

SEPTEMBER 13, 1962 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

Agonies Of Exploration
• Jeanne Lee-Ran Blake
Trumpet In A Hurry
• Carmell Jones
Blindfold Test With Art Blakey



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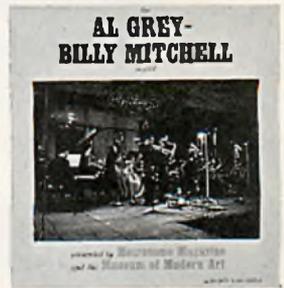
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SEPTEMBER 13, 1962

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THINGS TO COME The Sept. 27 issue of *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Sept. 13, will be the Annual School Band Issue. Oscar Peterson, Stan Kenton, and Ray Brown are among those who discuss the teaching of jazz to youth. Included will be a big-band arrangement.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS

Mystery Of The Missing Webbs

Life is replete with many mysteries, and one of the most perplexing, though certainly not the most important, is why no one has ever reissued any of the Chick Webb recordings of the 1930s.

I readily admit that this wasn't the greatest band in the world, but it certainly was of a stature that would warrant someone's (I gave up on Decca long ago) sinking a little money into reviving some of its many fine swinging sides. I know I wouldn't trade Taft Jordan and *Sunny Side of the Street* for all the sand on Fire Island.

I write this note out of sheer ignorance, because there undoubtedly are mitigating circumstances that preclude the Webb recordings being reissued. But what are these reasons? They should at least be known. Legal entanglements? Decca and Brunswick ennuï?

And certainly someone in this fair and fat land of ours would like to hear what Ella Fitzgerald sounded like in her teens. Chebeague Island, Me. Dave Caldwell

One Bass Hit

I am the bass player with Cal Tjader's group, and I have just finished reading John Wilson's review of our latest record on Verve recorded at the Black Hawk (DB, July 5).

I think Mr. Wilson was very fair in putting down Cal and the other guys in the group, but I really think he should have listened to me more carefully. Evidently he did not listen closely to my angular, probing lines, and I am sure that not once did he take note of my relentless throbbing beat.

I just hope that when our next album is released, which is entitled *It Ain't Necessarily Soul*, that Mr. Wilson pays more attention to my great playing—because, man—I'm too much!

San Francisco, Calif. Freddy Schreiber

Sour Lemon

Please tell Don DeMicheal that it's Terry Gibbs, Shorty Rogers, and Chubby Jackson on *Lemon Drop* by Woody Herman. Chicago, Ill. Mike Rapchak

Dan Sorkin

Rapchak and Sorkin, two of Chicago radio's leading lights, refer, we presume, to the vocal chorus on Lemon Drop. DeMicheal, in his review of the repackage album containing the tune (DB, July 5), said that he thought it was Gibbs and Serge Chaloff; he also was mistaken about the trumpet solo—it was by Red Rodney not Ernie Royal.

Those Mingus Blues

In the Aug. 16 issue of *Down Beat*, Charlie Mingus puts me down for saying in a review of his *Oh Yeah* album that his blues singing wasn't as good as Ray Charles', Joe Turner's, or Big Bill Broonzy's. The basis of his objection seems to be that he didn't want to challenge these

men and that they can't sing his blues any more than he can sing theirs.

Mingus might be just as sincere in his blues singing as Charles, Turner, and Broonzy, but that doesn't necessarily make him as great a singer. Mingus intones his blues affectedly, and his vocal equipment is ordinary, at best.

Cleveland, Ohio

Harvey Pekar

Clubs Cause Jazz Slump

In the July 5 issue of *Down Beat* there is a piece that is so incorrect and droll that we feel obligated to write. Under the heading *Business Slump Slams New York*, you state that certain members of the jazz community feel that festivals are causing the music's troubles. This, we feel is definitely not the case.

The real reasons are the cost of going to jazz clubs and the inconsiderate attitude of waiters, bartenders, and clubowners.

For example, recently my wife and I went out for an evening. We had dinner and danced at a famous New York City hotel, at a cost of \$21.50 (including drinks and tip). Next we stopped at a jazz club in Greenwich Village, where one set cost us \$17.50 all told. My point is that it actually cost more for one set and several drinks at a jazz spot than it does for dinner, dancing, courteous service, etc., elsewhere.

Everyone who goes out in New York knows that the best tables are reserved for big tippers, that slow drinkers are abused, and so on. Incidentally, the musicians themselves are generally very courteous and considerate to the customers. But pity the guy who won't tip on the cover charge.

Another consideration is the filthiness of some of the places. One is so bad that it is an insult to the public.

The fact that jazz itself survives after all this speaks well for it. It is beautiful, creative, and inspiring.

If someone could build a place that was clean, supply courteous service, at reasonable (not low) rates, the trend would start.

Bayside, N. Y.

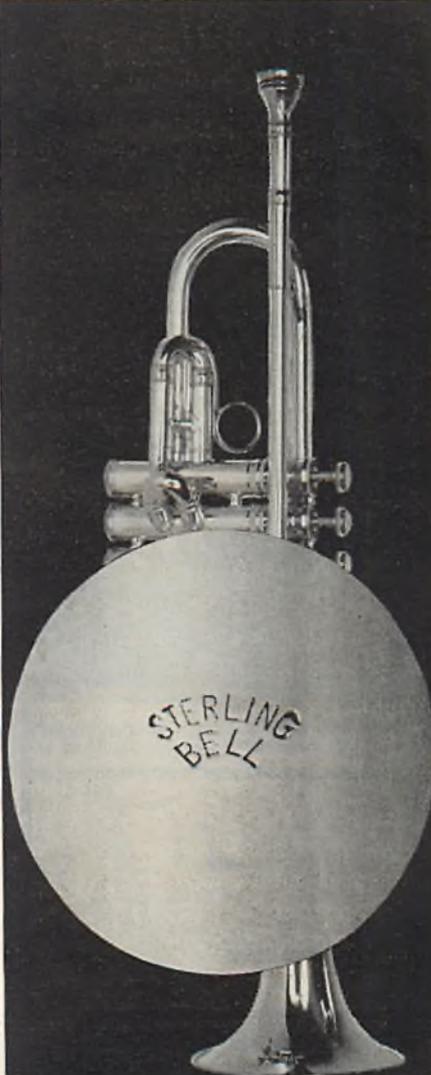
Bob Thompson

Why So Much Duke In The Poll?

Is it Duke Ellington's birthday or something? It appears to us that the annual critics poll has more than given him his share of presents. Ellington and his sidemen have garnered six high-rating positions. We are surprised to see that Ray Nance was not elected to the Hall of Fame.

We agree that Ellington has an excellent orchestra, but there are groups more worthy of top honors than his. Perhaps the critics are living in the past. Jazz is an alive and evolving thing, and it is too bad that its spokesmen and apologists are not moving with it.

This letter is not intended to criticize Ellington. We have great respect for him.



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It is, however, designed to point out to the critics that poll winners should be contemporary and not traditional.

Fremont, Calif.

Louis McKentria
Ralph Forshlom

Critics Poll Praised . . .

I am glad to see such fine musicians really getting the recognition they deserve in the 10th annual critics poll.

Akron, Ohio

James Marina

. . . And Faintly Praised

It is a wonderful surprise to see that Roy Haynes has received some recognition in the 1962 critics poll, after he has been one of leading drummers for more than 15 years. With a certain sense of humor one might overlook the fact that he is winner in the new-star category.

As Booker Ervin is not mentioned at all, I hope it doesn't take 10 or 15 years to "discover" him. Says Don DeMicheal, ". . . it is his [the jazz critic's] responsibility to bring to light that which is new and worthy." I hope he means it.

Boston, Mass.

Heinz Von Moisy

Reader Von Moisy might bear in mind that the expressed intention of the new-star award is to focus attention on those performers, either new to the international jazz scene or not, who are worthy of recognition and encouragement. It was not until last year, however, that the new-star designation was liberalized to allow voting for musicians who had been active for some time but who had not received what the critics felt was proper recognition. Hence Haynes' belated recognition.

What Happened To Ornette?

After seven major LPs, Ornette Coleman was not given the vote across the board for best alto saxophonist, best composer, nor best group by any of the 40 critics in the International Critics Poll. That is news indeed! Ears, hearts, and minds, where are you?

New York, N.Y.

John Benson Brooks

Whence Paul Chambers?

In the Aug. 16 issue it is stated in the article *The Down Beat Years* that the young jazz musicians of Detroit—such as Paul Chambers—began to emerge, giving the impression that Chambers came from Detroit. In Leonard Feather's *New Encyclopedia of Jazz* it states that Chambers hales from Pittsburgh.

I would like to know which statement is correct.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

John G. Nasky

Though born in Pittsburgh, bassist Chambers moved to Detroit in 1948 and became embroiled in the jazz ferment taking place in that city. It was with such Detroit musicians as guitarist Kenny Burrell that Chambers first attracted national prominence and, as a result, he has become identified with the music of his adopted city.

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NEW YORK

If the estate of the late **Charlie Parker** can be sufficiently untangled, there is a good chance that Parker's life will be documented by NBC-TV, Parker, or at least his music, to be played by **Cannonball Adderley**. Part of the tangle is the current suit and countersuit, now in the courts between wife No. 3, **Doris Parker**, and those who claim she has no right to administer the estate, including wife No. 2, **Geraldine Parker**; **Chan Woods**, mother of his son **Baird**; **Leon Parker**, Parker's son by his first marriage; and **Addie Parker**, Parker's mother.

Louis Bellson changed his Birdland date at the last minute and joined the **Count Basie Orchestra**, replacing **Sonny Payne** (who, among other troubles, was injured in an auto accident) for one recording date and a three-week tour of Scandinavia. The Roulette recording session featured arrangements by **Frank Wess** and one by **Dizzy Gillespie** pianist **Lalo Shifrin**. After the tour, Bellson will form a group and go into Birdland.

Jack Lewis of Colpix records beat everyone last month, meeting the **Benny Goodman** sidemen as they got off the plane and convincing them to make a record immediately. As a consequence, before anyone else could, Colpix already has shipped albums, arrangements by **Al Cohn**, called *Jazz*



PARKER

Mission to Moscow, featuring eight of the men on the Russian tour—**Zoot Sims**, **Phil Woods**, **Jerry Dodgion**, **Gene Allen**, **Jimmy Maxwell**, **Willie Dennis**, **Bill Crow**, and **Mel Lewis**. Two ringers were added: **Marky Markowitz** and the late **Eddie Costa**. The date occurred three days after the band arrived and before Goodman had returned. Goodman's projected Victor album is still in the planning stage. But *The World of Benny Goodman*, a documentary of the tour, is already set for NBC-TV.

Capitol records has commissioned **Johnny Richards** to write an extended piece for the **Stan Kenton Orchestra** (perhaps hoping to duplicate the success of their earlier *Cuban Fire* collaboration). Richards said the work, due for fall recording, will be in the concerto grosso form.

Ray Charles will tour England next April . . . **Cecil Taylor** goes to Europe in August for a tour and several days opposite **Bud Powell** in Copenhagen.

Pianist **Dick Katz**, in Europe now, will work with vocalist **Helen Merrill**, among other assignments . . . Switzerland has a huge festival planned for Sept. 15-16, at Lugano, where **Norman Granz** lives. This international festival there will include the **Barney Wilen Quartet** (representing Monaco and France); the **Klaus Doldinger Quartet** (Germany); the **Eje Thelin Sextet** (Sweden); the **Romano Mussolini Sextet** (Italy); **Kenny Clarke** (USA) with the **George Gruntz Trio** (Switzerland); **Johnny Dankworth's** big band (Britain); and the **Flavio Ambrosetti Band** (featuring alto saxophonist **Ambrosetti**; his son **Franco**, trumpet; **Raymond Court**, trumpet; **George Gruntz**, piano; all from Switzerland);

(Continued on page 43)



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Sept. 13, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 24



SINATRA
Cut-rate LPs raise ire

AFM SUES REPUBLIC PICTURES AS SINATRA SUES CAPITOL

Music-industry lawyers are having a field day as a brace of whopping lawsuits head toward the courts in New York and Los Angeles.

Hefstier of the two is a \$4,500,000 action leveled by the Music Performance Trust Fund against Republic Pictures. Samuel R. Rosenbaum, trustee of the fund, brought suit in New York Superior Court seeking money allegedly owed the fund by the studio from percentages due from music played by American Federation of Musicians members in films shown on television. The suit is a counterclaim against a \$6,000,000 action filed by Republic and two subsidiary firms in 1958 against the AFM, James C. Petrillo (the AFM president at the time), and various other officials of the union. This latter action has not come to trial, and the disputed funds have been tied up by the court in the meantime.

The basis of the 1958 Republic suit is the studio's refusal to pay the percentages into the trust fund on the grounds that such a fund is in violation of labor and antitrust laws. The work of more than 1,000 musicians was involved.

With the filing of Rosenbaum's action against the studio, Judge Sylvester J. Ryan set Dec. 15 as the date by which Republic must file notice of trial. The Republic suit must first be settled before the AFM countersuit can come to trial.

In Los Angeles, Frank Sinatra hit Capitol records, with which he had been affiliated for many years, with a \$1,050,000 lawsuit asking treble damages.

The action, filed by the singer's Essex Productions, Reprise records, and Bristol Productions, charged Capitol with restraint of trade and with attempting to procure a monopoly. It additionally charged Capitol with violation of the Robinson-Patman price discrimination act by offering for sale some 21 LPs, recorded by Sinatra during his years with Capitol, at half-price throughout the country and, allegedly, at an even lower rate to selected dealers.

Also named as defendants were Capitol Records Distributing Co. and Electronics & Musical Industries, Ltd., of London, England. The latter corporation owns Capitol.

Attorneys for Sinatra also sought a preliminary injunction against further distribution of the two-for-one LPs by the singer.

When Capitol was served with the complaint 10 days after the suit was filed in U.S. District Court, Glenn E. Wallich, Capitol president, issued a categorical denial.

"There is no truth whatever in the charges made by Mr. Sinatra's corporations," Wallich said.

Commenting on the charge that Capitol would keep up price reductions until Sinatra's three firms were "destroyed and eliminated as competitors of the defendants," he said, "and certainly, Capitol is not attempting to run him out of the record business."

"During the 20 years we have been in business," Wallich continued, "it has been common knowledge within the record industry that Capitol has always welcomed and encouraged competition. We have never, and will never, make a business move designed to eliminate a competitor.

"As the complaint points out," he went on, "Capitol owns many master recordings made by Mr. Sinatra. Capitol paid for these recordings, and CRDC is privileged to sell them lawfully at whatever price it wishes.

"In offering Mr. Sinatra's albums for a limited period at what is essentially 50 percent off, CRDC is merely utilizing a common and successful marketing tool—make profit by volume instead of higher markup."

Wallich termed "absolutely false" the charge of price discrimination. He denied that the albums were offered to selected dealers at one price and to others at a higher price.

"In sum," Wallich concluded, "I can only say that our attorneys have carefully examined every allegation made in the complaint and it is their belief that not one is legally sound."

HAMP SET FOR JAPAN, LOUIS TO GO DOWN UNDER

Bound across the Pacific for tours this fall and winter respectively will be the bands of Lionel Hampton and Louis Armstrong.

The Hampton organization takes off Sept. 3 for an eight-week hitch in Japan. Armstrong, following four weeks at the Riviera Hotel in Los Vegas, Nev., heads west for New Zealand and Australia on a three-week jaunt. Both tours will be handled by Associated Booking Corp.

According to ABC's Frank Rio, the Hampton engagements are being promoted there by Eddie Serano. Thus far, Rio said, Serano's schedule for the band is confined to the Tokyo area.

The two-nation Armstrong tour, which begins Nov. 9, will consist of six days of bookings in Sydney and a dozen dates in various New Zealand



ARMSTRONG
First time in New Zealand

locations. Armstrong has appeared twice before in Australia; the visit to New Zealand will be his first.

CONFUSION REIGNS IN WAKE OF MCA BREAKUP

With the recent government-forced dissolution of MCA, Inc., talent agency of colossus, its musician clients—like those in other performing fields—have been plunged into who's-my-agent? confusion.

Although the agency in recent years had been steadily reducing emphasis on its one-nighter department and had in fact shuttered many one-nighter branch offices, there were 14 big bands represented—on paper, anyway—when the end came. These clients were Tex Bencke, Lec Castle (leader of the Jimmy Dorsey Band), Xavier Cugat, Peter Duchin, Ralph Flanagan, Eddy Howard, Harry James, Guy Lombardo, Ralph Marterie, Freddy Martin, Perez Prado, Sal Salvador, and Charlie Spivak.

Also nominally signed for MCA representation was Las Vegas, Nev., bandleader Jimmy Cook.

Andre Previn, Elmer Bernstein, and Shelly Manne are three ex-MCA clients who now must find new agents. Manne, queried on his plans, shrugged, laughed, and confessed he was nonplussed.

"I just don't know yet," he said. "It all happened so fast I haven't had the chance to decide what to do." Under MCA's aegis, Manne had played parts in motion pictures in addition to being booked with his quintet by the agency on out-of-town engagements.

Bernstein was equally surprised by the suddenness of the government's action. "This thing is fantastic," he said. He is signing with a new talent agency, International Management Associates, just formed by two former top MCA men, he added.

Previn's situation is more complex because of his professional versatility; in fact, his career today may be said to be divided into composing for films and television, orchestral conducting, songwriting in collaboration with his wife Dory Langdon, and performing as a classical and jazz pianist.

"Because of my diverse activities," he said, "I am already, and have been for the past six months, handled by Columbia Artists Managements for symphonic conducting."

In the motion picture field, Previn said, he, too, will be represented by the new IMA office. But so far as television and personal appearances with his jazz trio are concerned, he would say only, "I don't know yet. I'm just going to wait and see who goes where and does what."

This wait-and-see attitude applies also to Harry James. Speaking for the leader, James' manager, Pee Wee Monte, said, "We're booked right through to January, 1964, so we're going to sit on it and see what happens." Next year, Monte said, there are but six weeks open in the band's working schedule.

Meanwhile, who pays what commissions to whom? Many former MCA musician clients now are working bookings lined up by the agency prior to its dissolution.

Though other guilds and unions already have handed down directives as to present and future payment of commissions, at presstime there still was no decision forthcoming from American Federation of Musicians general counsel Henry Kaiser. As of the week of Aug. 19, the AFM instructed its members once represented by the agency that commissions were to be paid to MCA through that week. The instructions also told members to wait for further word from attorney Kaiser.

ELLINGTON SUES AND IS SUED IN RETURN

It is common knowledge that Duke Ellington had an operation in early May, and, as a consequence, Mercer Ellington often took over as leader and Billy Strayhorn played piano during the convalescent period.

At the first International Jazz Festival held May 30-June 3, in Washington, D.C., the 63-year-old bandleader had recovered enough to be a charming emcee. By the Newport Jazz Festival July 6-8, he was clearly back in top form, both as emcee and leader.

But on May 26 Ellington was still ailing. He walked onto the stage of the Donnelly Memorial Theater in Boston, Mass., explained to the audience that he had just had an operation, and turned the band over to Mercer. Producer Robert J. Kamholz said, "The audience became unruly, some demanded their money back, and others walked out of the concert."

Afterwards, Ellington said, Kamholz did not pay him \$1,500 due on a \$3,000 contract. Ellington got an attachment order for the proceeds of the next concert, Bobby Darin & Co., a financial failure, to protect the money he said was owed him.

