

MAY 24, 1962

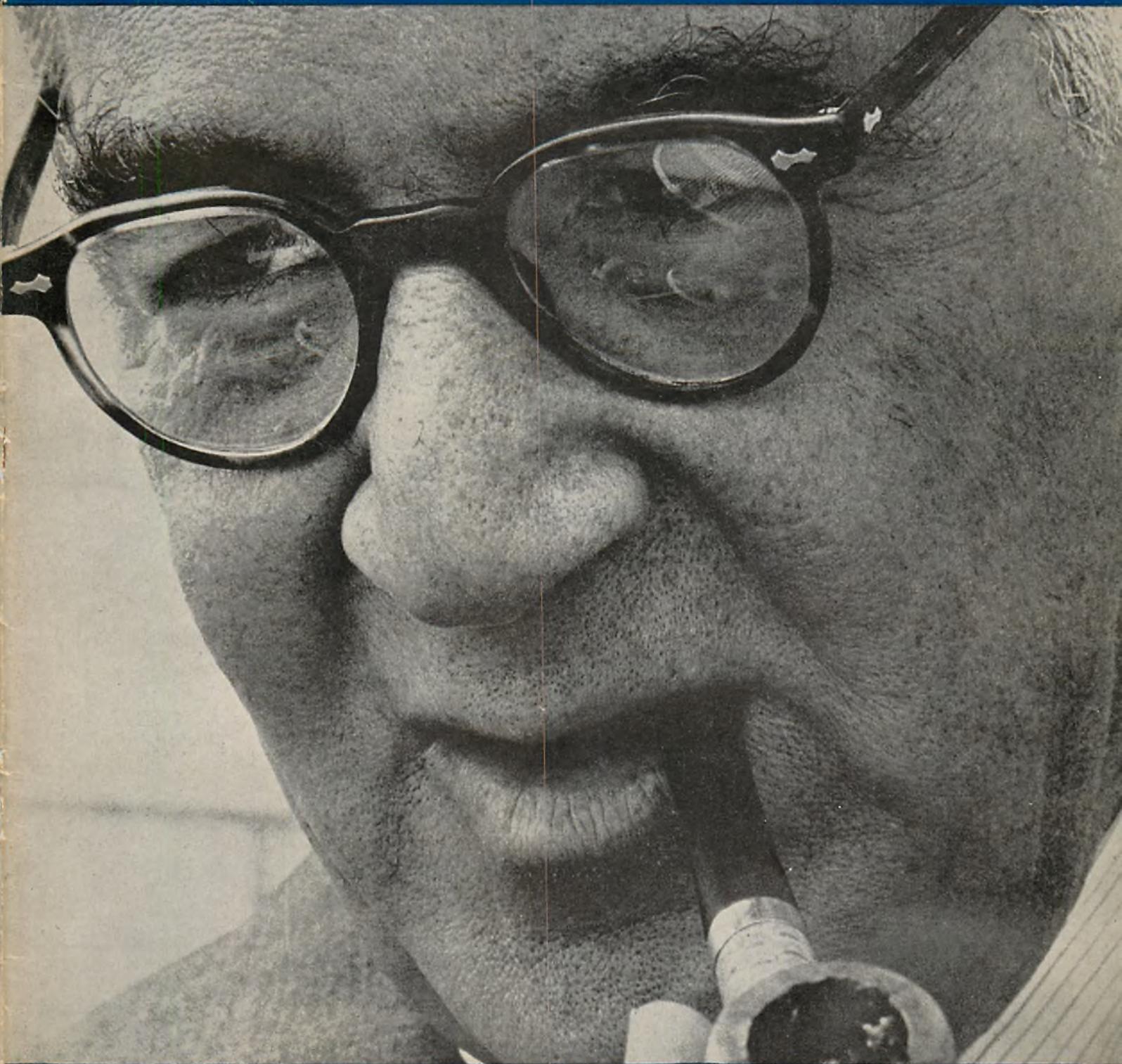
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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

6th REED ISSUE

- Bud Freeman
- Teddy Edwards
- Maverick Reeds



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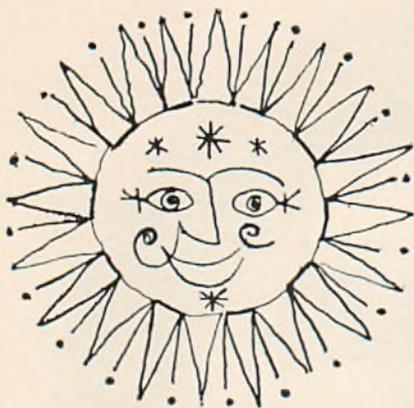
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MAY 24, 1962

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DON DeMICHEAL

ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETE WELDING

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
BILL COSS
JOHN A. TYNAN

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
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THINGS TO COME In recognition of his continuing creative brilliance as the composer-leader of one of the most consistently stimulating orchestras in jazz history, the June 7 *Down Beat* will be devoted wholly to an appreciation of Duke Ellington Today—the man, his music, and his band. The issue goes on sale Thursday, May 24.

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Cover photograph by Herb Snitzer.
Illustration on page 23 by Noel Aronov.



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Once again, the Dave Brubeck Quartet swings in orbits far from the traditional 4/4 beat, creating a new jazz dimension.



JAZZ

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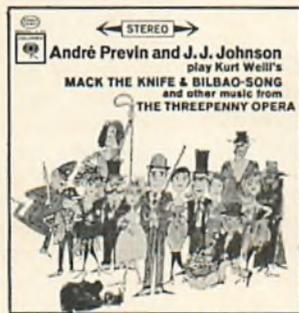
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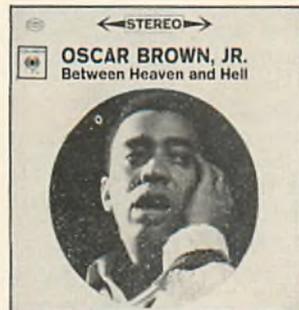
Here is Billie Holiday's legacy—Forty-eight of her finest recordings, on three (S)s. Included in a twenty-page illustrated booklet is Ralph Gleason's moving appreciation of Billie, her life and her art.



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Is Experimentation Art?

There is a fascinating Japanese art form in which the artist, utilizing only a piece of parchment-thin canvas, one brush, and a thick black paint, attempts to interpret an emotion motivated by a particular subject under a particular set of conditions. Thus, to produce something worthwhile requires intense concentration, for through an interruption of the line representing the emotion, a sudden change in its direction, or too much pressure on the brush (thus puncturing the thin canvas), all will have been lost. It is said that, for those who can see more deeply and perceive more than the ordinary viewer, the reviewing, studying, and pondering of such work is a most rewarding and enlightening experience.

Now then, suppose we substitute the music of John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy for this Japanese art form. How many times must the artist attempt such a demanding effort before attaining success? Coltrane and Dolphy may have created music that was rewarding and gratifying to those whose perceptual abilities exceed the normal. But then, how many times was the line interrupted, the direction changed, the attempt overburdened?

While the Japanese artist is making his effort, he seeks solitude, remains aloof. Only when he arrives at completion is someone permitted to see the interpretation. Perhaps it would be wise if Coltrane and Dolphy retired from the scene until they have "arrived." Then they can present the ultimate art form in lieu of the effort. Cherry Hill, N.J. Michael F. Lane

Art Thrives On Experimentation

Bravo! John Coltrane and Eric Dolphy's answers to the critics in the April 12 issue have been long awaited. Perhaps many jazz enthusiasts will have gained new understanding and increased their listening pleasure through this article.

I have believed that art interprets life in pace with its cultural and technological progress. The implication of skeptical critics is that art should wait for the public to catch up in readiness before it accepts something unfamiliar. By the end of the article, the question whether recent jazz innovations had been properly examined or even attempted to be understood arose in my mind.

Jazz has the right to explore just as much as other art forms. The new sound of John Coltrane and similar explorers has met with success in reaching much of the public, much of the credit being due to their rhythm advances.

If they will just listen with their "inner ears," the critics who cite the "anti-jazz" claim will be able to hear the swing just as clearly as the musicians themselves. Attachment and identification are prerequisites for listening to Coltrane and Dolphy, who are performing with their minds, souls, and body chemistries. If

the public also performed on such a comprehensive level, perhaps human nature would be equipped to help itself more. Let us learn from the giants, with less criticism and more understanding. Queens, N.Y. Doris Thompson

More on the First 5/4

I'd like to clarify a point raised by Don DeMicheal in his review of the Ann Richards LP (*DB*, March 29). Admittedly my wording of the notes was careless; what I should have said was that *Love Is a Word for the Blues* is the first vocal version of the first jazz composition in 5/4 time ever recorded, not the first 5/4 vocal.

I wrote this number in 1955 and recorded it the following year as *Bass Reflex*, featuring Oscar Pettiford, in *Hi Fi Suite*, on MGM. I'm quite sure this was at least two years before any other attempts at 5/4 jazz, instrumental or vocal. However, it was not until 1960 that Milt Raskin added lyrics, and by then 5/4 had begun to spread.

I'm glad that Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, and others have expanded on the idea. Having been put down many times by critics for experimenting with time signatures other than 4/4 (I was recording jazz waltzes in the 1930s and wrote *Be-bop Waltz* for a 1949 record date), I believe that time, with the help of Max, Abbey & Co., has finally proved my point—that these meters weren't "gimmicks" after all.

North Hollywood, Calif. Leonard Feather

Praise For 'Focus'

Since your record critics are so often panned for their stringent standards, I'd like to thank Richard B. Hadlock who introduced me to the beauties of *Focus* by Eddie Sauter and Stan Getz (*DB*, March 29). It is a rare example of art in jazz, and I am quite thankful that it doesn't have to share the five-star bracket with the numerous blowing sessions that accomplish nothing musically or artistically. York, Pa. Steve Thomas

Jazz In The White House?

Now that President and Mrs. Kennedy have introduced a cultural after-dinner program at the White House, with such as Shakespearean actors and cellist Pablo Casals, I feel that to have a truly representative curriculum they should include a few top jazz artists. Maybe this New Frontier could be started off with the Modern Jazz Quartet or another easily comprehensible jazz group.

Who knows? By the end of Mr. Kennedy's administration it's possible that Ornette Coleman will have been invited to make a guest appearance. Windsor, Conn. Andy Hassinger

Reader Hassinger will be pleased to learn that a recent White House program was given over to a performance of



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Jerome Robbins' jazz ballet N.Y. Export: Op. Jazz with music by composer Robert Prince. The work was initially commissioned in 1958 by the Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, Italy, and was the major work on the first Ballets: U.S.A. program.

One Plan of Action

You ask in the March 1 editorial, "What can be done to help this art form, these artists?" An answer is offered by the Hartford Jazz Society. It might inspire other communities to similar action.

Organized by Hartford businessman Art Fine, the first effort of the society was a free concert, presented by the local union through an educational fund. Staged at Trinity College, the event attracted 800 persons, who heard in a pleasant environment fine performances by Al Lepak's 18-piece band, Dave McKay's trio, Cliff Gunn's octet, and Lenny LaCroix's quartet.

Encouraged, the society brought to town Randy Weston's quartet with Booker Ervin and the jazz dancers, Al Minns and Leon James. This concert was held in a local school having a handsome auditorium and excellent acoustics; attendance numbered 600, at \$2.65 each.

In prospect is another concert by local jazzmen. This is important: feature local as well as imported artists. Hartford is fortunate in having a good many and a jazz tradition that produced Horace Silver, Dick Cary, Bruce Martin, Johnny Mehegan, Gigi Gryce, and Jack O'Brien.

Meetings are held the first Sunday of every month and feature guest artists, films, and lectures. All meetings, which are held in various spots in town, are enlivened by refreshments and, inevitably, jam sessions.

Members form parties to give patronage to local spots that bring in such talent as Dizzy Gillespie, Cannonball Adderley, Roy Eldridge, and Coleman Hawkins. One spot, featuring local jazz groups, has found it advantageous to use the society's name on its radio broadcasts.

Admittedly, a good deal of work is entailed, but a project of this sort requires the enthusiasm of members, the co-operation of local musicians, and the guarantee of good music, good fun, and fellowship. Hartford, Conn. George Malcolm-Smith

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Happy Reader

Do I insult you when I call your magazine the world's second *Time* magazine? I don't intend to.

Right now I am part way through the news pages of the March 1 issue, and this letter has to be written.

Keep thinking. Keep reporting. Keep telling me what I have sensed for years, what I am now realizing consciously; that jazz is real, and it is here and more people every day are putting something honest into it and are getting something worthwhile out of it.

I had to subscribe to *Down Beat* because I couldn't be sure of finding it on the newsstand. Soon, I think, it will be right up on the front shelf in good supply. It deserves to be.

Montreal, Quebec

William Bankier



Chicago loved 'em...

Bellson and *dyna-sonic*

These pictures were taken at the two-day Rogers 'Drum-o-Rama' in Chicago. More than 2500 people – drummers, students, parents, band directors – crowded into the Hamilton Hotel's Mirror Room to see and hear and play. Louis Bellson and other clinicians talked, taught, demonstrated, answered questions. The 'Drum-o-Rama' was a resounding success.

It proved one thing: Rogers *Dyna-Sonic* has the sound and the concept today's drummers want.

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NEW YORK

Two unique filming jobs happened here recently:

A *Show of the Week* in April (NBC-TV) was a comedy starring **Bob Cummings** and **Audrey Meadows**. The music was performed by **Gerry Mulligan**, **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Bill Crow**, and **Gus Johnson**, played in a completely informal, play-as-you-feel-it way. The screen credits read "Music by Gerry Mulligan." Since this was, in everyone's opinion, the first time this particular kind of thing had happened, the producer had been puzzled about how otherwise properly to describe Mulligan's contribution. "We couldn't figure out what else to call it," he said.

At about the same time, **Zoot Sims** wrote and played the music for an 18-minute film called *Flash*. It's a film about an evening in the life of a drug addict. **Gary Goodrow**, star of it, and a former member of *The Connection* cast, is now saying, "These days, I'm not a professional actor—I'm an amateur junkie."

WHITE HOUSE BEAT: *New York Export: Op. Jazz*, music by **Robert Prince** and choreography by **Jerome Robbins**, was presented at the White House for President and Mrs. **John F. Kennedy** in April, with Robbins and Prince in attendance.

The **Billie Holiday** benefit concert (*DB*, May 10), held on May 7 at Carnegie Hall, with dozens of jazz stars, including **Sonny Rollins**, **Herbie Mann**, **Olatunji**, **Charlie Mingus**, **Al Cohn**, **Zoot Sims**, raised money for a clinic to be opened at 96th St. and Broadway to be administered by the City of New York, with some of the money already voted by the city for the social-therapeutic care of addicts. The Musicians' Clinic, running benefits during May, called off further concerts so that this concert could be a success. City Commissioner **Leonard Cohen** told *Down Beat* that the city's budget represents only a one-year outlay. He said he hopes the benefit money will add to that and expects future benefits, "probably also honoring some jazz great, now dead," will keep the clinic in operation.

UNITED NATIONS BEAT: Nigerian jazz authority **Steve Bankole Modele Rhodes**, touring this country as a member of the Nigerian Leader program, has been invited to demonstrate his roots-of-jazz theory at a Jazz Arts Society meeting at the United Nations Plaza. Rhodes, a jazz bassist, reportedly "will demonstrate his original thesis, denying the African rhythmic basis of American jazz," by playing authentic African rhythms and music in contrast to jazz. Drummer **Pete LaRoca** and his quintet will represent the American side of the swinging picture.

FESTIVAL BEAT: Newport, now scheduled for July 6-8, and under the production of **George Wein**, has released its subject-to-change program. July 6: **Dave Brubeck**, **Gerry Mulligan**, and **Carmen McRae**, with the possibility of **Oscar Peterson** plus **Oscar Brown Jr.** as emcee. July 7: **Duke Ellington**, **Joe Williams** and **Harry Edison**, **Clara Ward**, **Bunny Briggs**, and **Baby Lawrence**. July 8, afternoon: a special performance of **Duke Ellington** with **Count Basie**,

(Continued on page 51)



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May 24, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 11



Graas

JOHN GRAAS DIES IN CALIFORNIA

Slumped over the horn he loved, John Graas was found dead, apparently of a heart attack, April 13 in his Van Nuys, Calif., home. He was 37.

The body of the French hornist was discovered in his living room by Donna Steelsmith, his music librarian, and one of his horn students, Frank Gullato.

"His horn was under him," Miss Steelsmith said. "Death was apparently instantaneous."

Although an autopsy was performed by the Los Angeles County coroner's office, the actual cause of death is still "to be determined" following microscopic analysis, a coroner's spokesman stated.

Miss Steelsmith said she became worried when she was unable to reach Graas by phone for two days.

"Frank Gullato was due for a lesson on the 13th," she said, "and I was going to work at his house. We found the house locked up, but we both have keys so we let ourselves in."

According to Miss Steelsmith, Graas strained heart muscles last summer while working with singer Eddie Fisher in Las Vegas, Nev.

Graas, who had been first French horn player at Universal-International Pictures for years, was equally at home in jazz and contemporary classical music. He became a leading figure in the West Coast jazz movement of the early and middle 1950s.

Graas' background in classical music was impressive. Born in Dubuque, Iowa, he won a national solo contest on his instrument while in high school and a subsequent scholarship to Tanglewood,

where he played under Serge Koussevitsky. In 1941-42, he occupied first horn chair with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Because of a growing interest in jazz, Graas joined the Claude Thornhill Orchestra in 1942 before entering the Army the same year. From 1943 to '45 he led his own Army band. After discharge, he returned to classical music with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra through 1946. The next year he joined the Tex Beneke Band, remaining until 1948. He toured with Stan Kenton's Innovations in Modern Music orchestra in 1949 and '50 and then settled in Hollywood.

Graas is survived by his divorced wife and two sons, Gregory, 13, and David, 10.

HOST SET FOR NEW TV JAZZ SERIES

A Los Angeles late-night FM disc jockey with no previous television experience is "almost 100 percent set" as host of Steve Allen's new jazz TV series, *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, it was learned in Hollywood.

Vern Stevenson, who conducts a nightly jazz program on station KMLA, won as host for the syndicated series over other disc jockeys and such musicians as Benny Carter, Cannonball Adderley, Les McCann, and Dexter Gordon, said the program's producer, Jimmie Baker.

The first program of the series was filmed at Columbia Broadcasting Co.'s Television City in Hollywood April 21. Starred in the show were the Jazz Crusaders.

CONOVER ORCHESTRA STARTS REHEARSALS

Willis Conover, the jazz *Voice of America* and jazz disc jockey in New York City, has begun a New York orchestra similar to the one called THE Orchestra that he presented in Washington, D.C., during the '50s.

Not essentially a rehearsal band, because this one begins with an avowed purpose to play for pay, Conover described it thus: "In a sense, it will be a New York jazz repertory company, a community orchestra, playing every kind of jazz."

Bassist-arranger-composer George Romanis will be its music director. He wrote the 12 arrangements used in its first rehearsal, held in April. To it were invited a number of other arrangers—Bill Potts, Bob Brookmeyer, Gary McFarland, Manny Albam, and Oliver Nelson—in an attempt to interest them in the band.

The personnel was carefully chosen

in relation to a set of rules: "must be fast readers; must be top professionals in their conduct; must not pose 'all-star' problems; must show constant interest; and must, of course, be generally available."

CREDIT WHERE DUE ON 'PARIS BLUES'

Seeking to correct a misunderstanding and right an editorial wrong, ace Hollywood trombonist-reed man Murray McEachern had a few belated words to say about the movie *Paris Blues* and his part in the Duke Ellington music that won an Academy Award nomination for the composer.

The review of *Paris Blues* (*DB*, Nov. 23, 1961) stated in part, "McEachern's part in the music is notable. In addition to his trombone work with the Ellington orchestra, he is composer of *Paris Blues Theme* . . ."

Actually, McEachern told *Down Beat*, the theme music is Ellington's work. "Where the misunderstanding may have arisen," he said, "is in that Duke wrote the theme for me; he composed it with me in mind. They wanted my sound in the film and nobody else's."

"As a matter of fact, I have the original score with a dedication to me by Duke. It was performed by myself and an orchestra last summer at the Orange County Jazz Festival before the picture was released."

The review also said that "surely the orchestration credits are [Billy Strayhorn's], though he gets no billing."

Strayhorn denied credit for the orchestration, saying, "I didn't do any of it, though they did use *Take the A Train* [a Strayhorn composition]. It's all Duke's score. All I did were some of the recording arrangements."

NEW ART TATUM MATERIAL FOUND

Jerry Newman, a long-time jazz buff, record-store owner, chief engineer at his own recording studio in New York City, and inveterate recorder of jazz greats in afterhour sessions during the '40s, has uncovered some tracks by the late Art Tatum recorded at Minton's in 1941.

According to Newman, this was a time when Tatum was accompanying nearly anyone who would appear on the bandstand. For that reason, most of the musicians included in these tracks have unrecognizable names, and, in some cases, are inconsequential.

"But," Newman goes on, "there is one track with Art singing the blues. As far as I know it's the only example of his singing. There's a Tatum conversation too. But the outstanding

tracks—they amount to about 15 minutes of music—are two with Tatum accompanying the late trumpeter Frankie Newton. I swear, Tatum never ever sounded like that at any other time. If you ask me, Thelonious Monk must have heard Tatum at this session.”

