

SEPTEMBER 27, 1962 35c

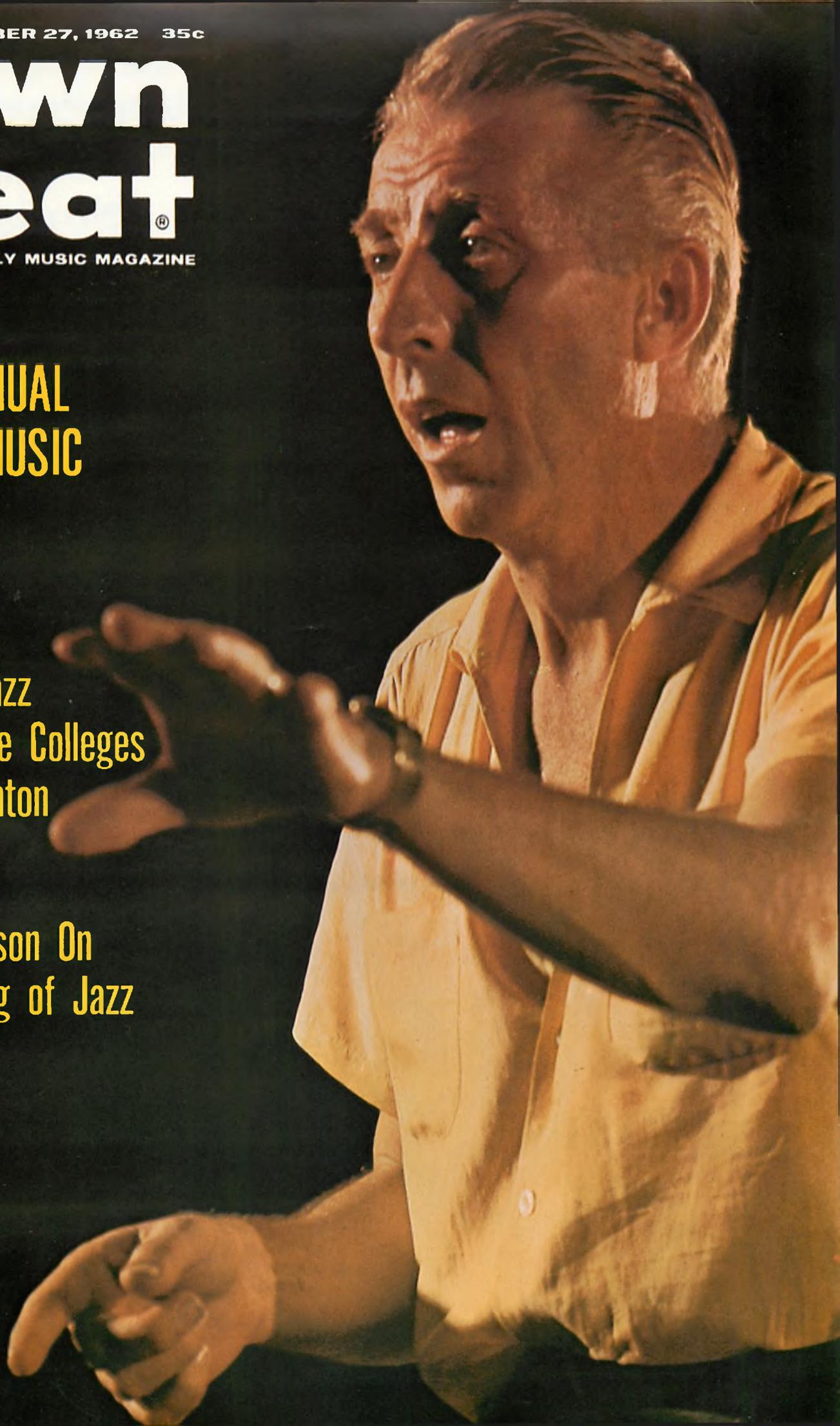
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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

10th ANNUAL SCHOOL MUSIC ISSUE

Big Band Jazz
-Look to the Colleges
By Stan Kenton

Oscar Peterson On
the Teaching of Jazz



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SEPTEMBER 27, 1962 VOL. 29, NO. 25

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THINGS TO COME Critic Harvey Pekar subjects several bassists to scrutiny in his article *The Development of Modern Bass*, which appears in the Oct. 11 *Down Beat*, on sale Sept. 27. Also in this issue is the first ballot for the 27th Annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll. Reserve your copy now.

