These bands, working in competition for enthusiastic dancing audiences, emphasized those elements that produced a looser, rocking swing. With the development of the head arrangement, a logical outgrowth of the riffing technique, the way was open for the great jazz soloists of the 1930s.

The Benny Moten Band was active in the Kansas City area from 1926 until 1935. After Moten's unexpected death in 1935, the band dispersed. But its logical successor, spiritually and otherwise, was the Count Basie Band of the late '30s.

Andy Kirk and the Clouds of Joy was known especially for the piano work and arrangements of Mary Lou Williams.

The Walter Page Blue Devils made only one recording, but the band was extremely influential upon Moten and the western style, especially in the flowing bass lines of leader Page.

A lesser-known, but equally important influence upon Basie was Alphonso Trent. Although the Trent band was

well known at the time and was considered by many to be the most professional band in the Midwest, its reputation is obscure today, perhaps because its few recordings are not generally available. The band was known for its precision section work and included excellent soloists, among them violinist Stuff Smith and the amazing trombonist Snub Mosely.

The McKinny Cotton Pickers had a period of excellence from 1927 to 1930, when Don Redman was the chief arranger. The band was based in Detroit and reflected some elements of both east and west but never was able fully to adopt the rhythmic reforms of the western bands.

The Basie band was heir to the important achievements of all these groups, and its sidemen added a few refinements of their own.

The greatness of Lester Young was an unforeseen asset, but the work of the rhythm section was a direct development of the wide-open western style, and it subsequently influenced almost all bands, Ellington's included. Basie's emancipation of the piano from its time-keeping obligations and Jo Jones' abandonment of the ponderous, play-every-beat bass-drum style prepared the way for the contemporary rhythm-section.

The importance of these principles cannot be overestimated, since they were the basic, vitalizing factors behind the swing movement and eventually influenced most post-war bands.

Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington led the most important New York bands of the late 1920s. Before Henderson there had been no real solution to the problems of large-group jazz. The usual practice was to feature a “hot” soloist in one of the large symphonic-popular bands such as Paul Whiteman's (Bix Beiderbecke) or Erskine Tate's (Louis Armstrong).

Henderson did much to change this (with Don Redman's help) by using techniques that eventually became basic to big-name jazz: (1) the call-and-response pattern between sections, usually the brass and reeds or appropriate subdivisions, a practice that opened the way for Henderson's soloists (2) harmonized and written-out ensembles in the style of jazz solos (3) the saxophone trio, which gave a new flexible ensemble voice to jazz.

By the end of the decade, the Henderson band began to decline, and its period of major productivity was nearly complete. Yet there were remaining moments of glory, notably a superb recording session in 1932 that produced *New King Porter Stomp*, and two inspired originals from the same period, *Down South Camp Meeting* and *Wrappin' It Up*. The orchestra disbanded in 1934—paradoxically, at almost exactly the point when the swing era began—but was reorganized in 1936 with money received when Benny Goodman commissioned Henderson to do a series of arrangements.

The Ellington band originally was a show band and did not, in its early stages, have a real jazz viewpoint, for it stayed more in the area of exotic, impressionistic show music. Even so, it remains in a class by itself. As composer-conductor-critic Gunther Schuller has suggested, the years (1927-1932) spent as resident band at the Cotton Club cannot be overestimated in an evaluation of its work. Under a constant pressure to produce new music—not only for dancing but also for the accompaniment of an infinite variety of entertainers, acts, and scenes of erotica—Ellington had every opportunity to learn his craft in the most pragmatic way possible. In the beginning, he had the additional benefit of the jazz-oriented guidance of Bubber Miley (most apparent in early works such as *East St. Louis Toodle-0o*, *Black and Tan Fantasy*, and *Creole Love Call*).

When Ellington really began to step out on his own (*Mood Indigo* and the important compositions of 1931—



*Echoes of the Jungle, The Mystery Song, Limehouse Blues, and It's Glory*), it became clear that not only Ellington, but the band as well, had matured and was ready to embark on the great work yet to come.

The classic Ellington period came later, after bassist Jimmy Blanton and tenorist Ben Webster joined the band in 1939. From that point until about 1944, the band produced music with a consistent brilliance unparalleled in jazz history. Even with a recording ban in effect during part of this period, the band managed to record *Cotton Tail, Harlem Air Shaft, Ko-Ko, Concerto for Cootie, In a Mellowtone, Take the A Train, and Black, Brown, and Beige*—and the list could go on and on.

In the late 1940s and early '50s the band personnel became fairly irregular, and not until 1956 did it once again emerge as a potent force on the jazz scene—primarily in extended works like *Such Sweet Thunder, Suite Thursday*, and a revised version of *Black, Brown, and Beige*.

**D**IFFERENCES BETWEEN the Eastern and Midwestern bands blurred somewhat in the early 1930s as the depression took hold, and only the most hardy groups were able to survive. By the middle '30s the exploratory period was completed and the product honed to a fine edge.

Probably none of the surviving bands could match the over-all brilliance of the Basie group, but they all demonstrated the richly diverse quality evident in the large jazz ensemble. The Jimmie Lunceford band, lacking Basie's soloists, had the advantage of Sy Oliver's skillful arrangements and his superb commercial sensibilities as well. And the Chick Webb Band, spurred by the outstanding drumming of its leader, could play with anybody on any given night. Obviously, the stage had been set for swing.

The swing era is still considered extremely important to jazz and often is viewed as a halcyon period in which public and performers found a common meeting ground. Actually, the case is more complex.

Only a few of the swing era bands were directly related to jazz, and even the best used jazz unpredictably. Many leaders, in fact, were perfectly willing to base their band's style on gimmicks, e.g., the Will Bradley-Ray McKinley Band of the late 1940s that specialized in boogie woogie, the arranged Dixieland of the Bob Crosby Band. Even the Harry James Band made its biggest impact with nonjazz items.

More than any other single factor, dancing was significant to the fantastic success of the swing bands. And the urge to dance reflected an attitude of the whole country—a desire to shake off the depression, to live again. The repeal of prohibition in December, 1933, was also important in this respect. Speakeasies were usually small and at least made a pretense of being secretive. Hardly the place for big bands, they tended to nurture the small-group jazz of the '20s. With repeal, hotel owners and dance-hall operators soon discovered that floor shows and big bands could draw large audiences. And, after 14 years of prohibition, youth had no intention of returning to the post-Victorian taboos against female drinking. The effect upon the social life of the nation was tremendous.

The change in attitude was typified by the desire for faster, more exciting and stimulating music. Only a few years earlier, during the depth of the depression, popular tunes had been sweet and sentimental, a balm for troubled minds. The radio networks made it possible for a band to receive nationwide exposure in a single broadcast—a factor that was crucial to the success of Benny Goodman. By the time the Goodman band reached the West Coast on its first cross-country tour in 1935, it had been heard weekly on the coast-to-coast National Biscuit Co. radio program *Let's Dance*. As Marshall Stearns has pointed out

in *The Story of Jazz*, “. . . the *Let's Dance* program hit Los Angeles between the hours of 7 and 11 p.m.—the time of maximum listening and the time when the teenagers could hear it.” The Goodman band enjoyed its first real success on the coast.

Goodman's band soon became the most potent force in U.S. entertainment. The greatest single factor in its success was the pure accident of its arrival at the right time and right place.

The principles of the big band already had been thoroughly explored by the big Negro ensembles of the 1920s—Henderson, Trent, Moten, Kirk, Lunceford, Ellington, Redman, and the McKinney Cotton Pickers. There also had been a couple of pioneering white bands—the Dorsey Brothers, a muddy, rather undistinguished group, and the excellent Casa Loma Orchestra under the leadership of Glen Gray (the real force of the band came from the swinging arrangements of Gene Gifford). The Casa Loma unit had a great effect on Goodman, since it strongly emphasized precision ensemble work, some of which (*Casa Loma Stomp* is a good example) remains unequalled.

Goodman's intention was, in a sense, to find a way to clean up what he saw as inaccuracies of pitch and performance in the Negro jazz bands. In his autobiography *The Kingdom of Swing*, he wrote, “. . . that's why I am such a bug on accuracy in performance, about playing in tune,



Bennie Moten and orchestra, early 1930s.

and with just the proper note values. . . . I wanted it to sound as exact as the band could possibly make it.”

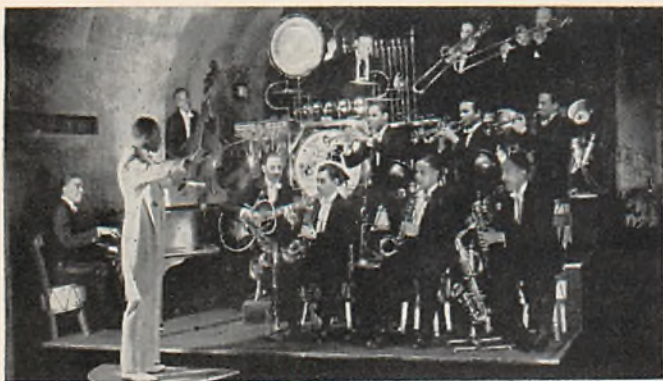
The Casa Loma Band presented a perfect object lesson in this respect with carefully rehearsed, riff-styled playing. Even more important, Goodman had the indispensable assistance of Fletcher Henderson's arranging skill. An additional, if paradoxical, asset was Gene Krupa's drumming. Krupa forced the smooth, floating rhythms of the Midwestern style into a rigidly accented pulse that made the music accessible to the casual audience but reduced the possibility for any real swing. Yet the Goodman band was a fantastic success, and there can be little doubt that the diluted version of jazz that became swing was born as the result of his success.

Once the wagon started to roll, there was room for everyone. Tommy Dorsey split with brother Jimmy in 1935 and organized a quasi-jazz band that featured somewhat stylized arrangements by Sy Oliver. Like many other groups of the period, it soon became identified not for anything jazzlike that it played but for novelty arrangements, such as *Marie* and *Song of India*.

Jimmy Dorsey's band was not much better, except that Jimmy was a better jazzman than his brother and often played interesting, if not exciting, solos. In the late 1930s, however, the band was reduced to supporting vocalists Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell.

For a while Artie Shaw was a real contender for the King of Swing title. His 1938 recording of *Begin the Beguine* thrust him into prominence, and for two years he led a band that ran in close competition with Goodman's, both





Top to bottom, the orchestras of Count Basie, early 1940s; Jimmie Lunceford, late 1930s; Benny Goodman, mid-1930s; Duke Ellington, early 1940s; and Woody Herman, mid-1940s.

musically and commercially.

The Glenn Miller Band, on the other hand, was a surprising phenomenon that actually had far more to do with popular music than with jazz. From the beginning, Miller's arranging style made it obvious that his real intention was to find some kind of commercial formula. Few jazzmen were directly associated with the band, and its major hits, *In the Mood*, *Little Brown Jug*, *String of Pearls*, and *American Patrol*, were successful attempts to produce a slick, jazzlike, but innocuous, music for dancing. A host of postwar bands—Ralph Flanagan's, Ray Anthony's, Tex Beneke's, Jerry Gray's—tried to cash in on the Miller style. Ray McKinley's band now is the leading Miller-styled band.

The Charlie Barnet Band often came closer to playing jazz than did many other more highly publicized groups. But it never was able to survive the eclecticism of its leader. Barnet's most famous recording, of course, is *Cherokee*, arranged by the then 22-year-old Billy May.

The list could go on indefinitely—Charlie Spivak, Louis Prima, Ray McKinley, Larry Clinton, Tony Pastor—but the jazz quality of the swing era bands then diminishes rapidly.

AS THE war years came and more musicians were called into service, conditions changed and the much-predicted postwar revival of the big bands never took place.

Of the groups active in the early 1940s, two were of exceptional importance. The first, Earl Hines' band, was never recorded because of the recording ban in effect from 1942 to 1944. The band was a starting point for many of the important figures of bop. Singer and sometime valve trombonist Billy Eckstine, a Hines alumnus, also was the leader of the second major band of the period, a band that included at one time or another the major figures of the bop era—and not a few important players of today's jazz scene.

The most important, and in many ways the only real bop band was that of Dizzy Gillespie. Gillespie had been music director of the Eckstine band, and in a sense, the group which he kept together from 1946 to '50 was an extension of it. Arrangers Tadd Dameron and Walter (Gil) Fuller were unable to alter the familiar patterns established before them by Redman and Henderson, but the melodic and harmonic source material they used strongly reflected the innovations of the bop period, and the Gillespie band had a distinctively original sound. This is most apparent in recordings such as *Things to Come*, *Emanon*, and the Afro-Cuban arrangements of *Manteca*, *Cubana-Be*, and *Cubana-Bop*, the latter two written and arranged by George Russell.

A lesser-known, but interesting band of the same period was the one led by Boyd Raeburn. The band specialized in rather ponderous but highly complex arrangements written by George Handy, but it lacked a rhythmic vitality comparable to its harmonic and melodic advances.

The Claude Thornhill Band, also active at the time, was notable mainly for such sterling sidemen as Gerry Mulligan and Lee Konitz. Its arranger, Gil Evans, made what were probably the first dance-band arrangements of bop lines. Interestingly, Benny Goodman also took a ride on the bop wagon in the late '40s and briefly led an excellent band that included saxophonist Wardell Grey and trumpeter Doug Mettome. Even Gene Krupa was not exempt; he led a hop-tinged band that featured Gerry Mulligan arrangements.

At the same time, Woody Herman was putting together the first of a series of excellent jazz bands. The First Herd was the first white big band to come directly under the influence of bop. The Second Herd often was referred to as the Four Brothers Band because of the presence of Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward (three of the best of the



new, Lester Young-inspired tenor men), and baritone saxophonist Serge Chaloff. The band itself had loosened up considerably since the First Herd and made a series of excellent recordings in the late '40s which included *Keen and Peachy*, *Keeper of the Flame*, and *Four Brothers*. The third Herman Herd of the early '50s was less successful, descending at times perilously close to the level of rhythm and blues.

The 1940s also saw the rise of Stan Kenton. Starting out with a saxophone-oriented band in the early '40s, Kenton was, by the end of the decade, leading a massive complex of brass, rhythm instruments, and strings that he called "Innovations in Modern Music."

Kenton's best band was active in the early 1950s when Lee Konitz, Bill Holman, and, later, Charlie Mariano, Bill Perkins, and Mel Lewis were present. In addition, arrangers Holman, Gerry Mulligan, and Bill Russo were making tentative efforts toward establishing a previously unexplored contrapuntal arranging technique. But with the exception of such things as Mulligan's *Young Blood* and *Limelight* and Holman's *What's New?*, the experiments generally proved abortive, and Kenton soon came to depend upon the most obvious elements of the style.

Despite decreasing public interest, both popular and jazz-tinged bands struggled through the postwar period. The best of the popular bands were those of Billy May, Hal McIntyre, Buddy Morrow, Ralph Marterie, and Jerry Fielding. The jazz-oriented groups often came close to playing some convincing music: Ted Heath, leading the best of the English bands; Neal Hefti, with a fine Basie type of group in the early '50s; Elliot Lawrence with a band that was spiritual heir to the Woody Herman Four Brothers group; Les Brown's tasty, albeit lightweight bands; Bostonian Herb Pomeroy's struggling to maintain one of the finest jazz-styled groups in the country; and recently, Dave Baker's superb band working out of Indianapolis.

Gerry Mulligan can be especially congratulated for having had enough confidence in the vitality of big-band jazz to organize a new group at a most discouraging time. Appropriately, Mulligan's band was a reflection of his musical ideas and bore the happy title of the Concert Jazz Band. The group is now inactive except for recordings, and one can only hope that its unique brand of swing will soon return.

The Quincy Jones Band was in many respects an all-star group, with a personnel list that originally included Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Jimmy Cleveland, Clark Terry, and Benny Bailey. Unfortunately, it was never recorded in a way that properly reflected its all-around excellence. Jones' arrangements often became stylized to the point almost of sterility, but the band continued to play with an awesome power. Its tour in Europe showed the potential of an ensemble when good jazzmen are kept together for an extended period of time.

The Maynard Ferguson Band, on the other hand, has remained fairly stable for a few years but generally has been handicapped by the music it plays.

The same problem has plagued Lionel Hampton's big bands, which, in spite of *Flying Home*, have produced many of the important young jazz soloists of the '50s.

One of the most interesting developments in large-ensemble jazz received its impetus from the classic Miles Davis Capitol sessions of 1949-50. Since then there has been a continuing interest in the fragmentation of traditional jazz-band instrumentation. Obviously this does not date specifically from the Capitol recordings; Ellington, for one, has never seen fit to limit himself to the traditional sectionalized groupings of instruments.

But it does seem that, when the big band started to lose its powers as a generating force in jazz, composers began

to look in other directions and to experiment with great varieties of instrumental combinations. In fact, the Sauter-Finegan Band of the mid-1950s parlayed woodwind ensembles, percussion batteries, and a few good soloists into a successful commercial venture. Probably a parallel can be drawn to classical music at the beginning of the century, when both tonality and the standardized symphonic orchestra passed their zenith and were largely discarded in favor of new methods, techniques, and combinations.

But for the large ensemble, the problem is still basically economic. A public that refuses to support dance bands has even less interest in large jazz groups. Yet the examples of Ellington and Henderson clearly indicate that development in technique cannot come about unless the talented jazz arranger-composer has an "instrument," in the form of a specific ensemble, with which to work.

Charlie Mingus (especially on his Columbia and Mercury albums) indicated that the potential of the large jazz ensemble has by no means been exhausted. The Thelonious Monk concert at Town Hall in 1959 is a further example of the powerful and original music that can be generated by a large group. This case, in fact, is even more interesting, since the arrangements were actually written by Hall Overton, who, staying close to the Monk style, transcribed an essentially pianistic music for instruments. And Gil Evans' series of large ensemble recordings reveal a new world of

CHARLES STEWART



Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band, early 1960s.

orchestral jazz color. While not perhaps as strongly jazz-oriented as one might desire, Evans' most recent work suggests that he, too, would benefit from the availability of a stable group.

A flurry of studio-band recordings in recent years has done little to stimulate big-band jazz. Most of these groups sound depressingly similar, and the arrangements are predictably lacking in inspiration. A few new voices have appeared—notably Gary McFarland's refreshingly transparent arrangements for Gerry Mulligan's band, Clare Fischer's Ellington-oriented style, and Lalo Schiffrin's convincing translation of Latin American rhythms—but it is still too early to tell whether any of them will mature to the level of major influences.

IT IS CLEAR, however, that the reluctant phoenix of big-band jazz is not going to rise from the ashes of the swing era. Like vaudeville, tap dancing, and burlesque, the swing bands were a unique part of our collective past. They served a specific purpose at a specific time and would probably not have existed at all without the pioneering efforts of the great Negro jazz bands of the 1920s and early '30s.

At best, the future of the large jazz group rests in the hands of composers such as George Russell, Charlie Mingus, and Gil Evans and intrepid leaders like Gerry Mulligan. If they can effectively revitalize the principles established by the great bands of the '20s and early '30s in a manner consistent with the problems of the present, the big band once again will become a potent force in the world of jazz.



**Down Beat  
Associate Editor  
John Tynan  
Reports On The  
Many Problems  
Besetting The**

# **BIG BANDS ON THE COAST**

**I**T IS NO coincidence that every successful and permanently organized band on the West Coast sways at anchor at a steady home base; Lawrence Welk at the Hollywood Palladium, Freddy Martin at the Cocoanut Grove, Les Brown at the television studios.

Without a home base, a bandleader on the coast finds the going rough and rocky.