The tapes are not ready for hearing at this writing. Newman had difficulty locating Tatum's widow and pinning down his estate and is currently waiting to hear on what terms she will allow him to sell the finished product. To finish it, he intends to overdub bass and drums, because the original recording is low on rhythm fidelity.

JAZZ MUSEUM GETS ORIGINAL SATCHMO HORN

The New Orleans Jazz Museum recently received its most important acquisition to date—Louis Armstrong's first cornet, which he learned to play while at the Waifs' Home in 1914.

The horn was presented by Mrs. Manuella Jones, widow of the late Cap-



Mrs. Jones Louie's horn Souchon

tain John Jones, former superintendent of the home. Jones bought the instrument from a pawn shop and gave it to the 13-year-old Armstrong, who had been confined to the institution following his arrest for firing a gun on New Year's Eve, 1913. Armstrong played the oversized cornet in the Waifs' Home Band and became leader of the band before his release. The mouthpiece still bears scratches that Armstrong reportedly had filed into it to prevent it from slipping from his mouth.

Henry Clay Watson, director of the museum, accepted the instrument in a formal presentation. Also present were New Orleans Jazz Club president Harry Souchon and David Dahlgreen, superintendent of Milne Boys' Home, successor to the Waifs' Home.

"This is a great day for music, a great day for jazz," Watson commented. "This rounds off our basic New Orleans collection beautifully."

AFTER THE BALL, A RIDE ON THE DIP

Even the greatest optimist will not forecast a return of the big bands, but one development is sure to help that whole business and bring more bands into areas usually less swinging.

The development is the growth of mammoth amusement parks from coast to coast, most with large entertainment spaces just right for bands.

Last summer saw Benny Goodman at California's Disneyland and such as Lionel Hampton and Duke Ellington at New York's Freedomland. And for many summers big bands have played at Cincinnati's Coney Island.

This coming summer will see a continuation of big-bands-in-the-big-parks with possibly an increase in the number of bands booked at the various amusement spas.

Most of the admissions to hear the bands will be inexpensive. By keeping prices low, the parks hope to attract young married couples with children—the idea being that after mom and dad have dug the band, the kids will be given their turns at the whirling, dipping, scaring mechanisms indigenous to amusement parks.

In other words, Mary may go 'round, Ferris may wheel, Roller may coast, but all's well if only Basie will count.

Editorial

The Goodman Tour and the Teapot Tempest

The jazz world is a small world. In several ways it's an embarrassingly immature world. It's time it grew up. Take Benny Goodman's Soviet tour for example.

No sooner was it announced that Goodman would head the first jazz group officially to tour the USSR than several jazzmen, probably with the prodding of journalists seeking controversy, sounded off against Goodman, the tour, the State Department, the American National Theater and Academy (which selects artists for State Department tours), the sanity of the government, God, Home, and Mother.

What is this? Here most of us have been for years striving, hoping, praying for more acceptance of jazz, and something important like Goodman's tour comes along and too many persons who should know better put the whole thing down—hard.

What are the charges? Bill Coss goes into them in detail in an article beginning on page 16 of this issue, but generally those who have been quoted have said, in effect, that Goodman is not representative of jazz today, that Duke Ellington or Louis Armstrong or one of the "jazz founders" should have been sent, that Goodman is being sent because he's white, that Goodman is "a retired, commercial exponent of jazz," that Goodman isn't a jazzman.

Perhaps Goodman is not representative of jazz today. Who is? Is Miles Davis? Or is Ornette Coleman? Maybe Buddy Tate? Is Louis Armstrong? Is Count Basie? Duke Ellington? Is Gene Ammons? Or is Jimmy Giuffre? Dizzy Gillespie? Perhaps Sonny Rollins? But what about Stan Getz and John Coltrane? Just who is the representative of jazz today?

Goodman certainly is not a "jazz founder." Nor did he or anyone else we know (aside from Nick LaRocca of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and Jelly Roll Morton) ever claim to be.

Is Benny Goodman "commercial"? Yes. That is, he's made much money playing jazz, something most jazzmen hope to do, even those claiming great dedication to causes. Would he have been a better musician if there never had been a swing era and his resultant "commercial" success? Don't equate making money in jazz to selling jazz down the river.

To say he is being sent because of his race is probably the most malicious charge of all. Goodman's color blindness is too well known to go into here, except to say that in the '30s, when his quartet consisted of himself, Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, and Gene Krupa, Goodman toured the whole country. That made headlines of a different sort.

And to charge that Goodman isn't a jazzman is ridiculous.

It is more likely that Goodman was chosen because he has shown himself capable of handling a large group of jazz musicians, getting them to the job on time, and getting the best from them. In other words, Goodman is a man who can do this quite important job—and do it with honor to the country and to jazz.

So let the jazz world rise to its responsibilities. Let it rejoice that jazz is being sent to Russia. For it is jazz that has made a major break-through, not Benny Goodman.

COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL-1962

The world looked cleaner somehow, the future brighter, after the last note had sounded at the fourth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, held April 6 and 7 at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Ind. The vigor and spirit displayed by young jazz musicians in competition is, in turn, invigorating.

But it was more than the musicians' youth that made this weekend invigorating: the level at which these men—and though some were downy checked, most played as men—conceive music is heartening. The level of performance was, in the majority of cases, polished and professional.

The organization of the festival was of equal polish and professionalism. Without the drive and competence of the festival student committee, headed by Tom Eiff, the festival probably would not have succeeded.

The judges were Quincy Jones; Henry Mancini; Berklee School of Music's Robert Share; Charles Suber, former *Down Beat* publisher; and *DB's* Don DeMicheal.

There were 10 big bands, from as far away as Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arkansas, and 12 combos competing for the array of prizes. In addition, there were guest appearances by the Melodons, a big band led by the Rev. George Wiskirchen of Notre Dame High School of Niles, Ill., and the Indigos, a Lambert-Hendricks-Ross type of vocal group from Wisconsin's Ripon College.

As it did last year, Father Wiskirchen's Melodons received a standing ovation from the audience. There's something about a group of teenagers playing Basie-like arrangements that moves people. One of the members of the band, Randy Snyder, showed such promise as an arranger and composer that the judges awarded him a scholarship, provided by Shaw Artists Corp., to the National Band Camp.

From the 22 groups competing, six were selected for the finals: the Henderson Collegians, led by Wendell Evanson, a big band from Henderson State Teachers College, Arkadelphia, Ark.; the North Texas State University Lab Band from Denton, Texas, led by Leon Breeden, the band that took top prizes at the 1960 and '61 festivals; the Michigan State University Television Orchestra, from Lansing, Mich., a big band formed in September, 1961, by Dr. Gene Hall, one of the leading lights of the stage-band movement and

founder of the North Texas Lab Band; the David Lahm-John Brasher Duo of Amherst College in Massachusetts (Lahm was chosen outstanding pianist in last year's competition); the Indiana University Jazz Combo led by altoist Jamey Aebersold, a group somewhat influenced by the work of Ornette Coleman; and the Bob James Trio from the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

When the winning big band and combo were announced, it was clear that it was Michigan's day.

Bob James' group, with Ron Brooks, bass, and Bob Pozar, drums, won the combo award. The trio also was named the finest jazz group of all the bands competing. Each of the members won as outstanding performer on his instrument. In addition, James was named most promising leader. As if all that weren't enough, Quincy Jones signed them for a Mercury recording date.

The James trio was the most ad-



The Bob James Trio

venturous of all the groups at the festival. They performed two works by University of Michigan graduate student Roger Reynolds in which James and Pozar produced sounds from what looked like a garbage can, an oil drum, tympani, various orthodox drums and cymbals, mallets on piano strings, glass, and other sound-producing objects; Brooks operated a tape recorder that emitted strange sounds. But the group won despite these forays into sound for sound's sake, according to the judges. The empathy evident among the members, their mastery of their instruments, and the imaginative and mature conception of jazz won the prizes for them.

Dr. Hall's band won out over North Texas and Henderson by concentrating on making what was played swing; the others, especially North Texas, seemed more concerned with complexity. The Michigan band's ability to outswing—and outplay—all competitors was evident as the band caught fire in its first appearance, when it played Nat Pierce's arrangement of *Middleman*, with a searing trumpet solo by Bill Hart, a solo that won him the outstanding trumpet award. After that, the band never let down. Much of the credit for the band's drive and swing must go to drummer Ken Watson and bassist Joe Scott. But the lion's share of the band's success is Dr. Hall's, who evidently made his point

to the members that whatever is played must swing—and swing hard.

In fact, swing was what was missing in most of the groups heard. All the players apparently had mastered their instruments, in that they executed difficult passages cleanly and soloed with a degree of imagination and emotion, but most had trouble with time, and not only rhythm-section members. For it is time, more than any other ingredient, that makes jazz what it is, and time is



Dr. Gene Hall and the Michigan Band the hardest of techniques to learn and understand. Still, with patience, thought, and work the time will come.

And the time has come for the efforts of college jazz groups to be given serious consideration and recognition for being the healthiest sign of continued vitality in the jazz world. **db**

CJF WINNERS

FINEST JAZZ GROUP: Bob James Trio, University of Michigan.

BEST BIG BAND: Michigan State University Television Orchestra. *Prize:* Berklee arrangement; set of Selmer Porta-Desks from H&A Selmer, Inc.; scholarships to National Stage Band Camp from Associated Booking Corp. artists.

BEST COMBO: Bob James Trio. *Prizes:* Berklee arrangement; engagement at the Jazz Gallery, New York City.

OUTSTANDING INSTRUMENTALIST: Paul Hubinon, trumpet, Duquesne University Stage Band. *Prize:* \$200 scholarship to Berklee School of Music.

OUTSTANDING SOLOISTS: **Trumpet**—Bill Hart, Michigan State. *Prize:* Dizzy Gillespie model trumpet from Richards Music Co. (Martin Division). **Trombone**—Loren Binford, Northwestern University Jazz Workshop. *Prize:* 48-H CONN-stellation trombone from Conn Corp. **Alto**—Jamey Aebersold, Indiana University Jazz Combo. *Prize:* Selmer (Paris) alto saxophone from H&A Selmer, Inc. **Tenor**—Bob Shurley, Henderson Collegians. *Prize:* Buffet tenor from Carl Fischer Musical Instrument Co. **Bass**—Ron Brooks, Bob James Trio. *Prize:* Maestro string bass from Kay Musical Instrument Co. **Piano**—Bob James Trio. *Prize:* portable electronic piano from Wur-litzer Co. **Drums**—Bob Pozar, Bob James Trio. *Prize:* portable electronic piano from Wur-jian Co. **Vocalist**—Jeanne Lee, Ran Blake-Jeanne Lee Duo. *Prize:* V-M tape recorder and amplifier from the V-M Corp. **Guitar**—Don Gilliland, North Texas State University Jazz Lab Band. *Prize:* Harmony guitar from Harmony Co.

OUTSTANDING ORIGINAL COMPOSITION: *Vol. XII*, by Morgan Powell, North Texas State. *Prize:* composition to be published by Berklee.

MOST PROMISING LEADER: Bob James, Bob James Trio. *Prize:* scholarship to National Band Camp from Willard Alexander Corp.

MOST PROMISING ARRANGER: Bob Morgan, North Texas State. *Prize:* scholarship to National Band Camp from *Down Beat*.

MOST PROMISING SOLOISTS: Jim DiPasquale (tenor), Northwestern University; Dick Washburn (trumpet), Indiana University Jazz Combo and I.U. Jazz Ensemble; Carmen Pepe (drums), Indiana University; Bob Pierson (alto), University of Notre Dame Quintet; Archie Wheeler (tenor), North Texas State. *Prizes:* scholarships to National Band Camp from Broadcast Music, Inc.

Down Beat
Associate Editor
Bill Coss Offers A
Special Report On
**BENNY
GOODMAN**

**ON
THE
FIRST
STEPPE**

BY NOW IT is common knowledge that Benny Goodman will tour the USSR beginning about June 1. There may be additional trips to other Iron Curtain countries afterward.

With, and since, the announcement, a surprising number of jazz notables swung to the barricades to protest the State Department's choice of Goodman. Dizzy Gillespie and George Shearing were among the first to be quoted (*DB*, April 26). Their criticism—that the Goodman music was limited—was echoed by several other musicians and bystanders. Others were even more severe: Goodman is tired and commercial. It was asked why he was being sent instead of one of the jazz founders. (See editorial, page 14.)

Despite some serious overtones, it began to resemble the battles waged on campus about football scholarships, football schedules, football strategy. Or do you remember arguments about whether Jack Armstrong was really "The All American Boy"? Or, perhaps, you might argue about Tom Swift; sure, he's a bit dated now, but look at all the things he invented—like the first big-name mixed band.

Those who argue for the old coach, Jack Armstrong, or Tom Swift list Goodman's racial attitude as an important reason for his going. (Characteristically, he looks surprised when the subject is brought up. "I just want the best musicians I can get," he says.) In addition, they say Benny is a "founding father" of jazz, has remarkable prestige throughout the world, and was the first jazz musician to gain respect for his facility in the classical field.

The con side of the argument is curiously insensitive about Goodman's racial record, for if anything, the antagonists would have it that there is a racial reason for his having been chosen in the first place. These persons, of course, forget that the first official State Department-sponsored tour was by a band led by Dizzy Gillespie through the Near and Middle East in 1956.

Still, that criticism is at least intimated in at least one Negro magazine. In that quarter the general feeling is that Duke Ellington should have been sent. Quotes are given from jazz notables saying just this and specifying what they



consider Goodman faults.

Unfortunately, Goodman is not the most articulate of men. Beyond that, he is not inclined to make any excuses for himself, a fact infuriating to his fans. Or worse—he is likely to deprecate arguments in his favor.

Goodman, it has been reported, got the tour because of his personal involvement with things Russian.

According to the story, Goodman has been on an eight-year campaign to go to Russia. It is true that in 1954 E. Clifton Daniel, Margaret Truman's husband, was in Moscow and wrote to Goodman for some jazz records. The records were sent. In 1960, Soviet composers Dimitri Shostakovich, Dmitri Kabalevsky, and Aram Khachaturian visited Goodman at Basin Street East in New York City. The next year, two Russian musicologists paid the same visit. Goodman asked them why he couldn't play in Russia. There was no comment.

All this, it is said, proves that Goodman has been dealing personally with the project; that is why he is going; that's why Duke Ellington didn't go; that's why Louis Armstrong

didn't go. That's why (you name them) didn't go.

THE SITUATION is what is known as a bind, a position from which one cannot move without being in an even worse position. But move one must.

Of all the persons involved, Goodman is the least conscious that there is a bind. He has only one move in mind—going to Russia. And the arguments are all on his side.

To begin with the first: Whether he is the king of swing is unimportant. (He laughs when the question is asked. There is noblesse oblige in the laughter.) He paid his dues, presented some of the great jazz musicians, and was himself one of them.

Whatever the reasons advanced for the host of others who might have been sent, it should be remembered that Louis Armstrong turned the tour down because there was not enough money offered. It also should be remembered that the American National Theater Academy, which sponsors these tours with an allotment from the State Department, is forbidden by law to send any person on such a tour who is



known to be an alcoholic or a narcotics addict or who continues to have such in his employ.

Those musicians who have turned down the tour have done it for money, career, or personal reasons. In the cases of Lionel Hampton and Ellington, who were asked to come on the tour by Goodman, both said they could not leave their bands. But, contrary to stories printed, neither had been approached as being a sideman. Instead, Goodman offered both—and had intended to offer others—the opportunity of appearing with his band as guest artists in special programs of their own music.

This was the only time during a recent *Down Beat* interview that Goodman showed anger at the adverse stories.

"Can you imagine me asking Duke to be a sideman?" he asked. "I explained to everyone I hadn't even cleared this with the State Department, but I thought this was a way to present all the jazz things in a way that would get to the Russian people. That's what I want to do. As it turns out, the State Department's Frank Siscoe said it couldn't be done that way anyway, so the whole idea is out. But it was

a good one. I didn't ask anyone of that caliber to be a sideman. I was trying to do something.

"I tried to get Jack Teagarden, too, in the same way as Duke and Lionel. But I guess it just can't be done. The State Department doesn't see the guest-artist idea."

Then Goodman began to choose the actual sidemen. "Don't list them yet," he said. We'll just have to keep changing the list all the time."

And that's the way it happened. Israel Crosby was the first named member of the band. But bassist Crosby is now with the George Shearing Quintet.

There are some who insist that no one really wants to play in a Goodman band anyway. The reason given is the "Goodman Ray," a reputed way of expressing disapproval toward musicians in his bands by the way he looks at them.

George Simon, who knows, insists that the look most often is merely Benny's habit of staring while he's thinking and becomes a "ray" only to a sideman with a guilty conscience.

"Ray" or no, and Goodman's admonition not to list sidemen prematurely notwithstanding, a personnel list somewhat beyond the tentative can be drawn up now: Johnny Frosk, trumpet; Willie Dennis, Jimmy Knepper, trombones; Phil Woods, Jerry Dodgion, Zoot Sims, Oliver Nelson, Gene Allen, reeds; John Bunch, piano; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Mel Lewis, drums; Joya Sherrill, vocals. At least two more trumpets will be added, one or more trombones, and a bassist.

The immediate arranging staff: Oliver Nelson, Ralph Burns, and Gary McFarland, whose first assignment was an arrangement of *Blue Monk*.

One criticism is certainly true—there will be no "advanced experimenters" in the band. Some, undoubtedly, will be sorry for that, but it is hardly a real criticism, since if an ultramodern group had been asked to tour, it is certainly doubtful that it would play examples of Benny Goodman's style of jazz.

On May 21, Goodman will unveil the new band at the Seattle World's Fair. Six days later, he and it will fly to Russia. Then, after the tour, the band will return to the United States with dates already planned for Ravinia, near Chicago, and Freedomland in New York.

"We'll keep the band together for some time," Goodman said.

There was a free-wheeling conversation for a moment: It's good you're having young musicians in the band, Benny.

"I don't know what young is anymore," he said.

Do you know what cities you're going to play in Russia? "If I had the schedule, I'd give it to you."

What kind of music will you play mostly?

"Well, we'll play some of the things they expect and some new things. What I really want is for them to like our music. Maybe other bands can go there then. I'll give audiences anything I think is good. I'll play different concerts with Russian symphony orchestras and chamber groups; the Mozart and Brahms quintets and trios, and there's a Prokofiev quintet."

SO BENNY RIDES AGAIN, as he has before, seemingly unperturbed by all the furor over his selection.

Whatever choices might have been made, Goodman was a good one, and he will choose well himself. The reasons for his choice are several:

Benny Goodman is a respected, renowned figure in jazz as the world views it. He supported and advanced dozens of serious, exceptional musicians. He also is a classical musician of accomplishment. He is certain to make it possible for further tours by other musicians. And this is a mission to Moscow—despite old coach, Jack Armstrong, Tom Swift, the "ray," and/or ethnic arguments. 

ONE OF THE less pleasant side effects of the West Coast movement of the early- and middle-1950s was the burial of tenorist Teddy Edwards.

Recognized in the late 1940s as a peer of such noted horn men as Dexter Gordon and the late Wardell Gray, Edwards, now 38, found himself virtually frozen out of jazz recording in his adopted home town of Los Angeles during the tippy-toed life of West Coast jazz.

In 1948 he squared off with Gordon on a single record for the Dial label titled *The Duel*. In the years that followed, up to 1957, Edwards made only two other appearances on record. His one take of *Blues in Teddy's Flat* was included in a 1948 Dial album titled *Saxophonia* and attracted the first significant public attention to him. Six years later, when he had joined Max Roach and Clifford Brown for a brief Los Angeles engagement, Edwards recorded with their quintet for Gene Norman.

In 1957 he reappeared as a Leroy Vinnegar sideman on a Contemporary album, *Leroy Walks*. Since 1957, Edwards has been popping up as featured soloist on a variety of albums recorded in Los Angeles. To date, he has in release three LPs under his own leadership (*Sunset Eyes* on Pacific Jazz, *Teddy's Ready* on Contemporary, both cut in 1960, and the recent *Good Gravy*) and shares billing with trumpeter Howard McGhee on a third, *Together Again*, recorded last year, also on Contemporary. In all, he has appeared on a total of 13 albums since 1957.

Edwards might not have secured recognition as a recording artist when he did had it not been for the perseverance of Leroy Vinnegar's manager, Tillie Mitchell. As a result of her pro-Edwards propaganda, the horn man said, he got his first record date since the one with Roach and Brown in 1954.

But what caused the 1948-57 drought? Edwards' explanation is laconic and to the point. "The West Coast thing came along," he said, "and I guess I didn't fit in."

With a tinge of sarcasm he added, "Maybe I played a little too loud."

Perhaps an auxiliary reason may be discerned in Edwards' tenor style. Basically founded in Charlie Parker, Edwards' playing is hard, swift, and biting. Some have called it bitter. The key to his style, however, is not to be found so much in Edwards' personality—which is equable and pleasant—or in his feelings about music and men, which he is inclined to keep to himself, but in his musical beginnings.

Born Theodore Marcus Edwards on April 26, 1924, in Jackson, Miss., the sax man began studying at 12 with a

teacher named Arthur Horne. From a musical family (his father played reeds, trombone, and violin, and his grandfather was a bassist), Edwards wasted no time in plunging into music at a professional level. In 1936 the year he took up formal study, he joined the Doc Parmlee Band on alto and clarinet, shifted to the Don Dunbar Band two years later, and, in 1940, went with Paul Gayten.

