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ANNUAL
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PRESIDENT
JOHN J. MAHER

PUBLISHER
JOHN E. MANDABLE

EDITOR
DON DeMICHEAL

ASSISTANT EDITOR
PETE WELDING

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
BILL COSS
JOHN A. TYNAN

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
LEONARD FEATHER

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION
GLORIA BALDWIN

BUSINESS MANAGER
WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN



THINGS TO COME The July 5 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, June 21, will include articles on drummer Shelly Manne, organist Jimmy Smith, and tenor saxophonist Booker Ervin, in addition to *Down Beat's* many regular features.

CORRESPONDENTS: John Gottlieb, Boston; David B. Bittan, Philadelphia; Tom Scanlan, Washington, D.C.; Hob Acher, Detroit; Ted Paskert, Cleveland; Don Gazzaway, Dallas; Charles Subor, New Orleans; Jack Eglash, Las Vegas; Russ Wilson, San Francisco; Helen McNamara, Toronto; Joyce Ackers, Paris; Joachim E. Berendt, Germany; Jack Lind, Denmark; Roy Carr, London.

OFFICES: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811. Richard Theriault, Advertising Sales; 1770 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y., PLaza 7-5111. Mel Mandel, Advertising Sales; 8269 Selma Boulevard, Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOLlywood 3-3268, Raymond Ginter, Advertising Sales.

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NEWS

- 11 No 'Freedom Now' in South Africa
- 11 Jazz Festivals in Britain Increase
- 11 Jazz Ball Gives New Arts House a Boost
- 12 African Disclaims Africa's Influence on Jazz
- 12 New Methods by Two Old Hands

FEATURES

- 13 Cannonball Adderley
 - The Responsibilities of Success
- 16 The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet
 - Difficulties Facing a New Group
- 18 *Down Beat's* Combo Directory
- 20 Art Blakey
 - The Message Still Carries

CRITICISM

- 22 Record Reviews
- 35 Blindfold Test: Kenny Dorham
- 36 Caught in the Act: Bill Rubenstein, Roland Kirk, Teddy Wilson

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Chords and Discords
- 10 Strictly Ad Lib
- 37 Sittin' In
- 43 Inner Ear

Cover photograph by Ted Williams.



p. 13

p. 20

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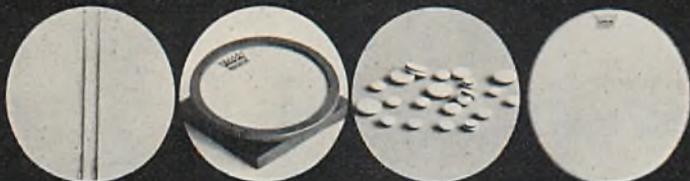
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Harold Thorp writes from Steinkjer, Norway "Last Monday I went to a concert by Stan Getz in Trondheim, Norway, and I was invited to sit in at the jam session afterwards. I would not have dared to sit down at the drum set if it had not been for a couple of months intense study of your home study course in METHOD JAZZ DRUMMING®. I know my time sense must have sharpened as I now can hear unsteady tempo tendencies on records that I thought of as infallible. Ideas just come by themselves now. I have discussed your method with the conductor of the Steinkjer Orchestra Society who became very enthusiastic about it. So am I." Some drummers have experienced similar results in their study with

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

Critics And Controversy

In the past the average jazz fan who has more than just a passing interest in the music has never been required to think very much. It has been done for him, if he knows what sources to consult. The sources, of course, are all the various magazines that carry reviews and opinions by a group of highly regarded critics. They tell him who to hear and conversely who not to hear. So the fan would appear to be not much more than putty in the hands of these critics.

But any fan worth his salt knows jazz happens to be controversial. First, there is the racial problem, both Jim Crow and Crow Jim. Then there's the debate regarding avant garde music. And finally, maybe he's wondered about the worth of all the critics. Yet, through a few sweet words from whatever writers he follows, he can be led back into his passiveness.

Down Beat, however, in the last several months, has given the fan challenges that perhaps he's never known before: he has to think and make some decisions on his own. To cite some examples. The side-by-side reviews of Ornette Coleman's album, *Free Jazz*, by Welding and Tynan; the discussion involving, among others, Abbey Lincoln concerning the racial problem; the interview allowing Dolphy and Coltrane to defend their position; and finally, permitting Bill Coss to take a sound drubbing from Lionel Hampton in an article which could well stimulate many all-night arguments.

This sort of policy takes guts and some pride-swallowing, but it's making a successful magazine. By minimizing the pointed editorial comments and opening up the controversy, the critics no longer do all the deciding: they'll merely point out the problems.

The result of this? Every promulgator of the music will benefit. Fans will find themselves listening to more of everyone, even the unknowns who play at all the insignificant places all over the country but who might well be worth hearing. Then there'll be real open-mindedness, unprejudiced and unbiased. Maybe this should be the real goal of all you people. Milwaukee, Wis. John E. Price

Hampton Strikes Close To Home

Lionel Hampton's revelations in Bill Coss' story (*DB*, May 10) should give all of us pause to think about the deadly atrophy which has stricken jazz during the past decade. Surely Coss has been aware of the relentless movement to kill the vital entertainment aspect of jazz exemplified in the big bands under such professional leaders as Hampton, Goodman, Barnet, and others.

Hampton accuses writers of forming cliques and making fads. There is a new hero every year, who soon fades into oblivion. Hampton didn't go into detail

as he probably chose to deal in generalities. But it is obvious that the campaign has been under way for many years by certain writers, promoters, and record companies to build up jazz as an "art form" rather than a music to entertain.

An example of this sort of "star building" of chosen musicians was reported in stark clarity by Gene Lees in *Down Beat's Music 1961*. In his article, Lees gives names, but I have yet to see a written rebuttal from any of the identified individuals. If these facts are true, then the objectivity of many writers and critics is suspect and their position of invulnerability is jeopardized.

Hampton recalls the days when there used to be a jazz fraternity when musicians admired and helped each other. The lack of this fraternal feeling today is shown graphically in the objections voiced by Shearing and Gillespie at the selection of Benny Goodman for the tour of Russia under auspices of the State Department (*DB*, April 26). Both deplored the choice of Goodman because, according to them, Goodman's music is in a "swing bag" and nobody here is playing that type of music anymore.

The fact remains that there are millions all over the world who are clamoring for big-band swing music. There is a strong indication that dance music particularly is on the way back, provided this spark is not snuffed out by opposing forces or power cliques. There are a lot of people who think Shearing's music is stilted and stylized, and there are others who might agree with Cab Calloway that Gillespie's jazz sounds like Chinese music.

It is not intended here to imply that they do not play good jazz. I am merely trying to show that there are many preferences for various types of jazz, and there should be a profitable market for them.

Isn't it about time to examine jazz as a business? Let's get off this hoary "art form" viewpoint and take a look at the broad picture. It's high time that fun and laughter return to jazz.

Mount Rainier, Md. George W. Kay

Having just finished reading Bill Coss' story on Lionel Hampton, I must offer my congratulations on a most moving, warm and rewarding experience in jazz writing.

Although I must take exception with Mr. Hampton in his manner of communicating with his audience, I certainly agree with his statements regarding the lack of fraternity, understanding, and admiration among jazzmen. Also his annoyance with cliques, fads, and critics in general. What difference does it make as long as it's jazz? That's what is necessary in reaching out.

Maybe his words will make some impression.

And I must commend Mr. Coss on his line, "It is my suspicion that if there is a Trane, it is because there was Lionel, or someone like him." It is sheer beauty.

New York City Martin Scanlon

Just a note to say that the Hampton interview was a refreshing and insightful view into the modern jazz scene.

Farmington, Mich. Ron Brown

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NEW YORK

Annie Ross of Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, is in England, "resting after an illness," say her partners, Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks. Miss Ross' replacement is Yolande Barun, a young woman from Ceylon, whom Lambert and Hendricks met in England. She sings dressed in a sari, is an actress, and plays jazz piano. She learned the Ross parts by listening to records by the group.

The Modern Jazz Quartet disbanded for the summer at the conclusion of its engagement at the Black Hawk in San Francisco. The group will resume operations around Sept. 1, according to its music director, John Lewis, who will vacation in Europe. The other members, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay plan to spend the summer at their respective homes . . . Louis Armstrong, now in England, is telling British reporters he is thinking again of retiring. "Fifty years of playing the horn is a very long time," he said. Or, if not retirement, he might at least "take a very long vacation" so he can be with his friends, sleep as long as he wants, and then return to the music business filled with new enthusiasm.

Summer jazz festivals continue to shape up:

George Wein's Newport Jazz Festival (July 6-8) will include at least three special innovations. Paul Desmond will



MJQ

write a special composition for the Gerry Mulligan Orchestra. Thelonious Monk will write, and Hall Overton will orchestrate, a special piece for the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Someone, as yet unselected, will compose something approximating a concerto for Oscar Peterson to play with the Count Basie Orchestra.

The third annual New York Daily News jazz concerts have the roster of artists signed. On June 14: Dave Brubeck, Carmen McRae, Sonny Rollins, Gene Krupa, and Stan Kenton. On June 15: Eddie Condon, Oscar Peterson, Lionel Hampton, Dakota Staton, and Gerry Mulligan.

Contrary to last year's reports, there will be a jazz night at Virginia Beach, Va., again this year and called just that—Jazz Night at Virginia Beach—with two performances on July 13. Thus far only Dave Brubeck and Kai Winding have been signed.

Benny Goodman's Russian Tour (DB, May 24), that began on June 1, found some last-minute additions to the band, most notably trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell, trombonist Tyree Glenn, pianist Teddy Wilson, and bassist Bill Crow.

It doesn't seem likely that this could set a precedent, although it should, around the country, but the City Council of Grand Haven, Mich., unanimously adopted a measure last month that permits *only* live music in clubs that have dancing and liquor.

Saxophonist John Neely has left Lionel Hampton's band because of illness, and his replacement is Fred Jackson. Tenor saxophonist-composer Jackson is from Atlanta, Ga. Hampton bandsmen have heard him and raved. Hampton

(Continued on page 44)



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Roach

NO 'FREEDOM NOW' IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Union of South Africa has stopped distribution of Max Roach's recording of *Freedom Now Suite*, an extended composition written by the drummer and dealing with the struggle for freedom. One of the album's tracks is titled *Tears for Johannesburg*.

Copies of the record were seized from the Johannesburg office of Meteor Records, the album's distributor, for inspection by the government's board of censors. All other available copies of the album were sealed pending the government's decision.

Prior to this action, the record was sold without its original liner notes, which included the statement, "There is still incredible and bloody cruelty against Africans, as in the Sharpville massacres of South Africa."

A modified set of notes was prepared by the distributor. "We took out references to Sharpville and other contentious items which we thought might cause trouble here," R. R. Moskovitch, director of the distributing company, said.

When told of the South African government's action, Roach commented, "It's good to hear I'm not accepted by the South African government. That's the best news I've had all week."

LOCAL 47 BRINGS JAZZ TO THE YOUNG

Many institutions, from the Roman Catholic Church to the Kremlin, have said, in effect, "Give me the youth, and I'll give you the future."

If indoctrination of young persons is deemed vital to a successful religious or political program, it holds no less true for jazz. Many in a position to know hold that early exposure to jazz in the nation's schools can mean a solid future of support for the music in later years.

With this—and the welfare of its membership—in mind, Los Angeles' Local 47 of the American Federation of Musicians has begun a campaign to bring jazz to young people on their own home grounds.

John Tranchitella, Local 47 president, recently reported a successful opening to the campaign when more than 500 children of Dorsey High School in Los Angeles paid 50 cents apiece admission to a concert by Shelly Manne and His Men and Les McCann, Ltd.

After this auspicious beginning, the union, with the co-operation of the Los Angeles Board of Education and individual music instructors in the schools selected, set its sights on a second event featuring different groups at Grant High School in the San Fernando Valley.

Tranchitella gave credit for work in starting the campaign to union officials Joyce Collins, Eddie Cano, Dale Brown, and member Marty Berman.

"Our aim," he said, "is to open another avenue of employment for musicians. This way, too, we're really reaching the kids. Our jazz concerts are something of a departure from the traditional aura of 'culture' in the presentation of music that many times left the youngsters cold."

Eventually, Tranchitella added, the union is planning to venture into primary schools with a planned program of lectures on jazz aimed at children at that educational level.

JAZZ FESTIVALS IN BRITAIN INCREASE

Some American jazz festival promoters may have a tolerant appreciation for British counterparts this year after noting the increasing number of English jazz festivals. Some see an English parallel to the growth in number of U.S. festivals and wonder what will be the result.

The biggest event scheduled in Britain this summer is a weeklong festival

at Bath that is nearly all to be played by the fashionable traditionalists, with perhaps only Johnny Dankworth and Don Rendell representing modern jazz.

The National Jazz Federation will sponsor its outdoor concerts for two days late in July in a yet unnamed place near London and following a similar series in Earlswood, a London suburb.

At Ringwood, on Aug. 4 and 5, another festival will take place. And Cleethorpes, a summer resort on the east coast, will present its own concerts with such musicians as Acker Bilk, Dankworth, and Tubby Hayes.

In addition, the Edinburgh Festival, normally exclusively classical, will have jazz this year. Nottingham will celebrate the 21st anniversary of its jazz club with a festival. And London's annual Floating Festival of Jazz—Thames river boats with jazz attractions aboard—is adding boats because of additional customers.

Sadly enough, the Beaulieu Jazz Festival, one of the first, but twice ravaged by juveniles, will not be held this year. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu had planned this year to move from anguished ancestral grounds to Manchester for a June joust. But now, he said, he cannot book enough talent for that time and has canceled until next year.

JAZZ BALL GIVES NEW ARTS HOUSE A BOOST

Jazz groups led by David Amram and Randy Weston furnished music at 193 Sullivan St. in New York City for several hundred masked men and women. Patrolmen from the local precinct police station had been warned this was no Burglars Ball, no Thieves Twist. Instead, it was the spring Masked Ball of Renaissance House, a newly founded home for the performing arts and the artists who perform them.

The ball was the first of a series to raise funds for a forthcoming commissioning of compositions to be presented at the Renaissance. It gave many of the press and much of the public an opportunity to discover the attitudes and ambitions of the sponsors behind the unique institution.

Renaissance House, only now being born, is an imaginative, and hopefully a practical, effort on the part of Greenwich Village artists and businessmen to create a center for the arts, including everything physically necessary for a cohesive art colony.

Occupying the present Greenwich Hotel, at 160 Bleecker St., a 10-story building, the center will be rebuilt to house 600 residents and transients (room and board available), two new

theaters, rehearsal rooms, recording facilities, shops, dark rooms, exhibition space, and restaurants. The establishment hopes to be open for all business, and all creativity, next fall.

AFRICAN DISCLAIMS AFRICA'S INFLUENCE ON JAZZ

In recent years few jazz writers have had the courage to question Africa's influence in jazz. It was once denied by such widely separated authors as Andre Gide and Barry Ulanov. Before then, and since, sometimes encouraged by anthropologists and specialized musicologists, it has variously been demonstrated, with varying degrees of effectiveness, that jazz came directly from at least a half-dozen parts of Africa.

A certain confusion has resulted, but it is not widespread, although a cynic or two has suggested that a Belgian Congo drummer who seems to have influenced Max Roach may have lately been listening to *The Voice of America* or some

U.S. records.

Whatever the truth, some blows were struck, and some blowing done, last month for those who believe jazz to be a strictly home-grown commodity.

Steve Bankole Omodele Rhodes, a jazz bassist and authority from Nigeria, disclaimed African influences in U.S. jazz in a lecture and demonstration sponsored by the Jazz Arts Society at the Carnegie Endowment Center.

Rhodes, a State Department guest, said he was a pleased guest but was bewildered and bothered by the state of jazz in this country. He found it incongruous, he said, that "an art form that is used as an overseas ambassador by the government is not recognized in the States as a legitimate art form" and suggested that "children in school should be exposed to this as a serious art form."

In the formal part of the program, Rhodes lectured and played with the Pete LaRoca Quintet, insisting and then demonstrating, that jazz had nothing at

all to do with Africa.

For Rhodes the points in opposition were clear enough:

- African music, he said, is nonmelodic and largely in 6/8 time, contrasted to the melodic character of jazz and the 4/4 and 3/4 that developed in the United States.

- The early slaves were immediately segregated from fellow tribesmen and, consequently, lost unified cultural ties.

- Even the earliest possible dating of the beginning of jazz finds its founders several generations removed from their slave ancestors.

- Jazz grew from an environment, and cultural circumstances totally American, Rhodes said. For him the most important circumstances were the figures and rhythms of marching bands.

Some experts in the audience found his argument too single-threaded and noted that he didn't answer the perplexing question why the U.S. Negro group, and no other U.S. group, developed this music in its earliest forms.

NEW METHODS BY TWO OLD HANDS

When the word got out, there were skeptical chuckles along Hollywood's Record Row.

"Two musicians running a record company?" the wiseguys snorted. "Forget it!"

For all the unconcealed derision in the trade, drummer Jackie Mills and pianist-songwriter Tommy Wolf exuded only confidence and optimism on March 31, 1961, the day Choreo records officially was launched. Behind them they had the prestige and monetary investments of dancer-actor Fred Astaire and Hermes Pan, the noted movie choreographer. Before them, they had only a native know-how and a wealth of experience in the music business. Today, more than a year later, Choreo has 16 recording artists under contract but only four albums on the market.

Why so few releases? General manager Mills pulled a wry face. "Production problems," he said and shrugged.

"But," he continued, "we were in no panic to rush a bunch of releases before we were good and ready."

In one instance, at least, this caution—combined with the "production problems"—appears to be paying off. An LP of the soundtrack from the picture, *Walk on the Wild Side*, combined with a single record of the title theme, both recorded by movie composer Elmer Bernstein, have proved to be surprise sellers. On one side of the single a standard studio orchestra of 48 was employed; on the reverse, the jazzmen heard on the movie soundtrack are featured. They are Buddy DeFranco,

clarinet; Pete Candoli, trumpet; Bob Bain, guitar; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Alvin Stoller, drums.

Although Mills and Wolf are well known in jazz (the drummer spent some years with Harry James and pian-



Mills and Wolf

ist Gerald Wiggins' trio; Wolf, who has worked with many jazz groups and singers, is composer of the song *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* and other tunes), their aim is not to turn Choreo records exclusively into a jazz label. But in utilizing the varied talents of many jazz artists, Mills feels, the over-all quality of the company's product is bound to be higher and better than a strictly pop-oriented label.

Just completed by Mills and Wolf is the first album ever recorded by Herbie Steward, one of the original "Four Brothers" in Woody Herman's band. Virtually retired from jazz for the last decade, Steward previously recorded only singles for such small companies as Roost during his jazz tenor playing days. In the new Steward album, he is

heard in romantic vein on baritone, tenor, alto, and flute to rich string arrangements written by Dick Hazard.

"You could say," Mills noted with a smile, "that Herbie is the Bobby Hackett of the saxophone." He added, however, that Steward will shortly record an album on jazz tenor in company with other well-known jazzmen.

Because Mills and Wolf say that they feel the record buyer purchases the artist rather than the material in the pop market, they pursue a policy of minimizing the use of standard songs in any given album.

"You just can't keep doing the old, sad things," Mills remarked. "You've got to use new material. Too many a&r men seem to be hung on the old stuff. Well, we don't have any a&r men. We don't want any."

He explained that an intimate relationship with the artists is vital to the firm's operation. The method of working with artists, Mills said, is based on his experience with dance rehearsals in movie work. This method calls for the pianist, the drummer, and the choreographer to caucus first, to work out the routines in advance, and then to call in the dancers. This arrangement, he noted, streamlines the rehearsals, saves time, and has proved most efficient.

Regarding the initial skepticism in the trade, Mills said he fails to understand it.

"After all," he said, "this is nothing new. Musicians have proved successful record men in the past. Look at Arnold Maxin with MGM, Sonny Burke with Decca, Tom Mack with Dot, or Dave Pell with Tops. They're certainly making it. And we intend to, too." 

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, sometimes called Julian, is that rare jazz musician who is able to communicate verbally as well as musically. He is a loquacious man. At almost any time, no matter the place, the rotund altoist will speak on about any subject pertaining to jazz, be it business, musical techniques, or criticism. He seldom minces words.

He will tell how, as a youngster, he dreamed of playing with the big bands of the time: Duke Ellington, Andy Kirk, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford.

"But as I became more musically aware," he said recently, "the Ellington thing became more important, because I realized that was something really exceptional musically. But as a kid I couldn't realize that. All I knew was he was a big man with a big band."

When he speaks of his own music experiences, he not only reveals forces that shaped and are shaping him, but also displays a sense of historical perspective.

"John Kirby was the first small band I remember," he said. "There were no small bands when I was a kid—during the '30s. [Adderley was born in 1928.] The Benny Goodman small band. I would have loved to play with such a thing, but it didn't mean the same thing as the Kirby band because *that* was a total picture; that was really a little band."

It has been suggested by critics and others that the sound of Louis Jordan's Tympany Five, which was popular in the '40s, was not without influence on Adderley's own group conception.

"By the time Louis Jordan became nationally prominent," he said, "I was playing. You see I was talking about a kid's

band, but it always seemed to be almost an exhibitionistic kind of thing they had so much technique."

About this time, the early and middle '40s, Adderley first heard a Charlie Parker record. Like practically every other young altoist, not to say most young musicians, Adderley was influenced by what he heard.

"But I heard Eddie Vinson first," he was quick to explain. "He was playing with Milton Lockin's band and singing the blues. They used to tour the South. It was an east Texas band, out of Houston. I didn't even know Eddie's name; everybody called him Mr. Cleanhead. He was fantastic. He was a very young man then. Milt's band was Lunceford style, but raw, you understand? Lunceford had this impeccability in his band. But this was raw Lunceford—miss a lot of notes, loud, very little slurring. But they were an impressive band."