Harry James re-established his Music Makers at a Las Vegas, Nev., hotel from which the trumpeter regularly jumps off on national tours.

Stan Kenton, who attempted some years ago to drop his own anchor at Balboa's Rendezvous Ballroom only to find the ship sinking under him because of disastrous business, today is forced to remain on the road through most of the year, hitting that hard, one-nighter grind that keeps his band alive.

Si Zentner fought for three years to retain Hollywood as his base and then faced the inevitable and moved to New York.

Claude Gordon, a stubborn Hollywood survivor, has apparently neither accepted the inevitability of relocating in the East nor succeeded in finding a West Coast nest for his 13-piece dance band. Gordon faces trouble.

For new bands especially, the West Coast is a never-never land of isolation from the main current of the business. Yet, because they love big bands, adventurous Hollywood musicians through the years have organized new bands optimistically only to find they must disband in despair.

Until Welk took his money machine to the Hollywood Palladium, that ballroom operated at a loss, and the owners seriously considered converting this "Home of the Name Bands" into a bowling alley. But even pre-Welk, the Palladium was a much-sought location by the leader trying to begin a new band. Those who could afford to pay advertising and promotion costs got a Palladium booking; those who somehow overlooked this essential, preferring to spend their budgets on arrangements, band jackets, music stands, and other items more tangible than air time, found the Palladium doors closed. While a booking there actually meant little for a new band in and of itself, it helped the band's agency to sell the fresh product out of town.

The role of the agencies in what remains of the West Coast band business today is curious indeed. For some time, the two traditionally most powerful agencies—Music Corp. of America and General Artists Corp.—have been almost as busy shutting regional one-nighter offices as they are collecting commissions from television.

Ever since the agencies discovered

there was gold in the Tube, they increasingly have turned attention to the television industry. The big bands became expendable—in the business of pyramiding dollars one goes where the money is. The relatively paltry return in commissions from a string of one-nighters through the Midwest or the Northwest is hardly worth the agencies' efforts in booking the dates when stacked up against 10 percent of a \$100,000 TV show.

One result of this diminishing interest in big bands on the part of MCA and GAC may be seen in the present position of the Willard Alexander Agency. Based in New York, this smaller office, in the words of Claude Gordon, "is the only band agency left." Last year the agency opened a West Coast office. This was seen as a turn for the better by leaders such as Gordon, who is represented by that office; but the opening of a western branch did not improve in the slightest those harsh conditions of economy and geography that have been traditional blights on coast bands.

The economic problem is centered in generally rising costs for leaders. Compared with conditions even 10 years ago, transportation, salaries, insurance, and other expenses have rocketed into orbit.

Exorbitant costs, therefore, combined with what Si Zentner has caustically termed "order-taking salesmen" in the booking agencies — i.e., unaggressive and lazy band bookers—may be said to pose the basic problem for the leader of today, particularly if he is trying to make a go of his band from southern California.

**G**ORDON SERVES as example par excellence of the Struggling Bandleader. Not only is his a story of well-told blood, sweat, and tears, but it also is one of remarkable tenacity and seemingly incurable optimism as well.

Recently one Hollywood musician, located in a particularly convenient crow's nest, observed that Gordon has "had it," that his band had come to the last stop. "The tragedy," he remarked, "is that everybody knows it but Claude."

Bloodied but unbowed, Gordon disagrees. "The band is constantly a growing thing," he averred recently. "Despite all the problems—with bookers, with record companies, and so on—I don't feel discouraged in the least."

He said he feels there is definitely a "sway toward better music, judging from what the disc jockeys are playing now."

A Hollywood studio trumpeter for many years, Gordon organized his road band in 1955 after resigning his staff



job at CBS. No sooner was he organized than Lady Luck took a holiday. The record label Vogue, for which he recorded, went out of business. He signed with Liberty records. Nothing much happened with his efforts on that label.

Then, in 1959, his luck turned. His band won first place in the first annual Best New Band contest of the American Federation of Musicians.

By this time he had made another change in record companies, to the newly formed record subsidiary of Warner Bros. Thanks to the publicity derived from his contest victory, he was hooked nationally. Warners released an initial LP with the practical title, *Wins by a Landslide*, and for a time everything was fine.

But whether because of lagging promotional efforts by the record company, or perhaps because of Gordon's failure to capitalize aggressively on his publicity and fight for engagements, the band appeared to run aground on a shoal of scant bookings. By the time the 1960 AFM band contest was fought and won by Las Vegas leader Jimmy Cook, Gordon was hanging tough, scratching dates when and where he could, unable to break through to eastern pastures and deprived of the initial contest-winning publicity boost of the previous year.

Somehow Gordon has managed to keep his band going. Wherever the band plays it appears to hit solidly with a good book by Billy May and Bob Piper and a wealth of showmanship.

"If I were in this to get wealthy," he remarked ironically, "I wouldn't be in the business. If a guy expects to make a killing with a band these days, he'd better forget it."

"We've got some good bands around the country," the leader continued, "but we're all beclouded by these 'traditional' outfits. They get all the play."

Gordon was referring to the so-called ghost bands that go along through the years on the catafalques of long-dead leaders. Like Zentner, Gordon fulminates against these organizations; if he lacks Zentner's acid eloquence, he is certainly as sincere.

"We've got to get it across to the promoters," he insisted, "that looking backward for dead names is a blot on the whole industry. They're looking to 'Bring Back the Bands!' This is living in the past. They've got to build *new* names." Thus the familiar and by now almost pathetic cry for an honest effort and a helping hand from the ballroom promoters who have the power to succor a sick industry.

"If the present trend keeps on as it is," Gordon added sarcastically, "it wouldn't surprise me to see someone



Claude Gordon

fronting the John Phillip Sousa Band."

Still, Gordon maintains that all is by no means lost. "There's got to be a future for bands or I wouldn't be carrying on," he said. "I wouldn't trade the name that we've made for anything. And so far as the future is concerned, I look for some bright things."

If Gordon's persistent cry to his agency is, as he says, "Get me off the West Coast," the request could well stand as a timeless slogan for all coast-based leaders from Kenton to Zentner.

Kenton was one of the rare leaders to take an organized band east from California, keep it together and find success. Maynard Ferguson organized the Birdland Dream Band in Hollywood, played an opening engagement at a club called Peacock Lane, and then wisely took off for New York, where he reorganized with a new personnel. He's never looked back.

Zentner may be following in Ferguson's footsteps. From the springboard of a hit single record, *Up a Lazy River*, the trombonist cracked New York with a stand at the Roosevelt Grill toward the end of 1961. In line with his oft-repeated slogan, "The band you hear on the road is the band you hear on the records," he filled in the leagues between coasts with one-nighters scraped

together the hard way. After the Roosevelt engagement, Zentner returned to Hollywood, cut a few more records, and prepared for a return east. This time, alas, the "band you hear on the records" is not the Zentner band you may hear in the East. The hard, economic facts of life had caught up with Zentner, and he was forced to leave Hollywood—perhaps for the last time—with a very few of his former sidemen.

This is the way of it for West Coast bands and their leaders, and this is the way of it, too, for such part-time leaders as Terry Gibbs, Jerry Gray, and Charlie Barnet, to mention but three musicians who dearly love big bands and lead them when they can but, like Portia (of Radio, not Rome), are forced to Face Life with a smile and a tear.

THIS IS NOT intended as a catalog of all West Coast bands; only those that best serve as examples are referred to, and big bands organized primarily for recording purposes are omitted entirely. But there are some bands that work sporadically and essentially stay intact, albeit with the various personnel jumping from band to band with the agility of a canny politician with his finger in the wind.

In San Francisco, Rudy Salvini for years has labored with love and much success to keep a fine, rousing jazz crew organized for dates in the bay area.

In Los Angeles, Onzy Matthews manages to work at least one night a week with a 17-piecer that often features such telling horn men as Dexter Gordon and Curtis Amy.

Gibbs, of course, summons together his platoon of shouters whenever he can wangle a night-club engagement or a concert performance, and for the volatile vibist the fun's the thing that counts.

Chuck Marlowe, too, holds his Count Basie-oriented band in instant readiness for all occasions, principally school events throughout the southern California area.

Shorty Rogers recently reactivated his big band for a one-night stand at a Hollywood club, but the occasion served more for laboratory purposes to hear his new writing performed than for anything else.

Finally, the working dance bands on the West Coast are as far removed from jazz as bacon from blintzes. It ought not be this way; but it is. A Memo Bernabei ballroom beat will pull more customers onto the dance floor than a dozen Terry Gibbes or any comparable jazz crew. Perhaps this is because jazz lovers put ears before feet. And the race, as the *man* said, is to the swift of foot and, unfortunately, to the square.





## Quincy Jones Tells Leonard Feather

# How To Lose A Big Band Without Really • Trying

**I**N THE FALL of 1959, as the result of a suggestion by John Hammond, Quincy Jones was assigned one of the most unusual jobs ever offered a jazz musician. He was asked to form a large all-star orchestra for the Harold Arlen blues opera *Free and Easy*.

The undertaking was doubly unusual in that the band was to appear onstage, with some musicians in minor acting roles, and the pre-Broadway production plans called for at least six months of touring through continental Europe, prior to the Broadway premiere in late 1960. During this European tour, Sammy Davis Jr. was scheduled to take over the starring role.

A well-known photo of the band in full period-custome regalia provides a nostalgic reminder of the amazing personnel Jones was able to assemble. Taken in Paris in January, 1960, the picture shows Sahib Shihab, the late Porter Kilbert, Phil Woods, Jerome Richardson, Budd Johnson, reeds; Floyd Standifer, Lennie Johnson, Clark Terry, Benny Bailey, trumpets; Melba Liston, Quentin Jackson, Aake Persson, Jimmy Cleveland, trombones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Les Spann, guitar and flute; Patti Bown, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Joe Harris, drums.

It was the most important big-band jazz venture of recent years and the most promising in terms of its apparent potential life span and economic security.

Even with these advantages, it didn't work out. In the summer of 1961, after struggling desperately for a year and a half to keep going, Jones gave up.

He has fronted a band on several occasions since then, for various shows at Basin Street East in New York, but he is no longer a touring leader with a permanent band; most of his time has been devoted to his a&r job at Mercury records and to freelance writing for record dates. He is as busy as ever but no longer has to worry about a payroll of 18 or 20 employees.

In the following dialog, Jones dis-

cusses the problems of the big band in the context of the contemporary jazz scene, as they affected him and as they concern anyone who may still nourish the ambition to organize an orchestra.

**L.F.:** Why isn't it profitable, or worthwhile, to keep a big band together nowadays?

**Q.J.:** Well, first you have to realize what your problems are and try to combat them objectively.

**L.F.:** Let's start from the beginning. How easy or hard is it to get the kind of big band that you want to keep together? How different is it, say, from when Benny Goodman was forming a band?

**Q.J.:** In those days you didn't have the studio trap. The musicians you'd want hadn't broken the barrier into studio work; besides, they didn't have that desire. Bands were so popular, the best thing you could do was to be included in one of the great ones, and there were many of them at the time.

**L.F.:** How expensive is it to lure a sideman onto the road?

**Q.J.:** If he's from New York, he *feels* like he ought to have \$2,000 a week. But actually it varies a great deal, depending on how much else is happening for them. Maybe a sideman will get \$200 or \$250 . . . sometimes less, sometimes more.

**L.F.:** Back in the swing years some sidemen were going out with name bands for less than \$100 a week.

**Q.J.:** That's impossible now, of course. If a man goes out and works for scale, the average will be \$150 to \$200. But a musician feels that if he's valuable in a band, he's valuable alone, too; he feels he can make it on his own, and you have to pay him enough so that he won't try it!

**L.F.:** What is the feeling about loss of individuality in being just part of a sax or brass section?

**Q.J.:** Some feel it. Because of the short-

age of big bands, a lot of the young musicians have placed emphasis solely on improvisation. In many cases they don't have too much respect for playing with a big band. Instead of listening to a polytonal run on a part change—or hearing a great lead man—these things don't shake them up like they used to. A lot of the respect has been lost.

**L.F.:** In other words, it's no longer the youngster's greatest ambition in life to get on a band like Duke Ellington's or Benny Goodman's.

**Q.J.:** No. It doesn't mean the same thing now that it would have to a young musician even 10 or 15 years ago. That used to be the greatest thing that could happen, if Basie or Duke asked you to join. Of course, they were top-quality bands; the standards were very high. I would say Basie's band is an exception; even today it would be an extreme compliment for anyone to be asked to join him.

**L.F.:** Now let's assume that you have the band together. Next come the problems of bookings—what kind of places you're going to play.

**Q.J.:** You have to look at it with two different eyes. I have to think of what I would do, and what I did do. The way things turned out, I had to change my approach toward it so I could hit it from a different angle.

First of all, of course, recording is very important, because in the States, unless you are right at the top, there are a very limited number of places to play. Recordings are essential in helping to create a market for you overseas.

In the old days a certain ballroom might be like a home base. The fact that jazz and dance music have sort of parted ways has a lot to do with it. Most of the jazz bands now are just playing concerts, or records, or the jazz clubs. Dance bands and jazz bands used to be one and the same.

The dancing has stayed right where it was. That's why I think that the



Twist has done some good, in that it's at least pulled them out of some of those old-fashioned dances. It had a neutralizing effect. It gave us a dance that everybody could get with. It even gave the old heads something to do that had some association with youth. And it brought people back to the clubs.

**L.F.:** But you don't need a big band to twist to.

**Q.J.:** True. Just a glorified orgy. But at least something like this fad might induce a guy to open up a joint and then sometimes sandwich in a band. And many of us, as bandleaders, don't mind being part of a sandwich. There are so few clubs left where a big band can play.

We had several jobs offered us, like the Sutherland in Chicago, where the money was good, but we couldn't accept the job, because we just couldn't have squeezed the band onto the bandstand. And in Pep's in Philadelphia, it was incredible to see us all in there.

**L.F.:** How about the European situation?

**Q.J.:** The solution to making it in Europe is mixing the bands together. I mean, there are some fantastic musicians over there, and because of this, and all the round-trip fares you save, it's better to use some of them, rather than bring your entire band across. It's not practical in any terms to drag 18 or 20 guys around the world. I used to have nightmares. I'd look up some night in Yugoslavia and see 20 faces staring at me, saying "How do we get to Spain?" and "When do we eat?"

There's a certain *quelque chose* in the air today that's different. Before, the cats would get on the bus, and they respected each other, and there was a team spirit. Today the individual thinks that no matter what happens he's going to be straight. The younger musicians don't even care if the rhythm section plays with them. If one thing fails, they want to go straight to the next thing and move right in.

This is happening all over the place. Dolphy joins Coltrane, guys float in and out of bands; there's very little stability left. And it really doesn't make too much difference, because with the exception of a few groups like the MJQ and Cannonball—I guess Dolphy and Coltrane complement each other well, too—but in most cases the relationships are not that important; the guys are playing a unison lick anyway, and it'll sound pretty much the same. The overall idea of freedom seems to be all that counts.

**L.F.:** Another thing. The reason you wanted a big band in the first place, presumably, was your talent for arranging. But then you get so busy run-



Quincy Jones

ning the band that you can't do any writing. So you defeat your own purpose.

**Q.J.:** Right! You're out there for nothing, losing all your money; and your idea was to get a band to play your own music in a seasoned, developed way. You end up being a manager, a road manager, everything else *but* an arranger.

Yet I know that if the music played by a big recording band can sound good when the guys come into a cold studio, with lights glaring at them all over the place, and read the music and make it come to life, you can bet your life that if they have three months to sort of get the music into their subconscious mind by osmosis, so they can concentrate on telling a collective story, it'll sound a thousand times better. But people are not interested in creating a collective story. That's how the small groups that keep a steady personnel manage to do it, and that's why so many big-band things sound stiff on records.

To me the most beautiful sound in the world is to have all the possibilities of color, and depth, and textures, which only can be obtained by orchestration. Anything that sounds good with five men—a chord with a sixth or a 10th or whatever—is certainly going to sound ridiculous next to three trombones and a French horn and woodwinds.

**L.F.:** What do you think is the future for these big-band sounds in general?

**Q.J.:** There are some possibilities of keeping things going. For instance, something may happen at Lincoln Cen-

ter [in New York City]. If jazz orchestras are going to be maintained and sustained, they will have to be handled by subsidies or subscriptions like symphony orchestras. After all, imagine trying to take a symphony on the road playing one-nighters!

**L.F.:** Let me ask you two final questions. Since they're interlocking, I'll ask them together. First: now that you can look back on it, what mistakes do you think you made, if any? Second, if you had it to do all over again, what would you do?

**Q.J.:** For one thing, I could only see the most optimistic side of our future. We had the ideal setup with *Free and Easy*. The band was organized specifically to work in that show, first in Europe for a year and then on Broadway. And, of course, the show collapsed after we'd been in Europe only a short while.

I never foresaw that any show with Harold Arlen's music, Sammy Davis Jr., and the band that I had, could possibly miss. But, of course, Sammy never did join the show. I would never have had the nerve, under any other circumstances, to put together a band with Clark Terry and all these names. We thought we had a perfect solution, a guarantee of at least two years' work.

**L.F.:** But it wasn't your mistake or your fault that the show collapsed. I'm thinking about what happened when you tried to keep the band together in Europe after that.

**Q.J.:** Well, I suppose I should have come home sooner, instead of keeping things going over there as long as I did. But I'm not sorry that I didn't. I lost a great deal of money, but the band became the most popular band in Europe, and the experience was the kind of thing that only happens once in a lifetime.

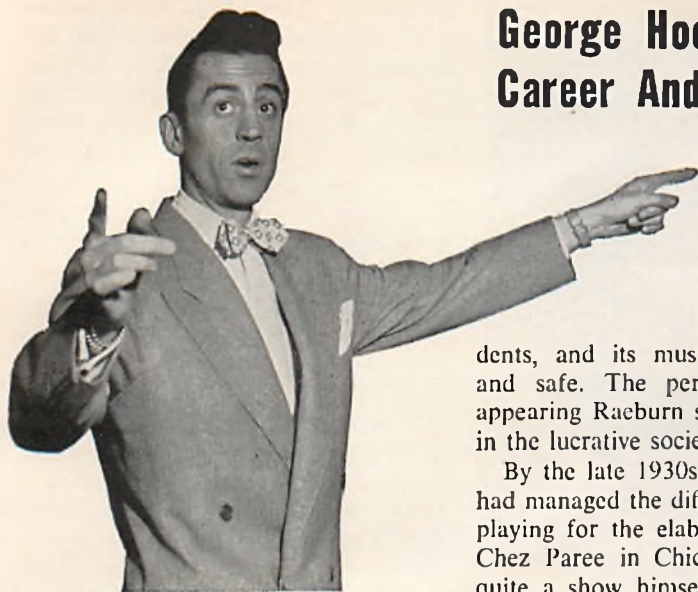
If we ever got stuck over there, one rainy day, we'd always have some place to go, because we found some places that people haven't even seen. Tiny places, in Italy and Yugoslavia and all over, in which you would never normally think of booking a band. It was a 20-year education. And the musicians, as much as they grumbled along the way, I'm sure everybody became about 10 years older and wiser, as far as having a better perspective on life, and just learning how to live with other people.

Everybody involved became like brothers and sisters. It was a fantastic experience. And it was something that couldn't have happened, musically or sociologically, in the States.

As far as the answer to your second question—if I had it to do all over again, I'd shoot myself.