Kamholz has countered with his own suit, his for \$100,000, saying he was damaged financially by Ellington's departure and his reputation as a producer of name entertainment suffered.

'MUSIC MAN' CONTEST WINNERS SELECTED

Winners in the *Music Man* Contest, a national music competition held for student musicians between the ages of eight and 18, were recently announced by the contest's co-sponsors, Webcor, Inc., Warner Bros., and Richards Music. Jan Betz, 15, a cornetist from Nazareth, Pa., and Susan Walters, 9, of Hattiesburg, Miss., pianist, were declared national boys' and girls' winners. The pair was selected from thousands of audition tapes submitted by nearly 2,000 music centers throughout the nation, and each receives a five-

day, all-expense trip to Hollywood for two, and a one-week *Down Beat* scholarship at the 1962 National Stage and Band Camps at Michigan State, Indiana, or Nevada universities.

The contest, inspired by Meredith Willson's show *The Music Man*, was the largest national music competition ever held.

SUMMER SUNDAY CONCERTS SUCCEED IN VENICE

The beach town of Venice, Calif., in recent years has been more celebrated for its beatnik inhabitants than for the sun and sand on its broad expanse by the Pacific Ocean.

With the relative decline of the beats, however, Venice has returned to the more mundane identification as a somewhat shabby residential area playing host to weekend bathers.

Within the past two months, though, the beachside town has become known as the locale of monthly Sunday afternoon jazz concerts held in the new Venice Outdoor Theater. Co-sponsored by Los Angeles' Local 47 of the American Federation of Musicians and the Bureau of Music, City of Los Angeles, the musicians are paid through a grant provided by the Music Performance Trust Fund and by the City of Los Angeles.

Two concerts in the series this summer attracted overflow audiences. The first featured the Frank Rosolino Quartet and Gerald Wilson's big band. The second consisted of a bill featuring trumpeter Al Porcino's big band and the jazz group from Synanon House in Santa Monica, known as Sounds of Synanon.

The second concert found the outdoor theater packed with guests of the city and the union. Few beatniks showed up, though one, bearing a conga drum over his shoulder, joined in the concert from the audience.

Jazz concerts are being scheduled the last Sunday of each month, Local 47 president John Tranchitella said. Scheduled for Sept. 9, he added, is a special concert featuring Pearl Bailey and Louis Bellson.



JAZZ ON A SUNNY SUNDAY

The group from Synanon entertains the large audience at a Venice concert



CHARLES STEWART

ELEGY FOR EDDIE

By DON NELSEN

On July 28, a Saturday morning, at 2:45, pianist-vibist Eddie Costa was killed when his car overturned on New York's West Side Highway. He was 31 years old.

Born in Atlas, Pa., Costa studied piano but taught himself the vibraharp. His first professional job was with violinist Joe Venuti when he was 18. There followed many jobs with such as Sal Salvador, Tal Farlow, Kai Winding, Don Elliott, and Woody Herman. His talents extended to nearly every kind of musical expression.

His listeners, however, could have no doubt that he was first and foremost a jazz musician.

Seldom was one man so well loved. The tears on musicians' faces during the burial attested to that. The tears also were for the loss of an immense talent.

Following is a touching reminiscence of Costa by his friend, writer Don Nelsen. It was written shortly after Costa's funeral.

I first realized there was something different about Eddie Costa one night about six years ago. He was playing with Tal Farlow and Vinnie Burke at the Composer, a fine trio room now extinct. I had reviewed the group very favorably a couple of times before, but now I was walking in after putting them down. It seemed to me that, on this particular gig, inspiration was lacking. Their music had sounded diffident, as though they really didn't feel like playing.

I entered ill at ease, expecting a blast. Prior to that time—and since—my reward for such critical insolence had been a contemptuous sneer, a sarcastic thank-you, or a threatened punch in the nose. So when I greeted Ed, I mumbled some self-conscious foolishness about how I had to call them as I heard them, etc., etc. He laughed and said:

"Man, you have to write what you have to write, and I have to play what I have to play."

Immediately, we sat down over a couple of drinks and proceeded to tear apart my review and his playing. There was no animosity. He just wanted to find out what my judgment had been based on, what qualifications I had to make it. His questions were sharp and to the point. I did not resent them. How could I when a man faced me honestly and simply asked why I had said what I had said?

After that, we began seeing each other outside the clubs because we had things to talk about. We met from time to time and then more frequently to discuss music, sports, his family and mine, his ambitions and mine, his doubts and fears and mine.

Eddie was a fierce sportsman. He held a season ticket to the New York Giants football games and followed the sport pages constantly. When he could not be at a game, he saw it on television if possible. He was not only a spectator. Softball, football, golf, stickball, bowling, saloon shuffleboard—he was always ready to play. And he'd be out to skin you alive every time. He was an eager ball tosser and exchanger of sports notes with the 10-year-old boy next door. When he had some time off, which wasn't often in the last year or two, he was out in his back yard in Queens throwing the ball around with his 2-year-old son, Robbie. Once, when my 14-year-old son, Bob, and I dropped over on a Saturday morning with a football, the three of us dashed into the street in front of Eddie's home.

"Let's tire your old man out," he yelled to Bob.

"It won't be hard," Bob yelled back. And it wasn't. I pooped out long before they, but I tried to keep up appearances lest they both find me out. I was the first to quit.

There were wrangles, too, about base-

ball. Baseball, I once told him, is a bore. All you ever have is two guys playing and the other 16 just standing around or in the dugout.

"What're you talkin' about?" he asked. He pronounced "talkin'" not "tawkin'," like a native New Yorker, but "tockin'," probably like the rest of his townsmen in Atlas, Pa.

"Look," he said, "when a guy knows the game, the batting averages, the players, and what they can and can't do, every game is interesting. You can judge what a player is doing against what he should be doing and shouldn't. And what about the unexpected? There are a thousand possibilities in each game."

A couple of days after his death, Ed's wife, Jeanne, suggested that a fund be established to sponsor a Little League team in his honor, or to buy season passes to football or baseball games for youngsters. It's a great idea. Ed's love for sports and children were inextricably combined.

Music, of course, was the force that made him live. I think at times he felt it even more important than his wife and children and, because he had great love for both, felt very guilty about not spending more time with them or showing his love more.

There were tough times. After an initial flush of success, culminated in the only double new-star victory in *Down Beat* history (piano and vibes: 1957), he worked only now and then in clubs. He became somewhat embittered.

"It looks," he said, "like a new-star award is the kiss of death."

For the next couple of years Eddie giggered off and on with his own trio, a fine but unappreciated group featuring drummer Paul Motian and bassist Henry Grimes, and as a sideman with various groups, Woody Herman's and Gigi Gryce's among them. During this period he began to get calls for studio and transcription work. More and more they came as his reputation as a vibraharpist got around.

Eddie's ability to read vibes parts became legend in the studios, where in the last two years his talents were in tremendous demand. He used to laugh over this and say, "I've been reading piano scores since I was 5. To read just one line like this is nothing."

It might have meant nothing to Ed, but not many musicians could make the changes he could with little or no preparation. One studio musician observed at the funeral parlor that Eddie could come into a date cold and read off the toughest things with ease.

"Some of the other guys can make it pretty good on reading," he said, "but when it comes to something modern,

(Continued on page 39)

Something

Rockin' In Denmark

By JACK LIND

YOU KNOW, said Brew Moore, "it's a curious thing. Now that I look at it in retrospect, I don't know how I lived under tension for so long."

The tenorist was sipping a Coke between sets in the Montmartre Club, a jazz place in the inner city of Copenhagen. His colleagues on the date were about as international a group as you can get: Lars Gullin, the Swedish baritonist; Rolf Ericson, the Swedish trumpet player who has worked in the United States quite a bit; Niels Jorgen Steen, a Danish pianist; Selcuk Sun, a Turkish bass player, and William Schiöppfe, a Danish drummer.

Moore, who is 38 and has played professionally since he was 18, mostly around San Francisco, was beginning to find the life of a U.S. jazz musician drudgery. "Rolf was the first one to suggest that I come here 10 years ago," he said, "but I got hung up. Now I finally made it—and who am I playing with? Rolf."

"I have never been happier and more relaxed since I started playing here a few months ago," Moore went on. "I feel that I'm playing better than I ever have. My playing has improved tremendously, and I feel content with life in general."

Moore, one of the latest of the expatriates, has led a pleasant, unhurried life since his arrival late last year. He and his wife, Nancy, came to Copenhagen through a fluke. He had been playing a gig in San Francisco when he ran into Harold Goldberg, a former clinical psychologist in Boston, who was playing piano in the city. Goldberg knew that the Montmartre in Copenhagen was up for sale. He had scratched some money together and asked Moore if he'd like to go to Copenhagen.

"I figured I might as well try," Moore recalled. "I had always wanted to see Europe. Harold promised I'd have steady work as long as I brought enough money to support myself for a couple of weeks."

The two arrived in Paris, where Moore played for three months in the Blue Note with Kenny Clarke. From there he went to Copenhagen, where Goldberg had bought the Montmartre. Moore has been the house tenor there except for brief excursions to Germany and Sweden for club dates. He lives in a pleasant apartment with Nancy and their daughter, Marna, who attends a private school.

Moore's sentiment about playing in Europe, or particularly in Denmark, echoes that of his predecessor at Montmartre—Stan Getz, who lived in Denmark for two years. They are also remarkably similar to those of many other U.S. jazzmen who have been trekking to Europe in recent times. Some come for only a few months. Others remain; some have married European women and are settled permanently. Among those who settled are men like Don Byas, Benny Bailey, Kenny Clarke, Bud Powell, Joe Harris, and Lucky Thompson. The late Oscar Pettiford, who also played regularly at Montmartre, was another.

This exodus to Europe is an odd phenomenon. Once there, the U.S. jazzmen frequently complain that they miss "the sounds" (Getz was one who finally went back to the States)—the stimulation that comes with interplay among like-minded musicians. Yet they seem to unfurl. . . . Their music seems to become liberated.

Tension in the States—the struggles with the booking agent, the haggling with the night-club owner, the constant moving from gig to gig—they all seem to have a visibly

straining influence on the musical freedom for which every jazzman strives. In the case of Negro musicians, they also have to cope with rejections, discriminations, and the Jim Crow attitude. That's why they come to Europe.

This is not to say that there are no problems. Europe is no Utopia, not even for a jazzman who wants to get away from the tensions; the pay, except in a few cases, is generally lower than in the States; in many areas there is a severe housing shortage; in large parts of Europe the cost of living is high. And there is racial prejudice in some cities—although on a more limited scale than in the States.

"There is something about Europe that makes you want to play better," one expatriate jazz musician said recently. "You're accepted more readily by the Europeans—not just for music, but for yourself. A lot of guys in the States would dig it here. Instead they stay at home to fight their own continuing battles with their environment—and themselves."

Brew Moore said, "Copenhagen has become *my* city. I feel relaxed, and I enjoy the way of living . . . the charm. The other day I saw a chimney sweep, black with grime, barreling down the street on his bicycle in his top hat. Where else could that happen? And where else do you find a statue of lur players in the center of City Hall Square?"

COPENHAGEN, a city of roughly a million people, has become a jazz center largely because of its central European location and because of the attractive way of living that it offers the U.S. expatriate. It is only a stone's throw away from any of the European capitals where there is a gig available for an American if he should choose it.

There are three principal jazz clubs—Skandia, a restaurant and night club, which features some excellent, though not very far-out jazz by a group headed by Jorn Grauegaard, a noted Danish guitarist; Vingaarden, a cavernous, smoke-filled place, which is owned by the brother of a prominent ballet critic and which is a hangout mainly for beer-drinking teenagers; and the Montmartre, which is located in the inner city and is by far the best of the three.

During the tourist season, U.S. visitors outnumber the Danes about 6 to 1 in the Montmartre, which is identified by the largest photo of Count Basie in existence (Basie has been in the place a couple of times and many of his sidemen have jammed there).

Customers sit along long oak tables. The light is dim, coming from candles on the tables that cast eerie shadows on the sculptured walls. You can get a beer for 40 cents, and there is no minimum. They also serve food at moderate prices.

The musicians playing at Montmartre appear to be



PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

Saxophonist Brew Moore: "Copenhagen has become my city."

having a ball—and their music shows it. The atmosphere is informal; the musicians are practically intermixed with the guests. There is no platform, and the musicians aren't segregated in lofty seclusion. There is a spirit feel.

The quality of the Danish musicians is uneven, to say the least, but they seem eager to learn from the resident musicians and from the statesmen of the jazz world who show up for jamming—such as Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen, who appeared recently and gave their Danish brethren an emotional lift, and people like Sahib Shihab, Art Blakey, and the sidemen of the various U.S. bands who come to the Scandinavian country on concert tours.

"There are a lot of fine Danish musicians in Denmark," said trumpeter Ericson. "The trouble is they don't get together often enough. They're too involved with other things."

He referred to the fact that there are few professional Danish jazz musicians, i.e., musicians who support themselves exclusively by playing jazz.

Saxophonist Moore put it this way:

"One of the troubles getting a rhythm section together is to find professional musicians. The Swedes have been more adventurous. In Denmark, there are only a couple of full-time jazzmen, such as drummer William Schiöppfe. He is one of the best drummers in Europe, and he'd make it all right in the States, but he has so much work that he can't always play with us. Most of the other drummers I've played with fall behind, and I have to pick them up."

This is a rather charitable view. Reckoning on a drummer is like trying to figure the variables in a moon shot. Few of them have any individuality, most of them copy U.S. drummers, and nearly all of them equate loudness with proficiency.

Even a drummer like Jorgen Elniff, who was a favorite of Bud Powell when the latter played Montmartre and who was "drummer of the year" in a Danish jazz poll, is invariably loud and lacks a sense of dynamics. He seems to get Philly Joe Jones' brilliance and his loudness mixed up. Ask a visiting jazzman about the quality of a Danish drummer, and the answer is, "It depends on which day you're talking about."

Most visiting jazzmen who have surveyed the local scene agree that one of the most brilliant of the local musicians is a 16-year-old bassist named Niels Henning Orsted, who has an incredible skill, a fat sound, and brilliant phrasing.

"He is fantastic," said Moore, who is not given to overstatement. Ray Brown was moved to similar accolades when he heard the young bass player not long ago in Vingaarden.

"Orsted is the best jazz musician in Europe," said Selcuk Sun, the 27-year-old Turkish bass player who has played with big bands in Turkey, among them that of Dizzy Gillespie when Gillespie toured that country a few years ago under the aegis of the U.S. State Department.

Sun is himself an accomplished, albeit temperamental, bassist who one day recently at Montmartre appeared ready to slash the throat of a Danish drummer who intruded on his solo.

Notwithstanding such handicaps, Moore likes to play in the Montmartre. Not least among the reasons is the receptiveness of the audience. "Compared with an American audience, it's a strange one," he said. "They take the music terribly serious—almost too serious. They seem very enthused, but sometimes I catch myself wondering if they really dig what you're doing."

If there are drawbacks to playing and living in Denmark, there is no shortage of fellow Americans to play with. During one recent month Bud Powell, Lucky Thompson,



Montmartre owner Harold Goldberg and a reflection of the "largest photo of Count Basie in existence."

Don Byas, J. C. Higginbotham, and Ed Thigpen made guest appearances.

"You know, I felt dated playing with Ed," Moore said with a grin. "I played with his father, Ben, when he came through New Orleans with the old Andy Kirk Band in 1942."

Powell had intended to stay only for a week, but hung around for a whole month, bringing with him his wife Altevia and their 6-year-old son John, who speaks fluent French but English with a French accent.

Powell is under the firm, guiding hand of his wife, who manages his business affairs. "He has made a marvelous adjustment in Europe," she said. "We've had several offers from the States, but they weren't interesting enough, and Bud still has a health problem. He isn't quite ready for the States yet."

The pianist still has the same introspective air about him. He sits astride the piano stool, tapping out the rhythm with a cowboy-booted foot, humming the counterpoint, staring glass-eyed in front of him—and paying no heed to the audience. He acknowledges the rousing Danish applause with the same grace as Miles Davis.

Among the better Danish jazzmen who turn up from time to time at the Montmartre are Max Bruel, a young architect of excellent reputation who used to play baritone (viz. *Cool Bruel*, EmArcy MG 36062), but now concentrates on soprano saxophone; Harry Jensen, a very good tenor man, who frequently played with Getz; and Allan Botschinsky, a fine trumpet player in the Art Farmer mold, who recently was granted a scholarship to the Manhattan School of Music in New York City.

The Danes are not completely taken with jazz; in fact, the country—or at least Copenhagen—is in the grips of a "pop culture" of rock and roll, a doubtful tribute to the persuasive U.S. influence. But neither are they apathetic to jazz.

Thanks to the unceasing efforts of former jazz pianist Borge Roger-Henrichsen there is now quite a bit of jazz—live and recorded—on Danish radio, which is not noted for its zest for experimentation.

Operating a jazz club in Copenhagen is anything but easy, however. "You have to go through a lot of red tape," said Montmartre's Goldberg, "and the cops are likely to pop in any time to measure the bottles to make sure the state is getting its rightful cut of the revenue. But we're still in business, and we hope things will get even better."



KANSAS CITY, Mo., fabled in jazz legend, is a town with no charm for Carmell Jones, who was born in cross-river K. C., Kansas.

The 26-year-old trumpeter, considered by many as the scariest horn man on the West Coast for all his tender years, severed the Kansas City tie in August, 1960, and hopped a bus to California. Free of the nest, his flight since then has been swift, strong, and sure.

Jazzmen on the coast picked up on him immediately.

"The day he got to town," saxophonist Bud Shank recalled, "I hired him. I had the group—a quartet—at a place in Malibu then. Bill Hardy, a friend of his, brought Carmell out to hear us. He'd been on a bus for three days. I let him sit in with us, which is something I don't ordinarily do. He was just great. He gassed us all. So I hired him immediately."

That was the beginning—at least on the coast—for the theretofore unknown young trumpeter. The word flew around town: "Dig a young cat from Kansas City—Carmell Jones." Other musicians, cool, hypercritical, waiting to be shown, came and dug. If they didn't hear Jones with Shank's group in Malibu (he remained with the altoist for six months, until the job ended), they dug him sitting in with Teddy Edwards and Leroy Vinnegar at a Sunset Blvd. club called the Village West, or elsewhere in town. The hypercritics were shown.

A key figure in the beginning and to the present time is Jones' friend Bill Hardy—John William Hardy, doctor of zoology, ornithologist, assistant professor of biology at Occidental College in Los Angeles, or, in the phrase of guitarist Denis Budimir, "the jazz zoologist."

Though Jones didn't know it at the time, his meeting and resultant friendship with Hardy in 1959 at the University of Kansas in the college town of Lawrence was to transform his life. Before that there had been little to look forward to except the pursuit of music. And that had begun early.

"I was always talking about playing trumpet," Jones remarked. In fact, he talked trumpet so persistently, and with such unrelenting small-boy obsessiveness, that he won in the end. He got his horn, but it came the hard way for his teacher-parents.

"My mother made a sacrifice—she had to sell some things—and she bought me a cornet for Christmas," Jones said. "A secondhand Buescher. I had it till the 10th grade."

The foundation was laid. He played in school bands through junior and senior high schools, slogging through the standard school band repertoire of marches and concert pieces until one day, literally in the middle of a march, jazz found him.

"It was in the ninth grade," he recalled, "and the band was playing at a high-school football game. The piece was a march with some blues changes in it. The band got out of hand—the guys responded to those blues changes. So I started to play off the music. The blues."