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Address all circulation correspondence to Circulation Dept., 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Subscription rates are \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years, \$16 for three years, payable in advance. Bundle subscriptions (five or more one-year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution) are \$4.00 for each individual subscription. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT: MUSIC 1962; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS: N.A.M.M. DAILY.



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muted jazz

Jonah and his OLDS

The muted jazz of Jonah Jones on his trumpet is a sound that's keeping the jazz world talking about that Jones boy—and listening for his every mellow, muted note.

It's Jonah—leading his group in the bright, easy-swinging Jones style and adding his own lyrical improvisations and off-beat accents—who fills Manhattan's *Embers*, packs Chicago's *London House*, and sells his Capitol LP recordings (how they sell!). "*The group has reached the point where everything blends,*" says Jonah, "*and we have our sound.*" What a sound—bright, irresistible, captivating, fascinating, subtly sophisticated.

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Jazz began for Jonah on a Mississippi riverboat back in '29. It took him through a career that reads like a history of jazz, while he matured his own unique style. Jonah has played his Olds with such all-time greats as Horace Henderson, Wesley Helvey, Jimmie Lunceford, Stuff Smith, Lil Armstrong, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Cab Callaway, Dizzy Gillespie, and many others. He and his Olds have toured Europe, played in the pit for *Porgy and Bess*, appeared at the swankiest night spots and on TV spectacles—he was fabulous recently in "*An Evening With Fred Astaire.*"

Jazz devotees who hear Jonah's muted Olds—and late at night his open horn—say no one sends them like Jonah.

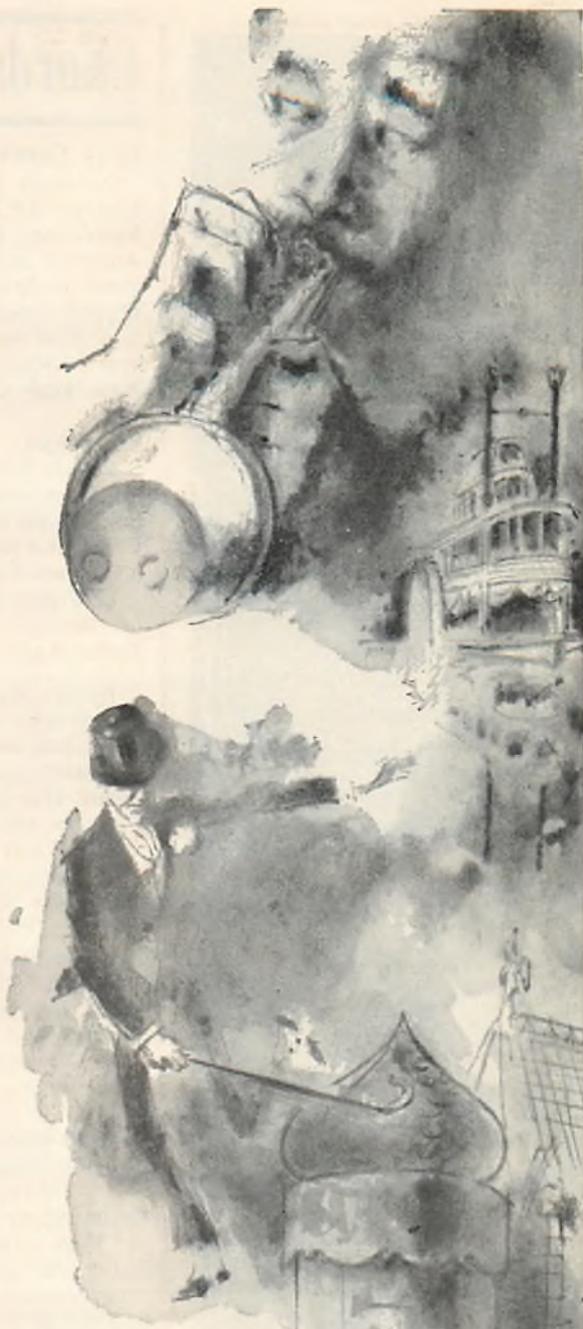
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Chords & Discords

First Came Jones

Although it was otherwise stated in Chicago *Ad Lib* (DB, Aug. 16), Quincy Jones—not Bob Scobey's—was the first American jazz band to be seen on television in Spain. The band did a show in Madrid around the first of June, 1959. . . . That band did a lot of firsts on its year's sojourn in Europe.
New York City Chan Woods

Poll Slips

I think your obvious error in the guitar listing of the International Jazz Critics Poll should be corrected. It was Freddie Green, not Grant Green, who received 23 points and fourth place.