## George Hoefer Recounts The Volatile Career And The Controversial Bands Of **BOYD RAE BURN**

Big bands have served a dual purpose in the development of modern jazz. They have been workshops for incorporating new musical ideas into the permanency of written arrangements and have offered a medium through which jazzmen gained valuable musical experience as well as inspiration. It would be difficult offhand to name many modern jazz stars who have not at one time or another been associated with a large orchestra.

Many younger big-band jazzmen in the 1940s had become bored and went back to the afterhours jam session that had been popular with previous generations of big-band soloists during the 1920-35 heyday of the gimmick-ridden sweet bands.

These men, however, had to eat, and for the first three or four years of their "revolt" remained in their chairs with name bands while confining experimental musical wanderings to afterhour spots and hotel rooms. The successful swing-band leaders were not particularly curious about the new sounds and were not inclined to be sympathetic when a sideman improvised a "different" chorus.

This situation began to change in 1945 when Woody Herman organized the first Herd and vocalist Billy Eckstine thought in terms of fronting a large bop band, as did tenor man Georgie Auld. The trend had even spread to the West Coast and Stan Kenton. But the most remarkable of all was a man born in 1913 on a ranch near Faith, S. D.—Boyd Raeburn.

Raeburn got into the band business through the success of his campus band at the University of Chicago. He started professionally, using all the public-pleasing Mickey Mouse tricks. He won a band contest that entitled him to an engagement at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. It was a popular band, especially with the Midwest college stu-

dents, and its music was dependable and safe. The personable collegiate-appearing Raeburn soon became active in the lucrative society-band field.

By the late 1930s the Raeburn band had managed the difficult assignment of playing for the elaborate shows at the Chez Paree in Chicago. Raeburn was quite a show himself as he played all the saxophones from a bass sax taller than himself to the small soprano.

When World War II began, Raeburn belatedly became a swing-band leader. His organization became the house band at the Band Box, a basement dance hall popular with servicemen, located on Chicago's Randolph St. The atmosphere at the Band Box really began to swing when men like drummer Claude (Hey Hey) Humphrey, altoist Johnny Bothwell, and tenor man Emmett Carls joined Raeburn's group. For a time their girl vocalist was Shirley Luster, who changed her name to June Christy when she later joined the Stan Kenton Orchestra.

Early in 1944 Raeburn was determined to make the New York City scene. He revamped his Chicago band, at that time built around Bothwell's alto played in the Johnny Hodges style. The band opened in March at the Hotel Lincoln with half of the personnel culled from a recent Sonny Dunham band—drummer Don Lamond, baritone saxophonist Stu Olson, trombonist Earl Swope, tenor saxophonist Emmett Carls, and vocalist Dotty Claire. The trumpet section included the late Sonny Beriman, who was later to star with Woody Herman, and Frank (Porky) Panico, nephew of old-timer Louis Panico of laughing-cornet fame. Other names included the young Brooklyn-born pianist, George Handy, who was soon to leave to write for the movies, returning to Raeburn's fold more than a year later as chief arranger.

The band was received with moderate success, and the owner wanted it to alternate six-week engagements with the Count Basic Band. But the union scale for the Lincoln at that time was too low to allow a leader to maintain a top-rate band. Raeburn switched to the Hotel Commodore, where *Down Beat* reviewed the band as "having guts, a strong beat, and enthusiastic soloists."

Almost from the beginning of its

New York days the band became a jazz musician's band.

When substitute sidemen were needed, one would find Roy Eldridge sitting in for a night or trombonist Trummy Young playing a week at the Apollo. Trumpeter Benny Harris and bassist Oscar Pettiford went on the road with Raeburn as regular sidemen until the tour got too deep into the South.

When Eckstine was forming his first big band, Raeburn donated some of his arrangements, done by Ed Finckel. Eckstine repaid this some months later when the Raeburnites were burned out at Palisades Park, N. J., by returning the arrangements and giving Raeburn some of the Eckstine material. The latter included an arrangement-composition by Dizzy Gillespie written originally to feature trombonist Benny Green with the Earl Hines Band. The title was *Interlude*, but Hines had labeled it *A Night in Tunisia*. Raeburn made one of the first recordings of the tune in January, 1945, with Gillespie on trumpet.

During this New York period such jazzmen as trombonists Tommy Pederson and Ollie Wilson; trumpeters Jimmy Pupa and Pinky Savitt; tenor saxophonists Ted Goddard, Don Brassfield, and Joe Magro; and bassists Ed Mihelich and Mert Oliver were in and out of the "Boyd Cage."

Everything happened to that Raeburn band. It was closed out prematurely at Wildwood in New Jersey because there were more musicians on the stand than the contract called for. Hotel managers said the band played too loudly. During the fire at Palisades Park, the band boy, John (Shadow) Torres, defied the local firemen, stole a fireman's hat and coat, and plunged into the burning building to save all instruments except the bass. One of two musical cliques in the band left in a body after a battle regarding the kind of music they would play. And there were financial troubles. Both Duke Ellington and Harry James were reported to have invested in the band. *Down Beat* reported Ellington dropped \$16,000. James' interest came later in California when the band was recording for Ben Pollock's Jewel record company.

Shortly after the band reached the coast in August, 1945, and during a



surprisingly successful run at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, altoists Bothwell and Lenny Green came to the verge of a fist fight over the style of music. Bothwell took his future wife, Claire Hogan, the band's vocalist, and went east to start his own group.

Raeburn, who was pleased with Bothwell's replacement, Hal McKusick, criticized Bothwell's attitude in the music press. Bothwell countered with: "In addition to his aspersions, allegations, and accusations, Raeburn forgot to mention that I frequently have been known to remove baby three-toed sloths from their mothers at a startlingly indecent age."

When the band settled in California in late '45, a group of West Coast musicians became regularly identified with the band. Trumpeter Ray Linn, trombonist-arranger Johnny Mandel, tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson, pianists Dodo Marmarosa and Hal Schaefer, bassist Harry Babasin were regulars.

George Handy started his long series of distinctive, although controversial arrangements, and there was a famed brawl over the confusion between which arrangements belonged to Handy and which ones had been left with Raeburn by Ed Finckel, then arranging

for Buddy Rich's new bop band. Both arrangers were angry with Raeburn for having his name on the label and collecting performance rights from BMI.

Raeburn was given credit for discovering trombonist Britt Woodman, who later played with Duke Ellington, and the fine baritone singer David Allyn. The girl vocalist problem was solved by the now-single Raeburn's hiring and marrying the former Harry James and Gene Krupa singer Ginnie Powell, who died in 1959.

The new Handy arrangements called for French horns, a harp, a bassoon, and other miscellany theretofore rare in a jazz orchestra. The band recorded some transcriptions for the Standard Radio Library Service, including Handy originals *Concerto for the Duke*, *Jitterbug Suite*, and *Picnic in Wintertime*. Then Handy and Raeburn had a falling out, and Raeburn turned to the arrangements of Johnny Richards.

In late 1946 the band obtained another backer, real estate man Stillman Pond, who had backed King Guion's Double Rhythm Band but said he felt Raeburn's was the greatest jazz band of all time.


Raeburn felt it was time to try New York City again, and, billing the band

as "Creating New Music for a Modern World," he and the band went east for a date at the old Zanzibar, renamed Vanity Fair. It was January, 1947, and the "30 Boyds" included eight brass, seven saxes, two French horns, a harp, strings, four rhythm, two vocalists.

Along were clarinetist Buddy DeFranco, trumpeters Fats Ford and Bernie Glow, trombonists Eddie Bert, Bart Varsalona, Milt Bernhart, and Harry Devito, tenor saxophonist Frank Socolow, and bassist Clyde Lombardi.

Raeburn himself was a bit more subdued and commercial-minded. (It was announced the band was into Pond to the tune of \$100,000.) Raeburn told listeners to watch their ear drums and signaled the crowd before the band brass "blasted a passage."

It was announced that the band was to do a Carnegie Hall concert, but it did not happen. Nor did the movie short Raeburn hoped to do on Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf*.

Following the Vanity Fair run, the band soon ran out of bookings. Pond announced he was going to put "the Boyd into a smaller cage"—a combo. Raeburn kept trying up to 1957 and finally retired to Nassau, the Bahamas, to run a furniture business. 

## Boyd Raeburn Discography

New York City, January, 1945

Boyd Raeburn and His Orchestra—Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Harris, Tommy Allison, Stan Fishelson, trumpets; Trummy Young, Ollie Wilson, Jack Carmen, Walter Robertson, trombones; Joe Magro, Al Cohn, tenor saxophones; Johnny Bothwell, Hal McKusick, alto saxophones; Serge Chaloff, baritone saxophone; Ike Carpenter, piano; Steve Jordan, guitar; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; Don Darcy, Margie Wood, vocals. *INTERLUDE (NIGHT IN TUNISIA)* (542)

Guild 107, Musicraft 489, Allegro LP 4028, Savoy LP 12040

*MARCH OF THE BOYDS* (543)  
Guild 111, Musicraft 489, Allegro LP 4028, Savoy LP 12040

*SUMMERTIME* (549) Guild 111, Musicraft 366, Allegro LP 4028, Savoy LP 12040

May, 1945

Dale Pierce, Carl Berg, Allison, Alan Jeffreys, trumpets; Young, Carmen, Johnny Mandel, trombones; Frank Socolow, Stuart Anderson, tenor saxophones; Bothwell, Lenny Green, alto saxophones; Hy Mandel, baritone saxophone; Carpenter, piano; Jordan, guitar; Joe Berisi, bass; Irv Kluger, drums; Miss Wood, vocals. *YOU'VE GOT ME CRYIN' AGAIN* (577)

.....Guild 134, Musicraft 366, Savoy LP 12040

*BOYD'S NEST* (579).....Guild 133, Musicraft 490, Savoy LP 12040

*BLUE PRELUDE* (580).....Guild 134, Musicraft 490, Savoy LP 12040

Hollywood, Calif., October, 1945

Pierce, Johnny Napton, Allison, Jeffreys, trumpets; Wilson, Carmen, Si Zentner, trombones; Socolow, Anderson, tenor saxophones; McKusick, Green, alto saxophones; Gus McReynolds, baritone saxophones; Raeburn, bass saxophone; George Handy, piano; Haydn Causey, guitar; Ed Mihelich, bass; Jackie Mills, drums; Ginnie Powell, David Allyn, vocals.

*TONSILECTOMY* (223)

.....Jewel 10000, Savoy LP 12025

*FORGETFUL* (224)  
.....Jewel 10000, Savoy LP 12025

*RIP VAN WINKLE* (225)  
.....Jewel 10000, Savoy LP 12025

*YERXA* (226)  
.....Jewel 10000, Savoy LP 12025

1946

Pierce, Ray Linn, Carl Groen, Nelson Shelladay, trumpets; Wilson, Britt Woodman, Hal Smith, trombones; Ralph Lee, tenor saxophone, bassoon; Raeburn, tenor, bass saxophones; McReynolds, tenor saxophone; Harry Klee, alto saxophone, flute; Wilbur Schwartz, alto saxophone, clarinet; Hy Mandel, baritone saxophone; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Dave Barbour, guitar; Harry Babasin, bass; Mills, drums; Miss Powell, Allyn, vocals.

*TEMPTATION* (131)

.....Jewel D1-5, Savoy LP 12040

*DALVATORE SALLY* (132)  
.....Jewel D1-1, Savoy LP 12040

*BOYD MEETS STRAVINSKY* (133)  
.....Jewel 10002, Savoy LP 12040

*I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU* (134)  
.....Jewel 10002, Savoy LP 12040

Pierce, Linn, Frank Beach, Shelladay, trumpets; Wilson, Fred Zito, Smith, trom-

bones; Lee, tenor saxophone, bassoon; Raeburn, tenor, bass saxophones; Julie Jacobs, tenor saxophone, oboe, English horn; McReynolds, tenor saxophone; Klee, alto saxophone, flute; Schwartz, alto saxophone, clarinet; Hy Mandel, baritone saxophone; Lloyd Otto, Evan Vail, French horns; Hal Schaefer, piano; Gale Laugh-ton, harp; Tony Rizzi, guitar; Babasin, bass; Mills, drums; Miss Powell, Allyn, vocals.

*OVER THE RAINBOW* (146)

.....Jewel D1-2, Savoy LP 12040

*BODY AND SOUL* (147)  
.....Jewel D1-3, Savoy LP 12040

*BLUE ECHOES* (148)  
.....Jewel D1-4, Savoy LP 12025

*LITTLE BOYD BLUE* (149)  
.....Jewel D1-6, Savoy LP 12025

1946

Pierce, Linn, Beach, Bob Fowler, trumpets; Tommy Pederson, Burt Johnson, trombones; Lee, tenor saxophone, bassoon; McReynolds, tenor saxophone; Bill Starkey, bass saxophone, English horn; Elmer Roden, alto saxophone, flute; Schwartz, alto saxophone, clarinet; Hy Mandel, baritone saxophone; Otto, Vail, French horns; Schaefer, piano; Loretta Thompson, harp; Rizzi, guitar; Babasin, bass; Mack Albright, drums.

*HIP BOYDS* (230)

.....Jewel 10003; Savoy LP 12025

*THE MAN WITH THE HORN* (231)  
.....Jewel 10003; Savoy LP 12025

*PRELUDE TO THE DAWN* (232)  
.....Jewel 10004, Savoy LP 12025

*DUCK WADDLE* (233)  
.....Jewel 10004, Savoy LP 12025

*LOVE TALES*.....Savoy LP 12025

*SOFT AND WARM*.....Savoy LP 12025





# Sal's Brave New World

By BILL COSS

**T**HIS IS AN article about the Sal Salvador Band.

But an article about a band nowadays is first an article about the band business. It's not a particularly good business.

For the last 10 years, all the articles about its resuscitation seem naive in the face of what has happened. What *has* happened is a lack of special success, not total failure, but no real success.

It isn't necessary to point out that the high costs of sidemen and traveling, the attitudes of booking agents and record companies, the relative absence of ballrooms, and the unaccountable habits of the public, have produced a grim graph, one usually reversed only if all those elements co-operate in a manner resembling a Big Ten football team. Nor is that such a far-fetched analogy, because the big band today needs a tremendous amount of offensive *and* defensive strength to extend even the best of first impacts into some kind of victory.

The birth of a band and bandleader involves an incredibly difficult delivery.

Sal Salvador thought about being a bandleader almost from his first professional days in Springfield, Mass., through all the giggings in New York, and, finally, with the Stan Kenton Band during 1951 and 1952. "I used to watch Stan to see what he did," he said, "but the whole thing scared me, even though I wanted to be a bandleader.

"In any case, the whole thing seemed unattainable. Almost everyone I talked to said you needed a minimum of \$50,000 to begin a band. That was enough to stop me before I began.

"But I discovered there was another way to start. What we began with was a rehearsal band."

This kind of thing happens in most major cities where there are many musicians eager to play new and interesting arrangements. In Salvador's case, some of the cream of New York studio, jazz, and recording musicians were in attendance—trumpeters Doc Severinsen, Dick Sherman, Jerry Kail, and Clyde Rea-singer; saxophonists by the dozens;

trombonists Eddie Bert, Frank Rehak, Willie Dennis, Wayne Andre, and Billy Byers; and so on through all other instruments.

From that assemblage a permanent band developed, much of it from the ranks of Marshall Brown's Newport Youth Band, augmented by a few proved professionals and a number of others.

"Still," Salvador said, "I certainly wasn't a leader. Stan Kenton and Woody Herman encouraged me. Benny Goodman told me he couldn't imagine how I could succeed, but he helped right away by suggesting arrangers. You know, I didn't even know how to go about getting them. But Benny came to some rehearsals, and he suggested some guys who might write for the band. Marshall Brown helped with charts he had, and, best of all, he suggested arranger Larry Wilcox.

"Even with all that, we played our first dance date with only 16 arrangements. We were hung before an hour was over. Had to play everything over and over, but we played them in a different order at least.

"About the same time, we auditioned for a record album. We knew about it three days before it was supposed to happen, and we didn't have a thing we could do for a record. Everybody helped. Between Marshall Brown, Larry Wilcox, and George Roumanis we got enough together to audition and to get the record contract.

"The funny thing is that, despite all our abilities to make things at the last minute, I was still hung up trying to figure out what I was supposed to do as a bandleader. I went out and bought a book on conducting, and I used to practice in front of a mirror. I even asked people like Eddie Safranski to help me.

"It amazed me that the guys in the band hung on so patiently. At the beginning, they led me more than I did them. The one really big scene we had was in New York. We had a park date, and there were no risers for the musicians. You can imagine that—the brass section couldn't even see me. We of course started with the *Star-Spangled Banner*, and I was waving my arms around. The reeds would stop, and the brass would play on. I was in complete confusion. I decided then I should go back to my quartet."

But the albums issued by Decca records showed none of the hesitancy. They showed, to the contrary, an experimental nature. Most of the arrangements in *Colors in Sound* were by Roumanis, and all the arrangements were for a band heavy in brass, without reeds, using in a different way, as had Johnny Dankworth, a front line of brass instruments (with colors added by French

horn, tuba, and mellophone) playing loudly over a strong rhythm section.

By the time of the next album, *The Beat for This Generation*, the identifying sound had evolved to what guitar, mellophone, and alto saxophone could do together with variations, including two muted trumpets with mellophone, or guitar and mellophone in unison.

Even now, the band is circled by scores written for that style—some by Roumanis, others by Hank Levy, who used to play baritone saxophone with Stan Kenton, and by Mike Abene, who is now the pianist with Maynard Ferguson. But, gradually, a new style is coming into the band as Larry Wilcox writes more and more.

**W**ILCOX IS A real part of this birth of a band, because so much of what he wants to do is translated into the band's performances. Salvador gives him great freedom. He sent him away, for example, for a month last year just to sit and figure what could be done to make a band different, while keeping it a dance and/or jazz band.

"You find you have to play games of a sort," Wilcox said. "You can work just so hard on a particular direction. You have to throw in a couple of simple swingers along the way, or no one is going to play your other things with much enjoyment.

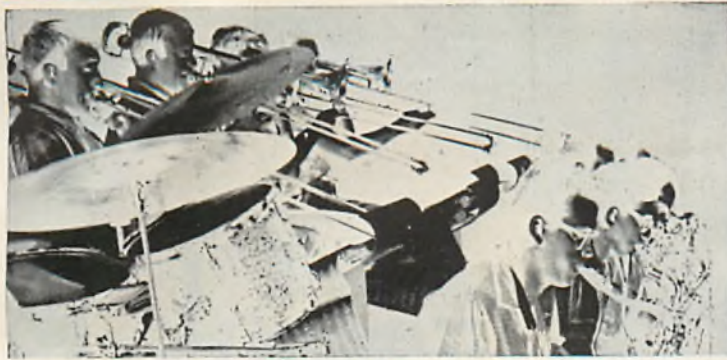
"It's not that I'm against swingers you understand; it's just that the musicians may not see the other things you're doing unless you give them something that's sheer fun. I think what I'm doing now is that, but it may not appear so to the guys who are playing it. It is a new style, but it's more a question of different voicings, harmonics—everything fitting a pattern—than it is anything else. I think it could be the most recognizable of styles *for a band*. It could even start a trend, because it could be copied by almost anyone, for anything, if an arranger listened closely to what was going on. For example, about it being adapted—I'm using it around Gospel things right now."

And that kind of thing, especially the adaptability, is part of what Salvador emphasizes himself. Like several other bandleaders, he credits the Twist for some of the new interest in bands: "Everyone wants to do it. Actually it works out well for us. All we do is play medium-tempo blues, and everyone gets a chance to blow."