"Those first three bands," Edwards recalled, "worked a three-state area out of Jackson. It was valuable experience for me at the time and gave me my first taste of the road."

After joining Gayten, the teen-aged sax man began absorbing tales of the cities up north. He was particularly interested in what he heard about Detroit, Mich. Stories kept reaching the youth about the jazz ferment in the Motor City, of the up-and-coming musicians who lived there—men such as Milt Jackson, Lucky Thompson, Wardell Gray, Julius Watkins, and Al McKibbin.

"I moved in and out of Detroit," he remembered, "before finally settling there in 1942. At that time I was working different places with Yusef Lateef—he was known as Bill Evans then. Also, I played with all the other guys—Bags, Stitt, and the others around at the time. Even then—and don't forget that's 20 years ago—they were all good players. Wardell and Stitt were playing alto, and so was I. In fact, I was the youngest of the alto players around there then. One of the groups I worked with was a trio with Hank Jones on piano, Al Smith on guitar, and myself on clarinet."

Out of the Detroit forge emerged one influence that affected Edwards decisively. It was in the form of a sax player named Stack Walton.

"He's living in L.A. now," Edwards said, "but he's in another business. Stack really helped me a lot musically. He knew more than he could produce on the horn—one of those kind of people."

By 1944 Edwards had worked with Roy Milton and joined the Ernie Fields Band. That year he traveled with Fields to California, his future home.

"When we got to California, I changed to the tenor," Edwards continued. "Howard McGhee had been working with Coleman Hawkins at Billy Berg's in Hollywood. When Hawk went back east, Howard decided to stay around a while and work some of the Jazz at the Philharmonic things and other concerts."

McGhee formed his own group and asked Edwards to join. "He talked me into changing to tenor," Edwards said. "But while changing horns I also had to learn the

TEDDY EDWARDS: LONG, LONG JOURNEY

By JOHN TYNAN

band's book at the same time. This was kinda tough, but it taught me a lot. Besides Howard and myself, we had in the group Stanley Morgan on guitar, Vernon Biddle on piano, Bob Kesterson, bass, and Roy Porter on drums." They opened at the Downbeat Club in Los Angeles.

The McGhee group lasted through early 1946 before disbanding. In the meantime, the trumpeter's sextet recorded a single record for Dial, one of the sides of which was *Up in Dodo's Room*, a tune written by Hal Vernon, a Los Angeles pianist. Dodo Marmaroso sat in on piano for the session, and Edwards played "one of my best solos."

"This was the first record," the tenorist noted, "to come out with a sound different from what groups led by Hawkins and Lester Young had been getting up till then. By this time I'd been very much influenced by Charlie Parker, and this accounted for the different sound. It surprised a lot of people at the time."

EDWARD'S INDUCTIVE association with Charlie Parker goes back to Detroit in 1942, which he recalled:

"Ben Webster told me one night, 'Man, you haven't heard anything till you've heard Charlie Parker play *Cherokee*' — and he was just about right too. I met Parker in Detroit later that year, and we hit it off very well.

"Naturally, I'd always idolized alto players because I was an alto player myself. But then, when I met Charlie Parker, I was turned around again."

Later, in California, the paths of Parker and Edwards were to recross.

"Howard McGhee started an eight-piece band while he was on the coast," recounted Edwards. "It was a very exciting group with Charlie Parker and Sonny Criss on altos; Gene Montgomery and myself on tenors; Earl Ecklin on piano; Bob Kesterson on bass; Roy Porter on drums; and, of course, Howard on trumpet. Bill Jones was the vocalist. Pretty good too.

"This was the time when Bird had his breakdown here. He was a very sick man then and had lost complete control of his nervous system. Like, without warning his arm would shoot out in some direction, or his head would suddenly whip around. He was in terrible shape. But he could still play—and did, just great."

Edwards continued the reminiscence: "We used to take Bird to a movie downtown, and he'd listen to the background music and go off to sleep. That was the only way he could get any rest."

By the time Parker had recuperated and departed Los Angeles for New York City late in 1947, Edwards had put in time with the bands of Benny Carter and Gerald

Wilson. In 1949 he took his horn to Hermosa Beach's Lighthouse, where he remained for part of the next year.

In 1951, with the first faint stirrings of the West Coast movement in evidence at the Lighthouse and elsewhere around the Los Angeles area, Edwards left town. He headed north for San Francisco and a job as leader of the afterhours house band at that metropolis' Bop City, a job that was to last more than a year.

"When we finally left Bop City," he said, "I took a different band to the Champagne Club, where we had to play shows. It was quite a different scene. Gerald Wilson, who was living in San Francisco at the time, was in it."

While in San Francisco, Edwards encountered Parker for the last time. "He came to the city as a single artist working with a local rhythm section," he said. "This was early in 1954. He died in March the following year.

"All the time he was there we played chess together. Bird was quite a bug on chess. I feel kinda guilty too." Edwards laughed. "I never let him win a game."

In April, 1954, Sonny Stitt left the Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet, and the drummer asked Edwards to replace him. The tenorist had been married New Year's Eve, 1953, in Los Angeles, and this influenced him to return to the smogbound city. "Anyway," he noted, "my roots were already there by this time."

Edwards worked with the Roach group at the California Club in Los Angeles for a seven-week engagement. Then, when the quintet left town, the sax man remained, being replaced by Harold Land.

From then until May, 1955, Edwards traversed the local Los Angeles scene, "gigging around, taking anything that came

along—rock and roll, burlesque, and so on. But learning something from it all. It all contributes to the total."

In May, 1955, a new Las Vegas, Nev., hotel, the Moulin Rouge, opened with much optimistic hoopla and the promise of quality, jazz-oriented entertainment under the baton of Benny Carter. There was only one thing wrong—the Moulin Rouge lacked the necessary financial reserve to become established in the Negro section of an essentially Jim Crow city. Within five months it closed.

The band hired by Benny Carter to work the new hotel was impressive in its complement and in its book. It was composed of top Los Angeles jazz musicians, of whom Edwards and Wardell Gray were two. Between shows, Edwards recalled, he filled time playing with the Harry Edison and Earl Hines combos in the hotel lounge, a traditional enter-

(Continued on page 42)



ROGER MARSHUTZ—CONTEMPORARY RECORDS

SAGA OF A SAXOPHONE SAGE

By IRA GITLER



CHARLES STEWART

LAURENCE (BUD) FREEMAN was 56 last April 13, but in many ways he continues to think and play youthfully. Freeman's urbanity off the bandstand can belie the unexpectedly hot vigor with which he plays the tenor saxophone. John S. Wilson in reviewing *Chicago and All That Jazz* (*DB*, Feb. 15), an album featuring part of the cast from the NBC television production of the same name, said, "Freeman comes on with a keen-edged, lusty attack that should make the current tenor stars reconsider their stature."

How does this jazz veteran from Chicago's original Austin High Gang keep his youthful outlook and enthusiasm?

He simply has not allowed himself to become stagnant.

Without changing his basic musical concepts, he has never failed to explore new avenues if he thought they would enlarge his scope. For example, in 1947 Freeman startled many persons by studying with pianist Lennie Tristano, who at that time was in the forefront of modernity.

"After I came back from Chile," Freeman explained, "I had lost confidence in my playing, and I liked what Tristano was doing. I heard a couple of his records and thought he was a brilliant musician. I spent about three months with him. Actually, we just reviewed what I had known as a kid—scales and intervals. Of course, he did give me terrific confidence. He seemed to like what I was doing, and I felt he was the new approach to jazz. Although I respect him highly, I was not influenced by him in any way. I had to do what is me, what I honestly can say was my own playing."

Several years ago, Freeman became interested in Zen Buddhism, but in regard to the recent Zen movement in this country, he is skeptical of its mass efficacy. "I think a lot of people overdo it in that they face walls and sit in meditation all day," he said. "I don't see that sort of thing. I don't see going all out in being an ascetic, but I think there's a great thing to be learned in the study

of Zen Buddhism."

One thing Freeman claims to have derived from Zen is the calmness to take customer insults and bad write-ups without being upset by them anymore. He quotes the *Lao Tzu*, a Chinese Taoist philosophical work, "If you never assume importance, you never lose it." There is much of the Taoist philosophy of meditation and contemplation interwoven in Zen, and Freeman, who in years past had been known to storm into the office of the writer of a particularly uncomplimentary review, seems to have developed in recent years an equanimity in the face of adverse criticism, no matter how ill-founded.

During the last year, Freeman has forayed into psychoanalysis. It goes "hand in hand" with Zen as far as he is concerned.

"I believed in so many things that aren't real," he said. "I thought I couldn't play with certain types of bands."

His new confidence has created a new freedom. Now, in addition to taking a group of his own, he is also traveling around the country as a soloist, picking up his rhythm sections on location.

"This has given me a chance to play more and make a better living," he said. "I don't need to be the *big*, safe group leader."

The TV show *Chicago and All That Jazz* resulted in his getting many phone calls and subsequent work. "As Zen Buddhism teaches," he laughed, "when a door opens, walk in."

His inclusion in a jazz show about Chicago was almost mandatory. From the days of the Austin High Gang, he has represented the best of what the category-loving jazz public knows as "Chicago jazz." Although his personal conception has become more finely honed and less bound by restrictive labelings through the years, it is still a reflection of the tradition that the young Chicago musicians learned from the New Orleans pioneers in the '20s.

It was cornetist Jimmy McPartland

and his brother, banjoist-guitarist Dick, who gave Freeman the impetus to start playing. But there were many musicians involved. No one can articulate it as well as Freeman. His enthusiasm was visible when the subject of the old crowd was brought up.

"I must tell you the true story of the Austin High Gang," he said. "Jimmy, his brother Dick, Jim Lanigan, [Frank] Teschemacher, and I were the five people who went to Austin. Floyd O'Brien was in it; Dave Tough went to Oak Park High. Dave North, the pianist, Joe Sullivan later—they came into it. They did not go to Austin, but they were in the gang, the early people that played together.

"Here were a group of guys who would have nothing to do with anything but good jazz—the Louies, the King Olivers, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings—the people who were playing the best jazz in those days.

"We couldn't stand so-called commercial bands, and rather than take a job where we could make a fairly decent living (we all lived at home anyway), if there were no other jazzmen in the group, we didn't even take the job.

"Later on, we realized that this was going to be a living, that we were professional musicians. We got to be a little better perhaps than we thought we were going to be, and we got good offers, such as jobs with Paul Whiteman, Ray Noble, and Ben Bernie. But in these bands, although they didn't play jazz, I always had a chance to play what I wanted to play. I did have to play with the section and read the arrangements, but I was hired for my jazz ability. And so, in a way, I was being honest, although after a certain period, I'd have to get out because I could no longer stand it, and in many cases I was fired because I showed my disinterest."

The McPartlands may have given Freeman the incentive to start playing, but it was the great drummer Dave Tough who indoctrinated Bud.

"Dave was the first to introduce me to jazz as played by the real players," Freeman recalled, "and that was the old King Oliver Band with King on trumpet, Louis Armstrong on second trumpet, Louis' wife, Lil Armstrong, on piano, Johnny and Baby Dodds and Kid Ory. Dave had been going to hear them since he was about 15. He had been a drummer, you see, on the road. I think he played professionally when he was 14. He did seem a lot older, actually, than his age, and he was an excellent drummer then. I'll never forget Dave taking me down to this wonderful little place, on the south side of Chicago, called the Lincoln Gardens. Very few white people had ever been

in the place because in those days, people were pretty stupid about races, and they thought that these were people of another world and were frightened to go there. But I'll never forget how beautifully they treated us. They seemed to know that we were there for the music."

It was at this early stage of Freeman's career, when he was still playing the C-melody saxophone, that Tough got him his first job. It was nearly the end of Freeman's life, musical and otherwise.

"Dave had been playing with an old vaudeville pianist by the name of Lyman Woods, and Lyman had a summer job at the Calumet Inn in Sheboygan, Wis. It was an inn right on a lake. The job called for a trio, and he wanted Dave very badly and he wanted a saxophone. Well, I couldn't play anything—I could play one note, and I used to get a strong 'drumbeat' on that note. And Dave Tough highly recommended me to this man—and I couldn't play the melody. I couldn't play anything. Dave said, 'This guy has got the best beat you ever heard on the saxophone. In fact, that's all he's got.'

"So I went down and auditioned for the man on the C-melody, and, of course, this C-melody had celluloid for the worn-out pads and rubber bands for springs to give the action on the keys. When the man saw this, he said, 'Oh, my God, Dave, this just won't work!'

"And Dave said, 'Well, I'm sorry—if Freeman doesn't go, I can't take the job.'

"The man wanted Dave so badly that he allowed me to come. He said that I'd have to have a new horn, but, sure enough, I opened up on that broken-down old horn.

"We got in this place—I was making \$40 a week and tips. I was 18 years old. Poor Lym was going crazy with my playing. He just couldn't bear it, so he would get terribly drunk so that he wouldn't hear me because all I could play was bop-beep-boop-bop-de-bop-beep-boop-boop—one note, the hell with the key. Of course, Dave loved it because he was a drummer and we were friends.

"Well, Dave finally got so he couldn't bear it anymore, and he did get a good offer to go with a college band to a dance hall in Green Lake. So he left, and the night he left this man threatened to murder me if I didn't get out of town. No notice. Just out!

"Interestingly enough, later on in my career, I played in many of Capone's joints, but the closest I came to being murdered was on that job."

A year after the Calumet Inn fiasco, Freeman got his first tenor saxophone

and found that it had what he described as a different, more interesting approach to jazz than other instruments. He felt that the cornet sound and that of the clarinet were "very obvious. The tenor had a subtle approach to jazz that I liked."

Freeman's ability enabled him to succeed in an area of jazz where the instrument he was playing was uncommon.

"People responsible for jazz were individuals," he said. "If a musician believes in a thing, then the public will believe in it. They (the musicians) liked what I did on tenor so I was in on what was going on.

"There weren't many soloists in those



DORSEY DAYS

L. to R. Max Kaminsky, Jack Leonard, Axel Stordahl, Dave Tough, Freeman.

days except Coleman Hawkins in the '20s with Fletcher Henderson. I had not known what a powerful solo instrument the tenor could be until I heard Hawkins with Henderson in 1925 or 1926 in Detroit at the Greystone Ballroom. Although I was not influenced by Hawkins, I was just amazed by the way the man handled the instrument and the power of the instrument. Hawkins, in those days, did not play the way he plays today. He played very much on the beat, tongued a lot of things, and had a powerful beat and terrific drive and sound. Since then he has developed a legato way of playing, but he still has that powerful sound. I'm sure Hawkins is the first, great, authentic jazz tenor soloist I ever heard.

"Another great tenor man who never got the publicity he deserved was Prince Robinson, who played with McKinney's Cotton Pickers. I knew of no other tenor men. Lester Young hadn't come up until eight years after I started playing. Prez was influenced by Frankie Trumbauer."

There was a certain way of playing tenor, Freeman recalled, and cited many so-called collegiate tenor saxophonists who were trying to play like Trumbauer or Bix Beiderbecke. There were many who never became very well known. But there was one who played C-melody who Freeman said he got a tremendous kick out of—Jack Pettis.

"He made a couple of records with

the Friars Society Orchestra, which was the New Orleans Rhythm Kings," Bud said. "I think Jack is still around—he doesn't play—but I thought he was tremendous. He was a great influence."

Saxophonists were only one of many elements in the shaping of Freeman.

"I was influenced by Louis, Beiderbecke, Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, Buster Bailey, Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, Earl Hines—by drummers—Dave Tough was a strong influence," he said. "I was never influenced by one horn or one thing. It was all the different things.

"I was greatly influenced by jazz dancers. There were great dancers in those days. Not Bill Robinson particularly, because he was the accepted, commercial dancer, but the more esoteric dancers, such as a team called Brown and McGraw, who danced at the old Sunset with Louis . . . Rector and Cooper, and, of course, Bubbles. People always think of Bubbles as a very commercial act—a singer—but he was truly the best dancer of his day.

"All these things were jazz to me. There was one time I was hardly listening to music and just watching these great dancers. They had so much music in their dancing. If I were a drummer, I'd have paid attention to nothing but these great dancers. When I speak of the great dancers for the younger crowd, they would probably be aware of the name Baby Lawrence. I think he is definitely the Charlie Parker of dancing."

ALTHOUGH KNOWN mainly for his work in combos, Freeman served in the big bands prevalent in the 1935-1945 period, including two of the most prominent, Benny Goodman's and Tommy Dorsey's.

"I was with Dorsey first," he recounted. "Now although Tommy's band was a very commercial band, Tommy loved what I did, and he let me play a lot of solos. When I was with Benny, there was nothing for me to do because Benny was the great soloist in the band, and I was just another saxophone player in the band. The big mistake I made—and I say this with all due respect to Benny, who I think is a great artist—was going with Benny. I had everything my own way with Tommy. We realize Tommy's was a commercial dance band, but he had great people in it. Dave Tough, the finest of all the drummers. Johnny Mince on clarinet. Brilliant writers in [Paul] Weston and [Axel] Stordahl. Howard Smith on piano, who was a very inventive musician. Bunny Berigan was with us for a while.

"Tommy naturally had to feature what he did, which was a sweet, melodic

trombone, but he did really have a great love for jazz. Although he wasn't selling jazz, if a guy could play, he would really let him 'go'. The very thing that put the big band over was the jazz soloist."

Freeman's lesser role in the Goodman band led to an unhappy parting. "I really didn't have a chance to play," Bud said. "So I went out on a drunk and got lost for three days, and when I came back, I was fired. I had a feeling I was going to be fired. Dave (Tough) had left the band, and he was a close friend. I was sort of uninterested."

"After Benny, I said, 'No more big bands'. I had a big band of my own, but that was made up of all jazz musicians. We played the Sherman Hotel in Chicago just before the war."

Before this, Freeman went back to the small groups he has always loved. He felt he had lost his confidence in 1938, the year he spent with Goodman. But if he had lost his confidence, he had gained a name through his disagreements with Dorsey and Goodman. "My name was very popular in those days," he said. "I had gotten into scuffles with Tommy and Benny—it made headlines in *Down Beat*."

At about the time of Freeman's concluding disputes with big-band leaders, Eddie Condon had been playing for some time at Nick's in New York City. It was one of the few places, in Freeman's opinion, where one could play music he liked and still make a living. He asked Condon if he would let him front Condon's band. The first week, the band, later called the Summa Cum Laude Band, was receiving offers to record.

Everything was rosy. The band recorded for Victor's subsidiary, Bluebird, did two albums for Decca and one for Columbia (with Jack Teagarden on trombone and Tough on drums), and stayed at Nick's for seven months. Included in the band, in addition to Freeman and Condon, were Max Kaminsky, cornet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Brad Gowans, valve trombone; Dave Bowman, piano.

An offer came from Don Vorhees, the conductor and a friend of Freeman, to go into a show, *Swingin' the Dream*, a jazz version of *Midsummer's Night Dream*, whose cast included Louis Armstrong as Bottom. The show flopped. And the band had quit Nick's because the owner did not want the band to double in a show.

"So there we were, out of a job," Freeman said. "The show ran for a couple of weeks, and we never got paid."

"We wanted to keep the band together so we took a job in a terrible

place. I can't remember whether it was on 46th or 47th, but it was between Sixth and Seventh avenues. It was quite a dive, and yet we jammed good people into the place. It was a place where they practically had strip-tease, cheap shows, and a lot of underworld characters. It was late '39 or 1940 when we were out of that job, for which we got practically no pay at all."

Jobs were rather hit and miss then. The group went to Chicago and did a month at the Sherman Hotel opposite a little band led by violinist Stuff Smith, but it seems the patrons weren't ready for small-group jazz in that setting. Freeman returned east, augmented the band to 18 men, including trumpeter Hot Lips Page, and did 20 to 30 one-nighters. When this tour ended, Condon took the small band back into Nick's, and Freeman went to Miami, Fla., to work at the Paddock Club, which the booking agent had told him was a jazz spot. After having to play an hour-and-a-half show two or three times a night and play dance music too, he and his six-piece group seldom finished until 5 a.m. A couple of months of that and Freeman was on his way back to Chicago.

In Chicago, he dropped in to see trumpeter Wingy Manone at the Brass Rail. Manone was closing the next week, and the manager asked Freeman to round up the best musicians he could and follow Wingy at the club.

"I really was just visiting Chicago," he said, "but I went out and got a wonderful pianist who has since passed away—Ralph Hinda. He never got the publicity he should have. He was a fine concert pianist who was just learning jazz. He had a good solid beat—played a lot of fast-tempo things. He was not influenced by Tatum but had that same flowing style. I also had a wonderful saxophonist named Bill Dohler. He plays alto — wonderfully creative — strictly an artist. He got the group for me, and we did terrific business. They had never had any late business there, and we really had a late crowd coming in—all the big band-leaders. I stayed for 14 weeks, which was a long run at the Brass Rail for anyone."

After this, Ray O'Hare, "the society club-date king," took a liking to Freeman and helped him get a lot of North Shore work—"all the best country clubs and the so-called society parties," Freeman said, "and for the next two years, until I went in the Army, I was playing dance music, but all jazz."