Let's give this great musician the credit he deserves.
Parma, Calif. Ken Kasl

Reader Kasl is right; it was Freddie Green who won fourth place. Booker Ervin was omitted from the list of new-star tenor saxophonists; he received eight points. Our apologies to both Green and Ervin for the errors.

There was a serious omission in the critics' choices also; Russ Wilson's tenor saxophone choices were inadvertently omitted. Wilson named Sonny Rollins, Stan Getz, and Coleman Hawkins as his established-talent choices and Teddy Edwards, Harold Land, and Danny Patiris as his new-star tenor men. Wilson's choices, however, were counted in the poll.

Not-so-Innocent Bystander

In the Aug. 16 issue, Martin Williams, in his column *The Bystander*, makes the following statement:

"There is also the case of the jazz journalist who gets a hefty check each year from his activities as a composer. One way to keep up that kind of income, of course, is to supervise recordings and require jazz musicians to use your pieces. And, if your inspiration is running a little dry, you can always hire some hungry young musicians to ghost for you."

Williams, by attacking a fellow columnist, while protecting himself from a libel suit by not mentioning his victim's name, seems to me to be indulging in questionable journalism. However, I conclude that he is hinting at Leonard Feather, to my knowledge the only American "jazz journalist" who is at the same time a practicing composer and record producer. Before Leonard moved to Los Angeles, I was associated with him for several years as arranger, conductor, pianist and/or co-composer on various projects. If I am correct in my assumption, it becomes necessary to refute Williams' insinuations.

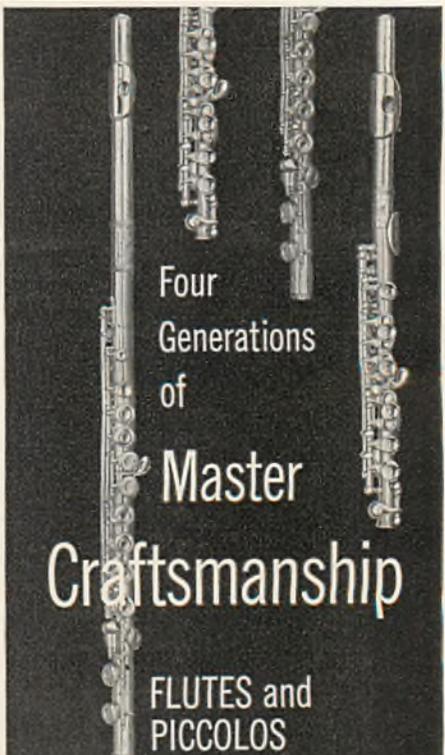
As a composer, Leonard is an experienced professional who has been writing since the 1940s. In the compositions that I arranged for him for the MGM album, *Hi Fi Suite*, he demonstrated a melodic and harmonic technique that makes it absurd to suggest that a man of his inventiveness should require a ghost writer. One of these pieces, *Bass Reflex* (since retitled