It is a blowing band, filled with young soloists and bright, swinging arrangements. The Kenton-watching and the books on conducting have paid off. This is a disciplined, thoroughly and unusually musical dance band. If there really is a big-band business, this band has every characteristic and every right to be a thriving part of it.







# Down Beat's Annual Big Band Directory

Any number of big-band leaders now are insisting that twisting will bring back dancing. These are the same band leaders who prophesied the same outgrowth from the end of rock and roll. None of the ends has come, nor, more sadly, has the beginning of another big-band burst. If there are more big bands to be heard on records today, they are nearly all big bands only recruited for record dates. Perhaps this suggests a trend.

But, for the immediate future, this listing of bands, represents nearly the amount it has in the past and is meant to help ballrooms, colleges, universities, clubs, and any other kind of organization interested in contracting a big name band for dance and/or concert.

After each leader's name, the band's booking affiliation is noted. (Ind.) means independent—the band has no regular booking agency and should be contacted directly. (MCA) stands for Music Corp. of America, and it, like (GAC) General Artists Corp., (WA) Willard Alexander, and (ABC) Associated Booking Corp., has subsidiary offices in most major cities in the country. Others may have, too. They include (Wood.) Woodrow Music, (Circle) Circle Artists Corp., (Orch.) Orchestras, Inc., and (Alpha) Alpha Artists of America, Inc.

In each case, a suggested, most-representative record is included in each listing to assist in evaluations.

## LLOYD ALEXANDER (Ind.)

Under the leadership of Irwin Knight, this New Orleans outfit can boast a number of excellent instrumentalists and arresting arrangements from the pen of Jack Martin, former arranger for the Al Belletto group. No records. **CHARLIE BARNET (Ind.)**

This veteran of the big bands has a dance book varied to every taste. He leads groups of almost any size, plays every reed instrument, it seems, and is a consistently exciting leader to have around. Everest 5008, *Cherokee*; Capitol 1403, *Jazz Oasis*.

## COUNT BASIE (WA)

Having two singers has made little change in the over-all Basie format, but something is happening, more subtle and very interesting for those who have the ears to hear. Added to the tremendous power, are a number of increasingly modern scores, many of them outside the usual Basie pattern. Roulette 52032, *Chairman of the Board*; Roulette 52054, *Just the Blues*.

## DAN BELLOC (ABC)

Having recently become a clubowner, Belloc only occasionally plumps up to big-band size his regular unit, which has become more and more

involved with the big beat and teenage hops in the Chicago area. Fraternity 1004, *Dapper Dan Swings*.

## LOUIS BELLSON (Ind.)

Drummer Bellson is most often music director of the Pearl Bailey cabaret act, but there, and at concerts and dance dates, his band is wry and mighty, capable of powerful jazz. Verve 8280, *Music, Romance, and Especially Love*; Verve 8280, *Drummer's Holiday*.

## TEX BENEKE (MCA)

Tenor saxophonist Beneke occasionally varies the diet, but the major menu is as originally prepared by the late Glenn Miller, with whom he starred for many years. Camden 655, *Alamo*.

## EUEL HOX (ABC)

This 15-piece band is a favorite at Dallas breakfast dances and debutante parties, with its size and flexibility allowing it a wide range of style. No records.

## LES BROWN (ABC)

This band avoids the usual, yet its crisp, modern dance book, with soloists rampant, produces a combination of music to which anyone can leap or listen. Columbia 1594, *Lerner & Lowe*; Columbia 1679, *Gershwin Handbook*.

## RUSS CARLYLE (Orch.)

In a sing-along-age, this band does the whole bit. Russ sings, the band plays along, and no one can get hurt at these conservative tempos and well-rounded notes. ABC-Paramount 253, *Russ Carlyle at Roseland Dance City*.

## LEE CASTLE (MCA)

Some confusion here, because trumpeter Castle leads a band fashioned in the style of the late Jimmy Dorsey and billed as such. Other band-leaders may have *Green Eyes*, some complexions may turn to *Tangerine*, but this is a swing band in the old sweet tradition, a regular favorite at proms. Epic 3560, *Greatest Hits*.

## BOBBY CHRISTIAN (Orch.)

Known as a "territory band," mostly in the Midwest, arranger Christian's cohorts do well with Big Ten and associated schools. Audio Fidelity 1959, *Strings for a Space Age*.

## JIMINY COOK (MCA)

With its highly danceable arrangements and high-caliber musicianship, this band captured last year's AFM contest as best new band of the year. After several months of Las Vegas work, the Cook band is currently located in Chicago. Camden 670, *Best New Band*.

## RAY CONNIFF (Ind.)

No one has yet pointed out that voices-with-music probably originated with Slam Stewart. Conniff's touring voices and orchestra do a less hip version of that and are more interested in stereo sound than simple swing, but the combination can be pleasing. Columbia 1720, *So Much in Love*.

## WARREN COVINGTON (WA)

Trombonist Covington began a career of his own last year, no longer leading the late Tommy Dorsey's band. He is trying for a style of his own, calculated to please college crowds. Decca 8943, *More Tea for Two*.

## XAVIER CUGAT (Ind.)

Merengue, lemon pie, and nearly everything else are Twisted here (Abbe Lane, she does that there) by this oldest of the bands in the Latin, or gall-can-be-split-into-three-parts, division of the band world. RCA Victor 2173, *Cugat in France*.

## JOHNNY (SCAT) DAVIS (ABC)

Now working out of Dallas, Davis retains the charm and verve attained through many years of experience leading a swing band. King 626, *Here's Lookin' at Ya'*.

## SAM DONOHUE-TOMMY DORSEY (WA)

The late TD now has Sam Donahue as represen-

tative bandleader, and the band still is playing music made famous by Dorsey, which always was popular with dancers. No records yet.

## PETER DUCHIN (MCA)

Pianist son of famous bandleading father, Eddy, Peter threatens with a band combining most of the worst of several eras but could very well break away from the strictures imposed on it by the big business surrounding him. Decca 4190, *Presenting Peter Duchin*.

## LARRY ELGART (ABC)

This is the bearded, saxophone-playing Elgart, and he plays wide varieties of music, with much concentration on sound value. Consequently, here you have very danceable music, better than most to hear. MGM 3891, *Sophisticated 60's*.

## LES ELGART (ABC)

The trumpet-playing Elgart leads a strongly rhythmic band with scores interesting beyond the scope of the usual dance band. Columbia 1659, *It's De-Lovely*.

## DUKE ELLINGTON (ABC)

It seems unlikely that any band can combine as much excellent jazz with so much danceability as this one does. This is the dukedom worthy of any duchess you might carry on your arm. Columbia 1546, *Piano in the Background*.

## MAYNARD FERGSON (ABC)

Ferguson, most famous for high-note trumpet-ing, seems to play all the brass instruments, certainly leads brazen, brassy brethren as if each charge were the last one for San Juan summitry. Roulette 52083, *Maynard '62*.

## SHEP FIELDS (GAC)

At his best, ol' Shep puts lambs to gamboling with bubbling reeds and that old-style rippling rhythm. Dot 3348, *Rippling Rhythm*.

## RALPH FLANAGAN (MCA)

This was practically the most successful band of the middle 1950s, much involved with the Glenn Miller style. The style hasn't changed and the band still does what it's told. Coral 57363, *Dance to the 'New Live' Sound*.

## LEE FORTIER (Ind.)

Fortier, former Woody Herman trumpeter, leads the band in Baton Rouge, La. Arrangements lean heavily to jazz, and the band generates considerable heat and swing. No records.

## TERRY GIBBS (Ind.)

One of the many bands begun as rehearsal workshops, this one, led by vibrapharist Gibbs and mostly confined to the West Coast, is filled with jazz scores and soloists and sparked by an energetic leader. *Exciting Big Band*, Verve 2151.

## BENNY GOODMAN (WA)

Goodman is only a sometime leader nowadays, but the sometimes are always swinging, the sidemen are solid, and the appeal is back to those days when the young seemed more young than they do today. Columbia 1579, *Benny Goodman Swings Again*.

## CLAUDE GORDON (WA)

Boosted by his victory in the American Federation of Musicians' first national Best New Band contest in 1959, Gordon, his trumpet, his 12 sidemen, his vocalist, still present a highly danceable package gilded with well-drilled showmanship. Though he works mainly in the West, Northwest, and Southwest, Gordon sallies east on occasion. The book is by Billy May and Bob Piper. Warner Bros. 1347, *Wins by a Landslide*.

## JERRY GRAY (ABC)

Gray is a talented West Coast arranger much associated with the style made famous by Glenn Miller—yes, another one of them. But, on more than several occasions he has done otherwise, and he is always capable of fine music. Capitol 1615, *Shall We Swing!*

(Continued on page 48)



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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.

## DOUBLE VIEW of COLTRANE "LIVE"

### John Coltrane

COLTRANE "LIVE" AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Impulse 10: *Spiritual*; *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*; *Chasin' the Trane*.

Personnel: Coltrane, soprano, tenor saxophones; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

In his first location recording, Coltrane manages to present both sides of his recent history.

*Sunrise* finds him demonstrating all the cumulative power that he has assembled through his career but more specifically in the last seven years with Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, and his own quartet. *Chasin'* represents his more recent experiments-at-length that have been labeled by some as "anti-jazz."

*Spiritual*, which runs 13½ minutes, is only about two minutes shorter than *Chasin'* but seems much shorter by comparison. "When things are constantly happening, the piece just doesn't feel that long," says Coltrane in talking about extended improvisation in the liner notes. His point is proved by the two long selections here.

*Spiritual* is an interpretation by Coltrane of a religious song he had heard. He is quoted as saying, "I feel we brought out the mood inherent in the tune." If anything, he does have a mood, a definite and very strong emotional climate. He plays soprano, but in his opening solo the soprano's timbre sounds much like his tenor's. What he is playing, not which instrument, is the important thing.

Dolphy's one appearance in the album is unexpectedly short for a live performance but still contains several repetitions of his pet cliché run. He periodically falls back on it, and his solo has no definite direction. In fact, he seems to be playing the same solo, from record to record, these days.

Tyner shows facility, invention, and a feeling for the mood set by Coltrane, but at the end of his solo he drones chordally while Jones hypnotizes with his percussion work. Coltrane's re-entry finds him in the upper register of the soprano for a summation that includes a suspended-ending benediction of beauty.

*Sunrise* has a fine opening solo by Tyner with Workman and Jones (brushes) really swinging him. The runs at the end of his solo bear a marked similarity to Coltrane's style. Jones switches to sticks for Coltrane and heightens the intensity. The soprano solo is top-drawer Coltrane: exciting swing,

harmonic diversity, and tonal brilliance combined in a driving excursion of great continuity. This is the best track in the album and, at slightly less than 6½ minutes, shows that one needn't play interminably to communicate.

*Chasin' the Trane*, a blues that consumes all of the second side, is more like waitin' for a train—a 100-car freight train—to pass. Jones' dynamic drumming is the most arresting thing happening. If you were to take away his backing and leave Coltrane's solo standing naked, the latter would become more insignificant than it seems. Shakespeare's "sound and fury" is musically illustrated here.

Coltrane may be searching for new avenues of expression, but if it is going to take this form of yawps, squawks, and countless repetitive runs, then it should be confined to the woodshed. Whether or not it is "far out" is not the question. Whatever it is, it is monotonous, a treadmill to the Kingdom of Boredom. There are places when his horn actually sounds as if it is in need of repair. In fact, this solo could be described as one big air-leak. (I.G.)



### John Coltrane

COLTRANE "LIVE" AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD—Impulse 10: *Spiritual*; *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise*; *Chasin' the Trane*.

Personnel: Coltrane, soprano, tenor saxophones; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Track 1—Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet, added.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Recorded in November, 1961, this disc contains a representative sampling of both Coltrane's in-person work and his most recent stylistic innovations. It is an interesting collection in that it offers examples of his architectonic approach at its most successful and at its disconnected, least-effective poles.

In recent months Coltrane has been engaged in a sort of musical constructivism, shattering and fragmenting his thematic materials only to refashion them along almost syntactical lines, exploring at considerable length (and sometimes apparently aimlessly) their melodic and rhythmic potentials to the fullest. In a sense, the process is an extension to their logical limits of elements present in his earlier approach. That it is a daring and perilous technique may be seen in his work here.

The first side presents the approach in

its most gripping and fully realized state. The cohesiveness and passionate sweep of his improvisations on his own *Spiritual* and the Sigmund Romberg staple *Softly* illustrate the rebuilding process at its most telling. On these pieces there is a continuity and logical flow of a high order than can be appreciated fully only in comparison with the disjointed, inconclusive meanderings that constitute the sprawling solo morass on *Chasin'*, which takes up the entire second side.

The fault is less in Coltrane than in the task he has set himself. Perhaps the fullest appreciation of the monumental difficulties involved in the approach may be seen in that Coltrane—improviser that he is—often is unable to bring it off, to control and direct it with the strength and sureness of purpose it needs.

In a real sense, the first two pieces, the successful ones, are much less ambitious in scope than is the lengthy *Chasin'*, and in this lies much of the reason for their success.

They are more interesting melodically, for one thing, and, for another, they are much more closely allied with conventional jazz improvising than is the unorthodox *Chasin'*, where the interest is primarily rhythmic and emotional. This piece, with its gaunt, waspish angularities, its ire-ridden intensity, raw, spontaneous passion, and, in the final analysis, its sputtering inconclusiveness, seems more properly a piece of musical exorcism than anything else, a frenzied sort of soul-baring. It is a torrential and anguished outpouring, delivered with unmistakable power, conviction, and near-demonic ferocity—and as such is a remarkable human document. But the very intensity of the feelings that prompt it militate against its effectiveness as a musical experience. It's the old problem of the artist's total involvement as a man supplanting his artistry, which is based, after all, to some greater or lesser degree in detachment.

As for the other participants, their supporting work (for that's what it is) is excellent throughout, especially that of Jones, whose primary role cannot be too strongly stressed. The rhythm section furnishes Coltrane exactly the solid bedrock he needs for his constructions. Strangely enough, after Coltrane's solo on *Spiritual*, Dolphy's brief vocal-dominated bass-clarinet segment sounds surprisingly tame, albeit appropriate.

The degree of Coltrane's striving on *Chasin'* in no wise mitigates the failure in attainment. If anything, the very loftiness of the goal tends to magnify it out of all proportion. It is, however, one of the noblest failures on record. (P.W.)



## CLASSICS

### Ivan Davis

IVAN DAVIS—Columbia ML-5695 and MS-6295: *Sonatas (Longo Nos. 286, 23, 352, 238, 119)*, by Scarlatti; *Sonata in G Major*, by Haydn; *Sonata in F Major, K.332*, by Mozart.

Personnel: Davis, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Although Davis, a 28-year-old Texan, won the Franz Liszt piano competition two years ago, this recital of works from the classical era offers more persuasive proof of his talents than did his previous Liszt disc. The Scarlatti sonatas are rattled off as showpieces by so many young pianists that a performance of them as music rates a bow.

There is style in his Haydn and Mozart, too, though it might be claimed that he gives too much of a mannered, Mendelssohnian quality to his phrasing. His tempos are generally on the slow side. Piano sound is excellent. (D.H.)

### Karl Scheit/Wiener Solisten

THE VIRTUOSO GUITAR—Vanguard BSG-5043: *Concertos for Guitar in D Major and for Guitar and Viola d'Amore in D Minor*, by Vivaldi; *Concerto for Guitar*, by Carulli; *Concerto for Solo Violin and Guitar*, by Torelli; *The King of Denmark's Galliard*, *Captain Digorie Piper His Galliard*, by Dowland.

Personnel: Scheit, guitar; Wiener Solisten, Wilfried Bottecher, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Despite its title, this is an album devoted neither to the guitar nor to virtuosity. Only the Carulli concerto originally was written for the instrument; the others are lute transcriptions. And very little of this music exploits the guitar as a virtuoso instrument, blending it, rather, with the ensemble in a way more typical of the Baroque concerto grosso than of the concerto of later times.

But there is meat in this record for those whose tastes do not begin with Beethoven and end with Sibelius. Scheit plays expertly, with a sweet (though small) tone, and the Vienna soloists are aware of nuances of style that make the two Vivaldi works especially charming. (D.H.)

### Various Artists

MUSICAL FUN—Kapp KC-9069-S: *Toy Symphony, Op. 85*, by I. Lachner; *Concerto Buffo (The Music Makers) for Baritone and Orchestra*, by W. F. Bach; *Toy Symphony*, by Leopold Mozart; *Toy Symphony*, by C. Reinecke.

Personnel: Kapp Sinfonietta, Emanuel Vardi, conductor; William Metcalf, baritone.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

It must have seemed an inspired idea to collect several toy symphonies on the same disc, but the results are rather trying to listen to after a few minutes.

Papa Mozart's work, long attributed to Haydn, is the only really well-known piece here. The others are worth hearing (preferably one at a time), and Vardi's group certainly throws itself into the spirit of the thing.

Among instruments employed are the ratchet, nightingale, cuckoo, quail, toy trumpet, lyre, mouth harp, toy drums, bell tree, tea tray, and glass butter dish. It is easy to trace the spiritual lineage of the *musique concrete* funsters in these pieces. (D.H.)

## JAZZ

### Cannonball Adderley

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY SEXTET IN NEW YORK—Riverside 404: *Gemini*; *Planet Earth*; *Dizzy's Business*; *Syn-anthesia*; *Scotch and Water*; *Cannon's Theme*.

Personnel: Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Yusuf Lateef, tenor saxophone, flute, oboe; Joe Zawinul, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Louis Hayes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the first recording of the new Adderley sextet; in fact, it hadn't been together very long when this album was cut in January at New York's Village Vanguard (rapidly becoming a couple of record companies' second studio).

By chance, I was in the club part of the time that this album was being recorded. My impression then was that the addition of Lateef was a step forward for the group, which had tented more and more to rework the same material. But while three horns sounded fuller than two, of course, and there was greater variety of sound, I felt the band needed more ensemble rehearsal; the newness of the sixth man was still present.

But the inspiration of the sixth man was there, too. Maybe things were a bit rough, but there was more spirit in the group. Cannon especially seemed fired up by Lateef's presence.

The album bears out my in-person im-

pression of the group.

Lateef's doubling is put to good use on Jimmy Heath's 6/8 blues, in which his flute has the lead, and on his own *Syn-anthesia*, a dissonant, floating composition, in which his oboe adds a warm, woody texture to the ensemble and is heard in a charming solo that ends in a barrage of musical kisses.

On tenor, Lateef almost steals the show from the other soloists. His heavy-toned, lumbering solos slash out at everything that crosses their path, yet it's a swinging heaviness, arching from side to side. In some spots, Lateef, unfortunately, delves into his trick bag, pulling out low-register double notes, growls and groans that would best be displayed less often. Still, Lateef's performance are some of the most emotional of the set.