The gotta-be-a-jazz-musician seed was planted deep in Adderley by the time he was graduated from Florida A&M College in 1948, a few months before he turned 20. But he went into teaching instead of playing and became a high-school music instructor in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

"I was thoroughly disgusted at that time," he said. "I had my heart set on being a musician all my life, and there was nothing. These were really the dark ages, 1947-8-9-'50. There was just nothing happening. No big bands. The giants of jazz were in poor shape financially. There was nothing going on. I saw Miles Davis in 1950 for the first time, and I don't think I ever saw a guy who represented so much to me look so bad.

The Responsibilities of Success

CANNONBALL

By DON DeMICHEAL



dreams when I talked about John Kirby. I wasn't a musician at the time; I was trying to learn to play trumpet. Louis Jordan was something else entirely. It was—what would you call it?—commercial, in a way. It didn't mean the same thing to me that the jazz thing did. And I never really dug Louis as a sax player. I dig him more *now* than I did then."

Adderley's composition *Sack o' Woe* contains a passage strongly reminiscent of the Jordan quintet sound. But when queried about it, he laughed and said, "I lifted that directly from the Savoy Sultans. They had a tune with that in it." He sang the phrase and then continued, "A guy from Miami was the leader of that band, Al Cooper. The name Savoy Sultans belonged to the Savoy Ballroom, and whatever house band was there was the Sultans. Al Cooper's group went to New York to take the Savoy job from Eddie Barefield and some guys after Chick Webb died. [Webb had led the house band at the Savoy for many years.] The first records ever made by the Savoy Sultons were Al Cooper's.

Cooper's was just one of several bands that played in Florida, Adderley's home state, during Adderley's youth. Other bands or, rather, altoists in the bands, impressed the fledgling musician greatly. He recalled the musical impact of two alto men in particular, Jimmy Cole, from Indianapolis, and Jimmy Hensley, from Oklahoma.

"They were the first alto players I heard in person who sounded . . . who had that explosive quality, that real hard swing," he said. "The ones I knew well—Johnny Hodges, Jimmy Dorsey—had that pretty quality. They could play

"There was nothing being produced of any consequence. The only Negro band—remember this was at the time of the rise of West Coast jazz—of any consequence in small-band jazz, making any money, was Gene Ammons and Sonny Stitt. They were working together for the first time then. But they worked a sort of rhythm-and-blues circuit. They didn't really work jazz houses. I think that band worked in Birdland once, in 1950.

"Dizzy had a small band, but it was like a night-club act. And they worked *sometimes*. And Charlie Parker. . . . But it's a funny thing—Bird managed to work. There were still places he could work: the Blue Note in Philly, the Hi Hat in Boston. And there were places in Chicago; the Capitol Lounge, I believe, was one of them. Bird'd work as a single and pick up a local rhythm section.

"There was really nothing much going on, and here I was in Florida. With nothing going on in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, you figure out what was going on in Fort Lauderdale, Fla."

Like many other would-be jazz musicians in small, and large, cities, Adderley lost hope of being able to make a living playing what he wanted to play. He practiced only occasionally, played in public even less.

"I got disgusted and concentrated on teaching," he recalled. "That went on for two years. I started teaching in September, 1948, and didn't play my horn in public till New Year's Eve. I got a job aboard Ripley's Chinese junk. And from then to prom time [May and June] I didn't touch

my horn at all, aside from playing a demonstration or something like that for the kids. I had no reason to practice. I was depressed. Not so much depressed, but as far as jazz was concerned, it was just out."

The summer of that year presented no playing opportunities to Adderley; he spent the summer teaching instrumental music in the Fort Lauderdale recreation program.

In the fall of 1949, he worked a few weeks in a Miami club. But other than these few playing engagements, Adderley's alto was idle until 1950, when he went into the Army.

"I didn't even consider going into the band," he said. "I was all set to go to OCS and all that foolishness. Do my intellectual bit. But I met a couple of musicians in my outfit from Detroit who played very well. One of the guys was an alto player named Hafis, and everybody was saying he was so good. One day he said to me, 'They tell me you're an alto player.' I said 'Yeah, I play a little.' He asked me to play for him. I did, and I got the bug again.

"I decided to go into the band. And that's the only reason I got back into music from a performer's point of view, because I was through. It meant nothing to me any more. I'd been practicing all my life, and there was no outlet for it."

During his service tenure, most of it at Fort Knox, Ky., Adderley received encouragement from all who heard him, including members of traveling bands passing through. But after his discharge from the Army in 1953, Adderley returned to Florida and teaching.

Fort Lauderdale had grown considerably during his absence, and there were more playing opportunities. Two other high-school music instructors had been added to the city's school system, and with them and two local musicians, Adderley formed a small band to play a local club.

"We played a combination of jazz and rhythm and blues," he said. "What we would do is take a rhythm-and-blues tune and improvise choruses. It's the same thing, of course, as taking a jazz theme and improvising. So we got to do a lot of things that way."

In the summer of 1954 his brother, Nat, who had completed the academic requirements for a teaching certificate after his Army discharge, came to Fort Lauderdale to play the summer with his older brother. At the end of the summer Nat joined Lionel Hampton's band and subsequently toured this country and Europe. Nat's letters to his brother describing the tours did nothing to lessen Cannonball's determination to play.

"I went up to New York to see him play with the band around Christmas of '54," Adderley said. "I sat in with the band, and Hamp offered me a job. I was all ready to go, but Hamp's wife, Gladys, put an end to that. She said to have two brothers in the band would organize a clique. Nat was disgusted about the whole thing, and by next summer, he and Hamp had fallen out altogether, and Hamp fired Nat."

The Adderleys joined forces with Buster Cooper, who had played trombone with Hampton during part of Nat's stay with the band, and Cooper's brother and formed a "brothers' band," planning to work the summer of 1955.

"We were going to work with Ruth Brown, or somebody," Cannonball recalled. "My first night in New York, Nat was out playing with Paul Williams, making some money, so we couldn't have rehearsal. The Cooper brothers and I went down to the Cafe Bohemia to see Jimmy Cleveland. We got there, and this Cafe Bohemia incident took place."

Adderley refers to his sitting in with the band, Oscar Pettiford's, and making such an impression that he not only got a job with the band but within a few days was signed to a recording contract as well.

"And from that point on," he said, "I was a confirmed jazz musician. Nothing else could interfere. Before I sat in I had envisioned going to school again. I had enrolled in New York University. I never went to class. I sat in at the

Bohemia on a Sunday evening, and I was due to go to class on Monday. But I said, 'I got a job at the Bohemia? Playing with Oscar Pettiford and those cats? Ummmph!' That was a dream come true. I wouldn't have made it in class; it was a preparation to make more money teaching."

He did, however, have to return to Florida from September to Christmas in order to fulfill a teaching contract. In January, 1956, the first Adderley quintet was formed.

"That was a mistake," Adderley says now. "But it was an effort. I could have worked with somebody else, gone back to New York and taken my chances freelancing, but by this time I was making 10 grand a year in Florida. I had this teaching at five grand, and I was making \$150 a week playing at night, plus I had a couple of side hustles. I sold automobiles, and I did quite well too. I had that gift of gab. Old ladies, I could sell them any kind of car. It was hard to turn my back on all that and come to New York with nothing. So we decided to organize this band."

It was not successful. At the end of 1957, Adderley broke up the band and joined Miles Davis. In September, 1959, Adderley formed another quintet with brother Nat the other horn, as before, and met almost instant acceptance.

IN RETROSPECT, considering the success of Adderley's second group, it is puzzling that the first group did not catch on with the jazz public. The form and format were the same; the personnel was similar. Why did the first fail and the second succeed?

"It's tough to say," Adderley observed after reflection. "People are funny. The records we made then are selling three times as well now. I can't explain people's reluctance to attach themselves to a new group when there's not a reason for them to be interested in some personality in the group. Our group had no stars. There was no one in the group who was well known, including the leader—the leader was a newcomer.

"And there might have been some resentment. Mercury [with whom Adderley was under contract] was promoting me as the new Bird and all that foolishness—against my wishes; I had nothing to do with that. I talked to Bob Shad [a Mercury a&r man at the time] and he said, 'Our business is to sell records, and we feel this is the best way. That's all.'

"Take anybody and say, 'This is the new Bird or the new Dizzy, the new J.J.'—when people hear them, they've got to come out second best. Even Clifford Brown came out second best as the new Dizzy. There was a *Down Beat* story saying he was the new Dizzy, and a lot of musicians resented that without even hearing Clifford Brown."

Perhaps one of the factors of the second group's success is Adderley's verbal communication; his announcements sometimes last as long as three or four minutes, are warm, witty, and, by turn, down-home or erudite.

"I always announced the tunes," he said. "But I don't think I was as mature then as now. I guess there's been some development in our thing all around. Everybody's a better player now. You know, I learned a lot with Miles and Coltrane and those cats. I had never played with anybody before of their stature, musically and commercially. Working with Miles was very important. It set up things for me really. I got the benefit of the exposure to Miles Davis' vast audience. It meant something to me by the time I was ready to get my own group again."

It has been said that the Adderley group's success stems from Bobby Timmons' *Dis Here* (not *This Here*, according to Adderley), soul jazz, formula jazz. Adderley denied this vigorously.

"We went into rehearsal," he said, referring to the group's formation period, "and we just played the music we enjoyed. There was nothing calculated about it, unfortunately; I wish there was. There was no formula.

"I'll tell you what our repertoire consisted of when we went to work in Philadelphia. We played *Moanin'*. We played *Straight, No Chaser*. . . . *Spontaneous Combustion* and some other things from old our repertoire. Just tunes we enjoyed playing and tunes we learned to play quickly. We had to get started without substantially new material because Louis Hayes [the group's drummer then and now] wasn't available for rehearsal until four days before we were supposed to go to work; he was still with Horace Silver.

"Bobby Timmons wrote *Dis Here*—he used to say, 'Dis here's my new tune'—in San Francisco, where we went after the first gig in Philadelphia. *Dis Here* fascinated me. I had never heard a tune like that before. It's a very difficult tune to play. Just playing the melody is tough. It was in 3/4 or 6/8, whichever way you want to look at it, and that made it challenging. It's got something in it to work on. At first, we had to force this tune on people, and they just wouldn't buy it. But the last week we were in San Francisco, it seemed as if almost magically some people started asking for it."

If the answer to success lies not entirely in stage manner, and if there is no musical formula, then what is it that makes the Cannonball Adderley group popular? Most of the answer is in the leader's attitude toward music and audiences:

"If I'm going to play my horn for people and they're going to pay money to hear me, I have an obligation to them. They come to see you for a reason. If they didn't have a reason, they'd go see everybody. So if you make records, for instance, and they buy your records and come in and ask you to play those tunes from those records, I play them. I won't play the same tune over and over again.



Nat Adderley

Cannonball Adderley

Even Coltrane will do that now; he'll play *My Favorite Things* every time somebody asks for it, and he's bugging himself by doing it. I won't do that, because there are other people who didn't come just to hear a particular tune.

"However, I feel a responsibility to the man who's paying the freight, and I try to be reasonably entertaining by playing music I think they want to hear—and music I think they should hear.

"Programming is a serious thing. I have a sextet. Everybody in the band is a soloist. I have to have regard for the key the last tune was in, the tempo, who played a solo, what's requested, what's going—are we promoting this tune or that tune—or what have you. There's many things to think about. Most bands don't think about programming at all. Some have a lot of success without thinking about that. Miles Davis' personality is such that people come to see him turn his back on them, see how nasty he'll be. But whatever he plays comes off most of the the time because Miles is a hell of a musician. He sort of ramrods things down people's throats.

"In addition to this responsibility to the audience, you have a responsibility to yourself, the band, your art. Where does the compromise come? I will make mine by playing things I think will proliferate the art on a concert stage and before a captive audience that is primarily a jazz audience or one that's there to see you because you're an artist rather

than somebody who's out on a Friday or Saturday night to drink liquor and went somewhere where there's entertainment. Then it's embarrassing to everybody.

"And you have to keep the guys in the band happy. Guys in my band own homes and automobiles and things. There's a reason for it. Now, sometimes, especially when we play a supper-club job there's some unhappiness. But by the time we get through talking about it, everybody understands how it applies to him."

LAST JANUARY, Adderley added Yusef Lateef to his quintet. By doing so, Adderley reflected the concern prevalent for more form in small jazz groups, one that has led to an outcropping of six-piece groups instead of five-piecers.

He said he first wanted to add Curtis Fuller on trombone but that Art Blakey beat him to it. He still wants to add a trombone ("then we'll have a brass section"). But his desire for different timbres and a bigger group sound was not abated by the failure to hire Fuller.

"The seed had grown in the band to add a sixth man," he said. "We talked about every available cat, and we all decided on Yusef because he plays all those instruments. [Lateef plays tenor, flute, and oboe, among other instruments.] By the time we get through we'll really be getting some sounds. Yusef's got me working on my flute again. He's studying bass and doing quite well with it. When he gets it together, we be able to utilize Sam Jones [the group's bassist] on cello.

"I visualize a lot of things happening for the band sound-wise. We've gotten into some of the college concert things,



Yusef Lateef

and I can do more arty' things than I could do in a club."

He returned to the subject of what to play and what not to play in a night club; it seemed almost an obsession:

"I will not go into a night club and play extended compositions. It just doesn't make sense. I think it is impractical for jazz in general and for us in particular. If I went into a night club like the Sutherland in Chicago and played a John Lewis-type *Fontessa* thing and took up an entire set with that, it wouldn't do anything. It would actually lose customers for jazz. This is what's going on now. Half of the people there are not really jazz fans; they get interested in a personality or a record. If you drop long things—serious works—on them where there are cash registers ringing and the waitress is hollering 'two bourbons,' and all that's going on, it just does not work."

One thing Cannonball Adderley has done is to be successful financially doing what he must do. There has been implied condemnations for his being successful. The condemnations smell of sour grapes, especially when it is realized that most jazzmen are as interested in making money, much money, from jazz as they are in the artistic side of the music.

Adderley summed up his feeling about being a jazzman and being financially solvent succinctly:

"I see no reason why jazz musicians should not live well simply because they're jazz musicians and artists. Responsibility to the art doesn't mean you have to be hungry." 

IT ALL STARTED with a broken ankle, said Al Grey, a mischievous smile lighting his broad face. "This was back in December of 1960 when I was still with Count Basie. The band had just opened at Birdland for its big Christmas engagement. No sooner had we opened than I slipped on an icy sidewalk in front of my hotel and broke my ankle.

"I was laid up with it for several weeks, almost the whole time Basie was at Birdland. They tried several replacements for me, but I guess they didn't work out too well because Basie kept sending his manager over to see how I was coming along."

Grey's ankle mended sufficiently for him to play the last few nights of the band's Birdland engagement, his foot still bandaged. He played the next week at the Apollo Theater too. On the day the cast was removed from his foot, he found he was unable to put on his shoe because of a slight swelling in the healing ankle. As a result, he missed an important Basie engagement at a New Jersey Army camp, the night before the band was to play at President John F. Kennedy's inaugural ball.

The next day Grey was dismissed from the band.

"But the weeks I had been in bed," Grey recalled, "had given me plenty of time to think. I decided now was the time to organize the group that Billy Mitchell and I had talked about. A lot of my friends came up to see me during that time, and they encouraged me to go out on my own. I think that's what decided me."

"I gave notice," Mitchell interjected, "while Al was laid up at the Alvin Hotel. I had been with Basie nearly three years—the longest time I stayed with any one band—and in all that time I had not been given a single raise. And on top of that, I wasn't even getting paid what I had been promised when I joined. But I had stayed on all that time, for one reason and another. I figured it was good for me. But finally I had had enough, and I resigned."

Trombonist Grey and tenor saxophonist Mitchell have been close friends for a number of years, and the idea of having a joint group of their own had been a prime topic of conversation in all the time they were roommates.

"You dig," said Mitchell, "we were in a lot of bands at the same time, and it always seemed to work out that we would room together in every one.

"Fate," snorted Grey.

Henry Boozier was the group's first trumpeter. Gene Kee became its pianist, also doubling on Eb alto horn, thus swelling the front line to four horns for some numbers. Kee further acted as the sextet's arranger. The rhythm



HERB SNITZER

section was made up of bassist Jimmy Moberly and, in succession, drummers Bill Johnson, Frank Gant, and Jual Curtis.

After several days of intensive rehearsals, the group opened at the Melody Bar in Reading, Pa., and then moved on to York and a few other small Pennsylvania cities. Grey recalled that the sextet's first major engagement was at Chicago's Tivoli Theater, where the group was one of several attractions on a large program.

Engagements thereafter were, despite the growing excellence of the group, hard to come by.

According to them, Basie didn't look kindly on the defection of two of his best sidemen, two moreover who had shouldered increasingly heavy solo loads. Without the Count's blessing, Grey and Mitchell found themselves on hard days, with bookings growing scarcer every day.

"Things went on that way," remarked Grey, "until the middle of the summer. That's when they began to go our way for a bit. First was Newport. That helped a lot . . . the reaction, I mean."

Because of budget limitations, the two were not able to take the rest of the sextet to the 1961 Newport festival. Just the two of them appeared. Backed by the Ike Isaacs Trio, the pair scored such a hit at the Saturday afternoon concert program devoted to "new talent" (jazz seems to abound in the kind of irony that lumps two such big-band veterans together with a batch of newcomers) that they were called back for the evening's program.

George Simon reported to *Down Beat*: "Their relaxed, humorous, spontaneous-sounding swing . . . proved quite well that the kind of jazz that makes an attempt to communicate, instead of fighting any such a 'commercial' philosophy, stands the better chance of reaching a large and not completely jazz-oriented audience."

Dan Morgenstern opined that the pair supplied "the kind of excitement that a festival should create. . . ."

The critical and popular reaction to

Difficulties Facing

THE AL GREY-BILLY

their Newport appearances did much to restore the pair's confidence in their brand of uncomplicated and direct swing. Another positive move was a series of three appearances on the *Summer Showcase* programs that independent television producer Del Shields was putting together in Philadelphia.

While in Philadelphia they likewise made a highly successful appearance on *Experiment 61*, an unconventional and sensitively done series being put on by the city's CBS affiliate, WCAU-TV.

"Things really began to look up after that," Grey said. "What really got us on our feet was our Las Vegas engagement with Sarah Vaughan last October. This was for five weeks. We were providing the backing for Sarah, and every now and then we would get a chance to play our own things. It was a wonderful opportunity for us."

As in the case of Newport, there was insufficient money to transport the entire group to the Flamingo in Las Vegas. In any event, Grey and Mitchell had decided to revamp the sextet and saw in the engagement with Miss Vaughan an opportunity to do so. Driving to San Francisco, they assembled and rehearsed the group, went to Las Vegas for further rehearsals with the singer, played the engagement, and then returned to San Francisco.

"That's where we put together the group that we have basically today," said Grey. "We had a job at the Jazz Workshop out there, and we picked up four of the better young musicians to take into the Workshop. First we got Bobby Hutcherson on vibes. We did away with the piano, because Bobby could fulfill that role in the ensemble. Then we had Jimmy Mooney on trumpet, Doug Watkins on bass, and Eddie Williams on drums. They all worked out so well together during the weeks at the Workshop that we brought them all east with us."

Mitchell remarked, "With this group we were coming closer to the idea we had in mind. We kept trying men and instruments, until the group began to sound the way we thought it could."

a New Group

By PETE WELDING

MITCHELL SEXTET

The personnel was to change twice again, before settling down to any degree of finality. After returning to New York and a number of engagements, the group saw Donald Byrd replace trumpeter Mooney and Herman Wright substitute for bassist Watkins, who left to go with the Philly Joe Jones group, meeting his death in an automobile accident in Arizona while en route to the club he had left several weeks before, the Jazz Workshop.

Then Byrd had an opportunity to reactivate his group for several engagements, and he left. Byrd was replaced by Dave Burns, at 37 a 20-year jazz veteran who had been more or less inactive for the last seven of them, while earning a living selling insurance.

Both Grey and Mitchell expressed the idea that the personnel shuffling has been a necessary part in the evolution of the sextet's approach and has, in a real sense, been responsible for the shape the group has attained.

"We knew the kind of thing we wanted all along," said Mitchell. "That is, we had a general idea of the feeling we wanted to aim at. But getting that feeling was a different thing again."

Grey picked up this thread: "All along we wanted that big-band feeling—you know, that excitement and full sound—and it was just a question of finding the right combination of elements, men, instrumentation, and arrangements. It was experimentation, pure and simple. We just kept trying new guys and new approaches until the thing fell into place. We knew we'd recognize it when it happened."

CERTAINLY THE present group is the embodiment of their expressed ideals. With just six pieces, they generate an astonishing amount of power and excitement. The outfit's growing enthusiasm, driving intensity, and development of a full sound are readily discernible over the last few months. It is properly a *band*, even though a small group.

The sextet does give the impression



RON HOWARD

of a group considerably larger than that. The arrangements—penned by a variety of writers from the veteran Melba Liston to young Chicagoan Johnny Hines—artfully utilize to the fullest the three horns and Hutcherson's vibraharp.

The emphasis is on a kind of modern mainstream blowing, with the thematic material generally voiced along big-band section lines. In the usual arrangement, after a statement of the theme in the big, fat sound of the ensemble, there follows a series of horn solos.

Hutcherson will at this time function as a member of the rhythm section, using his vibraharp pianistically, supplying the tune's harmonic structure with a pattern of four-mallet chords behind the horn soloist, occasionally filling in with darting single-note lines.

Further contributions are provided by the other two horns. Instead of remaining inactive while awaiting their solo turns—the usual attitude in most present-day small groups—the two horns are used to furnish a thick background of arranged riffs, contrapuntal lines, jabs, smears, and explosions to prod the soloist. The total effect is one of excitement and blistering power.

"Material and arrangements," said Grey, "never have been a problem with us. I had all kinds of arrangements I accumulated in my years of playing. I had a lot that I saved from my first group back in 1951. Then I had all those from all the record dates I was on too. So we never were bothered by a shortage of tunes or charts."

"However, now that we have the group, and know the direction we'll move in, we'll be able to have charts tailored to the band. Up until now we've worked out the band's book from the old scores and in skull sessions that we hold periodically. Everybody contributes to these."