The issue was joined.

"I knew only one thing," he continued, "I wanted to be a musician. But my father wasn't so sure. He thought that maybe I was a weak person and I'd come under too many bad influences. But I let nothing come between me and my horn."

When he was graduated from high school in 1954, he said, "times were tough financially. So, I enlisted in the U.S. Air Force—playing my horn." From that point on he was stationed at Hickham Air Force Base in Hawaii with the 501st Air Force Band.

Discharged in 1958, he went home to Kansas City and entered the university at Lawrence, majoring in music education. "This seemed better," he observed, "than a straight music major or trumpet. I wanted to get the education too—piano, harmony, music history, all that."

Nor was his practical jazz education neglected at this time. He played with local groups constantly but not on his side of the Missouri River.

"There was nothing there," he shrugged. "I did most of my playing on the other side. They don't even have a musicians union in Kansas City, Kan. You have to cross the river to belong."

Before long, he had won himself the reputation as the best horn man around. His name became a byword with local jazzmen who took pride in showing him off to visiting musicians or afficionados.

"One night I was sitting at home," he said, "when I got a phone call from a pianist named Frank Smith. He wanted me to come play at a club across the river because he said somebody wanted to hear me."

When Jones got to the club, he was introduced to two visitors, jazz photographer Bill Claxton and German jazz critic Joachim-Ernst Berendt. Claxton and Berendt at the time, 1960, were traveling around the country gathering data for a photo-and-text book on jazz in the United States. (It has since been published in West Germany.)

Jones played and gassed both visitors. They carried glowing reports on to California, where the man most interested in their tales was Richard Bock, president of Pacific Jazz.

West Coast

musicians are

unanimous in their

praise of gifted

young trumpeter

Carmell Jones.

Down Beat

Associate Editor

John Tynan

discusses the

trumpeter's sudden

rise to national

prominence.

TRUMPET IN A HURRY CARMELL JONES

"I made a mental note of it at the time," Bock recalled. "And I may have mentioned Carmell in passing to Bud Shank. Then, when Carmell got out here, he and Gary Peacock came to the studio one day and cut a tape. It was very impressive."

(Not long thereafter Shank recorded an album, *New Groove*, for the label. Trumpeter Jones was featured; it was his debut on record.)

BACK AT Lawrence, Jones was biding his time. In 1959 he participated in the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame with a jazz group from his college.

"I got to meet a lot of musicians and got to hear what they had to say," he noted. "I wanted to hear what the world was saying."

Sooner than he could suspect, the world was to hear him.

In the spring of 1960, Bill Hardy and his wife moved to Los Angeles and the biology teaching job at Occidental. Hardy appraised the southern California jazz situation and concluded that Jones ought to be part of it. He wrote the trumpeter a letter, insisting that he head west. He told Jones not to worry about accommodations; he could live with the Hardys.

"That letter was all I needed," Jones declared. "Up till

then I hadn't any plans beyond leaving Kansas City.

"This was during college vacation, and so I left immediately. After my dad got used to my being a musician, he and my mother advised me not to go back.

"I wanted to see all the musicians I'd heard about and been reading about and been influenced by."

One of the trumpeter's primary influences up to that point had been tenorist Harold Land. "He was one of the reasons I came to L.A.," Jones pointed out. "Really I didn't have the idea of playing with him. I just wanted to sit and talk with him. I figured maybe I could play the blues with him, but that was about all.

"When I got to L.A., I went to the Zebra Lounge, where Harold was playing and just sat there—right under him. I wanted to hear *everything* he had to say. But I didn't get to talk to him that night beyond saying, 'One day I'm going to play with you.' He just smiled and said, 'I'm sure you will.'"

Jones had first become aware of Land's playing when the tenorist was a member of the Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet. Brown is a basic influence, whose style is reflected in Jones' playing today, even though the two trumpeters never met personally.

"Brownie," Jones reflected, "seemed like he was crying when he played. He had a story to tell and he told it. He was like no other trumpet player I ever heard, [although] he reminded me of Miles and of Fats Navarro. When the quintet was due to play at the Blue Note in Chicago that time, I was going to go hear them. I'd saved the money so I could go. But they never got there. [Brown and pianist Richie Powell were killed in an auto accident shortly before the Chicago engagement.] I really felt like I knew Brownie. I used to talk to him. I *still* know him."

Jones was right about that certain day he had spoken to Harold Land about. When Land and bassist Red Mitchell organized their quintet late in 1961, the young Kansan was chosen as trumpeter.

Mitchell is unstinting in his enthusiasm for Jones as a person and as a musician. "The main thing that impresses me about Carmell," the bassist said, "is his personal warmth combined with complete personal honesty. This is very much present in his playing when he's at his best. So far as his future is concerned, it's straight ahead. He doesn't have anything to stop him, so far as I can see."

Jones' personal warmth, to which Mitchell referred, is immediately evident on first meeting. Just as discernible is a quiet wit and an underlying basic sense of humor that is never far from reflection in his eyes.

One's reaction to Jones is perhaps summed up by Bud Shank. "I have a lot of faith in him as a musician," said Shank, "but the thing is, he's *so* great as a person."

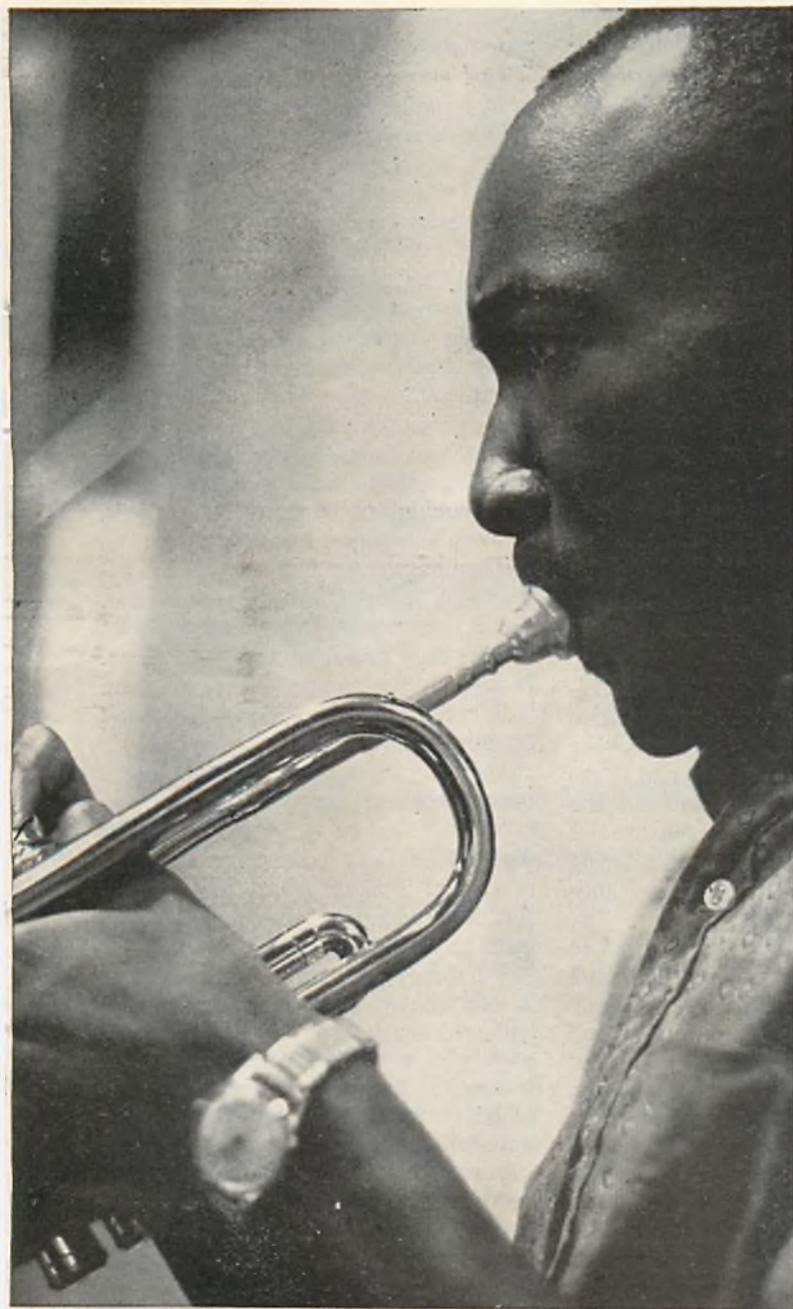
Jones confesses to being "a bit concerned" about making mistakes on his horn but says he is confident he will master the trumpet as he wants to. "I want to be the best," he said unequivocally.

New York City still beckons, though perhaps not so seductively as when he lived in Kansas.

"At that time," he recalled, "I wanted to go but was advised not to. People told me things were too rough there then. Yeah, I always wanted to go to New York. . . . But it seemed to me that New York always has been a standard setter. You know, there's this attitude, 'If you don't go to New York, fella, you don't play *anything*.' I don't like that at all."

Then he smiled and added, "But you know I *still* want to go."

Summing up his own attitude toward his horn, toward jazz and perhaps toward life in general he mused smilingly, "You know, I must be *very* stubborn; I feel that everything hasn't been played yet."



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The Agonies Of Exploration



Jeanne Lee and Ran Blake

By BILL COSS

Jeanne Lee and Ran Blake are two youngsters in New York City with high hopes and low pretensions. She is a singer and he is a pianist, and they accompany each other without other interference or support.

Until recently, Jeanne was a social worker. Ran is working as a hotel night clerk.

Together, they are an unlikely combination to have won an amateur night contest at the Apollo Theater in Harlem, but they did.

As a matter of fact much about them is unlikely, or, at least, different, but trying to describe their uniqueness is difficult. Basically, they present an *almost* freely improvised reading of standard and original melodies, blending voice and piano in a manner seemingly without any boundaries except those imposed by their individual disciplines.

That, in turn, has to be explained. Miss Lee sings from what seems an original Billie Holiday influence, through a series of flexible changes of sound and phrasing, to follow the piano, sometimes suggesting to it. Blake plays from a number of influences, gifted by excellent technique and an extraordinary sense of the melodic and harmonic. His approach encompasses, depending usually on the content, contemporary jazz, contemporary classical music (the late Eric Satie has been suggested as a close approximation), and Pentecostal music.

Whether this ends up being jazz can only be decided by the individual listener; or the most timid will be convinced by whatever critic he is most indebted to. Blake insists he is not a jazz pianist and only occasionally plays jazz. He does insist that his partner is a jazz singer. She says she doesn't know what to call what he does but doesn't care that she doesn't know.

For those who seek clues in environmental or economic influences, their separate biographies are as frustrating

as they are different.

Blake is a quiet, slim, unexpectedly wry young man born in Springfield, Mass., the son of a paper manufacturer. No one in his family is especially interested in music, but he began playing as a child, not paying attention to lessons, concentrating on improvisations. Generally, he said, he was "more interested in creating moods than anything else."

Jazz people first caught sight of him in 1956 at the School of Jazz in Lenox, Mass. But his jobs have been mostly outside of music. He has been a cheese cutter, grocery clerk, newspaper reporter, a waiter at the Jazz Gallery, and, currently a hotel night clerk.

During one part of that time, he played piano in a Pentecostal church in Hartford, Conn. He's written a composition commemorating that. This experience, coupled with his present friendship with Professor Porter, of the Baptist Church on New York's Lennox Ave., explains his interest in Gospel music.

Blake and Miss Lee met at Bard College in Annandale, N. Y. It is indicative of the Blake mind that he can say, "We met Sept. 26, 1956, at 3:45 p.m. I remember, because the lecture on the Humanities began in 15 minutes. I didn't sit next to her in that class during those days because I was in my anti-social stage at the time."

"He was playing the piano," Miss Lee added, "and he wasn't flattered when I told him he sounded like Art Tatum."

But the friendship began then, and so did the collaboration. They almost immediately made a series of audition records. They would both rather forget about them now. And while delighting in the collaboration, they discovered their backgrounds could hardly have been less similar.

She was surrounded by music as a child. Her father, S. Alonzo Lee, was a well-known concert and church singer

in New York City. But her earliest memories are of dancing to Ella Fitzgerald's recording of *A-Tisket, A-Tasket*. Until she was 14, she wanted to be a dancer, a nurse, a veterinarian, a teacher, or a dancer. "Then," she said, "I hit on singing, and it stuck."

Although Miss Lee and Blake drifted apart ("We both found different friends after a year," they both say), she realized that he had had a profound effect on her approach to singing.

They developed independently of each other for several years. Miss Lee was heading into social work. Blake was busy studying music, producing jazz festivals at Bard, and generally preparing himself for a musical career.

In 1961, they met each other again. Blake was scheduled to appear at the Apollo for an amateur night. He asked Miss Lee to sing with him there. They won and appeared there again.

The combination was a delight for both, and they have gone on to play some few concerts and a local television show and have made one RCA Victor album. She won first prize this year, "1962 Vocalist of the Year," at the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame. She now devotes her time to modern-dance lessons and rehearsals with Blake. He uses part of his clerk's salary for graduate music courses at Columbia University.

Both say they are convinced that they are only beginning to explore all the music available to their talents, singly and in combination. They feel the possibilities are unlimited. "Ran's sound, his sense of harmonies, is our sound," she said. "It used to scare me. When I was 17, I couldn't really do it. Now it jells. I have a whole new sense of hearing."

They haven't yet had a night-club appearance. They know they need that. But their record shows the kind of heights they feel it necessary to climb. It isn't always as good—because there is so much experimentation—as it could be, but the direction is clear and clearly attainable. Its ultimate distinctiveness occurs because no orthodoxy is too sacrosanct to be unchallenged. For some, Miss Lee's voice may seem too wide and Blake's piano too eclectic. But the present must seem an augury to most reasonable persons.

What they present now is a piano that is representative of many disciplines, still with each in a highly individual way, plus a singing voice used as an instrument but with special care given to lyrics, something seldom done without sacrificing one or the other. In combination they pass, blend, meld, and move around each other in a manner so subtle it may pass you by, while vaguely disconcerting you, or demand your attention in a way no other group of this kind has done.

db

ON THE THRESHOLD

Singer's Singer Carmen McRae

By BARBARA GARDNER

SPOTLIGHT! A tiny frown, then a smile, drooping eyelids. She sings, and she comes alive.

It is a long way from the warmth of childhood dreams to the spotlight. For a person who is self-confident, it is a long way. For one who is less sure, the distance is almost immeasurable. Armed with talent and desire, a shy, uncertain vocalist has made the trek. Today she stands in the light of success, but with questioning eyes.

She will not be consumed by the flame that generates this light, for it was not the dazzle of the success that has drawn her forward; it was the desire to reach a safe level where she could express herself—as Carmen McRae.

Who is Carmen McRae and what does she have to express? She is a little girl with a longing, who has grown up. She is an artist with a universal way with songs.

There is inherent in her emotional make-up the need to please, to be accepted. This desire goes back as far as the singer can remember. If she had been favored with more self-confidence, the task would have been less frustrating.

As a little girl, she privately dreamed of the world of the stage. For years, the dreams lay unrealized, and she never dared believe she would be successful. In fact, she never really believed she would become an entertainer at all.

"I studied piano when I was little," she recalled, and added a little sadly, "I could have been a very good pianist. I used to play and sing when I was in high school, but my parents didn't go for the idea of my going into show business. . . . So when I came out of high school, I took a secretarial course."

For two years in Washington, D.C., Miss McRae led the circumspect, routine existence of a government employe, a role acceptable to her parents. In 1943, she returned to her native New York and continued as a clerical worker by day and an entertainer by night.

"Those were the good ol' days," she remembered, with an edge of poignancy biting her laughter. "I was singing and playing around the clubs in New York, just working weekend gigs and one-nighters. I was making about \$5 a night—when I was lucky."

A disarming quality about Miss McRae is her unvarnished honesty. She is direct and outspoken and never could be the ultraglamorous show business figure she envisioned herself as a youngster. She dresses conservatively and tastefully. When she dares to become shocking with colors, she is modest with the cut of the garment.

Offstage, she would draw little attention—unless one looked into her face. The entire personality and make-up of Carmen McRae is captured and reflected in her eyes. Almond-shaped, limpid, and grave, they peer out at the world with apprehensive wistfulness and certify her affinity, discerned early



MM MARSHALL

in her career, for ballads.

She was working as a chorus girl in Atlantic City, N.J., early in the 1940s, and after work, she recalled, "the girls would sit around and drink and reminisce. I would play the piano and sing torch songs, and we would all cry."

The girls encouraged her to become a full-time professional singer. A soap-opera beginning, perhaps, but she has never lost that distinctive ability to breathe life and personal meaning into ballads. Women still cry when she sings, and the vocalist herself occasionally has an unusual glint in her eye when she is in top form.

She hasn't experienced all the travail she sings of so convincingly, yet she imbues a lyric with the intimacy and perception of lifelong familiarity. She is helped by a voice that possesses just enough natural "defects" to be beneficial in turning the phrase, breaking at the most dramatic moment, becoming dark and muddy with expression. Her ability to master a lyric led *Down Beat* critic John Tynan to observe, "She manages to give the constant impression that she's never wrong in the interpretation and delivery of any song."

On stage, she reminds one of the church organist at the Saturday night social. There are no layers of artificiality and stage dramatics to wade through for meaning and comprehension.

JAZZ WRITERS are always careful to note the brief stints Miss McRae spent as band vocalist with Benny Carter in 1944, Count Basie in 1945, and Mercer Ellington in 1946. The singer doesn't bother to mention these associations, choosing rather to mark her career with those jobs where she worked for herself.

By this yardstick, it all began in Chicago, in 1948. By this time, eight years after graduation from high school, the big-band experience behind her, unemployment and obscurity surrounding her, the insecure Brooklynite was discouraged and frustrated in her efforts to become an entertainer. The ever-present doubts and fears were closing in. Miss McRae was about to return to New York City when a friend told her that the owner of a south-side night club was looking for an attraction.

"I didn't even want to go to see him," she said. "After all, who knew me? I just knew it would be no use, but my friend kept after me until I finally went to see about the job. What did I have to lose?"

The clubowner was Harold (Killer) Johnson of the Archway Supper Club. In spite of the fact that she had little solo experience and practically no reputation, Miss McRae got an audition with Johnson.

"I can't tell you how wonderful this man was to me," she said. "I didn't even have enough money to join the union. He loaned me the money for that. Then I only had a few tunes. I had to rent a piano to learn additional material. He was very understanding. I went there for two weeks and stayed for 17."

This was her beginning. Chicago became her base of operation and for 3½ years she remained in the Windy City, working her way around the circuit of small clubs on the north, south, and west sides.

In the early '50s, she returned to Brooklyn. Until this time, New York had not been overly kind to its native daughter. She began working as the intermission pianist at Minton's.

During this period, she attracted the attention of a millionaire jazz devotee. Miss McRae prefers not to disclose his name, but he owned a record company and signed the vocalist to a short-lived contract.

Though he was obviously impressed with the voice and talent of the singer, the benefactor was dissatisfied with

the professional image of Carmen McRae and began a studied and involved plan of "making me over." While under his auspices, she produced a few recordings, most of which were never released. Eventually, she balked at the Pygmalion treatment.

"It was terrible," she said. "He was completely remaking me into something that I wasn't. I just couldn't take it anymore."

At any rate, the label went out of business, the sides that had been cut were not issued, and once again Carmen's ambitions to become an entertainer were stymied.