Nat seems ill at ease on *Gemini* and only a little more relaxed on *Earth*. It seems that when he is not too sure of himself, he falls into playing Miles Davis instead of Nat Adderley. He warms up considerably on *Dizzy's* with a skittering, dancing solo sounding like a witty bow in Gillespie's direction. But Nat is most relaxed and natural in his short solo on *Theme*, which is a three-minute set-ender complete with applause-getting announce-

## JAZZ RECORD down beat's 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.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- ☐ John Coltrane, *Settin' the Pace* (Prestige 7213)
- ☐ Red Garland, *High Pressure* (Prestige 7209)
- ☐ *An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet* (Verve 8401)
- ☐ *Listen to Barry Harris* (Riverside 392)
- ☐ Mark Murphy, *Rah!* (Riverside 395)
- ☐ Oscar Peterson, *The Trio* (Verve 8420)
- ☐ Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, *Either Way* (Fred Miles Presents 1)

★ ★ ★ ★

- ☐ *The Cannonball Adderley Quintet Plus* (Riverside 388)
- ☐ Kenny Burrell, *Blue Lights* (Blue Note 1597)
- ☐ 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)
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *The "Original" Stardust* (Decca 74194)
- ☐ *Here's Hope* (Celebrity 209)
- ☐ Oscar Peterson-Milt Jackson, *Very Tall* (Verve 8429)
- ☐ Roland Kirk, *Kirk's Work* (Prestige 7210)
- ☐ Tommy Ladnier, (reissue) *Blues and Stomps* (Riverside 154)
- ☐ 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)
- ☐ Roosevelt Sykes, *Blues* (Folkways FS 3827)
- ☐ *The Essential Art Tatum* (Verve 8433)
- ☐ Clark Terry, *Color Changes* (Candid 8009)
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ments by Cannon.

But the solo honors must go to Cannon, who has suffered (unjustly, I think) in recent comparisons with Nat and with almost any altoist who has not met with financial success. That this man is a jazzman of great ability can be heard in his soaring *Gemini* solo; much of the solo's immediate appeal is rhythmic, but on repeated listening the shape and melodiousness of it becomes apparent. It's an exciting excursion. He can be direct in his melodic ideas also, as his natural ebullience on *Syn-anthesia*, letting the reflective side of his playing come forth. On the other hand, his *Earth* solo seems without thought or direction, as if only his fingers were playing, not his head or heart.

Jones and Hayes turns in their usual expert heads-down, hard-swing section jobs; neither solo.

This is the first Cannonball Adderley group record since Zawinul joined the band last spring. The Vienna-born pianist fits in better with the group than did either Barry Harris or Vic Feldman. Zawinul sticks pretty much in the funk-soul groove, but his right hand occasionally darts through the murk to give the impression that he can play with more sparkle than he does here.

All told, this LP augurs well for the sextet, though there is still work to be done. (D.DeM.)

### Dorothy Ashby

DOROTHY ASHBY—Argo 690; *Lonely Melody*; *Secret Love*; *Gloomy Sunday*; *Satin Doll*; *John R.*; *I'll Darlin'*; *Booze*; *Django*; *You Stepped out of a Dream*; *Stranger in Paradise*. Personnel: Miss Ashby, harp; Herman Wright, bass; John Tooley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Miss Ashby's approach to these pieces is direct and straight-forward. She dispenses with the decorations and frills so dear to the hearts of harpists, cuts through to the essentials of the tunes, and gives them an astutely swinging interpretation with close, perceptive support by Wright on bass. The results often sound like distillations of beautifully phrased guitar solos with a somewhat richer coloration.

The guitaristic basic of John Lewis' *Django* comes out very pronouncedly in Miss Ashby's treatment, a special gem among a series of brilliant performances. (J.S.W.)

### Benny Carter

BENNY CARTER FURTHER DEFINITIONS—Impulse 12; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set*; *Crazy Rhythm*; *Blue Star*; *Cotton Tail*; *Body and Soul*; *Cherry*; *Doozy*.

Personnel: Carter, Phil Woods, alto saxophones; Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Rouse, tenor saxophones; Dick Katz, piano; John Collins, guitar; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

With arrangements by Carter, some of them reflecting sessions he had with Hawkins in Paris in the '30s, and with both Carter and Hawkins in brilliant form, this set is a swinging joy.

Carter's writing for the four saxophones is rich and solid, particularly his orchestration of the opening sections of Hawkins' classic 1939 *Body and Soul* solo. In contrasting moods, his ensemble treatment of *Cotton Tail* is vibrantly strong while his writing on *Sun* glows with a lovely sheen.

Out of these ensembles Hawkins leaps, swaggers, or rises imposingly, as the situation demands. His is the dominant, commanding voice, but Carter, in his light, fluent way, is unfailingly interesting.

Stacked against two such giants as Hawkins and Carter, Rouse and Woods can only come out second best. But they hold their ends up creditably even though their solos are, almost inevitably, stage waits until the two stars come on again. The rhythm section backs them commendably although Garrison's loose, slapping bass sometimes seems out of place. (J.S.W.)

### Miles Davis

SOMEDAY MY PRINCE WILL COME—Columbia 1656; *Someday My Prince Will Come*; *Old Folks*; *Pfancing*; *Drad-Dog*; *Teo*; *I Thought About You*.

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Hank Mobley, John Coltrane, tenor saxophones; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If anything, this set stresses Davis' highly introspective side. On four of the six selections he is muted, lonely and/or mournful. *Old Folks*, *Drad-Dog*, and *Thought* are typically lovely statments. His moods are extremely lyrical and emotionally moving.

The other two selections find him playing open but relatively subdued. Their titles are a sore point, for Columbia has chosen to call them by names other than the ones they appeared under (in different versions) in Miles' *Friday and Saturday Night at the Black Hawk* album. Are they trying to fool the public or has it got something to do with song royalties? Anyway *Teo* is really *Neo*, and *Pfancing* is *No Blues*.

Another misleading fact is that the group is billed as a sextet, when, in reality it is only a sextet on the title number. I can understand Davis' request for no liner notes (I assume that is why there are none), but that shouldn't have prevented Columbia from specifying the tunes on which Coltrane and Mobley play.

After Miles leads off *Prince* with a wonderful sweet-and-sour muted solo, Mobley comes in, mellow, simple, and evenly flowing, as Cobb effectively switches to sticks. Kelly is both melodically and rhythmically stimulating. Then Coltrane caps everyone with an effort that reaches for and finds unexpected combinations of exquisite held notes and rich, rapid runs. There is a haphazard pacing to *Prince*, but but it does not detract from it. Davis and Kelly each have sections that serve as interludes. After Davis has restated the theme, Kelly stretches out in a closing section that kind of evaporates rather than ends.

The only other number with Coltrane (and Mobley is not on this one) is the aforementioned *Teo*, a minor tune cast in a modal vein. Davis' solo is an aftermath of *Sketches of Spain*; Coltrane's is the forerunner of *Olé* (originally *Spanish Tune*). Modal playing can be monotonous, and there are arid periods in each one's solo. Coltrane, however, builds to a pitch of excitement, and Davis, who has two solos, finishes strongly with the second.

Mobley is on all other selections. He



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is subdued and thoughtful on *Folks* and appropriately distant in an abbreviated bit on *Dog*. His best is on *Thought*, where he picks up Davis' second chorus, wherein Cobb has injected some insinuating stick pulse, and carries the mood perfectly until the tempo comes down again and Davis returns.

Mobley is not especially inventive on *Pfancing*, but he swings surely in the way he places his notes.

Davis, after a good opening, bogs down. The solos by Chambers and Kelly take the honors here. The latter has three separate good ones, and Chambers is fine, with some really exceptional moments. Kelly is excellent throughout the album, both in solo and accompaniment. Some of his two-handed sections in the upper part of the keyboard, put one in mind of Bill Evans, in mood if not in style. His single-lines are simultaneously hard and soft.

Cobb and Chambers groove perfectly together and with Kelly. The rhythm section, individually and as a whole, is very well recorded.

Howard McGhee was quoted recently as saying that Davis used to play "more." In part, this is true. I find solos like *Bluing* (Prestige, 1951), although technically inferior to his trumpet playing today, touch me more than the kind of blues playing that is represented by *Pfancing*. And then, of course, there are *Bags' Groove* and *Walkin'* of 1954. But the Davis of the 1960s is another man and, as a result, has a different musical attitude. Just because he is playing less, in terms of notes, doesn't mean his powers have lessened.

Anything Davis does is important. This is one to get. And that Coltrane solo on *Prince!* (I.G.)

**Bill Evans**

**WALTZ FOR DEBBY**—Riverside 399: *My Foolish Heart*; *Waltz for Debby*; *Detour Ahead*; *My Romance*; *Some Other Time*; *Milestones*.  
Personnel: Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The tender, gentle side of Evans, representing what is probably the most essential aspect of his fresh and endearing style, is predominantly represented here. Even the up tempos somehow achieve the ambience of a ballad. This does not mean that Evans fails to swing but rather that his extraordinary grace informs everything he does.

As in previous albums, there are extended examinations of songs that, in lesser hands, might not seem worth such treatment. Yet, as the lucid and sensitive Joe Goldberg liner notes point out, there is much more to a track like *My Foolish Heart* than the superior cocktail or background music it might seem to be at a first superficial hearing.

Evans' most valuable gift is his amazing harmonic sense, conveyed through subtle uses of inner voices, and concepts that are as interesting horizontally as vertically. This is especially notable in *Detour Ahead* and *My Romance*. The latter, like *Debby*, is a new version of a work played in Evans' first LP, in 1956.

The Miles Davis *Milestones* is the most meaningful track from the rhythmic standpoint. The trio here—and, for that matter,



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# BE CAWM BT

Bill Evans, according to no less an authority than Time Magazine, has a following that is not "large" but extremely "distinguished." We never like



to argue with the press—whether it be Down Beat (whose readers voted Bill third among all the many pianists out there) or The Billboard (which tabbed him as most promising of all jazz pianists) or what-have-you. So we won't take Time to task: after all, they did recognize the key fact that vast numbers of fellow-musicians, who ought to know best, are outspoken Evans fans. Besides, what better way to make everyone claim to be an Evans appreciator than to state that all of you who dig him are, by definition, members of a super-discerning and extra-tasteful minority? Clever, eh?

Our biggest problem, however, has never been with other people's reactions as much as with Bill himself. From the start it was clear that this was a lyrical and imaginative artist of rare talent; and also that this was a most self-critical, self-demanding artist—he waited two years between albums 1 and 2, and another year before 3. By now he is on a more normal recording schedule, although still not really enough to suit either us or his many followers. His latest: a pair of wonderful on-the-job efforts made, fortunately, just before the sudden death of his great bassist, Scott LaFaro—

SUNDAY AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD (RLP 376; Stereo 9376) • WALTZ FOR DEBBY (RLP 399; Stereo 9399)

Other albums are—  
EXPLORATIONS (RLP 351; Stereo 9351) • PORTRAIT IN JAZZ (RLP 315; Stereo 1162) • EVERYBODY DIGS BILL EVANS (RLP 291; Stereo 1129) • NEW JAZZ CONCEPTIONS (RLP 223)

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



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

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

Other Adderley best-sellers include—

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

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



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

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

Other albums include—

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

Bobby Timmons is about the best two-word definition we could possibly think of for that rather over-used current jazz term: soul. Forget most of the people who have had that expression used to describe them and concentrate on young Mr. Timmons—that's our admittedly biased advice to those who really want to know what soul music is all about, and who want to enjoy themselves thoroughly while learning. You can start with his compositions: This Here, Moanin', Dat Dere, So Tired, and so on; all of them richly earthy, down-home, swinging, hand-clapping and foot-tapping musical experiences. Or with his highly personal piano style: to which you can equally well apply all the adjectives we've just used to describe his tunes. You can hear Bobby on records in his past roles as a key sideman with Art Blakey and with Cannonball Adderley, or of course on his own Riverside albums.



Most recently, Timmons has taken the inevitable step of branching out as a full-time leader in his own right, with two of today's most impressive younger rhythm-section men—bassist Ron Carter and drummer Al Heath—completing his trio. That means that you can also observe the soulful performance of the Timmons group in person, which is generally the way such a unit generates the most excitement, and which is exactly the way they were captured in their first album together—

THE BOBBY TIMMONS TRIO IN PERSON (RLP 391; Stereo 9391)

Bobby's other albums are—  
THIS HERE IS BOBBY TIMMONS (RLP 317; Stereo 1164) • SOUL TIME (RLP 334; Stereo 9334) • EASY DOES IT (RLP 363; Stereo 9363)

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at most points throughout the album—is a deftly integrated unit.

LaFaro is fantastic. His solos are among the LP's most impressive moments. Yet despite the cohesion among the three men, one cannot help sensing that there are times when LaFaro is on his own; when, if he is listening to Evans, he at least doesn't give that impression. Part of this results from his light sound, all highs, and often in the upper reaches of the instrument. It is almost as if he were a solo voice, a cellist, in effect, and a bass player could have been added to give bottom to the group.

The set was recorded, like one of Evans' best previous albums, at the Village Vanguard. I don't know what that meant to

Evans—possibly he is one of those artists who needs the stimulation of a club crowd—but to me it only means that somebody who had an irritating cough that day should have stayed home.

Motian is his usual tasteful, discreet self throughout. In all, a superior if not quite superlative Evans effort. (L.G.F.)

#### Maynard Ferguson

MAYNARD '62—Roulette 52083: *Have You Met Miss Jones?*; *Maria*; *Zip 'n' Zap*; *Lazy Afternoon*; *Go East, Young Man*; *This Is My Lucky Day*; *"X" Stream*; *Four*; *Pretty Little Nieda*; *'Round About the Blues*.

Personnel: Ferguson, Chet Ferretti, Don Rader, Nat Pavone, trumpets; Slide Hampton, Kenny Rupp, trombones; Lanny Morgan, alto saxophone, flute; Willie Maiden, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Don Menza, tenor, soprano saxophones, flute; Frank Hittner, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet;

Mike Abene, piano; Line Milliman, bass; Rufus Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

With only two or three exceptions, the contents of *Maynard '62* are little different from those in his best-selling *Maynard '61* collection.

Most of the tracks on '62 possess the same strident bellicosity of approach that has characterized this band's work from the start. These pieces are in the shrill, brittle style that has become identified with the Ferguson outfit, a style compounded of equal parts Stan Kenton and Woody Herman. Enthusiastic, to be sure, but not really very adventurous, or even exciting.

But there are three exceptions that may represent a new direction for the band. *Lazy Afternoon*, *Go East*, and *Nieda* are mildly exotic charts in which Ferguson strikes tentatively into broader harmonic areas than have been usual with him. None of the three, however, is a particularly successful venture, all being pointless exercises in coloristic moods used as ends in themselves rather than for the achievement of anything cogent or coherent. The mood piece *Lazy Afternoon*, perhaps the most effective of the three, is a curiously flatulent melange of Gil Evans and Gustav Holst and is, in the final analysis, a piece of lightweight frippery.

Just how far Ferguson goes with this direction remains to be seen, but it does allow at least a respite from the band's usual fortississimo approach. (P.W.)

#### Don Friedman

A DAY IN THE CITY—Riverside 384: *Dawn*; *Midday*; *Rush Hour*; *Sunset*; *Early Evening*; *Night*.

Personnel: Friedman, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Joe Hunt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As is abundantly evident in this six-part suite, based in part on an old folk motif *The Minstrel Boy*, Friedman is a pianist of extraordinary ingenuity and originality. A thoroughly schooled musician of modern compositional persuasion, Friedman will strike most listeners as a spiritual cohort of Bill Evans, for their approaches are markedly similar. Friedman possesses the same spare, lyric charm, though his is a more angular, fragmented style than Evans' limpid, flowing one.

This composition is, in a sense, program music — descriptive or, rather, evocative of the varying moods of city life suggested by the six subsidiary titles. Yet these serve merely as points of reference; the music is more than capable of standing on its own aside from any programmatic connotations it might possess. It is strong yet graceful, vigorous yet sensitive and delicate—in the best sense of that term.

To achieve his ends (the moods associated with the various periods of the day), Friedman has used essentially rhythmic means.

Each of the six variations is characterized by a specific rhythm feeling: *Dawn* is taken at a bright, buoyant medium tempo, which is slowed down to a gently ruminative one in *Midday*. *Rush Hour* is indicated by both jagged sonorities and



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brisk up tempo. This pulse is retained in *Sunset*, though the sonorities are more regularized. In *Early Evening* the pace is almost funereal and the climate at times forbidding. The concluding segment, *Night*, alternates between whimsy and restful calm, ultimately achieving resolution in a return to the thematic material of the initial segment.

In none of the six variations is the rhythm strict, or even constant, but is in a state of flux, moving in and out of tempo as the needs of the melodic material dictate. I have indicated merely the general rhythm outlines of the segments.

*A Day in the City* is an altogether brilliant achievement in both conception and execution. Friedman is a composer and improviser of impeccable taste, warmth, and quiet, controlled power, playing with discretion and a finely modeled logic that always knows where it is going. Mind and heart are in perfect accord, neither overweighing the other.

But for a certain over-all melodic sameness, the rating would have been even higher. As it is, this is a significant debut recording. (P.W.)

#### Clifford Jordan

**STARTING TIME**—Jazzland 52: *Sunrise in Mexico*; *Extremore*; *Down through the Years*; *Quittin' Time*; *One Flight Down*; *Windmill*; *Don't You Know I Care?*; *Mosaic*.

Personnel: Jordan, tenor saxophone; Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Cedar Walton, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Though this set is formed within the familiar frame of the blowing session,

the skill in preparation of the skeletal arrangements is such that one is given the impression of much precession midnight oil-burning. The arrangements are impeccably played and with honest vitality, to boot. Verily, rehearsals pay off.

Jordan, a passionate player with a hard-edged tone and a no-nonsense approach to blowing, is in fine form. Whether racing with a rip-snorter such as *Windmill* or doing a probing and sensitive job of interpretation, as on the old Duke Ellington ballad, *Don't You Know I Care?* he reveals himself as a tenorist of importance and an able writer, too.

Dorham and Walton, the other principal soloists, are equally fluent and expressive. The latter continues to emerge as one of the future big guns of jazz piano. At this point, he has two invaluable assets going for him—economy and taste.

Though Ware's job in the rhythm section is more than adequately performed, he stands out occasionally in some of the arrangements, notably the opening *Sunrise*, in which he sets the tone of the performance with fire and certitude. Ware's mate, Heath, is an undeviating, timekeeper whose tasteful cymbal work on *Quittin' Time*, for example, is a blessed bonus. Moreover, in his short solo on the same track, he reveals added attributes of control and intelligence. He doesn't overdo, as is the case with many drummers older than he.

The themes are varied both in character and in authorship. The second, third, and fourth are Jordan originals, ranging from the jagged, neurotic *Extremore* to

the lonely *Years*, in which Dorham, Walton, and Jordan capture its rather obvious poignancy very well.

Dorham wrote the minor *Sunrise*, an exercise in exotica and shifting rhythms, and the flying *Windmill*, which gets all three soloists to buckle down to three minutes and 52 seconds of plain hard work and some truly high moments of good jazz.

*Mosaic* and *One Flight* are Walton's. The former is another minor-keyed bow toward the Middle East and contains an excellent piano solo; the latter is a medium blues with its line dominated by a rocking dotted-eighth-16th figure that influences Dorham to stab out the phrases in his solo.

A stirring set, to be sure, with good solo work all around and a rhythm section that, in addition to its flawless time-keeping, is all spunk and fire. (J.A.T.)

#### Roland Kirk

**WE FREE KINGS**—Mercury 60679: *Three for the Festival*; *Moon Song*; *A Sack Full of Soul*; *The Haunted Melody*; *Blues for Alice*; *We Free Kings*; *You Did It, You Did It*; *Some Kind of Love*; *My Delight*.