"In fact, the big bands would come into town — Goodman, Dorsey, Ray McKinley — and would take musicians from my band."

All Freeman's bands in this period

were big bands, but he always had a small jazz unit within them. Freeman worked on and off for O'Hare for a couple of years.

"In the interim," Bud recalled, "we got a booking in the Sherman Hotel as sort of a house band. Artie Shaw had canceled out, and the owner of the hotel asked me if I could get a band in 17 hours. I called up 18 men, rehearsed all night, and opened with a big revue in the Panther Room. We stayed there for that week and then became the house band whenever they needed somebody."

"One time we had a Russian revue with heavy dancers, Khachaturian music, and I didn't feel I was equipped to conduct this. There happened to be a Russian opera or ballet in town at the time. They had an authentic Russian conductor who was a very brilliant musician. He dressed in tails. I hired him at \$40 a night to come over and direct the revue. It was fabulous the way the band played under him. He was an excellent conductor—every finger movement meant something. He imagined he was conducting about 80 men. The thing was a tremendous success, and we got a big bonus for the week. You can imagine me trying to *direct* this thing. In those days, I had enough trouble directing myself."

BY THIS time World War II had begun, and Freeman was drafted. He spent 22 months in the 38th Special Services Company in the Aleutian Islands. After the war, Freeman returned to New York. He became house bandleader for Majestic records. When not backing singers like the DeMarco Sisters, Freeman recorded on his own. A unique side was *The Atomic Era* with Freeman's tenor backed only by Ray McKinley's drums. "The record never had a chance," Freeman said. "The company collapsed."

Next came a period of freelancing. In the mid-1940s there were many concerts that freely mixed the groups of the then up-and-coming modernists like Dizzy Gillespie with Billie Holiday, Buck Clayton, Lips Page, Joe Bushkin, and Freeman.

Since that time, Bud has worked with small groups. "The quartet to me is everything," he said.

When he can get a horn man like Harold Baker to play with him, he likes a quintet too.

His choice of rhythm section players leans toward musicians who have a modern yet universal approach—pianists Bob Hammer, John Bunch, or Al Planck; drummer Mousie Alexander.

As much as he likes the younger
(Continued on page 40)

THE MAVERICK REEDS

By **RICHARD B. HADLOCK**

THERE WAS a time when for most people the word "saxophone" meant the C-melody saxophone. Today the C-melody is about as common as the whooping crane and rather less popular.

For all but a handful of exoticists, the saxophone today is a matter of three basic instruments—the E_b alto, the B_♭ tenor, and the E_b baritone. Though now played by several good jazzmen, the B_♭ soprano is still widely regarded as a bastard offspring suitable only for novelty use. The B_♭ bass saxophone also is nearly extinct, surviving mainly as a fleet substitute for the cumbersome tuba. Other members of the original family such as the C-soprano and the F-alto are virtually museum pieces today.

What happened? Why has the C-melody, once the favorite solo instrument of the lot, gone the way of the dodo? What caused the disappearance of the bass saxophone and the almost complete abandonment of the soprano? Will these seldom-heard voices ever return in force to jazz? Some answers may be suggested by noting how these instruments fared as jazzmen's needs and aims changed during the last four decades.

When bandleaders such as Art Hickman and Paul Whiteman featured saxophones in arrangements during and just after World War I, they launched an unprecedented wave of enthusiasm for the previously scorned instrument. Novelty all-saxophone bands such as the Six Brown Brothers came into prominence, and everywhere college kids began blasting on cheap C-melody saxes because they could conveniently read sheet music over the piano player's shoulder without transposing. When Rudy Wiedhoft began to record C-melody solos, still more of these instruments were sold. Everyone, it seemed, wanted a crack at Wiedhoft C-melody specialties like *Saxophobia* or *Saxophon*, although no one could match the celebrated soloist's fantastic staccato technique and sure control of his still imperfect instrument.

So strong was the appeal of the saxophone that most bands were forced to add at least one, like it or not. Small jazz bands went along with the idea, including "pure" New Orleans combinations as King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, and, later, those led by Jimmie Noone and Louis Armstrong.

Young Chicagoans such as Frank Teschemacher, Bud Freeman, and Mezz Mezzrow were introduced to jazz at this time and simply took the saxophone for granted as part of the jazz scene. When only one saxophone was featured, it seemed unimportant whether—the C-melody, alto, or tenor was used. Mezzrow, Freeman, and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings' Jack Pettis shifted back and fourth from C-melody to tenor; Teschemacher preferred the edgier tone of the alto.

The bass saxophone came into favor in the early '20s because it could be recorded more satisfactorily than the tuba, which, like the bass drum, tended to jar the cutting stylus off the wax master record. It was some time before a respectable bass sax solo turned up on a jazz recording, however.

Soprano saxophones were standard items in every large dance band of the '20s, but were seldom heard as solo instruments. The notable exception was, of course, Sidney Bechet, who made the soprano his life's work and remained unchallenged on that instrument for nearly 40 years.

With the gradual standardization of dance-band instrumentation to 10 (three brass, four rhythm, three saxes), the C-melody, still popular with amateurs, began its decline. A two alto and tenor team was more practical for most bands. As mouthpieces and instruments improved, the tenor became more bearable and, in the hands of young Coleman Hawkins at least, quite appealing. The tenor and alto keys (B_♭ and E_b) proved more comfortable, too, alongside B_♭ trumpets. An arrangement in D_b, for example, might have presented a C-melody man with serious execution problems while

tenors and altos would find little to worry about, and a score in A would produce the same problem in reverse. Average dance-band sidemen in the '20s just were not equipped to cope with extra problems of this sort.

The real death blow to the C-melody was the coming of radio and electrical recording methods. To project a "live" sound effectively over microphones, a move away from the fuzzy, wavering sounds of old saxophone sections and soloists was called for. Merle Johnston and other New York teachers began to promote what came to be known as "New York tone." It was an exceedingly bright, sharp-edged, *projected* sound, and it was peculiar to the alto saxophone. Eastern musicians who sought studio work were quick to pick up this way of playing; most followed the example of Jimmy Dorsey, whose penetrating tone could carry an entire orchestra. Don Redman, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, and others caught on to the secret too, sometimes intuitively.



Rollini

Trumbauer

Once this tone was established, most demanding solo work was assigned to altos. The tenor was still considered an unlovely instrument useful only for "dirty" effects, and the C-melody was simply pushed aside altogether. New York tone became one of the keystones of the sound of swing bands in the '30s—the sound of great lead saxophonists such as Hymie Shertzer and Willie Smith. (With the demise of big bands, New York tone became something of a lost art. Older men like Smith and Marshall Royal are carrying on today, but only a handful of young altoists—Cannonball Adderley is one—can meet the requirements.)

Among jazzmen, Frank Trumbauer alone continued to play the C-melody regularly, although he too preferred the alto for section work. Trumbauer possessed a cutting alto sound and was an advanced technician, but his best jazz solos were oblique, ethereal essays on the C-melody. These were the sort of solos Lester Young spoke about in an interview published in *Jazz Review*:

"I had a decision to make between Frankie Trumbauer and Jimmy Dorsey, you dig, and I wasn't sure which way I wanted to go. . . . Did you hear him [Trumbauer] play *Singin' the Blues*? That tricked me right then and that's where I went."

No sane professional in the '30s would have taken up the C-melody as his main instrument. The conventional two-alto, two-tenor sax section had no room for that kind of individuality. Trumbauer fought the system by fronting his own band, where he could switch to C-melody on pretty numbers, and Young simply played the tenor as if it were a C-melody. By the early '40s Trumbauer had retired, and Young had gone off in another direction, putting an end to the direct influence of the C-melody saxophone in jazz.

THE BASS saxophone might be dismissed altogether but for the contributions of one man—Adrian Rollini. To this awkward instrument Rollini brought grace, superb control, and provocative ideas (born of Bix Beiderbecke's cornet style) highly suited to its masculine character. He was, of course, an able figured-bass player in ensembles, but it was as a soloist that Rollini established the bass saxophone in jazz. So striking was his ability that many baritone players

patterned their styles on his creations. Harry Carney was one who learned much from Rollini. Carney's expansive, authoritative tone, which influenced a generation of baritone saxophonists, can be traced directly to Rollini's elegant articulation.

Min Leibbrook was one of several bass saxophone players in the '20s who attempted, but failed, to match Rollini's skill. Leibbrook came to his horn from the tuba, the effects of which he never quite shook off.

During the '30s the bass saxophone all but disappeared, although Rollini, Spence Clark, and Joe Rushton continued to play it whenever possible. Rollini finally gave up the instrument altogether, pursuing a new and quite successful career as a vibraharpist. Rushton, probably the best bass saxophonist active today, landed a job with Benny Goodman for a while but for many years now has been half buried in the slick and usually dull group led by Red Nichols. Multi-instrumentalist John Dengler has played the big saxophone with Bobby Hackett and Billy Maxted, and Charlie Ventura occasionally played it with his own group, but no young jazzman has come forth in recent years to announce, "I am a bass saxophone player exclusively."

The story of the soprano is quite different. This saxophone graduated from the curiosity class the day Sidney Bechet, after hearing the Six Brown Brothers, decided he could play something worthwhile on the straight B \flat model.

Bechet had the ear to compensate for the soprano's chronic poor intonation (although in those times—1920 or so—all saxophones had to be "humored") and the imagination to create a whole new way of playing for this instrument alone. Because he looked on the soprano as his specialty, the New Orleans veteran accomplished far more than those who merely attempted to double on soprano while concentrating on a more conventional saxophone. Bechet explored every nuance, every variation of tone, to bring forth the most expressive style possible. On the soprano he was perhaps the only New Orleans jazzman who came very close to matching Louis Armstrong's enormous creative powers.

Bechet's flowing soprano lines were studied carefully by many jazzmen over several decades. Buster Bailey's early soprano efforts show obvious influence. Johnny Hodges has acknowledged a large debt to Bechet for his alto style as well as his winning way with the soprano. Tab Smith and Charlie Holmes were altoists of the '30s who played successful Bechet-touched soprano solos from time to time. Louis Jordan featured his own soprano for several years in the late '30s and early '40s, as did Charlie Barnet.

Through the years there always have been a few saxophonists who were intrigued by the special, somewhat forbidding sound of the soprano. Herbie Fields, Charlie Ventura, Omer Simeon, and Herbie Steward are a few who have dabbled with it in recent times.

Lately an interest in the possibilities of the soprano for playing modern jazz has arisen. It began with news from postwar France that soprano saxophones were being made with the same fine qualities long built into altos, tenors, and baritones. Famed saxophone virtuoso Marcel



Bechet

Mule demonstrated the new sopranos, proving they were indeed superior instruments, and traveling American jazzmen such as Lucky Thompson soon discovered they really could treat these saxophones quite seriously. (Tenor saxophonists are sometimes drawn to sopranos because the small straight horns are pitched an octave above their own, serving as a kind of extension of the tenor's natural range.)

About the only young reed man of the '50s to turn all his attention to the soprano was Steve Lacy, who came to his decision by way of some success in Dixieland bands and a deep interest in Johnny Hodges' soprano work. Since shifting to a more modern outlook, Lacy has, through his recordings, added to the jazz public's awareness of the soprano saxophone.

The biggest boost the soprano has received of late has come from the work of John Coltrane. The influential saxophonist has explained that he became interested in the smaller horn because it suggested some ways out of the blind alleys in which he felt his own prodigious tenor technique had trapped him.

"I can think more lyrically on the soprano," he has said, "without getting hung up on too many notes."

Coltrane has approached the instrument with characteristic thoroughness, even to making a careful (and enthusiastic) appraisal of Sidney Bechet's recordings. Interestingly, his soprano playing on *My Favorite Things* has proved to be his most popular recording to date.

The modern soprano, as played by Lacy and Coltrane, does not sound much like the soprano of old in the hands of Bechet or Hodges. One reason for this is that contemporary mouthpieces, usually metal, are small in bore, emphasizing the oboe-like quality of the instrument. Bechet, Hodges, Louis Jordan, and others preferred large, wide-open mouthpieces, which produced big, brassy tones.

Closer to the views of the older men is Roland Kirk, the youthful maverick who plays the manzello, a slightly curved soprano with a flared bell. Kirk is forever acquiring old-fashioned mouthpieces and filing their tips to achieve a bigger sound. This unique musician also plays an intriguing alto-like saxophone called the strich, which he claims is tuned to "E \flat in one register and D \flat in the other."

AT THIS juncture in jazz history, it is reasonable to predict an active future for all these "other" saxophones—provided, that is, instrument manufacturers take some interest in the matter. There is no reason why the C-melody should not be favored by some jazz soloists whose requirements match the characteristics of the instruments. Stan Getz, for example, might be just as effective on this saxophone as on tenor.

The spotlight is on individualism in small bands these days, and the need for conformity to more accepted instruments no longer exists except in big-band settings. Recent years have seen a steady increase in the serious use of instruments considered impractical for jazz 30 years ago—flute, bass clarinet, cello, French horn, and oboe are but a few.

The electric guitar, vibraharp, and conga drum were unknown in jazz not many years ago; surely there is no stigma attached to such venerable saxophones as the C-melody, bass, and soprano



Lacy

varieties. There should not be.

Cannonball Adderley recently acquired a C-melody said to have been played by Trumbauer. (Most C-melodies, it seems, are supposed to have belonged to Trumbauer or Wiedhofs, depending on the prospective buyer's taste, but Adderley's has the added distinction of having been tested once by Charlie Parker.) If he can summon the courage to play it in public, the popular altoist may start something. The idea will die quickly, however, unless a similarly intrepid manufacturer agrees to put a good C-melody on the market.



Kirk

Throughout the 1940s and '50s Bechet left his unmistakable imprint on countless "revivalist" players, many of them clarinetists. Starting with his well-known pupil, Bob Wilber, the influence spread to Europe and Britain, emerging in young traditionalists such as Pierre Braslavsky, Claude Luter, Wally Fawkes, and Sandy Brown.

Today the soprano seems well on its way toward a renaissance. Every

few months a new name is added to the roster of soprano enthusiasts. A late addition is European tenor saxophonist Barney Wilen, who played with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers in the film *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

The soprano, with a working range much like the trumpet's, may yet be developed as a major modern solo instrument. If so, it will help atone for the loss of the clarinet in modern jazz, for this once popular instrument has had a most insignificant role in the modern movement. Good instruments are available; what is needed now is an important new stylist whose *principal* horn is the soprano saxophone.

It is not likely the bass saxophone will ever find many advocates, but it could be a highly rewarding instrument for a select few. Its exceedingly low range would offer fascinating possibilities for arrangers as well.

Perhaps the "other" saxophones are just what is needed to relieve the sameness of sound that has afflicted most big bands since the mid-'40s. The well-worked two-alto, two-tenor, baritone combination might be broken up at long last into an infinite variety of new saxophone sections, such as alto, C-melody, tenor, baritone, bass—or perhaps soprano, two altos, C-melody, baritone. Big bands might then take on real individuality, as did Duke Ellington's with its unorthodox clarinet-alto-alto-baritone (clarinet doubling on tenor) setup in the '30s.

The hostile reaction Ornette Coleman's plastic alto elicited from established saxophonists a couple of years ago demonstrated that older jazzmen are, by and large, highly conservative beings. Yet, there is a new kind of musician coming up who has had little or no contact with traditional big-band orientation, who is ready to accept radical departures from customary instrumentation. Men such as Kirk, Coltrane, and bass clarinetist Eric Dolphy will help to break the monotony of conventional horn teams in small bands.

Sidney Bechet experienced many hardships on the way toward winning dignity for the soprano, but he eventually proved his point. And despite international acclaim, in his final years Bechet had plans for playing jazz on the Hungarian tarogato, a soprano-like folk instrument made of wood.

The jazz world could use more men like that.





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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 initialed by the writers.

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Gil Evans

INTO THE HOT—Impulse 9: *Moon Taj*; *Pots*; *Angkor Wat*; *Bulbs*; *Barry's Tune*; *Mixed*.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 5—John Glasel, Joe Wilder or Doc Severinsen or Clark Terry, trumpets; Urbie Green, Bob Brookmeyer, trombones; Jim Buffington, French horn; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Gene Quill, alto, tenor saxophones; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Eddie Costa, piano, vibraharp; Milt Hinton or Art Davis, bass; Osie Johnson, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 6—Cecil Taylor, piano; Jimmy Lyons, alto saxophone; Archie Shepp, tenor saxophone; Ted Curson, trumpet; Roswell Rudd, trombone; Henry Grimes, bass; Jimmy Murray, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

It is somewhat misleading to issue this album under the sole name of Gil Evans (the subtitle reads: *The Gil Evans Orchestra*), for apparently Evans himself does not function at all on it. What is here are two different ensembles, one playing three compositions of John Carisi (the odd-numbered tracks) and another performing an equal number of works by Cecil Taylor. Evans' role, apparently, is that of sponsoring the other two musicians, presumably hoping to call public attention to their work by linking their names with his.

Assuming this is the case, the project is meritorious. The music is challenging and perhaps as refreshing as anything heard of late.

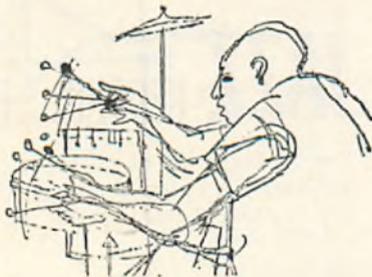
It is logical to deal with each composer separately, making comparisons where fruitful. Carisi, it will be recalled, was the author of *Israel*, one of the compositions Miles Davis made famous on his *Birth of the Cool* LP for Capitol and which subsequently was analyzed in André Hodeir's *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence*.

Like Gunther Schuller, Cecil Taylor, and others, Carisi has acquired an extensive legitimate background that he is not adverse to exploiting in the context of jazz writing. He would probably reject any such categories. "If you need a term to describe what I compose," he once told Nat Hentoff, "you can simply call it American music."

Of course, what is of interest is the value of the music as music, not what it is labeled. On this ground there can be no faulting Carisi. Whether, as in *Moon Taj* and *Angkor Wat*, he is dealing with the development of relatively complex themes or, as in *Barry's Tune*, providing a seemingly simple framework for blowing, he is superlative. There is continuity and the sense of inexorable logic in his writing, so that everything not only moves ahead but, in retrospect, appears to have evolved in the only possible way.

Listen to what he does on *Barry's Tune*, a quite ordinary melody and harmony, but developed contrapuntally in such a way as to give the illusion of constantly accelerating tempo with a swing that is genuinely vital, although achieved through none of the conventional devices.

On a more profound level there are *Taj* and *Angkor*. The latter is in three sections, the second being both the longest and the most important. This portion is based on a two-bar call-and-response phrase common in blues and Gospel music. It is introduced by the rhythm instruments over a prolonged tuba note that also serves to conclude the first section. A dialog begins between rhythm section and tuba, rhythm "calling," tuba "responding"; a



contrapuntal trombone voice is superimposed on the dialog, and the remainder of the orchestra is brought in to develop the phrase harmonically and to color it. Piano and alto solos follow, the latter partially written, still based on the same two-bar theme. As the alto concludes its statement, the orchestra withdraws, leaving the rhythm section to restate the phrase as it did at the outset, thus leading into the final section.

Perhaps this brief example gives some idea of the tightly knit structure Carisi can develop (and this section is by no means atypical). I know, however, that it is hopeless to attempt to convey in words the over-all coherence and unity his pieces reflect or, to mention another attribute, the ever-present humor that graces his work. For these, one must have recourse to the music itself.

I don't know if there is a "new thing" or, if there is, that Cecil Taylor's music is representative thereof. I am less uncertain about his merits. He is one of the outstanding young piano players of the day, although it is too much to expect that he will find easy acceptance with his fellows, the public, or the critical fraternity.

He easily merits five stars on the basis of his three performances. They bristle with fire, energy, and a weird logic that

obeys rules all its own. Consider his statement in the middle section of *Pots*, a blues in 5/4. When he begins, it seems as if Taylor is going off in all directions at once; yet, within a few choruses, the structure is pulled together, tightened up, and a direction clearly indicated.

Although their styles are poles apart, Taylor, as a player, and Carisi, as a composer, share the ability to keep the listener mystified as to the destination until it is reached. Then one wonders how one could have been so dense as to miss what was all along obvious.

Taylor is funny too—and not in just the broad slapstick of the burlesque-blues ending of *Pots*. The way his solo on this started had me laughing, though I couldn't tell why. Just his over-all sense of humor, I suppose, but it happened every time I heard the track.

In his writing Taylor utilizes legitimate techniques abundantly. The parts of the theme of the first and last section of *Mixed*, Taylor's *tour de force* in four sections, are distributed among the instruments in a manner that suggests serial composition.

In both Taylor's and Carisi's work I was struck by the fact that certain facets of contemporary European music are often handled with greater forcefulness and dynamism by writers with a jazz background than by the musician whose training is strictly conservatory. Too often the latter writes what is merely ethereal, even downright wispy. Taylor's style of writing also owes something to Charlie Mingus and Thelonious Monk; this is most apparent on *Mixed* and *Bulbs*.

Taylor now has as his problem finding—more probably, developing—horn men who are not overwhelmed by his playing. Lyons simply seems out of place for the most part, not relating to what is going on behind him. He does produce an acceptable solo on *Mixed*, however.