Chief among the group's blessings are the abilities of its members. The beauties of the leaders' work are widely known through their long association with Basie. In that heavy concentration of talent, Grey quickly asserted his

strong musical personality and became the band's featured trombone soloist, the sly, pungent quality of his plunger work enlivening any number of the band's recordings. Mitchell, with the coruscating, virile force of his tenor playing, was becoming increasingly active in a solo capacity when he elected to leave the band.

The leaders have found in Dave Burns a trumpet player fully their peer in experience and ability. One of the first young trumpeters to come under the influence of and to assimilate the innovations of Dizzy Gillespie, and a member of Gillespie's historic 1947-49 big band, Burns plays with the consummate ease, assurance, and disciplined directness of the mature artist. His seven-year absence from the active jazz scene did not diminish his abilities. His playing is luminous and fully controlled, especially so on ballads.

Vibraharpist Hutcherson, just turned 21, completes the group's front line. It seems almost fatuous, in view of what he has already accomplished, to label this performer "promising," yet his strong, assertive playing is bound to improve as he gains additional experience and maturity. Potentially an important innovator on his instrument—the potentialities of which have scarcely begun to be explored—Hutcherson possesses an extraordinarily sensitive touch, a lightning speed, and a well-developed individual approach.

Herman Wright, a strong, dependable bassist, and Eddie Williams, a vigorous, unflagging drummer, complete the lineup. It's a forceful, well-knit group.

There is nothing especially daring or adventurous in the sextet's musical approach—particularly so in these days of radical experimentation, the "new thing," and what have you.

Rather, Grey, Mitchell, and company apply swing-band techniques to the freedom and spontaneity of the small-group approach. The emphasis is on solid, blues-based swing, full ensemble sound, interesting harmonic textures and coloristic effects, a consciousness of the over-all structure, and a close attention to detail.

The results speak for themselves, for their music is undeniably fresh and vigorous, something all the more notable in a period of musical aridity resulting from the prevalence of straight, unrelieved blowing. Hard swing is at the core of the Grey-Mitchell approach too, but it is tempered with a blithe, free-wheeling exuberance, a sense of humor, and, foremost, a conscious return to healthy, enjoyable, and spontaneous, albeit updated, swing basics. Maybe that's why they sound so good.



DOWN BEAT'S ANNUAL COMBO DIRECTORY



It is a small-group age we live in, as can be seen by perusing the following directory of jazz combos currently working throughout the country. As long as the directory is, there are undoubtedly some local or recently formed groups omitted; this is, of course, unavoidable and regrettable.

Following the leader's name is the group's booking affiliation if any: independent (Ind.); Willard Alexander (WA); Associated Booking Corp. (ABC); Circle Artists Corp. (CAC); General Artists Corp. (GAC); International Talent Agency (ITA); Music Corp. of America (MCA); Posey Booking Agency (Posey); Shaw Artists Corp. (SAC); Woodrow Music (Woodrow). The title of a representative recording is included with most listings.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY (ABC)

Altoist Julian leads a sextet now less fundamental than last year's fivesome, largely because of the many reeds played by new member Yusef Lateef. Still, the emphasis is on a la mode jazz. Riverside 404, *Cannonball Adderley in New York with Yusef Lateef*.

HENRY (RED) ALLEN (Ind.)

In recent years Allen has been rediscovered by critics and praised as the best of the last of the red-hot trumpeters. When he's good, he's very good, even if some of his groups are horrid. Verve 1025, *Red Allen Plays King Oliver*.

MOSE ALLISON (SAC)

Young man Mose is a singer, composer, and pianist with roots deep in southern blues and eyes bright for New York modern jazz. Columbia 1565, *I Love the Life I Live*.

PETER APPELYARD (ITA)

The modern vibes-playing of English-born Peter Appleyard, plus rhythm section, can now be heard alternately in New York and Toronto night spots. Audio Fidelity 1901, *The Vibe Sound of Peter Appleyard*.

GENE AMMONS (SAC)

Working as a single, with his quartet, or dueling Sonny Stitt, Jug plays tenor as though the stopper were out and the escaping genii a soul brother of the most visceral, bellicose sort. Prestige 7192, *Jug*.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG (ABC)

Since 1948 the Armstrong all-stars have had varied personnel, but this has not changed the essential show-business emphasis of a group in which individual musicianship is frequently subordinated but is, occasionally, in full blaze, outside the blazers. Verve 4012, *Louis Armstrong under the Stars*.

DOROTHY ASHBY (ABC)

Backed by one of the best rhythm sections in Detroit, Miss Ashby plays harp, piano, and sings, her repertoire running heavily to folk-based material. Argo 690, *Dorothy Ashby*.

PAUL BARBARIN (Ind.)

A former drummer with Louis Armstrong, Barbarin makes much attempt to keep his group in the style and city of New Orleans. Atlantic 1215, *New Orleans Jazz*.

RAY BAUDUC (ABC)

One of the mainstays of Bob Crosby's Dixieland days, this drummer keeps his group on the West Coast, and his line is south of the Mason-Dixon. Capitol 1198, *Two-Beat Generation*.

CHARLES BELL (Ind.)

Bell leads the Contemporary Jazz Quartet, one dedicated to schools often dismissed by jazzmen who say it isn't the school but the principle (or principal) of the thing he can't stand. Columbia 1582, *Contemporary Jazz Quartet*.

AL BELLETTA (Posey)

Originally from New Orleans, this group runs high on entertainment values and rides from Dixieland to a moderate modern. King 716, *Big Sound*.

ART BLAKEY (SAC)

Drummer Blakey plays proud and mighty with the current style of jazz but with less protest than most groups. Blue Note 4029, *Big Beat*.

BOBCATS (Ind.)

This latter-day edition of the old Bob Crosby band-within-a-band features two of that outfit's original members, clarinetist Mattie Matlock and tenorist Eddie Miller. Their brand of Dixie delights the patrons at the New Frontier in Las Vegas. Mayfair 9569, *Dixieland*.

SHARKEY BONANO (ITA)

This Bonano keeps out of the refrigerator along with his friends, all of them playing music for prancing. Southland 222, *Kings of Dixieland*.

BESS BONNIER (Ind.)

The powerful, rocking piano of Miss Bonnier and the fine group interaction make this trio one of the better Detroit jazz units. Argo 632, *Theme for the Tall One*.

RUBY BRAFF-MARSHALL BROWN (WA)

Trumpeter Braff, trombonist Brown, and friends, often clarinetist Pee Wee Russell and pianist George Wein among them, play music from Dixie through swing. United Artists 4093, *Ruby Braff-Marshall Brown Sextet*.

RONNELL BRIGHT (WA)

Pianist Bright is the guiding light of a trio that can play from this here to dat dere. Regent 6041, *Bright's Spot*.

DAVE BRUBECK (ABC)

This quartet grows while it grosses, continually a favorite of campus cats, smart-club citizens, and the hosts of others who believe David to be a modern killer-diller. Columbia 1690, *Time Further Out*.

GEORG BRUNIS (Ind.)

Trombonist Brunis is a bold, brawny, bandman, who plays tailgate trombone in such a way as to make the *Saints* seem more devilish than they ordinarily do. Disneyland 3009, *Heart of Dixieland*.

RAY BRYANT (WA)

Ray plays piano, leads a trio, and has a knack for anthologizing many of our best pianists, as well as providing a jazz digest of current trends. Columbia 1746, *Dancing the Big Twist*.

MILT BUCKNER (SAC)

Something of former boss Lionel Hampton rubbed off on organist Buckner, who can retreat from raving into a relaxed balladry, everything done with the greatest of ease. Argo 670, *Please, Mr. Organ Player*.

TEDDY BUCKNER (Ind.)

Trumpeter Buckner, an admirer of Louis Armstrong, leads a California-based Dixieland sextet. DJ 510, *On Sunset Strip*.

KENNY BURRELL (Ind.)

One of the fleetest of the young guitarists, Burrell is as busy as his fingers on the New York scene as single and with trio. Blue Note 4021, *At the Five Spot*.

BILLY BUTTERFIELD (CAC)

Trumpeter Butterfield may often play and lead a kind of Dixieland style, but his tastes and abilities range through swing to moderate modern. Columbia 1673, *Golden Horn*.

CHARLIE BYRD (Woodrow)

Byrd plays amplified and unamplified guitar, jazz, classical, and gregarious guitar, with bass and drums in active, appreciative accompaniment most often in Washington, D. C. Offbeat 3009, *Blues Sonata*.

DONALD BYRD (SAC)

Trumpeter Byrd leads groups that groove without being ruttid therein. Blue Note 4060, *At the Half Note Cafe*.

EDDIE CANO (ABC)

This is an Afro-Jazz quartet, more heavy on thump than jump but still closer to contemporary jazz than most of the kind, whatever the size. No records.

BARBARA CARROLL (ITA)

Lady Barbara plays piano from lagniappe to lissome in such a way as to inspire confidence and cheer. Kapp 1113, *Flower Drum Song*.

TEDDY CHARLES (Ind.)

Vibraharpist Charles is one of those unique individuals who is capable of everything from searing swinging to energetic experimentalism. Warwick 2033, *Jazz in the Garden*.

BUCK CLARKE (Ind.)

An unusual and exotic group where East meets West in a trained way, somewhere between Zebra and Zen, all with a jazz beat. Argo 4007, *Drum Sum*.

JAMES CLAY (Ind.)

This young Dallas tenor saxophonist and flutist leads a hard swinging quartet with roots in the earthy Texas blues bands. Riverside 349, *Double Dose of Soul*.

BUCK CLAYTON (WA)

Usually with a quartet, trumpeter Clayton represents the Count Basic era of swing, even though he occasionally deals Dixieland. Riverside 353, *Goin' to Kansas City*.

AL COHN-ZOOT SIMS (Ind.)

Two tenor saxophonists who occasionally also play clarinet, lead a quintet through swinging, modern music capable of charming a Carnegie cicerone. Mercury 20606, *You 'n' Me*.

COZY COLE (ABC)

Cole, one of the first of the great modern drummers, shows what made him that, along with a quintet that is mostly supportive. Charlie Parker 403, *Carmen*.

BOOKER COLEMAN (Ind.)

A traditional group based in Washington, D. C., this sextet is headed by a veteran pianist and features the trumpet of Kenny Fulcher and the trombone of Slide Harris. It plays the standard Dixieland repertoire with swing-era feeling. HPC records, *Booker Coleman Swings Dixie Jazz*.

CY COLEMAN (Ind.)

Pianist-composer Coleman might be discounted by most jazz fans, but some of his songs will ultimately become jazz standards, and his bright, brisk playing reflects the sophisticated side of the jazz. Everest 5092, *Playboy's Penthouse*.

ORNETTE COLEMAN (ABC)

Perhaps only Coleman could sustain the support he has received from those lately applauding the avant garde. Certainly, he has proved the possibilities of playing music people say they have no use for and has done it with purpose, conviction, and dedication beyond the dollar. Atlantic 1378, *Ornette*.

RON COLLIER (Ind.)

A quintet that specializes in compositional jazz

by Collier, the instrumentation fluctuates according to his requirements, but usually features his own trombone playing. Heard in Toronto concerts and clubs, and occasionally in the U.S.

JOHN COLTRANE (SAC)

Next to Ornette Coleman, tenor saxophonist (sometimes doubling soprano saxophone) Coltrane has lately lifted lids in jazz to the extent that his playing has become an influence on a score others. Still others may feel the fight and fray is mostly fright and fey. Impulse 10, *Live at the Village Vanguard*.

EDDIE CONDON (Ind.)

Eddie plays host, commentator, and genial genie better than he does guitar, as far as anyone knows, but his Condon Commandoes do play mighty versions of doughty, durable Dixieland versions of almost anything. Epic 16024, *Midnight in Moscow*.

EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS-JOHNNY GRIFFIN (WA)

Two tenor saxophones and three others who pressure-cook everything in sight and sound. Jazzland 960, *Blues Up and Down*.

MILES DAVIS (SAC)

Now a sextet, with the addition of trombonist J. J. Johnson, trumpeter Davis' dervishes are alternately proud, prayerful, profane, and prolific, producing a public prone, plaintive, and pertinacious. Columbia 1656, *Someday My Prince Will Come*.

WILD BILL DAVIS (SAC)

Davis plays as his name—a high-riding organist with or without his trio. Epic 5094, *Dance the Madison*.

WILD BILL DAVISON (Ind.)

Cornetist Davison can peel paint, scare sitting hens, and chase a centaur with the power of his horn. His groups traditionally play his special game. Savoy 12055, *Ringside at Condon's*.

BUDDY DeFRANCO-TOMMY GUMINA (ABC)

DeFranco and Gumina lead a quartet good and strong for those who admire clarinet and accordion versatility currently beyond compare. Mercury 20685, *Presenting Buddy DeFranco and Tommy Gumina*.

ERIC DOLPHY (Ind.)

Reed man Dolphy has formed his own group, probably in far orbit around the jazz world. New Jazz 8252, *Out There*.

WILBUR DePARIS (Ind.)

Trombonist DeParis speaks, plays, and leads New Orleans music in New York and environs, bringing eloquence to all three of his functions. Atlantic 1318, *That's A Plenty*.

BILL DOGGETT (ABC)

No one can be sure whether this group will rock, roll, stand, stamp, or just play jazz. It does all except the last extraordinarily and can do the last when the spirit moves. King 633, *High and Wide*.

WALT DICKERSON (Ind.)

Dickerson generally leads a quartet from his position of vibes and strength—the only new man on the instrument, and one of the few who treat the instrument as something marvelously metallic. New Jazz 8254, *Walt Dickerson*.

LOU DONALDSON (SAC)

Lou is a modern altoist with ancient and honorable roots, a combination creating a unique style and sound. Blue Note 4066, *Here 'Tis*.

DOROTHY DONEGAN (ITA)

Dorothy nearly dances on the piano, and the music therefrom, as a consequence, is more often jive than jazz. Capitol 1226, *Donneybrook with Donegan*.

KENNY DORHAM (SAC)

Trumpeter Dorham has a versatility, inventiveness, and lack of reputation seldom equaled in modern jazz. His groups usually display the height of his own concern. Blue Note 4036, *Whistle Stop*.

JIMMY DREW (Ind.)

A Florida-based piano gypsy, or so they call him, who appears now and then to lead almost any kind of group into almost any kind of modern jazz. A Decca record is forthcoming.

DUKES OF DIXIELAND (ABC)

Gadzooks, the Dukes keep changing personnel, so that this traditionally oriented group gets to swing more and more as it goes. Audio Fidelity 1964, *Best, Vol. 2*.

TEDDY EDWARDS (Ind.)

Edwards is a tenor saxophonist, mostly heard on the West Coast, mainly concerned with the bop the West wrought. Contemporary 3592, *Good Gravy*.

ROY ELDRIDGE (ABC)

Trumpeter Eldridge often fronts a group along with tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins, but whether doing so or not, he is a prime representative of the how-to-grow-old-gracefully club, forcible style and personality division. Verve 8389, *Swingin' on the Town*.

DON ELLIOTT (MCA)

Elliott is a young man of many talents. Width and wit are part of both his playing on vibes and mellophone and his composing. Columbia 1754, *Love Is a Necessary Evil*.

DON ELLIS (Ind.)

Trumpeter Ellis is equally at home with the far out and the close in, and that means he is both an experimenter and a forceful executor of most of the best gone before. New Jazz 8257, *New Ideas*.

BOOKER ERVIN (Ind.)

Tenorist Ervin leads and leaps with his own groups, always being that paragon of musicians—one who deals with and comments on the best of printed notes. Candid 8014, *That's It*.

PEE WEE ERWIN (Ind.)

Erwin plays and leads as if he were rescuing Custer and capturing Charleston while nibbling at New York. This is the music called Nixieland. United Artists 3071, *Down by the Riverside*.

GENE ESPOSITO (Ind.)

Pianist Esposito has led his own group, presently a quartet, in Chicago histros mostly. No matter what is called for this group can do the job. No records.

BILL EVANS (ITA)

Pianist Evans is possibly the musician most praised by most musicians. His trios are most often subtle, and that can make the listening more difficult but more rewarding than most. Riverside 376, *Sunday at the Village Vanguard*.

DOC EVANS (MCA)

One of the last of the old soldiers, cornetist Evans does not fade away but spiritedly leads



Midwestern friends along the trail, tried and true. Audiophile 63, *Spirituals and Blues*.

PETE FOUNTAIN (Ind.)

Fountain began in New Orleans, helped Lawrence Welk sell automobiles, and is now back on the delta. He is a warm-toned, swinging clarinetist who laughs at life and time and has fortune. Coral 57394, *Swing Low, Sweet Clarinet*.

BUD FREEMAN (Ind.)

If your time is short in jazz, it would do you well to hear this tenor saxophone. Even when he has rambled with muskrats or ragged with tigers, Freeman has always suggested the modern. Prestige/Swingville 2012, *Bud Freeman All-Stars*.

RED GARLAND (SAC)

This is a conservative Red pianist, much inclined to be one who comments on so many who played then and now. Jazzland 62, *The Nearness of You*.

ERROLL GARNER (Sol Hurok, ABC)

Garner's reputation has grown as that of jazz gypsy and independent pianistic imp, but he garners wherever he goes, playing what he wants. Octave 395, *Closeup in Swing*.

VINCE GUARALDI (Ind.)

Former Woody Herman and Cal Tjader pianist, Guaraldi leads his bassist and drummer through a wide-ranging repertoire that is musical, tasteful, and swinging. Fantasy 3337, *Jazz Impressions of "Black Orpheus"*.

STAN GETZ (ABC)

Getz stands head, shoulders, and horn above nearly all who try to do as much. At that moment, you hear a boss tenor saying his words. Verve 8412, *Focus*.

DIZZY GILLESPIE (ABC)

At some point you stop describing what Gillespie can and will do. It is nearly unanimous that he plays beyond where the angels sing, and his group is with him. Verve 8401, *An Electrifying Evening with Dizzy Gillespie*.

JIMMY GIUFFRÉ (WA)

Giuffrè does what most of all the rest talk

about. His is a freely improvising trio in which jazz is ever-present but cannot be judged in terms of what has been spelled out from Armstrong to Winding. Verve 8397, *Fusion*.

TYREE GLENN (Ind.)

Glenn plays on vibraharp and on trombone and on the assumption that people want to recognize the tune. Because of his skill, the result is anybody's anniversary waltz. Roulette 25050, *Glenn at the Roundtable*.

AL GREY-BILLY MITCHELL (WA)

This seems sure to be the hottest new group in jazz by reason of its two leaders and the general enthusiasm of a groove in which something like Count Basie comes from so few. Argo 689, *The Al Grey-Billy Mitchell Sextet*.

GIGI GRyce (WA)

Gryce plays every reed known to man, and as a consequence, this quintet (or quartet) has tense and tender tones beyond its size. Mercury 20628, *Reminiscent*.

BOBBY HACKETT (Ind.)

There are those who believe this is a small angel. Small he is, but the angle is that Hackett plays jazz cornet like someone in love. Columbia 1729, *The Most Beautiful Horn in the World*.

DICK HADLOCK (Ind.)

The unusual blend of valve trombone, electric guitar, string bass, and the leader's soprano saxophone is served in vessels that range from Jelly Roll Morton kegs to Thelonious Monk stemware. No records.

CHICO HAMILTON (SAC)

Drummer Hamilton fusses like a mother hen over a group that hatches anything from today to tomorrow to I-remember-when. Columbia 1619, *Chico Hamilton Special*.

SLIDE HAMPTON (Ind.)

There is no larger small group nor smaller large. Whatever you call it, the trombonist's music still ends up being more, and wilder, and bigger than you had imagined. Atlantic 1379, *Jazz with a Twist*.

JOHN HANDY (Ind.)

Altoist Handy is home on the modern range, as is his quartet or quintet, but the major factor of interest is his touch with the past, and how he plays that. Roulette 52058, *No Coast Jazz*.

ROLAND HANNA (SAC)

Hanna plays piano with many groups, frequently with his own trio, always exhibiting a special height of taste, especially in the tender, loving care ballads frequently need. Atco 121, *Easy to Love*.

DICK HARP (Ind.)

A modern jazz piano trio tending towards understatement, this group has provided the music at Dallas' 90th Floor for nearly a year. 90th Floor 901, *Dick and Kiz Harp at the 90th Floor*.

EDDIE HARRIS (SAC)

Tenor saxophonist Harris is as likely to play the latest movie theme as he is a song by Duke Ellington, but to both, he and his group bring long musical memories and much swing. Vee Jay 3027, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*.

COLEMAN HAWKINS (WA)

Daddy tenor saxophonist often works with trumpeter Roy Eldridge, but whatever he does, he does with an autocratic artistry that disproves any theory about the older jazz musicians. He is older and better than so many. Prestige/Swingville 2016, *Night Hawk*.

ERSKINE HAWKINS (CAC)

Here you have a big-league trumpeter in the bush, or lush league. When he has an open field, he's still a line-driver. Victor 2227, *After Hours*.

J. C. HEARD (MCA)

Operating on the principle that it has to be seen to be Heard, veteran drummer J.C. often does more than is required, but it still ends up good, hard, swing. Argo 633, *This Is Me*.

JIMMY HEATH (Ind.)

Oldest of the three Heath brothers, the diminutive tenor saxophonist-arranger leads what is easily the finest group in his home town of Philadelphia. Heath has call on the services of the city's best jazzmen and sometimes plumps his quartet up to 10 pieces. Riverside 400, *Triple Threat*.

EDDIE HEYWOOD (Ind.)

Man here once played fine swing piano, now is concerned with sunsets, both his own composition (*Canadian Sunset*) and that time when cocktails are a matter of moment. Mercury 20445, *Breezin' Along with the Breeze*.

(Continued on page 38)

The Message Still Carries

BLAKEY

By JOHN TYNAN

the sealed bottle of saki. Green picked up the fifth of vodka, tilted it and squinted quizzically at the remaining two inches.

"Better send out for some more," Blakey suggested.