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RESPONSE • DEFINITION

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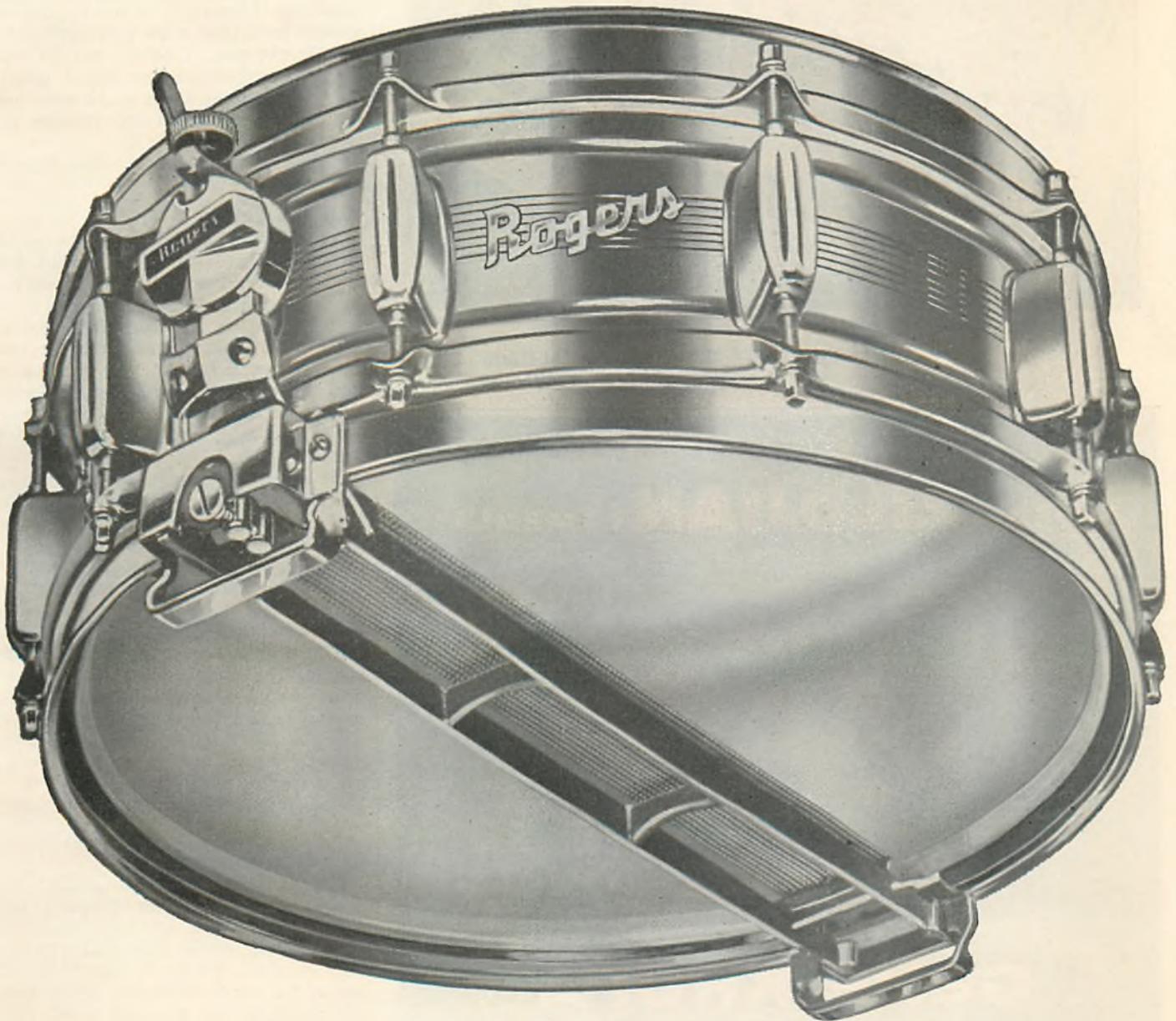
The answers come back the same: response, definition, brilliance, projection. These are drummer's words. They mean something to drummers trying hard to be good musicians as well as good drummers.

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them hear each beat, no matter how fast or powerfully they play. They want a drum that sounds crisp, brilliant. They want a drum that projects easily, without distortion.

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Love Is a Word for the Blues), was a successful experiment in 5/4 time several years before Paul Desmond's *Take Five*. Others were equally ingenious and, in fact, constituted a healthy challenge for me as arranger to realize their potentialities.

Williams imputes to Leonard a credit-grabbing greed. On the contrary, I would like it known that when several of my arrangements for *Hi Fi Suite* introduced material that did not stem directly from Leonard's themes, he added my name as co-composer. On three other albums, *The Seven Ages of Jazz* (Metro), *East Coast vs. West Coast* (MGM), and *The Swingin' Seasons* (MGM), some of the compositions are wholly in my name.

