

JULY 5, 1962

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JULY 5, 1962

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THINGS

TO

COME

The focus is on guitar in the July 19 *Down Beat*—the annual Guitar Issue. In addition, there will be exclusive reports on the International Jazz Festival and Benny Goodman's tour of the USSR. Don't miss this big issue. It goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, July 5.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Discographical Disclaimer

May I use this column to protest the use which has been made of my name in Robert George Reisner's recently published book, *Bird: The Legend of Charlie Parker?* (See page 36 for a review of the book.)

Starting on page 241 of this book is a discography credited to me, for which I cannot take responsibility. In fact, Reisner has, without informing me, reprinted my Charlie Parker discography, which was published in the English *Melody Maker* in December, 1951, and January, 1952, with additions in June and July, 1955.

Considering the amount of Parker recordings issued since then, this discography has, of course, become hopelessly antiquated. Just to mention the most glaring lacunae, no details are given of the numerous alternate takes and reissues on Savoy and Verve, nor of *Bird at St. Nick's* and *Bird on 52nd Street* (Jazz Workshop), *Bird Is Free* (Charlie Parker Records), *An Evening at Home with the Bird* (Savoy), *Plays Cole Porter* (Verve), and the three Le Jazz Cool LPs. Furthermore, the present "bootleg reissue" of my old discography contains several printer's errors, and the sessions have been jumbled together—one even appears twice.

I might add that, in August, 1958, when the Parker book was being prepared as a collaboration between Reisner and Richard Gehman, I sent Reisner a very detailed Parker discography which was to be used in the book. Even though Reisner did not care to answer my letters, I continued to send him additions and corrections during the following year.

Then, after two years' silence, Reisner wrote me last summer, asking for a new copy of the discography, the original having been lost with Gehman. However, at this time I had no more copies left, and even then the discography would have to be rewritten. So, when informed by Reisner in mid-August that the book "is due in late September," I had to let him know that I could not possibly have a new manuscript ready at such short notice.

Since then, I have not heard from Reisner, who did not even bother to send a copy of the book when it was published. Copenhagen, Denmark Erik Wiedemann

Goodman and the Party Line

Having thought long and hard about the basis for the governmental decision to send Benny Goodman to Moscow (*DB*, May 24), I have concluded that the long-standing Soviet refusal to allow American jazz figures to penetrate the curtain was based on the contention that the music is a product of our society in all its decadence, apparently someone thinks that Goodman is immune to this charge.

Within the current world jazz scene, Goodman's music is fairly innocuous and not very likely to stand any modern masses on their collective ears. Importantly, his

music is from the period in our past when the attitude toward communism ranged from indifference to warm friendliness. This is an important factor to the Russians, who conceive of national politics, philosophy, economics, art, and music as being necessarily intimately interrelated.

In a word, we aim to avoid offending the ministry of culture. I just hope that the informed Russian music lovers will bear with us; something better must be on the way. Meanwhile, it would hurt to be dismissed by the young Muscovites as just plain square.

Cleveland, Ohio Ernest Holsendolph

For a Russian jazzman's view of Goodman's tour see page 14, and see a review of the band on page 39.

Gordon Glows

In your April 26 issue you printed an article, *Big Bands on the Coast*, concerning the problems of the bands and leaders such as Claude Gordon. I would like to commend John Tynan and *Down Beat* on a fine article.

I've been following the progress of Claude Gordon and his orchestra since they won the American Federation of Musicians contest for "The Best New Band in America" in 1959. In my opinion, and I'm sure many others too, Claude Gordon is one of the very few trumpeters who plays his instrument the way it should be played. I was amazed the first time I heard him, and since then I have heard no equal. Trumpeters such as Al Hirt, Rafael Mendez, and high-noter Maynard Ferguson are all great artists, but I don't believe that any of them has mastered his instrument so completely as Claude Gordon.

North Hollywood, Calif. Lynn Franklin

Sins Of Omission

As an avid big-band student and fan, I would like to compliment you on your fine big-band issue (*DB*, April 26). But I would like to take exception to Don Heckman's article on the history and future of big-band jazz.

In discussing Stan Kenton's music, Heckman and I agree—up to a point. Heckman certainly makes it appear as if all good Kenton jazz started and ended in the early 1950s. It may have started then, but it has not ended.

Since Bill Holman's *What's New?* and Gerry Mulligan's *Limelight*, there have been many more important scores from the Kenton band. I refer mainly to the Johnny Richards' scores of *Cuban Fire* and, more recently, *West Side Story*, not to mention many other unrecorded pieces by this great composer-arranger.

Space limitations notwithstanding, I cannot understand why not even the slightest mention was made of Kenton's current band, which must be considered his greatest one. Surely there has never been

a more forward-looking, progressive-sounding band.

Moreover, while discussing several short-lived bands, no mention was made of the Johnny Richards Band of 1957-60. Included among the sidemen were Gene Quill, Frank Socolow, Hank Jones, Charlie Persip, and Julius Watkins. There was always plenty of blowing room for the soloists as well as action for the rest of the ensemble. It sounded like a seasoned road band and certainly deserved a far better fate than that of being overlooked in Heckman's survey.

In looking at the future of big-band jazz, Heckman looks to men like Gil Evans and the doubtful George Russell. Actually, a lot of things these men are still searching for, Johnny Richards has been doing for years. While George Russell has been talking about composition on the grand scale, Richards has been quietly writing the greatest orchestral jazz since Ellington. Omitting this man's name from the list of great jazz composers was, I feel, a grave mistake.

These three points aside, the article was one which I shall save as a good brief history of a form of music I love so much.

New York City Joseph F. Magdalena Jr.

The Virtues of Virtuosity

I think Pete Welding struck the wrong note in his *Caught in the Act* review of Anita O'Day (*DB*, May 10).

I think that the business of a virtuoso is to display that ability to the fullest. One might as well criticize Picasso, Tatum, Stein, or Sutherland as O'Day. Miss O'Day has, furthermore, always been most careful to retain the meaning of the song she sings, and to supply a meaning if the song has none (which is often the case).

Now, I realize that it is possible that her voice is showing signs of wear—after all, she is over 21—but it is, of all things, most difficult for a tired or weakening voice to give a dazzling technical display. It is much easier to stick to the simple, the trite, the true.

In her use of the voice instrument, Miss O'Day does not forget which instrument she is using. The voice, after all, remains the finest of musical instruments, the most flexible, the most expressive. Miss O'Day has the advantage of having one of the great voices, without any qualifying phrases; and she has the courage and the musicianship to make full use of it. In her ability to give meaning and life to slow ballads she is comparable to Stan Getz, Lester Young, and Miles Davis.

I would never credit the accusation that she uses technique for its own sake; she is the dedicated artist, honest, utterly real and true. She sings as she feels at the time. To quote her: "Jazz to me is what's happening now."

West Lafayette, Ind. Donald Richardson

Atonal Appreciation

Congratulations and thanks on a most interesting, entertaining, and informative exposition on the shape of jazz to come in *Atonality in Jazz* by Bill Mathieu, in the May 10 *Down Beat* issue.

Medicine Hat, Alberta Jürgen Gothe

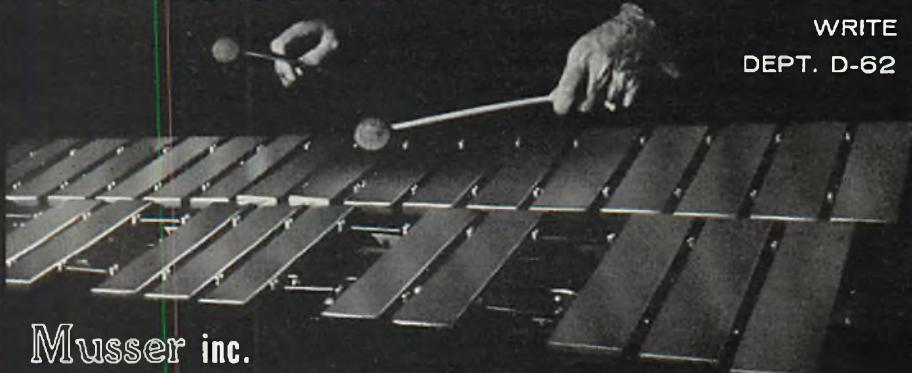
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NEW YORK

Duke Ellington has recovered from a May gall-bladder operation, but his period of convalescence led to several interesting developments in the band. Arranger-composer **Billy Strayhorn** became the pianist. **Mercer Ellington** led the band for some weeks, saying he felt "like a sergeant suddenly being promoted to lieutenant," and then sat in the trumpet section during his father's appearance at the Washington, D. C., first International Jazz Festival. Among the activities was an opening-day acceptance of the keys to Washington, tendered to Duke by District of Columbia commissioners.

Also on the Washington festival scene: **Ed Summerlin's** jazz vespers service was taped by CBS-TV as it was being performed at the Church of the Epiphany on June 3. It will be rebroadcast on *Look Up and Live* Sunday morning, July 22. In the band were **Don Ellis**, **Lou Glucken**, trumpets; **Eric Dolphy**, **J. R. Monterose**, reeds; **Slide Hampton**, **Dick Lieb**, trombones; **Barry Galbraith**, guitar; **Ron Carter**, bass; **Charlie Persip**, drums.

Folk singer **Pete Seeger**, who once said, "I never refuse to sing for any organization because I disagreed with its beliefs" and was hauled before the House Un-American Activities in 1955, where he refused to say whether he had been or was a Communist—and was sentenced in 1961 to



Seeger

a jail term for contempt of Congress—heard a three-judge U. S. Court of Appeals panel dismiss the sentence last month.

Late in May, some 40 members of the **Ronnie Scott Jazz Club** arrived in New York City from England and subsequently were joined by Scott and tenor saxophonist **Tubby Hayes**. The club members ranged in age from 14 through 50 and, with money saved for many months, saw and heard most jazz musicians within a 20-mile radius of New York City.

New York World's Fair authorities have said they see no possibility of a general music exhibit at the fair set for 1964-65. Apparently no concerted effort was made in the industry to pool money and talent. Nevertheless, they said the fair hopes to present free jazz concerts to the public, at least once during the two years, probably in an international jazz week.

Jazz in the Garden, a series held on consecutive Thursdays during the summer in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, has talent booked for three of the 10 weeks. **Clark Terry** and **Bob Brookmeyer** opened the series on June 21. **Herbie Mann** is to appear June 28 and **Blossom Dearie** on July 5.

Newport '62, this year's name for **George Wein's** Newport Jazz Festival, July 6-8, has returned to the format of past days of glory, meaning big names are less important than big deeds. One of its educational-entertainment programs, to be presented July 7, is the Story of American Tap Dance, organized and narrated by **Marshall Stearns**, and featuring such dancers as **Bunny Briggs**, **Honi Coles**, **Baby Lawrence**, and **Pete Nugent**, all performing with jazz accompaniment.

(Continued on page 43)



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July 5, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 14



Miss Holiday

BILLIE HOLIDAY ALBUM BRINGS LAWSUIT

The name of the late Billie Holiday will be in the law courts until we die. Those are the unquotable and unassignable words of a jazz citizen of stature, looking in on the most recent Holiday-involved lawsuit.

As in the past, the confusion is considerable. Producer Don Friedman is suing MGM records for \$1,750,000.

Friedman's case revolves around a concert he produced Nov. 10, 1956, in Carnegie Hall and called Don Friedman Presents Lady Sings the Blues at Carnegie Hall. Among the musicians on hand were Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Tony Scott, Roy Eldridge, Al Cohn, and the Chico Hamilton Quintet. In addition, critic Gilbert Milstein read, between songs, a version of Miss Holiday's autobiography *Lady Sings the Blues* to emphasize a program continuity. All of that is a matter of record.

From there, the arguments belong in a law court.

Friedman claims MGM/Verve has produced an album from the Carnegie Hall concert. He says he taped the concert "for my own use."

A copy of an edited version of this tape was received by Arnold Maxim, president of MGM records, before MGM bought Verve in January, 1961.

In December, 1961, an album called *The Essential Billie Holiday Concert at Carnegie Hall* was issued on Verve. No

mention was made of Friedman.

Friedman claims it is his concert and charges that the album is an edited edition and that the editing itself is a proof of his ownership. He says the concert was a private production, that he had the concept, hired the narrator, picked book passages to be read, and paid the money to have it happen. Whether Billie Holiday was already a Verve recording star makes no difference in this case, he said.

"This," he said, "is comparable to having any famous personality, whatever her affiliation, do something you personally have created. It is a separate thing. It belongs to you. If I hire a singer for a concert, her voice belongs to me for that performance in that hall. If the recording company with which she has a contract, wants to record her voice [at that concert] it has to talk to me."

"That's the situation here. I created a package, hired Billie, and, for my own interest, produced a tape. It has been commercially released without my consent and carefully avoiding any mention of the fact that I was the man who produced it."

The figures of the lawsuit break down into four parts. First, Friedman asks \$250,000 from MGM, charging that it has sold to the public something that is his "sole and exclusive property." Second, Friedman asks \$500,000, charging that MGM "conspired together with another, whose identity remains unknown to the plaintiff, and maliciously and willfully entered into a scheme and/or plan to defraud and deprive him of property. . . ." Third, he asks another \$500,000, charging that he alone owns the property, has asked for it back, and it has not been returned. And finally, for another \$500,000, Friedman charges that the title of the concert was changed and his name left off the cover or liner copy, all, he said, as "part of a plan or scheme to defraud the plaintiff and to deceive the public."

BUSINESS SLUMP SLAMS NEW YORK

No one wants to be quoted, but dozens of jazz leaders in New York City are singing the unhappiest blues of their lives. Clubowners are similarly reticent about being quoted, but almost without exception, they are singing the same songs.

What's represented in all the unhappiness is the worst slump in jazz-club attendance since the 1960 recession. One owner said, "It's as if it were Lent, and all the jazz fans were Trappist monks."

Witness two clubs, and big ones, only barely staying alive—dead according to

any reasonable head count. Witness one big-name group with no jobs booked at this writing and quite prepared to throw in sponge and mute on the basis of jobs offered, and played, during the last several months. Witness the number of big-name leaders who seldom work. Witness the actions of those who are concentrating on teaching and the talk of those who claim they are being "forced" into going to Europe to make a living.

Some worried members of jazz, despite requested anonymity for themselves, feel there is too much slush in the hush: the general feeling is that benefits, concerts, and festivals, among other things, have hurt business.

SYNANON TO SHARE IN ALBUM PROFIT

Half of all profits from the sale of the album *Sounds of Synanon* (see record review section in this issue) will be donated to the Synanon Foundation, Inc., it has been announced in Hollywood by Richard Bock, president of Pacific Jazz records. The album was recorded by a septet of musician-residents at the well-known narcotics rehabilitation center in Santa Monica, Calif.

Proceeds from the sales royalties will go toward the maintenance of the foundation and the development of its work with narcotics addicts.

Notable in the unusual record date was the jazz recording debut of guitarist Joe Pass, a musician for whom high achievement was predicted by Bock, who first heard Pass play at Synanon House—in company with the other musicians—following the appearance of *Down Beat's* story on the foundation in January, 1961. (The article was the first piece on Synanon to appear in a national publication and led to subsequent stories in Los Angeles newspapers and in *Time* magazine and a photo essay in *Life* magazine.)

TWO KEY MEN LEAVE COUNT BASIE

It was a hectic 10 days' engagement for Count Basie. During the veteran pianist-bandleader's recent stay at the San Francisco jazz club Fack's, two long-time members of the Basie band turned in their notices.

First to leave was bassist Eddie Jones, who has been a Basicite for almost nine years. Jones gave a number of reasons for his departure, chief among which was his decision to become an IBM systems engineer, a field in which the Howard University graduate has been interested for some time. He already has enrolled in a trainee program in

New York City. His decision to leave was further prompted by the wishes to spend more time with his wife and two children and to better himself financially.

Hard on the heels of this came the sudden departure of Eugene (Snooky) Young, a member of the Basie trumpet section off and on for 20 years. Young first joined the orchestra in 1942, remaining until 1947, when he left to return to his home city of Dayton, Ohio. He rejoined Basie in 1957.

The 43-year-old trumpeter said he decided to leave the band some time ago. Last summer Young bought a home in New York City, to which he moved his wife and three children, the youngest a boy of 17. Soon after this Young said he put in an application for a position as a staff musician at the NBC studios in New York. He was notified that the studio had accepted his application during the Basie band's Fack's engagement.

PREVIN AND KENTON WIN NARAS AWARDS

At its recent fourth annual Grammy-award dinners, held simultaneously in New York City, Chicago, and Los Angeles, the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences announced the winners in a competition for best record performances in several categories, ranging from rock and roll to classical.

There were three jazz categories,

though there were jazz entries in others. Andre Previn won the Best Jazz Performance—Soloist or Small Group for his *Andre Previn Plays Harold Arlen* album. Stan Kenton walked off with first place in the big-band jazz division for his *West Side Story*. Galt McDermott's *African Waltz* was voted Best Original Jazz Composition; it also won as Best Instrumental Theme. Lambert-Hendricks-Ross won the Best Performance by a Vocal Group for *High Flying*.

But it was Henry Mancini's year: his *Moon River* was declared Record of the Year, Song of the Year, and Best Arrangement; and his *Breakfast at Tiffany's* was declared Best Performance by an Orchestra for Other than Dancing.

AMATEUR JAZZ CONTEST SET FOR LOS ANGELES COUNTY

The accent will be on jazz — big bands and small groups — when the third annual Battle of the Bands, sponsored and promoted by the Los Angeles County department of parks and recreation, reaches the finals June 22 at the Hollywood Bowl.

The contest is open to nonunion teenage musicians and vocalists between the ages of 13 and 20 years, and all contestants must live in the county. Contestants perform in five divisions — dance band, school dance band, combo, vocalist, and vocal group.

Starting in March, preliminary contests and auditions were held at Los

Angeles Valley College, Mount San Antonio College, Compton College, and Los Angeles State College.

Guest conductor will be Johnny Green in a medley from *West Side Story*.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH TO HOLD JAZZ WORKSHOP

A five-day jazz workshop, with eight well-known jazz musicians on the faculty, is planned by the University of Utah, in Salt Lake City, for July 16-20.

George Shearing, the members of his quintet, reed man Paul Horn, trumpeter Conte Candoli, and trombonist Milt Bernhart will be visiting instructors at the workshop under the direction of the university's Dr. William L. Fowler. Instructor on piano during the workshop will be pianist-trumpeter Sheldon Hyde of Salt Lake.

One of the features of the workshop, according to a university spokesman, will be the formation of jazz groups under the guidance of the guests. The five days will culminate in a final jazz concert with both guests and workshop groups taking part.

"The purpose of the workshop," according to the university, "is to provide jazz musicians, both professional and nonprofessional, with the skills and insights necessary for successful performance of jazz and to provide interested laymen knowledge which will increase their appreciation of it."

The workshop events will be open to the public through purchase of individual tickets from the university.

LOS ANGELES TO BE HOST FOR SOME MONTEREY FESTIVAL ARTISTS

Since its inception in the fall of 1958, the annual Monterey Jazz Festival, scheduled this year for Sept. 21-23, has drawn more attendees from the San Francisco bay area and increasingly fewer from southern California.

Hence, for the last three years festival advertising and promotion in the Los Angeles area dwindled virtually to the vanishing point while the yearly drive to promote attendance concentrated around San Francisco.

This year southern Californians will hear some of the jazz artists on the Monterey program—they will perform at the Hollywood Bowl on the festival's opening night.

The Sept. 21 jazz concert at the bowl will be a promotion by Lou Robin's Concerts, Inc., with the hope of filling the 18,000-seat open-air amphitheater with the Monterey artists as the drawing card.

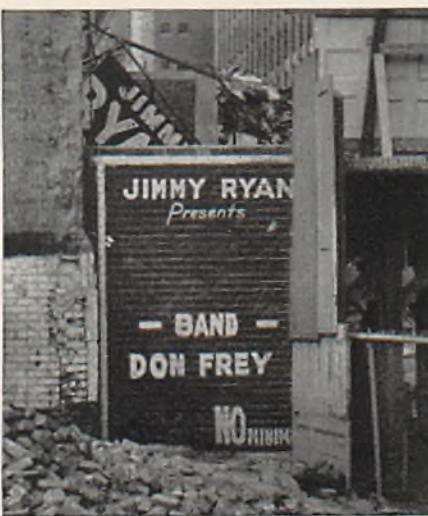
Jimmy Lyons, manager of the Monterey festival, said in San Francisco

THE END OF A HOLDOUT

Seemingly the most durable jazz club on New York's 52nd St., once called Swing Street, has been Jimmy Ryan's. Ryan is a moon-faced, night-club veteran who appears to have ignored all changes made in jazz in the last 20 years. At a time when Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and the host of young modernists were playing in clubs around him, Ryan persisted, perhaps resisted, with such as Henry (Red) Allen, and nearly any of the famous traditional-jazz players one can name.

The club began before prohibition but continued through it with customary American ingenuity. In 1939 it began a jazz policy, and that jazz was Dixieland.

Ryan is a man who apparently dislikes change. He hired musicians for months at a time and finally settled on a group led by trombonist Wilbur De-Paris. That group played there from 1950 till early this year, an unusual length whatever the city or the music.



But Ryan's has fallen, victim of neither musical change nor lack of audience, but simply because an office building has taken over the space it once partially occupied. At the mammoth, closing-night celebration Ryan made speeches, as did Don Frye, Zutty Singleton, Danny Barker, and many others. Much music was played and bottles uncorked. Two days later, the wreckers moved in, and Ryan's was no more.

that he had suggested to Robin that the Los Angeles promoter book some of the Monterey artists "to help out Monterey on transportation expenses." Robin was immediately agreeable, Lyons said, and contracted the Dave Brubeck Quartet as the first attraction. Other artists, such as Louis Armstrong, Stan Kenton and His Orchestra, Carmen McRae, and the Cannonball Adderley Sextet—all of whom already are signed to play Monterey—may also appear at the bowl.