In 1953 the vocalist, for professional purposes, deserted the piano and became a standup performer. She worked for several months with accordionist Mat Mathews and his quintet. The following year, Miss McRae became the new-found darling of the jazz set and began to make appearances in plush supper clubs and night spots throughout the country.

In that year, she won the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll as new-star vocalist, despite the fact that a good number of the critics had taken her to task for "reflecting a Vaughan influence," as Leonard Feather wrote.

The lives and careers of Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae are surprisingly similar. Both singers grew up with frustrated longings to become entertaining artists. Both play the piano well but have turned instead to singing as standup performers. Burying feelings of personal insecurity and acting on the persuasion of friends, each took the professional plunge with a big band in the same year, 1944, Carmen with Benny Carter and Sarah with Billy Eckstine. Each has undergone the discomforting experience of attempting to become something other than herself at the insistence of well-meaning but misguided managers, creating emotional problems and mental havoc. Each has married the same professional type twice—Carmen, two musicians, Sarah, two personal managers. Both have, from the inception of their careers, enjoyed staunch support from jazz musicians. Each has received the sanction of jazz critics. The followers of astrology might explain it all by noting that the singers' birthdays are only 12 days apart, both under the sign of the ram.

While Miss McRae is two years (less 12 days) older than Sarah, Miss Vaughan for several years was the model after which her fellow vocalist patterned her singing. Not one to duck an issue, Miss McRae does not hesitate when asked who was her idol when she began singing professionally.

"Sarah Vaughan—for a while," she said. "I liked Sarah very much and still do; but I believe I have my own thing now. You know, you have to do your own thing."

Then, as if remembering those early '50s days, she adds, "You'll get lost in the shadow of your idol if you're not careful."

For a while, Miss McRae surely was encompassed, enveloped by the ever-growing image of the rapidly rising Sarah Vaughan. Her triumphs were compared to the efforts of Miss Vaughan. Her shortcomings or lack of direction were analyzed in the light of Sarah's strength and originality.

By 1955, however, the unflattering traces of "influences" had fallen away, and the creativity of today's artist was beginning to take shape.

On March 12, 1955, Miss McRae was featured, along with Gerry Mulligan, in an all-star jazz concert at Carnegie Hall. This night was to be an important milestone in her career. As she sang, two events were taking place, marking the end of one career and the major step forward of another. *Yardbird Suite* was one of the tunes she sang. Sitting in the audience was New York *Journal American's* Jack O'Brien. Blocks away Charlie Parker was dying.

O'Brien, impressed with the vocalist, went to Joe Glaser, head of Associated Booking Corp., after writing a glowing article about her performance and potential. Miss McRae, heartened by the review, gulped hard and went to see Glaser in hopes of being signed by his booking office. While the Glaser staff was combing the city by telephone and personal inquiries, Miss McRae was sitting, hopefully, in the outer office waiting for an appointment.

"It was so funny," she said. "I know it sounds like a fairy tale or something, but it actually happened."

She recalls the audition with not too much pride:

"I was scared to death and nervous. They told me to sing for Joe Glaser, and I tried. It was awful. I was terrible. I could just see Joe wondering what Jack O'Brien had been so excited about. But after a while, I calmed down, and we tried again and I was signed."

There followed recording contracts, work in the major rooms, and prestige.

ALTHOUGH THE worst seems to be behind the singer and though she now enjoys artistic acceptance, there is still missing that elusive spark of frantic enthusiasm and support necessary from fans in order for the artist to move into the ranks of top stars.

Miss McRae is talented, attractive, intelligent, and charming and possesses a keen sense of humor. But she considers herself "not different from other working girls," and whatever else the public indulges in its glamorous, exciting stars it allows none to remain a "working girl." Perhaps this is why the glamour aura is so difficult to build up around Miss McRae.

Aside from the somewhat justifiable observation that early Carmen reflected traces of Sarah Vaughan, the singer has never been associated with any sound other than her own. She is frequently referred to as one of the few original song stylists of today. She does, however, admit that Miss Vaughan was not her initial inspiration. She, like dozens of others, once fell under the influence of Billie Holiday.

"Oh yes!" she said emphatically, "when I was 17 or 18 years old, I not only sang like her, I tried to do everything she did. I had her down pat, even to her gestures." Regarding her decision to throw off the traces of her mentors in the '50s, Miss McRae observed:

"You can't keep worrying about your idols. You'll get lost in the shuffle."

There is about her an almost chronic preoccupation with "getting lost" or being forgotten.

Two unsuccessful marriages do nothing for this attitude. The singer was married for 10 years to drummer Kenny Clarke. She currently is married to bassist Ike Isaacs, although they now are separated after six years. Living alone in New York City, when not on the road performing, Miss McRae leads a secluded life.

"Of course, I would like to have a family," she said. "Basically I am a woman before an entertainer."

This statement then was followed quickly by the fundamental McRae candor: "Well, I don't know whether I'd say that or not. I think—at least, I hope, I can combine both. I've been married twice, and in spite of everything, I would do it all over again. Singing to me is most important. Right now it is the most important thing for me. I am happiest when my trio is doing a good job. I guess I am a perfectionist about my work. When I feel the music is right, I'm happy."

There is a bit of irony in the fact that she is happiest when she is singing sad songs.

"I'm partial to the ballad," she said. "They are so sad. I like to sing them and try to get the message across."



"Experience and emotion take over when I sing. I try to convince the audience of what I am singing about. I try to entertain the people, not just myself."

There have been many attempts to describe Miss McRae's ballad mastery, but she gives what is, after all, the most uncluttered explanation:

"Experience and emotion take over when I sing. I try to convince the audience of what I am singing about. I try to entertain the people, not just myself."

To her, nevertheless, singing is a deeply rewarding emotional experience. In lieu of an immediate family or entourage of friends, Miss McRae pours her mood of contentment or depression on her audience.

"I can't hide my emotions," she said. "My voice is not as clear, quality-wise, as it was when I started, but I have learned a great deal more about singing, and I've had a lot more experience, which helps. I am not standing still, and I don't want to go back to where I started. I hope I am progressing all the time."

Though as a fellow professional, she is held in high regard by entertainers, charmin' Carmen, as they often call her, has a close friendship with few of them, a situation entirely of her own choosing.

"I don't get around much," she said. "I stay mostly to myself when I'm off."

Staying to herself has been a life-long habit. Each rung on the ladder of success was climbed alone.

"There should be people around to help newcomers," she said. "There is no sure-fire formula, but everybody, or somebody, could help. I remember that nobody did it for me. I had to make it the best way I could. No friends helped me."

Even this observation is not voiced in bitterness; it is offered in fact. This year finds Miss McRae perched on what appears to be the threshold of great success. She is singing better than she ever has, emotionally. She maintains her solid core of discriminating admirers in writers and musicians. She is working the major festivals and clubs throughout the country.

Still, what does one do when there is that trace of gnawing insecurity still hacking at one's equilibrium? Sometimes one walls that insecurity within an acceptable public image, and it smolders there undetected. In the book *Hear Me Talkin' to Ya*, Carmen McRae talks of Billie Holiday. She speaks of the late vocalist with sympathetic insight. In one passage, while ostensibly speaking of Billie Holiday, she is actually summarizing the essence of Carmen McRae:

"... she sings the way she is. Singing is the only place she can express herself the way she'd like to be all the time. Only way she is happy is through a song. I don't think she expresses herself as she would want to when you meet her in person. The only time she's at ease and at rest with herself is when she sings."



A Night at McKie's

During tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins' recent engagement at the Chicago jazz club, McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge, young Chicago artist George Roth spent an evening sketching the members of the Rollins quartet and local tenorist Gene Ammons, who sat in with the group. A page from Roth's sketchbook is here reproduced.



FOCUS ON:

alto saxophonist soprano saxophonist vocalist VI REDD



By LEONARD FEATHER

Some years ago there appeared in these pages a series of articles devoted to instrumentalists entitled *Girls in Jazz*. The series eventually ran out of steam, simply because we ran out of girls. The last piece, more than five years ago, served to reintroduce Melba Liston, who had recently emerged from retirement. For four years, frustrated as a musician, she had worked as a clerk for the Los Angeles Board of Education.

Today, thanks largely to the help of Quincy Jones and Dizzy Gillespie, Miss Liston is an established name, working successfully in New York as a freelance arranger and trombonist.

All these thoughts were brought to mind a few months ago when we were treated to the delightful sight of Melba

as a contestant on *What's My Line*. The reason for her appearance, of course, was the supposed shock value of "jazz trombonist" as a line for a woman.

This reminder of the problem of sex prejudice in jazz, which combined with race prejudice makes a frightening double barrier, brought to mind the case of a delightful and gifted girl named Vi Redd.

Miss Redd, or Mrs. Elvira Goldberg, has much in common with Miss Liston. Both play a horn, in Vi's case alto saxophone and occasionally soprano saxophone; both are Los Angeles girls, and both studied with Mrs. Alma Hightower, Miss Redd's great-aunt, now 73 and still teaching music.

Heredity and environment should have made a drummer out of Vi. Her father, Alton Redd, has played drums

with Kid Ory, Les Hite, Ceelle Burke, and many others (recently he was on the riverboat band at Disneyland); her husband, Richie Goldberg, is the former drummer with Ray Charles; her brother, Buddy Redd, is a Los Angeles freelance percussionist. It was a fourth drummer, her friend and fan Dave Bailey, who drew her to my attention.

What stood out immediately as Vi played her regular Monday night gig at the Red Carpet in Los Angeles was her formidable advantage over other musicians in her category. First, few alto players in the last year, irrespective of sex, creed, height, weight, national origin, or shoe size, have a more Bird-like sound or a better blues-rooted feeling than Vi Redd. She reminds one at times of Sonny Stitt.

Second, she is a singer with an impressively resonant timbre and fine intonation and phrasing.

Third, she gives jazz a new dimension. We have seen it in recent years allied with many other arts; jazz-and-painting, jazz-and-theater, jazz-and-ballet. Surely jazz-and-physical-beauty is an alliance no less desirable. Yet her attractiveness, far from helping her, has led only to the usual skepticism suffered by girls in jazz.

Perhaps her fascination for drummers eventually will gain her the place she deserves. One night she sat in with Shelly Manne's combo. Shelly, beaming from brush to brush, immediately offered her a series of gigs at his club. A few nights later she did a guest shot at the Renaissance with Art Blakey, who promptly called New York to rave about her to a recording executive.

The record man's reaction was predictable: "Yes, but she's a girl . . . only two girls in jazz have ever really made it, Mary Lou Williams and Shirley Scott . . . I wonder whether to take a chance . . ."

This is the story of Miss Redd's life. When musicians are being picked for a job, she is not thought of as an available saxophonist who plays and reads well and can hold down a chair in any man's reed section, but rather as a novelty who can't really be that good.

Vi, who studied at Los Angeles City and State colleges and majored in social science, only came back to jazz last year after three years as a county social worker. Since Melba does not pretend to be primarily a great jazz soloist, it seems to me that the honor of becoming the first major horn woman in jazz history may well fall to the talented and indomitable Mrs. Goldberg. But first, a lot of people are going to have to divest themselves of a long-otmoded prejudice and realize that emancipation is with us.



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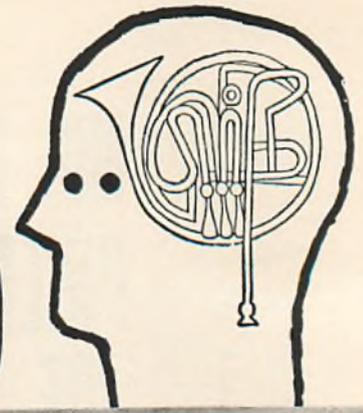
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OUT OF MY HEAD



By **GEORGE CRATER**

Since I've been missing from these pages for some time, I imagine there are some questions in readers' minds as to my feelings these days. Thus, the following "self-interview":

Q: What happened to you that would force you to stop writing?

A: My shoelace broke.

Q: No, seriously. . . .

A: Well, actually, I gave up writing the column for Lent. Along with other sacrifices like not putting down Nat Hentoff, forgetting all about Cyd Charisse, not eating chocolate-covered halavah, and not laughing at Ornette Coleman solos.

Q: Do you still plan to go through with this idea?

A: I'm not sure. The hardest part of the scene is kicking Cyd Charisse. It's not *easy* walking around town with a ballet-dancer-on-your-back.

Q: Are you aware of what's been happening in the music business since your disappearance?

A: I heard Benny Goodman went on the road. . . .

Q: What are your views on Goodman's Soviet tour?

A: I think it was very unfair of his road-manager to tell the sidemen it was "turnpike all the way."

Q: Do you think the tour was successful?

A: I'd say it had its good points. For one thing, it kept Zoot Sims and Phil Woods off the streets.

Q: What are your views on the comments raised about Benny playing only the old tunes and not enough modern music?

A: Well, think of all the excess-baggage charges they saved by not having to bring music with them.

Q: What do you think about Khrushchev's bitter comments on jazz?

A: I think he should build a wall around Benny Goodman.

Q: Don't you think you're being a little hard on him?

A: Should we send Kate Smith over to *sing* for them?

Q: Do you think anyone gained anything from the Moscow tour?

A: I heard Mel Lewis gained six or seven pounds but then when the dysentery hit. . . .

Q: What other happenings in the music business have caught your attention?

A: The Five Spot won't hire Roland Kirk anymore.

Q: Why's that?

A: During his last engagement there, while he was playing the last chorus of *Bird Feathers*, he swallowed two waiters, three bus boys, two bartenders, a hatcheck girl, and an exchange student from Beirut—*whole!*

Q: That must've been horrible!

A: To some extent. He didn't sound bad on exchange student.

Q: There were rumors circulating that you were back in the hospital again; is that so?

A: Yes.

Q: Were you seriously ill?

A: Not really—it's just that I have a Ben Casey fetish.

Q: Who weighs more, you or Paul Desmond?

A: With or without his horn?

Q: Now that Joe Glaser has signed you, how does it feel working as a performer in night clubs?

A: Is *that* what kind of work I'm out of?

Q: Are you planning to record any more albums?

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A: That's very perceptive of you.

Q: Is there any reason for it?

A: I just don't like clarinet players who don't double.

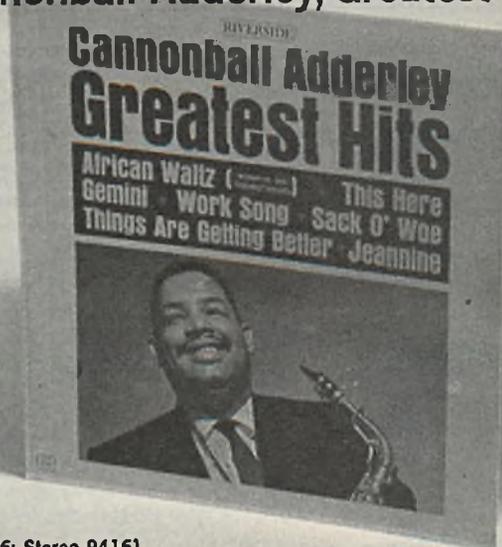
Q: Do you have any plans for the future?

A: Yes I do . . . *Junior?*

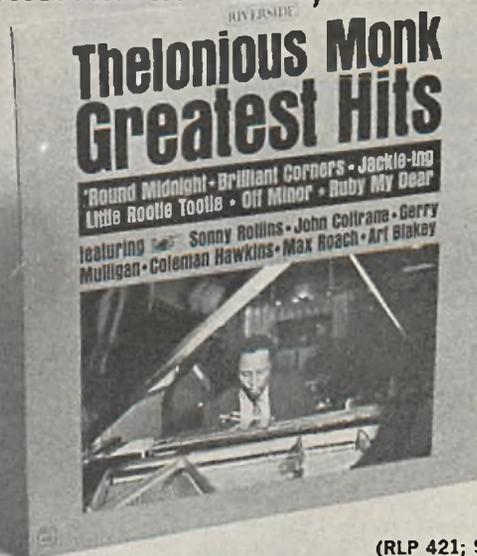
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record reviews

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

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

CLASSICAL

Bizet

THE PEARL FISHERS, by Georges Bizet—Angel S-3603: Complete opera in three acts, in French; two-disc album.

Personnel: Janine Micheau, Nicolai Gedda, Ernest Blanc, Jacques Mars; Pierre Dervaux, conductor; chorus and orchestra of Paris Opera-Comique.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Opera is not as star-conscious in Paris as in other music centers of the world, prizing smoothness of ensemble instead of the occasional supremely well-sung aria. This is a tradition dictated partly by the scarcity of great French singers.

Certainly Miss Micheau is no longer a thrilling soprano, and even Gedda, the best of the cast, is more renowned for suavity than vocal prowess (he does not do much with the famous *Romance*, for instance). Nevertheless, conductor Dervaux welds his forces into a production that brings out the atmosphere and charm of the work, so that the total impression is favorable. (D.H.)

Klemperer/Mendelssohn/Schumann

MENDELSSOHN *Symphony No. 3 (Scotch)*; *Hebrides Overture*—Angel S-35880.

Personnel: Philharmonia Orchestra, Otto Klemperer, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

MENDELSSOHN *Symphony No. 4 (Italian)*; SCHUMANN *Symphony No. 4 in D Minor*—Angel S-35629.

Personnel as above.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In every way these two recordings are superior to the ones Klemperer did for Vox some years back. Not only has there been a gain in authority and an improvement in sound, but also the *Scotch Symphony*, which formerly took up an entire disc now is accompanied by the *Hebrides Overture*, in a fluent, atmospheric reading.

Nevertheless, to these ears, Klemperer still tries to make these two Mendelssohn symphonies carry more weight than is necessary. The slow tempos and the *echt Deutsch* regularity of phrasing are more suited to the Schumann, which is a superior job. The Philharmonia plays with glossy efficiency and is ripely recorded. (D.H.)

Tamas Vasary/Liszt

TAMAS VASARY PLAYS LISZT—Deutsche Grammophon LPEM-19258; *Sonata in B Minor*; *Polonaise in E Major*; *Don Juan Fantasia*. Personnel: Vasary, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Vasary, a 29-year-old Hungarian, sails through his countryman's difficult music with disarming ease. Technically, Liszt poses him no problems. As performances, these are less obviously Lisztian than we are used to hearing, but perhaps that is all to the good.

In the fantasy on Mozart's *Don Gio-*

vanni, this approach has the virtue of letting themes stand out clearly, their beauty not buried under a hot-fingered display of technique, as is usual when a pianist feels competent to tackle one of the Liszt opera fantasies. The *Sonata*, no less intelligently approached, lacks the the climaxes but is still a fine encompassing of the work. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Gary Burton

NEW VIBE MAN IN TOWN—RCA Victor 2420: *Joy Spring*; *Over the Rainbow*; *Like Someone in Love*; *Minor Blues*; *Our Waltz*; *So Many Things*; *Sir John*; *You Stepped Out of a Dream*.

Personnel: Burton, vibraharp; Gene Cherico, bass; Joe Morello, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

It's best to consider Burton on two levels: the technical and the artistic.

The facility he displays in this, his first album as leader, is startling. He uses three and four mallets, relieved with single notes, on each track; the result is similar to a metallic piano. Few vibists are able to handle more than two mallets with the accomplishment of Burton. Only one other, Mike Mainieri, would I consider perhaps a more adroit practitioner of four-mallet technique. Burton also is a very fast and clean player, streaking across his instrument with what sounds like great ease. Thus, as a vibraharpist he is quite impressive.