The photographer unpacked his cameras and was grumbling about the lighting. "I sure don't want to have to use a strobe," he muttered. He removed the shades from the pair of ancient lamps, bathing the room in naked electric light. "That's more like it," he said, "but I wish we had stronger bulbs." Green accommodated him, quickly returning from downstairs with the bulbs.

Blakey sat on the couch, lit a cigaret and chatted about *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

"Yeah," Blakey remarked, "I saw the picture in Paris about two years ago. That's when we did the soundtrack. Duke Jordan did a very fine writing job with it."

But the movie's credits list Thelonious Monk as composer, and Blakey's soundtrack LP on Epic lists neither Monk nor Jordan.

Blakey shrugged and puffed his cigaret. "Well, I dunno what happened there," he said. "There was some kind of mixup, I guess. But the theme is Monk's, even though it's not in the album. It's his *Pannonica*, and it's on the solo piano record he did in San Francisco."

Why is it so rare in the United States to find jazz groups such as the Messengers employed on movie soundtracks?

Blakey shook his head in unconcealed disgust. "Just stupidity," he responded "on the part of the government—on the part of everybody.

"Here's another example of the same thing, the same attitude: there are no facilities provided for performing jazz or Negro spirituals in the new Lincoln Center in New York. This is disgusting! And then look at the reception we get in foreign countries. Amazing."

Did he buy the fur hat in Pakistan?

"Buy it?" He broke into a rare smile. "You can't buy anything in foreign countries. They give things to you. It's wonderful."

Blakey and the Messengers make at least two trips abroad each year. "We've been very lucky," he said. "We're the only group that can go abroad and make money. I don't know why this is; but it's beautiful, beautiful."

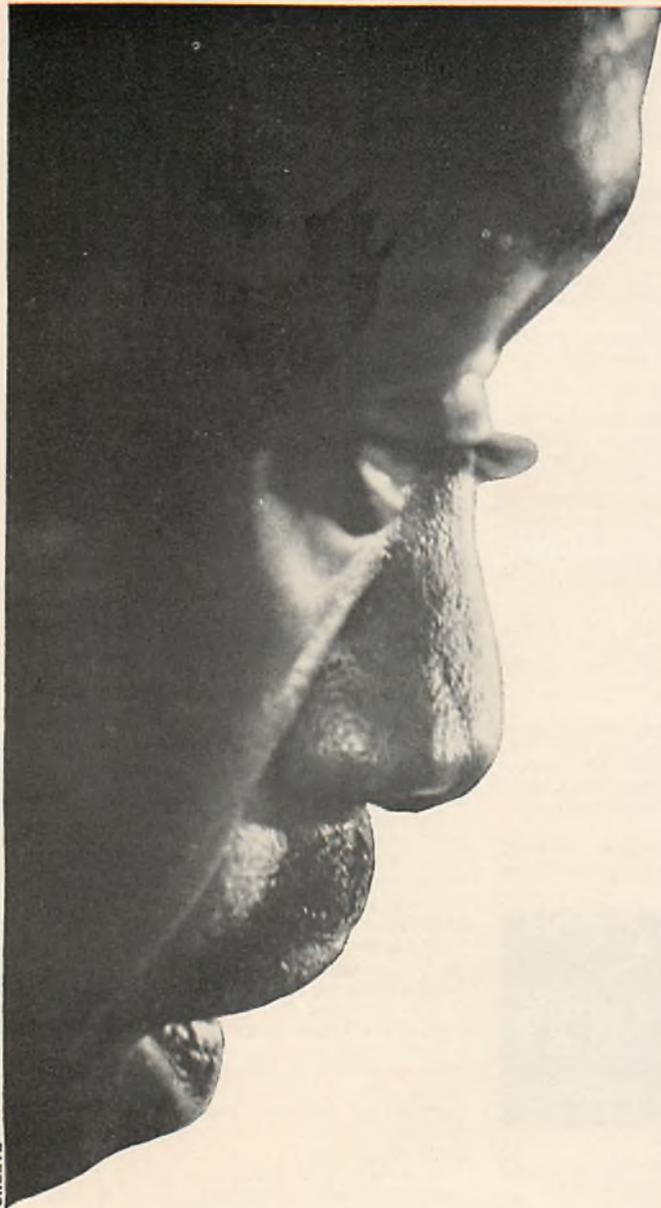
Green's messenger returned with the refreshments. Blakey opened the paper bag and set on the dresser a new fifth of vodka and a quart bottle of mix that looked like tomato juice. The label read: *Sangrita, the Drink of the Warrior*.

After offering the visitors drinks, Blakey said he must get ready to go to work and excused himself.

While Blakey was out, the photographer tinkered. "Let's have him sit over there on the couch," he said. "The light's best over there. First, though, let's raise that Venetian blind."

He tugged hard at the cord. One side of the blind went up with a jerk, and then the whole thing fell apart as rotten fabric snapped. The photographer jumped back, swearing

(Continued on page 43)



ART BLAKEY bounded into the hotel lobby, vigorous as a hill pony. He was wearing a bulky sweater, and his head was crowned by a gray fur Pakistani hat. A sealed stone bottle of saki dangled on a cord from one hand.

"Art!"

The drummer halted in stride. He broodingly looked across the small lobby of the Sunset Strip hotel where he and his Jazz Messengers lodged during the group's engagement at the Renaissance Club. Besides the writer, a photographer and a press agent were waiting for Blakey. The press agent was there because Blakey's booking office wanted to begin stirring comment on *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, a tart French film for which Blakey's group and sax man Barney Wilen recorded the soundtrack.

"Let's go on up to the room," he invited, and was mounting the stairs two at a time before completing the sentence.

"Sit down. Be comfortable."

He set the bottle of saki beside an almost empty fifth of vodka on the already laden dresser, removed his hat, and picked up the phone to check with the hotel operator for messages.

While Blakey was on the phone, Art Green, a friend of the drummer's from San Francisco, entered. Green had been acting unofficially as Blakey's road manager and promotion man during the Messengers' West Coast stay.

"Have a drink," Blakey offered. He turned to Green. "We got anything to drink?" He seemed to have forgotten

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Billie Holiday

THE GOLDEN YEARS—Columbia C3L-21; *Your Mother's Son-in-Law; Riffin' the Scotch; Them There Eyes; These Foolish Things; Did I Remember?; No Regrets; A Fine Romance; Easy to Love; The Way You Look Tonight; Pennies from Heaven; That's Life, I Guess; I Can't Give You Anything but Love; This Year's Kisses; Why Was I Born?; The Mood That I'm In; I'll Never Be the Same; Without Your Love; Swing, Brother, Swing; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Getting Some Fun out of Life; Travlin' All Alone; When You're Smiling; If Dreams Come True; I Can't Get Started; Back in Your Own Back Yard; On the Sentimental Side; When a Woman Loves a Man; You Go to My Head; The Very Thought of You; That's All I Ask of You; Dream of Life; Long Gone Blues; Some Other Spring; The Man I Love; Ghost of Yesterday; Body and Soul; I'm Pulling Through; Tell Me More; Time on My Hands; Georgia on My Mind; Romance in the Dark; All of Me; God Bless the Child; Am I Blue; I Cover the Waterfront; Love Me or Leave Me; Gloomy Sunday.*

Personnel: Miss Holiday, vocals, accompanied by various groups that include, among others, Jonah Jones, Irving Randolph, Buck Clayton, Red Allen, Charlie Shavers, Bunny Berigan, Oran Page, Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Benny Morton, Jack Teagarden, trombone; Benny Goodman, Buster Bailey, Artie Shaw, Irving Fazzola, Cecil Scott, Lester Young, clarinet; Young, Ben Webster, Chu Berry, Babe Russin, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, Claude Thornhill, Joe Sullivan, piano; Dick McDonough, Freddie Green, Al Casey, Allen Reuss, guitar; John Kirby, Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, Cozy Cole, J. C. Heard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This three-LP set brims with classicism: classic Billie Holiday, classic Lester Young, classic jazz. Its 48 tracks trace the growth of a slightly nervous-sounding young singer (the first two tracks, which were made in 1933 with a Benny Goodman band that included Jack Teagarden) to an assured artist (*Gloomy Sunday*, made in 1941).

Producer Frank Driggs, who also produced last year's excellent *Fletcher Henderson Story* reissue set, has included in this package three 1937 airshots made by John Hammond of Miss Holiday singing with the Count Basie Band — *Swing, Brother, Swing; They Can't Take That Away from Me; I Can't Get Started* — and an alternate take of *On the Sentimental Side*, this master having a rare Freddie Green solo and accompaniment. The package has, in addition, a feelingfully written reminiscence of Miss Holiday by Ralph Gleason.

The tracks are in chronological order except the third, which was made in 1939. This exception, coming as it does after the 1933 tracks, shows clearly how much Miss Holiday has developed in those six years.

Her vocal range—if one is concerned about such things—was narrow; so was Bessie Smith's. She frequently torched ends of phrases with a downward fading slur. She could be satirical; *Fine Romance* is an example. She often sounded melancholy, but almost as often there was joy

in her voice (the Basic tracks find her sounding very happy). And there was, always, sensuality in her work.

On the performances dating from 1936-38 (tracks 4-33) she was backed by small, for the most part jamming groups made up of many of the best jazzmen of the era. The appeal of these tracks is as much in the accompaniments and solos as in Miss Holiday's singing.

Wilson, present on many of these early tracks, is sparkling; his *Never Be the Same* and *Foolish Things* solos are among his finest work.

There are various trumpet players on these tracks. Berigan manages to be both fresh and heated on *Did I Remember?*, *No Regrets*, and *Fine Romance*. Jonah Jones in 1936 sounded much like Red Allen, as can be heard on *Pennies, That's Life*, and *Anything but Love*.

To me, the finest trumpet accompanist Miss Holiday had was Clayton. His phrases dance behind her; his soloing is always of interest, whether he's brooding Louis Armstrong-like, as on *When a Woman Loves a Man*, or just being his own warm self, as on *Why Was I Born?* And then there's his wonderful ball-bearing *This Year's Kisses* solo.

The rhythm sections of the period were usually stiff, and some of them here are almost petrified, but the suppleness of the Jo Jones-Green-Page section comes through glowingly. The tracks with this rhythm section, most often with Wilson on piano, are the most relaxed performances. From January, 1937, to January, 1938, they are on most of the tracks.

But of all the men on these early recordings, the one who seemed best suited to Miss Holiday, the one who leaps out of the grooves and grabs the listener, is Young. These were the years when Prez was at his peak; he seemingly could not turn in a less-than-superb performance. When he backed Miss Holiday, it was as if they were making love with music. There are numerous examples of this in the set; perhaps *I Can't Get Started* is the most striking example. In addition, there is his poignant intro on *Never Be the Same*; his unique melody statement on *This Year's Kisses, Travelin' All Alone*, and *If Dreams Comes True* (with Wilson bobbing and weaving around him on the latter); his intensity on *Smiling*; his marvelous *All of Me* breaks and solo, in which he manages to say as much in eight bars as others do in a whole night. The list could go on and on.

From 1939, Miss Holiday's accompaniment was generally less free; the arrangers had moved in. There are exceptions: *Long Gone* features growling Lips Page

and Tab Smith's Johnny Hodges-like soprano work, and on the 1940 *Laughing at Life* and *Time on My Hands* session she is backed by Eldridge, Young, Wilson, Green, Page, and Heard (though the personnel listing has additional men being present), and all are in excellent form, particularly Young and Miss Holiday.

And though her later accompaniment, with the aforementioned exceptions, was not as interesting as the earlier ones, Miss Holiday was singing as well as ever.

As I played this collection over and over, I tried to analyze why I have been so taken with her work since first hearing it several years ago. There were no personal ties; I never met her. Was it her rubbery time, the way she stretched it, compressed it? Was it her voice qualities—there were several, ranging from dark huskiness to bright, almost piping clarity? Maybe it was her material; most of it was frankly sentimental. Was it that touch of innocence I heard under the I-am-a-child-of-the-world cloak she wore? Perhaps my attraction stemmed from her being not a singer so much as an instrumentalist, which was how she described herself. I don't know how much these fragments make up the whole, but I do know listening to Miss Holiday was—is—an emotional experience not often found, never forgotten.

Truly, these were her golden years.

(D.DeM.)

JAZZ

Dorothy Ashby

SOFT WINDS—Jazzland 61; *Soft Winds; Wild Is the Wind; The Man I Love; My Ship; Love Is Here to Stay; I've Never Been in Love Before; With Strings Attached; Laura; The Guns of Navarone; Misty; The Gypsy in My Soul.*

Personnel: Miss Ashby, harp; Terry Pollard, vibralarp; Herman Wright, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a surprisingly good album, the combination of vibes and harp producing some very attractive sonorities. However, there is nothing unusual in Miss Ashby's playing. Her solos are composed mostly of stock phrases. But she uses them tastefully, avoiding the overlush effects some harpists are partial to.

Her intentions are never in doubt. She is a jazz musician, not simply a harpist who spices her work with jazz licks. I especially enjoyed her work on *Strings Attached*.

Though Miss Pollard's debt to Milt Jackson is obvious, she plays very well in his manner. She is unceasingly inventive, and her solos are well constructed. Her best moments on this album occur on tunes taken at medium and fast tempos, i.e., *Soft Winds, Man I Love*, and *Love Is Here*.

Cobb's playing with sticks and brushes

is sensitive, and Wright provides the rhythm section with a solid anchor. (H.P.)

Junior Cook

JUNIOR'S COOKIN'—Jazzland 58: *Mzar; Turbo; Easy Living; Blue Farouq; Sweet Cakes; Field Day; Pleasure Bent.*

Personnel: Cook, tenor saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Ron Matthews or Dolo Coker, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Though Cook shows the influence of Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, and to a lesser degree John Coltrane, his playing does not conform in every respect to what has been called the hard-bop school. His tone is not large, and his playing, even at rapid tempos, is restrained. There are times in this album, on the opening bars of his *Pleasure Bent* solo, for instance, when he may remind some listeners of Lester Young.

Because he is disinclined to attempt to play any ideas that are not ordinary, his solos, though never bad, are rarely memorable. On most tracks in this album he seems content to make the changes. This he does but little more. Only on *Easy Living* does he communicate much emotion.

Mitchell, a fine trumpeter in the Fats Navarro-Clifford Brown tradition, is not quite at the top of his form here. Though he is as inventive as usual, the continuity of his lines often breaks down. Despite this, his playing is easily the most interesting feature of the album. His solo on *Sweet Cakes*, when he does manage to get everything together, evolves powerfully and logically.

Coker and Matthews are both capable, Bud Powell-inspired soloists who steer clear of clichés. The rhythm section, as one would expect, swings powerfully.

(H.P.)

Curtis Fuller

SOUTH AMERICAN COOKIN'—Epic 16020 and 17020: *Hello, Young Lovers; Besame Mucho; Willow, Weep for Me; One-Note Samba; Wee Dot; Autumn Leaves.*

Personnel: Fuller, trombone; Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Right under our noses, Fuller has developed into a full-fledged pro. He is not yet 28, but he has all the attributes of a veteran performer coupled with an ever-youthful attack. Sound, facility, and fire are all there in abundance. While still within the general area pioneered by J. J. Johnson, he is now more solidly an individual.

One thing all the members of this recording unit have in common is an ability to achieve swing of varying intensities and melodic invention without straining. Inevitably, this leads to an ease in listening, something appreciated when one sits down to hear an entire LP.

Samba, by the Brazilian singer Joao Gilberto, employs the bossa nova, a rhythm based on, and very close to, the samba. Unlike other Latin beats, this does not force the soloist into the usually recognized Latin style of playing. The contrast of the flowing jazz soloist and the undulating beat is a new aural sensation that could catch on among American jazzmen. Let's hope it's not overdone. It's used on *Besame Mucho* but only during the statement.

Bailey keeps it going expertly behind Fuller and Flanagan on *Samba*, on which Sims is not heard.

The saxophonist also drops out on *Lovers*, but has a jumping outing on *Wee Dot* and makes a gorgeous statement on *Leaves*. Flanagan's blues inventions on *Wee Dot* are as lovely as they are swinging.

Merritt is his usual strong self and contributes moving solos on *Leaves* and *Willow*. The latter is taken at a groovy, medium tempo with Fuller's fat sound and appropriately bluesy inflection outstanding.

These musicians were together on a tour of South America in July, 1961. This record proves that it was a good idea to let us know how they sounded and what they brought back with them. (I.G.)

Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd

JAZZ SAMBA—Verve 8432: *Desafinado; Samba Dees Days; O Pato; Samba Triste; Samba de Uma Nota So; E Lux So; Baia.*

Personnel: Getz, tenor saxophone; Charlie Byrd, guitar; Gene Byrd, guitar, bass; Keter Betts, bass; Buddy Deppenschmidt, Bill Reichenbach, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

After years of recording with just a rhythm section and possibly a second horn, Getz is moving away from this commonplace form of jazz release and appears to be concentrating on imaginatively conceived discs.

There is, relatively, so little of this in the course of normal, assembly-line jazz recording that the effort is not only welcome but doubly welcome when someone of Getz' stature is involved.

After his interesting venture with Eddie Sauter's string ensemble on *Focus*, Getz now has come up with something totally different and even more delightful. Teaming with the brilliant Charlie Byrd and backed by a superbly and subtly swinging rhythm section, Getz is involved here in a varied group of sambas that are melodically lovely, rhythmically compelling, and, in the solos and duets by Getz and Charlie, constantly provocative. Getz' warm and softly firm tone blends beautifully with Charlie's delicately positive playing, particularly since both men move easily and without forcing from a pastoral gentleness to a gutty swagger.

There is about these performances a suggestion of Django Reinhardt's recordings both with the Quintet of the Hot Club of France and with his later small groups in which Hubert Rostaing played clarinet. The Getz-Byrd group does not actually sound like Reinhardt's groups nor is there any similarity in individual styles. Byrd is a more reflective, less directly aggressive guitarist than Reinhardt while Getz and Rostaing are from two different worlds—but it is the atmosphere, the general feeling of these pieces that reminds one of the Reinhardt records.

They are beautifully turned little gems played by a pair of brilliant jazz musicians who seem very much in rapport.

(J.S.W.)

Slide Hampton

TWO SIDES OF SLIDE—Charlie Parker 803: *The Cloister (Impression, Obsession, Expression, Possession); There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York; Bess, You Is My Woman; Summertime; I Loves You, Porgy; It Ain't Necessarily So.*

Personnel: Hampton, trombone, trombonium, piano; Benny Jacobs-El, trombone; Hobart Dotson, Willie Thomas, trumpets; George Coleman, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone, bass clarinet; Eddie Kahn, bass; Lex Humphries, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The A side of the record is composed of Hampton's ballet suite in four movements, *The Cloisters*, subsequently choreographed by Matt Mattox for his New York company. The second side is made up of five of the better-known selections from *Porgy and Bess*.

I will agree with Hampton's statement: "The band is in the best shape it has been in since we've been together." There is no doubt that he has been able to extract a large sound from his men—the textures are quite rich, produced as they are by six horns. Judicious doubling of instruments adds orchestral spice. Further, there is evidence that, with the two suites presented herein, the trombonist is attempting to break out of the *Dis Here* groove that some critics have considered as characterizing the octet.

All of this is admirable, but it must also be said that, notwithstanding the legitimate techniques Hampton draws on, there is a static, unprogressive quality to some of his writing, particularly in *The Cloisters*: the voicings are interesting, but they appear to be trotted out and displayed for their own sake, leading nowhere, and certainly not justified by the relatively slight, almost threadbare themes.

That is less the case in the suite from *Porgy and Bess*. There, each selection calls for and receives individual treatment. *Ain't Necessarily So*, for example, is taken a la montuno, and *Summertime* has its chords altered in such a way as to remind of John Coltrane's version on his *My Favorite Things* LP for Atlantic. It would be interesting to know if the resemblance is deliberate.

With respect to solo credits, Hampton has the most appearances, and he is generally sterling (*Summertime* and the first movement of *Cloisters*).

Coleman makes a balladic statement on *Bess* and is somewhat more commanding on the second movement of *Cloisters*. Thomas, shouting in a fiery high register throughout *Ain't Necessarily So*, is outstanding. (F.K.)

Eddie Harris

JAZZ FOR BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S—Vee Jay 3027: *Moon River; Something for Cat; Sally's Tomato; Mr. Yunioshi; The Big Blowout; Hub Caps and Tail Lights; Breakfast at Tiffany's; Latin Golightly; Holly; Loose Caboose; The Big Heist.*

Personnel: Harris, tenor saxophone; unidentified trombone, vibraharp, piano, guitar, bass, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Barney Kessel

MUSIC FROM BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S—Reprise 6019: *Moon River; Something for Cat; Sally's Tomato; Mr. Yunioshi; The Big Blowout; Hub Caps and Tail Lights; Breakfast at Tiffany's; Latin Golightly; Holly; Loose Caboose; The Big Heist; Moon River Cha Cha.*

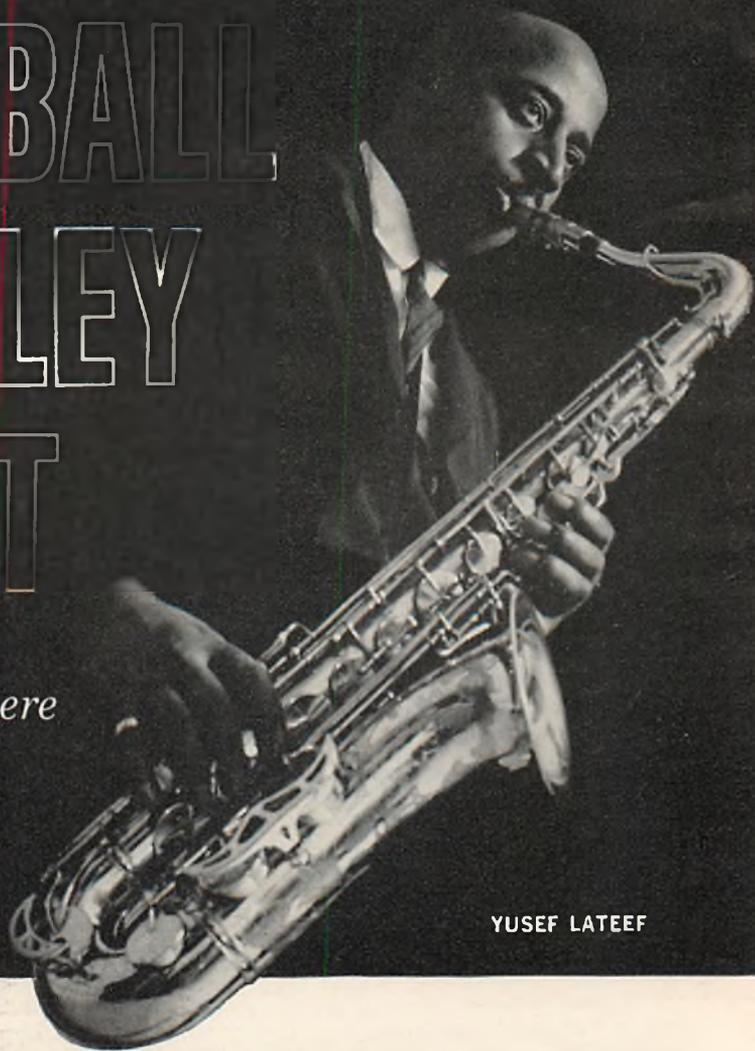
Personnel: Kessel, guitar, banjo; Paul Horn, saxophones, piccolo; Bud Shank, flute; Victor Feldman, vibraharp, marimba; Earl Palmer, drums; unidentified bass.