To my way of thinking, because he is a composer, a pianist, a radio-TV personality, and an entrepreneur who through the years has provided work for many musicians, Leonard is a more complete musical being than many other writers on jazz. Furthermore, I believe that his writing, more reportorial than critical, reflects the fact that he is a part of the scene and not merely a waspish and petulant bystander.

Tenafly, N.J.

Dick Hyman

Patton's Letter

The current jazz night-club scene admittedly leaves a lot to be desired, but it is *the* scene, and the socio-economic factors that influence and limit this scene are due for an overhaul. Bob Patton's letter (*DB*, Aug. 16) will perhaps provoke and encourage a closer scrutiny of the problem. Jazz apparently is making friends throughout the world, at a much faster rate than it has in the United States.

This paradox remains an enigma only to those who wish it so. There is a great deal of ax-grinding in this country; things and acts to conceal; ids to prove; dollars to make. Our pace is not so leisurely as one currently encounters in Europe, and the presence of so much ax-grinding is mutually harmful to jazz and to a large segment of the U.S. population. The ramifications of this amorphous condition, having their roots in the socio-economic factors mentioned above, will probably go unchecked for a while longer. Even so, dues must be paid without rancor or grudge-holding.

Yellow Springs, Ohio Shelly Blackman

Overdone Chicken

Since Charlie Mingus is handing out punches in the mouth, let me put in my bid for one with a very brief review of his vocalizing on his *Eat That Chicken*. This so-called "tribute to Fats Waller" is one of the worst exhibitions of poor taste and meanness that I've ever heard. Fats will be remembered as a musician much longer than Mingus will as a social philosopher, and if *Eat That Chicken* represents the level to which Mingus' musical taste and talent have sunk, maybe he'd be happier in a minstrel show. I'm sure that jazz could limp along without him somehow.

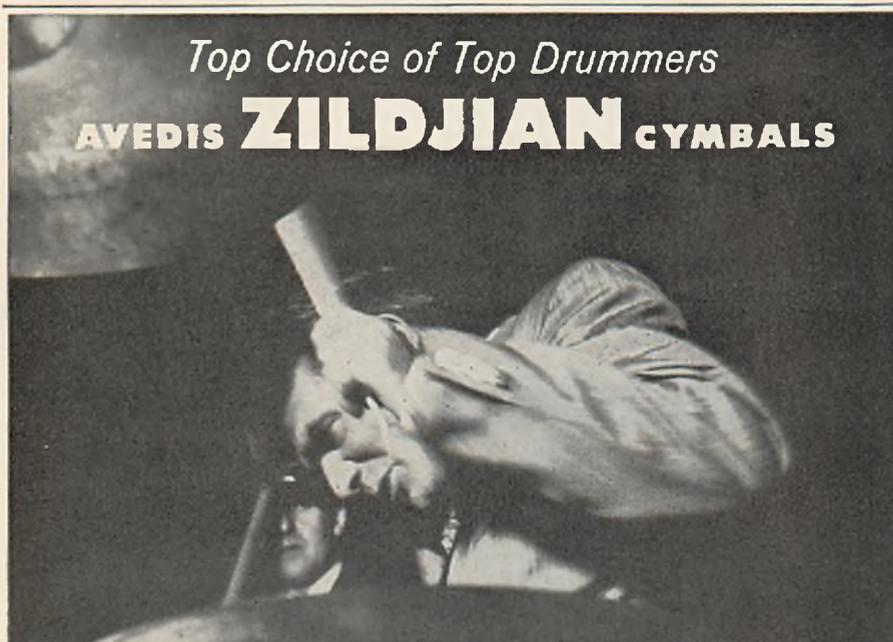
Okay, Mingus, try a punch. I'd just love to get one in for Fats.

Chicago, Ill.