Their appearances there will, of course, be contingent on the Monterey festival schedule, i.e., those who work the bowl on the 21st will play at Monterey the 22nd or 23rd.

Thus it would appear that if Los Angeles won't go to Monterey, a good part of Monterey will come to Los Angeles.

OSCAR BROWN JR. EMCEE IN 'JAZZ SCENE' SWITCH

A last-minute change in casting has made Oscar Brown Jr. the permanent host of the new syndicated jazz television series *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, according to the show's producer, Jimmie Baker.

Vern Stevenson, a Los Angeles jazz disc jockey, previously was reported by Baker as "almost 100 percent set" to emcee the series (*DB*, May 24). The selection of Brown, however, is reportedly the personal decision of Steve



O. B. Jr.

Allen, whose Meadowlane Productions currently is filming the series of Hollywood's CBS-Television City.

Brown began the job as host for 39 of the 30-minute programs while filling a 10-day concert engagement with the Miles Davis Sextet at the Music Box Theater in Hollywood. In all, 117 *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* segments will be filmed under Steve Binder's direction.

EAST CAPTURES WEST —WITH ONE NOTE

In April Lambert - Hendricks - Ross were appearing at a London concert with the Count Basie Band. After the show, a young Ceylonese woman made her way to Jon Hendricks' dressing room. She told him how much she liked what the group was doing, and she was a singer, and . . .

"I told her to keep practicing," Hendricks said recently. "'You never know when we'll need you,' I told her. I tell that to all of them."

The young woman left.

While the singing group was in London there was a party at which Dave Lambert was a guest. So was the young woman. In the late stages of the party, the time when female guests empty ashtrays and collect empty glasses, someone played a record. It ended on a high note. The young woman, busy cleaning ashtrays, absentmindedly sang a note above it and in harmony.

"I perked up my ears," Lambert said, "'Who sang that note?' I asked."

Those were the opening scenes of what is an almost unbelievable story. For on the basis of that one note, according to all concerned, the young woman, Yolande Bavan, was hired by Lambert and Hendricks to replace Annie Ross when Miss Ross, ailing, left the group to stay in England.

Miss Bavan, born in Colombo, Ceylon, 22 years ago, became interested in jazz as a teenager in Ceylon when she heard Willis Conover's jazz program on *The Voice of America*.

"The first record I heard on the program was George Shearing's *As Long as There's Music*," she recalled. "It seemed so clear—the block chords—no quarter tones."

Although reared in a culture whose music employs quarter tones, Miss Bavan was not unfamiliar with Western music; she studied classical piano when a child.

Five years ago she went to England, determined to be a jazz singer. For two years she sang with various jazz groups, including that of Kenny Ball, now one of the most popular English Trad bands. One of her vocal chores was on a BBC television program. Taken with her and her performance, BBC officials offered her a chance to act.

For the next three years she concentrated on acting. Her ability led to her playing Cleopatra in a stage version of George Bernard Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra*. She said she is proud of this role because she was the only non-Western actress to perform it in Great Britain. On BBC-TV she appeared with Sammy Davis Jr. in *The Day of the*



Yolande

Fox, Davis' first straight-acting role. Miss Bavan also was the only jazz disc jockey on BBC radio.

But back to the story.

L-H-R were to leave England for a series of concerts in West Germany. It was doubtful that Miss Ross would be able to make the trip. Hendricks and Lambert gave Miss Bavan copies of the group's records and told her to learn Miss Ross' parts and be ready to sing them on the German tour if need be. They gave her four days to do it.

After the four days, Miss Bavan had memorized but four of the intricate arrangements, but she learned that Miss Ross would be able to make the trip and stopped.

"I thought that was that," she said.

But that wasn't that. Early in May Hendricks called her from Germany and asked whether she could get a work permit, visa, and such and be able to join him and Lambert in the United States.

Miss Bavan, stunned, said she could. Within a day and a half she obtained an emergency visa, learned enough of the repertoire to perform, and was on her way to the United States.

"After the party I didn't hear her sing anything more until she came on stage with us at Union College in Schenectady," Lambert said. "Was I relieved when I heard her. She did nobly."

"And I hadn't heard her at all before Schenectady," Hendricks added. "But everybody was raving about her—Carmen McRae, the Basie band. When these people talk, you listen."

"I can't believe it yet," Miss Bavan said. "I lie in bed and hear sirens going and I think, 'Here I am in America!'"

She shook her head in disbelief.

Lambert glanced at her kindly and said, "That's the way things happen."

"Not in my life," she said quickly.

WAITIN' FOR BENNY: A REPORT FROM RUSSIA

By YURI VIKHARIEFF

BEFORE ME is a recent issue of *Pravda*. Nothing unusual at first sight. But . . . look at this small passage:

"According to the agreement of cultural exchanges between the USA and the USSR . . . Benny Goodman's orchestra will visit the Soviet Union this year."

Just a few words, but they make one think a lot, they make one recall all these long years of hopes and expectations while we were waiting for jazz to appear in Russia.

The following thoughts, though very personal, have much in common with those of every Russian.

I suppose that the greatest contribution of America to world culture is jazz. It doesn't mean that America has no great contributors in other arts. For us all there are Jackson Pollock and Clifford Still, William Faulkner, and Ernest Hemingway, Charles Ives and Leonard Bernstein. But only jazz is a purely American art form. The others have their roots in Europe or elsewhere.

America must be proud to be motherland of such a wonderful art form as jazz; however, America seems shy to confess it.

True, America has excellent symphony orchestras, but there are such in Russia; the New York ballet is amazing, but the ballets of Moscow and Leningrad are the best in the world.

I'm sure Louis Armstrong could tell us Russians much more about American art and life than all the groups that previously visited Russia put together. Someone said that America would win much more sympathy and success sending jazz to various countries instead of exporting chewing gum and cigarettes. Whoever said it is absolutely right.

I know some of you will object and say that the Soviet government itself was against jazz. Well, it isn't true for the present moment. It hasn't been true for many years.

If you know the history of the Soviet Union, you know what "the cult of personality" means. You may also

know that "the cult of personality" did many wrong things for our country. Strangely enough, it did many wrong things for jazz too.

Many years ago a great Soviet writer, Maxim Gorky, visited the United States. I don't know what kind of jazz he heard there (thanks to God, Elvis Presley wasn't yet on the stage then), but on coming back he declared, "Jazz is music of the fat." That means of capitalists. His stature was so great nobody could speak against him. Since then jazz became a sort of forbidden fruit for us.

But those times have gone, and I



believe they will never come back.

The first jazz club in the country was opened in Leningrad in 1958. Some jazz clubs appeared later in Moscow, Riga, Kiev, and many other large cities. Jazz festivals were held in Tallin and Tartu every year. A lot of bands played jazz, but what's of more importance is that the Russian jazz audience grew tremendously both in number and taste.

So, the conditions became favorable, and we were waiting for real American jazz to come here. Now and then we heard different talks of various groups coming to Russia. Among them were Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Buddy Rich, and the Jazz Messengers. These were just the rumors.

It was the summer of 1960 that may be considered the beginning.

The Russian choir of Yale University, that used to come over here every year,

this time brought with it two Negro musicians: Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell. They played a few concerts at the Conservatory of Moscow and Leningrad, and, I guess, they didn't expect the success they won.

I recall one particular night we spent together in Leningrad. We sat down at the small smoky room drinking warm beer and talking of music and its problems. Then we played an out-of-tune piano, and it was really a happy jam session.

Their stay here was very short, but they gave us inspiration and hope that these "first swallows will bring spring." But two years have flown before the papers brought joyful news: "Benny Goodman will tour the Soviet Union." It was a great joy for us.

True, I have to confess that a bit of disappointment was added. Just try to understand me correctly. I won't wish to say that we were dissatisfied—not at all. Just a shade of disappointment was added to that great joy. I'll try to explain that.

The point is that we Russian jazz fans love jazz in its most pure form. We try to develop the good taste of our audience. No matter what critics say, jazz has been created by the Negroes, and in the whole of its history the Negroes were always the best performers, contributors, and innovators of this music. That's why we expected that the first band to visit Russia would be a black one, such as Duke Ellington's or Count Basie's.

You see, it's the first time that jazz is coming to Russia, so why send ersatz instead of pure jazz? Some of our people consider jazz as a sort of light dance music, and I'm afraid that after hearing a white swing band, their opinion will be confirmed.

I guess, it would be even better to send not a big band but a small combo, such as that of Miles Davis or Cannonball Adderley or Art Blakey. In my opinion, these groups would show Russians exactly what jazz is. This should have been the main aim.

Now let's return to reality. Benny Goodman is on his way. That fact itself is of great importance. Just imagine—the first American jazz band visits Russia officially. It is wonderful! It's a very important milestone in jazz history.

While I'm writing these lines, one of the old Goodman tunes is playing over the radio. Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, and, of course, Benny himself . . . and it suddenly strikes me that the band is still wonderful.

We eagerly await the first American jazz band to appear in Russia. Welcome, Benny! Welcome, jazz!

About The Author

Yuri Vikharieff is a Russian jazz pianist and leads the Russian Modern Jazz Sextet in Leningrad. He intends to write a book on modern jazz and will contribute other articles to *Down Beat* about the Benny Goodman tour and jazz in the Soviet Union.



REFLECTIONS ON ART

By TIMME ROSENKRANTZ

It came through the grapevine. Art Tatum was in New York. My good friend and favorite piano player, Teddy Wilson, had often told me how wonderful and fantastic a pianist Tatum was, that he was just the greatest jazz pianist in the world, that famous classical musicians and concert pianists swore that if Tatum had devoted himself to classical music instead of jazz, he would certainly have become the new Paderewski. But Tatum was born a Negro, and in those days (the middle 1930s) there was no place for a Negro in the U.S. concert hall. Art became a jazz pianist.

After Teddy's buildup, I had to meet this man. But where could I locate him? He didn't work anywhere in New York. Not even Teddy could tell me where I could find him.

Then it all happened by accident....

One night I was sitting in a little bar in Harlem with some Negro men and women friends. A man burst into the place shouting, "Hey, Tatum is down at Basement Brown's getting his hands warmed up."

It was almost 4 a.m. when we got to Basement Brown's. That's close to bedtime, but Basement Brown's had just opened. We stopped outside this ordinary brownstone house on 131st St., and one of my friends knocked three times on the door, blew his nose, and the door was opened.

Basement Brown, an enormous man, filled the doorway. He must have weighed at least 300 pounds. But he had a kind face and a big smile.

At first he looked at me a bit suspiciously, but my two friends explained to him that I came from Denmark where everyone is alike and that it was my greatest wish to meet Tatum.

That did it. He led us through a long corridor, down dark steps, and into a large room. A dozen tables were scattered about, all filled with freshly homemade whisky and other delicacies. In a far corner was a broken-down upright piano. A heavy-set man sat there, enjoying a bottle of beer. Art Tatum.

Basement Brown introduced us.

As practically everyone knows, Tatum was almost blind, but I never saw him miss his beer glass once. He was a wonderful, straightforward person with a great sense of humor. He said a couple of nice things about Denmark, a country he had heard about but just the same didn't want to visit,

as he was mortally afraid of polar bears.

He put down his beer and let his fingers run over the piano keys. "Do you know this?" he asked, and then he played *Tea for Two*. It sounded like *Tea for Two Thousand*. What a fabulous technique! And what chords and melody. Never had I heard a jazz pianist with a touch such as this.

It was absolutely overwhelming. Tatum was indeed the master. After he had played the melody a couple of times with both hands, he started playing it with just his left hand, while his right played *Hallelujah*—and he kept the two tunes going simultaneously while he drank his beer. Truly a feat, one must admit.



Basement Brown told me that Tatum had just arrived from Detroit, that the two of them were childhood friends, and that whenever Tatum was in town, one could always find him here, from 3 a.m. on, sometimes until noon. It was so quiet in the room while he played that you could hear a drop of whisky fall on the table—if on a rare occasion someone happened to spill one.

"Play this . . . play that," the customers at Basement Brown's shouted when he paused. And Tatum played so that, if the gods had been present in this basement, they would have wept. Then, with aplomb, he played Chopin as Brailowsky could never have done. Well, words are so inadequate. One must hear music.

The upstairs doorbell rang. A party of three couples. The men for sure were connected with either Al Capone or one of the other gangs of the times.

They ordered drinks loudly, and the nervous waiter fetched them a big jug

About The Author

Baron Timme Rosenkrantz, a member of Denmark's oldest noble family, has been intimately involved with jazz both in the U.S. and his native Denmark as a promoter, a & man, radio commentator, writer, and friend to jazz musicians for more than 30 years.

of whisky and small water chasers.

I moved my chair all the way up to Tatum's piano and sat and listened to him with closed eyes and opened ears.

But it wasn't long before there was trouble. One of the gangsters hollered for the waiter and complained that the whisky was weak. In the same nasty tone of voice he told Tatum to stop "all that noise." He also said something to Art about the color of his skin. That was a little too much for me. (I might add that Basement Brown's whisky was not without effect on me. I felt I could beat the world, and this gangster was first on my list.)

"Get the hell out," I shouted.

I shouldn't have done that. The next

thing I knew, one of the gangsters hit me on the ear with the butt of his gun. There it was, 1934, and I was the first man to see a Sputnik—much bigger and up to date than any of today's models.

When I woke up, I was sitting outside the house on the sidewalk. My head—someone had dropped a roof on it. I got to my feet and looked around. Yes, it was 131st St. The door in front of me led to Basement Brown's. I rang the bell, and Brown opened the door.

"Are you crazy?" he asked. "Why don't you go home? You can thank me for being alive. You started to fight the worst gang in Harlem. Dutch Schultz' gang is a bunch of wet nurses compared to these mugs. It was nice of you to defend Art, but you understand, I had to throw you out to save your life. Now you go home. Come back tomorrow."

He closed the door. Even though I wanted to punish the gangsters a little more, I went home.

The next day I felt as if I had been the center of an earthquake. I had to see a doctor. It turned out that my eardrum was punctured, and for three weeks I had to take treatments. I couldn't hear a thing, not even Tatum, and that was the worst part of it.

I never saw the gangsters again. I didn't bother to look.



FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE

Jimmy Smith: Reaching The People



By BARBARA J. GARDNER

THE SAGA of James Oliver Smith Jr. is one filled with contradictions, inconsistencies, and data that all but defy reconciling. The personal figure of Jimmy Smith is no less baffling. Forthright and direct, he is disarming in his candor.

He never has won a major jazz poll. When jazz writers name favorite artists, his name is seldom mentioned. If asked directly, most writers would attest to his ability and skill—but there seems to be a need to justify one's preference for Jimmy Smith. In spite of this, he is among the highest paid, most popular jazz entertainers.

"Two things Jimmy Smith brings out when he comes to Chicago—people and the rain," a bartender in a club where Smith has worked recently remarked, thereby citing a paradox. Clubowners deplore bad weather. It usually is

a handicap to good business. Not so with Smith, for he enjoys a loyalty and support that is the prime objective of every entertainer. But to the organist, this adulation is unimportant. He feels, he says, that he is simply doing a job he was destined to do from birth.

His birthplace was Norristown, Pa., which is near Philadelphia, and the date was Dec. 8. The year is in dispute. Leonard Feather's 1960 edition of *Encyclopedia of Jazz* lists the year as 1925. Smith says 1928.

Both his parents played piano. His mother also sang. Early in his childhood, Jimmy showed a marked inclination toward music. Soon he began picking out tunes by ear on the piano. By the time he was 9, he was good enough to enter and win a Major Bowes amateur show. There followed a series of radio and public appearances for the piano prodigy in and around Philadelphia.

In 1942, James Sr. and James Jr. formed a song-and-dance team. Their first job was a spot in the show in the Cocoanut Grove in Norristown. Aside from a brief period spent in the Navy, Jimmy played in a series of small rhythm-and-blues units and worked in local clubs in the Norristown-Philadelphia area during the '40s and early '50s.

Throughout this period, Smith was a pianist. In 1953, he heard Wild Bill Davis play the organ. That was the beginning of his present career. For the next two years he played piano by night and woodshedded on the organ by day in a Philadelphia music studio. Unable to find an organ teacher, the ambitious young man began teaching himself.

He managed to save enough money for a down payment on his first Hammond organ. Storing the instrument in a rented room in a warehouse, he spent hours of concentrated effort on the instrument in his program of self-instruction.

In the summer of 1955, three or four months after he had bought the organ, Smith emerged from the warehouse and went to work as a jazz organist. At this early stage of his career, Jimmy was his own greatest promoter. He soon booked himself into a club in Atlantic City, N.J. There, in the fall of 1955, he made his first impression on the jazz world.

Early in 1956, the Jimmy Smith Trio—guitar, organ, and drums—went into New York's Cafe Bohemia. It was the intermission band opposite Art Blakey and Horace Silver. Smith's group was a hit. His arrival on the New York City jazz scene was heralded by many musicians as a major event while others looked askance at the lanky Philadelphian.

There was never a "dues paying" period of apprenticeship for Smith as a jazz organist. He came into New York as a leader in 1956; he has remained a leader ever since. On the one hand, this is an accomplishment; on the other, it denies the jazz musician the solid background credits of having his name and career linked with jazz giants.

Apparently, Smith felt no ill will from the New York jazz clan. When summarizing his relationship with other jazz artists, he pronounced proudly:

"You can just say that they called me the Bird of the organ. I get along fine with all of them. Some of the people refer to me as the eighth wonder of the world. That statement came from Miles Davis."

THE POPULAR opinion is that Jimmy Smith is a shy, withdrawn individual. True, he is primarily a loner. On the road he makes the gig, has breakfast with guys, and goes to his hotel room. He is not among that league of entertainers who hit town with an open telephone book, register at a well-known hotel, and settle down to enjoy the social whirl. Between shows, Smith usually can be found quietly

sipping coffee or fruit juice in a corner of the club.

Though Smith has a shy-guy reputation, he manages to conceal his timidity when discussing his craft. He is quite outspoken and definite about his role as a jazz artist.

"I have always been a jazz musician," Smith said. "I was born to be a jazz artist. I can play anything. I can play all the way from the masses to the classics, so to speak."

It might be imagined that such an extensive mastery would require years of study and preparation. Smith did, in fact, devote about two years to the study of the string bass and the piano.

Smith, however, dismisses the academic training he had as relatively unimportant. Whatever training took place, it made no lasting impression on the organist. He has no intention of ever returning to study.

"Studying would only goof me up," he declared. "What I've got is a gift from God, and you don't mess with a thing like that."

Just as he discards technical training for himself, he denies any major jazz influence that inspired him to play.

"Nobody needed to influence me," he said. "I was always a jazz musician, even when I didn't know it. I was like a horse who didn't know where to run. The world was a little slow in recognizing what I was, and I was too young to understand what I had. But my parents knew, and they encouraged my playing. I was 9 years old before the world really began to take notice of me, but I was born a jazz musician."

Certainly his advent was an important step forward in the expansion of the organ in jazz. In many respects, he was a trailblazer on his instrument. He lifted the organ from its sanguine, ponderous position to one in which the instrument became a freewheeling jazz voice. Many followed his lead.

Smith exhibits a strong, pulsating bass line which lends body and a solid foundation for his rapid-fire keyboard manipulations. He moves across the organ effortlessly, with lightning speed and varying improvisational ideas. His ability to alter coloring and voicing is exceptional, so much so that his adaptation of electronic organ in jazz has been likened to the Charlie Christian and Jimmy Blanton adaptations of guitar and bass respectively.

These are his primary technical characteristics. But these are not necessarily the traits which attract the thousands of Jimmy Smith fans across the country. Mainly, it is his fiery enthusiasm and relentless drive which catch the listener up and draw him closer.

In spite of Smith's assertion that he is able to appeal to all people, there is strong evidence that his hard core following is composed of the men and women in the street — the hard workers, the unpretentious, the unsophisticated.

The Smith fan is a direct, plain-talking citizen who pays his way and brings his own bottle to the club. He does this not to avoid the cost of the house liquor, for usually the minimum is clamped on anyway, but to be sure of what he is drinking; he wants to drink it his way. He is vocal, loud in appreciation, polite in disgruntlement. To this man, Jimmy Smith communicates as few jazz artists do.

"I bow to the masses," Smith said. "There are all kinds of tricks in the trade, and I know all of them. I have different bags that I work out of. I have changed tunes right in the middle of a number if I'm not getting to my audience. I know—I can tell when I'm not getting them with one thing. I just change things up a little."

"It's just like in church, the preacher's got to have that Amen corner going for him. The more they say Amen, the

better he can preach. Well, it's the same in a club. A lot depends on the people and their response to what you do."

Perhaps it is this desire to communicate totally and constantly with the listener that has endeared Smith to his following. They come in throngs, pat their feet, clap their hands, and yell encouragement to the hard-working organist.

According to Smith, his career is just beginning. In his future he sees more concerts and fewer night-club engagements. He scorns the idea of the plush rooms across the country and particularly the Las Vegas area.

"I don't like to work in racially prejudiced places," he stated flatly.

He does work the southern states "—but only in colored clubs."

He is adamant in his position concerning the Negro in

JOE ALPER



jazz. He believes that at last the Negro is beginning to get "an even break."

"If things had been different," he said, "Duke Ellington would not have had to scuffle so hard. Cootie Williams could have made it. Satchmo wouldn't have had to 'Tom,' and Duke would be a millionaire today."

Regarding his current crest of popularity, Smith acknowledges a debt to no one. He is grateful to the general public for his acceptance but recognizes no individual benefactor, with perhaps the exception of bop singer-promoter Babs Gonsales, who was instrumental in getting Smith a recording contract with Blue Note.