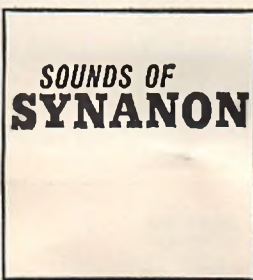
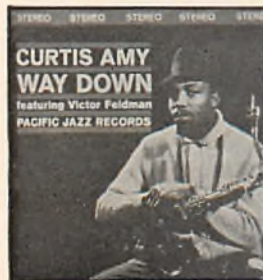
Personnel: Kirk, flute, manzello, tenor saxophone, strich; Richard Wyands or Hank Jones, piano; Art Davis or Wendell Marshall, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If Kirk played nothing but flute, he would by now be rated one of the two or three leading flutists in jazz. (If he played nothing but manzello, undoubtedly he would rank among the 10 top manzello-ists.) Like many before him, Kirk is a

## WORTH HAVING/PACIFIC JAZZ

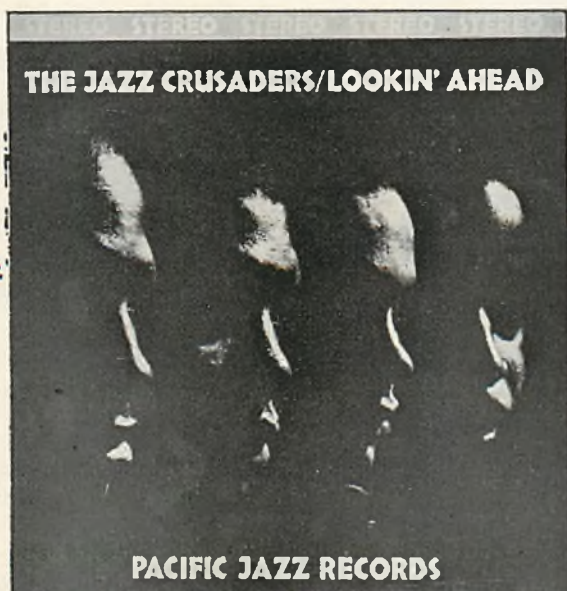
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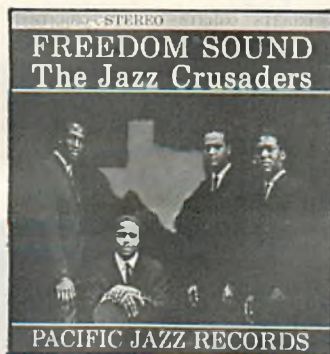


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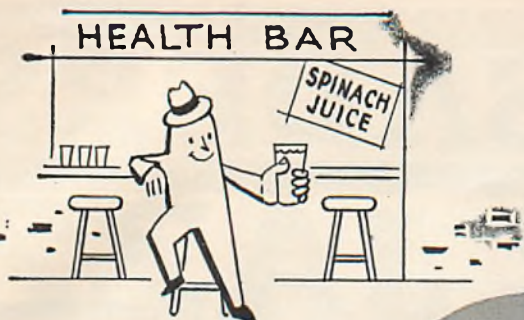
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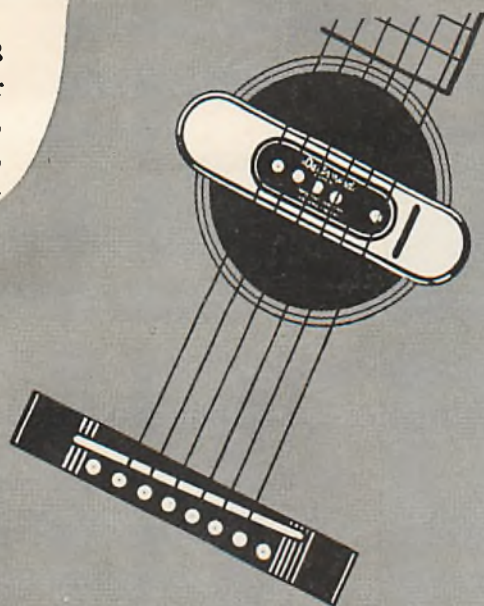
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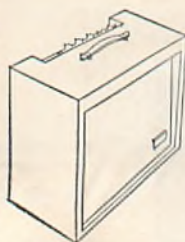
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man of too many talents for the public to absorb simultaneously. His occasional blowing of two or three horns at once has tended to relegate him to the novelty category, though invariably this gimmick is used as a means to a musically logical end.

Like Pearl Bailey, Kirk is one of those artists whose records get to you quicker if you have previously seen an in-person performance. But this album, his best to date, would make its point even if you had never heard of Kirk and thought the multiple sounds were produced by two or three men, or by one man overdubbing.

The three-horns-in-one-mouth bit (manzello, tenor, and strich) is employed most effectively on the opening track of each side. *Three for the Festival*, which in these waltz-conscious times you might assume to be in 3/4, actually is a fast blues in four that derives its title from the triple-horn opening, then plunges into some admirable flute work. The title number, derived from the Christmas carol, is a Gospel-infused track featuring flute and manzello.

Kirk is a capable, if not shatteringly original, composer. *Sack* is a simple blues stated by two horns; *Haunted* has a pretty melody, though the manzello becomes uncomfortably shrill toward the end; *Delight* is a Tadd Dameron, 1945 type of swinger, and *Some Kind* is a waltz in which both composition and tenor solo are unmistakably Sonny Rollins-influenced. *Alice*, a Charlie Parker line, has good solos by Kirk, Wyands, and Persip.

The real gas of them all is *You Did It*, a "song-flute" explosion with Kirk simultaneously playing and humming, as well as gasping and gulping. It's genuine; it's soulful; it's humorous; it's entirely original. What more can you want?

If Kirk can lighten up the oboelike harshness of the manzello, he will be able to reach those who may find the sound a little hard to take. Basically, though, there is very little wrong with anything he does here or with the way he says it.

He is a very important, vital, and honest musician who would be no more or less important if he did just one thing at a time—or, for that matter, if he played seven shining Selmers all at once.

(L.G.F.)

### Gerry Mulligan

ON TOUR—Verve 8438: *Go Home*; *Barbara's Theme*; *Theme from I Want to Live*; *The Red Door*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Apple Core*; *Go Home*.

Personnel: Nick Travis, Don Ferrara, Conte Candoli; trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Willie Dennis, Alan Raph, trombones; Gene Quill, clarinet; Bob Donovan, alto saxophone; Zoot Sims, Jim Reider, tenor saxophones; Gene Allen, bass clarinet, baritone saxophone; Mulligan, baritone saxophone, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

All the performances in this collection are taken from tapes made at concerts by Mulligan's band in Italy, Germany, and California. In some respects, this is the best set by the band that has been released.

The group is more relaxed, more at ease than it has appeared in its other recordings. The result is a looser, more flexible attack that does not lose any of its swinging impact. And these pieces do



swing from start to finish, for Sims is the featured soloist on most of them, blowing with the blithe fluency that is Sims at his best and providing a superb foil for Mulligan's baritone saxophone.

Two excellent and quite different versions of Ben Webster's *Go Home* are included, providing an interesting view of the amount of flexibility that can be present even within a big band. *Rain or Shine*, which Mulligan has previously recorded with the band as a solo showcase for himself, is here heard with Sims taking the solo. The Italian tape is uncomfortably fuzzy, but the three pieces recorded in Milan—a slow version of *Go Home*, *Barbara's Theme*, and *Apple Core*—are so good that it's worth listening through the tape hiss to hear them.

(J.S.W.)

## OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Richard Twardzik

THE LAST SET—Pacific Jazz 37: *A Crutch for the Crab*; *Yellow Tango*; *Bess*, *You Is My Woman*; *Just One of Those Things*; *Albuquerque Social Swim*; *I'll Remember April*; *'Round Midnight*; *The Girl from Greenland*.

Personnel: Twardzik, piano; Carson Smith, bass; Peter Littman, drums. Track 8—Jimmy Bond replaces Smith; Chet Baker, trumpet, added.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

When Twardzik died in Europe in 1955, he had just begun to emerge from the run-of-the-mill of jazz pianists as one with a great deal of individuality and promise.

The evidence—apparently all the evidence he left—is contained in these performances, all but one of which have been previously released. The new item, *Just One of Those Things*, is a fuzzy performance well below the standard of the rest of Twardzik's work.

There was a touch of the wry in most of Twardzik's musical thinking. His own compositions are inclined to be a compound of wry and rhythm—note *Albuquerque*, with its satirical, scene-setting opening that gives way to a strongly swinging exposition. He heard melodies somewhat as Thelonious Monk does, a leaning that appears in both *Crutch* and *Yellow Tango*. And there is warmth, great warmth, in his playing, not only when he is swinging along with a buoyant beat, but in his slow, ruminative interpretations of *Bess* and *Midnight*.

For a man who was given only a single chance to leave something of himself on records, Twardzik made remarkably effective use of that opportunity. (J.S.W.)

## VOCAL

Oscar Brown Jr.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL—Columbia 1774: *Mr. Kicks*; *Hazel's Hips*; *Excuse Me for Livin'*; *Lucky Guy*; *Forbidden Fruit*; *Opportunity*, *Please Knock*; *Elegy*; *Sam's Life*; *Hymn to Friday*; *Love Is a New-Born Child*; *When Melindy Sings*; *World Full of Gray*.

Personnel: Brown, vocals; Joe Newman, trumpet; other personnel unlisted.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Brown has written all the melodies on this album, and all the lyrics with the

exception of *Elegy* and *Melindy*—poems by Gwendolyn Brooks and Paul Laurence Dunbar, which he has set to music.

Brown is at least as interested in social commentary as he is in music. The songs range from *Hazel's Hips*—the tale of a girl whose contours fascinate the singer—to *Elegy*, "which describes the landmarks of south Chicago life passed by a funeral cortege."

One need listen only to *Sam's Life*, a description of the sacrifices a laborer makes so that his children may have a brighter future than he does, to realize that Brown is in earnest.

But where subtlety and rapier-sharp observations are concerned, Brown falls short of the king of street poets—Babs Gonzales. Brown moves you because of his sincerity, but there is no set of lyrics here that can compare with Gonzales' *Broadway—Four A. M.* Gonzales doesn't come right out and say "I'm poor" or "I'm beat," but when you finish reading that poem, you know it.

Among the most enjoyable moments on this album are *Hymn to Friday*, on which Brown joyously sings, over a Latin beat, the sentiment of those who work five days a week (Thank God it's Friday) and the love song *New-Born Child*. These compositions express the kind of open romanticism that is found in Broadway show tunes. This isn't praise or criticism, but it did catch me off guard in view of some of the other material.

As a singer, Brown is better than average. He doesn't have a memorable range but is rhythmically surefooted And

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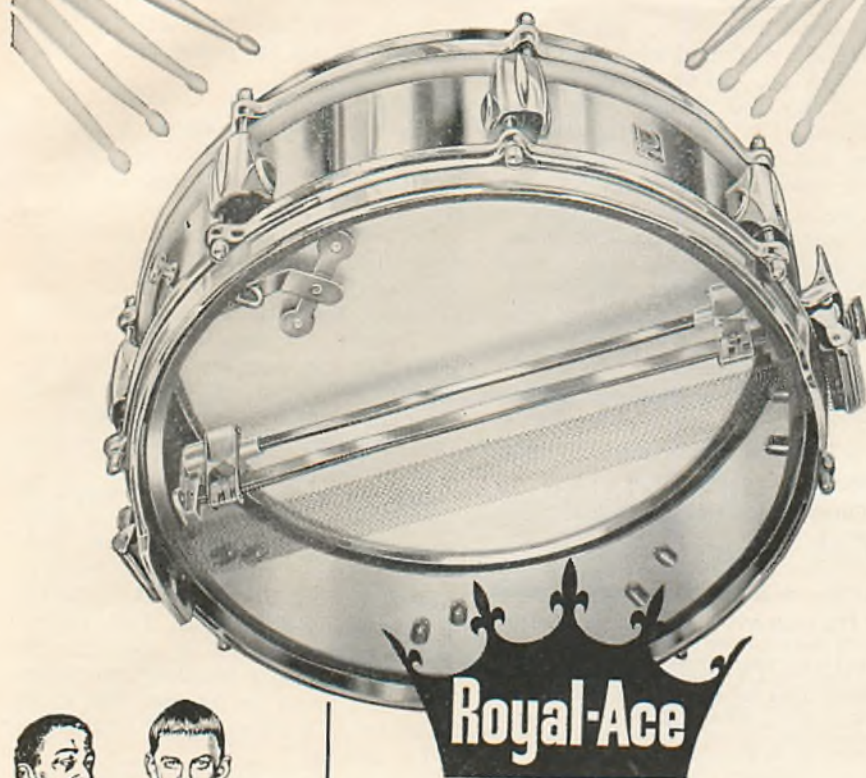
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he builds relentlessly on *Melindy*.

Quincy Jones and Ralph Burns are credited as arrangers but are given little chance to display their considerable talents. (H.P.)

## Carmen McRae

LOVER MAN—Columbia 1730: *Them There Eyes*; *Yesterdays*; *I'm Gonna Lock My Heart*; *Strange Fruit*; *Miss Brown to You*; *My Man*; *I Cried for You*; *Lover Man*; *Trav'lin' Light*; *Some Other Spring*; *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*; *God Bless the Child*.

Personnel: Miss McRae, vocals; Nat Adderley, cornet; Eddie Davis, tenor saxophone; Mundell Lowe, guitar; Norman Simmons, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The theory that someone can pay "tribute" to a dead jazz artist by using the latter's material is extremely questionable. Desecration is frequently the result, and if the dead artist had any individuality (which is usually the case, since there would be no point in paying "tribute" otherwise), the best that can be hoped for is a poor imitation of the real thing. And there is always the lurking suspicion that the live performer is simply trying to trade on the dead performer's reputation.

Columbia has not called this collection of songs associated with Billie Holiday a "tribute," but the general effect is in that vein. These are all songs that were completely Miss Holiday's or, in the instances of *Yesterdays* and *My Man*, she could lay claim to a considerable chunk of them. She recorded all of them, and her recordings except for *Trav'lin'* are available or soon will be.

So why have Miss McRae do them? Taking the songs one by one, in most cases there is a perfectly valid reason: These are songs that are well suited to Miss McRae's darkly throaty, pulsant style. She has a lot of voice and a sense of dramatic timing that—when she is not simply posturing (and she avoids this onetime habit in most of these pieces)—enable her to project such songs as *Strange Fruit*, *Lover Man*, and *Spring* with great effectiveness. She is less consistent on the up-tempo numbers because she is frequently lured into flight of hip Valkyrieism (though she rips through *I Cried* without succumbing).

Davis comes swaggering out of the background on several pieces to swing everybody right into the ground, but otherwise Miss McRae is much less helpfully served by the musicians with her than Miss Holiday was by Teddy Wilson's fabulous studio bands.

Miss McRae is not imitating Miss Holiday when she sings these songs, although there are some familiar nuances and occasional direct quotes. Taken outside the Holiday context, the slower pieces are logical and useful elements of Miss McRae's personal repertory.

There is every reason for her to sing them, but one questions the value of arranging a program in such a fashion that Miss McRae must inevitably contend with the memory of how Miss Holiday did each of these songs. Under the circumstances, Miss Holiday's way was the way, and Miss McRae can only come out second best. (J.S.W.)

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# BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER



Nat

Cannonball

## THE ADDERLEYS PART TWO

### THE RECORDS:

1. Clifford Brown. *Lover, Come Back to Me* (from *Clifford Brown Memorial*, Prestige). Brown, Art Farmer, trumpets; Bengt Hallberg, piano; Lars Gullin, baritone saxophone; Arne Domnerus, alto saxophone; Gunnar Johnson, bass; Jack Noren, drums. Recorded in September, 1953, in Stockholm, Sweden.

**CANNONBALL:** It's certainly Clifford Brown and Art Farmer. It has to be 1953. For the time, especially, I thought they both sounded very well. And I always liked Bengt Hallberg's lyricism. I thought this was just fair Lars Gullin. I didn't like the alto player, simply because he didn't swing enough. Sounded like Paul Desmond without Paul Desmond's pretty sound. And the rhythm section never really got off the ground.

It was interesting to hear how they sounded then. Brownie was startling, with the same facility he always had. Beautiful. And Farmer had that warm feeling then that he has today.

**NAT:** You remember the old Basie records with Prez? You know how Prez sounds like a breath of fresh air when he comes in? Sounding so much in front of the rest of what's going on at the time? Well, this is the way it sounds to me with Brownie and Art.

Bengt Hallberg plays well, but I can't stand that way of playing with the left hand. That's one of my pet hates, piano players who use the left hand like that. But I liked what he was doing with his right hand. The rest of the cats, I didn't dig 'em, period.

**CANNONBALL:** That alto player must have been Arne Domnerus.

**NAT:** Well, he sure got a lot better a little later on, 'cause I heard something else by him when I was over there. I guess I'll give this about 3½ for Brownie and Art—and for the time it was made. I'd have given it an awful lot more if it wasn't for that rhythm section.

**CANNONBALL:** If it was 1953 or early '54, it was during the height of the West Coast jazz thing, where the foreign cats' only point of reference was the cats out in California. If those cats were influenced by Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond and so forth, I can understand it, and I even sympathize with them, so I'd disagree with you on the rating and give them four stars.

**NAT:** You can give 'em four, but I'll stick with my rating, 'cause that ain't even good West Coast!

**CANNONBALL:** You don't think it's good Europe?

**NAT:** That ain't even good Alabama!

2. Duke Ellington. *The Swingers Get the Blues Too* (from *Blues in Orbit*, Columbia). Matthew Gee Jr., baritone horn, composer; Ray Nance, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Ellington, piano).

**CANNONBALL:** I liked everything but the rubato parts. It's worth wading through all that just to get to a few bars of Ray Nance and Johnny Hodges. Plus Duke's comp is always interesting. What was that in there? Sounded like a baritone horn.

**NAT:** Gotta give that a whole lot of stars.

**CANNONBALL:** That would be unfair, to give it too many, because Duke's done a lot of better things. But for Nance and Hodges give it four.

**NAT:** I'll give it 4½. Let me hear Ray's solo again!

3. Jackie McLean. *Quadrangle* (from *Jackie's Bag*, Blue Note). McLean, alto saxophone, composer; Donald Byrd, trumpet; Sonny Clark, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums.

**NAT:** You know, cats like Ornette and them should listen to somebody like Jackie. He's been out front like this for years. In fact, it isn't Ornette that should listen to him; I take that back. It's the people that are fostering that kind of thing, Nat Hentoff and them, should listen to what Jackie McLean is doing, and they'll find out that what Ornette's doing—it really ain't out there. You remember that thing *Melanie* that Jackie wrote a long time ago? You can't do anything hipper than that.

**CANNONBALL:** My first impression was that it was Max Roach's group, because the last part of that writing sounded like Booker Little's style of writing. Plus Donald's vibrato was similar to Booker's.

I could tell this was Donald; he has a lot of facility, but his chop trouble sometimes comes through in his playing. I guess it was Jackie's writing, and I enjoyed it, for the solos and everything. Five.

**NAT:** 4½.

4. John Kirby. *Milumbu* (Columbia). Charlie Shavers, trumpet, composer; Russell Procope, alto saxophone; Buster Bailey, clar-

inet; O'Neil Spencer, drums. Recorded in April, 1940.

**CANNONBALL:** Whenever this was recorded, the performance was superb. And they swung. Kirby's group was just too much. This was the first small band during the big-band era that made me sit up and take notice. Superb ideas and musicianship, and O'Neil Spencer was a fantastic drummer. Shavers, Buster Bailey—everybody in the band was great. Who came first, Procope or Benny Carter? Chronologically, I mean.

Our radio station in Tallahassee years ago had a great radio transcription made by the Kirby group, and we just sat glued to the radio.

**NAT:** Five.

**CANNONBALL:** Five.

5. Roland Kirk. *Doin' the Sixty-Eight* (from *Kirk's Work*, Prestige). Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, siren; composer; Jack McDuff, Hammond organ; Joe Benjamin, bass.