But artistically he leaves something to be desired, and it is his technical ability that gets in the way of artistry. Too often he plays too much; the listener is bowled over with a profusion of notes—it's as if he wanted to tell his whole story every time he soloed. This is understandable and not unexpected in a musician of Burton's age—18 when he cut this record.

This is not to say there are no arresting moments.

His excellent *Waltz* solo, his most interesting work rhythmically, can hardly be faulted on artistic grounds, nor can his unaccompanied introduction to Marian McPartland's lovely ballad *So Many Things*. His most exciting work, however, is on the up-tempo *Dream*; it is here that technique merges with art and indicates what can be expected from Burton at his best.

Throughout the album, Burton is excellently supported by Cherico and Morello, whose four-, six-, and eight-bar brush exchanges with Burton are, as usual, brilliantly played and tastefully conceived.

With the facility he has and the musical ability that shines through the deluge of notes, not to mention his fresh, happy approach, Burton stands as one of the bright lights on vibes. All that's needed is a bit of restraint. (D.DeM.)

Junie C. Cobb

JUNIE C. COBB AND HIS NEW HOMETOWN BAND—Riverside 415: *Swing Your Hurdy Gurdy*; *Belligerent Blues*; *Once or Twice*; *I'm Gonna Have You*; *Mister Blues*; *Just Squeeze Me*; *Be Mine*; *Just Because of You*.

Personnel: Fortunatus Ricard, trumpet; Harlen Floyd, trombone; Leon Washington, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Cobb, piano; Ike Robinson, banjo; Walter Hill, bass; Red Saunders, drums; Annabelle Calhoun, vocals.

Rating: ★ ½

Since the musicians with whom he ordinarily works had participated in other sessions in the *Riverside Chicago: the Living Legends* series, pianist Cobb recruited an entire new band for this album. The raggedness and general air of dis-solution that characterizes this hapless collection are due almost wholly to the haphazard way the band was assembled.

Each of the performers is a qualified instrumentalist and has a felicitous moment or two throughout the course of the program of eight tunes, but there is not the slightest trace of any rapport, let alone a singleness of purpose or direction. Everything and everyone is at loose ends.

Cobb is an attractive melodist and a deft, prodding pianist who is at times reminiscent of Jelly Roll Morton, at others of various stride pianists, yet he and his music are done a considerable disservice by releasing this album. It reflects credit on no one.

The rating is for those occasional flashes of illumination that burst through the dense fog of banality and purposelessness that blanket this miasmal collection. They're infrequent enough, to be sure. (P.W.)

Cy Coleman

BROADWAY PIANORAMA—Capitol 1740: *Old Devil Moon*; *Lost in Loveliness*; *Night of My Nights*; *I Got Lost in His Arms*; *Here I'll Stay*; *We Open in Venice*; *The Best Thing for You*; *Come Rain or Come Shine*; *Luck, Be a Lady*; *Tall Hope*; *Lonely Town*; *The Gentleman Is a Dope*.

Personnel: Coleman, piano; unidentified bass, drums, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

For reasons best known to the producer of this jazzing-the-show-tunes set, three sexy female voices are employed to intone a scrap of the lyric at the opening and close of each track. It's a gimmick and the girls wax pretty sirupy after a while, but they don't really get in the way of Coleman's sizzling jazz playing on many of these well-known numbers from Broadway musical theater.

Because of his long-time identification with plush Gotham cocktail lounges, Coleman's ability as a jazz pianist has been correspondingly overlooked. A hard cooker in the bop or post-bop groove he is not—he has his own slick style and stays with it.

But let there be no misunderstanding: Coleman is a hard swinger and a con-

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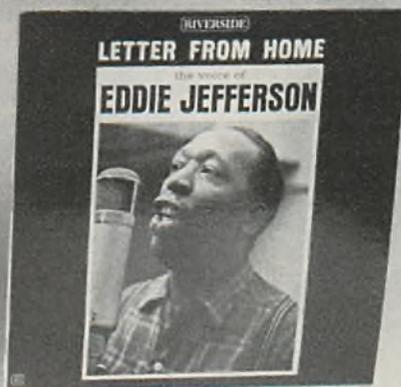
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The rhythm support is sympathetic and driving; once in a while there's a conga thrown in, but mostly it's straight ahead behind the pianist. (J.A.T.)

Hank Crawford

FROM THE HEART—Atlantic 1387: *Don't Cry, Baby; Sweet Cakes; You've Changed; Baby, Let Me Hold Your Hand; Sherri; The Peeper; But on the Other Hand; Stoney Lonesome; What Will I Tell My Heart?*

Personnel: John Hunt, Phil Guilbeau, trumpets; Crawford, alto saxophone; Dave Newman, tenor saxophone; Leroy Cooper, baritone saxophone; Sonny Forrest, guitar; Edgar Willis, bass; Bruno Carr, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The merry-go-round of whether a horn should be played like a human voice or a singer should sing like a horn is given another whirl by Crawford, who does the horn-like-a-voice bit extremely well.

On this program, made up primarily of slow, rocking selections, he wails on alto, with phrasing and intonation that are a superb reflection of the attack of a richly rooted blues singer. As a result, he makes these a series of deeply moving performances. He tells his cleanly developed, well-organized stories in simple and direct fashion, while the Ray Charles Band rocks solidly underneath him.

Lonesome serves as a change of mood and tempo, allowing Crawford to rise up out of a chunky, digging ensemble to build a solo that trembles with passion, while Guilbeau comes in for a darting, stabbing solo in the same impassioned vein. This is a strong, sound, blues-based set. (J.S.W.)

Clare Fischer

FIRST TIME OUT—Pacific Jazz 52: *Nigerian Walk; Toddler; Stranger; Afterfact; I've Been Free Too Long; Piece for Scotty; Blues for Home; I Love You.*

Personnel: Fischer, piano; Gary Peacock, bass; Gene Stone, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the surprise of the year.

Fischer has had trouble enough establishing himself as a major jazz composer-arranger, through a series of bad breaks (the nonrelease of his Donald Byrd LP, the failure to credit him on Dizzy Gillespie's Duke Ellington portrait album); but hardly anyone knew that he is also an extraordinary jazz pianist.

It is hard to describe Fischer's style; there are in him elements that suggest a harmonic sympathy for Bill Evans, and at moments his articulation and right-hand voicings reminded me of the early (not the recent) Dodo Marmarosa. He is always in complete command of the keyboard; unlike Gil Evans, Tadd Dameron, and other arrangers who are secondarily pianists, he can be judged entirely by a pianistic yardstick.

Five of the eight pieces are Fischer originals. The others are Peacock's *Stranger*, the Cole Porter *I Love You*, and the most attractive *Nigerian* by drummer Ed Shaughnessy. All the Fischer works are of vertical as well as horizontal interest. *Scotty*, dedicated to the late Scott LaFaro, is a poignantly pretty tribute. *Afterfact* is Fischer's best essay in

compiling a swinger.

Free Too Long is a study in group improvisation, with no set plan structurally, melodically, or harmonically. It is not exactly atonal and seems at most times to be geared to a C feel or pedal point; whatever the technicalities, it comes off better than any experiment of this kind since Lennie Tristano's *Intuition*. This freedom is constructive rather than anarchistic.

Home is an unpretentious piece, always true to the blues changes and never betrayed into condescending pseudo-funk. The mood is ruined by the drum solo; in fact, the often-obtrusive drums almost reduced the rating by half a star. Yet Stone on the whole is a capable, swinging musician.

Peacock, though, is worth an extra full star in himself. He is one of the most amazing bassists I have heard, with the dexterity of a guitarist and consequently tremendous melodic strength. His solos are consistently original and inventive. His only faults are a tendency at times to get too busy during Fischer's solos instead of just playing straight time, and an occasional intonation lapse in the higher register.

This is not the best-organized trio on the scene, but it includes two talents of such magnitude that the album is essential listening for anyone interested in unexploited talents. It is ironic that Fischer had to wait almost until his 34th birthday for the first exposure of a talent that probably has been his for 10 or 15 years. (L.G.F.)

Leonard Gaskin

AT THE JAZZ BAND BALL—Swingville 2031: *Mack the Knife; Hindustan; Keepin' Out of Mischief Now; At the Jazz Band Ball; Tin Roof Blues; Muskrat Ramble.*

Personnel: Doc Cheatham or Yank Lawson, trumpet; Vic Dickenson or Cutty Cutshall, trombone; Buster Bailey or Edmond Hall, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Gaskin, bass; Herb Lovelle, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Interspersed in the noisy and familiar runs of this Dixieland session are a few estimable phrases and solos (Wellstood, in particular, is very good), but it is generally the same old wind that turns the blades of this mill.

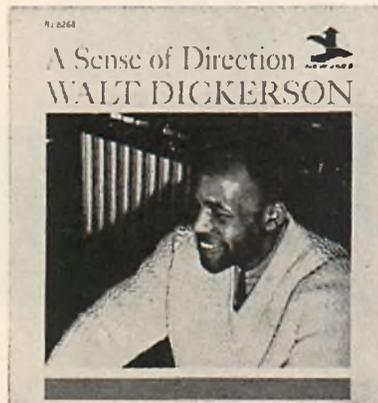
Freshness is the responsibility of every jazzman, and without question each of these musicians has a capacity for freshness. It is, therefore, dismaying to find a Lawson, a Dickenson, and a Hall slipping occasionally into the clichés of neo-Dixielanders.

Playing hot apparently is not now in fashion, but it is an approach that will likely remain fixed in jazz because it is valid, and when it is right, there is nothing quite like it. The playing on these tracks, however, often conforms to what is the popular conception of hot: phrasing that is loud, brash, and boring.

Cheatham swings nicely on *Mack*, and there is a good Bailey solo here. Lawson and Hall both score on the *Tin Roof* track. Wellstood is wonderful throughout, whether he is playing accompaniment or soloing. The full nine-man personnel plays on only one track, *Jazz Band Ball*, and *Mischief* is piano and rhythm.

Maybe one day Swingville will catch this group when a new wind is blowing. (G.M.E.)

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Blue Mitchell

A SURE THING—Riverside 414: *West Coast Blues*; *I Can't Get Started with You*; *Blue on Blue*; *A Sure Thing*; *Hootie Blues*; *Hip to It*; *Gone with the Wind*.

Personnel: Mitchell, Clark Terry, trumpets; Julius Watkins, French horn; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone; Jerome Richardson, alto saxophone, flute; Pepper Adams or Pat Patrick baritone saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

"Blue Mitchell Plays Jimmy Heath Arrangements," would do very nicely as an alternate title for this vigorous and well-balanced set. Heath wrote all but the closing *Wind*, which is a trumpet-tenor-rhythm section outing, anyway, and his arrangements are economical and well crafted.

Mitchell stands as one of the most forcefully melodic trumpeters playing today. "It is primarily as a melodist that Mitchell is valuable," writes annotator Joe Goldberg. This is so, and it is most evident in the trumpeter's handling of *I Can't Get Started*, an unpretentious, simple, and moving interpretation of Bunny Berigan's old theme. Moreover, Mitchell is a big-sound, open-horn player; he plays *trumpet*.

Tenorist Heath is in virile, inventive form, often weaving into his solos tough, logical idea patterns and never in a mad hurry to spout out all he's got to say. Baritonist Adams, too, is a tough customer. He spits out his jazz with Detroit intensity and passionate conviction. Kelly, from start to finish, is the personification of self-assurance, good taste, and unabated swing.

Note to student trumpeters: as an object lesson in how jazz should be played on a ballad, study Mitchell's second chorus on *Sure Thing*. Then woodshed. (J.A.T.)

Red Mitchell-Harold Land

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!—Atlantic 1376: *Triplin' Awhile*; *Rosie's Spirit*; *Hear Ye!*; *Somara*; *Catacomb*; *Pari Passu*.

Personnel: Carmell Jones, trumpet; Land, tenor saxophone; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Mitchell, bass; Leon Petties, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The make-up of the Mitchell-Land Quintet could scarcely be more commonplace—trumpet, tenor saxophone, piano, bass, drums. But while most such groups inevitably sound very much alike, this group has managed to squirm out of the rut. This is due partly to the individuality of the musicians involved. But the real key to the difference lies in the fact that they seem to think in terms of an over-all, developed performance rather than of simply blowing a series of solos.

It is probably no accident that occasionally they sound somewhat like Horace Silver's quintet, since Silver also functions on the same basis. But the attack of the Mitchell-Land group is not at all like Silver's. It has more variety and is less inclined to get into hell-for-leather sweaters.

All six pieces are originals from within the band, and all of them are notable for the provocative ensemble writing and the way in which the whole group is used to kick off and back up soloists.

Land is a lithe tower of strength throughout the disc, playing lean, driving lines that constantly show his strong sense of structure. Strazzeri is somewhat indifferent on the first two numbers, but he picks up on the rest and evolves a

pair of striking and unusual solos on *Catacomb* and *Pari*.

Jones is the weakest of the soloists, for he has a tendency to meander through his spots as though this were the kind of routine blowing session that Mitchell and Land have, by and large, succeeded in keeping it from being.

Mitchell, of course, is a tremendously strong guiding force in the rhythm section, and he also adds his bass to the front line as a third voice on occasions. (J.S.W.)

Modern Jazz Quartet

LONELY WOMAN—Atlantic 1381: *Lonely Woman*; *Animal Dance*; *New York 19*; *Belkis*; *Why Are You Blue?*; *Fugato*; *Lamb*, *Leopard*; *Trieste*.

Personnel: Milt Jackson, vibraharp; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Maybe it's a good thing that the MJQ members decided to live separately for six months of the year. For, judging by this record, there was a tiredness creeping into the group's playing, collectively and individually, as if they had been through this kind of material too often before.

This tiredness, or boredom, comes through even though each man turns in a competent performance, and, as always, there are several moments of musical excellence. It's a hard thing to put your finger on, but when Lewis sounds as if he were playing the last set at a cocktail lounge (*Lamb*) and Jackson is slow getting started on a blues-with-added-chords (*Belkis*), it makes one wonder. . . .

Still, this is not a run-of-the-mill album by any stretch of the imagination.

Ornette Coleman's attractive ballad *Lonely Woman* is handled with delicacy and has in-and-out-of-tempo solos by Lewis (in), Heath (out), Jackson (in and out), all of which is well put together. Gary McFarland wrote *Blue*, the sort of 32-bar, bluesy tune that Jackson delights in—and Bags plays excellently on the track.

Lewis wrote the rest of the material, most of which sounds like variations on other Lewis compositions. Of them I liked best the sprightly *Animal Dance*, with its intriguing and tasteful superimposition of 3 on 4, (there also are light, dancing solos by Lewis and Jackson) and *New York 19*, with its recapitulatory breaks at the end by Jackson, Lewis, and Heath, all played at different tempos.

Trieste is notable for Lewis' economical playing, graced with humor, and Jackson's solo; the tango used on this track, while a good idea, fails to add much except stiffness.

All told, a very good record, without doubt; but the rest will probably do all concerned a lot of good. (D.DeM.)

James Moody

ANOTHER BAG—Argo 695: *Sassy Lady*; *Ally*; *Spastic*; *Minuet in G*; *Cup Bearers*; *The Day After*; *Pleyel D'Jaime*.

Personnel: Moody, tenor saxophone, flute; John Avant, trombone; Paul Serrano, trumpet; Kenny Barron, piano; Ernest Outlaw, bass; Marshall Thompson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Another Bag is a fine example of contemporary small-combo jazz. All seven compositions are originals and good ones. Former Moody sideman Tom McIntosh contributed five of them, the most impres-

sive being *Ally*, which sandwiches some hard-swinging improvisation between pretty melodies stated by Moody on flute. The intelligent deployment of repeated figures in the rhythm section hurls the soloists forward with renewed energy. McIntosh also did the arranging on this date. His work is very pleasant and somewhat reminiscent of the writing of Tadd Dameron and Gigi Gryce.

His voicings are often built around the smooth medium-register trumpet of Serrano. On the theme of *Spastic*, however, trombonist Avant carries the melody.

Dennis Sandole's dissonant *Pleyel* is another impressive piece. Sandole made a name as an avant-garde composer in the late '50s but then dropped from the scene.

In addition to having a fresh repertoire, this group contains some excellent soloists.

When Moody is in good form, not many modern tenor men compare to him. His playing is wonderfully relaxed—even at the extremely fast tempo of *Ally* he gives the impression of having something in reserve. He double-times brilliantly on *Sassy*; his melodic lines are actually richer at the increased tempo.

Barron continues to fulfill the hopes to which he gave rise on previous albums. In particular, I enjoyed his lithe driving lines on *Spastic*. It's a pleasure to follow his beautiful placement of left-hand chords.

Serrano's playing is fiery but often lacks continuity. His solo on *Ally* is ragged. However, he does convey excitement on *Pleyel*. (H.P.)

Joe Newman

AT COUNT BASIE'S—Mercury 60696: *Caravan*; *Love Is Here to Stay*; *Someone to Watch Over Me*; *The Midgets*; *On Green Dolphin Street*; *Wednesday's Blues*.

Personnel: Newman, trumpet; Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophone; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Art Davis, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Considering the talent involved, these are relatively routine performances.

Newman is, like Clark Terry, a trumpeter whose work is almost infallible. His playing here is crisp and often brightly attractive, but it rarely sustains any compelling interest. Nelson seems content to ride along on stereotyped blowing-session lines. Shaughnessy and Davis are an excellent rhythm team, but Mayers is an all-too-fashionable pianist who knows the expected Kelly and Garland clichés.

The disc was recorded live at Basie's club, a practice that may have its merits but also has some drawbacks, one of which is illustrated here when, on Newman's long muted solo treatment of *Love*, the audience talks loudly and busily throughout it with what appears to be complete lack of attention. The result is that the attention of the home listener tends to wander, too. If canned applause can have an effect on the listener, canned inattention also can. (J.S.W.)

Shirley Scott

LIKE COZY — Prestige/Moodsville 19: *Like Cozy*; *Little Girl Blue*; *Laura*; *You Do Something to Me*; *Once in Awhile*; *Deed I Do*; *More Than You Know*; *My Heart Stood Still*.