Shepp, perhaps because of a longer association with the pianist, is able to assert himself, as on *Bulbs*, where he forces Taylor into the background. He is much improved from his earlier appearance on *Candid* with Taylor; at times he and the pianist come off as a genuine partnership—sort of a latter-day Monk and Coleman Hawkins (who Shepp much suggests). He is a man to watch, especially in association with Taylor.

A word of advice: Do not attempt to listen to this record all at a sitting. You will probably obtain a better insight if you listen to a single track two or three times before going on to the next. The extra effort will be amply repaid. (F.K.)

JAZZ

Lil Armstrong

LIL HARDIN ARMSTRONG—Riverside 401: *Royal Garden Blues*; *Red Arrow Blues*; *Muskrat Ramble*; *Boogie Me*; *Clip Joint*; *Basin Street Blues*; *Eastown Boogie*; *Bugle Blues*.

Personnel: Miss Armstrong, piano, vocal; Bill Martin, Roi Nabors, Eddie Smith, trumpets; Preston Jackson, Al Wynn, trombones; Darnell Howard, Franz Jackson, clarinets; Pops Foster, bass; Booker Washington, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Producer Chris Albertson had scheduled two sessions the day this album was recorded, and when mishaps caused time allotments to overlap, musicians from the first recording (the Earl Hines Sextet) remained to sit in with Miss Armstrong's group. So there is much hasty patchwork. The result, however, does not sound unprofessional; the jocular scrambling, in fact, seems to boot these tracks along nicely.

The pitch of the session is sounded in the opening *Royal Garden*, where breaks and solos flash by, and each musician seems surprised that he has found a place to play. *Red Arrow* has very good spots of Martin's trumpet, and on *Muskrat* Smith shows his inventiveness and smacking good time. Howard horses around on *Muskrat*, but elsewhere he consistently cuts Franz Jackson, as Preston Jackson does Wynn.

Miss Lil is at her best on *Clip Joint*, a swinging minor-key vehicle that also pushes Nabors and Howard to their best solos of the session.

This is a vibrant, lilting showcase of some tigers who have not lost their claws. (G.M.E.)

Ruby Braff-Marshall Brown

RUBY BRAFF-MARSHALL BROWN SEXTET—United Artists 4093: *Cinnamon Kisses*; *Just in Time*; *In a Sentimental Mood*; *Like Someone in Love*; *Crazy Rhythm*; *I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good*; *Love Is Just Around the Corner*; *You're Lucky to Me*; *I'm Beginning to See the Light*; *Easy Living*; *I Let a Song Go out of My Heart*; *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Personnel: Braff, cornet, vocals; Brown, valve trombone; Tommy Newsom, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Howard Collins, guitar; Don Kenney, bass; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The Braff-Brown sextet has a light, tightly knit quality in its ensembles, a glowing soloist in Braff and, in Brown, a valve trombonist who does extremely well on moody ballads such as *Sentimental Mood*.

Although Newsom does not distinguish himself on tenor saxophone, he hints at some interesting clarinet qualities. These are only hints, however, for his work on this instrument is limited to introductory passages for Braff's singing. Yes, Braff sings, and though he obviously knows what he wants to do as a vocalist, he doesn't have the instrument to carry out his ideas.

As a whole, the set is underplayed. It is pleasant but placid. And, as one number piles on another, placidity turns to torpor. Still, there are Braff's beautifully turned cornet solos, muted and open, and a couple of nice bits by Brown. A few pieces that were a little less limited in outlook might have made a lot of difference on the over-all effect of this set. (J.S.W.)

Bob Brookmeyer

GLOOMY SUNDAY AND OTHER BRIGHT MOMENTS—Verve 8455: *Caravan*; *Why Are You Blue?*; *Some of My Best Friends*; *Gloomy Sunday*; *Ho Hum*; *Detour Ahead*; *Days Gone By*; *Oh My!*; *Where, Oh Where?*

Personnel: Bernie Glow, Doc Severinsen, Clark Terry, and Joe Newman or Nick Truvis, trumpets; Brookmeyer, Wayne Andre, Alan Raph, and Billy Byers or Bill Elton, trombones; Eddie Caine, Al Cohn or Wally Kane, Phil Bodner, Gene Allen, and Phil Woods or Eddie Wasserman or Gene Quill, reeds; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Costa, vibraharp, percussion; George Duvivier, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

On the strength of one piece alone, Cohn's *Best Friends*, this could rate as a four-star disc. This is a resounding swinger with brilliantly savage blowing by Terry on fluegelhorn and Newman on trumpet, a gutty Brookmeyer valve trombone solo, and some brass exchanges that are really blistering.

But this is just the climax of a superb first side that also includes a rollicking treatment of *Caravan* by Ralph Burns, kicked along by a rolling, charging Brookmeyer solo and a slashing bit by Woods; a pungent and soulful development of a tune by the unceasingly impressive Gary McFarland, *Why Are You Blue?*, which is brimming with singing Terry; and an amusingly jaundiced dissection of *Gloomy Sunday* by Eddie Sauter.

All the remaining arrangements are by Brookmeyer. On their own, they are witty, rhythmic, and occasionally provocative, but they are several cuts below the consistently stimulating material on the other side.

Brookmeyer, incidentally, is becoming an increasingly fluent performer on the valve trombone. He really shows his mettle in the strongly swinging settings devised by Burns and Cohn. (J.S.W.)

Teddy Buckner

MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW—GNP 68: *Midnight in Moscow*; *Avalon*; *Lonesome Road*; *Fidgety Feet*; *Hallin' the Jack*; *Somebody Stole My Gal*; *Bill Bailey*; *Jada*; *My Gal Sal*; *South*; *Sister Kate*; *My Blue Heaven*.

Personnel: Buckner, trumpet; Caughey Roberts, clarinet, soprano saxophone; Willie Woodman, trombone; Chester Lane, piano; Art Edwards, bass; Jesse Sables, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Buckner's band runs through a tired set of tunes with as much semblance of vitality as one can justifiably expect.

Buckner's trumpet work is crisp and full-bodied, but the freest voice in this band is trombonist Woodman, whose solos, always vigorous, range from Lawrence Brownian svelteness to beautifully articulated, fat and juicy blats.

JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

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

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

- Stan Getz, *Focus* (Verve 8412)
- Lester Young and the *Kansas City Five* (reissue) (Commodore 30014)

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

- Dorothy Ashby (Argo 690)
- Benny Carter, *Further Definitions* (Impulse 12)
- Miles Davis, *Someday My Prince Will Come* (Columbia 1646)
- An Electrifying Evening with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet* (Verve 8401)
- Listen to Barry Harris (Riverside 392)
- Woody Herman, *Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet* (Phillips 200-004)
- Roland Kirk, *We Free Kings* (Mercury 60679)
- Mark Murphy (vocal) *Rah!* (Riverside 395)
- Gunther Schuller-Jim Hall, *Jazz Abstractions* (Atlantic 1365)
- Zoot Sims-Al Cohn, *Either Way* (Fred Miles Presents 1)

★ ★ ★ ★

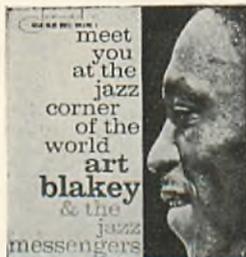
- Kenny Burrell, *Blue Lights* (Blue Note 1597)
- Teddy Edwards, *Good Gravy* (Contemporary 3592)
- Duke Ellington-Count Basie, *First Time* (Columbia 1715 and 1815)
- Bill Evans, *Waltz for Debby* (Riverside 399)
- Erma Franklin, (vocal) *Her Name Is Erma* (Epic 3824)
- Don Friedman, *A Day in the City* (Riverside 384)
- Lionel Hampton, (reissue) *The "Original" Stardust* (Decca 74194)
- Elmo Hope, *Here's Hope* (Celebrity 209)
- J. J. Johnson, *A Touch of Satin* (Columbia 8537)
- Quincy Jones, *The Quintessence* (Impulse 11)
- Clifford Jordan, *Starting Time* (Jazzland 52)
- Oscar Peterson-Milt Jackson, *Very Tall* (Verve 8429)
- Tommy Ladnier, (reissue) *Blues and Stomps* (Riverside 154)
- Gerry Mulligan, *On Tour* (Verve 8438)
- Oliver Nelson, *Straight Ahead* (Prestige/New Jazz 8255)
- Roosevelt Sykes, *Blues* (Folkways FS 3827)
- The Essential Art Tatum* (reissue) (Verve 8433)
- Cal Tjader Plays Harold Arlen (Fantasy 3330)
- Richard Twardzik, (reissue) *The Last Set* (Pacific Jazz 37)

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Roberts leans toward hokum as a clarinetist, but when he switches to soprano saxophone on *Sal* and *Somebody Stole* he helps to build them into the most successful pieces on the record. Buckner has taken some of the inherent lumpiness out of *Midnight in Moscow*, but despite this, it is still a leaden, plodding piece. (J.S.W.)

Candido

CONGA SOUL—Roulette 52078; *Conga Soul; The Lady Is a Tramp; Tocatta; The Champ; Love for Sale; Big Noise from Winnetka; New Secrets; Lady Eve; Dark Eyes; Long, Long Summer.*
 Personnel: Candido, bongos, conga drum; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone; Lalo Schifrin, piano; Milt Hinton or George Duvivier, bass; unidentified reed player; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Schifrin has taken advantage of the deep, sonorous qualities of the instrumentation on this date to produce a few interesting arrangements. Schifrin also is a good pianist with a percussive touch and a fondness for the lower register; his best solo in this album is on *Lady Eve*. I have yet to hear him play at length, but it would seem that he is original and inventive enough to carry off his own LP.

But *Tocatta* is ludicrous. The bass figure Schifrin plays under the top line sounds as if it were copped from the sound track of a TV detective show.

New Secrets is a Candido showcase: he chants and solos at length. The interplay between him and Persip comes off well, but Candido's excellence notwithstanding, conga and bongos add little to a jazz rhythm section other than during

arranged passages. More often, they get in the soloists' way by disturbing the even flow of the rhythm.

Cleveland's playing again demonstrates that he has tremendous facility and apparently doesn't care about anything else. He makes the changes, but there is no melodic substance to his solos. Cameron is a good section man but an undistinguished soloist.

You can dance to parts of this album, but I wouldn't recommend it to anyone for serious listening unless he were nuts about Afro-Cuban drumming. (H.P.)

Arnett Cobb

MOVIN' RIGHT ALONG—Prestige 7216; *The Nitty Gritty; All I Do Is Dream of You; Ghost of a Chance; Exactly Like You; Walkin'; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Post Ride; The Shy One.*

Personnel: Cobb, tenor saxophone; Bobby Timmons or Tommy Flanagan, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Art Taylor, drums; Buck Clark or Danny Barrajunos, conga drum.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Save for a few rousers, this set is similar in mood and temper to the attractive ballad program Cobb offered in a previous album in Prestige's Moodsville series. The pace is unhurried, the mood gently ruminative, the choice of tunes fine, and Cobb's performances warm and vibrant. His is a full-bodied, expansive style, and the debt to Coleman Hawkins is obvious throughout—though it must be admitted that Cobb is very much his own man, with a fully assimilated, personal approach.

Pianist Timmons plays with a graceful economy, sparkling ebullience, and a return to uncomplicated, swinging basics that

is most refreshing after his recent funk-master role. His solos (and his intros too), as on *Ghost*, are flowing, limpid delights. This set contains some of his tastiest work in some time, coming much closer, as it does, to his own natural pianistic inclinations.

Perhaps the secret of the album's success resides in its utter lack of pretension and ambitiousness. Within the simple, joyous area these men have proscribed for themselves, they say a great deal. And they say it with force, directness, honesty, and conviction. They speak so well, in fact, that you don't even mind the gratuitous conga. And that's saying something. (P.W.)

Ornette Coleman

ORNETTE! — Atlantic 1378; *WRU; T&T; C&D; RPDD.*

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; Don Cherry, trumpet; Scott LaFaro, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Coleman's music should no longer be "difficult" for any but the most obdurate listeners. While this album hardly qualifies as background jazz for living-room conversation, it contains emotionally direct, uncluttered, essentially simple music no harder to grasp than, say, the free guitar improvisations of a good country blues player.

The best tracks are *RRDD*, a 32-bar song that Coleman prods, repropoitions, twists, pokes, and dissects in a solo some 540 measures long, and *C&D*, a distended 24-bar theme that inspires LaFaro to play one of the most beautiful arco bass solos

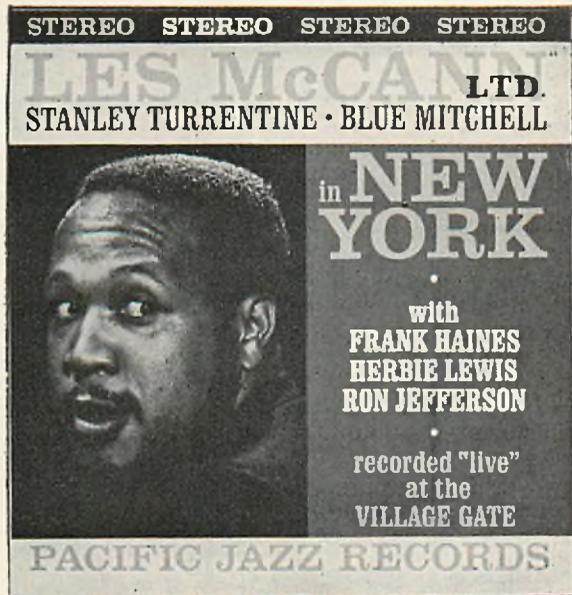
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ever caught on record.

For some reason, Coleman, who theoretically scorns conventional tonality but who usually addresses his solos to a tonic note anyway, hovers about G (major or minor) throughout all four pieces. Yet his mature command of invention and variation playing assures fresh ideas with each solo. The same is not always true of trumpeter Cherry, whose fragmentary phrases occasionally add up to sheer aimlessness.

LaFaro and Blackwell, though not as impressive a rhythm team as Charlie Haden and Blackwell were, play well together and superbly apart here. The bass solos on *WRU* and *C&D* are high points in this generally excellent set of performances.

Again, there is nothing in this set to frighten the sincere fan away. As with most leading jazzmen today, these instrumentalists work out of the blues, function largely in terms of four- and eight-bar phrases, maintain a swinging 4/4 pulse, seeking freedom from the bonds of prescribed harmonic patterns, and fashion new melodies from composed themes. When musicians such as Coleman and LaFaro do all this with imagination, taste, and emotional wallop, it seems to me the inevitable result is superior jazz.

If you've been putting off the investigation of Coleman's music, this is a good place to make the plunge. It won't hurt a bit. (R.B.H.)

Eddie Condon

MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW—Epic 16024: *Meadowlands*; *Dark Eyes*; *Theme from Swan Lake*; *Hindustan*; *The Japanese Sandman*; *Loch Lomond*; *Londonderry Air*; *La Vie en Rose*; *The Sheik of Araby*; *Midnight in Moscow*.

Personnel: Bobby Hackett, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Pennuts Hucko, clarinet; Dick Cary, piano, alto horn; Jack Lesberg or Knobby Totah, bass; Condon, guitar; Buzzy Drootin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

There was a time, when both George Avakian and Eddie Condon were associated with Columbia records, that it became almost impossible to buy a Condon LP that did not include several spoken asides of varying length by maestro Condon. As often as not, one had difficulty believing that posterity would learn much—aside from the cadences of Condon's spoken phrasing—from the preservation of these remarks.

Now, after several years on the loose, Condon is back in Columbia's studios again—recording for its subsidiary label, Epic. But Robert Morgan, who produced this set, does not appear to have the same faith in the viability of Condon's remarks as Avakian did, for they are notably absent this time. Which is too bad because, if past performance is any guide, Condon must have had something trenchant to say when he and his minions walked into the studio and discovered that they were to apply their talents to such tunes as *Dark Eyes*, *Loch Lomond*, *Meadowland*, *Londonderry Air*, and *Theme from Swan Lake*, not to mention *Midnight in Moscow*.

Whatever Condon might have said about the prospect of playing these pieces would probably have had a little more zest and spirit than he and his musicians managed to generate in performing them.

Such chestnuts as *Sheik*, *Hindustan*, and *Sandman*, timeworn as they are, apparently came as a relief after the other pieces, for these capable musicians punch these ones out with lively precision.

As for *Midnight*, it is discouraging to hear the Condonites sound like the ploddingest English "trad" band as they wade through this "cover" interpretation.

(J.S.W.)

Al Grey-Billy Mitchell

THE AL GREY/BILLY MITCHELL SEXTET—Argo 689: *Bluish Grey*; *Wild Deuce*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Bantu*; *Melba's Blues*; *Home Fries*; *Grey's Blues*.

Personnel: Grey, trombone, baritone horn; Mitchell, tenor, alto saxophones; Henry Boozier, trumpet; Gene Kee, piano, alto horn; Art Davis, bass; Jule Curtis, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These tracks are from the group's Museum of Modern Art concert last summer. This was one of their first important appearances, and they were primed for the event. There is, in fact, so much attention to background and voicing effects that there is a prevalent air of the rooco during much of the performances. But this may have been intended, and most of the arrangements, split mostly between Melba Liston and Kee, are as good as they are clever, and they do not distract from the solo work.

Mitchell was in fine fettle for this session. His solo on the quick-moving *Deuce* is precise without being prim, is forcible without being frantic. On *Fries* he switches to alto and, unblinking, applies his tone and melodic conception in a darting solo.

Grey is in equally good shape. Where Mitchell is urbane, Grey is earthy, and the mixture makes an effective contrast. Grey's solos are laced with humor (listen to his approach to the warlike *Bantu*), and it would seem that the man would not be able to play badly even if he so wanted.

Boozier has a brief spot on *Fries*, and inexplicably, this is his only solo of the album. Such a formidable front line as this would need an exceptional rhythm section to keep pace, and this they have with the muscular Davis and the very good drumming of Curtis.

Grey's Blues is too obviously a crowd pleaser. But for this, and for the effects tailored for an art audience, this would have been a four-star album. (G.M.E.)

Harold Harris

HERE'S HAROLD—Vee Jay 3018: *Swing Low*; *Again*; *Bluesville*; *Over the Rainbow*; *I Could Write a Book*; *A Little Understanding*; *Rapture*; *Perfidia*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Myra*.

Personnel: Harris, piano; Lennell Glass, bass; George Harps, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

Within a five-block radius of my apartment there are several bars that employ pianists. Most of them seem to be as good or better than Harris, yet he is recording for Vee Jay and working at the Playboy Club in Chicago while the others probably work days in the post office. The only explanation seems to be that he was at the right place at the right time and impressed the right person.

The notes speak of Harris' "ability to relate to and emotionally involve the listener." Maybe this album is not typical

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of his work then, because here he sounds like a jazz-influenced ornamenter whose function is to provide background music. He gives no evidence of originality; his solos are made up of juxtaposed clichés—many of them derived from Red Garland and Ahmad Jamal. He is partial to tinkling trills in the upper register and chord voicings a la Red. On a few tunes, however, like *Write a Book*, he does show his ability to get into a rhythmic groove and play with continuity.

Harps is a clean-playing and quiet drummer who might be heard to better advantage in a more challenging setting. (H.P.)

Willis Jackson

COOKIN' SHERRY — Prestige 7211: *Mellow Blues; Sportin'; When I Fall in Love; Cookin' Sherry; Where Are You?; Contrasts.*

Personnel: Jackson, tenor saxophone; Jack McDuff organ; Bill Jennings, guitar; Wendell Marshall or Milt Hinton, bass; Al Johnson or Bill Elliott, drums; Buck Clarke, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Jackson is a good exponent of the mongrel style that is a cross between a simplified hard bop and rhythm and blues. The kind of music that he and his group play is currently quite popular and can be heard in bars and at dances in the Negro sections of most large cities. It is completely unsubtle, blues-drenched, and features a heavy two-beat rhythm.

Jackson has most of the solo space. He generally plays straight jazz for the first few choruses and then gradually switches to rhythm-and-blues devices. He swings powerfully on *Sherry* and *Mellow*. I also enjoyed his full-blooded treatment of the ballads, *Fall in Love* and *Contrasts*, though some listeners may find them fulsome.

The catchy *Sportin'* is handled much more lightly than any of the other tunes on the album. Jackson lopes along a little like Gene Ammons here.

Jennings' solos are imaginative and funky—in a good sense. I have a hunch he might play differently in another context.

I don't go for organ under many circumstances but must admit that McDuff is a tasteful musician and did not get in anyone's way.

This is also a very danceable set. (H.P.)

Mary Jenkins

A TRIBUTE TO MY PEOPLE—Reprise 6013: *Don't Get Around Much Anymore; St. Louis Blues; Someday, Sweetheart; Don't Be That Way; Misty; Cherry; Undecided; Canadian Sunset; When It's Sleepy Time down South; Hallelujah, I Love Her So; Basin Street Blues; One O'Clock Jump.*

Personnel: Jenkins, piano; Jack Bruce, bass; Kenny Dennis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

One of the things that the development of the long-playing record made possible was the extended solo—a perfect example of the influence of technology on art—in which a musician explored the contents of a given idea or set of ideas until many of the implications had been extracted.