**NAT:** He plays so many funny instruments—I'm not sure, but that second one wasn't an alto, so it must have been the manzello or the strich or whatever.

I like what he played on the second solo better than what he played on the tenor. I was impressed that this time he managed to keep both horns in tune.

**CANNONBALL:** I think it was a soprano, and it sounded good. I have long been a Roland Kirk supporter, for more reasons than one. It amazes me that he can play all the horns at one time, but I also think he's genuinely talented.

The organist must have been a piano player, because I noticed that he let the figure he'd been playing throughout go when he took his solos. I know he's got two keyboards, and he had a bass player, so he could have kept it going. That was the weakest part of the record. A pretty good record, and because of its uniqueness, even more interesting.

**NAT:** I knew it was Roland Kirk when he played the siren. I wasn't sure during the tenor solo; and the second solo, when it began to sound like a soprano, I knew it wasn't Trane, and it certainly wasn't Steve Lacy. *The other cats played what they were supposed to, I guess.*


**CANNONBALL:** For Roland Kirk, four stars.

**NAT:** I agree.





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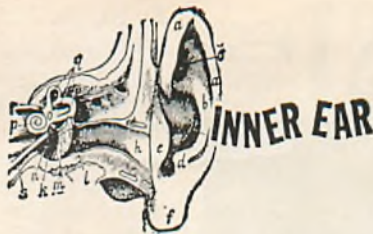
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By **BILL MATHIEU**

In connection with the big-band issue of *Down Beat*, this column will be about a subject it is my misfortune to know well: the rehearsal of new music. This should especially appeal to untried, and thus untormented, arrangers and composers who still look forward to that virgin sink-or-swim rehearsal with a good large orchestra.

Let's first consider the music and then the rehearsal of it.

When the writer is not intimately familiar with the band he is writing for, his first scores should be simple in both form and content. This is no snap, for a good, simple score is more difficult to compose than a good, complicated one. Specific things to avoid, if possible, are:

Excessive upper range in the brass (keep the trumpets down to one or two ledger lines, the trombones down to three or four); very fast or notey passages, especially where the fingering is not obvious; overabundant counterpoint; complicated drum parts; trick entrances.

The list does not include new, even strange, combinations of instruments, because musicians are often eager to try for the new sound, particularly those who play most of the time within their own sections.

The over-all idea of the music is more important than the notes. The best arrangements, as well as the ones that have lasted the longest, are those that best unravel the thread of their musical story, not those with the trickiest phrases. The bandleader looks for the story, not the fancy characters.

After the music is copied and ready to go, the parts and the score should be checked painstakingly for mistakes. This includes recounting the bars. "How many bars are there between letters C and D?" calls out the second trombonist.

The bigger the band, the more reason for late-starting rehearsals. So, before the rehearsal begins, the writer should decide what pieces to play and in what order. Better to rehearse one or two things well than four or five sloppily.

It is standard procedure for the writer to conduct his own music. The chief reason for this is that it permits the leader to hear the writer's conception of his own music, while not being forced simultaneously to sight-read and

conduct a new score.

Conduct with a score in front of you and as economically as possible. Indicate dynamics and the entrances of sections as well as individual instruments. It is a good idea to have previously watched the leader conduct his band and then use what you can of his conducting technique. The guys are used to him.

It is not necessary to start rehearsing a piece from its beginning. It might be advantageous to take the hardest part first, or the most characteristic parts, or conceivably the easiest parts. The object is to give the players a conception of the whole piece as soon as possible. At the first opportunity try to get through it once, without stops, from top to bottom.

Try to impart your sense of the swelling and falling of the phrases and the way the phrases are connected. If the players differ in their conception of the phrasing or the rhythm, then sing the parts as you want them to sound.

Once the piece has been gone through, clean it up if there is time, and run it again with stops. Then put it away and go on to the next. Just before the rehearsal is over, run through, without a stop, all the music that you've presented, as if in a concert. You'll find that, on the last time around, the musicians are playing as though at a performance, and the music will sound much better.

Given the informality of a jazz rehearsal and the new writer's natural inability to contend with hubbub, discipline can become a problem. The worst thing is to yell over the band for quiet. If possible, let the leader speak, if remonstrance is in order. When the writer is quiet and lets the band come to him, it usually will. Better to stand silently than to shout for silence.

At the close of the rehearsal, thank the players as a group.

Hearing one's own music for the first time is thrilling. But it may not be so thrilling to the 10 to 20 strangers who are playing it for the first time. A simple and controlled approach and an honest humility toward musicians who have probably paid their dues many times over are helpful attributes for an arranger-composer to have when he rehearses a seasoned band. A smooth rehearsal will never make bad music good, but it will help assure the success of music that is well made.

**CB**

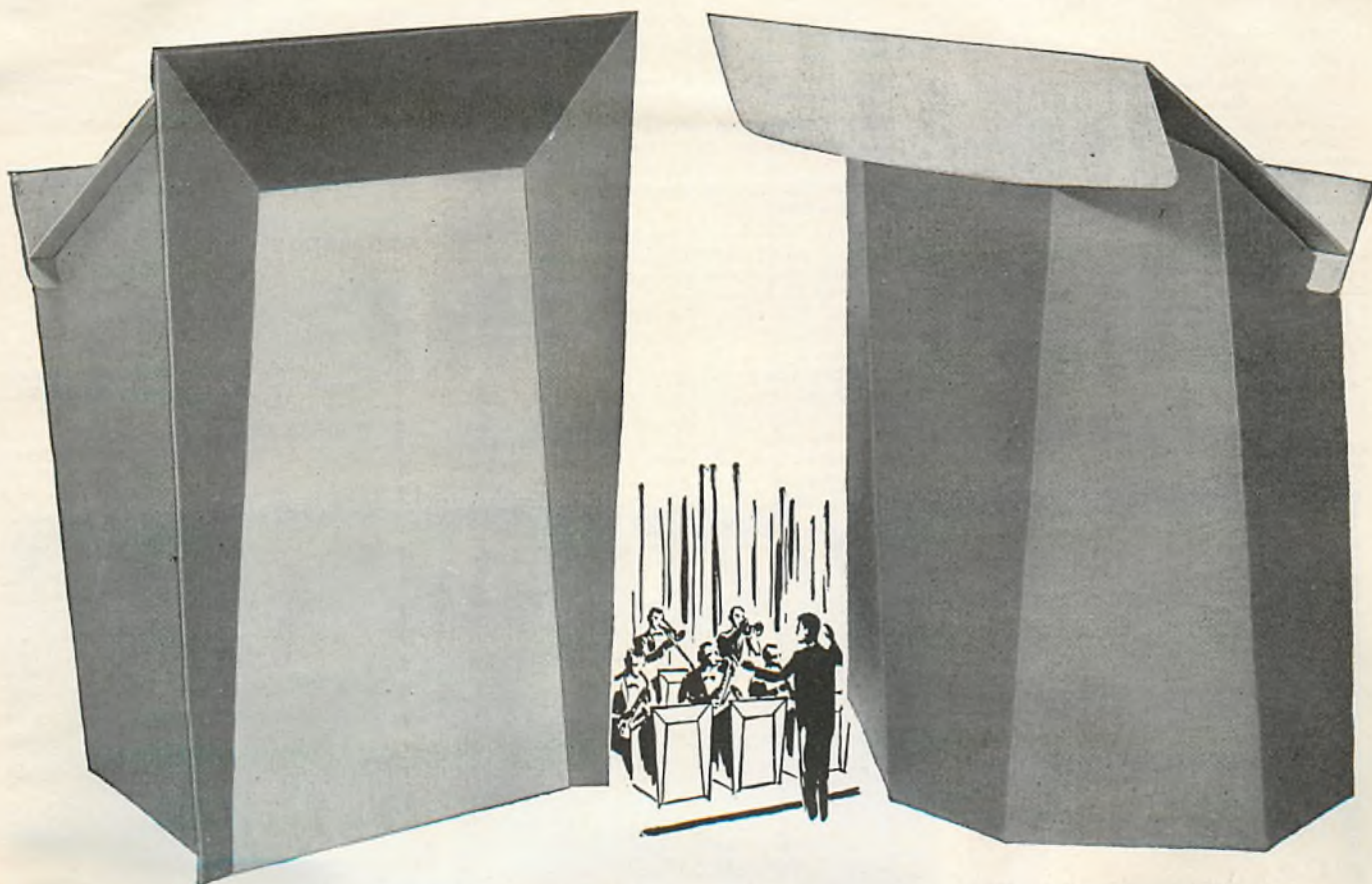




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## BIG BANDS from page 27

### URBIE GREEN (ABC)

Trombonist Green plays all the studios, led a Benny Goodman band, always has some other band available, and will travel, though usually only for weekends. His arrangements come from some of the top modernists in the business. RCA Victor 1969, *Best of New Broadway*.

### LIONEL HAMPTON (ABC)

Hampton is leading the best band he's had in years, filled with bright, young soloists and many modern arrangements. He is not always able to freeze frenzy when it occurs, but, at his best, he is an impeccable musician. Glad-Hamp 1001, *Many Sides of Lionel Hampton*.

### ERNIE HECKSHER (Ind.)

Van Alexander's arrangements, forming a major part of Hecksher's book, combine flavor with lush backgrounds, supplied by a string complement in addition to the usual instrumentation. Hecksher's dance engagements, which have included society one-nighters in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, are interspersed with his regular gig at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel Venetian Room. Verve 4047, *Hollywood Hits for Dancing*.

### WOODY HERMAN (Wood.)

Woody works with every size of group, and, sometimes, with a special act written around him. But, his bands, blessed with some of the wildest modern jazz scores ever written, maintain a level of quality from excellent to good even when some of the musicians are horrid. Everest 5003, *Herd Rides Again*.

### EARL HINES (ABC)

Back in a familiar setting after many years, the Fatha's newly organized jazz-oriented big band has made a niche for itself in the San Francisco bay area and is eyeing other areas. Its hook includes some of the Ernie Wilkins and Budd Johnson arrangements from Hines' Chicago days as well as a flock of swingers from Cedric Haywood. No records yet.

### EDDY HOWARD (MCA)

Howard sings, the band plays sweetly, and the total effect seems to please folks in the Midwest especially. Mercury 20593, *More Golden Hits*.

### HARRY JAMES (MCA)

Trumpeter James, like no-relative Jesse, borrows liberally from the Count Basie Method Players, and the outcome is a powerful band, modern, swinging, and overwhelmingly exciting. MGM 4003, *Requests on the Road*.

### QUINCY JONES (Ind.)

Arranger-composer-leader-record executive Jones is not the most available Jones, but his bands can do almost anything in the music spectrum. Mercury 20561, *The Great Wide World of Quincy Jones*.

### SAMMY KAYE (ABC)

Kaye smiles, the band plays on, nothing happens, the baton is the only thing that's heat, but, somehow, for thousands, everything seems to be O'Kaye. Columbia 1717, *Dance 'Till Tomorrow*.

### STAN KENTON (ABC)

Kenton consistently leads bands that are brass-bound, but bound, too, to provide music not ordinarily orthodox and always capable of enraging the calmed beast. Capitol 1533, *Romantic Approach*.

### LESTER LANIN (Ind.)

LANIN books and plays nearly any kind of musical event, but when his heart belongs to Big Daddy, he can produce the neatest big jazz bands you could want or pay for. He has the pick of the New York freelance musicians. Epic 3796, *Madison Avenue Beat*.

### GUY LOMBARDO (MCA)

Apple pie. Hot dogs. The Dodgers. Mother. And "The Sweetest Music 'This Side of Heaven.'" Capitol 1593, *Drifting and Dreaming*.

### DICK LONG (Ind.)

Long's 14-15-piece Chicago group has evolved from a Miller-patterned dance orchestra to a swinging mainstream unit, with arrangements, primarily by Howie Biers, patently Count Basie-derived. The band plays club dates and ballrooms mostly, with occasional concerts. No records.

### JOHNNY LONG (GAC)

This band sounds better as you grow older, but its leader's violin, the musicians' singing, and the conservative arrangements are all enhanced by crispness and high professionalism. Audio Lab 1503, *Sing and Dance Along*.

### MACHITO (Alpha)

This band can, and usually does, play everything, but its specialty is loud and long Latin. GNP 58, *Machito at the Crescendo*.

### RICHARD MALTBY (ABC)

Many New York musicians would rather play in a Maltby orchestra than any other, because his are always the height of musical good taste. Roulette 25148, *Richard Maltby Swings Folksongs*.

### RALPH MARGERIE (MCA)

Trumpeter Margerie features himself in the middle of rich arrangements and very danceable tempos. Jazz is at a minimum, but the total effect is often like the dance bands in their heyday. Mercury 12185, *Soft Tender Trumpet*.

### DAVE MARTIN (J. Reed Agency)

With several former name-band sidemen in its ranks, this Motor City outfit is capable of fine jazz but sticks mostly to the easily palatable dance arrangements former Neal Hefti trombonist Stu Sanders writes for it. No records.

### FREDDY MARTIN (MCA)

Johnny Hodges has always claimed that Martin is a master saxophonist. Dancers don't care about that but have flocked to hear his sweet bands since 1932. Kapp 1271, *Great Waltzes*.

### ONZY MATTHEWS (Ind.)

Matthews is a better-than-average vocalist-pianist whose 17-piece jazz crew is studded with top soloists. Based in Los Angeles, the band mainly works club dates in that area. No records.

### BILLY MAY (WA)

Actually, Frankie Lester leads this band, whose sound leans heavily on Jimmie Lunceford's but carries a whole bag of May's arranging tricks for good measure. Capitol 1581, *Great Lunceford*.

### RAY MCKINLEY (WA)

Drummer-leader McKinley is easily one of the most delightful and skillful musician-entertainers in the business. This band's basic format is the Glenn Miller style. But to it, McKinley brings his charm, arrangements by such as Eddie Sauter, and modern touches, usually in the way of soloists who brighten the scene considerably. RCA Victor 2436, *Glenn Miller Time*.

### ART MOONEY (WA & Wood.)

Mooney is an artful dodger. His band plays dances, but its major success is based on novelty, showmanship, and many production numbers.

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Decca 4207, *Songs Everybody Knows*.  
**RUSS MORGAN** (GAC)

If you want to recognize any and every tune, this is the band for you, with Morgan playing muted trombone over an appropriately muted, thinly orchestrated band. Everest 5055, *Let's All Sing Along*.

**BUDDY MORROW** (WA)

Trombonist Morrow leads a heavy-footed band through arrangements leaning close to whatever is most current at the moment—at this moment, the Big Beat. That makes it a popular band with the kids and other people who can't dance well. RCA Victor 1280, *Double Impact*.

**ROGER MOZIAN** (WA)

Mozian is a trumpeter and arranger whose tastes run to ornate, exotic kinds of things, though they do swing. Like most bands today, he thinks in terms of showtime, and his is an exciting, colorful show. MGM 3845, *Spectacular Percussion*.

**GERRY MULLIGAN** (ABC)

At the moment Mulligan has no band, but he is showing interest again in re-forming. Despite its sometime complexity and emphasis on high musical values, a Mulligan band adds intellectual experiences to dancing and is always a rich experience. Verve 8396, *At the Village Vanguard*.

**BILL O'BRIEN** (Ind.)

Working mainly in the Philadelphia area, spawning ground of the Twist, this 18-piece group recaptures the swing-era sound with arrangements harking back to the halcyon days of Miller-Goodman-Shaw-Dorsey. No records.

**SY OLIVER** (Circle)

Trumpeter-arranger Oliver is not as often a bandleader as he wishes. Most of his time is taken up with writing scores for other people. But he normally fronts bands that include sounds and styles reminiscent of Tommy Dorsey and Jimmie Lunceford, for both of whom he worked for many years. Dot 3184, *Backstage*.

**JIMMY PALMER** (ABC)

After a long tenure as house band at Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, Palmer took his group on the road in an attempt to gain national prominence. Smooth dance stylings are the rule, though the band is a versatile one. Mercury 20423, *Dancing at the Roosevelt*.

**HERB POMEROY** (Ind.)

If you live in or around New England, trumpeter Pomeroy's band is a marvelous example of the excellence available from what began as a rehearsal band. The arrangements are by many of the country's best writers. United Artists 4015, *Band in Boston*.

**PEREZ PRADO** (MCA)

Prado is best known for introducing the mambo to the United States, but his is one of the most versatile Latin American bands in the business. RCA Victor 2379, *La Chunga*.

**TITO PUENTE** (Alpha)

Puente is acknowledged as one of the most exciting and musical Latin percussionists, and his band concentrates almost exclusively on the wide range of Latin rhythms. RCA Victor 2187, *Tito Puente at Grossingers*.

**PAT RICCIO** (Ind.)

Winner of the Toronto regional contest in the 1960 AFM-sponsored dance-band competition, this band leans toward a Basic, Ellington, or Lunceford sound depending upon the mood of its arranger-leader. No records.

**TITO RODRIGUEZ** (Ind.)

This is the band featured at an overwhelming number of *in-dances*, by those who really claim to know the Latin approach. RCA Victor 2257, *Tambo*.

**BOB ROGERS** (Ind.)

Hollywood-based, this 10-piece jazz-oriented aggregation boasts some well-known jazz instrumentalists and forward-looking arrangements that do not sacrifice the necessary dance beat. Vibraharpist-leader Rogers is also a drummer and arranger, and much of the material consists of his originals. Indigo 1501, *All That and This, Too*.

**SAL SALVADOR** (MCA)

Guitarist Salvador has unquenchable enthusiasm, young but excellent musicians, a startling arranger in Larry Wilcox, and, as a consequence, a band filled with unusual tonal colors and much excitement. Decca 4026, *Beat for This Generation*.

**RUDY SALVINI** (Ind.)

A long-time San Francisco orchestra, the Salvini aggregation plays a jazz-oriented book that features soloists and is equally good for listening or dancing. S.F. Jazz Records, *Intro to Jazz*.

**BUSTER SMITH** (Ind.)

Reputed mentor of Charlie Parker, altoist Smith

has led his own exciting, Dallas-based band, the Heat Waves, for two decades. An extremely versatile band, its repertory includes the cha cha cha as well as the Twist, with an emphasis on solid blues-rooted swing. Atlantic 1323, *The Legendary Buster Smith*.

**CHARLIE SPIVAK** (MCA)

This would simply be just another good dance band if it were not for its leader's silver-toned trumpet, a delight to hear, a pied piper's call for dancing. Design 1020, *Country Club Dance*.

**DAN TERRY** (Ind.)

Trumpeter Terry does well with the college market with a band usually very much jazz oriented. Excitement, personality, and showmanship are important factors in his success with the youngsters. He has an album due soon on his own label, Cinema.

**DON THOMPSON** (Ind.)

Another unit launched by the AFM band contest, this Toronto band is comprised of some of the city's leading jazzmen and features a decided modern cast to its arrangements. No records.

**CLAUDE THORNHILL** (GAC)

Pianist Thornhill is not currently leading a big band, but he's generally available—and with a book of arrangements of unusual depth and melancholy loveliness, filled with subtle jazz. Decca 8878, *Dance to the Sound of Claude Thornhill*.

**LAWRENCE WELK** (Ind.)

Anyway, he has the funniest comedy show on television. Mercury 12214, *Lawrence Welk at the Aragon*.

**JIMMY WILKINS** (Ind.)

Brother of arranger Ernie (who contributes to the band's book), Jimmy Wilkins leads Detroit's hardest-driving, most-overt jazz band, winner of the regional AFM big-band contest. As might be expected, the Count Basic approach dominates. No records.