Rating: ★ ★

That little of jazz interest develops in the course of either of these treatments of the music Henry Mancini has provided for the film *Breakfast at Tiffany's* results

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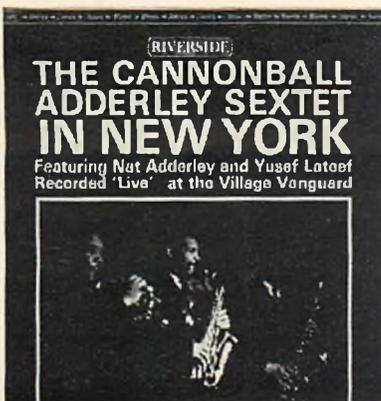
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primarily from the fact that the score is fully as vapid and lightweight as was the film itself, a frothy, unreal divertissement in the Hollywood tradition. Cute and cloying in its glutinous sentimentality, the music offers little for the jazzmen to seize and build on.

The Kessel version is the less satisfying of the two, for he has elected to give the score an almost straightforward reading—thus displaying to excellent advantage its utter tepidity and unimaginativeness. Jazz elements are kept to a bare minimum, while a high premium is placed on humorous, quasi-exotic effects in the arrangements. These do little to enhance the music, but they do bring out its latent silliness. And maybe Kessel was having some quiet fun.

Tenor saxophonist Harris and his anonymous cohorts fare a bit better, for they engage in a mild sort of blowing session. The only trouble is that the tunes, with their over-all similarity in mood and feeling and their insubstantiality, do not really lend themselves to this treatment. Harris is defeated before he starts, and his performances reflect this. They are short, generally unadventurous reworkings of the themes, from which he rarely departs too radically. The only extended blowing is on the *Moon River* theme, a piece I find particularly distasteful in its whimpering, adolescent self-pity. (P.W.)

Franz Jackson

FRANZ JACKSON'S ORIGINAL JASS ALL-STARS—Riverside 406: *Shimme-She-Wabble; Blue Thursday; Riverside Blues; Yellow Dog Blues; King Porter Stomp; Sister Kate; Colonel Bogey March; Bugle Blues.*

Personnel: Bob Schoffner, trumpet; John Thomas, trombone; Jackson, clarinet, vocals; Rozelle Claxton, piano; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; Bill Oldham, tuba; Richard Curry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Jackson's group of veteran jazzmen, who have shown themselves capable of knowingly conceived and warmly executed performances on earlier recordings, must have been in a desultory mood when they taped this set for Riverside's *Living Legends* series. Much of their playing is stiff and static. An air of disconsolate weariness hangs over these pieces, as Jackson's group plods its dreary way through them.

Jackson—on past recordings easily overshadowed by sidemen Schoffner, Thomas, and Dixon—is the only one who seems to make any effort to rise to the occasion. Part of this effort, however, is conditioned by the fact that he is prone to corny effects such as the slap-tongue clarinet solo he plays on *Sister Kate*.

The potential of the group comes through effectively on only one piece, *Bugle Blues*, which the band underplays to good effect as it keeps moving along with easy assurance. Most of the rest of the way, however, these performances are shaggy and unkempt. (J.S.W.)

Jazz Brothers

SPRING FEVER—Riverside 405: *First Waltz; What's New?; Spring Fever; Brooks' Brothers; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Not Too Serious.*

Personnel: Chuck Mangione, trumpet; Sal Nistico, tenor saxophone; Gap Mangione, piano; Frank Pullara, bass; Vinnie Ruggieri, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The Jazz Brothers serve up a brand of

meat-and-potatoes jazz reminiscent of the Jazz Messengers or the Horace Silver Quintet.

Both horn men are good, especially considering their youth. Nistico, a very forceful musician, sounds influenced by Sonny Rollins but plays Rollins-like phrases as if he invented them. All of his solos here are good, but I particularly liked his playing on *Serious, What's New?*, and *Waltz*. He double-times very well on the latter two tunes. This is a device I'd like to hear him use even more. It would modify the occasional feeling of overheaviness caused by his deliberate and relatively staccato phrasing and huge tone, which is usually confined to the middle and lower registers. These criticisms, however, are minor. Nistico, if he continues to improve, may one day really turn some heads around.

Trumpeter Mangione also seems a fine prospect. Clifford Brown sounds like his main source of inspiration, but he has obviously listened to other trumpet players, Art Farmer in particular, though he is not a carbon copy of anyone.

His open horn solos on *Spring Fever* and *Serious* are full of interesting melodic ideas and crackle with authority. His playing on *Brooks* has excellent rhythmic continuity, communicating a feeling of buoyancy and abandon.

Brother Gap Mangione's playing is close to "arranger's piano." He seems primarily concerned with the vertical rather than the horizontal relationship of notes. Many of his voicings are derived from Red Garland, although there are spots on *First Waltz* in which his playing is reminiscent of Thelonious Monk's.

The rhythm section is resilient and strong. Pullera's lines are not especially unique, but he has enough drive to swing a thousand men. His composition *First Waltz* is the best of four good originals on the album. (H.P.)

Lighthouse All-Stars

JAZZ STRUCTURES—Philips 200-012: *Genesis (Part 2); Architectonics; Directional Suite—(a) Impulse, (b) Automations, (c) Impulsion—Part 1, Part 2, (d) Complexus; The Worker—(a) Rain Blues, (b) In the Morning, (c) Quitting Time; Edifice.*

Personnel: Bob Cooper, tenor saxophone; Bud Shank, Buddy Collette, reeds; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Victor Feldman, piano, vibraharp, conga drum; Joe Castro, piano; Larry Bunker, vibraharp; Monty Budwig, Red Callender, bass; Stan Levey, drums.

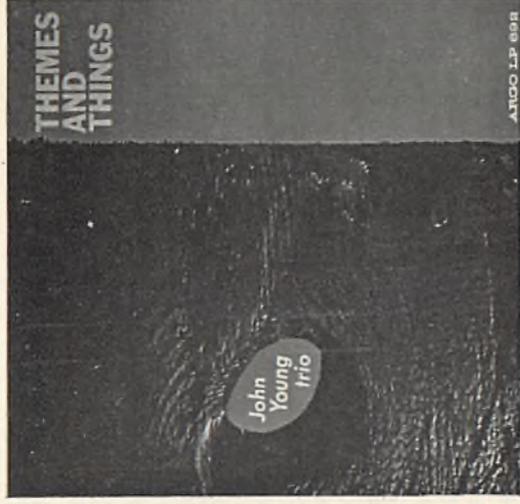
Rating: ★ ★

This album contains the soundtrack music of the documentary film *A Building Is Many Buildings*. Cooper employs some "classical" forms (the canon) and devices (polytonality), but his writing is devoid of originality. It smacks of the same facile blandness that saturated the work of so many West Coast musicians a few years ago.

Directional Suite, which lasts 15 minutes, consists mainly of Cooper's solos—separated by ensemble passages—over a Latin rhythm. Though it may make sense in relation to what's going on in the film, it emerges here as a rather sprawling and shapeless composition.

Most of the improvisation is pleasant enough but innocuous. Candoli is especially disappointing. Around 1949 he was

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one of the most promising young trumpet players in jazz. The tremendous vitality with which he played can be heard on some of the records he made with Charlie Ventura. Now his solos are characterless. (H.P.)

Dave Pell

I REMEMBER JOHN KIRBY—Capitol 1687: *Rose Room; Royal Garden Blues; Anita's Dance; It Feels So Good; Tootsie Roll; Double Walk; Undecided; Blue Skies; Coquette; Opus 5; 20th Century Closet; Then I'll Be Happy*.

Personnel: Ray Linn, trumpet; Pell, clarinet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; John Towner Williams, piano; Lyle Ritz, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The difficulties inherent in recapturing jazz of the past have been shown time and time again in the efforts of modern traditionalists to copy ideas that were created by past generations of jazz musicians. Copying the style of a specific group can be even more difficult because the objective is so clearly outlined that any deviation becomes immediately apparent. This is the problem that Pell has faced in this set. The special identifying quality of the Kirby band was the group feeling created by the specific men who made up the sextet, a feeling that was never fully recaptured when replacements began to be made during World War II.

The men Pell has brought together play earnestly and with a great measure of understanding of the Kirby style. But still that bright, airy sparkle that was so characteristic of the Kirbyites escapes them.

The ensemble sound is frequently un-

commonly good, and Carter gets a beautiful projection of the buoyant lilt that Russell Procope put into his alto solos. Pell has Buster Bailey's legitimate style on clarinet, but he is a much drier, thinner-toned clarinetist than Bailey.

The others rarely come even close to suggesting the solo styles of the Kirby men. Taken simply as a set of performances, this is a pleasant disc, but as an invocation of memories of the Kirby sextet, it doesn't quite make it. (J.S.W.)

Oscar Pettiford

OSCAR PETTIFORD—CLASSICS OF MODERN JAZZ, VOL. 2—Jazzland 64: *Montmartre Blues Out; Laverne Walk; Two Little Pearls; Blue Brothers; Why Not? That's What; There Will Never Be Another You; My Little Cello; Willow, Weep for Me*.

Personnel: Allan Batchinsky, trumpet; Erik Nordstrom, tenor saxophone; Louis Hjulmand, vibraharp; Jan Johansson; Pettiford, bass; Jarn Elniff, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

It would be inaccurate to say that Pettiford was an underrated musician. Because of his premature death, however, and the amount of time he spent away from the United States in the last years of his life, his important contributions to jazz seem to have been forgotten by too many people. It bears repeating that Pettiford, building on the innovations of Jimmy Blanton, increased the solo potential of his instrument considerably, that his lines in the rhythm section were much richer melodically and rhythmically than those of almost all the bassists who preceded him, that he was that rare artist whose work had a great degree of power and sensitivity.

This LP affords an excellent opportunity for hearing Pettiford. He stands out on the exquisite *Brothers*, a vibraharp-bass duet. Here his line is broken up with rests, which are used as a tension-building device and an element of contrast, instead of conforming to the steady four-beats-a-bar pattern. His tremendous drive has a lot to do with the success of *Why Not?* and *Cello*.

Hjulmand is a fine soloist. He evidently has been influenced by Milt Jackson, but his playing is a little more extroverted. He impresses most on *Brothers, Why Not?*, and *Another You*.

The other soloists are not as consistently good as Hjulmand. However, Johansson's precisely articulated, single-note lines on *Another You* are among the high points of the album. He sounds like a more percussive John Lewis. His debt to Red Garland also is obvious.

I recommend this record as a document of Pettiford's playing with the bonus of some good solo work by the Scandinavians. (H.P.)

Andre Previn-J. J. Johnson

ANDRE PREVIN AND J. J. JOHNSON PLAY "MACK THE KNIFE," "BILBAO SONG," AND OTHER KURT WEILL MUSIC—Columbia 1741: *Bilbao Song; Barbara's Song; Overture to Threepenny Opera; Seerauberjenny; Mack the Knife; Surabaya Johnny; Wie Man Sich Bettet; Unzulänglichkeith*.

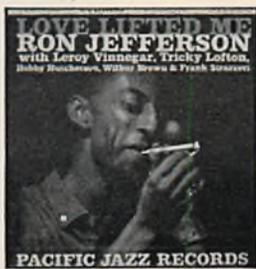
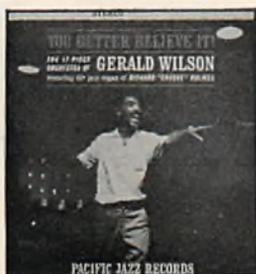
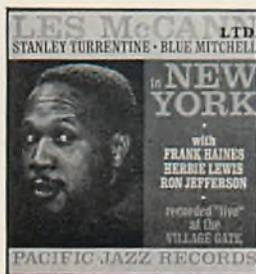
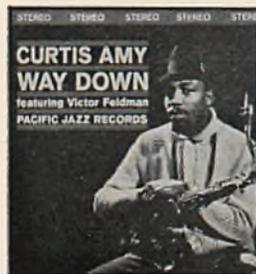
Personnel: Previn, piano; Johnson, trombone; Red Mitchell, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The glibly superficial quality that is so prevalent in Previn's work, both in and

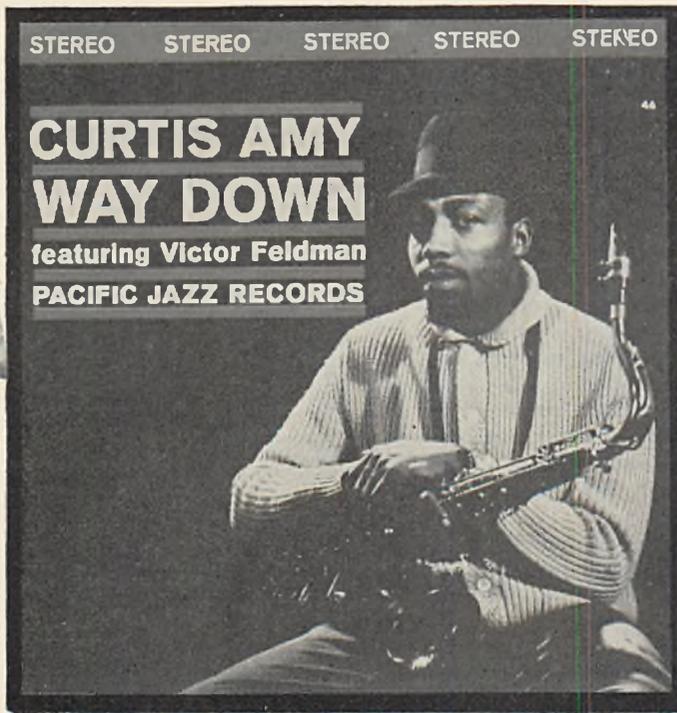
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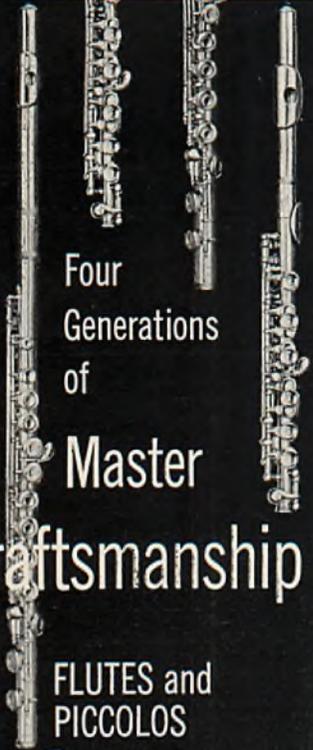


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out of jazz, runs into a challenge in this set, and Previn responds to it with some of the best playing he has done in a recording released as jazz. Moreover, he also has bestirred Johnson out of his finicky exercises to play with warmth and breadth that one does not normally associate with him.

The challenge present here consists of tunes written by Weill for lyrics and librettos created by Berthold Brecht. Some are so familiar (*Mack the Knife*, *Bilbao Song*) that the problem is, partially, what to do with them that hasn't already been done too many times. Most of the songs will be completely unfamiliar so that they offer the listener no point of familiar contact. Previn has solved both problems by catching the mordant Brechtian spirit in all the pieces and making them bases for richly probing playing by both Johnson and himself.

This spirit is brilliantly expressed in the ubiquitous *Mack*, which opens with a jarringly apt essay in bitonality and proceeds to some gutty, hard-swinging. Johnson followed by a driving Previn solo that has interesting suggestions of Earl Hines.

On other pieces Johnson mutes his horn to a woody tone on *Barbara's Song*, builds with commanding force in *Overture*, swings lustily through *Seerauberjenny*, and does a reflective muted solo on *Bettet*. Previn pokes, churns, ripples, and digs, contributing some valid solos.

The disc is fresh and questing and places both Previn and Johnson in a new and interesting light. (J.S.W.)

Sonny Red

THE MODE—Jazzland 59: *Moon River*; *I Like the Likes of You*; *Super-20*; *Bye, Bye Blues*; *The Mode*; *Never, Never Land*; *Ko-kee*.

Personnel: Red, alto saxophone; Grant Green, guitar; Barry Harris or Cedar Walton, piano; George Tucker, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This album is too bland to merit a great deal of comment. Red is generally in the Sonny-Stitt-out-of-Charlie-Parker tradition, but it seems he also has been listening to some of the tenor saxophonists as well.

Both groups, the quintet and the quartet, play with perfect command of the accepted idiom; however, there doesn't seem to be a great deal of commitment to the music in evidence. Consequently, there is little that succeeds in holding the listener's attention for more than a few bars at a time.

The presence of Green on three selections—*Moon*, *Super*, *Mode*—served to raise the rating by half a star. (F.K.)

Don Rendell

ROARIN'—Jazzland 51: *Bring Back the Burch*; *Manumission*; *Blue Monk*; *Jeannine*; *You Loomed Out of Loch Ness*; *So What?*; *The Haunt*.

Personnel: Rendell, tenor saxophone; Graham Bond, alto saxophone; John Burch, piano; Tony Archer, bass; Phil Kinorra, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Though not so far out as Joe Harriott and company, these Brits are part of the so-called new wave in jazz that has been evolving in England. Rendell is in his early 30s; Bond is 23; Burch, 29; Archer, 22; and Kinorra, 20.

The basic ailment of this set is that of floating time: drummer Kinorra wavers repeatedly, particularly in *The Haunt*, decidedly speeding the tempo and generally wavering, as though unsure of himself. On the album's credit side is the patent honesty of Rendell and Bond, who blow with conviction and a straight-ahead purposefulness of telling effect.

Bring Back is a stiff waltz. Jazz waltzes can swing, of course, but this one doesn't. Moreover, the saxes effect a strained, reedy sound that fad or fancy cannot excuse.

Manumission is a theme of conventional funkiness with a pseudo-Gospel garnish. Rendell stands exposed in line with conventional U.S. tenorists in his approach; Bond belongs to the wilder, few-holds-barred school of playing. Toward the close of this track is demonstrated a penchant of the Rendell-Bond alliance: contrapuntal interplay between tenor and alto à la Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh of some years' vintage.

The braying sound of the two horns introduces Thelonious Monk's *Blue*. As in the previous track, a definite stiffness in the drums is evident. In the out chorus, the saxes don't even try to come in together; so incredibly sloppy is this passage, it must be concluded that the seeming carelessness is deliberate.

Side 2 opens with the up *Jeannine*, the time walking and the horns blending well. The line has a staccato feeling reminiscent of *Milestones*. Again, the tempo picks up considerably. Once more there is the alto-tenor interplay sans rhythm section before the coda.

Loch Ness (which will stir a chuckle in anyone familiar with the monster legend) is up and is one of the better tracks, despite the rather clumsy fade at the end.

Miles Davis' *So What?* is preceded by a puzzling a-tempo piano introduction without apparent link to the main line. This is very Milesish in feeling at first but then it veers toward the Coltrane-Dolphy persuasion as the solos unfold.

The closing *The Haunt* is settled in a good, swinging groove at first. Then the time begins to flutter, and the thrill is gone. There is a final flurry of alto-tenor colloquy before the coda.

Roarin' gives us an interesting glimpse into the changes and developments occurring today in jazz in Britain. (J.A.T.)

George Russell

GEORGE RUSSELL SEXTET IN K.C.—Decca 74183: *War Gewessen*; *Rhymes*; *Lunacy*; *Sandu*; *Tune Up*; *Theme*.

Personnel: Don Ellis, trumpet; Dave Baker, trombone; Dave Young, tenor saxophone; Russell, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Joe Hunt, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Russell, a kind of intellectual Thelonious Monk, has a remarkable little band that seems to get better with the passing months. It is about the most impressive assemblage of fresh young talent to be heard as a working unit anywhere today.