Since his signing with the company, Smith has cut more than 20 albums for the label under his own name. He is not concerned with the possibility of overexposure or over-recording.

"I don't do carbon copies of anything, you know," he said, "and I only do an album every three months. I don't think this is too much."

Of all his recorded efforts, he considers the album *Crazy Baby* his best. What does he like most about the album?

"My work on it, of course. It's a good album."

Jimmy Smith has no quarrels with his business. He is basically satisfied with jazz as it is. He is bugged by no one. He believes he is well adjusted, a man with the career hardships behind him. The road ahead is a shining one, according to his predictions. He has proceeded on the basis that he is among the chosen, the gifted few. It's difficult to doubt him.

TANDEM TENORS



ments of Count Basie in the second.

Zoot Sims, at 36, no longer looks the barefoot country boy he once did. He, too, is a band veteran, from Kenny Baker through Woody Herman. Seemingly passive, he is decisive about what he wants, what he feels ("we don't get much press coverage, but we always get an audience"), and what life is about ("we're also available for bar mitzvahs").

The two met in 1948 in Woody Herman's band, shortly after Sims, Stan Getz, Herb Steward, and Serge Chaloff had brought the three-tenors-and-baritone *Four Brothers* sound and concept into the Herman band. Cohn was the next tenor to come into the band, and he and Sims immediately began a musical and social friendship.

Though both were on many record dates in the years following, no concept of brotherhood occurred until the RCA Victor album.

"That was the thing that got us off the ground," Cohn recalled. "I suppose it hadn't happened before because it [two-tenor groups] had seldom happened before. Well, there was one in the '40s, Don Byas and Coleman Hawkins—they played on 52nd St.—but they had Roy Eldridge with them."

And there was, and is again, the Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt group.

"Anyway, it seemed so natural to us," Cohn continued. "We played so differently, yet we felt the same, and we knew each other's playing so well."

It would seem that is the secret. It is found, too, in overwhelming measure in the closeness of playing of Lennie Tristano and his former students. There is a close interdependence in the men of Duke Ellington. There is a similar coexistence in musicians led by Charlie Mingus and John Lewis among some few others.

But with Sims and Cohn the parts are even more separate but together. Starting from similar influences and experience, each has gone his own way.

Sims is every year more the uncaged, warm-blooded Young Bird who flies on his own. Cohn is the accomplished, highly successful arranger, who works in a half-dozen fields, and only occasionally plays for his own enjoyment.

"To a certain extent," Sims said, "that works to our advantage. We have no time to get tired of each other. We're both very busy, each in a different way, Al with his writing and me with all the tours I make, all the bands I play with, so when we can get together and play, we're very happy together. See, we get a rest from each other for a while, and then we get back together and it's a complete ball."

That's the way it works out, but it's

(Continued on page 40)

THE MOST secret group in the United States at this moment is neither left nor right, but somewhere near dead center and lead by two tenor saxophonists—Al Cohn and Zoot Sims.

Secret it is, because, aside from a few recordings and an occasional festival appearance, few other than easterners have heard the group play since 1957 when it was formed and toured briefly.

"Jack Lewis at Victor put us together on a record date," Cohn explained. "So we had a small library to start off with. A booker heard the record and suggested a tour. We played once around the circuit of jazz clubs. We enjoyed ourselves, but, apparently, it wasn't what was wanted—I don't know who decided that—and we decided to forget the whole thing."

They didn't forget their group though, and they still play occasional dates in Philadelphia, Boston, and cities near New York, but for five years their playing has mostly been confined to New York City's Half Note, where they play several months of the year.

Unfortunately, that all makes them sound as if they were an odd group, something experimental. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Al Cohn is quiet, laconic, 36, and a veteran of bands from Joe Marsala through Woody Herman. His major fame is as an arranger for countless bands, and nearly anything else that comes along. If categories are called for, his playing and arranging most closely approximates the late Lester Young in the first instance, and ele-

YES, VIRGINIA, there is such a thing as a Texas tenor man.

Booker Ervin is one.

The breed is only generally classified, and as in all general classification, there are enough exceptions to disprove the most carefully formulated rules. Still, if you've heard enough of them, you'll bet a peso that you'll know when you hear one again. The sound is hard. The swing is wide and dramatic. The cooking is done from the range.

There are at least 10 Texas tenor men: Illinois Jacquet, Arnett Cobb, John Hardee, David Newman, Jimmy Wilkerson, James Clay, Budd Johnson, Herschel Evans, Harold Land, and Buddy Tate.

That's the best way to describe the Texas tenor, and the 11th is Booker Ervin—suspenders, soft shoes with spurs—the best description, because it represents a kind of *Flying Home*, whether high or low.

It is interesting that almost all of those who have written reviews about Ervin have used such words as searing, soaring, bursting, and passionate. These words gain more emphasis when it is considered that they usually have been written within reviews of records by Charlie Mingus, whose music is generally overpowering enough to swallow specific sidemen's strength.

Ervin is doubly refreshing because he is first a sideman, tried and true. Like Charlie Rouse, who has bounded to musical maturity as a sideman with Thelonious Monk, Ervin has been similarly content to grow while following a leader, instead of following today's custom of illogically assuming that leadership is simply a matter of standing in front of a group.

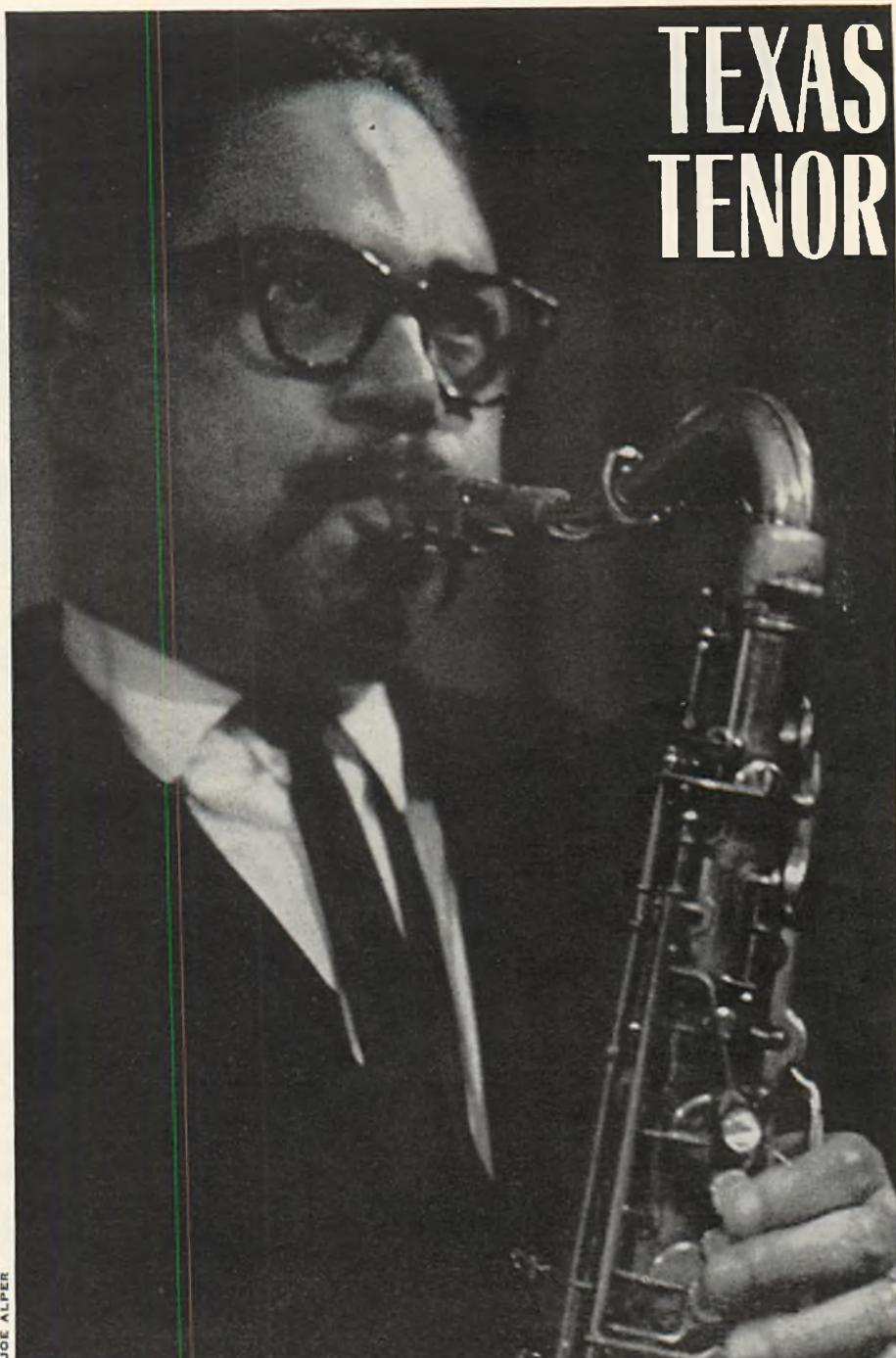
Ervin was born on Halloween, 1930, in Denison, Texas, and was named Booker Telleferro Ervin II. His father was a trombonist who played with Buddy Tate.

Naturally enough, his first instrument was his father's trombone. He began playing it when he was 8. He stopped when he was 13, when he put away any horns until he borrowed a tenor saxophone 17 years later, in 1950, while in the Army, to lead his own special-services groups.

In 1953, one year out of the Army, Booker went to Boston to study at the Berklee School of Music. He left after a year, went back to Texas, and stayed out of music until 1955.

It is a curious part of his biography that so often he seems to have given up on a musical career.

From 1955, he worked around the Southwest with a rhythm-and-blues band, played Dallas with James Clay, and then played some jobs in Chicago. In 1956, he was back in Dallas.



JOE ALPER

He can't remember why he decided then to go to Oregon. He does know that he didn't make it. Along the way, in Denver, he stopped to play some more. But he wasn't enjoying himself. He wasn't content with what he was playing.

"I began studying again," he remembers. "This time I was studying mechanical drawing."

By the end of 1957, he had given up on drawing, had spent some time working in the post office, "and I began journeying again." There was a short time spent in Pittsburgh, and then came New York City.

Not luckier but more talented than most, Ervin was recommended to Mingus by tenor saxophonist Shafi Hadi.

In that group, or those groups—be-

cause Ervin is a long-time, though irregular, member of the Mingus entourage—he has never played second fiddle, even to such a big bass as Mingus', but instead has gained critical love-talk. Though appreciative of critical acclaim, he's not too concerned about getting it.

He lists his particular influences as Sonny Rollins, Sonny Stitt, and John Coltrane. But if you find those there, it is in no troika of styles, for Ervin is quite beyond fixed influences. He may occasionally sound like some other people. But, then, all people of quality have some association in sound and style with others of equal quality. If there is a scene, it's the Texas scene.

Just before and after his first time with Mingus, Ervin found that the living was not easy. Before, he some-

(Continued on page 40)

TEXAS TENOR

PORTRAIT OF A JAZZ SUCCESS

SHELLY MANNE

By JOHN TYNAN

ONE OF jazz' great drummers, a gentleman rancher, breeder of show horses, and proprietor of "the most elegant jazz joint in town," Sheldon Manne is the prototype of the Successful Jazz Musician.

Shelly Manne, who will be 42 this month, has husbanded his success with a levelheaded view of life in general and the jazz world in particular. He is the antithesis of the stereotype of the jazzman as a shiftless, irresponsible gypsy overfond of strong drink and stronger drugs and oblivious to society. Manne is a teetotaler with an almost puritanical hostility toward the use of all kinds of illegal narcotics.

No social bumblebee, the drummer lives quietly in solid comfort with his wife, Flip, and a stable of show horses in the San Fernando (Calif.) Valley community of Northbridge.

In the typically California-modern home where the Mannes live, one wall of Shelly's wood-paneled den-cum-practice-room is covered with the *Down Beat* poll plaques he has been winning off and on since 1947 and with other awards from a variety of other magazines. Behind the house, beyond the patio and swimming pool, lie the stables and corral where he and his equestrienne spouse exercise the horses daily.

In November, 1960, Manne took a lease on a former Bohemian hangout located on Hollywood's Cahuenga Blvd. and opened a jazz club he dubbed Shelly's Manne-Hole. Like inn-keepers of old, the drummer suspended over the entrance the sign of his establishment—a wooden replica of a manhole cover with the name of the place printed thereon in lurid orange.

Manne deliberately retained the Bohemian atmosphere in the cellarlike club. Moreover, he and Manne-Hole manager Rudy Onderwyzer added a few homey touches of their own so that now the only suitable adjective to describe the present interior is "kookie."

Riddled with nooks and crannies on different floor levels, the Manne-Hole is festooned with a bewilderingly varied collection of tapestries, curios, pictures, and art objects of dubious lineage.

Hung high on one wall is a typical example of the management's whimsy, a framed newspaper front page yellowed with age with the glaring banner headline: "10,000,000 Pairs Of Shoes For Suffering Russia." The newspaper is dated 1920.

Beaming from a dominating position over the bar, which dispenses beer, wine, and coffee, but no hard liquor, is a life-size cardboard Commander Whitehead appropriately draped in a bar apron. Directly above the bar archway, a round, fancily framed photograph of host Shelly Manne, pictured holding a pair of drumsticks and benevolently smiling down on one and all, is labeled "Our Founder."

Manne recently summed up his feeling about the club with understatement: "The beauty of the place," he said, "is its lack of formality."

With the paucity of jazz clubs in the Hollywood area, the Manne-Hole basically is a place for Manne to play on weekends. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays the drummer forgets the monotonous (but lucrative) grind of routine studio recording as he works on his own bandstand with tenor man Richie Kamuca, trumpeter Conte Candoli, pianist Russ Freeman, and bassist Monty Budwig, the regular personnel of Manne's "Men."

But the Manne-Hole has become notable, too, in that it features no fewer than five jazz groups throughout the week. Although these other



but one night apiece, Manne's policy gives some 17 jazzmen the opportunity to play and be heard at least once a week and hands the customers a jazz menu possibly unique in its variety. On weekends, moreover, a vocalist, currently Kittie Doswell, is featured with the Men.

With a capacity of only 125 persons, the Manne-Hole is no potential gold mine nor does the owner anticipate striking it rich. In fact, said Manne, just breaking even each week is a formidable problem. Yet, he is careful to insist on a no-pressure relationship with his customers.

"I want to be fair to the customers," he explained. "By that, I mean I don't want them to feel they're being hustled and hyped. I've seen enough of that in the years I worked jazz clubs all over the country, and I know that waitresses hustling for drinks and big tips can ruin a room."

"I want the customers to feel they can drop by for a beer on their way home and listen to a set without it costing them an arm and a leg, like it can in other clubs around town."

In his role of jazzman-turned-clubowner, Manne said he had come to appreciate the business problems of running a jazz room.

"You have to think of all the things that keep a club from becoming a pigsty," he noted. "For example, the city health department requires you maintain adequate and clean toilet facilities; and the linens must always be clean. Then, too, you've got to see to it that the piano is always in tune; that's most important."

"You must consider the sound in the room. In my place there isn't a spot in the club where you can't hear perfectly well what's being played on the stand. When we first moved in, one of the first things on the agenda was to install a complete and modern sound system. It cost a few hundred dollars, but it was worth it."

"So, you can see that I've come to understand the problems of running a club. There are city and state taxes to be paid, insurance and pension payments for the musicians who work for me, and the details involved in deducting income tax payments for everybody who works there. And on and on. There are problems I didn't even know were so numerous before I opened the place."

Manne doesn't need these headaches. But he accepts them as part of the price to be paid for maintaining a jazz spot he can call his own, where his quintet can drop anchor, and where he can guarantee his musicians steady jobs at least for part of each week—an enviable situation for any permanently organized jazz group.

B EYOND THE confines of Shelly's Manne-Hole, the drummer nurtures a further ambition.

"It's an idea I have in mind," he mused. "I'd like to see about four or five jazz clubs on the same street. I'd like to see Cahuenga Blvd. like 52nd St. as it was in New York during the war. This is what Hollywood needs. We could call it Jazz Street, or something like that, and it would pull all the people who're interested in jazz into one area. I'd love to see a Jazz Street happen out here. In New York everything is so easily accessible."

Whether Manne will ever see his dream realized is, in all practicality, quite doubtful. But in his corner on the future Jazz Street he and his sidemen and the other jazz groups who work for him are doing their bit to keep the hope alive.

Manne's quintet, organized seven years ago, today is judged by many to be one of the country's best small groups. Since Shelly and the Men opened at Los Angeles' Tiffany club in 1955, the drummer-leader has maintained the original quintet format through the years. But today, according to the leader, "the feeling of the front line is different." For one thing, he noted, Richie Kamuca is

I want the customers to feel they can drop by for a beer on their way home and listen to a set without it costing them an arm and a leg. . . .



SKEETZ

now doubling alto saxophone and is working on some "different things" with trumpeter Candoli.

"In the past few months," Manne said, "we've been playing some of John Williams' compositions, and we're started rehearsing a long work by Bill Holman. Also, we're going to be doing some of Russ Freeman's pieces. I feel Russ is one of the best jazz writers around."

At the height of the groove-funk-soul fad, when any jazz record company's contemporaneity could be measured by its output of Gospelized sounds, Manne dropped in one day at *Down Beat's* Hollywood offices. After a few minutes of small talk, he gestured impatiently and asked:

"Are they serious with all this soul stuff? Man, it's getting to the point where you can't pick up a new jazz album without it being so-called soul music. And so much of it is junk! Where's the musicality gone?"

He continued in that vein awhile and then, having gotten the complaint off his chest, subsided and left shortly thereafter.

This is typical of the drummer. Manne has always been outspoken. One of his more celebrated blasts once got him on the cover of *Down Beat* after he declared that

The real way to find out how a man plays is to find out the feelings of those who've played with him over a long period.



playing with the Stan Kenton Band was like chopping wood. The cover photo showed Manne wielding an ax at a log with Kenton standing Simon Legree-like behind him.

Manne is far from happy with the general situation in jazz today. He ascribes much of the disorder to the writings and attitudes of jazz critics.

"Take swinging!" he exclaimed. "What's happening? Would someone please tell me that? I feel a lot of people may have read a certain thing swings, and they accept it. Well, a lot of people are laboring under a delusion created by groove-funk-soul.

"The best group I've heard in recent years is the Sonny Rollins Quartet with Jim Hall. It's a band! They listen to one another and function in such relation to each other that the listener can relate too. They follow their own train of thought—and it can be far out but still be valid."

He then added his opinion that sometimes the honesty of musicians is open to question when they follow the call of the far-out "just because it hasn't been done before."

The drummer shifted his aim a bit and continued, "I blame the jazz critics a little bit too. They're steered a lot of the time by the in-group of musicians. Then, later, they

try to retrace their steps—when, for example, the musicians they once touted begin to be successful and aren't starving anymore."

Moving to record reviewers, he declared, "I don't think they should become so devastatingly critical. I agree that a lot of 12-inch albums shouldn't be made unless the artist has enough to say to fill that particular LP, but it seems to me that the reviewers all too frequently give five stars to the first LP of a line of albums just because it's new, maybe, and the artist's first effort.

"I'm against the star system. It's not fair. The reviewers are influencing the younger, jazz-buying public. And, after all, a review is just one man's opinion. They don't necessarily have a star system on paintings.

"Jazz criticism reminds me of the car industry. The new model comes out, and maybe this year it has a little more or a little less chrome or a different grille. Everybody wants the new car even though their own may run just fine. To me, critics have become car salesmen, only with music. They discard last year's model too frequently."

Manne said the influence of critics is felt keenly in another important way as well: praising too highly and prematurely some new players, resulting sometimes in these basically untried men regarding themselves, and being regarded by others, as "new stars."

"This really affects young musicians," Manne said. "They begin playing the way they think they're expected to, not the way they really feel."

In a word to the wise critic, Manne suggested this recipe:

"The real way to find out how a man plays is to find out the feelings of those who've played with him over a long period. You can't judge how a man, or a group, plays on one hearing, or in one night when he may not be feeling his best. In a 20-minute concert it's hard to hear all the subtleties in a musician that have made him popular over the years. It's just hard to hear what a musician *does* in 20 minutes."