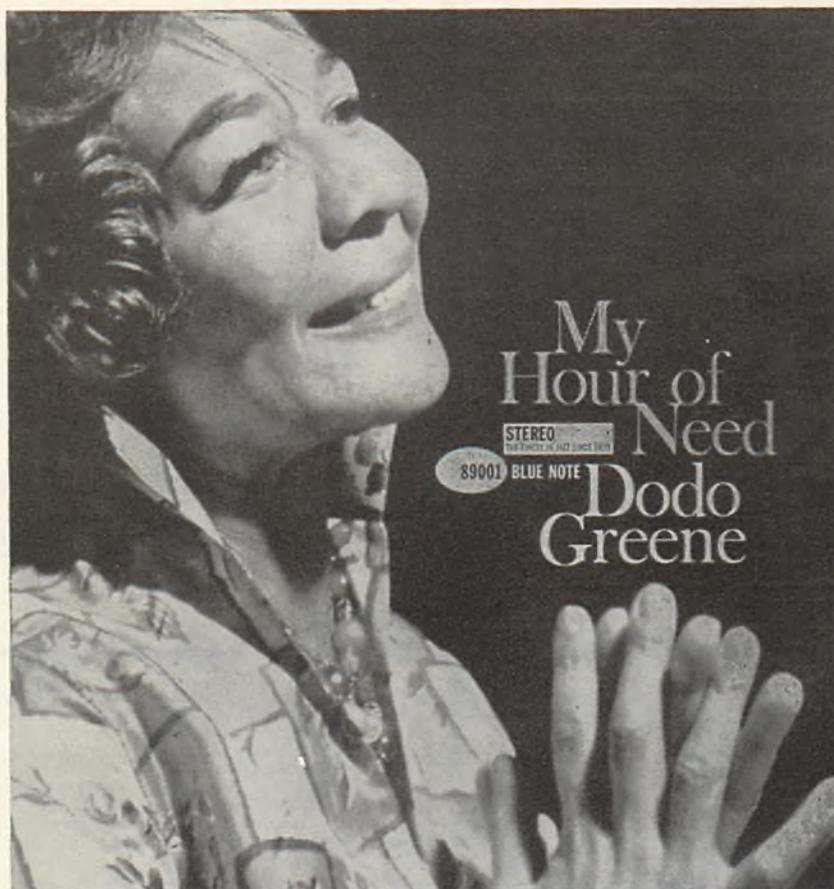
Personnel: Miss Scott, organ, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

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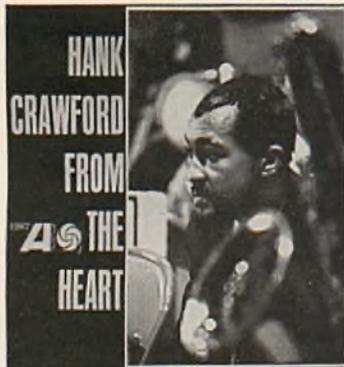
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piano. Her pleasant, relaxed solos are enhanced by a delicate but firm touch. She does not try to emulate any pianist in particular, although her block-chord voicings are reminiscent of Red Garland. Her melodic lines, generally played in the upper register, are pretty and uncluttered—each note seems to have its own breathing space.

Miss Scott's lyrical qualities are not nearly so well displayed on organ. The way she states the theme on *Laura* is reminiscent of the approach of organists who used to play "15 minutes of soothing melodies" in the old days of radio. She does play well on the slow blues *Like Cozy*, though.

Duvivier turns in an excellent performance on bass. His use of eighth and 16th notes keeps the beat alive on the slow tempos. As a bonus he takes a swinging, logically constructed solo on *Deed I Do*. (H.P.)

Sam Taylor

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL—Prestige/Moodsville 24: *The Bad and the Beautiful; Anna; Ruby; Suzie Wong; Gloria; Laura; Anastasia; Song of the Barefoot Contessa*.

Personnel: Taylor, tenor saxophone; Lloyd Mayers, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; Art Davis, bass; Ed Shaughnessy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Sam (The Man) Taylor, known primarily for his work in the rhythm-and-blues field, is a capable jazzman who played in the '40s and '50s with Cootie Williams and Cab Calloway.

His big-toned, emotional ballad playing is typical of the reed men of 20 to 25 years ago. He uses a heavy vibrato, "scooped" tones, and often stays close to the melody. His range and superb control are demonstrated in the upper register on *Bad and the Beautiful*. Taylor double-times well also, as on *Song of the Barefoot Contessa*, an enjoyable tune taken at a medium bounce.

The rhythm section supports Taylor tastefully, Davis standing out. (H.P.)

VOCAL

Jon Hendricks

FAST LIVIN' BLUES—Columbia 1805: *What Would You Do?; Fast Livin' Blues; Saturday Night Fish Fry; Do You Call That a Buddy?; I'll Die Happy; Another Get-Together; Good Old Lady; Contemporary Blues; Stop and Go Blues; I Never Get Enough of You*.

Personnel: Joe Newman, trumpet; Al Grey, trombone; Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Pony Poindexter, tenor, soprano saxophones; Gildo Mahones, piano; Ike Isaacs, bass; Stu Martin, drums; Hendricks, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The limitations imposed on Hendricks in the Lambert, Hendricks, Whoever set-up are dispensed with here to Hendricks' great advantage.

For one thing, with the microphones set up for his voice alone, he comes through vocally in much stronger fashion than he does with the trio. Away from the no-longer-novel business of lyrics, written to the demands of instrumental arrangements, Hendricks shows a real singing ability that is rarely apparent when he is coping with his own tongue-twisting lyrics.

On this disc he shows that he is an extraordinarily potent blues singer as well as a brilliant handler of novelty tunes. It is a measure of the man's ability that he cuts Louis Jordan on home territory on

Fish Fry and then makes Louis Armstrong seem to be almost a poseur in his skillful handling of Armstrong's 1930s hit *Buddy*.

Finally, he is backed by a wonderfully appropriate band, a band that swings lustily and has potent soloists in Newman, Grey, Mitchell, Poindexter, and Mahones. On the evidence of this release, Hendricks is wasting his talent in the vocal trio situation.

In combination with this band (and there seems to be no reason why he could not work with these men regularly, as Joe Williams does with Harry Edison's group), he could be one of the most potent acts to be heard today. This is an ideal setting for everyone involved, and with Hendricks' strong sense of showmanship and the variety of which he is capable, this could be such a lucrative act that every jazz critic might be expected to be putting it down in no time at all.

The only trouble is that, if the swinging standards were maintained, it would be hard for a critic to find a valid basis for complaint, although there are suggestions here of how Hendricks can go wrong—a dreamy homemade ballad and dependence on banal scattering when he runs out of ideas. (J.S.W.)

Jack Teagarden

THINK WELL OF ME—Verve 8465: *Where Are You?; Cottage for Sale; Guess I'll Go Back Home This Summer; I'm a Fool about My Mama; Don't Smoke in Bed; In a Little Waterfront Cafe; Think Well of Me; Old Folks; Country Boy Blues; 'Tain't So, Honey; 'Tain't So; 'Round the Old Deserted Farm*.

Personnel: Teagarden, trombone, vocals; Don Goldie, trumpet; unidentified orchestra, Russ Case or Bob Brookmeyer, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

It requires remarkable lack of perception to take three ingredients with such superb possibilities as the voice and trombone of Jack Teagarden and the songs of Willard Robison and come up with something as lusterless as this set.

If there is such a thing as an ideal interpreter of Robison's wistfully haunting tunes, it should be Teagarden, who once played in the songwriter's Deep River Orchestra. But nothing could be more inappropriate for these songs than the tremulous strings, the harp glisses, and the stolid tempos with which they have been encumbered.

Teagarden carries on as best he can under the circumstances, singing manfully over the gooey backgrounds and pouring out some big-toned solos that make up to some extent in their glorious sound for their straight-laced approach.

After being generally neglected for years, it is unfortunate to have a spotlight suddenly placed on Robison's songs under circumstances that make them seem so dreary. Robison was often a clumsy lyricist, but he wrote wonderfully mood-filled tunes that were probably heard at their best when they were played by his own orchestra, whose style might have been used much more logically than these pretentious string settings.

Inexplicably, a single non-Robison tune is included, although there were many more good ones to choose from (why doesn't anyone ever record *Lonely Acres?*) and, even more inexplicably, this interloper is the opener. (J.S.W.)

REPACKAGES

Seven recent repackage releases, taken as a group, provide an illuminating survey of bop and the music that derived from it.

Five of the releases are from the Debut catalog; Debut was founded in the mid-'50s by Charlie Mingus (Max Roach also was an official), but the records were not well distributed and have been unobtainable for the last three years. Fantasy Records now has exclusive rights to the Debut material.

Charlie Parker Records makes its entry into the fast-growing repackage field with *Bird Symbols* (407), a collection of excellent Charlie Parker recordings that originally appeared on Dial and most of which were later available on Jazztone and most recently on Baronet.

Aubrey Mayhew, in the notes, states that all Parker's "performances from this era [presumably 1946-47, when the tracks included in the album were made] will be reclaimed and presented to the public." Mayhew also states that the company hopes to release Parker concerts and broadcasts as well as recordings made for now-defunct companies. He makes much of the Dial recordings' having been leased to other record companies with consequent loss of fidelity and of information about personnels, recording dates, composers, and publishers; despite Mayhew's stated intentions of keeping all data correct, there is a glaring mistake in the personnel listing for four of the album's tracks: *My Old Flame*, *Scrapple from the Apple*, *Out of Nowhere*, and *Don't Blame Me* were recorded by the altoist with Miles Davis, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; and Max Roach, drums—not as listed on the liner, with Erroll Garner, piano; Red Callender, bass; and Harold West, drums, who appear only on two of the tracks, *Cool Blues* and *Bird's Nest*. The Davis-Jordan group also is heard on *Embraceable You* and *Bird of Paradise*. The other tracks, *Moose the Mooche*, *A Night in Tunisia*, *Yarbird Suite*, and *Ornithology*, have Parker and Davis with Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Dodo Marmarosa, piano; Arv Garrison, guitar; Vic McMillan, bass; and Roy Porter, drums.

That Parker was a melodist was never more clear than in this collection's ballads, especially the haunting *Embraceable*, in which his first four bars are the melodic equal of Gershwin's. Although Parker's solos, even the most complex, were models of construction—his solo on *Paradise* (*All the Things You Are*) is a perfect example of well-paced, climactic improvisation—it was the blowtorch heat of his playing that was the core of his talent, as can be heard in his *Tunisia* break, which is electrifying.

Though there are a few snatches of Jordan's excellent piano work to be heard in the collection, most of the remaining solo space was given Davis. The trumpeter, barely out of adolescence at the time, was in Parker's shadow; most of Davis' playing sounds groping and lackluster after Parker's. But the seeds of the style Davis was to bring to flower were there. That he followed his own path and not Parker's

was to his credit and eventually to jazz' benefit.

The five Fantasy-Debut releases are of high order. Perhaps the most compelling is *Jazz at Massey Hall* (Fantasy 6003), which was recorded at a Toronto concert in May, 1953. The personnel includes four of the most influential bop musicians—Parker; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Bud Powell, piano; Max Roach, drums—and a relatively, though quite important, late-comer—Charlie Mingus, bass.

As on *Bird Symbols*, Parker (referred to as Charlie Chan) is the dominant contributor. He is mellower than in his early recordings, though none of the fire or invention had left his playing. His melodic sweep, as can be heard on *All the Things You Are*, *Perdido*, and *Hot House*, certainly was never captured by his imitators. Nor was his steely, sparks-flying verve.

Not only Parker was in excellent form that day; the others are in fine fettle too. (I must assume Mingus was; with the exception of his solo on *Hot House*, his bass parts were evidently dubbed in—the poor recording equipment used at the concert failed to pick up bass very well. If one listens closely he can hear Mingus' original *All the Things* solo faintly in the background of the one dubbed in.)

Gillespie is by turn witty (*Perdido*), joyous (*A Night in Tunisia*), burning (*Hot House*). Roach whips the others on the up tempos and is discreet on the quieter tunes; he plays an excellent solo on *Salt Peanuts*. Powell is closest to Parker in consistent excellence, his richly harmonic, long-lined piano work sparkling.

Powell is represented on the Fantasy-Debut series with his own album, *The Bud Powell Trio* (6006), most of which was recorded at the Massey Hall concert, with Roach and Mingus as accompanists. His thick-textured chords and bright, extended phrasing are present, of course; but the level of invention is a peg beneath that he displays with Parker and Gillespie; it's as if he needed the goading of the horns to lift him to his best.

Still there are Powell characteristics more easily heard in a trio context—the loving, but unsentimental, treatment of ballads such as *My Devotion*, *Embraceable You*, and *Polka Dots and Moonbeams*; the undulating lines of his up-tempo improvisations spiraling like fluorescent snakes in some sort of macabre dance, as on *Cherokee*; and the unmistakable Art Tatum-Teddy Wilson flashes in *Jubilee* (*Hallelujah*).

Mingus is leader on Fantasy-Debut's *Chazz!* (6002) recorded before an audience at New York's Club Bohemia in December, 1955. Five of the six tracks are by a quintet made up of trombonist Eddie Bert, who is melodic on Mingus' *Work Song* and saucy on *Serenade in Blue*; tenorist George Barrow, whose full, warm tone and to-the-point playing is very good throughout; pianist Mal Waldron, his work a constantly strong, smoldering source of enjoyment, particularly on *September*, *All the Things You Are*, and *Jump Monk*; drummer Willie Jones, who is competent in keeping the fire lit; and Mingus, who is startling in solo and backing, his section

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work sometimes overpowering the soloist.

The sixth track is *Percussion Discussion*, a musical dialog between Mingus and Roach. The two men improvised a marvelous piece of music; each sets off the other with perfection. Roach's playing is well controlled, tasteful, deftly inventive. Mingus dubbed in a second bass part, and the resulting intertwining of two Minguses sounds not unlike the music of Bartok.

Though he's not leader, Mingus shines brightly on another Fantasy-Debut release, *The Fabulous Thad Jones* (6004), trumpeter Jones' first album as leader. There are two groups: one made up of Jones; John Dennis, piano; Mingus; Roach; the other consisting of Jones; Mingus; Frank Wess, tenor saxophone, flute; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Clarke, drums.

I found the quartet tracks (*Get Out of Town*, *One More*, *I Can't Get Started*, and *More of the Same*) to contain more stimulating solos than the quintet tracks. Thad is excellent on *Town* and *Started*, his muted solos of melodic and harmonic interest. His rich brass tone shines as does his confidence. Mingus plays a percussive, domineering solo on *Town*, a track that also finds him part and parcel of Thad's solo, pushing the trumpeter to higher creative levels, adding much to the solo. Something of the same sort occurs on *Started*, in which Thad and Mingus play a duet in the first chorus. Other good moments happen during Thad's solo on the quintet tracks, but generally these tracks are less interesting and less relaxed (and less refreshing) than the quartet ones. Incidentally, *Chazzanova* is listed on the label and liner, but it isn't on the record.

Mingus is the bassist on another trumpet player's Fantasy-Debut album, but there is no doubting who the main gun is—trumpet and top gun belonging to Miles Davis. The album is *Blue Moods* (6001). In addition to Davis and Mingus, the personnel consists of Britt Woodman, trombone; Teddy Charles, vibraharp; Elvin Jones, drums. Surprisingly, this is the weakest of the Debut series. Cut about 1955, the album, which contains but four tunes — *Nature Boy*, *Alone Together*, *There's No You*, and *Easy Living*—suffers from too much of one approach. All are ballads, and with the exception of *There's No You*, each is treated somberly.

Davis, who by this time had about mastered the melodic approach heard aborning in the early Parker records, plays well — and even more than that on a beautifully put together *No You* solo and a delicately, finely wrought one on *Easy Living*. But the heavy sounding and sometimes sloppily played ensembles are distracting. Aside from Davis' work, the most interesting solos are by Mingus—particularly a commanding one on *Nature Boy*.

But if Davis was groping for his way with Parker in 1946-47, and had it within his grasp in 1955, there was no doubt he'd found and mastered it in 1957, as can be heard on the first of the Davis-Gil Evans Columbia collaborations, *Miles Ahead*, recently released in simulated stereo or "electronically re-channeled," as Columbia says. Davis plays fluegelhorn throughout. This piece of music—and you should

listen to this album as if it were a sequential composition—is made even more brilliant by the "stereoing." Whether he sounds languid (*My Ship*), full of anguish and torment (*Blues for Pablo*), or elfish (*New Rhumba*), Davis proves his artistic excellence and his deserving to be called jazz' most dramatic player by his work on this album. Even on *Maids of Cadiz*, which contains little improvisation, his tone and feeling are enough to transfix.

Much of the credit for the diamond's beauty must go to the setting, of course, and it is Evans' writing and conducting that perfectly sets off Davis' brilliance.

—DeMicheal

TAPES

Vec Jay has issued two albums by Eddie (*Exodus to Jazz*) Harris: *Mighty Like a Rose* (Music Tapes, Inc., MVJ-3025), and *Jazz for Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Music Tapes, Inc., MJV-3027).

In both, tenor saxophonist Harris, who is Chicago based, shows a curious combination of a sound derived from Lester Young and Stan Getz, with ideas more representative of John Coltrane. That combination is enhanced, while becoming even more distinctive, because his quintet is a freely swinging one, not experimental, but strongly a la mode.

On both tapes, he shows a marvelous, reflective ballad sense, an extraordinary combination of the two worlds from which he seems to have come. The first tape, *Rose*, is more certain and whole than the second.

Verve records' most recent transfers to tape are *Gerry Mulligan and the Concert Jazz Band at the Village Vanguard* (VSTC 267) and *West Side Story* by the Oscar Peterson Trio (VSTC 268).

With the Mulligan band any ear can immediately hear the superiority of tape over records. The clarity is startling, and the sense of direction encourages a feeling of actual presence at a performance.

This is the album that finds the band nearly at its height with scores by such as Al Cohn, Bob Brookmeyer, and Mulligan and exceptional solos by Mulligan, trombonists Willie Dennis and Brookmeyer, and trumpeter Clark Terry.

It makes little difference whether the listener is appreciative of Leonard Bernstein's score for *West Side Story*. Peterson, Ray Brown, and Ed Thigpen show compassion but no deference, and the individual songs sparkle quite differently from any other way they may or may not have in the original or subsequent versions.

Frank Sinatra's *Sinatra Swings* (Reprise RSL 1704) is with a big band, arrangements by Billy May, contemporary swinging in the manner Sinatra accustoms one to, and an exceptionally huge sound from an orchestra operating out of the standard Billy May bag of tricks.

One last point should be mentioned about the normal tape product. Many Sinatra albums bother not a bit with liner notes, and, in this case, they are largely unimportant. The Mulligan and Peterson notes here are as seen on the original albums. But only one of the Harris tapes, the first, has notes, a serious mistake in terms of the jazz audience's interest in particulars.

—Coss

ART BLAKEY



BLINDFOLD TEST



"I wish we had more big bands just as schools for the cats. It would help out so many young cats—would straighten them right out."

THE RECORDS

1. Ray Charles. *Moonin'* (from *Genius + Soul = Jazz, Impulse*). Charles, organ; Bobby Timmons, composer.

I like that. Ray Charles. A lot of bands have recorded that since we introduced it four years ago. Bobby ought to be getting rich. He came up on one, didn't he? He was just fooling around there in Columbus, Ohio, just banging around on the piano at rehearsal one day, and put it together. Benny Golson was there. He made Bobby put it together, because he wasn't going to do it.

For a big band, I think this record was wonderful, especially for the time they've been playing it together. Of course, we played it every night, and it got better . . . jelled . . . because of the way Benny and Lee Morgan would work together on their attack. It's easier when there's not so many people. But I like the way this went down. Four stars.

2. Dave Bailey. *Evad Smurd* (from *Gettin' into Somethin'*, Epic). Bailey, drums; Clark Terry, trumpet, composer; Curtis Fuller, trombone. That's Clark Terry. Can't mistake him. And Bobby Brookmeyer? I liked that. Drumming was good, but I don't know who it was. Helluva good beat . . . sounds like a lot of people I know. It's either Osie Johnson or Dave Bailey. It was the arrangement that made me think it was Osie, because I know Osie writes like that. Four stars.

3. Joe Morello. *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* (from *It's About Time*, RCA Victor). Morello, drums; Manny Album, arranger.

Now, who was *that*? It's not that there's anything lacking here; it's just that I don't dig big bands for drummers. There's not enough freedom for a drummer to do the things he wants to do, because there are just too many personalities to fool with. And we need big bands, too, but nowadays the cats aren't together long enough to have that *real* feeling that a band should have. If we had big bands on the road like it used to be, and the guys get to live with each other, then we'd have some big-band *music*.