This album is not, as the title suggests, a location recording but is a conventional studio session. All hands are in excellent form here, with Ellis, Young, and Baker displaying their strong young chops and the leader exercising his droll wit to splen-



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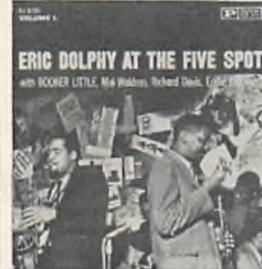
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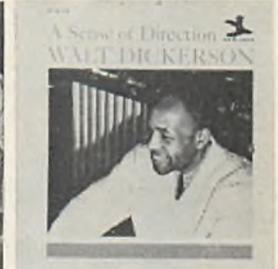
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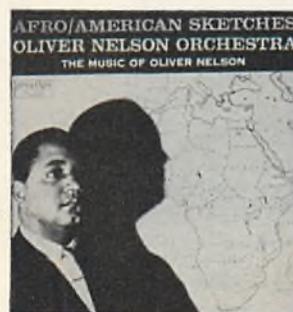


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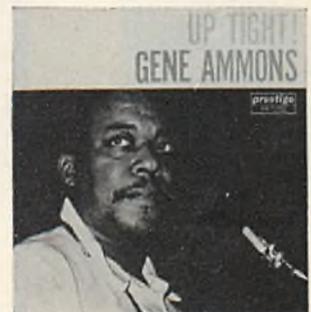


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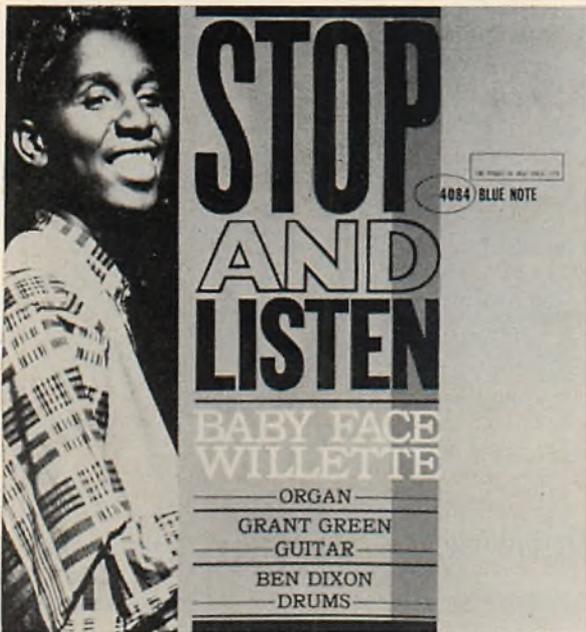
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did advantage. The compositions *War*, *Rhymes*, and *Lunacy*, products of Russell students Baker and Carla Bley, not unexpectedly make use of the master's Lydian concept of tonal organization, but more importantly they are full of humor, surprise, and arresting originality. Mrs. Bley's *Rhymes* is an especially winning arrangement, the only one in the album that could be called "pretty."

Baker, an advocate of triphammer-fast single-tongue phrasing, and Ellis, perhaps the most articulate trumpeter since Clifford Brown, share honors for the best solo passages, although Russell's contributions are veritable lessons in the art of extracting the most charming music possible from a limited technical command of the piano. Moreover, all members sound as though they really care about what they are doing, individually and collectively.

Half a star has been lopped off the rating because, for all its resourcefulness, power, and authority, this band is still improving and maturing in outlook. Brash and understandably inclined to show off, Russell's group sounds a bit too consistently brittle and hard for this listener's taste. With maturity should appear soft edges and an interest in tender ballad playing, for sweet, contemplative music comes from seasoned musicians. Men of this caliber probably will season earlier than most. (R.B.H.)

Various Artists

WHO'S WHO IN THE SWINGING SIXTIES
—Columbia 1765: *In Your Own Sweet Way* (Dave Brubeck); *Tain't What You Do* (Sir Charles Thompson); *Since Love Had Its Way* (Louis Armstrong-Dave Brubeck); *Thruway* (Gerry Mulligan); *Ask Me Nice* (Mose Allison); *Brazil* (Chico Hamilton); *If the Moon Turns Green* (Carmen McRae); *On Green Dolphin Street* (Miles Davis); *Blues for Amy* (Jazz All-Stars); *Mr. P.C.* (Lambert-Hendricks-Russ); *Misty* (Andre Previn); *Bloozineff* (J. J. Johnson); *Asphalt Jungle Twist* (Duke Ellington); *I Can't Get Started* (Lionel Hampton).

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The purpose of a sampler—and this is one—is normally to show off the records or artists available on a label with the purpose of tempting the listener to investigate further. If this is the best showing Columbia can make of its wares, this label's in trouble.

But there are some pleasant things in this set of previously unreleased material. It is interesting to find that Brubeck, playing in front of strings, on *Sweet Way*, sounds more at home than he does with just his regular group. Davis' *Green Dolphin Street* is practically a standard. Phil Woods comes billowing through strongly on *Blues for Amy*. Johnson has some lusty moments on *Bloozineff*, and Hampton's *I Can't Get Started* is one of his confident, unpretentious ballad performances.

But the other performances range from thin to tawdry, and there is a certain amount of sharp practice involved in listening a 1957 record by a Mulligan big band as by "The Gerry Mulligan Concert Jazz Band" (it is a feeble effort when compared with the work of the legitimate Mulligan concert band) and in billing what appears to be an alternate take of Ellington's *Asphalt Jungle Theme* as *Asphalt Jungle Twist* to make it seem more timely.

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There's nothing twistish about the performance, which is actually excellent until it dwindles off into relentless drumming by Sam Woodyard.

On the plus side is the fact that the disc contains 59 minutes and 43 seconds of music, which shows what can be done with a 12-inch LP when anyone wants to, so why should we settle for 30-odd minutes? Quantity is what is offered here but, unfortunately, not much quality. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Aretha Franklin

THE ELECTRIFYING ARETHA FRANKLIN—Columbia 1761: *You Made Me Love You; I Told You So; Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody; Nobody Like You; Exactly Like You; It's So Heartbreakin'; Rough Lover; Blue Holiday; Just for You; That Lucky Old Sun; I Surrender, Dear; Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive.*

Personnel: Miss Franklin, vocals, piano; unidentified accompaniment.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

In the course of this program Miss Franklin ranges from gentle balladry through old show-biz belting mixed with Gospel fervor to rocking, rolling tumultuousness.

She has a strong, well-developed voice, plenty of range, and the ability to build up to some rip-saw climaxes. Yet despite the excitement she is able to generate, there is an overlay of monotony that builds up in the course of this LP.

On the first side, the repeated use of her preaching fervor achieves this effect. On the second side, a concentration on slow ballads—and pretty dull ballads, at that—produces much the same result.

There's no denying the vitality that she can project, but frequently there are times when one feels she is using her devices automatically, not because they really have any relationship to the song but simply because this is the rut that she is accustomed to follow. (J.S.W.)

Anita O'Day

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN—Verve 8442: *Boogie Blues; You Came a Long Way from St. Louis; I Want to Sing a Song; A Woman Alone with the Blues; The Ballad of the Sad Young Men; Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me; One More Mile; Night Bird; Up State; Senor Blues.*

Personel: Miss O'Day, vocals; orchestra conducted by Gary McFarland.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There is one thing you can expect from Miss O'Day, and that is the unexpected as far as material is concerned. No tired old songs for her. Usually she comes up with older, neglected tunes, finding them with the keen eye of a wise gem collector. Here the highlights are new songs by young composers, although with *St. Louis* and *Do Nothing*, Miss O'Day again demonstrates her ability to reshape songs through personal interpretation.

The title song, *Sad Young Men*, by the estimable team of Tommy Wolf and Fran Landesman, tells a story with many implications. It's no moon-June tune but a perfect wedding of melody and lyric that Miss O'Day's husky-voiced, tender delivery does with much justice. Barry Galbraith's guitar helps the mood greatly.

Even further from the usual pop song is the ephemeral *Night Bird* by Al Cohn and Kitty Malone. Anita treats it in two tempos: ballad and up. In between, there is a mellow, lightly swinging solo by

Zoot Sims with tasty brush work behind him. There is also an effective arranged passage that sounds as if a clarinet is voiced with trumpets.

The man responsible for all the arrangements is McFarland, one of the brightest young composer-arrangers to emerge in a long time. In addition to heading the orchestra and arranging, he also wrote several of the songs, the most attractive of which is *Sing a Song*, a collaboration with Margo Guryan.

Sprinkled throughout are good solos by Phil Woods' alto saxophone and clarinet, Willie Dennis' trombone, Jerome Richardson's tenor saxophone, Bob Brookmeyer's valve trombone, Hank Jones'

piano, and Herb Pomeroy's trumpet.

On a couple of tracks, Miss O'Day sounds as if she has a cold. (This is above and beyond her regular, and by now pleasing, hoarseness.) There is a nasal quality on these numbers that is annoying. One of these is *Woman Alone*, a song I find singularly unimpressive anyway. Another debut is *Boogie*, the blues she did years ago with Gene Krupa to far better advantage. Too, her scating on *Up State* is uncomfortably self-conscious and hippy.

When this album is good, it's very, very good. Despite Miss O'Day's somewhat uneven performance over-all, it is worthy of attention for the numerous, unique high points. (I.G.)

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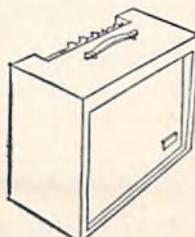
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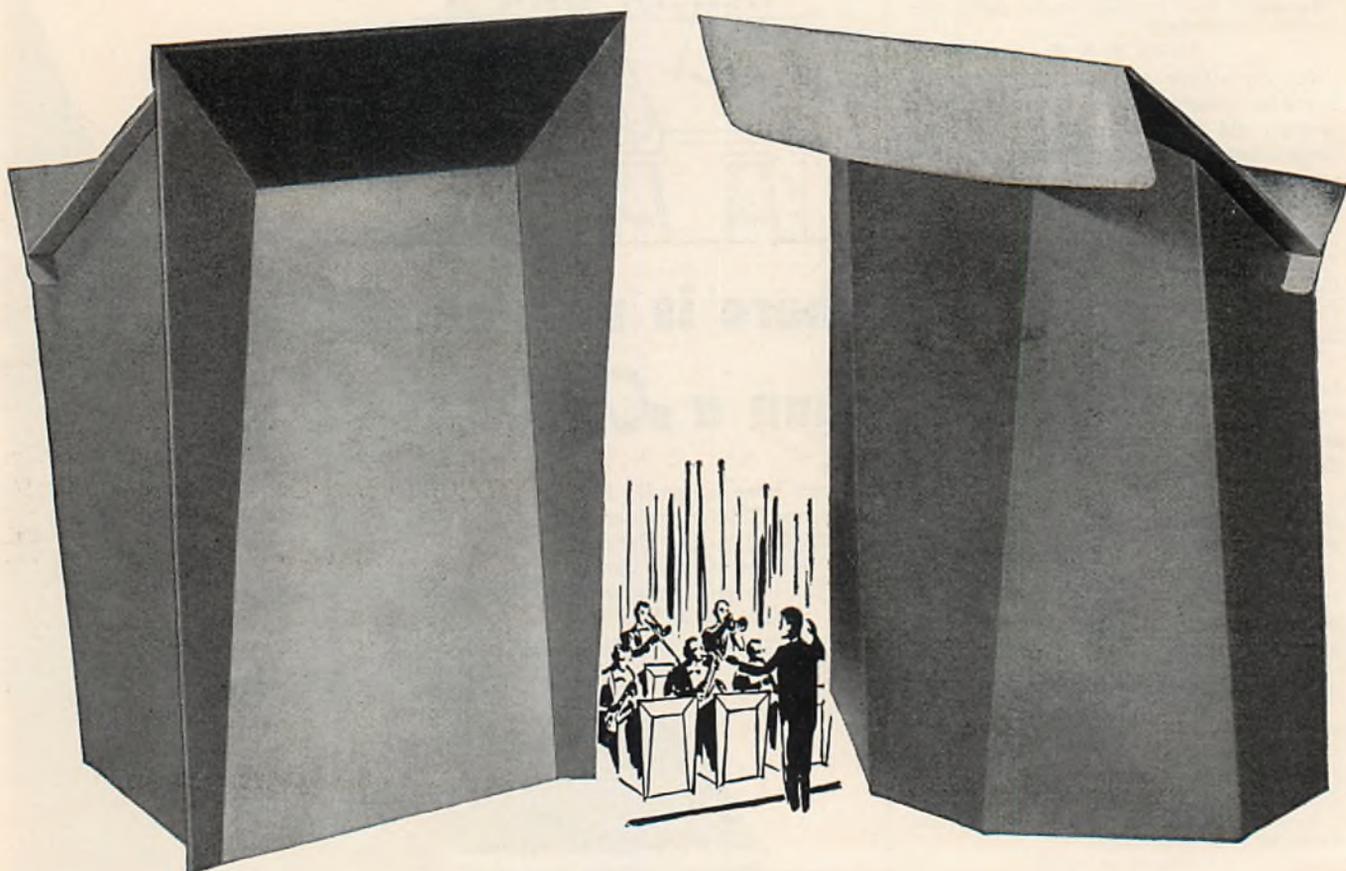
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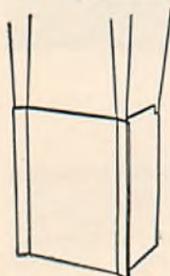
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BLINDFOLD TEST KENNY DORHAM

By LEONARD FEATHER

The great jazzmen who played leading roles in revolutionizing the music of the mid-1940s have experienced a strange diversity of fates. Some are dead (Charlie Parker, Fats Navarro, Freddie Webster); others became expatriates (Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke, Lucky Thompson). An even larger number, victims of personal problems, sank into obscurity during the 1950s—only to be rediscovered and rerecorded during the last couple of years (Dexter Gordon, Howard McGhee, and the late Leo Parker).

A small number achieved the international fame they deserved (Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Art Blakey). But the most curious group is the one to which Kenny Dorham belongs: those who reached neither full recognition nor oblivion, but just kept plugging along.

Dorham, who joined the Max Roach Quintet when Clifford Brown died, is a remarkable trumpet player, an excellent composer (he wrote the score, acted, and played in a French film, *Witness in the City*, in 1959), and a greatly underrated figure on the modern scene. The following *Blindfold Test*, his first in four years, was undertaken while he was co-leading a quintet with Jackie McLean.



THE RECORDS

1. Teddy Edwards-Howard McGhee. *You Stepped out of a Dream* (from *Together Again!*, Contemporary). Edwards, tenor saxophone; McGhee, trumpet; Phineas Newborn, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums.

I think that was Benny Harris on trumpet; and it sounded like Teddy Edwards on tenor, and Leroy Vinnegar or George Morrow on bass—it sounded more like Vinnegar. It might be Lawrence Marable on drums.

It's a West Coast group, all right, but they're not typical of West Coast groups, because they're really driving. That rhythm section is really burning. Pianist sounded fine, but I couldn't tell who it was.

Benny sounds a little out of tune—he's a little flat; but the bass player is perfectly in tune, and the tenor player sounds very good. Definitely a four-star record. With a perfect rhythm section.

2. George Russell. *Thoughts* (from *Ezzthetics*, Riverside). Russell, piano, composer; Don Ellis, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, bass clarinet.

That was something very unexpected. I'm completely baffled. It sounds like something that Sun Ra in Chicago would write, or Gil Melle or one of those guys—Ornette Coleman. Talk about freedom—they sure got a lot of freedom there. The way the composition is put together, harmonically and structurally. I don't hear any A-A-B-A; all I hear is A-B-C-D and so on down the line.

The trumpet player sounded very good; in tune. And the bassoon player—he sounded almost like Harry Carney or someone; it's a little Dukish in places, though I don't think it's Duke. Anyway, for the effort, three stars. I like tension, but I like rest too, and I can never rest when there's too much tension.

3. Lee Morgan. *Suspended Sentence* (from *The Birdland Story*, Roulette). Morgan, trumpet; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone, composer; Bobby Timmons, piano; Jimmy Rowser, bass; Art Taylor, drums.

That was Lee Morgan on trumpet, or

someone who's been listening very precisely to him. I don't know who the tenor player is, but he sounds good.

Morgan is one of my favorites among the young trumpet players, and he had a good drummer with him here, with a very fine beat. It could have been Roy Brooks or one of the other drummers around New York—there are so many good ones now. The piano player likes Horace; I heard him playing some Horace Silver licks there—and he likes Walter Bishop and Wynton Kelly.

I liked the composition very much. It's reminiscent of some of Horace's type of writing. I'd rate this pretty high—four stars.

4. Dexter Gordon. *For Regulars Only* (from *Doin' Alright*, Blue Note). Gordon, tenor saxophone, composer; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Horace Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass.

This is a good, traditional hard-driver. I think the trumpet player may have been Howard McGhee. At least, it sounds like a McGhee composition, and it has that Fats Navarro type of thing, and, of course, Fats was influenced by Howard McGhee.

The tenor player started out sounding a little like Yusef Lateef; he evidently has been listening to Yusef. My first choice would be Dexter Gordon. The piano player and the bass player sounded very good too.

Compared with the second record you played today, perhaps this type of thing may not be too fresh, but I liked the relaxed groove that it got, so I'll give it four stars.

5. Miles Davis. *Oleo* (from *At the Blackhawk*, Columbia). Personnel as guessed; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sonny Rollins, composer.

Well, that was a Charlie Parker composition, I'm almost sure. And it sounded like Miles, Hank Mobley, Jimmy Cobb; could be Bobby Timmons on the piano, but I know it must be Wynton, and I'd say Paul Chambers. And obviously I'd have to give that a very expobident rating. All the stars.

Miles is everything that everyone thinks he is—one of my favorite trumpet players. We came to New York the same year, 1944, and we often met. We were in the Billy Eckstine Band at different times but not together. I used to hear him up at Minton's Playhouse—Dizzy, Fats Navarro, Miles, Freddie Webster, and myself, we used to be the trumpet players around there.

Miles was playing differently then in some ways, but I would say he was always inclined to be what you might call a passive player. Always unique and personal, though, always with something of his own to say.

6. Al Hirt. *I'm On My Way* (from *Greatest Horn in the World*, RCA Victor). Hirt, trumpet.

I didn't expect you to throw me a curve like that. From the introduction, I thought I was going to hear some heavy stuff. But I was looking for a fast ball and got a curve, when it went into something else, like *When the Saints Go Marching In*. I don't really care too much for that type of music.

I haven't heard this record before, but I think it's Al Hirt. Just by the last part he played, which was very explicit and very trumpety. I haven't played this kind of music myself since I was very young—maybe 9 or 10 years old. Al is about my age, but he comes from a place where they play Dixieland. For what it is, I like it, though, so let's give it three stars.

Afterthought by Dorham:

As I said, there are so many fine new trumpet players coming up: Lee Morgan, who plays very well for his age; Freddie Hubbard, who is very, very flighty—it's hard to make a comparison between him and Lee.

Also I met a fellow in Sao Paulo, Brazil—I think his name was Dellasandre—who played some of the most beautiful music I've ever heard in my life. They don't really play the samba in this country the way they play it in Latin America; down there, it's something else.



In The Next Issue

Shelly Manne

Jimmy Smith

Booker Ervin

Plus Down Beat's
Many Regular
Features

The July 5 Down Beat
goes on sale June 26



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BILL RUBENSTEIN

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Rubenstein, piano; Hal Gaylor, bass; Jerry Tomlinson, drums.

This is a widely touted group among some musicians and many agents, and it's easy to see why. Rubenstein still has much to learn about announcing over a microphone, but he is established as a fine pianist, and the group is excellent individually and in ensemble.

Its nearest comparison, and I know comparisons are odious as well as dangerous, would be to a Bill Evans who was trying to deal with an individual audience, independent of what he may feel at a particular time as an artist.

This is not to say that Rubenstein is not an artist, as are the other two men in the group, but that there is in this trio a seeming concern about the audience's feet, hands, and heart, plus a special concern for the music involved.

Beyond that, Rubenstein and trio accompanied Carol Sloane in her rounds of singing. He is an exquisite accompanist. (He has done this for many years. She is a pure-voiced singer, leaning heavily on a less-heavy Sarah Vaughan intonation and style.) There and otherwise, Rubenstein showed taste, touch, and the 10,000 fingers. He's not to be watched, but heard. —Coss

ROLAND KIRK

Five Spot, New York City

Personnel: Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, flute, nose flute, etc.; Bowden Bay, piano; Vernon Martin, bass; Sonny Brown, drums.

One of the most genuinely exciting things happening in jazz today is Roland Kirk. Visually, this blind musician is arresting, but I know this wasn't what got to me since my view was partially blocked for a good part of the evening. It was the music; the variety of sounds that Kirk produces, individually and simultaneously, and the passion with which he throws himself into whatever he is playing.

To give you an idea of his arsenal, and the versatility and ingenuity he shows in using it, there is *Where Monk and Mingus Live*, which began with his playing tenor with one hand while comping Monkishly on the piano with the other; *Three for the Festival*, on which he played flute and achieved another voice by using his own in tandem with the flute and then proceeded to blow a *Tonette*, a plastic children's flute, with one nostril while using a Braille music-writing aid as a ratchet; *The Nearness of You*, in which he extracted a mellow, brasslike sound from his tenor by playing the *side* of the reed and tonguing extensively; *Cherokee*, on which he produced a bagpipe effect by stepping on a button he had attached to a box on the floor and followed with a

machinegun attack on tenor; *Basie Eyes*, on which he sounded like the whole Basie sax section as he played tenor, strich, and manzello at the same time on the opening line and in riffing behind guest trumpeter Bill Hardman. And there is the siren whistle hanging around his neck, which he blasts for a short "whee" when the spirit moves him.

Heard enough? Well, let me say that many of his bits are gimmicks but they are not gimmicky. To explain more clearly: Kirk uses many instruments to present his ideas, but the music is the primary concern. Therefore, his various devices may be quaint or odd but they fit what he is doing and have a positive effect without seeming affected.

He has great warmth, and, on certain numbers, humor is rampant. He is a witty emcee too. Before *Time vs. Emit*, an unaccompanied number into which he worked pieces of *Lush Life* and *Monk's Mood*, Kirk explained that Emit is "the guy that will get you if you don't pay your bills or get to the gig on time."

The others in the group are not the most polished, but they all give evidence of having the potential to develop. Bay was featured on *Moon River* and played well in a long, out-of-tempo section and the fast 4/4 that followed.

As a trio, they were raggedy at times and really together at others. The longer they stay together, the more these flaws should be eliminated. —Ira Gitler

TEDDY WILSON

London House, Chicago

Personnel: Wilson, piano; Wyatt Reuther, drums; Francis Bruce, bass.

Some jazzmen flower brilliantly during a period but then fade; others show a remarkable consistency in the level of performance throughout their careers. Wilson belongs in the last category, and because the level of his performance is generally high, he has acquired a large and faithful audience from the whole strata of jazz listeners.