He returned to his distaste for the star system to elaborate:

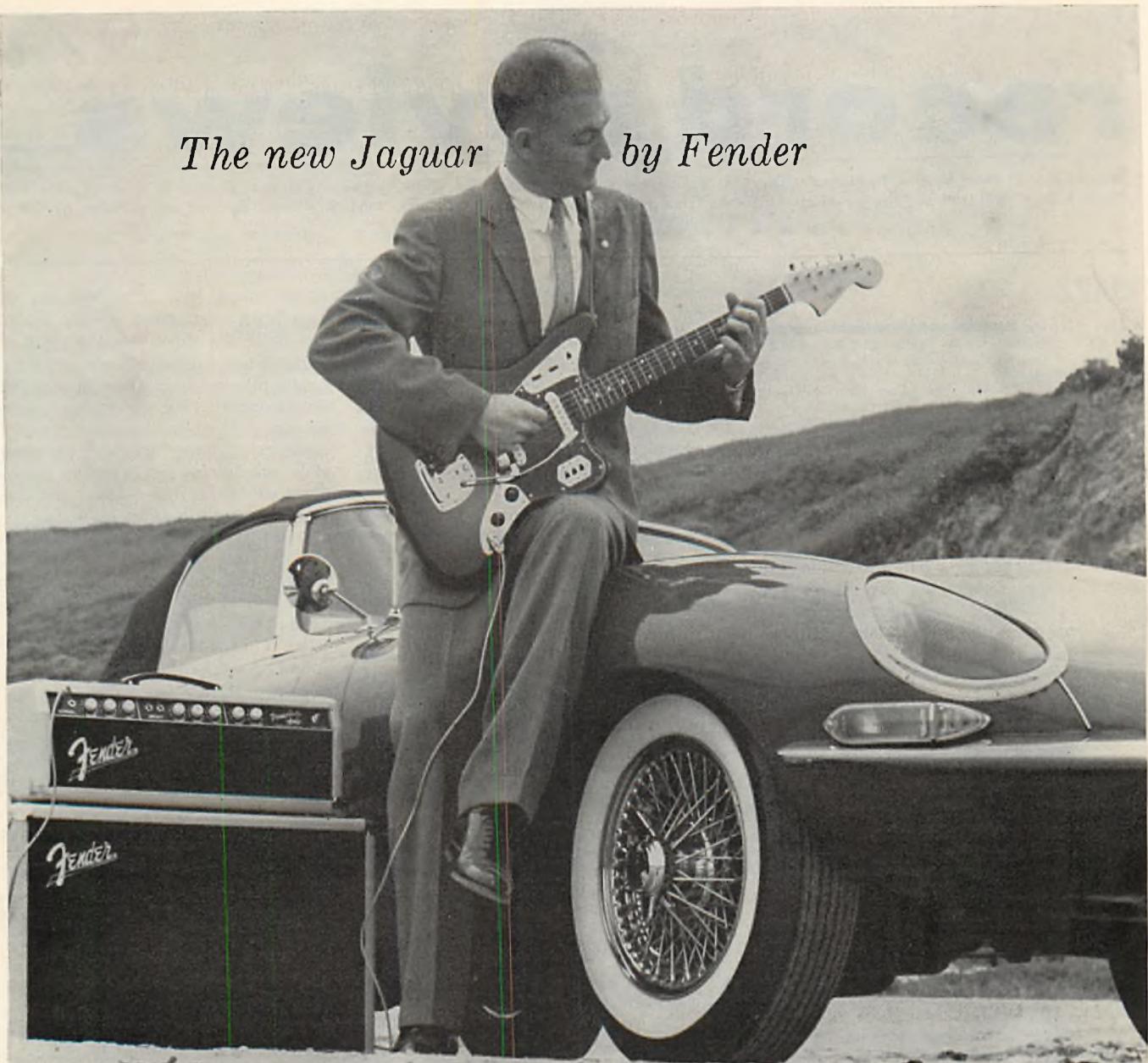
"It used to be," he recalled, "that I'd go down to the local record shop to hear what just came out. This was in the days of 78s and, later, 10-inch LPs. At that time, you'd buy the record. It didn't matter too much what it was. You'd buy it, period. Now, today, there may be one side in the whole LP that's really good—and this one side may be lost if the entire album doesn't measure up critically to it. This is one of the bad things about starring albums. Maybe critics should judge the sides individually. I feel if a guy does something worth the five-star rating on one track—something truly outstanding, say—then the whole album should rate five stars for one touch of greatness."

"Take Hawk's *Body and Soul*. Now this is one of the greatest recorded jazz performances. But if this performance of *Body and Soul* were to be recorded today and were released as one track in an LP that as a whole didn't measure up to that performance, what would happen to that really great side? Would it get lost in the star shuffle?"

THROUGHOUT Shelly Manne's career in jazz he has been identified with searching out different musical avenues of expression. This was evident in his work with the other ex-Stan Kenton musicians, who, in the early 1950s, made the West Coast synonymous with experimentalism in jazz; it was obvious in Manne's first 10-inch LPs on Contemporary when the drummer led the way to explorations with such musicians as Russ Freeman and Jimmy Giuffre. This is no less true today; only the context has changed.

"I've always been happy as long as I'm playing," he said. "I still feel enthusiastic about playing and experimenting and swinging."

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Santa Ana, California

record reviews

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

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

JAZZ

Ray Brown

RAY BROWN WITH THE ALL-STAR BIG BAND—Verve 8444: *Work Song; It Happened in Monterey; My One and Only Love; Tricotism; Thumbstring; Cannon Ball; Two for the Blues; Day In, Day Out; Baubles, Bangles, and Beads.*

Personnel: Ernie Royal, Joe Newman, Nat Adderley, Clark Terry, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Melba Liston, Britt Woodman, Paul Faulkner, trombones; Cannonball Adderley, Budd Johnson, Earl Warren, Yusef Lateef, Seldon Powell, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Tommy Flanagan or Hank Jones, piano; Brown, bass, cello; Sam Jones, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Ernie Wilkins, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The excellence of a handful of jazzmen often is taken for granted. Ray Brown is a case in point. When bassists are discussed, it is Brown who is most often mentioned as top man. It has been this way since the late '40s. The jazz world being what it is, there has been a search for a new head to crown; none has been found.

Taking Brown for granted is a mistake. Each time he plays, it seems, a quality unnoticed before, a new facet of his work, is revealed, and the listener is left with gaping mouth. And this album, while revealing nothing extraordinarily new about Brown, reaffirms his position as an extraordinary musician.

In the rhythm section, his bass lines are of such attraction and force that a couple of times I found myself listening more to Brown than to the soloist or the band.

Most of his solos, both bass and cello, are excellent. In two instances he performs astonishingly: on *Work Song* he plays two passages on bass that are almost unbelievable in conception and execution, as is his slashing cello cadenza at the end of *Thumbstring*. And Brown plays more nearly in tune than other bassists-turned-cellists in jazz, but even he tends to flatness.

Cannonball Adderley is the other featured soloist. He performs well, more than that on *Work Song* and *Thumbstring*, but most of his solos are a trifle busy and fall short of his usual excellence. There also are brief solos by Nat Adderley, Lateef, and, I believe, Newman—Leonard Feather's notes do not say who plays trumpet solos on *Monterey*, *Thumbstring*, and *Two*.

Ernie Wilkins, who wrote most of the arrangements, deserves equal credit with Brown for the album's success. His use of alto with bass or cello is attractive, and it becomes all the more so when he contrasts it with various combinations of instruments or with the full band. In *Work Song* he achieves a shade-and-light effect by writing the first call-and-response theme statement for low-register alto and bass and then brightening this dark sound with high-register brass and up-an-octave alto-led saxes in the second statement. Another striking bit of writing by Wilkins is the intro to *Baubles* in which an alto-cello

passage becomes ensnared in a wriggling complex of woodwinds. His brass writing throughout is notable, as is the power he achieves with the full band.

Al Cohn scored *My One*, *Tricotism*, and *Day In*. The first two are skeletal, and the third, while craftsmanlike, is shallow compared with Wilkins' work.

In the notes Brown is quoted as being disappointed with Cohn's work. This seems unnecessary and in bad taste, though there is some comment by Feather that this is a reflection of Brown's honesty.

But verbal breach of taste aside, this is a fine album. (D.DeM.)

Buddy De Franco-Tommy Gumina

PRESENTING THE BUDDY DE FRANCO-TOMMY GUMINA QUARTET—Mercury 20685: *When Lights Are Low; Street of Dreams; Runaway; Never on Friday; Gone with the Wind; 'S Wonderful; On Green Dolphin Street; Scapple from the Apple; Playin' It Cool; You Are Too Beautiful.*

Personnel: De Franco, clarinet; Gumina, accordion; Bill Plummer, bass; Johnny Guerin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is the second album by the De Franco-Gumina quartet, one of the most musically rewarding jazz groups in the country.

Since their initial LP on Decca-Pacific (*Swingin'*) *Standard Time*—the clarinetist and accordionist have grown to the point where they appear to think and play as one. DeFranco, better than ever, is a sometimes incredible improviser. Gumina is one of the most impressive jazz accordionists in years.

The quartet's chief virtue lies in its unique sound. Because of the generally unexploited potential of the accordion in jazz, the instrument has been sneered at all too often; in Gumina's hands it becomes a powerhouse of expression, swelling to a roar when demanded, subsiding gently when required. Thus, control of dynamics in the group is one of its strong points. Tonally, the clarinet-accordion combination is equally striking. With Gumina able to employ the wide variety of voicings his box holds, his playing forms at times a colorfully shifting backdrop for the clarinet.

Do they swing? Emphatically yes! Plummer and Guerin play with strength and taste and with undeviating time.

If you appreciate musicality in jazz, get this. (J.A.T.)

Red Garland

THE NEARNESS OF YOU—Jazzland 62: *Why Was I Born?; The Nearness of You; Where or When?; Long Ago and Far Away; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; Don't Worry About Me; Lush Life; All Alone.*

Personnel: Garland, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Frank Gant, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

I am unable to get very enthusiastic

about mood jazz LPs. Not out of any high-flown conception of the esthetic—I just don't dig them, for the most part.

But I am compelled to admit that Garland's playing is capable of transcending that category. For one thing, everything he does at more rapid tempos he is capable of doing as well at extremely slow speeds: his touch just as delicate, or more so; his rhythmic delays and anticipations just as exquisite; his melodic imagery just as sweeping.

Moreover, despite the widespread use of the block-chord technique currently in vogue, Garland is, with the possible exception of Wynton Kelly, the only one who is capable of utilizing it without sounding mechanical and stiff.

Bassist Ridley has a tendency to play flat in solo; otherwise, the album is flawless. Were mood jazz a separate category in itself, this would be a five-star entry therein. (F.K.)

Tubby Hayes

TUBBY THE TENOR—Epic 16023: *You for Me; Soon; Airegin; Doxie; A Pint of Bitter; Opus Ocean.*

Personnel: Hayes, tenor saxophone; Eddie Costa, vibraphone; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Horace Parlan, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★

If nothing else, this disc proves that Britain is producing soloists who can be just as long-winded as any of our home-grown products. Hayes has an ingratiating tone and a fluent, moving manner of expression. But as minutes of aimless diddle-daddle pile up, ingratiating wears thin and fluency proves more of a bore than a boon.

When Parlan and Costa get their solo spots, they also stay on endlessly. Only Terry, in his two appearances, leaves the listener wanting more. One gets the impression that his solos are much shorter than the others. But possibly they just seem short in comparison because he gives one something to listen to.

This disc is in keeping with Epic's apparent policy to reinstitute the dreary blowing sessions that once occupied so many jazz releases but that, fortunately, have been on the wane for the last year or two. (J.S.W.)

Taft Jordan

MOOD INDIGO!!!—Moodsville 21: *Mood Indigo; Warm Valley; Lost in Meditation; Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me; In a Sentimental Mood; I Didn't Know About You; Sophisticated Lady.*

Personnel: Jordan, trumpet; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Richard Wyands, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Jordan recalls his four years with Ellington in the mid-'40s with a set

heavily weighted toward moody ballads. Oddly, the entire first side—*Mood, Valley*, and *Lost*—is quite desultory, Jordan playing bland muted trumpet over plodding accompaniment and, along with Burrell and Wyands, removing the texture and mood that one expects to find in these pieces, reducing them to a trail of routine blowing solos.

On the other side, however, Jordan perks up. He digs in on the second chorus of *Do Nothin'* and injects some color and warmth with a growling muted solo. And then, on *Sentimental Mood*, he justifies the entire album with a superb display of lustrous open-horn playing, moving easily over a wide range and getting some particularly good low-range sounds.

A little more variety, a little more thought, and a little more interest might have made this a very good set. (J.S.W.)

Stan Kenton

SOPHISTICATED APPROACH—Capitol 1674: *But Beautiful; Darn That Dream; It Might as Well Be Spring; Moonlight Becomes You; How Do I Look in Blue?; You Stepped Out of a Dream; How Long Has This Been Going On?; Memoirs of a Lady; Time after Time; Easy to Love; My One and Only Love; Like Someone in Love.*

Personnel: Bob Behrendt, Bud Brisbois, Bob Rolfe, Dalton Smith, Mary Stamm, trumpets; Jim Amelotte, Bob Fitzpatrick, Newell Parker, Jack Spurlock, trombones; Dwight Carver, Keith LaMatte, Gene Roland, Carl Saunders, mellophones; Dave Wheeler, tuba; Gabe Baltazar, Sam Donahue, Wayne Dunstan, Mary Holladay, Paul Renzi, saxophones; Kenton, piano; Keith Mitchell, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums; George Acevedo, Latin percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This attractive collection of jazz-based dance orchestrations is by far the best of the several albums the most-recent Kenton band has recorded. It sets out to be nothing more than a program of warm, moody dance music with decided jazz overtones and, as such, succeeds far more admirably than have the previous, more ambitious discs.

The pace is unhurried, the playing relaxed and sure, and the dark-hued orchestrations Lennie Niehaus has provided are warm, supple, and sensuous. The arrangements, moreover, emphasize very successfully the somber, autumnal quality the mellophonium section can impart.

The band does complete justice to the scores, blending well, shading nicely, and building to effective climaxes. The intonation problems that plagued the band previously seem to be completely licked here. The ripe, full sound the band gets suggests awesome power carefully under control, which is indeed the case.

In short, a superior dance-ballad collection. (P.W.)

Herbie Mann

HERBIE MANN AT THE VILLAGE GATE—Atlantic 1380: *Comin' Home, Baby; Summertime; It Ain't Necessarily So.*

Personnel: Mann, various flutes; Hagood Hardy, vibraphone; Ahmad Abdul-Malik or Ben Tucker, bass; Ray Mantilla, conga drum, percussion; Chief Bey, African drum, percussion; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This isn't a bad album although I'm not sure whether to call it jazz or heterogeneous ethnic music.

Mann's playing on *Ain't Necessarily So* has obviously been influenced by Near East-

ern music. He has an extremely long solo on this track, which lasts 19 minutes and 55 seconds. The solo doesn't build, but at least he is inventive enough to keep interest from deteriorating completely. On *Comin' Home*, however, his solo is a series of clichés.

The best soloist is Hardy. He's a kind of modern Lionel Hampton; he double-times a lot and even sings along with his playing and uses vibrato effectively.

The rhythm section can be heard to good advantage on *Ain't Necessarily*. It's a mixed bag—Bey is from Dakar and Abdul-Malik's parents were born in the Sudan, and his bass playing suggests he has a good working knowledge of the music of Africa and the Middle East. (H.P.)

Charlie Mingus

OH YEAH—Atlantic 1377: *Hog Callin' Blues; Devil Woman; Wham, Bam, Thank You, Ma'am; Ecclasiastics; Oh, Lord, Don't Let Them Drop That Atomic Bomb on Me; Eat That Chicken; Passions of a Man.*

Personnel: Roland Kirk, flute, siren, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich; Booker Ervin, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Mingus, piano, vocals; Doug Watkins, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

There are three sides of Mingus' talent to consider here: his piano playing, composing, and singing. I'll dispense with the last rather quickly. His efforts at blues singing do not challenge such diverse masters as Joe Turner, Ray Charles, or the late Big Bill Broonzy.

However, as his Period LPs with Thad Jones demonstrated, he is an excellent piano soloist. His touch is often surprisingly gentle, and he can produce sonorities that are full and luminous.

His single-note lines on *Devil Woman* and *Ecclasiastics* are graceful and well controlled. Not only does he conceive some relatively unusual harmonic and rhythmic ideas, but he unfailingly resolves them as well. His complex double-time passages on *Ecclasiastics*, for instance, come off beautifully. And note how skillfully his playing evolves into those passages. There is no sharp transition between the original and speeded-up tempos.

The best composition on the album is *Wham, Bam*, a charging, dissonant piece based on *What Is This Thing Called Love?*

Chicken is supposed to be "an affectionate tribute to Fats Waller." There's a really funny square tenor solo by Kirk, and everyone seems to be having a ball hollering "eat that chicken" over Mingus' simple piano riffs. People who complain that modern jazz is humorless should welcome this track.

Annotater Nat Hentoff says *Passions* is an "evocation of the constant war between pleasure and frustration, between life and death within us all." It consists of a conversation that suggests an African dialect (I'm sorry not to be more definite, but I'm no linguist), accompanied by shrieks from the reeds and ominous drum figures. Every once in a while familiar words pop up, i.e., Mau Mau, America, Russia, atomic bomb, and, at the end, freedom.

The remaining four tunes are strongly influenced by primitive blues and Negro church music. Mingus has milked these sources dry. The heavy 3/4 time, the un-

restrained collective improvisation meant to suggest a revival meeting, the use of vocal cries—"Oh, yeah" or "Oh, Yes, My Lord"—these devices are beginning to pall.

Some of his earlier pieces, such as *Minor Intrusion* and *Alice's Wonderland*, had just as much soul and were a thousand times richer harmonically and rhythmically.

As usual, Mingus has surrounded himself with good sidemen. Multi-reed man Kirk blows impassioned, Rollins-inspired tenor throughout and takes a terrific strich (or is it manzello?) solo on *Wham, Bam*.

Ervin's frequent use of the upper register and leaping intervals marks him as a member of the Coltrane-out-of-Sonny-Stitt-and-Dexter-Gordon school. He swings powerfully yet effortlessly.

The work of Richmond has too often been overlooked. He is a very inventive musician and seems to be able to play with as much strength or subtlety as the occasion demands. (H.P.)

Sonny Rollins

THE BRIDGE—Victor 2527: *Without a Song; Where Are You? John S.; The Bridge; God Bless the Child; You Do Something to Me.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

At the risk of being unable to give Rollins a higher numerical rating when he surpasses this album (and I have every confidence that he will) this set still has to be placed in the superlative class.

Rollins began playing in clubs again late last year, but not everyone has had the opportunity to hear him in person. For a great number of people, this release is the return of Sonny—the bridge between the past and the present, to enlarge upon the album's title.

He has not changed his style drastically but has solidified and extended certain elements while paring others. In his two years of self-exile, he re-examined his horn and himself from many angles. Now the man and his horn are one. In this unity, there is no excess, no waste—a perfect combination of the cerebral and the emotional. Not every note he plays is pregnant with meaning, but the greater part of the time one is aware that he is building ideas in a pattern of a grand design. This brand of thematic development was his before his retirement, but today it is a more total expression.

The instrumental make-up of his new combo (billed as Sonny Rollins & Co.) seems ideal in that it gives him a textural setting unlike other groups and also affords him the freedom to do the soaring of which he is so capable.

Hall continues to develop as a guitarist from all standpoints. His up-tempo solos have more mobility and fluidity than ever before, and as background complement to Rollins, he is as wise as he is warm. Cranshaw provides a solid pulse that also reveals a fine ear and a well-developed sound. Riley, who is replaced ably by Saunders on *Child*, is equally strong and sensitive.

The material is divided into three well-balanced areas. The standards, *Song* and

Something, are swung but also contain sections of free time that give them structure and contrast beyond that of the usual "blowing tune." Yet they are played with the informality of such tunes. These movements in and out of tempo are not prearranged.

The ballads are gorgeous. *Where Are You?* shows Rollins' tenderness built on a bedrock of strength; *God Bless* walks on hallowed Holiday ground and is an extremely sensitive performance.

John S. has a pace and construction all its own with some beautifully timed unison by tenor and guitar before a Rollins solo that builds and builds in design and intensity. *Bridge*, an *I Got Rhythm* variant with some Ornette Coleman overtones in the melody statements, has Rollins at his most exciting, plus excellent Hall and Riley solos. (I.G.)

Synanon Band

SOUNDS OF SYNANON—Pacific Jazz 48: CED; Aaron's Song; Stay Loose; Projections; Hang Tough; Self-Image; Last Call for Coffee.

Personnel: Dave Allan, trumpet; Greg Dykes, baritone horn; Arnold Ross, piano; Joe Pass, guitar; Ronald Clark, bass; Bill Crawford, drums; Candy Latson, bangos.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is not a natural grouping of styles, in the sense that the musicians sought each other out on the basis of what they had in common musically. However, the common bond they did have was far more important: Synanon, the unique home of self-helping narcotic addicts in Santa Monica, Calif., probably saved the lives of all of them.

Because the proportion of musicians at

Synanon, like the proportion in society at large, is small, there was very little choice in assembling the personnel.

In view of those circumstances, the results are much more successful than might have been expected. The music represents a gentle, unaggressive, relaxed type of jazz that many may want to welcome back on the scene in this era of harsh tonal comment.

The album does more than merely present a group of good musicians. It unveils a star. In Pass Synanon and Pacific Jazz have discovered a major jazz talent, I believe. His style is as fluent and as technically impressive as any guitarists' now playing jazz; his sound is the soft, easy tone of the Jimmy Raney school; his statements are confident, with superb melodic imagination and structure. Pass is also a composer to watch out for, as *Hang Tough* indicates.

Allan's trumpet gets a nice sound in the Chet Baker bag, and his composition *Self-Image*, the longest and most beautiful track in the set, is a haunting theme.

It is good to hear Ross back on the scene. His piano is as tasteful and skillful as ever, and he has contributed a couple of casual, pleasant originals, one of which, as the notes point out, strongly recalls the Shorty Rogers period of the early '50s but is stronger in solo statements than in ensemble.

Dykes' baritone horn, evocative of Bob Brookmeyer at times, is an interesting voice, heard to advantage in his own line *Projections*.

The rhythm section is adequate, espe-

cially in view of the fact that neither percussionist has any professional background. The tempos are much steadier than you would expect.

The rating, if it is to be broken down, might be figured at 3½ stars for the music as a whole and an extra star for Pass.

(L.G.F.)

Cal Tjader

SATURDAY NIGHT, SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE BLACK HAWK, SAN FRANCISCO—Verve 8459; Summertime; 222 Time; Noonie's Groove; This Can't Be Love; Stablesman; Weep; Fred's Ahead; Stompin' at the Savoy. Personnel: Tjader, vibraphone; Lonnie Hewitt, piano; Freddy Schreiber, bass; John Rae, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This quartet of Tjader's is a hard-swinging group, driven by Rae's sensitive drumming and the big, propulsive beat of Schreiber's bass. As a result, even when Tjader's vibes solos and Hewitt's piano solos seem to be going on in endless circles, the pieces are at least moving rhythmically.