Now this band sounds good; it's hitting together, but you can tell they haven't worked together. They're just out trying to make a good record date. And that's very hard.

I wish we had more big bands just as schools for the cats. It would help out so many young cats—would straighten them right out. I think the tempo was changing here too much for me, but that s.o.b. is good. It's kind of hard for me to go from one extreme direct into another, unless you're going into like a mambo or something, with a completely different rhythm—meter. That's why I dig the way the cats write today—in one mood, then going into another without upsetting the apple cart. This arrangement was good on the whole though—well played. Three stars.

4. Milt Jackson-John Coltrane. *Be-Bop* (from *Bags & Trane*, Atlantic). Jackson, vibraharp; Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

I don't have the *least* idea who that is. I'd like to know. I liked it. The rhythm section was going; they played . . . it was cooking.

I don't know who was playing that horn, but it's like Bird said: "What's in a man will come out when he plays his instrument." This man wasn't too positive about what he was doing, because you don't get that presence. Like you hear Fat Girl or you hear Miles or Diz . . . Clifford . . . Lee Morgan . . . Freddie Hubbard . . . these guys you've got to listen to. They *command* your attention whether you're listening or not. Something happens.

A guy playing a horn has got all the best of everything—a melody instrument. He's gotta get in there. If he doesn't and the rhythm section's cooking right behind him, then they'll take it away from him, and he's got no business up there.

Most guys got it. Clark Terry does. He'll make you listen to him, *whatever* he's playing. Benny Goodman had it. Pops' got it. But on this record, the rhythm section had me till the solos just

By LEONARD FEATHER

It often has been the fate of groups such as Art Blakey's to be faint-praised as remarkably successful from the improvisatory standpoint but unimportant in ensemble terms because of the lack of a genuinely orchestral conception.

If this was ever true of the Jazz Messengers—and I doubt it, despite the claims of André Hodeir and others whose views I respect—it certainly is not the case at present. With the sextet format that took shape when he reorganized the group last year, and with four of his five sidemen turning in valuable contributions as writers, the Blakey unit has become, to these ears at least, the most exciting jazz group on the scene today. The writing, the blowing, and Blakey's fantastic dynamism contribute in equal measure.

Blakey's reactions during a *Blindfold Test* are of unusual interest. As you'll notice, there are times when he pays such close attention to the rhythm section that whatever else may be going on makes almost no impression on him. He was given no information, either before or during the test, about the records played. "Fat Girl" means Fats Navarro.

didn't get my attention. I could be prejudiced about rhythm sections.

5. Buddy Rich and Max Roach. *Big Foot* (from *Rich Versus Roach*, Mercury). Rich, Roach, drums.

That was Buddy Rich, right? May I hear some of that again? . . . (later) Max and Buddy, right? The drumming part came off good. *And* they made the fours on time, which is something! Only exceptional drummers can do that because most drummers can't co-operate like that; they try to outplay each other.

This was nice. This was beautiful. Of course, I was only listening to the drums. I love both Max and Buddy. We're all very tight. It's good that people can get to hear them together.

6. Barry Miles. *Turchentine* (from *Miles of Genius*, Charlie Parker Records). Miles, drums.

I don't have the faintest idea who that was. But they were playing it, swinging as hard as they could. The drummer was cooking; he kept it together . . . played very good. Once again, I just didn't listen to the solos.

7. Benny Golson. *Little Karin* (from *Take a Number from 1 to 10*, Argo). Golson, tenor saxophone, composer, arranger.

That was Benny Golson. Benny's arrangement too. Never heard it before, but I know it's him.

I met Benny in Dizzy's band—a way back. He was wonderful in that band. Then he worked for me a year and a half. He's an organization type of guy. Everything has got to be straight ahead, which is a wonderful thing. With his own group now, though, he can make himself more flexible.

He sure writes pretty things, and I like his sound on tenor. I was raised up in that kind of sound. Five stars.

Afterthoughts by Blakey:

Feather: The drummer on that next-to-last record is only 14 years old.

Blakey: Wow! Well, he isn't just good for his age; he's good for *any* age.

Have you got Clifford Brown with *Strings*? Play some; that gasses me. 



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

WOODY HERMAN

Club Laurel, Chicago

Personnel: Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone; Sal Nistico, Gordon Bresker, Larry Covelli, tenor saxophones; Virgil Gonsalves, baritone saxophone; Bill Chase, Paul Fontaine, Ziggy Harrell, Gerry Lamy, David Gale, trumpets; Phil Wilson, Eddie Morgan, Gene Roland, trombones; Nat Pierce, piano; Chuck Andrus, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

This latest Herman Herd is a powerful, tightly organized, and disciplined outfit that makes up in sheer enthusiasm what it might lack in finesse, yet it is well on its way to achieving that, as its sensitive dynamics on several numbers indicated.

The band has been on the road since the early part of the year, and six months of one-nighters, college and lodge dances, private parties ("and even two weddings," according to pianist-arranger Pierce) have served to smooth off rougher edges that might have been there at the outset, for this is a young band, with several of its members recent graduates of Boston's Berklee School of Music, among them tenor saxophonist Bresker and trumpeter Fontaine.

There's no mistaking—it's a Herman outfit. The same qualities predominate here that energized the previous herds.

The band is primarily interested in swinging in the updated Count Basic vein that has been the hallmark of the Herman bands; further, there is that feeling of explosive power carefully kept in check, but lurking just beneath the surface, ready to break out at any time. And even more importantly, there are the still arresting arrangements and originals associated with other herds that preserve the essential Herman band sound. Holding everything together is the taste that always marked the clarinetist's thinking about big-band jazz. Time has proved him right.

And time has treated the band's arrangements well, too, for even the oldest ones the band played during the course of the evening did not sound the least bit dated or worse for wear, tribute enough to the fresh thinking that has ever characterized the writing for the band.

The rich burnished sound and effortless push of *Four Brothers* is as viable today as it was when it first came from Jimmy Giuffre's pen. None of the band's old tunes has aged in the slightest; the blowsily ebullient *Woodchopper's Ball*, the near demonic *Apple Honey*, the languid *Early Autumn*, and the arresting *The Good Earth* all possessed a vitality, exuberance, and contemporaneity that belie their having been written years ago.

These pieces have been supplemented with newly crafted arrangements by Pierce and tenorist Bresker. Pierce's work is especially impressive, and his thickly textured bottom writing for the reeds and trombones even brought the maudlin *Moon River* to life. His *Tunin' In* is a

wry, pungent piece built around the sound of a band's getting in tune.

If the band has a weakness, it is in the absence of a really distinctive, strong solo voice. The bulk of the solo work is handled by tenor saxophonist Nistico, who plays with an undeniable force and sinuous thrust but who tends to dissipate this in repetitiveness, especially in those numbers where he has an opportunity to



Woody Herman: burnished sound, effortless push, explosive power carefully kept in check.

stretch out, as in *Apple Honey*.

Fontaine handles most of the trumpet chores effectively enough, but the hit of the evening from this section was Harrell's flaring, warm, swing-styled solo on *Woodchopper's Ball*.

It's a pleasure to see and hear a band whose members take obvious delight in what they are doing, for their enthusiasm can't help but infect the audience. Herman has another fine, swinging band on his hands; hear it if you get the opportunity. You won't be disappointed. —Welding

LEANDRO BARBIERI

Club Mogador, Buenos Aires, Argentina

Not far south of the Rio Grande, you start hearing about Leandro Barbieri. And the farther south you go, the stronger the reports grow, until at last you encounter him in Buenos Aires.

Barbieri has been working in a club called the Mogador. There he stands, slight of build, bespectacled, and having about him some of Miles Davis' bandstand grace of movement. He is probably the best jazz musician in Latin America today and one of the best tenor men anywhere. At 28, he has digested the lessons of John Coltrane more thoroughly than any tenor player I can think of, and he is utilizing them to develop something quite personal.

"Actually, I've listened more to Parker than Coltrane," Barbieri said. And that influence is in his playing too. But the respect in which he holds Coltrane is evident.

Barbieri's solos are almost always masterpieces of concise, clear construction. Unlike Coltrane, who has a penchant for 20-minute solos, Barbieri will sometimes at a session play a solo just 32 bars long.

Such a solo leaves the listener breathless, wanting more. Yet in the afterglow, it is apparent that it was a gem of form and Barbieri said exactly what he wanted to say. He has that ability to compress his statements that was common to jazzmen in the days of the three-minute 78-

rpm record. It is almost a lost art today.

Yet when Barbieri wants to stretch out, he does. And he always maintains interest. Still, his solos are usually shorter than those of less able jazzmen with whom he sometimes plays.

It could be said that his phrasing and some of his licks are Coltrane, the tone is Coltrane-Barbieri, the conception is Barbieri. The tone, by the way, is distilled

out of Coltrane. A little less rough, it has a hardness like Coltrane's but also a clear, light, singing quality that is the Argentinian's alone.

Barbieri works two jobs simultaneously, running—literally—from a set at the Mogador to another club and then back. Thus he plays almost uninterruptedly from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. Buenos Aires musicians call him Gato, which means cat. As he hustles through the night streets, the name seems quite apt.

Barbieri is at the top of a powerful Buenos Aires jazz movement that is one of the biggest outside the United States. It is somewhat comparable to the golden period of Swedish jazz a few years ago. This city is lousy with good jazzmen.

The Mogador, for example, uses two trios in alternation. One is led by Jorge Navarro, a Wynton Kelly-esque pianist of great swing and greater potential.

U.S. jazzmen usually consider it axiomatic that there are "no rhythm sections overseas." That's because they don't know Buenos Aires.

Navarro's bassist, Jorge Lopez Ruiz, and his drummer, Jorge Padin, get some powerful grooves going. The pianist is right with them. So is Barbieri, since this is his Mogador rhythm section. At the end of the set, he and bassist Lopez Ruiz race to the Club 767, where they work in a quintet that includes the bassist's brother, Oscar, a very good guitarist.

There are many other jazzmen in Buenos Aires whom I haven't even had a chance to hear, such as Pichi Mazzei, whom musicians say is Argentina's best drummer. Said one musician, admiringly, "He's not a man, he's a monster."

The visit to Buenos Aires clarifies one thing. There's no need any longer to wonder how Lalo Schiffrin occurred. Far from bursting full-grown on the jazz world, he grew up in a rich jazz soil.

Leandro Barbieri is the latest tall product of that soil. He should follow Schiffrin to the States, where his talent can find an even broader scope for growth.

—Gene Lees

COSTA from page 13

they drop their sticks. Not Eddie."

All during the last year, Ed worked extremely hard. He wasn't at home much. Sometimes he'd work in the studios most of the day and night, getting but a few hours sleep. The price was an ulcer, but he kept on. Occasionally, after a night date of his, we'd meet at the Half Note club. Many of those times he was pretty whipped, and I'd tell him to stop pushing so much. "Besides, you don't even dig the commercial work that much."

"Look," he'd say, "I've got Jeanne and four kids to support and a house to pay off. I can't quit now."

What he said was true, but it tore him nonetheless. Ed passionately believed an artist should develop his talent to the full, and he certainly wasn't doing it in the studios.

Yet there were signs in recent months that he was beginning to realize his great potential. His playing was getting better and better, more than fulfilling the promise of early years. He joined the Bob Brookmeyer-Clark Terry Quintet, and during his first gigs with them at the Half Note and Village Vanguard he really regained confidence in himself as a jazz musician. Playing in clubs again with guys he respected, and

who respected him, brought him out of the artistic doldrums, and his critical reception at the first International Jazz Festival in Washington in June was perhaps more enthusiastic than that accorded any other single artist.

One thing that always bugged Ed was to have people think of him primarily as a vibes player rather than as a pianist. He knew he was good on vibes but considered it extremely limited in relation to the piano. The latter was his instrument. It had been ever since his older brother, Bill, another fine musician whom Ed idolized, taught him to play when he was barely out of rompers. He believed he could create infinitely more on the piano, and his recent work bears him out.

His playing on the recently released *Jazz Mission to Moscow*, with some of the Benny Goodman Russian-tour band, is an outstanding example. It so impressed Jack Lewis and his superiors at Colpix records that a week before the fatal July 28, Lewis asked Ed to do a date with a big band, the tunes to be chosen by Ed, the arrangements to be written by Al Cohn and Manny Albam.

Ed was reluctant at first. He had made too many sessions where the guys in charge told him what they wanted. Lewis offered him a free hand, and Ed, at the urging of Lewis and three of his

fellow musicians—Moe Wechsler, Sol Grubin, and Bernie Leighton—agreed. He and Lewis were to get together to pick out the tunes right after Ed and Jeanne returned from a week in Bermuda. It was to be the honeymoon they had never had. What a damned ending.

In the last three months, we discussed a magazine article on the music business itself, on those agents, managers, club-owners, a&r men, and other warm-hearted functionaries whose love for musicians and good music somehow never got in the way of the money. Ed had a lot to say. Because he made it at the studios, he could afford to step on some big toes. He didn't have to depend on clubs or jazz records for a living, and he could speak freely.

All that's gone, along with the slight shrug of the right shoulder as he walked to the bandstand; the carelessly crossed legs as he played; the soft snort that traveled down through his nose whenever he took off his glasses. All gone, with a talent that could have ripened into greatness, gone with such sudden finality that one wonders whether justice does not consist of one huge universal laugh.

I suppose I will reread these lines in a month or two and tell myself what sentimental slosh they are.

I don't care.



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SITTIN' IN

By ART
HODES

Practice? You mean you still practice? After all these years? You would think . . . etc., etc. That's all I need—to go to work without practicing. I've had those days. It's nowhere. I'd much rather lose the sleep. Don't get me wrong; I'm not trying to become a Tatum, not at my age. What I aim at is playing as well as I possibly can. As I hear it inside I'd like it to come out, with no fumbles.

Playing music means that much to me even though it's not always kicks. No one goes it alone. Even when you play solo, the audience exerts an influence. The listeners can drag you. A customer insisting on talking to me when I'm involved in playing . . . requests that I can do without. That can play havoc with performance. If you're part of a band, your playing depends in part on the men in the band. These are hazards . . . a tired drummer, lip trouble, temperament. Sure, many nights you hit a good chorus, a good set, occasionally a real good night. But there are times you go home talking to yourself. You're back the next night—no, the next day—you're preparing for the next night. . . . Forgotten is failure, the

choruses that didn't come off, the missed notes, the flare-ups.

I can remember when this feeling for my music came upon me. I have to go back to early days, a resort job. Bass player Earl Murphy introducing me to jazz via recordings by Bix, Louis, Bessie Smith, Earl Hines, the Jelly Roll Morton band. Fascinating. I was hooked, and, of course, it cost me my job. My playing changed. I was "in between." I stopped playing my old style, but I hadn't arrived at a new one.

I kept listening and buying records. And right about then I got lucky. . . . Wingy Manone discovered me; he was looking for a piano man, and Danny Alvin told him about me. That was it. A completely new world opened up. I met Louis Armstrong. Actually, Wingy and I almost haunted Louis. Earl Hines and the Grand Terrace became a reality. Bix became a reality. A jam session that went on and on. Our apartment was like a *Who's Who* . . . Max Kaminsky, Alvin, Krupa, Teschemacher, McKenzie, Wettling, Paul Mares.

Every hot man looked up Wingy. He lived the music. For me it was all school (only school was never like this). You awoke to music, and you were swinging all day. The record player never stopped—not 'til you walked out

the door. At night it was for real . . . the jam session, sittin' in.

I don't know how many piano players I gave free lessons to. Walk in on their job and ask to sit in. They not only got a rest, they got a lesson. Sometimes it got complicated. The place didn't have a band, so the drummer brought his own drums. You bought your own booze. The boss didn't pop; he just looked at you as if "is this for real?"

I lived with Wingy for two years, in which time I don't believe I found time to read—not even the funnies. Money? Food? Rent? Clothing? I don't know. . . . Somehow we made it. There were two weeks' work at Colosimo's—\$250. That was about the time we were dispossessed. The hotel kept our stuff 'til we could unhock it. Girls? We were wed to music.

Yes, this is the music I still hear, the music that means I "still practice." I'm still hearing this music inside of me. You remember Fats Waller and how he sang out what he heard in himself. And Bunk Johnson—he had the same thing going. Not just a chorus he was trying to put together or a collection of licks. Bix . . . and choruses that were tunes. This, then, is my music, the music nobody bothered to argue about, not when we were getting started. There was nobody but the

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musicians. We were the scholars and the audience. The writers and critics hadn't arrived.

My kind of music is almost never boring; it's the musicians who get bored, the blowers who try to play higher and louder and faster, the tell-no-story guys. In stretching the term jazz we've included everybody who's gone to music school. So many players feel equally at home cutting a show, playing in a dance band . . . mickey mouse. They think of jazz as another accomplishment, and when you stop to think that some of these accomplished musicians are still in their 20s, you can't escape the feeling that maybe they didn't put in a full-time jazz apprenticeship. They've got so much going. At least that's the way it seems to come out of their horns. Like one swinger I know put it: "They need to go to work in some joint for the next 10 years."

Another hazard to my kind of music are the stop-listening-and-trying musicians, the players who gave up. They enjoy the night-life aura, the boozing and getting out in space. The talk about the old days. . . . There are the drummers who own a set . . . "swinging like a rusty gate." The players that only hear themselves. When their chorus is over, the music has ceased. Like the guy who's thinking about what he's going to say while you're talking.

How few musicians are part and parcel on an entire tune. Like the Johnny and Baby Dodds band at Kelly's Stables. Every number was an entity. Yet you were recognized as you came in their club. They smiled, nodded, but it kept coming out so good, the drums at one end of the bandstand, the piano at the other, in between — togetherness. Everybody listening to each other. What one played was important to the other.

I think we were all listening and to the same thing. I'm still listening, and I'm still hearing it. It's part of me, as if we're married, I hear what's going on today. Some of it makes me feel as if I were 20 years old and just coming on the scene. . . . I'd sure like to play piano like he does. . . .

Sure that goes on in me. Some of this new sound has begun to come out of me. You play the blues well in any language, and I'll like it. You don't have to wear a 1920 costume to catch my eye. But to begin with, I do have a music. I have a heritage. This isn't just something that can come unglued from a sheet of music. This is something that goes on inside of me.

And you want to know if I still practice? That's the least I can do for what I've gotten. As my doctor once told me: "I haven't arrived; I practice medicine." Me, too. I haven't arrived. Just making the trip daily. 

AD LIB from page 10

Alvaro Vicencio, tenor saxophone (Chile); **A. Donadio**, baritone saxophone (Italy); and **K. T. Geier**, bass (Germany) . . . Jazz highlights of the Festival of the City of London, just passed, was a series of concerts produced by **Humphrey Lyttleton** . . . Holland begins its jazz season concerts on Sept. 22 with **George Shearing** at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw. Local promoters also promise **Gerry Mulligan**, **Horace Silver** (October), **Dave Brubeck** (November), **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Oscar Peterson** (February, 1963), and **Art Blakey** (March).

The Jazz Arts Society, flushed by recent concert successes, a short film about jazz, and increased support from musicians, is now contemplating the designing of a building, the Jazz Center. Jazz writers were invited to a recent panel discussion to talk to architects **Jan Gero**, **Angelo Labate**, and **Thad Kusznerski**, who have offered their services in the design of the new building. No date has been set for actual construction, nor has a site been set.