It is not difficult to see why he has this following. Though he arrived late for one set and, perhaps because he was nettled by a noisy segment of the crowd, left early, his playing glittered with the full charm of his lyricism. Joyous phrases floated for a while in the treble range, and then merged briefly with ascending bass lines; flawless arpeggios were pushed through several measures to modulate or to sever a chain of ideas; each phrase seemed spontaneous, yet strong together in the manner of a master architect.

His material was for the most part from the 1930s, and happily so, for many of the new jazz listeners get firsthand knowledge of what can be done with good tunes by a superior jazzman. In a typical set *You're Driving Me Crazy*, *Poor Butterfly*, and *Ain't Misbehavin'* were joined deftly in a medley; *Flying Home* was given an extensive treatment, showing a springing freshness. The closer was Frank Foster's *Shiny Stockings*.

But something should be done about the gibbering people who manage to ruin many good sets at the London House.

—Gilbert M. Erskine



sittin' in

By Art Hodes

The formula: Find the winner, king of the roost, stick with it, work it 'til it seeps dry. Songwriter? Come up with a hit tune. Within two months, six more sound-alikes assault your ears. Hit record? More sound-alikes. Arrangements. Bands. Magazines. Whatever sells, ride it, man. The formula: if the registers ring, dig up the reason and do it again. And again. Wring it dry.

I close my eyes and think back to the Louis Armstrong days when Pops was turning out those great OKehs—*Yes, I'm in a Barrel*; *Wild Man Blues*; *Lonesome Blues*; *Heebie Jeebies*—coming out as fast as they came into him, natural like. How we wanted to be in the same league . . . not the formula, just the feeling. To be able to say the same things, just for the pleasure of saying them. And that's what seems to have gone out of the window.

The good ol' days? Naw. How good were they? I've got musician friends who'd like to get back to the sitting-down-on-the-stand days. But don't offer them the loot that went with those days. Sure, you sat down—in a corner. You were the background, and you drew background wages. Today you're on stage. Lights, uniforms. It's presentation, not experimentation. It's the formula.

I'm not buying that bit about ye old performers were greater. That would take me back to the beginning of time. Every age produces greatness, but one is forced to note that we're getting away from the goal—to be great for the sake of the prize we originally prized. So, where once playing your best, for the sake of the music itself, was it, we find the music playing background to the player. It has become a vehicle to pass through upon and on to a new goal: security.

I close my eyes and remember back when I didn't need all that bread to make for happy moments. The great urge was to play—and how we fought to survive. In surviving, we found an audience. And what happens? Do we go on to greater heights now that we've got people to play for, the thing we've been fighting for? No. We serve them by playing down to them, watering it to suit their present knowledge. Entertain 'em. Like you're in music not for the sake of the music itself but for the bread that will let you buy something more stable . . . or retirement.

You're on, Art—what'll it be? Wait a second. I better play something to

please me. At least that way we don't both get cheated. But hold it. Don't you want to go over? Don't you like applause? You've got to get at 'em. It's a real funny feeling to achieve silence. It's a live audience (isn't it?). They liked that *Bill Bailey* bit. Let's see, what did I do? I remember. In that second chorus I threw in *Dardanella* . . . and parts of *Rhapsody in Blue*. It worked. I'll try it again. As long as I have to play it, might as well make a happy bit out of it. Man, what's happening? How many "happy" bits have I been putting together? How many numbers have I been "processing"?

Well, do people want to hear music or do they want to be "entertained" by sound? The right tempo, the tune they recognize, zest, animation. Do they come to hear because they've heard of you? Read your name in print? Damn it, I wish they'd never stopped dancing. At least you knew then by the way they moved. I don't know what kind of message they're getting now. They tell me there's hope. People are Twisting, counting time again . . . like one, two, three, four. Only (so it seems from here) they're not connecting or depending much on what's being played. Just so that it's no faster than they can gyrate.

So you're an artist, or artiste. But you're not 20, and you've picked up dependents. Can't we still fit into this scheme of things? Isn't it possible to come out a winner? You know, go get it. Hold onto it. Salt it away. Wise investments. And when you've got enough, quit. Join a group and play for kicks . . . the hell with the money. Home life, community, fireplace, and carpet slippers. Hope you don't pick up ulcers on the way. How about it? Will it work? Or will it turn out like the drunk who could quit anytime?

You probably never heard too much about the late Buddy Smith. But he played pretty good drums. We played some together. Buddy also played with Charlie Parker. And I remember Buddy telling me, "One night we were waiting at the ol' Bee Hive, and it was sounding good . . . to us . . . and at the end of the number Parker said, 'All right, Buddy, we killed us—now let's do something for them.'"

Most musicians know how to please a crowd. You've got to learn the tricks if you stay in the business. It's tricky. It's show time. Which reminds me of the story of the guy who bought a carload of sardines on speculation. His wife decided to open a can and taste one. Well, she got pretty sick. This caused the speculator to call his supplier. "Man," he said, "what did you sell me?" The answer was: "Those sardines aren't for eating—they're for buying and selling."

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COMBO LIST *from page 19*

EARL HINES (ABC)

Pianist Hines, whose sextet includes such veterans as bassist Pops Foster, trombonist Jimmy Archey, and clarinetist Darnell Howard, centers its attention on the traditional target. Riverside 398, *Monday Date*.

AL HIRT (ABC)

Aside from some dancing that Hirts, Al and his friends play much more in person than on record or television. At its best, this all can come close to Bunk and on to Monk, and Hirt can start fireworks without matches. RCA Victor 2534, *He's the King*.

ART HODES (Ind.)

Veteran Chicago-style pianist Hodes fronts a six-piecer that is both freewheeling and versatile. The best moments come when Hodes plays the blues. Concert-Disc, *Cut on the Keys*.

ELMO HOPE (Ind.)

An early exponent of modern piano, Hope is now usually a trio leader, still composing and reflecting those unusual attributes in his facile playing. Riverside 381, *Homecoming*.

PAUL HORN (Ind.)

A reed man who concentrates on alto saxophone and flute, Horn is much praised by many jazzmen for his modern, sometimes heavily impressionistic, jazz. Columbia 1677, *The Paul Horn Sound*.

PEE WEE HUNT (GAC)

This is swing-laden Dixieland with comedy and such attached. Hunt plays trombone and sings. Capitol 1523, *A-Hunting We Will Go*.

FRANZ JACKSON (Ind.)

This six-piece band is one of the best traditional jazz bands in the country with a personnel that includes veterans of Louis Armstrong's and King Oliver's groups. Jackson's group rarely is disappointing. Philips 200-113, *Jazz, Jazz, Jazz*.

ILLINOIS JACQUET (ABC)

Before and after *Flying Home*, Jacquet can and may play a tenor of expansive eloquence, well worth any incurred fright from frenetics. Verve 8065, *Kid and the Brute*.

AHMAD JAMAL (ABC)

There is some assumption that Allah awes here, but Jamal is musically only another example of how Garner can be played. Argo 685, *Alhambra*.

BOB JAMES (Ind.)

A frankly experimental piano trio, this Ann Arbor group walked off with top honors at the 1962 Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival. A Mercury recording is in the works.

JAZZ BROTHERS (WA)

These young'uns, the Mangione Brothers, and their friends, play modern jazz that tries to peck at the old and peck at the new. Riverside 335, *Jazz Brothers*.

JAZZTET (SAC)

Trumpeter Art Farmer and tenor saxophonist Benny Golson show their artistry in playing and writing, exhibiting a group galloping with all the jazz feelings. Argo 688, *At the Birdhouse*.

JFK QUINTET (Ind.)

This young Washington, D. C., avant garde group features alto saxophonist Andrew White and trumpeter Ray Codrington, who feel a camaraderie with Coltrane and Miles. The combo's name means "new frontiers" in music. Riverside 396, *New Frontiers from Washington*.

JO JONES (ABC)

This drummer, described as one "who plays like the wind," has a trio, and the breeze is alternately brisk, brash, and, of course, always beautiful. Vanguard 8525, *Plus Two*.

JONAH JONES (Ind.)

This Jonah does not wail so much any longer. Instead, he most often teases cafe society with cute versions of the songs he used to play. Capitol 1641, *Broadway Swings Again*.

LOUIS JORDAN (ABC)

Louis dwells often in the halls that rhythm built for blues, but he can sing and play in a way guaranteed to make present blues singers turn all colors. No current records.

MAX KAMINSKY (ABC)

Trumpeter Kaminsky, one of the first to lead a charge on New York Dixieland palaces, is still a power to be reckoned with and recognized in front of his other commandos. Commodore 30013, *Dixieland Horn*.

FRED KATZ (Ind.)

Cellist Katz, who was with the early Chico Hamilton group, has talent and sounds to spare,

and that makes his groups resound with techniques you don't expect from most swinging groups. Decca 9217, *Katz & Jammers*.

FRED KAZ (Ind.)

Pianist Kaz mostly melds Mediterranean modes with American jazz in a manner unique. On top of his and his groups' swing, the effect is effervescent while exotic. Atlantic 1335, *Eastern Exposure*.

BARNEY KESSEL (ABC)

Kessel has guitar and group but hardly travels from the West Coast. He is one of the most facile of the fine. Contemporary 3585, *Workin' Out*.

MOE KOFFMAN (Ind.)

Canada's swinging shepherd now Twisting (and successfully) with a Toronto quartet that spotlights his effervescent alto sax and flute playing. United Artists 2100, *Swinging Shepherd Blues Twist*.

LEE KONITZ (SAC)

Altoist Konitz plays often with Lennie Tristano, but, on his own, his groups are ones in which someone has slipped a beef bouillon cube. Verve 8399, *Motion*.

GENE KRUPA (ABC)

Krupa works nearly one-half of every year at New York's Metropole, where, as elsewhere, he drums a spotlighted path. Verve 8414, *Percussion King*.

HAROLD LAND (Ind.)

With Land you can hear how it is to have a romping tenor leading a tightly knit group along the West Coast. Jazzland 33, *Eastward Ho!*

RAMSEY LEWIS (ABC)

It is both fact and fault that this group is billed as the Gentlemen of Swing. Once upon a time, that was, but now these three are working-men along the paths of soul, soil, and the sanctified. Argo 686, *Never on Sunday*.

JUNIOR MANCE (Ind.)

A pianist with rhythm—never unable to find the commercial twist and still able to play emphatic jazz in any category. Jazzland 41, *At the Village Vanguard*.

HERBIE MANN (ABC)

Herbie has broken with the strictly African-drum-and-flute scene, adding bits of delicacy and innuendo not possible to his other groups. But he still can roar as of old. Atlantic 1380, *At the Village Gate*.

SHELLY MANNE (MCA)

Drummer Manne disproves the point that jazz cannot be played in all directions. Whether on radio, television, or commercial jingles, he shows consummate taste and artistry, as he does with his night-club groups. Contemporary 3599, *Checkmate*.

WINGY MANONE (Ind.)

Trumpeter Manone is from the old school and with a whoop and holler that can be exciting. Audio Lab, *Mr. New Orleans Himself*.

BILLY MAXTED (Ind.)

A latter-day exponent of the way it once went. This is a New York version of traditional but more in a swing style—and that to its credit. Cadence 1013, *Dixieland, Manhattan Style*.

LENNY MCBROWNE (Ind.)

Drummer McBrowne and four others play what is known as "soulful jazz," a neat combination of blues, pious and profane. Riverside 346, *Eastern Lights*.

LES MCCANN (WA)

Rootsville is the take-off point for pianist-singer McCann, and whether it is virtuosic or vaudeville has occupied critics for a whole year. Pacific Jazz 31, *Les McCann Sings*.

HOWARD MCGHEE (SAC)

One of the greatest of the bop trumpeters, McGhee leads quartet or quintet with assurance and artistry. Bethlehem 6055, *Dusty Blue*.

JIMMY MCPARTLAND (SAC)

Often compared to the late Bix Beiderbecke, cornetist McPartland plays wild or winsome in front of a sextet representative of his Chicago days. Camden 549, *That Happy Dixieland*.

MARIAN MCPARTLAND (ABC)

Pianist Marian (Jimmy's wife) does not want to be known as "a good jazz musician for a woman," and is one of the few women who does not deserve that stigma. Time 52013, *Music of Leonard Bernstein*.

CHARLIE MINGUS (ABC)

Bass virtuoso Mingus, composer, arranger, and stormy petrel, sometimes plays the piano and sings, and in all his many activities, he is a singular support for those who think jazz should

be the most personal of expressions. Atlantic 1377, *Oh Yeah*.

MITCHELL-RUFF (Ind.)

Dwike Mitchell plays piano and Willie Ruff plays bass and French horn. Together they are a happy, sensitive research team into the best of different kinds of contemporary music. Atlantic 1374, *Catbird Suite*.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET (SAC)

For many years the MJQ has represented a kind of classical discipline imposed on the freewheeling of excellent jazz soloists. Temporarily inactive. Atlantic 2-603, *European Concert*.

THELONIOUS MONK (Ind.)

Monk dates back to early bop and plays in a manner possibly descended from Jimmy Yancey through Duke Ellington. His groups are always awash with angular angels singing. Riverside 201, *Thelonious Monk Plays Duke Ellington*.

MONTGOMERY BROTHERS (SAC)

The redoubtable sibling triumvirate of poll-winning guitarist Wes, pianist Buddy, and bassist Monk Montgomery, with the addition of a drummer, have carried their musical package, made up of originals and standards wrapped in modern-styled paper and tied with a deep blue ribbon, from San Francisco's Bay Area to New York City. Riverside 362, *Groove Yard*.

JAMES MOODY (Ind.)

Tenor saxophonist Moody reflects the best days of bop with no relaxation. His groups swing from warm to warmer to hot. Argo 637, *Last Train from Overbrook*.

TURK MURPHY (ABC)

One of the founding members of the traditionalist revival, Murphy's trombone and voice lead his enthusiastic crew through a vast repertoire of music drawn from the days way, way, way back. RCA Victor 2501, *Let the Good Times Roll*.

PHIL NAPOLEON (Ind.)

This veteran trumpeter leads a group of doughty Dixielanders as if this time the battle of Waterloo would have a different ending. Capitol 1533, *Tenderloin Dixieland*.

JOE NEWMAN (WA)

There are many who call trumpeter Newman the most consistent soloist in jazz. His group presents a moderate modern mainspring for watching that at work and warding off all unhappy spirits. Prestige/Swingsville 2019, *Good 'n' Groovy*.

RED NICHOLS (ABC)

Veteran trumpeter Nichols and his group lean heavily on entertainment value while they play an up-dated form of Dixieland. Capitol 1665, *Dixieland Supper Club*.

PHIL NIMMONS (Ind.)

This modern jazz group, consisting of nine men plus Nimmons on clarinet, is noted for its leader's original arrangements, heard mainly in concerts and CBC broadcasts out of Toronto. Verve 8376, *Nimmons 'n' Nine*.

RED NORVO (ABC)

Vibraphonist Norvo and his group often are utility fielders for Benny Goodman groups or accompany singers like Frank Sinatra in club engagements. When alone, Norvo and neighbors play modern-oriented, swinging jazz. Dot 3126, *Windjammer City Style*.

LARRY NOVAK (Ind.)

Novak's trio, one of the exciting ones in Chicago, features the leader's heated and flashing piano with bass-and-drums accompaniment. No records.

KID ORY (Ind.)

Almost the oldest of living jazzmen, Ory plays rough trombone and rambles with other rough-necks determined to bring Storyville citizens to the barricades. Verve 1026, *Dixieland Marching Songs*.

BERNARD PEIFFER (Monte Kay)

A brilliant keyboard technician in the best Art Tatum traditions, this Philadelphia-based pianist came to this country from France eight years ago preceded by a glowing reputation that his subsequent work has completely justified. Laurie 1008, *Can-Can*.

DAVE PELL (Ind.)

Tenor saxophonist Pell, at home on the West Coast, has often referred to his groups as playing mortgage-paying jazz. Capitol 1687, *I Remember John Kirby*.

CHARLIE PERSIP (Ind.)

Persip is a modern drummer with a small group rampant, romping, and, occasionally, raunchy. Bethlehem 6046, *Jazz Statesmen*.

OSCAR PETERSON (SAC)

One of the established jazz trios, pianist Peterson's never stops swinging, even being breezy in the most balmy ballad. Verve 8454, *West Side Story*.

ANDRE PREVIN (MCA)

Previn has at least a half-dozen careers and at least that number of critics will not accept his jazz playing. For others, the Previn piano, and his groups, have a unique utility, exceeding eloquence common to much of jazz. Columbia 1649, *Touch of Elegance*.

FREDDIE REDD (WA)

Pianist Redd wrote the original score for the stage play *The Connection*. His groups are nearly all hard and bop. Blue Note 4045, *Shades of Redd*.

DIZZY REECE (Ind.)

There must be something in the name. This young modern trumpeter is less concerned with the wild and worldly; more concerned with warmth and wit. Blue Note 4033, *Soundin' Off*.

BILL REINHARDT (Ind.)

Clarinetist Reinhardt has led the band at Chicago's Jazz, Ltd., for more years than most can recall. He also owns the spa. The personnel shifts, but the music is usually of more than passing interest. Atlantic 1338, *Jazz at Jazz, Ltd.*

JEROME RICHARDSON-LES SPANN (Ind.)

This new group—Richardson plays all the reeds, Spann plays flute and guitar—has special strength in professionalism and in the many orchestral textures available to it. Prestige/New Jazz 8226, *Roamin' With*.

MAX ROACH (ABC)

Drummer Roach, one of the last of the best of bop, works with a quartet; his appearances always affirm his talent. Impulse 8, *Percussion Bittersweet*.

SONNY ROLLINS (SAC)

Rollins disappeared from the jazz life two years ago, has now returned with fresh vigor, a new quartet, and the ability to siren sing much of jazz past and present with a kaleidoscopic view that surveys from sincerity to sarcasm. Victor 2527, *The Bridge*.

DICK RUEDEBUSCH (Woodrow)

Following hard on Hirt heels, trumpeter Ruedebusch is more oriented to Berigan through Berman, though his group's general approach is along the Dixieland trail. Jubilee 5008, *Meet Mr. Trumpet*.

GEORGE RUSSELL (WA)

Composer-arranger-pianist Russell has a group as laden with attributes as he is. It is often thought of employing extrasensory perceptions, but its intent is merely to keep modern jazz modern. Riverside 375, *Ezz-Thetics*.

BOB SCOBEY (Ind.)

Trumpeter Scobey has led his Frisco Jazz Band from one end of the country to the other and currently is on a European tour with the Harlem Globetrotters, but no matter what the ball, Scobey's group has plenty of bounce. Verve 1009, *Bourbon Street*.

SHIRLEY SCOTT (ABC)

Miss Scott plays soulful organ, sometimes little girl blue, sometimes as if racing to meet a late Trane. Prestige 7205, *Hip Soul*.

BUD SHANK (Ind.)

Bud can play alto and tenor, with very different personalities showing on both, but both showing a consummate jazz artistry. Pacific Jazz 21, *New Groove*.

CHARLIE SHAVERS (Ind.)

If Shavers has any fault it is that he can play any style and tempo of trumpet in the swing manner. In supper clubs, he mutes madly and modestly; otherwise the equation is excitement hardly held at bay. MGM 3675, *Charlie Shavers Digs Parce*.

GEORGE SHEARING (ABC)

Pianist Shearing has reorganized his group and seems to be promising some shift from the bland diet in pretty plates he has been serving for several years. Capitol 1524, *The Swingin' Mutual*.

HORACE SILVER (SAC)

Pianist-composer Silver varies between being an entrenched member of the angry conservatives who think themselves radicals and a leading example of how a la mode fits just desserts. Blue Note 4076, *At the Village Gate*.

JIMMY SMITH (SAC)

The ax wielded by the father of Pocohantas would have been powerless against this Captain Smith, who wheels and deals behind a mammoth Hammond organ. Blue Note 4050, *Home Cookin'*.



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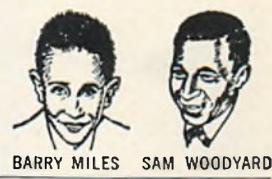
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REX STEWART (SAC)

Rex' cornet converses in the Ellington pieces written for him, such as *Boy with a Horn*, or leads his group from places nearly at the beginning of New Orleans to places near the end of swing. Prestige 2006, *Happy Jazz*.

SONNY STITT (SAC)

Sonny is no longer a fit name for this hop statesman, each year growing in authority and artistry whether playing alto or tenor. He and Gene Ammons often team as Boss Tenors. Argo 863, *At the D.J. Lounge*.

IRA SULLIVAN (Ind.)

Trumpeter-saxophonist Sullivan, for years at the top of the who-to-hear-in-Chicago list, leads either quintet or quartet, sometimes pianoless, that can be depended on for stimulation of the most modern kind. Delmar 402, *The Ira Sullivan Quintet*.

BILLY TAYLOR (Ind.)

Taylor's ability as a jazz spokesman (on radio, in lectures, and with various committees) is a

reflection of his articulate piano playing and composition. Mercury 20654, *Kwamina*.

CECIL TAYLOR (Ind.)

Taylor tailors his own jazz cloth with integrity and individualism and is more concerned with the product than with what the consumer might want. Candid 8006, *The World of Cecil Taylor*.

CHARLIE TEAGARDEN (Ind.)

Featuring the trombone of Bill Harris, this five-piece group holds forth at Las Vegas' Silver Slipper. Playing every kind of music for shows, this group generally works in an updated Dixieland vein. No records.

JACK TEAGARDEN (ABC)

Trombonist Teagarden plays and sings with an old-South charm and a complete command that probably makes him the daddy of all who play trombone. Verve 8416, *Mis'ry & the Blues*.

CLARK TERRY-ROB BROOKMEYER (WA)

Anyone who doubts jazz can be fanciful, funny, and full must hear trumpeter Terry, trombonist

Brookmeyer, and those who swing along with them. No records.

DON THOMPSON (Ind.)