Not that Tjader and Hewitt are not capable soloists. But without some variant of the ensemble feeling that the Modern Jazz Quartet, for instance, gets, the succession of piano solos and vibes solos gets fairly monotonous.

Schreiber comes in for an occasional solo, but this scarcely relieves the generally monotonous sound of the group.

The performances are loose and airy, but none of the soloists is sufficiently distinctive to raise the set out of an anonymous although generally pleasant rut.

(J.S.W.)

WORTH HAVING / PACIFIC JAZZ

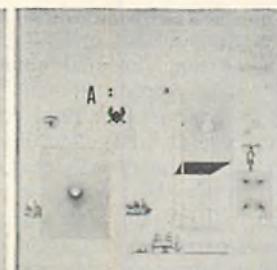
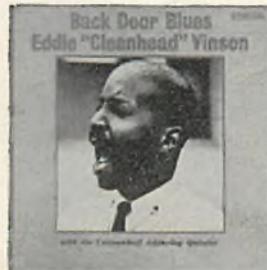
TEN SIGNIFICANT SETS FROM PACIFIC JAZZ: RICHARD HOLMES & LES McCANN together again, this time with the strongest performances of their recording careers (*Something Special*, PJ-51); TRICKY LOFTON & CARMELL JONES assisted by arranger GERALD WILSON in a full-blown brass affair (*Brass Bag*, PJ-49); the solo debut of pianist CLARE FISCHER unveils a major new talent and one of the most amazing rhythm sections ever recorded (*First Time Out*, PJ-52); CURTIS AMY presents an all-new seven piece group featuring VICTOR FELDMAN (*Way Down*, PJ-46); McCANN, TURRENTINE & MITCHELL in a fantastic "live" performance (*McCann In New York*, PJ-45); GERRY MULLIGAN in concert performances with friends ZOOT SIMS & BOB BROOKMEYER (*California Concerts*, PJ-50); an aggressive new set by the very impressive JAZZ CRUSADERS (*Lookin' Ahead*, PJ-43); GERALD WILSON'S great orchestra is used as an effective display for the improvisations of RICHARD HOLMES & CARMELL JONES (*You Better Believe It*, PJ-34); the famous SYNANON musicians for the first time on records (*Sounds Of Synanon*, PJ-48); and RICHARD HOLMES & GENE AMMONS with a wild and exciting organ-tenor duel (*Groovin' With Jug*, PJ-32).



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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES

Jackie McLean

LIGHTS OUT—Prestige/New Jazz 8263: *Lights Out; Up; Lorraine; A Foggy Day; Kerplunk; Inding.*

Personnel: Donald Byrd, trumpet; McLean, alto saxophone; Elmo Hope, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; Arthur Taylor, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The reader may judge for himself the ethics of re-releasing a record some half-dozen years old while giving the buying public no indication that the recording session that produced it took place in the mid-50's. (But shouldn't laws that demand adequate labeling apply equally well in the record industry?)

With two blues, two "rhythm" tunes, one standard, and one ballad penned by trumpeter Byrd, this album could be taken as a typical blowing date of that era; but, if representative in composition, it is above average in merit.

McLean and Byrd, though both relative youngsters at the time, were veterans, especially the saxophonist, who had developed an unmistakably personal style that, until recently, persisted unchanged. Pianist Hope is underrecorded—a shame, for the flowing, long-lined approach he displayed then comes off well in comparison to the present trend toward ersatz primitivism on that instrument.

Byrd seems to be mesmerized into repeating one particular set of blues chord changes on *Kerplunk*; other than that, the solos are uniformly meritorious.

As a final note, I suggest those who are greatly impressed with some of Ornette Coleman's lines listen to the ending of McLean's *Inding*. It may be that the "new thing"—if such exists—is not so new after all. (F.K.)

Hot Lips Page/Cozy Cole

HOT AND COZY—Continental 16007: *The Lady in Bed; Gee, Baby; Big D Blues; They Raided the Joint; Corsicana; Sunset Blues; Look Here; Take It on Back; Comes the Dow; The Beat; Bouncy; Blues at Dawn.*

Personnel: tracks 1-3—Page, trumpet, vocals; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Sam Allen, guitar; Carl Wilson, bass; Jessie Price, drums. Tracks 4-6—Page; Ben Webster, Don Byas, tenor saxophones; Benny Morton, trombone; remaining personnel unlisted. Tracks 7-10—Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, Walter Thomas or Byas, tenor saxophones; Clyde Hart or Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; Cole, drums. Tracks 11, 12—Johnny Bothwell, Otto Hardwicke, alto saxophones; Charlie Ventura, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Red Norvo, vibraphone; Jones, piano; John Levy, bass; Specs Powell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This set can only set one to bemoaning the fate of Lips Page. Hauled out of the Basie band before it went east in 1936 because he seemed to have the potential to head a group of his own, Page never fully realized that potential either as a leader or on the records he made.

The first side of this disc, which is devoted to Page, is better than the general treatment he got on records because half of it is superb. His three pieces with Thompson, Dickenson, and rhythm section offer Lips in his best form as both vocalist and trumpeter, playing and singing with tremendous warmth and enthusiasm. Thompson is brilliantly willowy

in his solos and backing, while Dickenson opens *Lady in Bed* with a vaulting trombone solo. But while Page upholds his own standards in his other three selections, he is weighed down by dull, heavy ensemble playing and tawdry lyrics.

Cole's four entries (tracks 7-10) are unpretentious, casually kicked off small-group selections that include a strong Hawkins solo, some dark and swimming playing by Byas, and some of Shavers' buckshot trumpet work.

In quality, this set runs a very broad gamut, but the three Page pieces give it unquestioned value. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Kenny Burrell

WEAVER OF DREAMS—Columbia 1703: *I'll Buy You a Star; Weaver of Dreams; The More I See You; I'm Just a Lucky So and So; A Fine Romance; Until the Real Thing Comes Along; The Blues Is Awful Mean; That Old Feeling; If I Had You; Hootchie-Koo; Afternoon in Paris; Like Someone in Love.*

Personnel: Bobby Jaspar, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Burrell, vocals, guitar; Joe Benjamin or Wendell Marshall, bass; Bill English or Bobby Donaldson, drums.

Rating: ★ *

If Burrell were not a good and fairly popular guitarist, he probably wouldn't have been given the opportunity to cut a vocal album. He has a pleasant baritone voice and a relaxed delivery, but so do a lot of other men.

He has selected a number of attractive ballads, some seldom heard, but the only vocal track that rises above the ordinary is *Awful Mean*, on which the going gets a little salty.

Two tracks, *Hootchie-Koo* and *Paris*, are instrumental. Burrell plays well on both, taking the neat, long-lined solos we have come to expect of him. However, his accompaniment of Flanagan on *Hootchie-Koo* is surprisingly tasteless. He uses a rhythmic figure under the pianist that is usually associated with the Twist. Happily, Flanagan does not try to retaliate. His section work is as discreet and sensitive as ever. (H.P.)

Jackie Cain-Roy Kral

DOUBLE TAKE—Columbia 8504 and 1704: *Cheerful Little Earful; You Smell So Good; Let's Get Away from It All; Season in the Sun; Glasses and Ashes and Bottles and Cans; Could You Use Me?; The Continental; Let's Take a Walk around the Block; Side by Side; I Wish I Were in Love Again; Daahoud; Together Wherever We Go.*

Personnel: Miss Cain, vocals; Kral, vocals, piano; Ted Snyder, bass, tuba; Stan Harris, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If you would like to be thoroughly entertained by two charming, hip people, with their assortment of special material and other material that they make special, this is for you. Jackie and Roy combine jazz feeling with the best of sophisticated popular music from the musical comedy stage and the supper club.

The only drawbacks here are a coyness that is sometimes overdone and a certain similarity in approach. However, neither is strong enough to be a large debit. The latter might have been overcome if Jackie had done some of her excellent ballads, such as *Lazy Afternoon*. But *Double Take* was conceived as a duet album, and it does stand up well on its own.

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The husband-and-wife team has a rapport that manifests itself in the little asides as well as their two-part harmonizing. The ride-out on *Side by Side* is a Basie band in miniature, and the wordless Daahoud has the good elements of small-combo jazz. Kral has a piano solo on *Daahoud* which isn't particularly impressive, but his short bit on *Continental* is very good. This latter piece is a perfect example of how they can put new shining armor on an old war horse.

The two Tommy Wolf numbers—*Season*, with lyrics by Fran Landesman, and *Smell*, lyrics by Harry Stone—are clever, swinging fun all the way, and Kral's own *Glasses* is a witty description of after-the-party weariness. *Together*, from *Gypsy*, makes use of the tuba as a third voice, blended smoothly with J&R.

Many of the numbers are from the duo's standard repertoire. *Cheerful*, *Smell*, *Season*, *Block*, *Love Again*, and *Daahoud* all appeared in earlier versions on the now-defunct Storyville label. If you never owned those, this is especially worth having. The stereo is fine and serves a purpose here.

President John F. Kennedy and his lady may be our land's first couple, but Jackie and Roy are the United States' hippest couple. And as for the Jackies, give me Cain while I'm able. (I.G.)

Carol Sloane

OUT OF THE BLUE—Columbia 1766: *Prelude to a Kiss*; *Aren't You Glad You're You?*; *Little Girl Blue*; *Who Cares?*; *My Ship*; *Will You Still Be Mine?*; *The More I See You*; *Deep Purple*; *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries*; *My Silent Love*; *Night and Day*.

Personnel: Miss Sloane, vocals, accompanied by various groups that include Nick Travis, trumpet; Clark Terry, flugelhorn; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Al Klink, flute; Bernie Leighton, piano; Barry Galbraith or Jim Hull, guitar; Art Davis or George Duvivier, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Miss Sloane is the girl who was the hit at the 1961 festival at Newport, R.I. Introduced on an afternoon program of lesser lights, she so impressed the meager audience that turned out for this event that she was brought back to sing for a full house on a night program and repeated her success.

Her first album scarcely does her justice. She is hemmed in by tempos and arrangements, most by Bill Finegan, that weigh her down. She sounds tight and strained much of the time and is consistently recorded in a husky manner whereas she is actually a warm and airy singer.

Her natural talents shine through best on such rhythm pieces as *Aren't You Glad?* and *Will You Still Be Mine?* On this last tune she has a chance to open up and sing, to escape from the glottal trap she is in most of the time. Just as it was at Newport, her prime success here is *Little Girl Blue* with its ad lib verse over guitar chords easing into a beautifully conceived chorus.

The record is full of wonderful spots by Brookmeyer, both as accompanist and soloist. These are the best moments in the set, an unfortunate thing to have to say about a disc that is focused on a vocal-

Miss Sloane has the equipment and the outlook to do a good, personal LP, but this is not it. (J.S.W.)

Frank Sinatra

SINATRA AND STRINGS—Reprise 1004: *I Hadn't Anyone Till You*; *Night and Day*; *Misty*; *Stardust*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *Prisoner of Love*; *That's All*; *All or Nothing at All*; *Yesterday*.

Personnel: Sinatra, vocals; Don Costa, conductor; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Judging from this recording, Sinatra's voice, sad to say, is beginning to go. A touch of strain and awkwardness has crept in where ease and grace had prevailed. Vibrato and intonation are a little less controlled now, and there is occasional involuntary cracking or wavering unknown in the best Sinatra days. He does not hold notes quite as long as before, and the high ones seem to come harder than ever. These are the early signs of a middle-aged voice about to fall into physical decline.

Despite these bleak facts of life, Sinatra remains today more singer than the next half-dozen men you can think of. There are fine moments of feelingful song here if not the consistent high performance level of earlier recordings.

His version of *Stardust* is of particular interest; he sings only the verse, omitting the better-known chorus altogether.

Costa's arrangements, in the Hollywood tradition of lush string scoring, are quite acceptable in this context. (R.B.H.)

Sarah Vaughan

YOU'RE MINE YOU—Roulette 52082: *You're Mine, You*; *The Best Is Yet to Come*; *Witchcraft*; *Sa Long*; *Second Time Around*; *I Could Write a Book*; *Maria*; *Bubbles, Bangles, and Beads*; *In Other Words*; *Moonglow*; *Invitation*; *On Green Dolphin Street*.

Personnel: Miss Vaughan, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Quincy Jones, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

For the most part, Miss Vaughan is a supper-club rather than a jazz singer here. This may suit the kind of people who think Andre Kostelanetz is peachy-fine, but anyone who knows what she can do will be disappointed.

Her vibrato is so syrupy at times that it is oppressive. She tries to handle *Maria* as Callas might. Technically, she makes everything but in the process sounds rather pretentious.

Nowhere does she display the unaffected youthful tenderness of her 1946 recording of *It Might as Well Be Spring* with John Kirby's group or, with the exception of *Moonglow*, hint at the far-out harmonic conception of her '40s version of *Mean to Me*, on which she sings a counter-melody on the chords in the last eight bars the way Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie might improvise.

Miss Vaughan has her best moments on this album on the tunes that are taken above a slow tempo. On these, at least, she swings.

Jones' arrangements are adequate but still commonplace. He ought to dig Tadd Dameron's writings for strings behind Miss Vaughan on things like *You're Not the Kind*. Dameron succeeded in being creative in a situation where the work of most arrangers sounds anonymous and monotonously similar. (H.P.)

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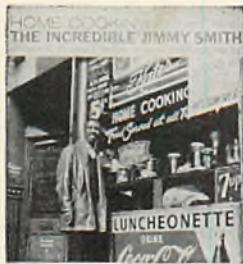


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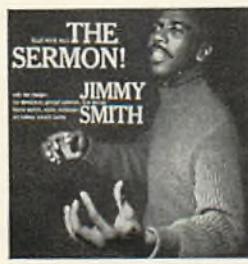
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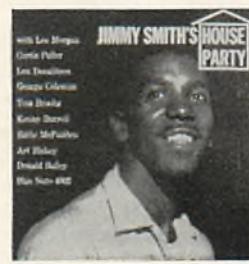
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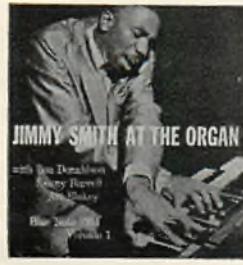
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REPACKAGES

The repackaging of jazz albums released since 1955 but subsequently cut out of the catalog continues at a steady pace. The policy of issuing these older recordings usually with new titles, catalog numbers, sometimes new notes, and different covers is generally admirable; most of the new packages are the cream of a company's past releases.

Prestige has instituted such a reissue program with two excellent items: Miles Davis' *The Beginning* (7221), originally titled *Musings of Miles*, and Milt Jackson's *Soul Pioneers* (7224), first released as *Milt Jackson Quartet*.

The Davis album was his first 12-inch LP, and, supported by pianist Red Garland, bassist Oscar Pettiford, and drummer Philly Joe Jones, the trumpeter turns in an excellent performance, his playing ranging from a finely etched version of *I See Your Face Before Me* to an abstract but forceful *A Night in Tunisia* solo. He sounds like a pixie with guts on *I Didn't*, his solo seemingly floating in space. On *A Gal in Calico* he plays a wonderfully dancing solo.

The Jackson LP contains some of Bags' best work. Included are three ballads (*My Funny Valentine*, *The Nearness of You*, *I Should Care*); if there ever was any doubt that Jackson is one of the few balladeers in jazz, such doubt is dispelled with his work on these three tracks. The way he states melody, what he leaves out, what he adds, is masterful; and his ability to make his improvisations flow and build to climax, no matter the material, marks him as a jazzman of greatness. Jackson's blues playing seldom has been more inspired than on this album's *Stonewall*; each of his many choruses begins with a different four-bar melody, that if expanded, could be a full-blown "tune." The rhythm section is made up of Connie Kay, drums; Percy Heath, drums; and Horace Silver, whose lean piano solos are almost on the level of Jackson's playing.

Pacific Jazz has reinstated three albums dating from 1955-'57. The company now is including recording dates in repackages, which certainly makes it clearer to the buyer that these are not first-time releases.

The most valuable of the Pacific Jazz releases is John Lewis' *2° East, 3° West* (PJ 44), originally titled *Grand Encounter* and recorded in 1956. The personnel, besides Lewis on piano, includes Bill Perkins, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Chico Hamilton, drums. It is one of Lewis' finest albums, but Perkins is the outstanding man on the date: he never made as excellent a recording as this. His playing, out of early Lester Young, is consistently melodic, inventive, effortless, and fresh. He is touching on *Almost Like Being in Love*, and his performance on the ballad *Easy Living* is breathtaking in its beauty. Lewis' piano work is, as usual, sparse and melodic, as if he were spontaneously composing. This songlike quality is best heard on *Love Me or Leave Me*. And *I Can't Get Started* is one of his loveliest performances; listen particularly to his second bridge. Hall is

consistent but not as interesting as either Perkins or Lewis; his *Skylark* feature and his solo on the blues *2° East, 3° West* are notable. The only reservation about this album is that Heath and Hamilton aren't as together as they should have been.

A most welcome return to the Pacific Jazz catalog is bass trumpeter Cy Touff's and tenorist Richie Kamuca's 1955 *Keester Parade* (PJ 42), an album made while Kamuca and Touff were in the Woody Herman Band. Half the tracks are by an octet, the others by a quintet with Touff and Kamuca the front line. The quintet's performances are lighthearted and airy, reflect a Count Basie orientation and relaxation, and contain the most-inspired playing of the album. Kamuca at this time was one of the promising crop of Youngsters; his solos on *Prez-ence* and *Primitive Cats*, both by the quintet, are of high order. Touff's playing is sly and witty on most tracks, but that he is capable of being fiery can be heard on the up-tempo *It's Sand, Man*, also by the small group. The octet tracks are more notable for tight, Basieish arrangements by Johnny Mandel and Ernie Wilkins than for the solos, though there are good ones by Touff, Harry Edison, Kamuca, and Russ Freeman. In both the octet and quintet bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Chuck Flores meld beautifully.

Pacific Jazz' third repackaging, Gerry Mulligan's *Reunion* with Chet Baker (PJ 47), recorded in 1957, is not as interesting as the firm's other two re-entries. Most of the tracks lack fire. The earlier Mulligan-Baker quartet, while somewhat introvertish, was never as spiritless as most of the performances on this record. Baker is very inconsistent; there are moments when his playing comes to life (for instance, his first solo on *When Your Lover Has Gone* and parts of his solos on *Jersey Bounce* and *Travelin' Light*) but most of it is desultory. His *Stardust* solo is especially leaden. Mulligan generally is good, but only once does his playing reach the level of which he is capable—*My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. The only member of the quartet whose playing is consistently above average is bassist Henry Grimes. His solos and section work are excellent throughout, forceful in solo, pushing in section; but he failed to move his comrades.

Verve has repackaged two remarkable albums, neither of which originally appeared on the label. *Fast Life Woman* by Lightnin' Hopkins was first titled *Lightnin' Strikes Again* and issued in 1960 on the Dart label. The second, *Sonny Rollins/Brass*, *Sonny Rollins/Trio* (6-8430), was recorded in 1958 and issued as *Sonny Rollins and The Big Brass* on MGM Metronome.

The Hopkins' album contains 10 tracks of mostly autobiographical and topical blues, including the chilling *Tim Moore's Farm*, a blues dealing with death and sharecropping for a vicious landlord. Hopkins accompanies himself, his guitar work melancholy and lonely sounding, but on *Jailhouse Blues* there is an unidentified steel guitar, and on *Lightnin' Boogie*, a disappointing track, there is some anonymous percussion work.

The Rollins album is superb. One side features the tenorist with a brass ensemble conducted by Ernie Wilkins, who also wrote the thick-textured arrangements. Rollins, a muscled melodist, swaggers and stomps his way through the large brass section, building his solos with customary logic and wit. He is at his most virile on *Grand Street*, which also has good solos by cornetist Nat Adderley and guitarist René Thomas. *Who Cares?* is taken, for the most part, at a very fast tempo, so fast that everybody seems to be holding on for dear life—everybody but Rollins, that is; he sprints through his solo with little apparent effort. The second side, except for *Body and Soul*, is given over to Rollins' trio of the time: himself, bassist Henry Grimes, and drummer Specs Wright. *Body and Soul*, the most interesting track, is an unaccompanied tenor solo, a stimulating idea, but one that not even Rollins can bring off. Rollins uses a nice set of altered chords on *Manhattan*, but the appeal is not in the chords themselves but in the way Rollins plays on them; it's one of high spots of the album.

Roulette has repackaged half of *The Count Basie Story*, a two-LP set, and titled it *The Best of Basie* (52081). It's a very good album made up of tunes Basie first recorded in the '30s and '40s. Some of the remakes are at least as good as the originals. Frank Foster did the arranging for the 1960 versions, but he doesn't get credit on this release. The relaxed drive of the Basie band is best heard on the medium- and up-tempoed tracks, such as *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, *Every Tub*, *Down for the Double*, and *Swingin' the Blues*. There are good solos throughout by such as trumpeters Joe Newman and Thad Jones; tenor men Foster, Billy Mitchell, and Frank Wess; and Basie. None of the trombone solos is credited.

Capitol continues its series of what is termed "Duophonic" releases. Duophonic is simulated stereo of monophonic recordings. The series has included reissues of material by Benny Goodman and Duke Ellington. The most recent repackaging is *The Hits of Woody Herman*.