Exactly the opposite tack is taken by Jenkins. There are 12 selections, and each of them is given the same superficial gloss of Gospel, Garland, Garner, and Wynton Kelly. The entire school of playing of

which this is representative could perhaps be said to be the least-common-denominator folk music of an ethnic group gone urban. It is thus part of an ambiance and not meant for listening but for effortless digestion.

I do not question Jenkins' sincerity in choosing this format here, but I suggest that, for his tribute to be meaningful, he manifest a degree of emotional commitment that is not present here. (F.K.)

Joe Morello

IT'S ABOUT TIME—RCA Victor 2486: *I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Time after Time; Every Time; Every Time We Say Good-bye; Just in Time; Summertime; Time on My Hands; Mother Time; Fatha Time; It's About Time.*

Personnel: Tracks 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9—Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Gary Burton, vibraharp; John Bunch, piano; Gene Chericco, bass; Morello, drums. Tracks 1, 4, 7, 10—large brass section, personnel unidentified, added; Manny Albam, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

In the years he has been with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Morello has built a reputation resting very much on his being a technical wonder and rousing soloist. He does have possibly the finest technique of all jazz drummers, and his solos are more often than not full of humor, rhythmic complexity, musical worth, and taste. All this can be heard in this album, his first as a leader. But in the flash of his technique and solos, his greatest virtue—that of being an unusually sensitive timekeeper—is often overlooked. Here this virtue is the most impressive aspect of Morello's playing.

On the ballads his brushwork adds much to the performances; on the up-tempo tracks his section work crackles. Since Morello's public playing has been with small groups, it is ear-opening to hear him drive a big band without sacrificing that clean, crisp, light touch he has.

Morello solos at length on only one track, *It's About Time*. In this solo, which begins in 6/4 and changes to 4/4 near the end, he gets a lot of things going at once, but all remains clear and musical—Morello seldom stoops to mere drum-nastics.

Generally, the small-group tracks, arranged by Woods, are more interesting than the ones with the brass ensemble added. Woods and Burton are featured throughout, but it is in the combo that they do their best playing.

Woods continues to be one of the most virile altoists; his well-constructed solo on *Just in Time* is an excellent example of his seemingly unquenchable fire. He also is able to play melody without losing either himself or the tune—something not just anybody can pull off.

Burton has improved since he made his initial recording with Hank Garland more than a year ago—and he was nothing to sneeze at then. Still in his teens, Burton is maturing rapidly in his conception. No longer does he bowl over the listener with his prodigious facility; he has sharpened his attack rhythmically and now gives his phrases room to breathe.

Bunch plays some light and bright solos, notably on the trio version of his own *Fatha*.

The big-band tracks are somewhat dis-

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appointing. Albam's arrangements are sometimes affected (*I Didn't Know*). *Say Goodbye* and *Time on My Hands* are more dance-band arrangements than anything else, despite a burry trombone solo by what sounds like Bob Brookmeyer on *Goodbye* and fine playing by Burton and Woods on both. Albam's *It's About Time*, however, is well done. There's a perking trumpet solo by, I believe, Clark Terry on this track.

All in all, this is an above-average album. (D.DeM.)

Sonny Stitt

THE SENSUAL SOUND OF SONNY STITT—Verve 8451: *Try a Little Tenderness*; *Back to My Home Town*; *All of You*; *Never Felt That Way Before*; *World Really Isn't*; *They Say It's Wonderful*; *Time after Time*; *I Love You*; *Once in a While*; *Talk to Me*.

Personnel: Stitt, alto saxophone; unidentified orchestra, Ralph Burns, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

For the last several years it has been Stitt's apparent custom to wander into a recording studio with a pickup rhythm section, record six of one (the blues) and half a dozen of the other (*I Got Rhythm*), and walk out again. This, not surprisingly, failed to produce any deathless albums or even any remotely worthy of his talent.

It is good to see this approach halted. These tracks, despite the sweeping strings, are by no means crassly commercial. They merely permit Stitt to apply his personality to six old songs and four originals. They are strongly reminiscent of the early Bird-with-strings dates, not only because of the still inescapable stylistic resemblance but also because of the degree of freedom achieved by Stitt in this context.

He writes good melodies too. They could easily be mistaken for four more standards by Berlin, Porter & Co. Let's hope he has lyrics on them; it would be intriguing to find out what he means by *World Really Isn't*.

Burns' writing is skillfully conceived, never descending into the satin banality that sometimes overtakes soloists in these situations. Ira Gitler's notes, less helpful than usual, don't name the pianist, who has a couple of solos, and give no details of instrumentation or personnel.

Summation: *Sensual Sound Sonny Stitt* scarcely sensational; still certainly sounds simply splendid. (L.G.F.)

Julius Watkins

FRENCH HORNS FOR MY LADY—Philips 200-001: *Temptation*; *Claire de Lune*; *September Song*; *Catana*; *I'm a Fool to Want You*; *Speak Low*; *Nuages*; *The Boy Next Door*; *Mood Indigo*; *Home*.

Personnel: Watkins, Gunther Schuller, Robert Northern, James Buffington, John Burrows, French horns; Roger Muzian, trumpet; Eddie Costa, piano, vibraharp; Jay McAllister, tuba; George Duvivier, bass; Ray Barretto, conga; unidentified flutes; Martha Zena Flowers, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

The uniquely hot quality of Watkins' French horn is largely wasted in the ponderous arrangements that have been written either by Billy Byers or by Quincy Jones (the label says Byers, the liner notes say Jones).

Watkins has brief chances to take off on *Temptation*, *Speak Low*, and *Next Door*, but for most of the way these arc heavy-handed mood pieces. Even Watkins' lush, romantic potentialities are thrown to

the wind when *September Song*, a tune that Watkins could be expected to invest with a properly haunting, autumnal flavor, is destroyed by playing it over a monotonous rock-and-roll backbeat.

Miss Flowers sings wordless vocals on several pieces, a device that Watkins used when he and Charlie Rouse were leading the Jazz Modes.

In these selections Miss Flowers is attempting the sort of thing Kay Davis once did with Duke Ellington, but she lacks Miss Davis' control as well as her understanding of what these vocal lines are supposed to do. Miss Flowers resorts to shrieking to make some of her notes, something Miss Davis was never guilty of. And where Miss Davis was fully integrated into the over-all Ellington sound, Miss Flowers comes on as an intrusion. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

John Lee Hooker

FOLKLORE—Vee Jay 1033: *Tupelo*; *I'm Mad Again*; *I'm Going Upstairs*; *Want Ad Blues*; *Five Long Years*; *I Like to See You Walk*; *The Hobo*; *Hard-Headed Woman*; *Wednesday Evening Blues*; *Take Me as I Am*; *My First Wife Left Me*; *You're Looking Good Tonight*.

Personnel: All tracks—Hooker, vocals, guitar. Tracks 1, 7—Bill Lee, bass. Tracks 2, 3, 4, 8—Jimmy Reed, harmonica, guitar; Lefty Bates, guitar; Quinn Wilson, bass; Earl Phillips, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Hooker talk-sings his way through most of these pieces, whether he is being backed by Reed's group or is accompanying himself with guitar riffs.

The result is a group of generally placid performances that gain in intensity occasionally in a somewhat hokey manner when Hooker attempts husky-voiced recitations. As a whole, these performances are understated to a pointless extent.

Two selections, *Tupelo* and *Hobo*, were recorded at the Newport Folk Festival in June, 1960. (J.S.W.)

Robert Johnson

KING OF THE DELTA BLUES SINGERS—Columbia 1654: *Crossroads Blues*; *Terraplane Blues*; *Come on in My Kitchen*; *Walking Blues*; *Last Fair Deal Gone Down*; *32-20 Blues*; *Kind-hearted Woman Blues*; *If I Had Possession over Judgment Day*; *Preaching Blues*; *When You Got a Good Friend*; *Rambling on My Mind*; *Stones in My Passway*; *Traveling Riverside Blues*; *Milkcow's Call Blues*; *Me and the Devil Blues*; *Hellhound on My Trail*.

Personnel: Johnson, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

These 16 titles—some of them previously unissued and some of them alternate takes—were done at several sessions in 1936-37, the only recording dates of self-accompanying Mississippi Delta blues singer Robert Johnson.

Johnson died not long after the last date and before he was 21. Since then his reputation has been almost legendary. I think this commendable LP proves that it was deserved. He was a haunting singer, and he was a poet. I might also say that his work is a stark lesson to anyone who thinks that jazz and its progenitors are "fun" music or a kind of people's vaudeville. But one could say that about any good blues singer or any really good jazzman.

Johnson's work apparently is the direct and uncluttered product of the Mississippi

Delta blues tradition, and it is also a revelation to those who believe that the authentic "country" blues is limited in emotion and tempo to the slow moodiness of, say, Bill Broonzy's later days. For there is a variety of tempo and rhythm and attitude here that is a credit to the tradition, and in the hoarse directness of Johnson's voice there is an immediacy that cuts directly through the 25 years since these tracks were made.

The best blues deal in their own way with basic human experience, with things that all men in all times and conditions try to come to terms with. If I did not believe that, I would not call them poetry.

"Me and the devil was walking side by side/I'm going to beat my woman until I get satisfied."

"I got stones in my pathway, and my road is dark as night."

"I got to keep moving, I got to keep moving./Blues falling down like hail, blues falling down like hail./I can't keep no money, hellhound on my trail/hellhound on my trail, hellhound on my trail."

Those words are strong on paper, but when one hears Johnson sing them they are stronger still, and beautiful. His kind of emotional honesty takes bravery. And if jazz did not have such bravery in its background, it would surely not have survived.

Honor Robert Johnson. (M.W.)

Sarah Vaughan

AFTER HOURS—Roulette 52070: *My Favorite Things*; *Every Time We Say Goodbye*; *Wonder Why*; *Easy to Love*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Great Day*; *Ill Wind*; *If Love Is Good to Me*; *In a Sentimental Mood*; *Vanity*.

Personnel: Miss Vaughan, vocals; Mundell Lowe, guitar; George Duvivier, bass.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

With only an excellent bassist and guitarist supporting her instead of a big band fighting her, Miss Vaughan succeeds on this release in putting together one of her most relaxed sets. In this setting, she allows her really magnificent voice to flow along at times without twists, simpers, or gratuitous swoops.

Great Day, taken at a fast clip with only Duvivier's bass walking briskly beside her most of the way, is a beautifully projected instance of her vocal ability. Her lyric side carries through most of *Favorite Things* and *If Love Is Good*. Yet even in a setting of utmost simplicity, Miss Vaughan still injects the mannerisms that have always been characteristic of her singing.

For those who enjoy her coy tricks, at least another star can be added to the rating. Those whose stomachs turn easily will find this much more palatable than the usual recent Vaughan collection although there are moments—notably in *Wonder Why* and *Vanity*—when she gives way completely to maundering ululation. (J.S.W.)

Jimmy Witherspoon

HEY, MRS. JONES!—Reprise 6012: *Hey, Mrs. Jones*; *In the Dark*; *Tanya*; *I Ain't Mad at You*; *Have Faith*; *Lovey Dovey*; *I Don't Know*; *Warm Your Heart*; *Wee Baby Blues*; *If You Live the Life*; *You Pay the Price*; *Pink Champagne*; *The Masquerade Is Over*.

Personnel: Witherspoon, vocals; Al Porcino, Gerald Wilson, Martin Banks, Conrad Gozzo, John

Anderson, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Dick Nash, Lew McCreary, trombones; Ben Webster, Harold Land, Ted Nash, Charles Kennedy, Jay Migliori, William Green, Maurice Simon, saxophones; Bill Miller, piano, celeste; Jimmy Bond, bass; Al Viola, guitar; Earl Palmer or Mel Lewis, drums; John Vidor, Darrel Terwilliger, Bob Bruce, Sid Sharpe, John De Voigt, Walter Wiemeyer, Jerry Vinci, Harry Hyams, Al Barr, Stan Harris, Jesse Ehrlich, Walt Rowser, Justin DiTullio, strings.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Witherspoon's big, belting attack gets a good display in the varied program on this disc. He is backed by strings and rhythm on some pieces (*In the Dark*, *Warm Your Heart*, for instance) and by a full band without strings on the others. Along the way there are brief solo glimpses of Webster and Land.

Witherspoon has all the basic essentials to be an impressive and persuasive singer

if he could learn to use his mannerisms—particularly the strangled, rising phrases that are his most consistent trademark—more sparingly. As it is, the constant, often irrational use of them not only makes them less effective than they might be but weakens the total effect of some pieces. On *Masquerade*, for instance, Witherspoon's strangulation produces a comic effect in what is, apparently, supposed to be an effort at the dramatic.

The principal drawback to this set is a lack of taste in presentation and, to some extent, in the material. But it's usually forceful (except for a dreadful venture into religiosity), vigorous, and exuberant enough to make such quibbles relatively minor. (J.S.W.)

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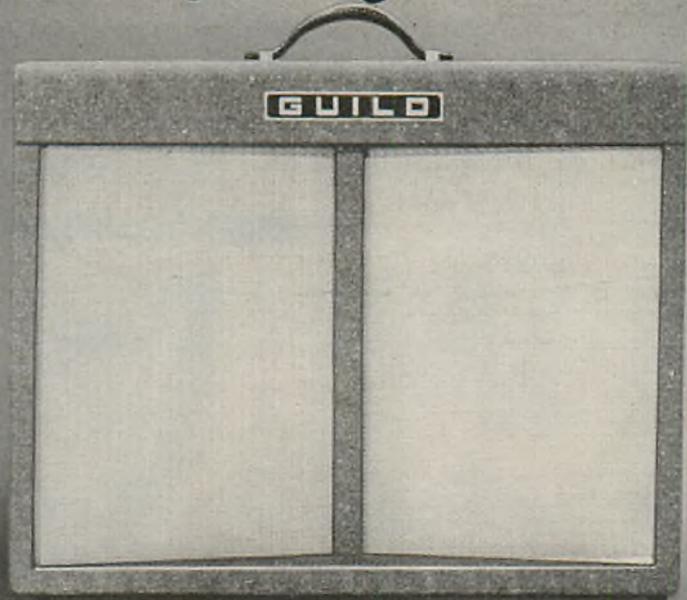
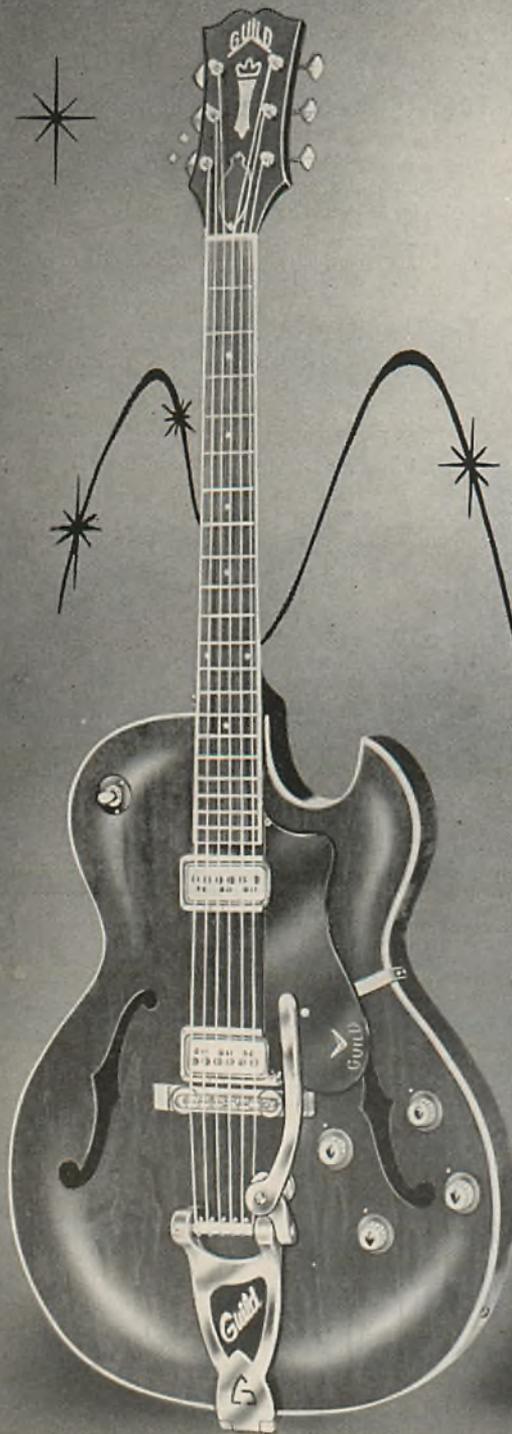
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PETE FOUNTAIN BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

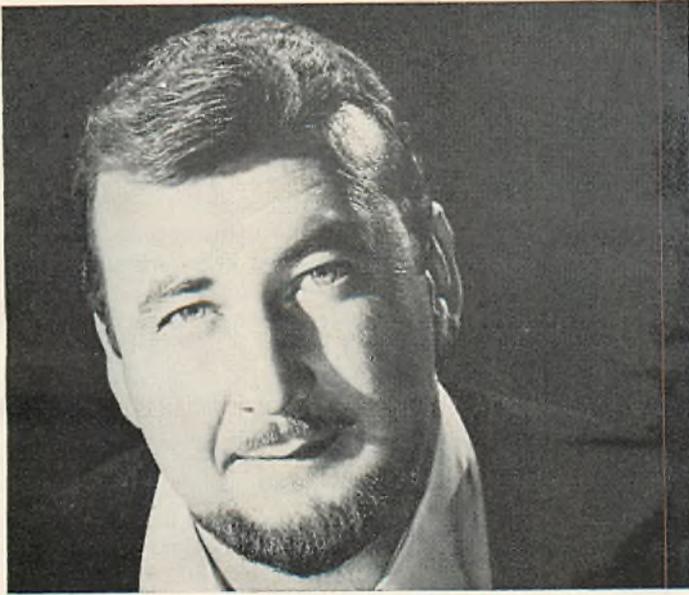
A few months ago, Pete Fountain's combo closed the show to wild applause in a Dixieland soiree that lured 12,000 customers to the Hollywood Bowl. The other main act on the bill, coincidentally, was the Dukes of Dixieland, with whom Fountain had spent seven months as an obscure sideman in 1953.

An interesting aspect of Fountain's success is that he refuses to believe he has "brought back the clarinet." As he put it, "There was no need to bring it back; as far as I could observe, it was never away. A lot of the jukeboxes in New Orleans are still filled with Benny and Artie, and the old Bob Crosby things featuring Fazola."

Fountain's identification with Dixieland is a little strained; it is obvious that he has listened to Buddy DeFranco as well as to Benny Goodman and Irving Fazola. For this reason, among others, I included modern jazz in the selections he reviewed.

Younger listeners may not know that Johnny Mince, an Arthur Godfrey regular for many years, was a featured soloist in the early Tommy Dorsey Band. Contrary to Fountain's assumption, the combo on the second record is Al Hirt's regular group.

This was Fountain's first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.



PETE FOUNTAIN BLINDFOLD TEST

THE RECORDS

1. Arthur Godfrey's All-Stars. *I Cried for You* (from *Jazz for the People*, Signature). Dick Hyman, piano; Johnny Mince, clarinet; Johnny Parker, trumpet; Lou McGarity, trombone; Joe Marshall, drums; Gene Traxler, bass.

Good! There's some fine clarinet work in there, but I'm having a little trouble figuring out who it is. I think maybe the clarinet player is the older one of the group—the rest of them sound a little more modern.

The ensemble created some real good Dixieland . . . the choruses I liked too. The piano was wonderful; it sounded a bit like Teddy at first. I'd like to know who that clarinet was—he gets a fine, big, fat sound. Three stars.

2. Al Hirt. *The King's Blues* (from *He's the King*, RCA Victor). Hirt, trumpet; Pee Wee Spitelara, clarinet.

I recognized Al Hirt's trumpet there for sure . . . the clarinet sounds like Pee Wee Spitelara, you know—Al's own clarinet player—and yet sometimes it doesn't.

It doesn't sound like Al's own group though, altogether. I don't know whether he used different men when he was out here—different from the group he always uses in New Orleans, I mean; but it's good jazz . . . it's mellow . . . the choruses are nice. I guess I'll give it three.

3. Benny Goodman. *Rock Rimmon* (from *The Hits of Benny Goodman*, Capitol). Goodman, clarinet; Ruby Braff, trumpet; Mel Powell, piano, composer; George Duvivier, bass.

Well, that was the master—he'll always be to me. I don't have this recording of Benny's for some reason . . . I had one

years ago of this tune, I think.

This sounds like Billy Butterfield on the muted trumpet, and the bass player is fine . . . just marvelous. It sounded like Teddy Wilson on piano—the whole rhythm section was great, nice and polite behind him, and just made him swing.

A lot of people can say this or that about Benny but not in front of me. I can pull out some records and say, "Well, here's what he can do"—you know? Goodman and Fazola were the boys I idolized. Four stars—this man *plays*.

4. Jimmy Giuffre. *This Is My Beloved* (from *Tangents in Jazz*, Capitol). Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Giuffre, tenor saxophone; Ralph Pena, bass; Artie Anton, drums.

I'm completely lost here. I enjoy anything musically that's done well, and this is done well. The cymbal work sounds a little like Sperling at times . . . The drummer I use can do a lot of that, when he wants to. The bass work is great—I don't know if I'm partial to bass, but they just sing out the stuff you've been playing today.