The man who would like to spend his time leading his big band (considered one of Toronto's best) compromises with a hard-swinging jazz quintet that moves almost as madly, thanks to Thompson's driving tenor sax. Recorded samplings can be found in the background music on Chateau 1007, *Young Tommy Ambrose*.

THREE SOUNDS (SAC)

Piano, bass, and drums, all on the trail for jazz filled with anticipation, fleetness, and incisive rhythm. Blue Note 4088, *Here We Come*.

BOBBY TIMMONS (Ind.)

Timmons is in the current groovin' groove. As a matter of fact, his piano and compositions were an early influence on it. The heart is hard; the feeling is fitting. Riverside 363, *Easy Does It*.

CAL TJADER (ABC)

Onetime Brubeck and Shearing associate Tjader's "quartet" starts each set as a foursome of vibes, piano, bass, and drums, and then switches to quintet by adding conga drummer Chongito. The repertoire includes modern jazz, Afro-Cuban jazz. Verve 8459, *Saturday Night and Sunday Night at the Black Hawk*.

LENNIE TRISTANO (Ind.)

Normally, Tristano leads such ex-students as Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh from his piano position. Once known as the furthest-out of all experimenters, he now has a position of durable dean among those who push and pull on jazz. Atlantic 1357, *The New Tristano*.

NAPPY TROTTIER (Ind.)

Currently ensconced at the Velvet Swing in Chicago, Trottier's trumpet drives stomps, blues, and parade numbers with lusty support from his Dixie cohorts. No records.

NIAL WALDRON (Ind.)

Pianist Waldron, a fine composer, is one of the most underrated in both fields, able always to play anything beyond everything that is required. Prestige/New Jazz 8242, *Impressions*.

RANDY WESTON (WA)

Weston works mostly in New York, often playing many of his own compositions. His piano and writing have strength, wit, and still a kind of delicacy far beyond the usual in jazz. United Artists 4066, *Live at the Five Spot*.

MIKE WHITE (Ind.)

For several years leader of the Imperial Jazz Band that often supported such visiting stars as Vic Dickenson, Edmond Hall, Jimmy Rushing, etc., the White band, with the leader on cornet, now pleases Toronto audiences with a mixture of traditional and mainstream jazz. Seeco 442, *Dixieland, Jazz*.

COOTIE WILLIAMS (ABC)

Ex-Ellington trumpet star Williams is big-toned, swinging, and a prime holder of a bag of Dukish tricks. Warwick 2027, *Do Nothing Till You Hear from Me*.

MARY LOU WILLIAMS (Ind.)

One of the most expressive of composers, arrangers, and pianists, Mary Lou is in the midst of a comeback. She, with bass and drums, follow no special path, touch all basses in series of home runs. No current records.

TEDDY WILSON (ABC)

Swing sophistication is the mark of Teddy's piano, and his trios reflect that same aristocratic air brought to fine points of jazz. Verve 8330, *The Wilson Touch*.

KAI WINDING (WA)

Trombonist Winding tours with three other trombones and rhythm, capable of dances or anything else where body, soul, and swing are required in a manner modern. Verve 8427, *Kai Ole*.

JIMMY WISNER (Ind.)

Currently on a European tour with the Hi-Lo's and Mel Torme, pianist Wisner leads a trio that has been virtual house band at the Red Hill Inn in the Philadelphia area. Chancellor 5014, *Apperception*.

JOHN WRIGHT (Ind.)

A strong group that plows the earth groove for the most part, pianist Wright's trio is Chicago-based and blues-rooted. Prestige 7197, *Nice 'n' Tasty*.

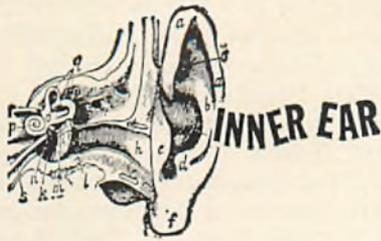
JOHN YOUNG (Ind.)

Young's smoldering trio is one of the most-sought-after Windy City groups. Always to be counted on for music of the highest order, the pianist's group often is used to back visiting jazz luminaries. Argo 612, *Young John Young*.

BOBBY MORRIS now fronting his own group —
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By Bill Mathieu

Some teachers claim that the jazz student when practicing, should concentrate on scales and other disciplines and leave his improvising for sessions with other musicians. Others, more liberal, think the student should improvise whenever he plays.

Both points of view seem to be valid. A practice schedule should be disciplined, but within the framework of creative improvisation. Some suggestions:

The most important thing is to listen as you play. The clearer you hear yourself, the quicker you'll improve. Tape recorders are pitilessly objective and will tell you a lot about yourself. A handier method is to close one ear with your finger as you play (difficult for anyone but trumpet players). The sound is not clearer, but it is different and calls attention to qualities you may otherwise miss.

Many jazz students try to learn harmony by "running the chords," that is, by playing arpeggios of all the

chords. But mere chord running is an arduous, unmusical process; it is best to find a few vital progressions and run these in all the keys.

For instance: Dmi7 G7 Cmaj7 transposed to all 12 keys, with its corresponding minor: Dmi7(b5) G7(b9) Cmi6 9 will familiarize you with these types of chords, clear the cobwebs from the unused corners of your horn, and at the same time give a sense of harmonic motion.

The best of these progressions is a familiar keyboard exercise and goes through every harmonic area of the major scale, along with the dominant seventh of that area:

C A7|Dmi B7|Emi C7|F D7|G E7|Ami

And then back down again:

Ami D7|G C7|F B7|Emi A7|Dmi G7|C

A variation of this adds the appropriate minor seventh before each dominant and becomes:

C / Emi7(b5) A7(b9)|Dmi / F#mi7(b5) B7|Emi / Gmi7 C7|F / Ami7 D7|G / Bmi7(b5) E7(b9)|Ami

A more sophisticated variation uses the same chords:

C / Gmi7 C7|F / Bmi7(b5) E7(b9)|Ami / F#mi7(b5) B7(b9)|Emi / Ami D7|G / Emi7(b5) A7(b9)|Dmi / Dmi7 G7|C

These changes should be learned first as an exercise, in every key, with each

chord arpeggiated. But soon you should be able to improvise freely over them. If you understand this progression in every key you are close to a full grasp of basic jazz harmony.

Another good way of learning harmony is by playing standard tunes in all the keys. First play them straight, then improvise on their chord changes.

The most important aspect of practicing is its regularity. "Practice every day" is a truism: 20 minutes a day is much better than three hours twice a week. Missing a day should be considered a serious breach of self-discipline.

If you practice every day, you are in a constant state of discovery. Sometimes there is so much to learn that it is all too easy to forget. A good way around this is to keep a scratch pad handy as you practice. When you discover something interesting or useful, make a note of it and date it. Reading back over these "discoveries" you made six months or a year ago helps you get a better sense of your own improvement.

A necessary corollary to practicing your instrument is practicing *away* from your instrument. If you think about what you are learning while you're not actually in the physical process of learning it, you retain more, and the new knowledge grows in meaning. Many musicians while away odd moments silently fingering a nonexistent instrument. EJ

BLAKEY from page 20

and slapping dust off his face. Green hurried to help him, and between them they got the sorry-looking blind to the top of the window. The photographer pulled the garish, floral drapes to one side.

Blakey emerged from the bathroom, shaved, dressed, and ready to go to work at the jazz club. He mixed himself a Bloody Mary, remarking cryptically, "I'm a saki man, myself." He ignored the bottle of saki.

He sat where directed and the photographer began shooting. Oblivious to the photographer's gyrations, the drummer spoke of his family:

"You wouldn't know Sakeena now. She's getting to be a big girl. Since I saw you last, we had a son. His name's Gamal; he's 18 months now."

Gamal is 42-year-old Blakey's second son by a second marriage. The older, now 22, teaches drums in New York, Blakey said.

"We have a chalet up in Vermont," he said fondly, "with a cave and a forest. That's where we love to spend the summer. Last year I had a Japanese friend of mine—from Art Friends Association that booked our last tour there—as a house guest. We had a lot of fun with archery and rifle shooting.

Man, that cat was some archer; could he use a bow!"

"Animals, too," Blakey said enthusiastically. "They come out of the forest. One day I walked out of the house and saw the two kids playing with a couple of bear cubs. And there, over by a tree nearby, was the mama bear—watching them. I panicked. But I couldn't move; didn't know what the hell to do. But that big bear didn't get the least bit excited. She could see the kids weren't afraid—her kids *and* mine. So everything was okay.

"Ain't that somethin'?" he asked with a shake of his head. "The kids felt no fear at all, and there I was shakin'. Why is this? What a pity adults have to have so much fear in them."

The photographer asked Blakey to don his fur hat, and he obliged with a pleased expression.

He spoke of recent experiences with East German and Soviet police.

"I argued with them," he emphasized. "These are good men; they just have an idea. The only way we can overcome this is to come up with a *better* idea."

During the Messengers' recent engagement in Helsinki, Finland, Blakey said he took a ride to the Finnish-USSR frontier and right away became embroiled in argument with the Russian

border guards.

"We were talking about the world situation and the differences between our countries," he explained. "They brought up the racial thing in the U.S. I argued that they didn't have a southern problem such as we do. I said to them, 'I never heard of any black man coming to visit us from the southern Ukraine.' They said to hold on a minute, and sent into the post for their commander. He came walking out in full uniform, medals all over his chest, boots shining. And he was as black as my shoe! So I said to them, 'Hell, that's nothing new to me. I've seen black men before.'" A bright grin split his face.

"The thing that surprised me," he continued, "was the number of American musicians working in West Berlin. I felt like I was in New York. But they don't want to talk about the wall. 'That's political,' they say."

Green glanced at his watch and muttered something about it getting to be that time. "Okay," Blakey acknowledged and stood up. Green helped him into an impressive leather greatcoat.

There was time for a final question about the future—his and that of jazz.

"It sure looks good," he nodded. "But the people should support it—they're the other half of the thing. It's an art form, after all." EJ

said Jackson asked him to issue a warning to all northern tenor players: nobody's played anything up there since Charlie Parker, and Jackson, called Hurricane, is out to challenge you all.

Joe Barry, 73, operator of the former Ritz Ballroom in Bridgeport, Conn., died on May 7. The Ritz, in operation for 61 years before it was sold in 1961 to a furniture store, was, according to observers, one of the best and best-run eastern ballrooms. Every band of consequence played there several times a year. Barry was driving to New York City to negotiate contracts for another possible dance hall when his car was hit by a train in Fairfield, Conn. He was killed instantly. His brother died in the same way, at the same crossing, some years ago.

Tenorist **Dexter Gordon** plans to stay in New York City. He is gigging with a group composed of **Horace Parlan**, piano; **Butch Warren**, bass; **Billy Higgins**, drums . . . **Maynard Ferguson** was the chief jazz attraction on Central Park's mall for the annual I-Am-an-American rally . . . British baritone saxophonist **Ronnie Ross** has Berlin concerts this month . . . The **Frank Sinatra** concerts in Great Britain have scalpers asking more than double regular prices.

The Jazz Idiom, the first jazz program in the 32-year history of the Festival of American Music at the Eastman School of Music, featured the **Modern Jazz Quartet**. There were pieces by **John Lewis** for members of the **Eastman Wind Ensemble**, excerpts from **Alec Wilder's** *An Entertainment*, and *Variations in the Style of Sauter* and *Blues for a Killed Cat* by **Jack End**.

Limelight Productions again will present concerts at the Forest Hills Stadium this summer. **Ella Fitzgerald** is scheduled to appear July 21. **Peggy Lee** is a possibility. Ella is also a star attraction this summer at the Carter Barron Amphitheatre in Washington, D.C. She, **Dave Brubeck**, and **Oscar Peterson** will appear there July 23-29, and a "jazz festival" is planned, no names set, for Aug. 26-Sept. 1.

The Jazz Arts Society, Inc., continues its series of concerts. The latest was a Penthouse Cocktail Party, cocktails and jazz at a low price, but high in a New York building. The penthouse belongs to furrier-designer **Allen Grant**. The jazz was played by **Thelonious Monk**, **Erskine Hawkins**, **Benny Golson**, **Art Farmer**, **Kenny Dorham**, **Pete LaRoca** and others. The proceeds benefit a jazz scholarship program set up by the society.

The 1962 Guggenheim Fellowships included grants to two persons associ-

ated with jazz: jazz writer, now a Columbia University professor, **Barry Ulanov**, and **Gunther Schuller** . . . **Burt Goldblatt's** jazz paintings (he's perhaps best known as a jazz photographer) will be exhibited in the rotunda of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C. May 15-June 15 . . . **WJZZ**, the all-jazz radio station in Fairfield, Conn., for which **Dave Brubeck** was the adviser, has closed operation because of lack of operating funds . . . **Don Ellis** has been commissioned by the American Guild of Organists to write a religious service to be played at the Guild's national convention in Los Angeles on July 5. Ellis is scheduled to begin an engagement nearby at the Lighthouse on July 1 . . . Smith College's annual Festival of Contemporary Music in Northampton, Mass., included a concert by the **Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop**.

Late in May, Radiodiffusion-Television Belge (Belgian Radio National Network) presented a jazz concert at the Auditorium of Uccle's Cultural Centre to celebrate the 1,000th jazz radio broadcast by **Carlos de Radzitzky**.

The *Tennessee Ernie Ford Show* (ABC-TV), now on a morning schedule, seems more interested in jazz than it was in its evening version. During one week in May, both **Oscar Peterson** and **Turk Murphy** were featured . . . Dancer **Lee Becker**, who choreographed the jazz ballet performances at the First International Jazz Festival, appeared on *The American Musical Theater* (CBS-TV) in early May to dance and to discuss with **Willis Conover** the influence of jazz choreography in musical theater . . . The jazz shows videotaped for the Goodyear Co., to be shown in Europe, Africa, and Asia, are produced by **Mike Bryan**, former **Benny Goodman** and **Artie Shaw** guitarist. **Louis Armstrong** and **Duke Ellington** were the first artists featured.

Peggy Lee will be a featured artist, and will write some special lyrics, for the film *Time out of Mind*, a picture that will be filmed against jazz backgrounds in New York, Newport, and San Francisco.

Tops records will soon release a flock of jazz albums on its low-priced Kimberly label. All of them will be reissues, previously on World-Pacific or Pacific Jazz labels and include such artists as **Chet Baker**, **Bob Brookmeyer**, **Hoagy Carmichael**, **Chico Hamilton**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Art Pepper**, and **Bud Shank**.

NEW ORLEANS

Musicians have been scrambling up, down, and across Bourbon St. in a maze of personnel shifts in this city's major groups. **Al Belletto** imported drummer **Ron McCurdy** from Cincin-

nati to replace **Paul Ferrara** in his sextet at the Playboy Club. Meanwhile, **Belletto's** pianist, **John Probst**, left to join **Pete Fountain**, who recently acquired a new drummer from California, **Warren Nelson**. Also at the Playboy, **Dave West** acquired drummer **Louis Timken** and bassist **Jay Cave** for his trio. Timken, migrating from **Leon Kelner's** society band at the Hotel Roosevelt's Blue Room, filled in for **Reed Vaughn**, who went to Los Angeles to join a group led by **Jack Costanza**. Ex-Fountain drummer **Paul Edwards** joined Kelner briefly but has given notice in order to seek out a jazz gig. **Al Hirt** fell in with the trend by bringing a local trombonist from musical retirement—his brother, **Garry Hirt**.

Contrary to earlier reports, **Paul Barbarin's** band did not represent New Orleans at the International Jazz Festival; Barbarin was merely featured on snare drum in the **Eureka Brass Band**. Money to send the Eureka was raised with the help of Preservation Hall's **Allan Jaffe**, who sponsored a fund-raising concert at the Royal Garden.

Clarinetist **Lester Bouchon** died recently. He was 55. Bouchon was best known for his work with **Sharkey Bonano** in the Dixie revival of the late 1940s and was the city's most popular clarinetist during the period between the death of **Irving Fazola** and **Pete Fountain's** emergence . . . **George Lewis** was flown to London by BBC-TV to participate in an English version of *This Is Your Life*. Subject of the program was British clarinetist **Acker Bilk**.

Sweet Emma Barrett, subject of a recent benefit concert sponsored by friends because of the theft of her life's savings, was robbed again. The veteran pianist-singer told police that she didn't believe in banks.

CHICAGO

Singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** took advantage of his stay at the Archway here to marry **Diane Williams** of Los Angeles. Witherspoon also recorded the soundtrack for a TV documentary, *The Paul Crump Story*, produced by WGN-TV here.

Roosevelt Sykes has been working weekends at the Allegro, as has **Little Brother Montgomery** at the Camelot . . . **Joe Segal** has been presenting his Modern Jazz Showcase at Ida Noyes Hall on the University of Chicago campus on Saturday evenings. Some of the talent has included **Gene Ammons**, **Dodo Marmarosa**, **Ira Sullivan**, and **Jodie Christian** . . . Ammons and Marmarosa cut an Argo session together recently. Others on the date were **Sam Jones**, bass, **Marshall Thompson**, drums.

AROUND THE MIDWEST: The **Cannonball Adderley Sextet** will be featured at each performance of the

Midwest Jazz Festival, to be held Aug. 17-19 on the campus of Indiana University in Bloomington. The following week the whole group will teach at the **Stan Kenton Clinics** of the National Band Camp, also conducted on the IU campus . . . The gymnasium of Westminster College in Fulton, Mo., has been filled to capacity only twice: when **Sir Winston Churchill** delivered his famous Iron Curtain speech there in 1946 and when the **North Texas Jazz Lab Band** played there in April . . . **Dick Martin**, who for years broadcast a late-night record show from New Orleans, is now broadcasting from KMBC in Kansas City, Mo. . . . The 1962 Muskegon, Mich., Jazz Festival, scheduled for July 3, will feature **Woody Herman**, **Ramsey Lewis**, **Dick Ruedebusch**, and **Art Van Damme**.

LOS ANGELES

The **Red Mitchell-Harold Land** Quintet quietly dissolved recently with Mitchell continuing to concentrate on studio work and Land moving to Las Vegas for a while to work at the Carver House hotel there . . . Tenor man **Bumps Myers**, ill at the Veterans Administration Center at Sawtelle, West Los Angeles, would like to hear from friends . . . Singers **Ruth Price** and **Ernestine Anderson** are featured in a new revue at the Civic Playhouse on La Cienega. Titled *Crawling Arnold Revue*, the show consists of musical numbers sandwiching a one-act play.

Howard Lucraft is planning to reactivate his Jazz International at a local night club with weekly sessions scheduled . . . NBC-TV producer **Barry Shear** is planning a summer jazz TV series . . . **Muggsy Spanier**, newly signed with Choreo records on a three-year contract calling for an album a year, recorded with a 17-piece band for the label in a reprise of his big-band jazz of the early 1940s . . . MGM's **Dimitri DeGrunwald** signed British jazzman **Kenny Ball** to score *A Case for the Jury* starring **Peter Sellers** and **Richard Attenborough**.

Steve Allen returns to television on June 25 with a new 90-minute comedy-discussion - informational - educational late-night program for Westinghouse. The show will be telecast by the five Westinghouse outlets in Boston, Mass.; Cleveland, Ohio; Baltimore, Md.; and San Francisco and will be sold to syndicated markets. The new Allen show replaces the recently canceled *P.M.* series . . . **Les Brown's** band took off from New York May 17 for a four-nation South American tour of Chile, Uruguay, Argentina, and Brazil. Following a week's layoff on their return, the Brown men start their annual summer tour of the U.S.

At a recent guest appearance at

Shelly's Manne-Hole, the **Jazz Quintet** (**Jay Migliori**, tenor; **James Mooney**, trumpet; **Joe Lettieri**, piano; **Jim Crutcher**, bass; **Jack Lynde**, drums) drew three recording execs to audition the new group. The quintet was evaluated by **Richard Bock** of Pacific Jazz, **Lester Koenig** of Contemporary, and **Jackie Mills** of Choreo . . . **Mrs. Jesse Kaye**, wife of the MGM records vice president, was killed in a Beverly Hills car smash May 8. She was 51.

SAN FRANCISCO

Bassist **Monty Budwig**, a resident here the last two years, was scheduled to return to Los Angeles June 1 and rejoin the **Shelly Manne Quintet**. He'll replace **Chuck Berghofer**, who's joining **Joyce Collins**. Budwig's place with the **Vince Guaraldi Trio** will be taken by **Al Obdzinski** . . . Altoist **Lee Konitz** now is working three nights a week with pianist Guaraldi's unit at the Trident, the Sausalito waterfront club owned by the **Kingston Trio**.

With trumpeter **Marty Marsala's** departure for Chicago, trombonist **Skip Morr** is leading the sextet at the Hangover. **Ernie Figueroa** shifted from bass to trumpet and was replaced on the strings by **Bob Short** . . . **George (Pops) Foster**, one of the oldest jazz musicians still playing, celebrated his 70th birthday here May 19. For the last six years Foster, one of the pioneers of string bass in jazz, has been a member of **Earl Hines' combo** here . . . Oakland trumpeter **Ron Smith** heads a jazz quartet that has begun a three-month engagement at the Lighthouse, a Richmond, Calif., club previously devoted to rock and roll . . . Those Sunday jazz concerts at the Tsubo, a Berkeley coffee house, have become so popular they are also being staged on Mondays. Trumpeter **Carmell Jones** and tenorist **Teddy Edwards** were brought up from Los Angeles for two recent sessions . . . Guitarist **Wes Montgomery** played with **John Coltrane's** quartet during its stay at the Jazz Workshop here but declined an offer of permanent membership.

A dinner honoring **Red Nichols** for his 40 years in music was slated for May 30 at the Press and Union League Club here. Nichols currently is at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel's Tudor Room.

The **Cannonball Adderley-Shelly Manne-Ernestine Anderson** concert at Masonic Auditorium here bombed; there were only about 700 persons in the 3,000-seat hall . . . The Flamingo, a club situated on Oakland's Jack London Square and named for co-owner **Ted Grouya's** most famous song, opened with **Dinah Washington** and the **Chuy Reyes** combo. Future bookings include **Red Norvo**, **Lionel Hampton**, and the **Stan Kenton Orchestra**. 

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