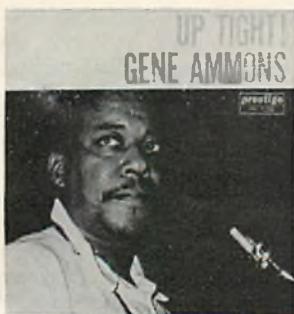
The Herman LP includes *Lemon Drop* and *Early Autumn* by the Four Brothers band. *Lemon Drop* is humorously sung by, I believe, Terry Gibbs and Serge Chaloff. There is a surging baritone saxophone solo by Chaloff, as well as short but heated bits by Gibbs and trombonist Earl Swope and trumpeter Ernie Royal. *Early Autumn* contains the classic Stan Getz tenor solo; it's good to have that readily available again. The other tracks are not up to the level of these two, but there is some happy whomping and stomping on *Wild Apple Honey* by a later band that included Bill Perkins, Cy Touff, trumpeter Dick Collins, and pianist Nat Pierce. Chuck Flores' drums are featured on *Skinned* and *Skinned Again*, the first tastier than its sequel. Buddy Rich is featured on *Drums in Hi-Fly*. The album has no liner notes; it would seem more a service to purchasers to include information about the record than to cover the back of an album with an advertisement, as this one does.

—DeMicheal

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BLUES & FOLK

With *Southern Journey* (25001/12), an ambitious 12-disc set of field recordings on its recently initiated International Documentary label, Prestige records has provided one of the most revealing and exhaustive examinations of the sturdy American folk-music heritage preserved in the rural South.

A treasure-trove of archaic and modern folk-music styles, the set was assembled by folklorist and field researcher Alan Lomax, former curator of the archive of American folk song of the Library of Congress, from recordings he made in the southern states in 1959 and '60. Other material from this same series of recordings was issued earlier by Atlantic records in a seven-disc package, the *Southern Folk Heritage Series*.

There is a marked difference between the two sets of recordings, however. The Atlantic set was more commercial in its appeal, the material being of an easily palatable nature. A good bit of the music, such as *Blue Ridge Mountain Music*, was patterned on the work of currently successful professional country-music groups and set in the pattern of commercial recordings. This does not make the music any less genuine a folk expression, of course, but the point is raised to indicate the difference in approach between the two projects.

What comprises the *Southern Journey* set is raw, unadulterated folk music in its natural setting; the material is preserved on record much as it is sung and played by the performers for their own enjoyment and satisfaction. The music is seen as a functional rather than as a purely entertainment music, as a natural corollary and accompaniment to life, work, play, love, and religion. And the recordings themselves are of such a high quality that the discs usher in a new era of field recording —that of high fidelity.

The material in the dozen albums is divided between white and Negro musical traditions. While the six volumes of Negro music might be of greater interest to the jazz fan, it must be pointed out that the half-dozen albums of southern white folk-song styles are fully comparable in quality (in fact, taken as a whole the white music is a shade better) and with it offer a balanced, cogent survey of the several cultural traditions that have shaped the indigenous music of the South.

The musical offering is so rich and diverse that one despairs of selecting one record as better than the rest, but if I had to purchase them individually, as I imagine most readers will do, I would start off with the 10th volume in the series, *Yazoo Delta Blues and Spirituals* (25010). This album offers a stimulating cross section of the secular and religious singing of the Mississippi delta region; from those rich, black, bottom lands have come a steady stream of magnificently expressive blues men from Robert Johnson to Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker.

The tautly introspective singing of Fred

McDowell is very much within these traditions, and his four brooding, emotive vocals with their stinging guitar accompaniments are among record's high points. Of almost as much interest are the surging antiphonal work songs recorded on the Lambert and Parchman State Penitentiary farms in Mississippi; the primitive blues of fife player Ed Young and drummers Lonnie Young Sr. and Jr.; the slightly more recent blues singing and fiddling of Miles and Bob Pratcher; the insinuating bottleneck guitar playing and singing of blues man John Dudley; and the several samples of archaic spiritual singing styles.

After this, I would pick Vol. 5, *Deep South . . . Sacred and Sinful* (25005), which is similar in approach to the *Yazoo Delta* album, though representing a much broader geographic coverage.

There is a higher concentration of religious material on it, and its brightest moments, for this listener at least, were furnished by the fervent, charming singing of Vera Hall of Livingston, Ala., a wellspring of Negro song and the subject of a fictionalized autobiography, *The Rainbow Sign* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), that Lomax wrote from tape interviews with her. This album also contains fine examples of spiritual singing, work songs, and several powerful blues.

The first two volumes in the series, *Georgia Sea Islands, Vol. 1* (25001) and *Vol. 2* (25002), offer what I believe are the first extensive recorded samplings of the music of the Negroes of the islands off the coast of Georgia. Because of their relative isolation, the Sea Island Negroes have tended to preserve far longer and to a fuller degree a good number of archaic folk-song styles, and can be heard performing a rich profusion of early U. S. Negro musical forms, among them work songs, ring games, and spirituals. Thanks to these two recordings, the ante-bellum songs and the singing style documented by Lydia Parrish in her pioneering folklore study *Slave Songs of the Georgia Sea Islands* suddenly spring to life.

There is a melancholy sweetness and a sweeping grace to the singing of the spiritual groups; their dolorous plainsong-like chants bear scant resemblance to the hectic, fervid polyphony of today's Gospel song style.

The work songs and chanteys of the Sea Island region partake of this same legato style. The performances are not only charming; they are important folklore documents as well. Related material will be found in *The Eastern Shores* (25008), which concentrates on the mainland region, especially around Norfolk, Va., and Charleston, S. C.

Honor the Lamb (25012) contains the music of least folkloristic interest. The Belleville a capella choir of the Church of God and Saints of Christ, a Virginia sect that embraces Judaic and Christian tenets in equal measure, offers a program of religious music in a style that veers between slick quartet singing and collegiate glee-club vocalizing.

Additional Negro music is to be found in the album *Bad Man Ballads* (25009), a disc that contains a number of ballads,

blues, and work songs concerned with legendary wrongdoers and violence.

Story-telling being an innate part of folk song, the presence of a good number of these kinds of songs is to be expected in both Negro and Anglo-American traditions. This collection offers a broad sampling from both musical heritages, spanning a wide range of styles, from the shrill, ingenuous unaccompanied singing of Ozark ballad singer Almeda Riddle to the acid blues of convict Floyd Batts.

Of the several volumes of white folk styles, the third and fourth, *Ballads and Breakdowns from the Southern Mountains* (25003) and *Banjo Songs, Ballads, and Reels from the Southern Mountains* (25004), are the most immediately appealing sets. The two discs comprise a veritable anthology of the various singing and instrumental styles that have survived in the southern mountain region, descended from the ballad and dance musics that were brought here from the British Isles.

The Anglo-Saxon music has been made into Anglo-American over the years, the influence of Negro styles being paramount in the musical end of this transformation. Textually, songs were adapted or completely revised to conform to local occurrence and regional difference. Thus, the music took on a specifically American character over a long period of time. These two albums preserve traditional ballad remnants, new ballads in traditional molds, white blues, comic songs, lullabies, jigs, reels, and breakdowns.

A corollary volume is *Folk Songs from the Ozarks* (25006), which offers a regional edition of this same cross-section approach. Concentrating on the rarely documented Arkansas folk-song traditions, Lomax has assembled a collection notable for both the antiquity and the contemporaneity of the traditions it represents, for not only have a good number of archaic ballads been preserved whole in the Ozark mountain fastness, but a great number of new locally detailed ballad creations have been brought into being as well. The classic Anglo-Saxon ballad traditions have been kept alive primarily by women, and this set is blessed with two particularly gifted female singers, Almeda Riddle and Ollie Gilbert.

Religious material comprises the two remaining volumes. *All Day Singing* (25007) contains some fine examples of the shape-note singing styles so influential in the development of the U. S. spiritual, while *Southern White Spirituals* (25011) offers a potpourri of various solo and group sacred songs, some of them remnants of British ballads, the bulk of them newer hybrids of traditional and contemporary country approaches.

In all, it's an impressive and significant series of recordings, preserving a wide sampling of the many diverse traditions that comprise the body of southern U. S. folk song. Well recorded and fully documented (album notes are supplemented with booklets containing the complete texts of the selections and additional background material on individual tunes), this set is a valuable tool for the student of U. S. music.

—Welding

BLINDFOLD TEST



ROLAND KIRK

By LEONARD FEATHER

The only logical criterion by which any musical gimmick can be judged is: Does the end justify the means?

In Roland Kirk's case the answer is strictly affirmative.

Kirk's first chance to tell the world about his unique talents arrived when, after meekly remarking during his first record date: "I'd sure appreciate it if I could get a little line in *Down Beat*—maybe a little mention in the *Ad Lib*," he was accorded an entire page (Aug. 4, 1960).

Kirk's chief discoverers were Ramsey Lewis, who heard him in Indianapolis, and Jack Tracy, who cut Kirk's first album for Argo and now records him for Mercury. Both were convinced, as I am, that Kirk is not important just because he plays the strich, the manzello, and the siren as well as tenor saxophone and flute, or even because he sometimes plays two at a time and occasionally three. (He has only two hands, by the way.) His importance lies in the intelligent and inspired use to which he puts these instruments.

A while ago, just before he left the Charlie Mingus group, Kirk took his first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information, before or during the test, about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Leo Parker. *Vi* (from *Let Me Tell You 'Bout It*, Blue Note). Parker, baritone saxophone; Bill Swindell, tenor saxophone; John Burks, trumpet; Yusef Salim, piano; Stan Conover, bass; Purnel Rice, drums.

I liked Leo Parker, but the other two horns didn't seem to sound as modern as he did. I know Leo Parker from hearing some of his records, a long time ago. The horns were a little out of tune on the last chorus.

The arrangement didn't kill me; for this kind of instrumentation I felt there could have been some harmony instead of all that unison. I did like the rhythm section, though, and for Leo's solo I'd rate it about three.

2. George Shearing and the Montgomery Brothers. *No Hard Feelings* (Jazzland). Shearing, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Wes Montgomery, guitar; Buddy Montgomery, vibraphone.

That was George Shearing with Monk and Wes and them. I haven't heard this album all the way through, although I've heard various things from it at different times, and I like it. But I felt that if they had used sticks at times, at least on some of the numbers, it would have been better.

It seems to me that Wes and the others were playing more in George Shearing's style than he was playing in theirs. Maybe they should have divided it up, with half of the record in each of the styles, to show how versatile both of them are.

I like the tune, but the sound is so familiar from so many old records. I thought the idea of this was that George Shearing could apply himself to their style, but he seems to get the same feeling as usual. It's well organized, though; not too many records are coming out organized like that. Four stars.

3. Yusef Lateef. *Love and Humor* (from *The Sounds of Yusef*, Prestige). Lateef, flute; Hugh Lawson, Seven-Up bottle, balloon, bells, etc.

That was Yusef Lateef. What I'm going to say may not have too much to do with

the record directly, but it's an important point.

I used to play my song flute, and the whistle, and my three horns, and musicians used to tell me, "Well, that has nothing to do with playing good music." But I feel that it has, because anything you blow into that can produce notes and a form, there's some relationship to a reed instrument. And yet someone will turn around and make a record like this, with balloons and pop bottles, which I know is used for creation, but if you're going to do something like that, why put down something that has got more possibilities to make something musically enjoyable?

Anyhow, I like to hear a person create, no matter what they use; but I felt they did it too long on that record. It's long-drawn-out and doesn't seem to me to tell any kind of a story. It was too limited harmonically. But I liked the flute. 2½.

4. Gerald Wilson. *Straight Up and Down* (from *You Better Believe It!*, World Pacific). Harold Land, tenor saxophone; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Richard Holmes, organ; Wilson, composer.

I think it was Gerald Wilson. I liked the solos—especially Harold Land. I wish Carmell would go in his own direction instead of going like Brownie.

This is another album that I've heard from time to time, different tracks. It seems to be mostly blues of one kind or another, and I think that a big band could put forth more than that. But it sounds a little different from the usual West Coast sounds.

The organ didn't add much. They could have done something to get a brighter sound instead of keeping him on the same level with the band. But, for the over-all sound and the other soloists, 3½.

5. Dave Brubeck. *It's a Raggy Waltz* (from *Time Further Out*, Columbia). Brubeck, piano, composer.

I like *Take Five* better. They sound better on lighter things; besides, the church thing has been overdone so much. I don't know if most of these other people go to

church that much! But I liked the melody. I prefer to hear Brubeck float. I'd rate it about 2½.

6. Teddy Edwards-Howard McGhee. *Up There* (from *Together Again!*, Contemporary). Edwards, tenor saxophone; McGhee, trumpet; Ray Brown, bass, composer; Phineas Newborn Jr., piano; Ed Thigpen, drums.

I liked the solos. I think it was Howard McGhee and Teddy Edwards. I'm glad to see people with the long-time recognition that they have still keeping up with the times so well and playing arrangements like this. And I recognized the piano right at the beginning; that was Phineas. I'm glad to hear him too. It's good to hear him with some horns. I know this album; it's a real bright album. Four stars.

7. Herbie Mann. *This Little Girl of Mine* (from *The Family of Mann*, Atlantic). Mann, flute.

That was Herbie Mann. Well, I don't like it because I think it's got nothing to do with African music. If you take a chance, and take a group out on the road and say you're going to play jazz, I don't think you record a rock-and-roll tune, to mix in something like that to try to help keep the thing going.

If you're going to play African music, you might as well try to make an African hit record. Why intermingle it by taking a rock-and-roll tune and putting an African beat behind it? It doesn't make sense.

I heard this group in person, at the Village Gate, and they stretched out and did some things that really give you that feeling. Two stars.

8. Quincy Jones. *Meadowlands* (from *Around the World*, Mercury). Clark Terry, trumpet; Eric Dixon, flute; Jones, arranger.

Sound like the Sauter-Finegan Band or Johnny Richards. One of those style bands. I liked the idea and the arrangement. It's different from most big-band sounds you hear nowadays. The soloists didn't impress me that much. I liked the tambourine and the different rhythm effects.

I didn't hear anything different in the chord structure, but I liked the sound. It doesn't really flip me—3½.



TWO BOOK REVIEWS

BIRD, THE LEGEND OF CHARLIE PARKER, by Robert George Reisner. Published by the Citadel Press, 256 pp., \$4.95.

This is a sensational book—in the best sense of the word—a book that offers a wealth of unvarnished, contradictory facts and opinions about a genius.

Charlie Parker is revealed by the conflicting views of 86 different persons who were close to him in a variety of situations. The sum total of their frank comments, anchored by Reisner's introductory sketch, creates a fascinating portrait that, true to the many-sided Parker himself, remains a tantalizing puzzle. Nobody will ever put Bird between the covers of a book entirely, but this documentary approach communicates the reality and confusion of Parker's life with stunning impact.

Parker lived life on his own terms and at a terrible price to himself. He was not entirely alone. Painter Jackson Pollack, poet Dylan Thomas, and actor James Dean also fought and wrecked themselves on the rocks of the world. Struggling in entirely different arts, all four were recognized and admired by the more sensitive young people of their day as rebels against a system they hated. And all four fought their times with the one weapon at their command: the healing act of creation. (Ironically, the healers themselves become sick.) They returned good for evil, and Parker bore the added cross of belonging to an often-despised racial minority.

To understand the importance of this book, we must not underrate Reisner's contribution.

As in the case of Boswell's life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the author is in danger of being overshadowed by his subject. Reisner's procedure was to interview a musician at length (sometimes on tape), take a few notes, and then—later and alone—try to distill the flavor and essence of what he had heard. Working with an insider's understanding, Reisner reveals a real feeling for significant detail and telling phrase. He refuses to pretty it up or add literary flourishes, although this meant rejection by publisher after publisher, and insists on telling the whole truth, good and bad alike, in the salty language of his sources.

I have spoken to several musicians whose interviews appear in the book, and they all feel that they have been quoted accurately — high tribute to



Bust of Charlie Parker by sculptress Julie MacDonald, one of 86 persons interviewed by Robert Reisner for his book on the altoist.

Reisner's editing of the interviews.

A few musicians describe the same incident differently. This is really beside the point. The author, as the subtitle *The Legend of Charlie Parker* indicates, is dealing with the John Henry or Paul Bunyan of our times, and the stories that cling to Bird, whether statistically accurate or not, are an integral part of his vast significance.

Reisner's book makes a fine companion to Ross Russell's novel, *The Sound*. Reisner has the breadth, Russell the depth. These two books furnish complementary insights into a very troubled decade, environment, and person.

Speaking of Parker, Art Blakey remarks: "A symbol to the Negro people? No. They don't even know him. They never heard of him and care less. A symbol to musicians, yes." This is true, but time will change it.

The life and art of Charlie Parker—as this book demonstrates—will some day be of supreme importance to all historians, anthropologists, sociologists, and, indeed, anyone who seeks to understand America in midcentury. Like a few others in other arts, Parker was destroyed fighting for all of us, and his life comments upon our times with pitiless accuracy, cutting through our conventional pretensions like a knife.

—Marshall Stearns

JAZZ: A HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK SCENE, by Samuel B. Charters and Leonard Kunstadt. Published by Doubleday & Co., 382 pp., \$5.95.

This is an odd book. At times, it seems as if it were assembled with scissors and gluepot from piles of old clippings—which, in fact, is part of the truth. And it is rather drably written, as if Charters, in the necessity of assem-

bling into some comprehensible form the reams of material Kundstadt had collected during 10 years of research, simply plowed straight through, without much thought to literary esthetics.

Yet, for all that, it is a fascinating book and an absolute must in the library of anyone who looks at jazz with anything approaching scholarship.

The title would seem to suggest that the book is the first in a series, though nowhere in the text is this clarified. In any case, it is entirely concerned with jazz in New York, the music that has been heard there and the men who have made it.

It begins in the prejazz era of New York's musical life, starting with the scene at the turn of the century. Then it goes on to trace, among many careers, that of James Reese Europe, who set Europe on its ears in World War I times with a big band he took over as part of a military unit, just as Glenn Miller did years later. The career of Jim Europe puts the lie to the idea that Negro musicians always have found it difficult to make a living in New York. Europe was a smash, and so were other Negro bands. Discrimination is apparently an evil that developed later.

Charters and Kunstadt show how the career of Europe, linked with that of the dancers Vernon and Irene Castle, paved the way for the jazz that was to come. Europe, also like Glenn Miller, died at the height of his fame. He was stabbed by an apparently deranged member of his own band after their return to the United States.

The book deals in detail with the numerous bands there were in New York at the time Duke Ellington's was getting under way and asserts strongly that Ellington's importance at that time has been exaggerated. There were other bands, it insists, that could have carved Ellington's thoroughly. But the others faded, and Ellington went on growing and became one of jazz' major forces.

The book follows the course of jazz in New York to the present. But it is in the chapters on recent times that it is least interesting, partly because the material is not so fresh to us, partly because there was too much material and one might well take issue with the authors' selection of it, and partly because, one feels, this is the period of jazz history that least interests the authors.

Whatever the reason, the book has the curious characteristic of becoming less interesting as the reader approaches the end.

Yet do not let these negative factors dissuade you: this is an extremely valuable book, the culmination of extensive and painstaking research, and it will be referred to again and again by writers and students of jazz.

—Gene Lees



FEATHER'S NEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

The attempts in distant countries to assimilate thought patterns, cultural developments, and even speech habits along U.S. lines can lead at times to some remarkable and hilarious situations.

Recently, in the Polish magazine *Jazz*, the only publication of its kind in Eastern Europe, there appeared a series of items, indicative of this trend, that are too good not to pass along to readers of *Daun Bit*.

That's not a typographical error. It's an attempt, on the part of some resourceful Polish editor, to explain to his readers how the name of this magazine can best be transliterated so that when read according to local pronunciation standards it comes out sounding as close as possible to the genuine Yankee article.

If you have been following jazz since the beginning, you may be old enough to remember the orydzyne dyksylen dzez bend, which came north from nju orlyens to szikagou and the ist koust, playing regtaiim in a tredisznel style. Because of the rywaiwl of interest in this kind of music, there may be riszjus of some of these records.

As anyone can tell you who has ever been to a dzem seszn or a dzez dzembouri, there have been many changes in jazz. In the 1930s came suing and bugiugi, and the era of the djuk, the kaunt, and other byg bends. The 1940s saw the birth of bibop, played by Bö(r)d. After the uest koust movement, came the funky, hard-draiwng grups with an accent on bluz and an occasional use of themes based on spiritjuels.

Of course, you can't be a part of this scene unless you know how to call the tunes. Accordingly, the editors have also provided a list of "Popularne Tematy" that should make it easy for you to request your favorites during your next visit to Warsaw.

If you dig the old-time material, try *Hai Sosait* or maybe *Maskret Rembl* or even *Rojel Ga(r)dn Bluz*. If your preference is for a ballad, perhaps you'll settle for *Uans yn e Uail*. But possibly you'd be interested in that

anthem of the 1940s, *Hau Hau yz D'mun*.

Better yet, if you feel like singing elang uid Mitj, you could learn a whole chorus of lyrics to some early standard like *Dajna*. This is the exact manner in which the words were reproduced in a recent issue of *Jazz: Dajna*

*Yz ther enyuan fajner
Yn the stejt of Kerolajna?
Yf ther yz end ju nou hör
Szou hör tu mi.*

*Dajna
Uyth hör dyksy ajz blejzyn
Hau aj law tu syt end gejz yn
To the ajz of Dajne Li.*

*Ewry najt
Huaz du aj
Szejk uyth frajt?
Yts bykoz maj Dajna majt
Czejndz hör majnd ebaut mi.*

*Dajna
Szud ju uonder tu Czajna
Ai uud hew an ouszn lajner
Dzast tu bi uyth Dajna Li.*

After reading *Jazz* magazine for a couple of months, aj em bygyning tu spel sam of thiz uords the sejm wej maisalf.

ds



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"In a sense, jazz critics aren't made, they're born. They are born in a passionate love of the music, which usually leads as early as adolescence to writing about it, sometimes in school papers. This deep love of the music is the distinguishing characteristic of all jazz critics, even the most misguided of them. It is little recognized by the musicians, but each jazz critic harbors within him a deep loyalty to the music, manifested in his hot defense against attacks on it, and even in his willingness to work both at night, when the musicians are working, and in the day, when the musicians are comfortably sleeping. Such men are vitally important to jazz, vitally necessary to its future."