I don't recognize the trumpet player. You and I were talking about this a while ago—down in New Orleans we don't get to hear much of this kind of thing because they play mostly Dixieland everywhere and on the radio too, so it's pretty hard for me to get to hear a lot of these things.

I can sit down and listen to a certain amount of this if they were in different tempos. 2½ stars.

5. Buddy DeFranco. *My Heart Stood Still* (from *DeFranco Plays Artie Shaw*, Verve). DeFranco, clarinet; Jimmy Rowles, harpsichord.

Well, I will say that whoever the clarinet player is, he likes Goodman, but I still can't recognize who he is. It really doesn't sound like the old Shaw sound, unless he's changed his sound—but the harpsichord, well—it really throws me.

I thought it was Goodman for a while, but it isn't. It's a copy of something between Goodman and Shaw—something they did years ago. Maybe they tried to get the Goodman feeling with the Shaw sound. I liked it—it's nice—it's mellow, but you could get a bunch of studio men to make those same sounds. Two stars.

6. Count Basie. *Blue and Sentimental* (from *The Count Basie Story*, Roulette). Frank Wess, tenor saxophone; Marshall Royal, clarinet; Sonny Cohn, trumpet.

This kind of stuff I really like—you could sit down all day and listen to something like this . . . all week. The tenor sounded like Coleman Hawkins . . . the air before the sound, it's his style. Everything's real great; the clarinet player really gets in the alley. Five stars.

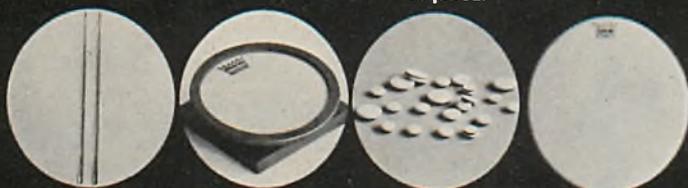
7. Al Cohn-Zoot Sims. *The Note* (from *You and Me*, Mercury). Al Cohn, first tenor saxophone solo; Zoot Sims, second tenor saxophone solo.

I liked the ensemble part—the choruses leave me a little hangin' . . . but the arrangement, the beginning and end of the record, I liked, and I liked the instrumentation—two tenors and rhythm.

The first one, right after the ensemble, sounded like an alto. The rhythm is good in the beginning and the end, but when it's time for the choruses, I think it should be just as strong, and it's a little weak. Two stars.



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FREEMAN *from page 22*

musicians, Freeman's vote still goes to the veterans.

"It takes a long time to learn to play," he said. "The men I respect have been playing 20 and 30 years. I don't mean to say that I don't respect men that have been only playing a few years because there are some great people. If a man is creative, he is bound to improve with age. Hawkins plays pretty much the way he has always played except for his very early years. . . . If someone keeps his interest in playing, things happen. I've never had any trouble working. I hope to play till the day I die."

To Freeman, the important thing is not what kind of jazz is played but the sincerity with which it is played. He cites the Gerry Mulligans and the Stan Getzes as "people who believe in what they do and are fine artists. I am interested in the individual. If he's sincere, I can see he's sincere. If he's a phony, I can see through it because I've been around music. I think that Mingus and Giuffre are creative musicians. They've done enough to show that. They are sincere; they are artists, but there are a lot of phonies in jazz who could not do well in another field. I've had a small thing to do and I feel very lucky that I have been allowed to play what I play."

For a musician so naturally involved with his playing, Freeman is not confined to the jazz world. "Music has not always been everything to me," he said. "I love to read. I love sports—I am a baseball watcher. I love the theater—most of my friends are actors, writers, and painters. My brother Arnie is an important actor who has done a lot of good plays and been associated with the best people in the theater for 25 years."

When he is not working, Freeman is "not the kind of musician who likes to 'hang' in an agent's office and plead for the guy to give me work. If they don't call, then I do other things. I do a little composing—I have over 30 things that have been published and recorded."

"I try to listen to all the new records that come out. I turn the radio on after midnight and try to listen to everybody. As for records at home, I listen mostly to symphonic records . . . I've never owned a jazz album or record. Those I make I give away."

Freeman's closing remarks were about contemporary tenor saxophone playing: "It's too bad about rock and roll—but I still feel the tenor has a subtle approach to jazz. Take the great things that Lester Young did, take the wonderful things Getz is doing today."

And take the always-vital playing of Bud Freeman. 

Caught In The Act



JIMMY GIUFFRE

Jazz Gallery, New York City

Personnel: Giuffre, clarinet; Paul Bley, piano; Steve Swallow, bass.

Try as this old friend of all these involved might want, there is no way to say this trio is a *crowd-pleaser*, a most definite assessment, quite aside from any esthetic judgment.

For Giuffre, et al., wonderful musicians, create in a marvelous special world of their own, dependent on sensitivity, interdependence, and the horizons of jazz.

This is not to say that they do not try to communicate, are not communicating, do not wish to communicate. But the interplay of the instruments is both the kiss and the blight of this group.

Interplay it is, and it demands some interplay of intelligence and emotion between the players and the audience, most of whom chattered during the sets.

This is no place to go into whether an audience *should* have to *work* along with artists. But, for a matter of record, this Giuffre group does play jazz, even though the rhythm is often only implied; does play blues, although they are not always in the stereotype form; and is always rich, musical, and rewarding.

—Coss

SONNY ROLLINS

Jazz Workshop, San Francisco

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rollins is back on the jazz circuit with a splendid quartet. Its music is a reflection of the new level of maturity the tenor saxophonist has recently attained, presumably as a result of two years away from the commercial scene. Underscoring this new outlook, Rollins has selected his personnel with the idea of forming a *unit*, not merely some men to back his solos.

Hall, a brilliant soloist, is the key to this group's total effectiveness as a unit. Working sensitively as rhythm man, melodic foil, accompanist, and harmonic outrider alongside Rollins, the guitarist pulls the leader back from untenable ground, encourages new avenues of exploration, and generally serves as a valuable liaison between saxophone and rhythm section.

Cranshaw is an able bassist but still devotes part of his energies to smoothing out the problems attending the arrival of a new drummer. At the present rate of improvement, this matter should be under control soon. Riley shows signs of becoming a front-rank drummer in time.

The central figure in the quartet is, of course, Rollins himself. Though he continues to search long and hard for untried ideas and fresh musical attitudes, there is a new serene assurance in his manner quite unlike his I'm-the-new-Bird posture of a few years ago. Call it inner-directedness or what you will, Rollins is playing music strictly for its own sake today, and it's a rather electrifying process to witness.

Because Rollins enjoys reshaping old

standards, one can easily follow the course of his ideas as they flow from familiar opening themes. He may work with a single phrase of *I Can't Get Started*, contorting it somehow to fit the entire tune, or he may swallow a whole song such as *Three Little Words* in one gulp, spitting it back in great 32-bar chunks for 15 or 20 minutes at a time.

Occasionally the leader engages Hall in an extended musical dialog made up of speechlike phrases of irregular lengths, a procedure infinitely more interesting than trading "fours." There are even a few attempts at collective improvisation.

It is just as impossible to categorize Sonny Rollins as it ever was. He has, in

fact, added several new dimensions and directions to his already heterogeneous style. In one quality alone he may range from early Bud Freeman-like honkings and abrasive split notes to vibratoless subtrees and expansively sensuous sounds in the grand manner of Coleman Hawkins. His solos are uneven, as one might expect of a man who searches and takes chances, but they are almost always moving toward something. And when Rollins finally strikes the something he is seeking, it's a fine moment for musicians and listeners alike.

A few such moments in a single evening amount to more superlative jazz than you might hear from some celebrated jazzmen in a year's time.

—Dick Hadlock

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EDWARDS from page 19

tainment auxiliary in Las Vegas host-
elries.

During the five months of the Moulin Rouge's existence Gray died under mysterious circumstances. His body was discovered by a desert roadside, his neck broken. He apparently had been dumped from an automobile. Gray's remains were sent home to Detroit in what many considered at the time un-
scemly haste. The death was never sat-
isfactorily explained, nor was possible
criminal negligence or motivation ade-
quately dealt with.

Edwards, who shared the jazz tenor
chair with Gray, was stunned by his
section mate's death. The extent of the
shock is still evident today, seven years
later.

"John Anderson and I were the last
ones to see him leave the hotel," he said
sadly. "Wardell and I were backstage
talking about a band we'd had in De-
troit and how good it was. He was pretty
messed up at the time; all he wanted
then was excitement all the time. When
he didn't show up for two shows in a
row, I got worried. But I didn't learn
he'd been killed till the next day."

He fell silent and shook his head.

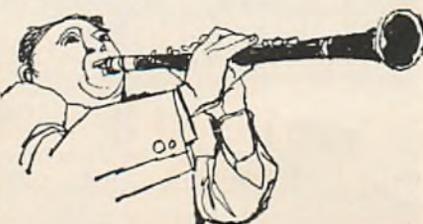
EDWARDS IS a confirmed Angeleno.
He has no desire, he says, to depart
for greener pastures—for prolonged
periods, anyway. His musical pastures
remain in southern California, where
currently he intends to work with a new
sextet.

"We're rehearsing regularly," he said
enthusiastically, "and some of the guys
in the group, though they're not yet well
known, are going to be saying a lot in
the future."

The personnel of his sextet, soon to
be recorded, consists of trumpeter Fred-
die Hill, trombonist Richard Boone,
pianist John Houston, bassist Stan Gil-
bert, and drummer Doug Sides. "Sides
just turned 20 and he's already out of
sight," the leader said.

Edwards is writing the entire book for
the group, and his purpose is to empha-
size group sound rather than show off
individual solo prowess. "The organiza-
tion is what counts," he insisted.

When Edwards' album, *Teddy's
Ready*, was released, the title provoked
many a smile. "Man," went the con-
sensus, "this is crazy—but Teddy's been
ready a long time." 



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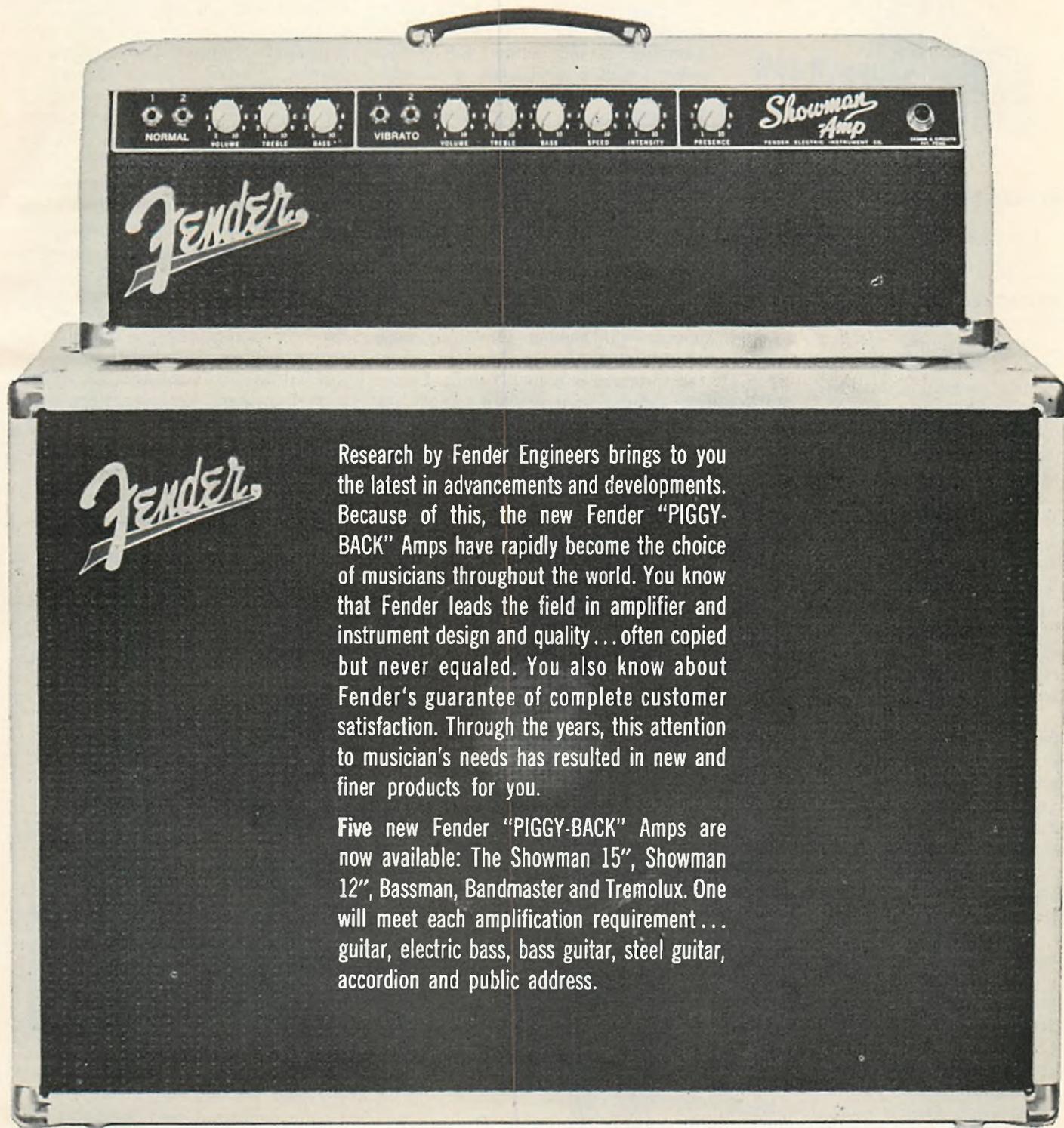
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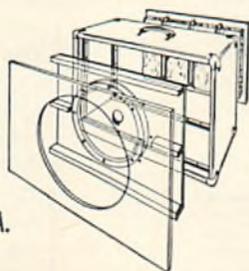
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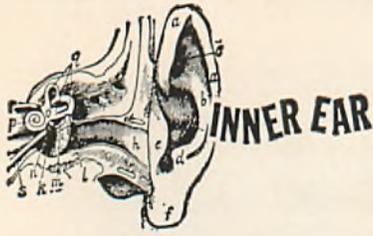


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By **BILL MATHIEU**

Listening is the basic musical art.

We are born with open ears. Children hear the world as it is. But in growing we learn to blot out sounds that are meaningless or annoy us. As adults we hear only what we want to hear. It becomes increasingly difficult to hear everything completely. If you ever have sat in a "quiet" room and listened as hard as you can, you know that our lives are filled with a million sounds not usually heard.

A musician must learn to hear totally. Students who hear playbacks of their first tapes are usually shocked—and discouraged. "Do I sound that bad?" We trick ourselves into hearing what we *want* to hear; the music in the brain's center is our ideal image of ourselves. But the ideal we imagine is often far from the actual sound we make.

The best way to draw the ideal and the actual sound closer together is to practice *total hearing*, especially in regard to everyday sounds that have some connotations of pitch or rhythm. Pumps, cars, the shuffling of feet make complicated sounds. Questions arise. Are these rhythms random or patterned? Can they be expressed in notation? How?

The discovery of a new rhythmic pattern in an ordinary household appliance can always be a source of pleasure. Not that these discovered rhythms are to be used in compositions or improvisations. It's the act of discovering that is valuable, not the rhythms.

Sustained pitches are another thing to listen for. Train whistles, telephones, doorbells, clanging pots and pans, hissing radiators, tower bells, humming electrical appliances (vacuum cleaners, amplifiers, refrigerators) all have complicated patterns of tones and overtones. The day I discovered that pot lids can be combined to make fantastic chords turned into a pretty noisy day. Such sounds also raise questions. What are the pitches? Are they in our 12-tone system, or "in between the cracks"? Which tones are fundamentals, which are overtones? Can you hear the "beats" produced by the close-together tones?

Again, these sounds and rhythms of daily life are not really music in the

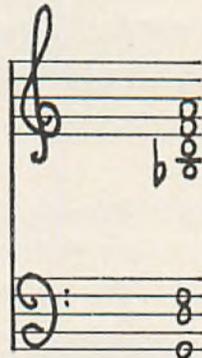
sense of being controlled by an artistic hand. There are more musical methods of training your ears.

Perfect pitch is not essential to the well-trained ear; some owners of it complain of the burden. But perfect *relative* pitch is prerequisite to the well-trained ear. The student should never relax his efforts to improve his judgment of the precise distance between tones.

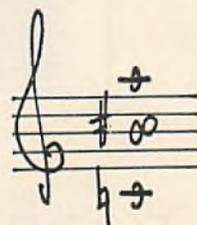
The beginning student should, in lieu of a formal ear-training course, first learn to recognize all the intervals up to a major 13th, beginning with the diatonic ones and adding harder ones as he goes along.

Have a friend hit middle C with one finger and any note up to A¹ (a 13th above) with another. Guess the name of the upper tone until recognition of the distances is second nature. Extend this exercise until you can identify any pitch, given a known starting point. Ten minutes a day of this routine performs a small miracle.

The next step is guessing three notes together. Use simple triads at first. Then build gradually to random tones that do not imply a root or a key center. The complexity should be increased until the student can write down, after one hearing, short atonal phrases. Beware the danger of learning only the conventional jazz chords in their conventional piano voicings. The jazz student may have little difficulty in recognizing this:



because he's used to it. But he might have trouble guessing these:



If neither piano nor friend is available, a do-it-yourself program is necessary. The best companion is a tuning

fork or a pitch pipe. Setting a fixed tonic, sing a tune or vocally improvise a chorus and then return to the pipe to see if you've stayed on pitch. (The tendency is to go flat.) Or try to sing a perfectly tempered cycle of fifths or fourths, juggling octaves to stay in range, and returning to the exact starting point.

Another pleasant companion to the self-trained ear is the dial-tone of the telephone. This 120-cycle monotone offers an objective, sustained tonic. Sing against it, and you will really experience the qualities of the various intervals: the near-perfection of the perfect fifth, the busyness of the major seventh, the bland disagreement of the major second, the mysteriousness of the minor sixth, the fat fullness of the major third.

Total hearing is not easy, but neither is total anything. To be fully conscious of sound at will is a basic way of thinking for the musician. But total hearing is available to anyone who thinks and has ears.



THAD JONES' SUBTLE REBUTTAL



Thad Jones

Thad Jones is perhaps better known for his cornet work with, among others, Count Basie than he is for his writing ability. But many musicians and critics consider him one of the most capable arrangers in jazz.

Subtle Rebuttal, the score of which begins on the opposite page, is one of Jones' best small-band arrangements. It can be heard played by Jones and other Basie men in the Roulette album *The Birdland Story* (RB-2).

The tempo is medium fast, and the playing should be relaxed. In the first chorus trumpet and trombone use cup mutes, in the last play open.

SUBTLE REBUTTAL

Composed and arranged by Thad Jones
Published by Diane Basie Music Corp.

Musical score for the first system, featuring parts for TRUMPET, FLUTE, TENOR, Trombone, BASS, DRUMS, and PIANO. The piano part includes a 'Solo' section with chords Fm and Bb. A second system begins with a boxed '2' in the left margin, featuring parts for TPT., FLUTE, TR., TRbn., SB., DRMS., and PNO. The piano part includes a 'Solo' section with chords Am and Bb.

Musical score for the second system, featuring parts for TPT., FLUTE, TR., TRbn., SB., DRMS., and PNO. The piano part includes a 'Solo' section with chords Gm, Am, D7, Gm, A7, Ab, Gm, Am, D7, Gm, C7, Fm, Bb. A second system begins with a boxed '2' in the top right corner, featuring parts for TPT., FLUTE, TR., TRbn., SB., DRMS., and PNO. The piano part includes a 'Solo' section with chords Gm, Am, D7, Gm, C7, Fm, Bb, and a 'Solo Break' section with chord Eb.

Handwritten musical score for page 3, measures 1-12. The score includes parts for Trumpet (TPT.), Flute (FLUTE), Trombone (TBR.), Bass (B.), Bassoon (B.S.), Saxophone (SAX.), Piano (PNO.), and Double Bass (DB.).

Measures 1-5: Flute and Piano parts are active. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes E, G, B, D, F. Chords are indicated as F, A, C, E, G.

Measure 6: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 7: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 8: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 9: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 10: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 11: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 12: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Annotations: "COL. PNO. CHANGES" is written across the Bass line. "Sax II" is written above the Saxophone staff. "CHANGE TO AUTO." is written above the Flute staff in measure 11.

Handwritten musical score for page 4, measures 13-24. The score includes parts for Trumpet (TPT.), Flute (FLUTE), Trombone (TBR.), Bass (B.), Bassoon (B.S.), Saxophone (SAX.), Piano (PNO.), and Double Bass (DB.).

Measures 13-17: Flute and Piano parts are active. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes E, G, B, D, F. Chords are indicated as F, A, C, E, G.

Measure 18: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 19: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 20: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 21: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 22: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 23: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Measure 24: Flute and Piano parts continue. Flute has notes F, A, C, E, G. Piano has notes A, C, E, G, B, D. Chords are indicated as A, C, E, G, B, D.

Annotations: "COL. PNO. CHANGES" is written across the Bass line. "CHANGE TO AUTO." is written above the Flute staff in measure 11 of the previous page.

Handwritten musical score for page 7, featuring staves for TPT., ALTO., TMR., TRM., BS., DRM., and PNO. The piano part includes chords such as Gm, A7+, D79, Gm, A7+ A, Gm, A7+ D79, Gm e7, and Fm B9.