**SI ZENTNER** (WA)

Trombonist Zentner once starred with Les Brown and plays dances in a manner approximating that band's but still has a number of a la mode arrangements as American as apple pie or the Twist. Liberty 3216, *Up a Lazy River*.

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## AD LIB from page 10

A new jazz group debuted last month in a formal, informal rehearsal at Steinway Hall. There, if you were invited, you would have heard the **Jazz Players**, consisting of **Dick Katz**, piano; **J. R. Monterose**, tenor saxophone; **Jimmy Raney**, guitar; **Tommy Williams**, bass; **Al Heath**, drums. Atlantic records is soon to record the group.

**Gerry Mulligan** will definitely rebuild his big band for some dates during the spring. Meanwhile, he is feuding with his booking agency, Associated Booking Corp., and wants to have only himself responsible for himself . . . **Benny Goodman**, set for a Russian tour in May, will play British concerts in September and October . . . **Ahmad Jamal** has dismissed his trio, and will travel "leisurely with much time for study at some major university" . . . **Oscar Brown Jr.** is writing a new show, *Slave Girl* . . . Pianist **Cecil Taylor** will sue Candid records because he feels it did not live up to its contract agreement with him, consequently depriving him of publicity, hence work . . . **Lil Armstrong** is completing her autobiography, *From Memphis to Paris on a Piano Stool* . . . *The Jazz Word* is now published in England by Dobson . . . Two guitarists are in the news: **Tiny Grimes** has been playing lately at the Village Gate; **Herb Ellis** is exacting and exciting with the **Dukes of Dixieland** . . . **Les Brown** and **Les Elgart** are both scheduled to go to Argentina this year with their bands.

**Max Roach** was the musical director of a show, *Naturally '62*, first seen here this year, but popular enough to be shown in other cities. His wife (they were married on March 3), **Abbey Lincoln**, is the narrator of the presentation (she also sings during it), all of which is calculated to encourage the return to "natural" hair styles for women . . . Singer **Bill Henderson** has signed with the William Morris Agency, whose agents promise more for him on television and records (Vee Jay) . . . **Romano Mussolini**, jazz pianist, and **Maria Scicolone**, sister of **Sophia Loren**, now married and in Italy, intend to tour the United States next year . . . Baritone saxophonist **Gil Melle** is back on the jazz scene. At a recent Birdland Monday night session he led **John Coles**, trumpet; **Eddie Bert**, trombone; **Seldon Powell**, tenor saxophone; **Julius Watkins**, French horn; **Wendell Marshall**, bass; **Eddie Shaughnessy**, drums. They form a nucleus for the group with which Melle is playing at the newly opened Teddy Bear, a Greenwich Village Club operated by **Joe Napoli**, once manager of **Chet Baker**.

**Frank Sinatra** is performing for sev-



eral days in Mexico City, all expenses paid by himself, all profits going to various homes for children . . . Also in Mexico: **Chico O'Farrill**, busily arranging for all companies, currently is doing scores for a record Nat Cole will do in Mexico . . . On April 14, the National Foundation for Neuromuscular Diseases, Inc., presents the **Ted Curson Quintet** (for "show and dancing") and **Roosevelt Grier** (N.Y. Giant football star and new folk singer for Liberty records) at the City College of New York.

The concerts held at the 92nd St. YMHA, under the title, *Jazz Theater*, and organized by **Monte Kay**, will feature **Sonny Rollins** on April 23 and **Olatunji** on May 20 . . . Town Hall's April schedule includes two concerts on April 15: pianist **Hazel Scott** accompanies a soprano in a classical concert in the afternoon; **Cal Tjader**, **Herbie Mann**, and others play Latin-styled jazz in the evening . . . Sometime photographer **Jack Bradley** has begun a series of Sunday afternoon concerts at the Cinderella Club in Greenwich Village.

## TORONTO

The **Joe Williams-Harry Edison** combination brought capacity crowds to the Colonial Tavern for two weeks, with **Jimmy Forrest's** tenorings especially popular with the patrons. **Eddie Condon**

and crew followed for two weeks, with only one change in lineup from the band's first visit last November. Taking **Peanuts Hucko's** place was clarinetist **Kenny Davern**, who appeared along with **Buck Clayton**, **Buzzy Drootin**, **Johnny Varro**, and **Dick Rath**. Upcoming Colonial dates include appearances by **Henry (Red) Allen's** quintet featuring **Bud Freeman**, the **Salt City Six**, and **Jonah Jones**.

The **Town Tavern** brought in the **Ray Bryant Trio** for a busy two weeks, followed by a three-week engagement by **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral** . . . **Erroll Garner**, with bassist **Eddie Calhoun** and drummer **Kelly Martin**, gave his annual concert at **Massey Hall** . . . **Brownie McGhee** and **Sonny Terry**, in town for an engagement at the Fifth Peg, took time out to appear on *Quest*, in which the two blues singers had the TV camera to themselves for the whole show.

## NEW ORLEANS

**Pete Fountain** is looking for a drummer to replace Los Angeles-bound **Jack Sperling**. At latest report he was wooing **West Coaster**, **Nick Fatool** . . . Two new French Quarter clubs are featuring revivals of the city's earliest jazzmen after the pattern set by **Preservation Hall**. The **Dixieland Coffee Shop**, another converted art gallery which

thrives on kitty contributions, has been opened by **Al Clark**. **Ken Mills**, original manager of **Preservation Hall**, has opened his own **Icon Hall** nearby.

**Al Hirt** is set for an appearance as soloist with the **New Orleans Symphony Orchestra** next season. Hirt will play *Haydn's Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra* . . . Trombonist **Santo Pecora's** Tailgaters, casualties in the recent **Twist** invasion at the **Dream Room**, are now sharing the bill with trumpeter **Sharkey Bonano's** band at the **Famous Door** . . . Tenor man **Bruce Lippincott** has put his card in with the New Orleans local; he will play and do research for short stories while in the **Crescent City** . . . **Ray Charles** played two quietly integrated concerts at **Tulane University** in March.

**Cannonball Adderley** was given a celebrity's welcome by local musicians on a brief **Mardi Gras** visit. He sat in on a rehearsal with the **American Jazz Quintet** and commented on **Bob Hudson's WYLD** show on the vitality of the city's young modernists.

## CHICAGO

The death knell sounded for **Birdhouse** last month. Seemingly undecided whether to follow a straight jazz policy, use singers, or employ **Twist** bands, the club's management (**Art Sheridan** and **Ewart Abner**) were two of the major

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stockholders) folded the club following  
**Oscar Peterson's** engagement. The final  
night of the club's existence was given  
over to **Joe Segal's** highly successful  
**Charlie Parker** memorial concert, dur-  
ing which the **Ira Sullivan** group was  
recorded by Vee Jay.

**Benny Goodman** returned to his alma  
mater, Harrison High School, as one of  
the guests of honor at the school's  
50th anniversary. Another guest was  
Illinois governor **Otto Kerner**, also a  
Harrison alumnus. Goodman collected  
gifts from Chicago high school students  
for distribution during his forthcoming  
USSR trip . . . Another high school,  
Dunbar, was visited by a jazz per-  
sonality recently; **Marian McPartland**  
gave two concerts for students there.  
AFM Local 10 refused to help sponsor  
the McPartland endeavor or allow her  
to do it gratis, but the Wurlitzer Piano  
Co. came to the rescue and picked up  
the tab.

The Southmoor Hotel has begun  
name-talent shows in its Venetian  
Room. Singer **Johnny Hartman** was the  
headliner for the first show in the south  
side hotel . . . Vee Jay has signed **Bill  
Marx**, jazz pianist son of **Groucho  
Marx**. The pianist's first album is due  
soon . . . **Carl Proctor** (jazz critic and  
mother-to-be **Barbara Gardner** is his  
wife) is broadcasting six nights a week  
on WSBC-FM. The 11 p.m.-1 a.m.  
show is called *The Best in Jazz* . . .  
**Frank London Brown**, author, jazz-  
poetry reader, and former singer, died  
March 12 of bronchial pneumonia in  
University of Illinois Hospital. He had  
been admitted to the hospital four days  
previously for treatment of leukemia.  
Brown was 34.

### DALLAS

The Sportatorium, an arena usually  
given over to wraslin' and such, pre-  
sented a big Gospel music show last  
month. The **Swan Silvertones**, **Five  
Blind Boys of Mississippi**, **Davis Sisters**,  
**Five Blind Boys of Alabama**, and the  
**Mighty Clouds of Joy** provided the  
crowd and the proprietor with a satis-  
fying evening . . . **Iva D. Nichols** con-  
tinues her successful jazz concert book-  
ings at the Music Hall. **Dave Brubeck**  
and **Lionel Hampton** recently played  
successful concerts there only three days  
apart. Brubeck also enjoyed good at-  
tendance in Fort Worth and in Houston  
. . . **Stan Kenton** appears at the Music  
Hall in mid-April.

**Ray Charles** finally made it at  
Southern Methodist University. After  
a cancellation last December, his recent  
appearance at the coliseum was eagerly  
awaited and attended—more than 5,000  
were present . . . Also at SMU, but in  
the more restrained McFarlin Audi-  
torium, folk singer **Odetta** was presented  
by the school's cultural series, Com-

munity Course.

The territory band is by no means  
dead in Dallas, although it has taken  
on a different flavor. Now these bands  
feature rhythm and blues rather than  
Kansas City riffs, but they still lure  
the dancers. Personnels usually include  
both young men and at least one old-  
timer. The **Big Bo Thomas**, **Big Jack  
Dixon**, and **Lattimore Brown** bands  
have had long runs in local clubs. The  
**Willie Jacques** and **Buster Smith** bands  
do more traveling than location work.  
The audience for this music grew in  
the '20s and has never entirely disap-  
peared.

### LOS ANGELES

**Herbie Steward**, one of the original  
"Four Brothers" with **Woody Herman**,  
was signed by **Jackie Mills** for **Fred  
Astaire's** Choro records. **Dick Hazard**  
arranged the reedman's initial LP.  
Mills is the former **Harry James** and  
MGM drummer and now is managing  
the Astaire label . . . **Richard (Groove)  
Holmes** is on a concert tour of South  
America under the banner of **Walter  
Thiers' La Escala Musical** . . . Tele-  
vision outlet KTLA initiated a series of  
weekly Friday jazz shows sponsored  
by the Summit club. **Cal Tjader's** group  
did the first show; **Terry Gibbs' big**  
band played the second with vocalist  
**Mary Ann McCall**; **Bob Rogers' band**  
was featured on the third. A well-known  
singer will appear each week with the  
host band, which will be working at  
the Summit, naturally.

Drummer **Joe Rosenthal** (also known  
as **Joe Ross**, **Buddy Rand**, **Charles  
Hicks Jr.**, and other noms de plume)  
died in Hollywood March 14 of an  
overdose of barbiturates, police said.  
Rosenthal, a Juilliard graduate, and  
native of New York City, had served  
jail terms on narcotics violations. At  
one time the leader of the **Jazz Dis-  
ciples**, he had been inactive in jazz for  
several years.

**Bud Shank** scored his first dramatic  
film, *War Hunt*, for United Artists re-  
lease. Featured in the underscore are  
jazzmen **Dennis Budimir**, guitar; **Larry  
Bunker**, percussion; **Bob Cooper**, reeds;  
**Cappy Lewis**, trumpet; **Gary Peacock**,  
bass; **Jimmy Rowles**, piano; Shank,  
flute . . . **William McAfee**, new jazz  
organist in town, is making local manual  
men pay attention. He has been work-  
ing with **Vi Redd** and **Richie Goldberg**  
at the Red Carpet . . . Accordionist  
**Tommy Gumina** (of the **Gumina-Buddy  
DeFranco** Quartet) will record an LP  
with **Nelson Riddle's** backing for Mer-  
cury. Clarinetist DeFranco hopes to re-  
cord a Mercury album with Canadian  
arranger **Robert Farnon**.

Capitol's **Nick Venet** is pairing the  
label's newest blues singing discovery,  
**Lou Rawles**, with Pacific Jazz' **Les**









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April 26, will contain ex-  
citing, informative articles,  
controversial record re-  
views and extensive news  
coverage in addition to  
the many other **DOWN  
BEAT** features.

# 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; *t/n*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

## NEW YORK

After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): Teddy Charles *t/n*.  
Basin Street East: Peggy Lee to 5/2.  
Birdland: Gerry Mulligan opens 4/19.  
Carnegie Hall: Dave Brubeck, 4/21.  
Condon's: Max Kaminsky, *t/n*.  
Charles Theater: Jazz and Java, Sun.  
Embers: Charles Shavers, Harold Quinn, Ronnie Brown, Roy Eldridge, to 4/14.  
Hickory House: Bill Evans, *t/n*.  
Metropole: Dizzy Gillespie to 4/19. Gene Krupa, 4/20-5/10.  
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *t/n*.  
Ryan's: Danny Barker, Don Frye, *t/n*. Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Mon.  
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): Billy Bauer, wknds.  
Teddy Bear: Gil Melle, *t/n*.  
Village Gate: Modern Jazz Quartet to 4/22. Lightnin' Hopkins to 4/29. 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.  
20 Spruce Street: Ahmed Abdul-Malik, Sat.

## PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony DeNicola 3, Mon. Tony Spair, *hb*.  
Club 13: Elmer Snowden, Fri., Sat.  
Chadmoore Jazz Suite: Sun. afternoon sessions.  
El Condado (Trenton): name groups, wknds.  
Krechner's: Billy Krechner-Tommy Sims, *hb*.  
Latin Casino: Dee Lloyd McKay, *t/n*.  
Midtown (Trenton): Johnny Coates Sr., Mon.-Thurs. Johnny Coates Jr., Fri., Sat.  
Open Hearth: Ted Arnold-Don Michaelson, *t/n*.  
Paddock (Trenton): Capital City 5, Fri., Sat.  
Pep's: Red Prysock, 4/16-21.  
Pisasso Room: Johnny April, *t/n*.  
Show Boat: Bobby Timmons, 4/9-14. Gene Ammons, 4/16-21. Redd Foxx, 4/23-28.  
The Mark (Morrisville): Don McCargar, Mon., Fri., Sat.

## WASHINGTON

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

## NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *t/n*.  
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.  
Famous Door: Sharkey Bonano, Santo Pecora, *t/n*. Leon Prima, Sun.-Mon.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *t/n*.  
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.  
Joe Burton's: Joe Burton, *t/n*.  
Paddock Lounge: Octave Croshy, *t/n*.  
Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *t/n*.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.  
Silver Frolics: Paul Ferrara, *hb.*, afterhours.

## DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: Red Allen, 4/16-29.  
Caucus Club: Bobby Laurel, *t/n*.  
Club 12: George Bohanan, *t/n*.  
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *t/n*.  
Elmwood Casino (Windsor): Earl Grant to 5/5.  
52nd Show Bar: Ronale Phillips, *t/n*.  
Hobby Bar: Terry Pollard, *t/n*.  
Momo's: Mel Ball, *t/n*.  
Roostertail: Wally Messina, *hb*.  
Trent's Lounge: Bess Bonnier, *t/n*.

## CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Bob Scohey, Art Hodes, *t/n*.  
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Wed.-Sun.  
Jazz Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, Blanche Thomas, *t/n*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.  
London House: Ramsey Lewis to 4/29. Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.  
McKie's: Dexter Gordon to 4/15. Jimmy Smith, 4/18-29.  
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.  
Pepper's Lounge: Muddy Waters, wknds.  
Sherman Hotel: Chet Roble, *t/n*.  
Sutherland: Redd Foxx, Nancy Wilson, 4/13-15.

Cannonall Adderley, 4/17-29. Miles Davis, 5/1-13, tentative. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, 5/15-27. Moms Mahley, 5/29-6/10. Ramsey Lewis, 6/5-17. Joe Williams-Harry Edison open 5/19.

## LAS VEGAS

Desert Inn: Bobby Stevenson-Henry Rose, *t/n*.  
Dunes: Al Hirt opens 5/31.  
Flamingo: Harry James, 4/5-5/16.  
New Frontier: Bobcats, *t/n*.  
Sahara: Tex Beneke, *t/n*.  
Silver Slipper: Charlie Teagarden-Bill Harris, *t/n*.

## LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Teddy Buckner, *t/n*.  
Cascades (Belmont Shore): Vince Wallace, Lou Ciotti, Chiz Harris, wknds. Sun. morning sessions.  
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russel, Southland Seven, *t/n*.  
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): Edgar Hayes, *t/n*.  
Flower Drum: Paul Togawa, *t/n*. Sun. sessions.  
Green Bull: (Hermosa Beach): Andy Blakeny, Alton Purnell, Alton Redd, *t/n*.  
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.  
Jesters (El Monte): Doug Sawtelle, The Uptowners, to 5/20.  
Le Grand Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri., Sat.  
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.  
Losers: Sandi Garner, Charlie Shoemaker, Sun. wknds.  
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): Johnny Lane, *hb*.  
Marty's: William Green, Tony Bazeley, *t/n*.  
Melody Room: Kellie Greene, *t/n*. Herb Ellis, Sun.  
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, Ira Westley, *t/n*.  
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.  
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.  
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *t/n*. Terry Gibbs, Sun., Mon., Tues. Danny Long, Tues.-Sun.  
Red Carpet Room: Kattie Doswell, Richie Goldberg, Vi Redd, Mon.  
Renaissance: Three Sounds to 4/15. Thelonious Monk, mid-April; Miles Davis, late April.  
Roaring '20s: Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, *t/n*.  
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, Marvin Jenkins, Bob Martin, *t/n*. Mon. sessions.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Ruth Price, wknds. Vi Redd, 4/17. Red Mitchell-Harold Land, Mon. Buddy Collette, Weds. Herb Ellis-Claude Williamson, Thurs.  
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer, *t/n*.  
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sun. sessions.  
Statler Hilton: Skinny Fennis, *hb*.  
Storyville (Pomona): Roy Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, *t/n*.  
Summit: Rob Rogers opens 4/13. Dizzy Gillespie opens 5/4.  
Why Not: Johnny Lucas, *t/n*.  
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): John Alfano, Earl Trelchel, Rick Mattox, Fri., Sat. Sun. sessions.  
Winners: Don Randi, *t/n*.  
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *t/n*.  
23 Skidoo: Excelsior Banjo Five, *t/n*.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Oscar Peterson to 4/29. Modern Jazz Quartet, 5/8-20. Dizzy Gillespie, 5/22-6/10. Miles Davis, 6/12-7/1.  
Black Sheep: Earl Hines, *t/n*.  
Burp Hollow: Dixieland combo, wknds.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Pat Yankee, Clancy Hayes, *t/n*.  
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *t/n*.  
Fairmont Hotel: Pearl Bailey to 5/2.  
Hangover: Mugsy Spanier-Ralph Sutton, *t/n*.  
Jazz Workshop: Three Sounds to 4/29.  
Palace Hotel: Red Nichols to 6/30.  
Pier 23: Hurt Bales, *t/n*.  
Sugar Hill: Mose Allison to 4/21. Virgin Island Steel Band, 4/23-5/19.  
San Marco (Oakland): Fred Cummings, *t/n*.  
Suite 14 (Oakland): Al Zulaica, *t/n*.  
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, wknds.  
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups, Sun.-Thurs. Bill Welsjahn, wknds.  
Tsubo (Berkeley): The Group, *t/n*. Mon. sessions.  
The Indies (Irvington): John Bilondeau, wknds.  
The Palate (Sausalito): Bryce Rohde, wknds.  
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, wknds.  
Zack's (Sausalito): Jim Purcell, wknds.



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