These are the writers of Jazz Record Reviews Vol. VI.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

SONNY ROLLINS/JOHN LEWIS

YM-YWHA, New York City

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley, drums; Lewis, piano; Contemporary String Quartet; Richard Davis, bass; Sel Clark, viola; Eric Dolphy, flute.

An evening divided between Rollins and Lewis held a double promise. Rollins and his quartet were to play for the first half of the program. Lewis was to premiere his score for a new Italian film, *The Milano Story*. And there would also be a performance of Jim Hall's *Piece for Guitar and Strings*.

For Rollins, the promise was fulfilled brilliantly. From his opening choruses on *Three Little Words*, it was apparent that he was going to play with commanding authority and invention with a penetrating



Sonny Rollins (l.) & Co. with the Contemporary String Quartet.

humor which included a healthy self-parody.

His masterwork of the evening was a cadenza on *Love Letters*, several out-of-tempo choruses of easy virtuosity in imagination and execution, and a kind of truly artistic bravura that jazz has not known since Louis Armstrong of the early 1930s.

The performance included some wild interpolations, several of which Rollins managed to fit in by a last-minute, witty unexpected alteration of a note or two. To my ear, he did not once lose his way, although a couple of times he did lose Hall—and that is nearly impossible to do, for the guitarist has one of the quickest harmonic ears there is.

Rollins' final piece was a kind of extemporaneous orchestration in which he became brass, reed, and rhythm section, tenor soloist, and Latin percussionist all at once and with constant musical logic.

Hall's piece was carefully rehearsed and better played than on its recorded version. It is a work of skillful lyricism, but I wonder still if it has the depth of, say, Hall's lovely improvisation on *I Can't Get Started* earlier in the evening.

Lewis' five-part piece was a disappointment. It seemed naive in its scoring, in

development of its ideas, and in abrupt transitions from jazz to quasi-Italian schmaltz and back again.

If the film is a farce comedy, the score may have a deliberately guileless quality in context. But a concert performance is another matter. In the past, Lewis' detractors have accused him of a kind of academicism. There was nothing very academic about this score. And much hasty commercialism has shown better craftsmanship. It is hard to believe that the man who wrote and scored *Odds Against Tomorrow* wrote this. It is almost impossible to believe that the same man also wrote *Three Little Feelings*. And it is no pleasure to say so. —Martin Williams

HERB POMEROY

Jazz Workshop, Boston

Personnel: Pomeroy, Jack Weaver, Danny Nolam, Dusko Gojkovic, trumpets; Dick Wright, Mike Gibbs, trombones; Jack Stevens, alto saxophone; Sam Rivers, Varty Haroutunian, tenor saxophones; Jimmy Derba, baritone saxophone; Hal Galper, piano; Larry Richardson, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Until the Massachusetts Turnpike is routed through its doors (in the near future), Boston's Jazz Workshop will continue to present the Pomeroy orchestra

fluegelhorn. Pomeroy did not feature himself often but sounded fine when he did, as on *Tilo's Dance*.

The trombones also were good, with Wright doubling on bass trumpet in solos on *Satin Doll* and *Stablemates*.

Not to take anything away from the saxes, but they did not blend as consistently well as the other sections.

Derba was reminiscent of another Boston baritonist, Serge Chaloff, and played with a lot of fire. Rivers had the greatest share of the solos in the entire band. An extremely exciting player, who shone in *Killer Joe* and the band's theme, *El Sino*, he became wearing, as the evening lengthened, playing a lot of gibberish that paralleled John Coltrane's ill-advised moments. Even the blues lost their beauty in his hands on Quincy Jones' *Blues Bittersweet*. Many times he seemed to be lost in his pursuit of newness for its own sake. On the other hand, he can't be dismissed lightly, for it is obvious that he can play.

The rhythm section was inconsistent. Dawson is strong, Richardson weak. Galper is an excellent soloist, perhaps the best in the band. His swing, harmonic awareness, and melodic construction on *Stablemates* provided a high spot of the evening.

When the Stable, which houses the Jazz Workshop, is torn down, the owner plans to find new quarters in another part of Boston. In the meantime, it wouldn't be a bad idea for a club in another city to give this pocket-size big band a chance to be heard.

—Ira Gitler

BILLY BOY ARNOLD

Club Arden, Chicago

Personnel: Arnold vocals, harmonica; James Wheeler, guitar; Little Willie or King Edward, bass; Savage Boy, drums.

Dotted through the Negro quarters of Chicago—and many other urban centers—are countless clubs and lounges featuring small blues bands and singers.

The reader whose knowledge of the blues has been shaped by the work (in a sense atypical, or at least anachronistic) of the older bluesmen whose recordings have dominated the recent blues revival would be jarred considerably by a visit to a lounge such as the Club Arden. Here one would be confronted by a hard, frenzied brand of blues, delivered with a relentless insistence and at thunderous volume by a small band in which every instrument—including harmonica—is heavily amplified. The music assails the ear furiously, with little apparent tenderness or subtlety, in direct contrast to the older, gentler styles.

This, however, is the blues style that has proliferated since World War II and which inevitably has to be considered as the contemporary secular folk music of the Negro. (Gospel music is the corresponding religious form.) It is a music of undeniable force and impassioned intensity that accurately mirrors the quickened tempo and altered conditions of modern urban life. It is a music in direct touch with the people; this is no longer the case with the archaic blues forms, which are in danger of dying out. Still, the newer styles likewise must be documented and heeded.

This was the forceful music served up by the Arnold band. A young singer of considerable taste and conviction and a harmonica player whose work bore an obvious debt to that of the late Sonny Boy Williamson, Arnold roared through his numbers with blistering assurance and calculated power.

The rhythm section generated an astonishing drive, with guitarist Wheeler scattering throughout grapeshots of stinging multinode runs and fill-ins in a style patently derived from B. B. King. The drummer set down a solid, unwavering pulse, prodding the soloists with deft accents.

For all its surface frenzy, the style is expert and subtle with definite and clearly defined roles and styles for the instruments, as befits an idiom that places such a high premium on the collective. The instrumental work was of a high caliber. Wheeler particularly evidenced in his extended guitar solos a good deal of jazz-based improvisational ability, spinning out flashing lines of freshness that hinted at a harmonic sophistication without ever venturing too far from earthy basics. His support behind Arnold's singing and harmonica playing was equally inventive, and he contributes much to the over-all effectiveness of the group.

Arnold's harmonica (amplified by his cupping it and the microphone in his hands) was the epitome of the postwar style—its shrill, biting, and at times pinched wail cutting through the din, dripping with the sound of the blues.

The tunes were contemporary blues hits, with an occasional bow to older styles, such as an updated and rousing version of the *Dirty Dozen*. —Welding



BENNY GOODMAN

Opera House, San Francisco

Personnel: Goodman, clarinet; Joe Newman, John Frook, Jimmy Maxwell, Joe Wilder, trumpets; Willie Dennis, Wayne Andre, Jim Winters, trombones; Jerry Dodgion, Phil Woods, Zoot Sims, Tommy Newsom, Gene Allen, reeds; Teddy Wilson, piano; Vic Feldman, vibraphone; Turk Van Lake, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Mel Lewis, drums; Joya Sherrill, vocals.

America's first official jazz mission to Moscow displayed its credentials to some 2,000 bay-area listeners in the windup of three concerts that interspersed its transcontinental journey to the Seattle World's Fair. After six nights there, the band planned back to New York and thence to the Soviet Union.

The concert here was a lackluster affair, attributable in part to the performers and in part to the slapdash staging that provided only one microphone for the entire

assemblage. With a sound system so inadequate for the huge auditorium the band did not register with complete effectiveness, even on its few "killer dillers," and its soloists—particularly the reeds—suffered similar aural diminution.

As for the other major defect, the orchestra—despite five weeks' rehearsal, and concerts in Champaign, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo., while enroute here—for the most part played as phlegmatically as a studio band doing a routine recording session, though there were moments.

That portion of the band's book displayed here extended from such Goodman nuggets as *King Porter Stomp* and *Sing, Sing, Sing* to a new, Slavic-tinged composition, *Bulgar*, by John Carisi. *Bach Goes to Town*, a remembrance of things past, was well played, and its fugal development should score with the Russians. So also should a swinging arrangement of *Meadowland*, a Russian folk song that opened with Andre's evocative solo trombone and built to a peak that had the whole band shouting.

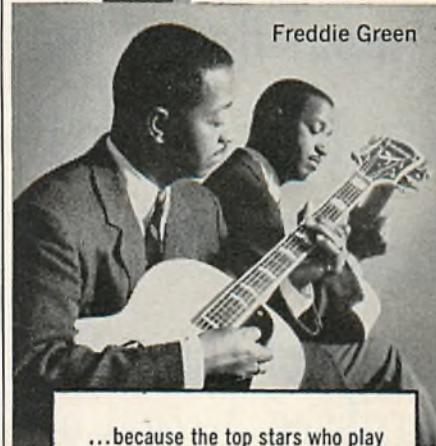
The orchestra also played a 30-minute *Anthology of Jazz* that begins with a New Orleans funeral march and proceeds with brief bows to the music of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Louis Armstrong, Paul Whiteman, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, Charlie Parker-Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, and Stan Kenton. It is both amazing and shocking, however, that the production fails to mention Fletcher Henderson, who not only cleared the way for the swing era but did much to make Goodman's success possible.

Newman, Wilson, and Woods were consistent and outstanding soloists; Sims reached this category in the program's second half; Andre and Dennis contributed some memorable bits; Wilder sparkled in his lone appearance in the spotlight, on *One O'Clock Jump*, which also brought one of Goodman's few fired-up solos; Maxwell stirred memories with his swaggering outing on *And the Angels Sing*; Lewis enhanced his reputation as an outstanding big-band drummer, and I would give odds that Crow and Van Lake, even though their section work could not be heard, left nothing to be desired.

The same cannot be said for Miss Sherrill, a beautiful, stately young woman who once was with Duke Ellington's orchestra. She appeared early in the program and did a package of show tunes, most of them by George Gershwin. Her intonation frequently was bad, and she stumbled in the fast tempos.

The several combo numbers also were sub-par. Vibist Feldman, who had just been hired and was making his first appearance with the group, was unfamiliar with the arrangements. He soloed on the first combo tune—*The Man I Love*, done with Crow and Lewis—but hit hardly another note after Goodman, Wilson, and Van Lake came on stage for the sextet segment. They played *Avalon*, *Body and Soul*, *Rose Room*, *Don't Be That Way*, and a runaway *China Boy* that produced stimulating solos by Goodman, Wilson, Crow, and Lewis. —Russ Wilson

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COHN-SIMS, TENOR
TANDEM from page 18

really more complicated than that. Most times, Sims & Cohn, Inc., doesn't sound the way it can until about one week into the engagement, largely because of the layoffs, the changing rhythm sections ("Who can expect people to wait around for us?" Sims asked), and the different demands of their different occupations.

After the short shakedown period, Cohn will swing into his groove, and the rhythm section has to respond to the general feeling. Sims then is the picture of that vanishing American, the jam-session stallion.

As a matter of fact, the jam-session aura affords the ultimate charm of this group, quite aside from its high musical values. Perhaps influenced by the relaxed atmosphere of the Half Note, where it plays so often, and perhaps guarded by the security of leaders who are eminently hireable, the group has a love-me-or-leave-me attitude but without ever being rude.

That is a reflection of the Sims-Cohn attitude on music in general. Both think it's funny that people analyze jazz. Both say they feel that too many are crying for conformity today. We play our two ways, they almost say together, and that's the way it should be. What could be more dull than to have everyone play the same?

Neither of us would change our style. We probably couldn't anyway. That's our identity. We play the way we do because that's what we are. Anyway, why change? What's wrong with it?

For two who came to the public eye playing with other Brothers, there is a change to be noted. They have worked out passages that sound in the same genre as those played by Lee Konitz and Warne Marsh. And both are more extended in solos now than ever before.

But the general feeling persists. When Sims says "we're available for bar mitzvahs," he is only improvising on Cohn's assurance: "Sure we'd play a dance. That feels good. We have a couple times, at private parties. It's like the difference between concerts and clubs. We like clubs better. And dances are even better. People are supposed to react to what jazz you are playing. What could be better than for them to dance?"

It is within the expected scheme of things that Cohn and Sims should bring ease, effervescence, and an unusual eclectic to the jam-session jazz they so boomerly portray. It is not within the natural scheme of things that a person will be able to dance to that music. But, oh, if he should, how he could.

—Bill Coss

ERVIN, TEXAS TENOR

from page 19

times washed dishes just to stay in New York City. Since those days, he's played in the widest variety of places: the Cafe Wha in Greenwich Village ("the bingo players moved in and threw us out"); with assorted groups in many cities; with Lionel Hampton in Laos ("Lionel had me doing everything but dancing; but, you know, that reminded me that I don't have big-band eyes any more—the money would be nice, but it's too limiting, and I'm still trying to progress on my horn"); occasionally with Mingus, whom he still credits with having "freed me imaginatively and technically"; and with a co-operative quartet—pianist Horace Parlan, bassist George Tucker, and drummer Al Harewood.

"We liked it," Ervin said about the last group, "and we worked hard to keep it together. Maybe last year was the wrong year for it. Anyway, it doesn't exist any more, and we have the feeling that maybe we'll have to build our own reputations individually before we can do what we want to do—have the quartet again."

For the moment he is working quietly on his playing and writing. His playing is compositional. It is what has endeared him to such as Mingus, especially because, as he says, "My tunes [and that includes his playing] vary from the very modern to anywhere."

The saxophonist's continual but informal study is equally catholic and personal. "I still haven't done what I want to do," he said, "so I have to work with many other musicians, all kinds of musicians, and deal with them, with all the things they do."

His study method is compounded of the varied playing experience and analyses of what he's heard through that experience: "When I hear things, I go home and try to play them on the piano first—analyze all the things they are from the scale. After I do that, I can play them on my horn."

The Ervin virtues leave one wanting to root from the stands for this one-man rodeo—and expect prizes to follow all around.

—Bill Coss

AD LIB from page 10

Frank Geltman's Summer Festival of Stars, June 30 through Labor Day, to be held on Randall's Island and to include his usual jazz festival, is now scheduled for every Saturday night and will include such performers as Bob Hope and Keely Smith, Jerry Lewis, Miles Davis, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, Nat Cole, and Duke Ellington.

Meanwhile, at the Berkshire Music Barn in Lenox, Mass., there is this schedule, with other dates to be announced: Louis Armstrong July 15, Count Basie July 22, Stan Kenton July 29, Maynard Ferguson Aug. 5, Duke Ellington Aug. 12, Dave Brubeck Aug. 18-19, Michael Olatunji Aug. 26, the Modern Jazz Quartet Sept. 1, and Sonny Rollins and John Lewis Sept. 2.

Pianist Don Lambert, 58, died May 8 at the Martland Medical Center in Newark, N. J. Lambert, one of the Harlem stride pianists in the tradition of James P. Johnson, Fats Waller, and Willie (The Lion) Smith, had just recently had a solo album released on the Solo Art label.

Composer Bob Prince, who conducted the ballet for the President's Birthday Ball on May 19 at Madison Square Garden, did two extended arrangements for the Benny Goodman (gone to Russia) Band. One is an anthology of jazz, mostly encompassing the big-band scene but still standing as a history of jazz up to and including Charlie Parker (Goodman took blown-up pictures of famous musicians to use as this is being played). The other is a meet-the-band composition, introducing each musician, section by section.

June 25 is the annual Gretsch Drum Night at Birdland. Four drummers are scheduled to join forces with a group led by trumpeter Kenny Dorham . . . Veteran altoist Pete Brown is very ill, suffering internal bleeding in the Beekman-Downtown Hospital . . . Erroll Garner is playing to sellout audiences in Europe. His tour was extended to include four dates in Italy . . . Les Brown is playing an extensive tour in South America . . . One of New York's jazz clubs, the Village Gate, is selling membership cards that allow holders to get in without paying the regular entrance fees from Tuesday through Thursday and Sunday nights. Owner Art D'Lugoff, looking at crowded weekends and slim weeknights, decided this was a way to encourage midweek attendance.

Radio Station WNEW in New York has extended its live broadcasts of musicians—most of it jazz—into a summer program called *Let's Dance*. This half-hour series began on May 26, with Freedomland (an East Coast Disney-

land) as its headquarters. The opening program was by the Richard Maltby Band. Others to follow are Gene Krupa, Buddy Morrow, Lionel Hampton, Harry James, Ray McKinley, Ralph Marterie, Sam Donahue, Stan Kenton, Xavier Cugat, Benny Good-



man, Paul Lavalle, Si Zentner, Johnny Long, and Les Elgart.

A new all-time high for record sales has been announced by the record industry through its voice, the Record Industry Association of America: \$513,100,000 in 1960 compared with \$480,000,000 the year before . . . Prestige has signed to its Swingville label the eminent ex-Ellington trumpeter, Cootie Williams . . . Cadence is back in the jazz business after four months "of production problems." Its current releases are from those done by Nat Hentoff and Bob Altschuler, neither of whom is now with the firm. A&R chief Pete Hess promises new material shortly. The current batch includes work by Steve Lacy and Memphis Slim.

LONDON

The London *Daily Mirror* organized a special "Welcome to Britain" luncheon in honor of Louis Armstrong, held at the Cafe Royal. Among the many show-business celebrities present were leading British jazz trumpeters Humphrey Lyttleton, Kenny Ball, Nat Gonella, Bob Wallis, Alex Welsh, and Gerry Brown, who is touring with Louis. Other guests of honor included the high commissioner for Ghana, Kwesi Armah, and jazz patrons Lord and Lady Montagu of Beaulieu. A highlight of the luncheon was the presentation by Armstrong to Ball of a golden disc for his million-selling disc *Midnight in Moscow*.

World sales of Acker Bilk's *Stranger on the Shore* now exceed a million, thus entitling Bilk to his first golden disc . . . The second Jazz Jamboree was held this year (the first was an all-Trad event) spotlighting the modern groups of Johnny Dankworth, Tubby Hayes, Ronnie Scott, Ronnie Ross, Tony Kinsey, Joe Harriott, Phil Seaman, and Dudley Moore. Hayes also presented a specially formed big band . . . Dankworth and his orchestra, plus singer Cleo Laine, played the first half of the

Frank Sinatra midnight show at Royal Festival Hall. The show was televised.

Tubby Hayes and his quintet appeared at the San Remo Jazz Festival, along with pianist Kenny Drew and France's Double Six . . . Hayes also will represent Britain at this year's Antibes Festival in France . . . Already booked for the event are Dizzy Gillespie, who will lead a big band, the Jimmy Smith Trio, the Clara Ward Singers, and Fats Domino and his band.

After appearing at the first International Jazz Festival in Washington, D. C., Chris Barber and his band toured the United States for 3½ weeks before returning to Britain for a special concert with the Johnny Dankworth Orchestra at Royal Festival Hall on June 15 . . . Negotiations are in progress for U. S. concert dates by the Trad bands of Mike Cotton, Dick Charlesworth, and the Original Downtown Syncopators.

PARIS

Ray Charles followed Marlene Dietrich into the Olympia Theater for a one-week engagement. Prior to this, producers Daniel Filipacchi and Frank Tenot had brought in Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars for two nights and, later, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross for two concerts.

Alto saxophonist Jackie McLean and pianist Duke Jordan were the featured musicians when New York's Living Theater returned to the Theatre des Nations for a two-week repertory program that included Jack Gelber's *The Connection* . . . Among other recent U.S. visitors to Paris were singer Earl Coleman, blues singer-pianist Memphis Slim, alto saxophonist Sonny Criss, and guitarist Mickey Baker . . . Expatriate tenor saxophonist Don Byas recorded with touring pianist Dwike Mitchell and bassist-French horn player Willie Russ.

CONTINENTAL ROUNDUP: Herb Geller played the Santa Tekla Club in Milan, Italy, with U.S. drummer Jimmy Pratt recently, followed by the well-known jazz trio of Italian pianist Roberto Mussolini . . . Chet Baker is maintaining residence in Italy and has sold his life story to an Italian movie producer . . . Producer Joe Napoli's fourth International Festival of Jazz will be held at Comblain-La-Tour, Belgium, Aug. 4-5. Performers are still being lined up . . . Tenor saxophonist Lucky Thompson, trumpeter Idrees Sulieman, Swedish trombonist Ake Persson, and the Arne Domnerus Band, will be the guest stars at the second Norwegian Jazz Festival, at Moldt, Norway, Aug. 2-5. Norwegian participants will include Rowland Greenberg's mainstream band, vocalist Karin Krog, pianists Einar Iversen and Kjell Karlseth, and bassist Erik Amundsen.

A four-day jazz parade was held in late May in the Czechoslovakian resort town of Karlovy Vary. More than 100 jazz musicians from Poland, Hungary, Germany, Romania, the Soviet Union, and Czechoslovakia participated in the six concert programs. Parade planners hope to expand the activities in future years.

Visitors to Balkan countries highly praise a Romanian guitarist, **Jancsi Korossy**. Heard most recently in Budapest, where he recorded for acetate, radio, and television, Korossy is a Hungarian gypsy, born in Transylvanian Kolizvar, and is completely self-taught. His life and jazz love encourage most jazz listeners to compare him to the late



Django Reinhardt, though there is little resemblance in their playing.

Somewhat in the same political area: East Berlin has begun a jazz radio program. Nowadays, residents of West Berlin can hear *Radio Ops*, a special program supposedly organized by East German propaganda chief **Gerhard Eisler**. All during the night **Bob and Barbara** play jazz, interspersed with short political announcements. Incidentally, the theme song of the show is *Don't Fence Me In*.