Handwritten musical score for page 8, continuing the staves for TPT., ALTO., TMR., TRM., BS., DRM., and PNO. The piano part includes chords such as Gm, A7+ D79, Gm, C79, Fm, B9, Gm, and C9. The score concludes with a 'FINE' marking.

AD LIB from page 10

Jimmy Rushing, John Coltrane, and possibly Carol Sloane. July 8, evening: **Louis Armstrong, Thelonious Monk, Aretha Franklin, and the Newport All-Stars.** Wein plans to have continuity scripts written for each performance by **George Simon**, critic for the New York *Herald Tribune* and author of *The Feeling of Jazz*.

In Washington, D.C., the first International Jazz Festival, May 31-June 3, has completed much of its programming. The evening of May 31 at Constitution Hall, **Duke Ellington** will perform at a symphonic jazz program, during which the **National Symphony Orchestra**, conducted by **Howard Mitchell and Gunther Schuller**, will perform works written by Ellington, Schuller, **George Gershwin, James P. Johnson, J.J. Johnson, André Hodeir, and Larry Austin.** J.J. Johnson, **Eddie Costa, and Don Ellis** will be guest soloists. On the evening of June 1 at the D.C. Armory, the program will include **Cannonball Adderley, Sonny Rollins, Gospel singer Marian Williams, Alex Bradford Singers, and Paul Barbarin.** On the afternoon of June 2 at Howard University, Rollins, **Gerry Mulligan, John Benson Brooks, George Russell, and Jimmy Giuffre** will perform. That evening at the Armory, the program will have Mulligan, **Oscar Peterson, Thelonious Monk, Clara Ward, and an international jazz group.** Featured on June 3 at the Armory are **Dave Brubeck, Lionel Hampton, Gloria Lynne, George Shearing, and the international jazz group at the D.C. Armory.** In addition, **Lee Becker** will present jazz ballet for four evenings, May 30-June 2 at Howard University; a children's concert will be performed June 2 at Constitution Hall; Gospel singers will appear at the D.C. Armory on June 3, and several more concerts and exhibits will be available during the time.

There will be a three-day festival in honor of **Adolphe Sax** (guess who he was) at his birthplace, Dinant, Belgium, early this summer. **Coleman Hawkins** will represent jazz saxophone and the United States in a concert there on June 3.

Pianist **Harold Corbin** died suddenly on April 1 in Philadelphia. Corbin's first album had just recently been released on Roulette . . . **Louis Armstrong** is touring Europe . . . **Carmen McRae** has been visiting England, not working there . . . **Ella Fitzgerald** was paid \$5,000 for a one-nighter in Germany . . . **Frank Sinatra** is reported to be planning to do four benefit concerts in Britain and several in France, all for children's homes.

Marshall Stearns, now a full professor at Hunter College, reports his book *The*

Story of Jazz has sold 15,000 copies in hard cover and 125,000 in pocketbook form. In addition to English, the book has been printed in Dutch, German, Italian, and Swedish and will be available in Spanish, Arabic, Danish, Norwegian, and Finnish.

Columbia continues to be the major label most active in jazz reissues. The company plans to reissue albums by **Mildred Bailey**, a three-record set to be issued in August or September; **James P. Johnson**, a 16-track set, scheduled for July release, which includes piano solos, some never before issued, and small-band tracks with such as **Red Allen, J.C. Higginbotham, and Sid Cat-**

lett; blues singers **LeRoy Carr and Champion Jack Dupree**, probably to be issued on Okeh, a Columbia subsidiary. The label's other reissue plans call for eventual release of albums by **Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang, Jack Teagarden, Big Bill Broonzy, Memphis Minnie, Don Redman, and Benny Carter.** There also will be anthologies of jazz from Kansas City, Harlem, and Chicago's south side. **Frank Driggs** is in charge of the program.

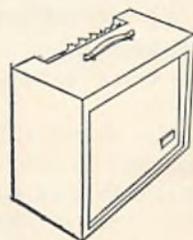
Erroll Garner's albums on Octave, his own label, will be distributed overseas by the Philips Phonographic Industries of Baarn, Holland. ABC-Paramount will continue to distribute the



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Octave label in the U.S. and its possessions. Philips also has taken over much of Interdisc's foreign distribution and will distribute Riverside releases to overseas markets . . . Atlantic has signed the **Charles Bell** Contemporary Quintet and plans an early release of the group's first effort for the label. Bell's group has one album on Columbia, a prize for winning the 1960 Georgetown College Jazz Festival.

Count Basie recorded an Impulse album, with a&r man **Bob Thiele** supervising, representing a modern version of the Kansas City Seven. On the date were Basie, piano and organ; **Freddie Green** guitar; **Eddie Jones**, bass; **Sonny Payne**, drums; **Thad Jones**, cornet; **Eric Dixon**, reeds, flute. Nine tracks were recorded. **Frank Wess** and **Frank Foster** substituted for each other, Wess on four tracks, Foster on five . . . **Illinois Jacquet** recorded for Columbia with **Roy Eldridge** and **Jo Jones**. For the first time on record, Illinois doubled on alto saxophone . . . Singer **Billie Poole**, now back from Europe and managed by **John Levy**, is now recorded by Riverside.

The News Society Critics of Italy reviewed all the modern jazz records of 1961 early this year and voted **Charlie Mingus** the *grande prix* for the best jazz album of 1961, his *Mingus Presents Mingus* . . . Awards for the best jazz albums released in Europe during 1961 as selected by the Academy of Discs in Paris were announced recently. Winners were **John Coltrane's Africa Brass** on Vega, *The Complete Works of Louis Armstrong 1926-31* on Odeon, and *Dizzy Gillespie in Pasadena* on Vogue.

CHICAGO

Moldy fig record collectors may twinge, but Philips records (Mercury is a subsidiary) now occupies the site of the old Gennett recording plant in Richmond, Ind. The building was erected in 1889. Where once were recorded the sounds of **Bix Beiderbecke**, **King Oliver**, **Johnny Dodds**, **Leon Rappola**, **Jelly Roll Morton**, **Louis Armstrong**, and many other early jazzmen, there now is the hum of record-pressing machines and the other machinery used to produce Mercury albums and singles. Philips even has its own four-color process plant and printing shop at the site.

The laudable program of presenting new jazz talent at the Lake Meadows Art and Jazz Society, Inc. was stopped by the AFM. **Hank Schwab**, head of the club, had asked for lower rates for the half-hour appearances.

The Archway swung last month with singer **Lurlean Hunter** and the **Eddie Higgins** Trio. Coming into the spot on May 16 for at least two weeks is **Carman McRae** . . . Trumpeter-educator

Don Jacoby has formed a six-piece jazz group and will hit the road beginning this month. The group opens at the Embers in Fort Wayne, Ind., on May 21 and then comes into the Edgewater Beach Hotel here for four weeks beginning June 4.

Quincy Jones, in town following his stint as judge at the Collegiate Jazz Festival last month (see page 15), postponed his flight back to New York in order to work out with the youngsters of the Melodons stage band of Notre Dame High School in suburban Niles, Ill. . . . **Art Hodes** and bassist **Truck Parham** cut a blues album for Mercury recently. Hodes has wanted to do such an album for some time . . . **Louis Armstrong** now is definitely set to play the Living Room; he opens June 14 for two weeks. It will be the first Chicago club engagement for the trumpeter in quite a while . . . **Erroll Garner** may come into the London House in July. **George Shearing** opens there for four weeks beginning Aug. 14.

The only live music yet announced for the World's Fair of Music and Sound, to be held at McCormick Place Aug. 31-Sept. 9, is the Ludwig Drum Co.'s drum clinic, which will feature **Joe Morello**, **Bobby Christian**, **Dick Schory**, and other percussionists.

LOS ANGELES

Mose Allison, not **Miles Davis**, is playing the final two weeks of the Renaissance before razing begins in mid-month . . . Before departing for New York to baton for **Peggy Lee** at Basin Street East, **Benny Carter** led a recorded "West Coast Swing Festival" for Prestige a&r'd by **Leonard Feather**. Besides Carter, who played alto and trumpet on the date, the assembled musicians were **Ben Webster**, **Barney Bigard**, **Shorty Sherock**, **Jimmy Rowles**, **Dave Barbour** (his first jazz date in years), **Leroy Vinnegar**, and **Mel Lewis** . . . Mercury's **Jack Tracy** spent a few days in town recording the **Terry Gibbs** big band live at the Summit and a trio date with pianist **Lou Levy**, bassist **Max Bennett**, and drummer **Stan Levey**.

New altoist **Jimmy Woods** made his Hollywood jazz club debut last month at Shelly's Manne-Hole. The same day, Contemporary records released his first album . . . **Charlie Barnet** will reassemble his big band in the fall for a date at the Las Vegas, Nev., Flamingo Hotel while the house band of **Harry James** goes on tour . . . **Donald Dean** is the new drummer with the **Red Mitchell-Harold Land** Quintet which left its regular Monday spot at the Manne-Hole. The group has signed with Atlantic, its first album to be released soon.

For the first time, the Composers and Lyricists Guild of America will make

achievements awards to its members at the western branch of the organization's annual banquet May 16 to be held at Sportsmen's Lodge. Voting will be for original dramatic score, original comedy score, original song, and "specialized material" for movies and TV . . . Drummer and former newsman **Chuck Minogue**, after leaving Chicago last fall to travel with **Muggsy Spanier's** band, has resettled in L.A. . . . The engagement of jazz a&r man **Dave Axelrod** to **Sandy Forsythe** was recently announced here.

Eddy Howard will reorganize a band to work Santa Catalina's Avalon Casion ballroom from June 15 to Labor Day. He had been at the El Mirador in Palm Springs for some time. **Johnny Catron's** 10-piecer will work the Casion May 25 and 30. The latter, incidentally, is releasing his own LP of "25 Years of Swing" repertoire on the Nortac label . . . Blues singer **Larry Green**, vocalist with the **Bob Rogers Band**, signed a contract with the Summit to play six weeks there in 1962 . . . Pianist **Arnold Ross** just completed four weeks with **Jane Russell's** night-club act at the Chequers club in Sydney, Australia.

Vikki Carr, singer with the **Bob Harrington Quartet**, signed a contract with Liberty records . . . **Wink Martindale** is now national director of promotion and assistant director of a&r with Dot

records . . . Long Beach's municipal auditorium will swing right into the blue Pacific the night of June 14 when the bands of **Les Brown** and **Chuck Marlowe**, **George Shearing's** quintet, and the **Limelites** play for graduating students. **Marcie Miller** is now singing with Marlowe; her arrangements are penned by **Jay Hill**.

SAN FRANCISCO

Drummer **Vernel Fournier** as well as bassist **Israel Crosby**—two-thirds of the disbanded **Ahmad Jamal Trio** (*DB*, May 10)—joined **George Shearing's** combo during the last week of its engagement at the Black Hawk here. Crosby replaced **Ralph Pena** when the latter left on **Frank Sinatra's** world tour.

"Name" jazz made one of its infrequent club appearances in the East Bay area when **Anita O'Day** filled a six-day engagement at the Leaf, a new club in El Cerrito . . . Bassist **Fred Marshall**, a former sideman with **Terry Gibbs**, has moved from Los Angeles to Berkeley, where he is attending the University of California, and has joined **The Group**, replacing **Barre Phillips**. The Group, a co-op East Bay quartet, is the house band at Tsubo, the Berkeley coffee house jazz room that recently started Sunday invitational sessions under guidance of the vacationing **Buddy** and

Monk Montgomery. With similar sessions also being staged at **Trois Couleur** and both clubs presenting live jazz seven nights a week, the Berkeley scene is jumping.

Recovered from a two-year illness, trumpeter **Marty Marsala** has reorganized his sextet and is back at the Hangover club here. His associates are clarinetist **Vince Cattolica**, trombonist **Skip Morr**, bassist **Ernie Figueroa**, drummer **Fred Peterson**, and pianist **Cedric Haywood**, who is filling in for veteran **Jesse Crump**, hospitalized with a liver ailment . . . Clarinetist **Darnell Howard** is out of the hospital and still under doctor's care for his heart condition but hopes to rejoin **Earl Hines'** group shortly. During his month in the hospital Howard's weight dropped from 255 pounds to 197.

Pianist **Nico Bunick**, who has moved here from New York, is working Saturday nights at the Mr. Otis club, as is bassist **Monk Montgomery** . . . The San Francisco State College Jazz Festival programed the **Vince Guaraldi Trio**, pianist-singer **Mose Allison**, **Vince Cattolica**, and the **Larry Vuckovich Quintet** in addition to several college combos and big bands. Student **Dave Browning** was chairman of the event, staged in during the college's Festival of Contemporary Art. 

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): **Teddy Charles**.
Basin Street East: **Peggy Lee** to 5/12. **Louis Prima**, 5/14-26. **Mort Sahl**, **Nancy Wilson**, **George Shearing**, opens 5/28.
Condon's: **Max Kaminsky**, *tfn*.
Coronet: **Sonny Rollins** to 5/20. **Cal Tjader**, 5/22-6/3.
Half Note: **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims** to 5/27.
Hickory House: **Bill Evans**, *tfn*.
Kaufman Hall: **Olatunji**, 5/20.
Left Bank: **Cecil Young**, **Dottie Reid**, **Andy Heyman**, *tfn*.
Moulin Rouge (Brooklyn): **Ted Curson** to 5/20. **Bill Barron** opens 5/22.
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison**, *tfn*.
Page 3: **Sheila Jordan**, **Steve Swallow**, Mon., Wed.
Ryan's: **Danny Barker**, **Don Frye**, *tfn*. **Tony Parenti**, **Zutty Singleton**, Mon.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): **Billy Bauer**, wknds. **Teddy Bear**: **Gil Melle**, *tfn*.
Village Gate: **Carmen Amaya** to 6/3. **Chris Connor**, **Herbie Mann**, 6/5-7/1. **Sonny Rollins**, **Thelonious Monk**, 7/3-29.
Village Vanguard: **Anita O'Day** to 5/20. **Dave Guard**, **Stan Getz**, 5/22-6/10.
Wells: **Don Ellis**, **Sheila Jordan**, to 5/18.
20 Spruce Street: **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, Sat.

WASHINGTON

Basin Street Lounge: Sun. sessions.
Bayou: **Big Bill Decker**, *hb*.
Brass Rail: **Buck Clarke**, **Charlie Hampton**, *tfn*.
Charles Hotel: **Booker Coleman**, *hb*. Thurs.-Sat.
Gold Nugget: **Clyde (Banjo) Marshall**, **Wild Bill Whelan**, *tfn*. Fri.-Sun.
Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd**, **John Malach**, **Tommy Gwaltney**, *tfn*. Folk music, Sun.

NEW ORLEANS

Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Sharkey Bonano**, **Santo Pecora**, *tfn*. **Leon Prima**, Sun., Mon.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*.
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, *tfn*.
Prince Conti Motel: **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **Al Belletto**, **Dave West**, *hbs*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: **Dukes of Dixieland** to 5/13. **Jack Brokensha**, *hb*.
Caucus Club: **Bobby Laurel**, *tfn*.
Chappie's: **Jimmy Stefanon**, Tues., Thurs.
Checker Bar B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips**, afterhours.
Club 12: **George Bohannon**, *tfn*.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Earle's Bar: **Jim Stefanon**, wknds.
52nd Show Bar: **Ronnie Phillips**, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.
Minor Key: **Bill Doggett** to 5/13.
Momo's: **Mel Ball**, *tfn*.
The Stables: **Frank Morelli**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Topper Lounge: **Danny Stevenson**, *tfn*.
Trent's: **Bess Bonnier**, *tfn*.
Unstabled: **Sam Sanders**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Archway: **Carmen McRae** opens 5/16.
Bourbon Street: **Kenny Ball** to 5/19. **Art Hodes**, *tfn*.
Happy Medlum (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**, Mon., Tues. **Cliff Niep**, Wed.-Sun.
Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, **Blanche Thomas**, *tfn*. **Franz Jackson**, Thurs.
Living Room: **Al Hirt** to 5/23.
London House: **Charlie Shavers** to 5/20. **Cy Coleman**, 5/22-6/10. **Jose Bethancourt**, **Larry Novak**, *hbs*.
McKie's: **Chico Hamilton** to 5/13. **Horace Silver**, 5/16-27. **Art Blakey**, 5/30-6/10.
Mister Kelly's: **Marty Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hbs*.
Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, wknds.
Playboy: **Jane Darwin**, **Bob Weymouth**, **Grace Notes**, to 5/15. **Will Mercer**, **Bob Vegas**, **Pat Morriskey**, **Dave Madden**, **Billy Simmons**, open 5/16. **Tony Smith**, **Bob Davis**, **Joe Iaco**, **Harold Harris**, **Jim Atlas**, **Dave Green**, *hbs*.
Sutherland: **Miles Davis** to 5/13. **Lambert-Hendricks-Ross**, 5/15-27. **Moms Mabley**, 5/29-6/10. **Ramsey Lewis**, 6/5-17. **Joe Williams-Harry Edison** open 6/19.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier**, *tfn*.

LAS VEGAS

Desert Inn: **Bobby Stevenson-Henry Rose**, *tfn*.
Dunes: **Al Hirt** opens 5/31.
Flamingo: **Harry James** to 5/16.
Thunderbird: **Louis Bellson**, 5/11-6/7.
New Frontier: **Bobcats** (**Eddie Miller**, **Matty Matlock**) *tfn*.
Riviera: **George Young**, *tfn*.
Sahara: **Tex Beneke**, **Modernaires** *tfn*.
Silver Slipper: **Charlie Teagarden-Bill Harris**, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): **Vince Wallace**, **Lou Ciotti**, **Chiz Harris**, wknds. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell**, **Southland Seven**, *tfn*.
Coachman Steak House (Riverside): **Edgar Hayes**.
Comedy Key Club: **Curtis Amy**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Crescendo: **Ella Fitzgerald**, 6/6-7/5.
Dynamite Jackson's: **Curtis Amy**, *tfn*.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): **Ben Pollack**, *tfn*.
Flower Drum: **Paul Togawa**, *tfn*. Sun. sessions.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Andy Blakeny**, **Alton Purnell**, **Alton Redd**, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos**, **The Saints**, wknds.
Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell**, Thurs.
Jesters (El Monte): **Doug Sawtelle**, **The Uptowners**, to 5/20.
Le Grand Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri., Sat.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Long Beach Municipal Auditorium: **George Shearing**, **Les Brown**, **Limelights**, **Chuck Marlowe**, 6/14.
Losers: **Sandi Garner**, **Charlie Shoemaker**, Sun. wknds.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): **Johnny Lane**, wknds.
Marty's: **William Green**, **Tony Bazeley**, *tfn*.
Michaels (E. Washington): **Johnny White**, **Ira Westley**, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, wknds.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*. **Terry Gibbs**, **Trini Lopez**, Sun.-Tues. **Danny Long**, Tues.-Sun.
Red Carpet Room (Nite Life): **Kittie Doswell**, **Vi Redd**, **Richie Goldberg**, Mon.
Renaissance: **Mose Allison**.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc**, **Pud Brown**, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**, **Marvin Jenkins**, **Bob Martin**, *tfn*. Mon. sessions.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, **Ruth Price**, wknds. **Paul Horn**, Mon. **Vi Redd**, Tues. **Buddy Collette**, Weds. **Jimmy Woods**, Thurs.
Sherman Steak House (Palm Springs): **Candy Stacey**, *tfn*.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Bill Plummer**, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Sun. sessions.
Storyville (Pomona): **Roy Martin**, **Tailgate Ramblers**, *tfn*.
Summit: **Dizzy Gillespie** to 5/24. **Moms Mabley**, 6/15-7/1.
Windy's Windjammer (Sunset Beach): **John Alfano**, **Earl Treichel**, **Rick Mattox**, Fri., Sat. Sun. sessions.
Winners: **Don Raudi**, *tfn*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McHargue**, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Modern Jazz Quartet** to 5/20. **Dizzy Gillespie**, 5/22-6/10. **Miles Davis**, 6/12-7/1. **Gerry Mulligan**, 7/3-15. **Cal Tjader**, 7/17, *tfn*.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, *tfn*.
Burr Hollow: **Dixieland combo**, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Pat Yankee**, **Clancy Hayes**, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Dick Shawn**, 5/24-6/13. **Lena Horne**, 7/26-8/15. **Sarah Vaughan**, 8/16-9/5.
Hangover: **Marty Marsala**, **Ralph Sutton**, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: **John Coltrane** to 5/20. **Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt**, 5/22-6/10. **Cannonball Adderley**, 9/4-23.
Mr. Otis: **Bob Clark**, *tfn*.
Palace Hotel: **Red Nichols** to 6/30.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: **Virgin Islands Steel Band** to 5/19. **Dave Howard**, **Hannah Dean**, 5/21-6/9. **John Lee Hooker**, **Wynona Carr**, 6/25-7/7.
San Marco (Oakland): **Fred Cummings**, *tfn*.
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Al Zulala**, *tfn*.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): **Dixieland combo**, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups, Sun.-Thurs. **Jack Taylor**, wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): **The Group**, *tfn*. Sun. sessions.
The Palate (Mill Valley): **Bill Weisjahn**, wknds.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, wknds.

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