A new jazz club in New York City: the Room at the Bottom (23 West Eighth St.) began a jazz policy early in August, employing **Wilbur DeParis**, long-time veteran of the now defunct Jimmy Ryan's of 52nd St. The band is composed of **Sidney DeParis**, **Doc Cheatham**, trumpets; **Garvin Bushell**, clarinet; **Sonny White**, piano, organ; **John Smith**, banjo, guitar; **Wilbert Kirk**, drums, harmonica. Set for a fall re-opening is Ryan's at a yet undisclosed address on 54th St. In the meantime, Ryan is the host at Madison Ave.'s V.I.P., a restaurant.

Roger Wolfe Kahn, songwriter (*Crazy Rhythm*, among others) and bandleader (he hired such musicians in the 1920s as **Tommy Dorsey** and **Artie Shaw**) died July 12, at the age of 54 . . . **Alexander Eldridge**, 84, father of trumpeter **Roy Eldridge**, died July 22.

BENEFITS: Tony Bennett, Thelonious Monk, Art Blakey, Chico Hamilton, Gerry Mulligan, and a host of others performed at the Apollo Theater in a benefit for the National Student Association; proceeds went to help students who have been expelled from school or jailed because of their participation in civil-rights activities . . . **Benny Goodman** will play jazz and classical music on Oct. 3 at the Lincoln Center for Performing Arts, a benefit for the Wiltwyck School for Boys, a school and fund for the care of troubled children and their parents.

MONTREAL

The second Jazz Week was scheduled at La Comedie Canadienne during the

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last weekend in August, running four days compared with last year's six. Booked at presstime were the **Miles Davis** group, **Chico Hamilton's** newest quintet, **Jimmy Giuffre's** trio with **Paul Bley** and **Steve Swallow**, **Chris Connor**, **Brother John Sellers**, and **Bernard Peiffer** . . . **Willie Lee**, the **Peppermints**, and the **Chantels** have appeared at the **Esquire Showbar** . . . **Charles Biddles'** group is at **Dunn's**, **Benny Winestone's** at the **Harlem Paradise**, **Al Wellman's** at **Rockhead's**, and **Bill White's** at the **Windsor Penthouse**.

The Canada Council has given its first art scholarship to a jazz musician — trombonist **Ron Collier** of Toronto, who will study jazz composition in New York with **George Russell**, **Gunther Schuller**, and **Hall Overton**.

NEW ORLEANS

Nesuhi Ertegun spent several days here recording traditional bands for a new series on Atlantic records, *Jazz at Preservation Hall*. Among the groups recorded were **Punch Miller**, **Jim Robinson**, **George Lewis**, **Billie and Dede Pierce**, **Paul Barbarin**, and the **Eureka Brass Band** . . . Pianist-blues singer **Jimmy Drew** is currently in New Orleans organizing a trio for work in this area. Drew has been active in New York in recent years, working as a sideman, leading his own group, and recording for Decca. At latest report bassist **Bill Huntington** and drummer **Kenny Ward** were rehearsing with Drew for an upcoming **Bourbon St.** engagement . . . The **New Orleans Jazz Club** is sponsoring a series of summer concerts at the **Royal Orleans Hotel** for the benefit of the **Jazz Museum**. Appearing on the concerts are the **Eureka Brass Band**, **Pete Fountain**, **Armand Hug**, **Edmund Souchon**, the **Last Straws**, and **Papa Celestin's Band**.

DETROIT

Ten percent of the proceeds of **Ed Sarkesian's American Festival of Music**, held last weekend, will go to the **Detroit Symphony Orchestra**. Among the performers were **Jack Brokensha**, **Gerry Mulligan**, **Pete Fountain**, **Keely Smith**, **Duke Ellington**, **George Shearing**, **Joe Williams**, **Sweets Edison**, and the **Rev. Joseph Dustin**.

Bob Snyder has formed an entirely new group at the **Kevin House**. It includes **Joe Shawl**, **Jim Bunning**, and former **Stan Kenton** drummer **Jerry McKenzie** . . . Harpist **Dorothy Ashby's** group appeared on the **Bob Lo** excursion boat earlier this month, and was a tremendous success . . . **Roger Nivan** joined **Pee Wee Hunt** till the first of next year, after which he plans to form a show **Dixieland** group in New York . . . Singer **Ursula Walker** is currently appearing with **Jack Brokensha**.

CHICAGO

An ambitious concert program, *An Evening with Sarah Vaughan*, is being organized by local jazz disc jockey and promoter **Carl Procter**. To be presented Sept. 22 at **McCormick Place's Arie Crown Theater**, the program will feature **Miss Vaughan** in a variety of settings, from the backing of her own trio to that furnished by a 30-piece string section and including an 80-voice Gospel choir organized and directed by noted religious-music composer **Thomas A. Dorsey**.

Colleges and universities continue to be the sites of jazz in stimulating and ambitious programs, ranging from festival types of events, of the kind held recently at **Indiana University**, to the large single concert program, such as that planned by **Purdue University's Kappa Kappa Psi, National Honorary Band** fraternity. Two two-hour programs at **Purdue** will be given Sept. 29 in the **Elliott Hall of Music** featuring the orchestras of **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Duke Ellington** and the **Four Freshmen**. The show will be emceed by disc jockey **Dave Harold**, of **WASK** in **Lafayette, Ind.**, where the school is located. Proceeds of the show will be used to establish a scholarship for a **Purdue** bandman and to commission a major composition for symphony band by a leading U.S. composer.

A reunion of sorts was effected when jazz harpist **Adele Girard** flew in from **Aspen, Colo.**, to join her husband, **Joe Marsala**, at the **London House** opening of the clarinetist's young protege, **Bobby Gordon**. Guitarist **Marty Grosz**, who had worked often with the **Marsalas** in the past, was in **Gordon's** rhythm section . . . **Bill Yancey** was suddenly called to take the place of **Israel Crosby** in **George Shearing's** group when a renewal of the eye trouble from which bassist **Crosby** has suffered for some time caused him to return to **Chicago's Veterans' Hospital**.

Muddy Waters and band have moved from **Pepper's Lounge** to the **Alex Club** on the west side. Harmonica player **Junior Wells** has taken **Waters'** place at **Pepper's** . . . **Roosevelt Sykes**, the blues singer and pianist, found the job situation in town so tough that he moved home to **Mississippi**, where he is assured of steady, good-paying work . . . Blues singer **Big Joe Williams** has moved back to **St. Louis** . . . After recording an album of **Negro Christmas** spirituals for **Riverside**, the **Staple Singers (Roebuck, Mavis, Yvonne, and Purvis Staples)** left for engagements on the **West Coast**. The family group is preparing an anniversary concert for presentation at **McCormick Place**.

LOS ANGELES

The picture, *War Hunt*, produced and directed by the brother team of **Terry** and **Denis Saunders** and scored by saxophonist **Bud Shank**, won one of four **Silver Sail** awards recently at the **Locarno, Switzerland, Film Festival** . . . **Dave Pell**, in recent years a&r director and vice president of **Tops** and **Cavendish** records, left the company to return to freelance work. His reason: "No live recording; just juggling tapes." His octet is still very much intact, though . . . Reed man **Sam Most** is moving from **New York** to settle here. **Abe**, his brother, has been a top **Hollywood** studio man for many years.

SIGN OF THE (INFLATED) TIMES: If a performer has at least one **Gold Record** to his name, he qualifies to have his portrait hung in the **Record Room** of **Hollywood's Brown Derby**. But—these days, however, there's a \$50 charge to get his picture on the wall.

Ben Shapiro, coast agent for **International Talent Associates**, reports he's set *An Evening with Sammy Davis Jr.*, Sept. 14-15, at the **Hollywood Bowl**, with the folk trio of **Peter, Paul & Mary** also featured, and **Peter Nero** billed with the **Limelighters** at the bowl Sept. 22 . . . Pianist **Marty Harris** and bassist **Red Mitchell** filled in during vacation at **Sherry's** on **Sunset Strip** . . . "So the clubowners won't think I'm a liar," says vibist **Terry Gibbs**, "please put it in the column that I won *Down Beat's* Readers Poll five — not three — years in a row" as stated in the Aug. 2 issue. **Gibbs** won the 1962 critics award for the best new big band.

Dave Larsen left all-jazz FM station **KNOB** here to take the post of station manager at **KFMX** in **San Diego**, where, beginning Sept. 1, he'll steer the heretofore classical station on a jazz-oriented course from (at the start) 6 p.m. to midnight . . . The **Intermission Room's** Tuesday night sessions are stirring up a storm along **Adams Blvd.**, with lineups each week including such jazzmen as **Curtis Amy** and **H. B. Barnum** on the stand . . . **Bob Higgins** replaced **Irv (Stumpy) Stumpf** on trumpet with **Johnny Lane's** two-beat band at **Downey's Roaring '20s** . . . **Wally Holmes**, **Bus Basse**, **Jack Morgan**, and **Hunt Bowers** moved into the **Handlebar** weekends. The quartet is set to cut some transcriptions for **Armed Forces Radio Service**.

SAN FRANCISCO

The fifth annual **Monterey Jazz Festival** Sept. 21-23 will feature premiere performances of several works but also will include mainstream, **New Orleans**, blues, and big-band jazz offerings, general manager **Jimmy Lyons** announced.

Benny Carter will be the music director and will conduct rehearsals of the festival orchestra for several days before the opening program. Friday night's program will feature *The New Continent*, a 45-minute, six-movement divertimento for jazz trumpet and orchestra (27 pieces), commissioned by the festival from the young Argentinian composer-pianist **Lalo Schifrin**. **Dizzy Gillespie**, of whose quintet Schifrin is a member, will be the soloist. Mercury will record the work prior to the festival. Also set for Friday night's show are the **Stan Getz Quartet** with guitarist **Jimmy Raney**, a set by a septet that will include **Earl Hines**, **Rex Stewart**, **Ben Webster**, **Carter**, **Bill Harris**, **Mel Lewis**, and **Leroy Vinnegar**. Vocal blues will be delivered by **Helen Humes**, **Jimmy Rushing**, and **Jimmy Witherspoon**.

Several saxophonists, including **Paul Desmond**, **Getz**, **Webster**, **Leo Wright**, and three **Bills**—**Holman**, **Perkins**, and **Hood**—will play the festival orchestra Saturday afternoon.

Holman and **Quincy Jones** will be on the podium Saturday night conducting the orchestra in programs each leader will devise for the festival. **Lambert-Hendricks-Yolande & Co.** also will participate.

Sunday afternoon will be devoted to a special program, *The Relatives of Jazz*, featuring the Gillespie combo along with Israeli folk singer **Yasa Yaroni**, Brazilian guitarist **Laurindo Almeida**, and possibly singers from Nigeria.

The world premiere of excerpts from *The Real Ambassadors*, the musical drama by **Dave** and **Iola Brubeck** that features **Louis Armstrong**, Gillespie, **Carmen McRae**, and the Brubeck quartet, will be Sunday night. The program also will include Gillespie playing with a brass choir, and sets by the Brubeck group and by Armstrong's sextet.

Musical interludes between the festival's main performances will be played on a side stage by the **Montgomery Brothers Quartet** and the **Vince Guaraldi Trio**.

Recent attractions at Fack's have included **Mel Torme**, **June Christy**, and the **Mary Kaye Trio**. **Earl Grant** is current, and **Duke Ellington's Orchestra** is set for Oct. 12-21 . . . **Ray Charles'** two concerts at Masonic Memorial Auditorium were sellouts, and even the bad acoustics failed to dampen the audience enthusiasm . . . **Cal Tjader's** new congero, **Bill Fitch**, making his first bay-area appearance during the group's current engagement at the **Black Hawk**, has drawn much favorable comment from fans and critics . . . **Red Garland** showed up a day early, took care of business, played beautifully, and did first-rate business, said

Art Auerbach, owner of the Jazz Workshop.

Drummer **Benny Barth** is back after two weeks in Seattle with **Mose Allison** and six weeks in Indianapolis (the old home town) as co-leader with trumpeter **Al Kiger** of a quartet at the Beachcomber . . . Another returnee is trum-

peter **Mike Downs** of Oakland, who went east a couple of years ago with **Philly Joe Jones** and most lately was with the **Warren Covington Band**.

Altoist **John Handy III**, returned from a long stay in New York City, plans to complete work on his degree at San Francisco State College this fall.

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

NEW YORK

Condon's: Tony Parenti, *t/n*.
Embers: Ahmad Jamal to 9/1.
Harout's: Steve Lacy, *t/n*.
Hickory House: Marian McPartland, *t/n*.
Kenny's Steak Pub: Herman Chittison, *t/n*.
The Lounge: Barry Harris, *t/n*.
Metropole: Dick Ruedebusch, Gene Krupa, to 9/20.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *t/n*.
20 Spruce St.: Ahmed Abdul-Malik, *wknds*.
Village Gate: Thelonious Monk to 9/5.
Village Vanguard: Miles Davis, Blossom Dearie.

BOSTON

Atlantic House (Provincetown): Sam Rivers, *t/n*.
Connolly's: Sahby Lewis, *hb*.
Crystal Room: Boots Mussulli, *t/n*.
Danny's: Jerry Edwards, *t/n*.
Jazz Workshop: Varty Haroutian, Wed., Fri.-Sun. Herb Pomeroy, Tues., Thurs. Gene DiStasio, Sun. afternoon, Mon.
Rock Manor (Wareham): Jimmy Tyler, *t/n*.
Stage Door Lounge: Jimmy Mosher, Wed.-Sun.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Bobby and Tony DeNicola, Mon., Fri.
Music Circus (Lambertville, N.J.): George Shearing, 9/2.
Paddock (Trenton, N.J.): Capital City 5, Fri., Sat. Picasso: Bernard Peiffer, *t/n*.
Red Hill Inn: Jimmy Wisner, Fri., Sat.
Venus Lounge: Vince Montana, *t/n*.

WASHINGTON

Basin Street Lounge: Ted Efantis, *t/n*.
Bayou: Big Bill Decker, *hb*.
Bohemian Taverns: JFK Quintet, *hb*. Bill Dockens, *t/n*.
Charles Hotel Dixieland Lounge: Booker Coleman, Thurs.-Sat.
Shorcham Hotel: Tee Carson, *t/n*. Buck Clarke, Fri.-Sat. Pearl Bailey to 9/1.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, John Malachi.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *t/n*.
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, *t/n*.
Leon Prima, Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *t/n*. Leon Prima, Mon.
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Lamp Post: Armand Hug, *t/n*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *t/n*. Marvin Kimbell, Wed.
Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *t/n*.
Pepe's: Laverne Smith, *t/n*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

CLEVELAND

The Brothers: Bud Waffles, *wknds*.
Chateau: Margaret Whiting to 9/3.
Dalton Saloon: folk artists.
Leo's Casino: Stan Getz to 9/3. Sessions, Sun.
Musicarnival: Dukes of Dixieland, 9/2.
Sahara Lounge: Ray Raysor, *hb*.
Theatrical: Jack Teagarden to 9/1. Johnny (Scat) Davis, 9/4-15.

DETROIT

AuSable: Alex Kallao, *t/n*.
Baker's Keyboard: Nancy Wilson to 9/8.
Checker Bar B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *t/n*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob James, *t/n*.
Hobby Bar: Johnny Vann, *t/n*.
Kevin House: Bob Snyder, *t/n*.
Minor Key: Slide Hampton to 9/1. Sonny Rollins, 9/4-8. Ahmad Jamal, 9/11-15.
Topper Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *t/n*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *t/n*.
The '20s: Monroe Walker, Joe Robinson, Willie Anderson, *t/n*.
Unstabled: Sam Sanders, *t/n*.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, *t/n*.
Club Alex: Muddy Waters, *wknds*.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *t/n*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *t/n*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.

London House: George Shearing to 9/9. Oscar Peterson, 9/11-10/7. Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Les McCann to 9/9. Shirley Scott, 9/12-23.
Mister Kelly's: Julie London, Bobby Troup, to 9/2. Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Playboy: Clancy Hayes, Barbara Russell, 8/30-9/19. Tony Smith, Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Hots Michels, *hbs*.
Sahara Motel: John Frigo, Thurs., Fri.
Southland: Maynard Ferguson to 9/9. Oscar Brown Jr., 9/11-23. Nancy Wilson 9/25-10/7. Modern Jazz Showcase, Mon.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *t/n*.

LOS ANGELES

Beverly Cavern: Andy Blakeney, *t/n*.
Black Bull: Jack Sperling, *t/n*.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): Jack Lynde, *t/n*. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russell, Southland Seven, *t/n*.
Crescendo: Mary Kaye Trio to 9/2.
Comedy Key Club: Curtis Amy, afterhours, *t/n*.
Disneyland: Johnny St. Cyr, Harvey Brooks, Alton Redd, Mike De Lay, Monette Moore, *t/n*.
Dynamite Jackson's: Richard Holmes, *t/n*.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): Ben Pollack, *t/n*.
Encore Restaurant: Frankie Ortega, *t/n*.
Green Bull: (Hermosa Beach): Johnny Lucas, Original Dixieland Blueblowers, *t/n*.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, *wknds*.
Hollywood Bowl: Sammy Davis Jr., Peter, Paul & Mary, 9/14-15.
Intermission Room: Three Souls, *t/n*. Sessions, Tues.
Jerry's Caravan Club: Gene Russell, Thurs.-Sun. Sessions, Thurs.
Joanie Presents (Lankershim): Stuff Smith, Weds.-Sun.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Marty's: William Green, *t/n*.
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, *t/n*.
Millionaires' Club: Mike Melvoin, Gary Peacock, *t/n*.
Montebello Bowl: Ken Latham, *t/n*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, *wknds*.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.
Pen & Quill (Manhattan Beach): Ben Di Tosti, P.J.'s: Eddie Cano, *t/n*. John La Salle, Tues.-Sun. Barney Kessel, Trini Lopez, Sun.-Tues.
Red Carpet Room (Nite Life): Vi Reed, Mon.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): Vince Wallace, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: Ray Baudic, Pud Brown, *t/n*.
Roaring '20s (Downey): Johnny Lane, *t/n*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, *t/n*. Sessions, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, Fri.-Sun. Clare Fischer, Mon. Frank Capp-Teddy Edwards, Tues. Paul Horn, Weds. Victor Feldman, Thurs.
Signature Room (Palm Springs): Candy Stacy, *t/n*.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer, *t/n*.
Sinbad's (Santa Monica): Betty Bryant, *t/n*.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tallgate Ramblers, *t/n*.
Winners: Don Randi, *t/n*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *t/n*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Cal Tjader to 9/9. Ramsey Lewis, 9/11-30.
Black Sheep: Earl Hines, *t/n*.
Burr Hollow: Frank Goulette, *wknds*.
Coffee Gallery: Horace Benjamin, *wknds*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, *t/n*.
Executive Suite: Primo Kim, *t/n*.
Fairmount Hotel: Sarah Vaughan to 9/5.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Smith to 9/2. Cannonball Adderley, 9/4-23. Stan Getz, 9/25-10/7.
Mr. Otis: Jim Lowe, *wknds*.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *t/n*., plus Frank Erickson, *wknds*.
Sugar Hill: Clara Ward Singers to 9/1. Lorez Alexandria, 9/3-8. Jimmy Rushing, 9/10-26. Suite 14 (Oakland): Gus Gustavson, *wknds*.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, *wknds*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Grover Mitchell, *wknds*.
John True, afterhours, *t/n*.
Tsubo (Berkeley): The Group, *t/n*. Sessions, Sun.-Mon.
Palate Restaurant (Mill Valley): Lee Konitz, *wknds*.
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, *t/n*. 

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