PHILADELPHIA

Last month **Don McCargar**, a Chicago-born trumpeter, died of heart attack at 41 in Levittown, Pa. He had led the **Basin St. Irregulars**, a Dixieland combo . . . Police are puzzled by the autopsy report on **Harold Corbin** that showed that the pianist, who was not an addict, had narcotics in his bloodstream when he died here in April . . . **Dakota Staton** sued a local paper for accusing her of Crow Jim. She noted her hiring of white musicians, including pianists **Joe Saye** and **Jimmy Wisner** and saxophonist **Billy Root**.

Woody Herman is booked for the fourth annual two-day Tamiment Camp jazz festival in the Pocono Mountains . . . **Robin Hood Dell**, the open-air amphitheater here, again is ignoring jazz in its free, city-sponsored summer concert series . . . **Arnie Minter**, who was known as **Ted Arnold** while a **WHAT-FM** jazz disc jockey, has joined **Ray McKinley** on bass . . . **Charlie**

Ventura is leading a rehearsal band Tuesdays at Alvino's in Levittown, where the saxophonist has been playing weekends. Ventura is using a book from his ill-fated band of 1950 . . . The **Metronomes**, a Philadelphia singing group, have a record coming out on Riverside . . . **Patti Bown** accompanied **Mark Murphy** at his recent Red Hill Inn date.

CHICAGO

Dave Lambert of **Lambert-Hendricks & Yolande** (see page 13 of this issue) disclosed that his 16-year-old daughter, **Dee**, is quitting her job as a bareback rider with Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey circus to get married this month . . . **Horace Silver** had to cancel his May engagement at McKie's because of illness. The **Three Sounds** subbed. Silver, however, was rescheduled to play the south-side club for two weeks beginning July 18 . . . Trumpeter **Howard McGhee** and drummer **Dave Bailey** were members of the **Cy Coleman** Quartet during the pianist's recent engagement at the London House . . . During his SRO stand at the Living Room, hefty trumpeter **Al Hirt** rushed to Milwaukee, about a 100 miles north, to fill in for ailing **Mahalia Jackson** at a dinner-rally for President **John F. Kennedy**.

Troubles still plague **Les Elgart**. Late last year he was arrested in Lincoln, Neb., for possession of marijuana; the charges later were dismissed because evidence had been taken illegally from his hotel room. Recently he played a dance at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa, but the \$1,250 payment for his services was attached because of a suit against him filed by Lincoln attorney **Dale E. Fahrnbruch**, who claims that Elgart failed to pay his fees and expenses incurred defending the bandleader against the marijuana charge. The writ of attachment was for \$6,508.

The Chicago Urban League's annual benefit will be held June 29 and 30. Signed for both nights are **Dave Brubeck**, comedian **Slappy White**, and **Tony Bennett**. The show will be augmented on the 29th by **Joe Williams** and **Harry Edison** and on the 30th by **Oscar Brown Jr.** and the **Floyd Morris** Trio.

Ahmad Jamal's former wife, **Maryam**, in a petition filed in superior court here, sought to have her divorce decree from the pianist either modified or set aside. She charged that her attorney, who obtained the divorce, was guilty of conflict of interests because he also represented Jamal. She further claimed that the decree failed to give her the property settlement she had agreed to. As things stand now, Jamal is to provide \$50 a week support for a child.

LAS VEGAS

The first annual Las Vegas Jazz Festival promises to be one of the year's big jazz events. The following have been signed for the event July 7 and 8: **Buddy DeFranco** and **Tommy Gumina**, **Buddy Rich**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Art Blakey**, the **Hi-Lo's**, **Cannonball Adderley**, **Jackie Cain** and **Roy Kral**, **June Christie**, **Louis Bellson**, **Mavis Rivers**, **Dave Brubeck**, **Mel Torme**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Roland Kirk**, **Terry Gibbs**, **Vi Redd**, **Tommy Turk**, and the **Las Vegas Jazz Septet**, comprising **Bob Enevoldsen**, **Carl Fontana**, **Gus Mancuso**, **Buck Monari**, **Billy Christ**, **Don Overberg**, and **Ed Pucci**. Unique at the festival will be the presentation of an original ballet, *Ballet in Jazz*, by **Barry Ashton**, with original music composed and conducted by **Louis Bellson**. The festival is being sponsored and promoted by the Musicians Club of Las Vegas, an affiliate of AFM Local 369. The 26-piece festival orchestra, under the direction of **Benny Carter**, will include **Karl Kiffe**, **Bill Trujillo**, **Chico Alvarez**, and **Rob Turk**.

Tenor man **Sam Firmature** has left **Harry James** and decided to make Las Vegas his home . . . **Buddy Rich** suffered a mild heart attack while here with the James band, but the drummer, after a short hospital stay, rejoined the band . . . A new **Alvino Rey** opened at Desert Inn recently. Rey, now working with bass, piano, and drums, is featuring gut-string, finger-style guitar in addition to his more familiar steel guitar. He has been studying with **Andres Segovia** and leaves for Spain this summer to study further with the classical-guitar master.

LOS ANGELES

Disneyland blasted loose with a June 2 big-band night featuring the bands of **Count Basie**, **Charlie Barnet**, **Tex Beneke**, with the **Modernaires** and the **Elliott Brothers** added, wailing till 2 a.m. The **Randy Sparks** Trio provided contrast between sets. The event signaled "an attempt to revive big bands," according to a Disneyland spokesman. The huge amusement park is allocating more money for live music than ever before.

The groups of **Shelly Manne**, **Teddy Edwards**, and **Paul Horn** have been signed to appear on segments of *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* now being readied for syndication this fall . . . Trombonist **Billy Byers** moved his card from New York's Local 802 to Los Angeles Local 47 . . . Altoist-singer **Vi Redd** recently signed with Atlantic records, but she cut her first LP for United Artists before the Atlantic pact came into effect. **Leonard Feather** supervised the sessions in Hollywood on May 21 and 22. On the dates were sidemen **Kansas Lawrence**,

trumpet; Ray Ayers, vibraphone; Russ Freeman, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar and Bob Whitlock, bass; and Vi's husband, Richard Goldberg, drums.

Slim Gaillard now is manager of the Bahia motor hotel north of San Diego, Calif. He organizes regular Sunday afternoon sessions held in the hotel's Bay Room . . . **Joyce Collins** returned to the piano stool at **Bob Gefaell's** Summit with **Chuck Berghofer** on bass . . . Tenor man **Vince Wallace** moved his quartet (**Buddy Prima**, piano; **Jim Crutcher**, bass; **Clyde Conrad**, drums) to Long Beach's Red Tiki Thursday nights and Sunday afternoons . . . Pianist **Gene Russell** organized a trio and dug in at Jerry's Caravan Club. **Henry Franklin** is on bass and **Steve Clover** on drums . . . Capitol is putting a lot of steam behind the newly-found Brothers Castro (no, not Fidel and Raul) instrumental-vocal quartet from Mexico City. The modern jazz-cum-Latin group is composed of **Arturo**, **Walter**, **Jorge**, and **Xavier Castro** and was discovered playing Las Vegas lounges.

Buddy Collette is readying his new album for release on the Music & Sound label. The group on the record is a seven-piece and features **Gerald Wilson**, trumpet; **Red Callender**, cello; and **Gene Cipriano**, reeds . . . The Los Feliz Theater switched to a new policy for the art house—jazz movies or movies with jazz underscores. **John Cassavetes' Shadows**, with music by **Charles Mingus** and **Shafi Hadi**, is to be shown late this month.

SAN FRANCISCO

Following a concert at Ojai, Calif., in which he played with an 11-member group conducted by **Gunther Schuller**, reed man **Eric Dolphy** paused here and joined **John Coltrane's** combo for its concluding day at the Jazz Workshop. The group's Sunday matinee was out of the ordinary, with guitarist **Wes Montgomery** and Oakland jazz violist **Mike White** also sitting in.

Drummer **Paul Humphrey** is back home in Oakland after his trio's four-month gig in Seattle, where, he reports, there is increased attention paid to jazz. A fourth jazz club is opening there and some of the others are enlarging . . . The **Dave Brubeck Quartet**, the **Kings-ton Trio**, and singer **Keely Smith** were booked for a one-nighter at the Civic Auditorium . . . Season tickets for the Monterey Jazz Festival, to be held Sept. 21-23, have gone on sale . . . Singer-guitarist **Frank D'Rone** scored so strongly at the hungry i he's been held over. **Dick Gregory** is the current headliner there.



ALEXANDER LEPAK
HARTFORD, CONN.

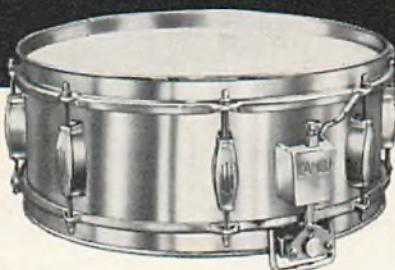


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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): **Teddy Charles**.
Birdland: **Cannonball Adderley**, **Olatunji** to 6/27.
Dinah Washington, **Horace Silver**, **Perry Lee**,
6/29-7/11.
Condon's: **Tony Parenti**, *tfn*.
Five Spot: **Roland Kirk**, *tfn*.
Harout's: **Steve Lacy**, *tfn*.
Hickory House: **Marian McPartland**, *tfn*.
Metropole: **Dukes of Dixieland**, **Sol Yaged**, to
6/28.
Nick's: **Wild Bill Davison**, *tfn*.
Sherwood Inn (Long Island): **Billy Bauer**, *wknds*.
Teddy Bear: **Gil Melle**, *tfn*.
20 Spruce St.: **Ahmed Abdul-Malik**, *wknds*.
Village Gate: **Chris Connor**, **Herbie Mann**, to 7/1.
Village Vanguard: **Carol Sloane**, **Oscar Peterson**,
to 6/24. **Thelonious Monk**, **Clark Terry-Bob
Brookmeyer**, 6/26-7/1.

TORONTO

Colonial Tavern: **The Partners**, 7/9-7/14.
First Floor Club: **Don Thompson**, **Wray Downes**,
wknds.
Town Tavern: **Joe Williams-Harry Edison**, 7/9-
7/14.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Bobby**, **Tony DeNicola**,
Mon., Fri., Sat.
Dixie Room: **Beryl Booker**, *tfn*.
Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer-Tommy Simms**, *hb*.
Music Circus (Lambertville, N.J.): **Dukes of Dixieland**,
6/25. **Count Basie**, 7/16.
Paddock (Trenton): **Capital City** 5, Fri., Sat.
Pep's: **Maynard Ferguson**, 6/25/30.
Picasso Room: **Johnny April**, *tfn*.
Show Boat: **Oscar Brown Jr.**, 7/23-28.

WASHINGTON

Bayou: **Big Bill Decker**, *hb*.
Bohemian Caverns: **JFK Quintet**, **Shirley Horne**,
tfn.
Brass Rail: **Buck Clarke**, *tfn*.
Charles Hotel Lounge: **Booker Coleman**, Thurs.-
Sat.
Showboat Lounge: **Charlie Byrd**, **John Malachi**,
tfn. Folk music, Sun.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt** opens 7/2.
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: **Sharky Bonano**, **Santo Pecora**,
tfn. **Leon Prima**, Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*. **Leon
Prima**, Mon.
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: **Octave Crosby**, **Snookum Russel**,
tfn.
Prince Conti Motel: **Armand Hug**, *tfn*.
Pepe's: **Lavergne Smith**, *tfn*.
Playboy: **David Allen** opens 6/27. **Al Belletto**,
Dave West, *hb*. **Rusty Mayne**, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha**, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Club 12: **George Bohanan**, *tfn*.
Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tfn*.
Earl's Bar: **Jim Stefanson**, *tfn*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): **Bob James**, *tfn*.
52nd Show Bar: **Ronnie Phillips**, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*.
Minor Key: **Ramsey Lewis** to 7/1.
Momo's: **Mel Ball**, *tfn*.
Topper Lounge: **Danny Stevenson**, *tfn*.
Trent's: **Bess Bonnier**, *tfn*.
Un-Stabled: **Sam Sanders**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Black Eyed Pea: **Judy Roberts**, *wknds*.
Bourbon Street: **Art Hodes**, **Clancey Hayes**, **Toni
Lee Scott**, *tfn*.
Gaslight Club: **Frankie Ray**, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): **Cy Touff**,
Mon., Tues. **Cliff Nepl**, Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt**, *tfn*. **Franz Jackson**,
Thurs.
London House: **Kai Winding** through June. **Jose
Bethancourt**, **Larry Novak**, *hb*.
McKie's: **Sonny Rollins** to 7/1. **Horace Silver**,
7/18-29.
Mister Kelly's: **Frank D'Rone** to 7/1. **Marty
Rubenstein**, **John Frigo**, *hb*.
Pepper's Lounge: **Muddy Waters**, *wknds*.
Playboy: **Irene Kral**, **Johnny Hartman**, to 6/26.
Tony Smith, **Jim Atlas**, **Joe Iaco**, **Bob Davis**,
Harold Harris, **Phil Wright**, *hb*.
Sutherland: **Joe Williams-Harry Edison** to 7/1.
Velvet Swing: **Nappy Trottier**, *tfn*.

LAS VEGAS

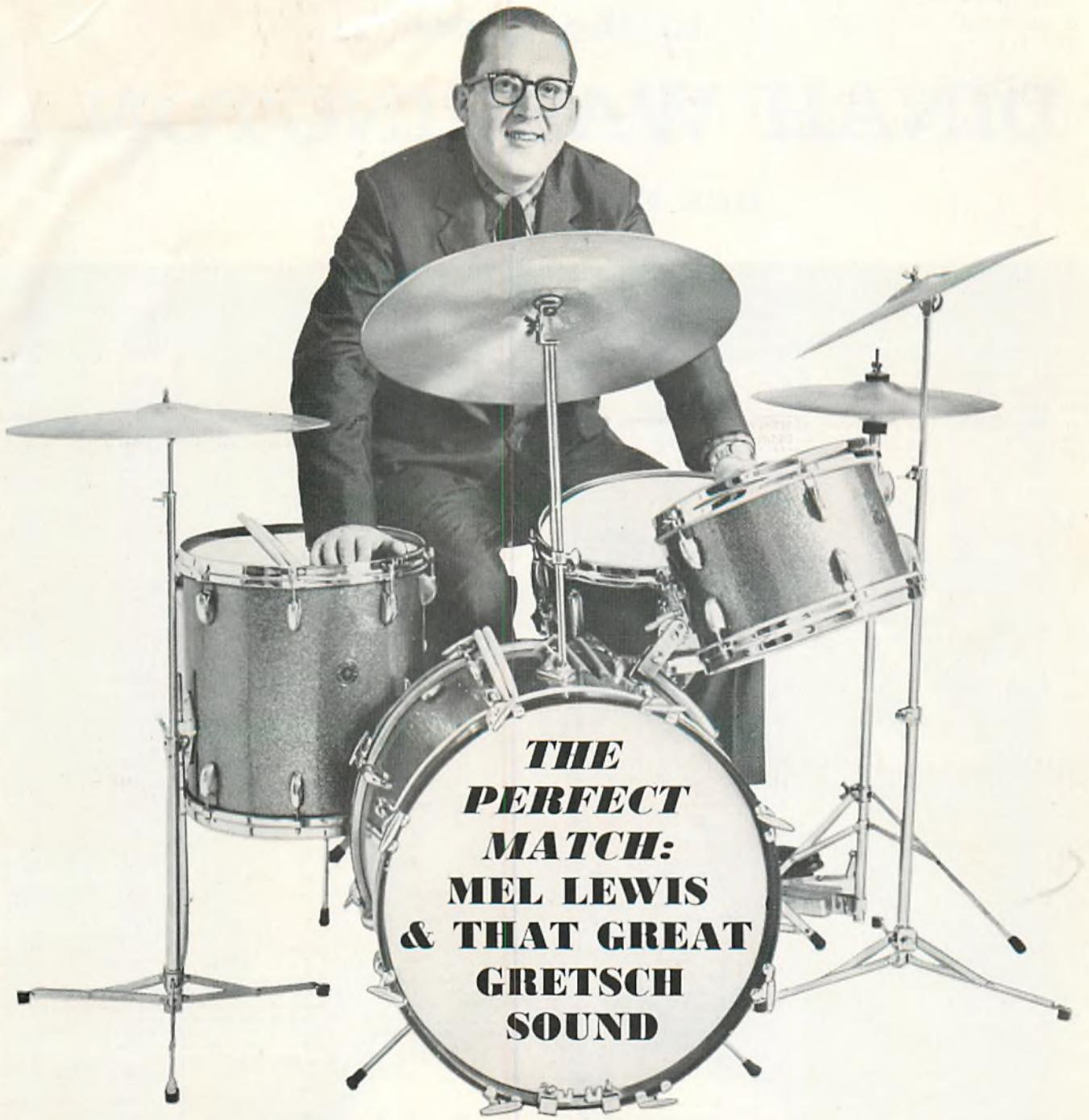
Carver House: **Calvin Shields**, *tfn*.
Dunes: **Al Hirt** to 6/27.
Flamingo: **Harry James** to 7/25.
New Frontier: **Mattie Matlock**, **Eddie Miller**,
Deacon Jones, *tfn*.
Riviera: **Sammy Kaye** to 7/31. **George Young**, *tfn*.
Silver Slipper: **Charlie Teagarden**, *tfn*.
Thunderbird: **Dick Stabile** to 8/3.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: **Teddy Buckner**, *tfn*.
Carolina Lanes: **Bob Harrington**, **Vikki Carr**, *tfn*.
Cascade (Belmont Shore): **Jack Lynde**, **Joe Lettieri**,
John Lassonio, *tfn*. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): **Bob Russell**, **Southland Seven**, *tfn*.
Crescendo: **Ella Fitzgerald** to 7/1. **Sarah Vaughan**,
8/1-12.
Comedy Key Club: **Curtis Amy**, afterhours, *tfn*.
Dynamite Jackson's: **Curtis Amy**, *tfn*.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): **Ben Pollack**, *tfn*.
Encore Restaurant: **Frankie Ortega**, **Don Greif**,
Walt Sage, *tfn*.
Flower Drum: **Paul Togawa**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sun.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): **Andy Blakeney**,
Alton Purnell, **Alton Redd**, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: **Jack Langlos**, **The Saints**, *wknds*.
Ivy Tower (Santa Monica): **Jess Stacy**, *tfn*.
Jerry's Caravan Club: **Gene Russell**, **Henry Franklin**,
Steve Clover, Thurs.-Sun. Sessions, Thurs.
Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Guest groups,
Sun.
Losers: **Sandi Garner**, **Charlie Shoemaker**, Sun.
Mardi Gras Steak House (Orange): **Johnny Lane**,
wknds.
Marineland Restaurant: **Ink Spots** to 7/1.
Marty's: **William Green**, **Tony Bazeley**, *tfn*.
Memory Lane: **Jimmy Scott** through June.
Metro Theatre: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (E. Washington): **Johnny White**, **Ira
Westley**, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*.
Page Cavanaugh's: **Page Cavanaugh**, *hb*.
Pickwick 5 Horsemen Inn (Burbank): **Charlie
Blackwell**, **Ron Lewis**, **Bill Malone**, *tfn*. After-
hours sessions. Fri.-Sat.
PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*. **Barney Kessel**, **Trini
Lopez**, Sun.-Tues. **Danny Long**, Tues.-Sun.
Red Carpet Room: **Kittie Doswell**, **Vi Redd**, **La-
Verne Gillette**, **Richie Goldberg**, Mon.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): **Vince Wallace**, **Buddy
Prima**, **Jim Crutcher**, **Clyde Conrad**, Thurs.
Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: **Ray Bauduc**, **Pud Brown**, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dennis**,
Marvin Jenkins, **Bob Martin**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sun.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, **Kittie Dos-
well**, *wknds*. **Curtis Amy**, Tues. **Paul Horn**,
Wed. **Jimmy Woods**, Thurs.
Sherman Bowl (Reseda): **Bill Holman**, Mon.
Sherry's: **Pete Jolly**, **Bill Plummer**, *tfn*.
Slate Bros.: **Herbie Dell**, *tfn*.
Storyville (Pomona): **Ray Martin**, **Tailgate Ram-
blers**, *tfn*.
Summit: **Jackie (Moms) Mabley** to 7/1. **Lionel
Hampton**, July 4.
Winners: **Ron Randi**, *tfn*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): **Rosy McGargue**, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: **Miles Davis** to 7/1. **Cal Tjader**,
7/3-8. **Gerry Mulligan**, 7/10-22.
Black Sheep: **Earl Hines**, *tfn*.
Burl Hollows: **Frank Goulette**, *tfn*.
Coffee Gallery: **Sonny King**, *wknds*.
Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy**, **Claire Austin**, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: **Chris Ibanez**, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: **Lena Horne**, 7/26-8/15.
Jazz Workshop: **Les McCann**, 7/10-8/5. **Chico
Hamilton**, 8/7-19. **Jimmy Smith**, 8/21-9/2. **Cannibal
Adderley**, 9/4-23.
Mr. Otis: **Bob Clark**, *wknds*.
Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tfn*. **Frank Erickson**, *wknds*.
Sugar Hill: **John Lee Hooker**, **Wynona Carr**, to
7/7.
Suite 14 (Oakland): **Al Zulaica**, *tfn*.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, *wknds*.
North Gate (Berkeley): **Grover Mitchell**, *wknds*.
Trotis Couleur (Berkeley): various jazz groups,
Sun.-Thurs. **Jack Taylor**, *wknds*.
Tsubo (Berkeley): **The Group**, *tfn*. Sessions, Sun.-
Mon.
Palate Restaurant (Mill Valley): **Lee Konitz**,
wknds.
Trident (Sausalito): **Vince Guaraldi**, *tfn*.
The Dock (Tiburon): **Steve Atkins**, *wknds*.



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