Carlton Smith

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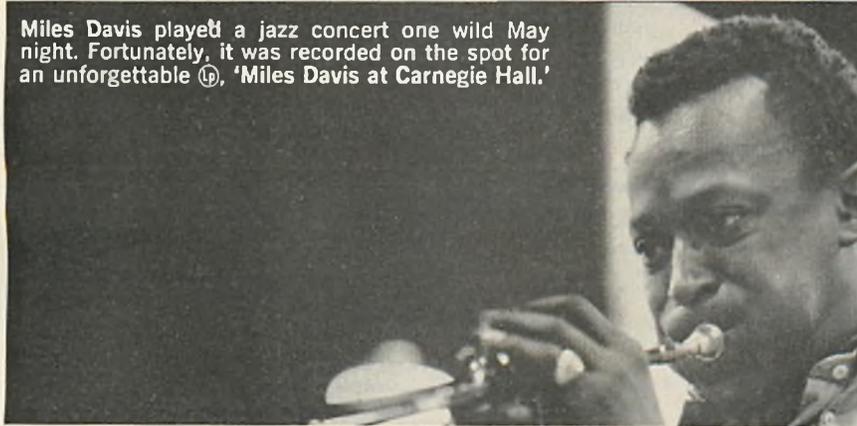


Mildred Bailey influenced a whole generation of singers. Here she is, surrounded by the greats of jazz, on three @s of 'Her Greatest Performances.'



Dave Brubeck, Louis Armstrong and his band, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross and Carmen McRae all swing on one album, with a musical tale of the State Department-sponsored jazz tours of 'The Real Ambassadors.'

Miles Davis played a jazz concert one wild May night. Fortunately, it was recorded on the spot for an unforgettable @, 'Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall.'



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STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

What was to be a whole summer-long series of Saturday night concerts, from **Bob Hope** to **Miles Davis**, produced by **Franklin Geltman** at Randall's Island in New York City, came to a close after the first three concerts. Still to come were jazz sessions by **Duke Ellington**, **Davis**, **Dave Brubeck**, and such, but Geltman was plagued by bad-weather reports, and the resultant small crowds made for box-office disaster. Still, he intends to try again next year.

If you have been wondering at the Great Gleason Express, comedian **Jackie's** train trip across country to publicize his new CBS-TV series to begin Sept. 29, you should know that the jazz musicians aboard were trumpeter **Max Kaminsky** and accordionist **Angelo DiPippo**.

The School of Jazz at Lenox, Mass., personnel had a preliminary meeting to decide how to begin jazz studies again next summer at the school after two years of no sessions.

Plainfield, N.J., AFM local 746 president **Bill Renz** is determined to assist the music business. For several weeks now, he has organized music clinics, open to the public. Obviously, he is looking first for musicians, and they have been there, old and young. But the general public, too, has heard and applauded such as **Sonny Igoe**, **Andy Gib-**



MISS McPARTLAND

son, **Billy Taylor**, and **Hal McKusick**, who have given lectures and demonstrations, and answered questions. All the musicians have played with a local group.

Marian McPartland wrote the score for a film, *Mark*. The music is played by her and trio with tin whistler **Randy Hall** added. The film was picked as exceptional at the Venice, Italy, Film Festival and now goes to similar festivals in Edinburgh, Scotland, and in South America.

Trumpeter **Ted Curson** was voted New Jazz Artist of 1962 by the readers of Germany's *Podium* jazz magazine . . . Organist **Jimmy Smith** won the Philadelphia Jazz Culture Award from the organization of the same name.

Joe Williams and **Harry Edison** are splitting company . . . **Red Allen** follows other jazz artists into the Dune Deck Hotel in West Hampton, N.Y., on Long Island, suddenly a jazz spot way out there . . . Tenorist **Dexter Gordon** is gone for three months from this country. On Aug. 31 he began a one-month engagement at **Ronnie Scott's** jazz club in London. To follow is another month at the Blue Note in Paris. From there he plays for a month in Copenhagen's Montmarte Club.

Peggy Lee and **Andy Russell** are due in Mexico City for the taping of two one-hour shows for Mexican television this fall . . . The third "Evening with **Jackie McLean**" will be held at Judson Hall on Sept. 22 . . . **Eric Dolphy's** new group, debuting at the Village Gate, includes **Jaki Byard**, piano; **Richard Davis**, bass; **J. C. Moses**, drums. Dolphy now finds himself besieged by record companies with offers of contracts.

Sonny Rollins played the most recent session at the Galaxy
(Continued on page 54)



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down beat

Sept 27, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 25



CROSBY
Irreplaceable inspiration

TRAGIC END TO A TWO-WEEK LEAVE

When Ahmad Jamal broke up his trio last spring, George Shearing wasted no time in hiring Jamal's bassist, Israel Crosby. While still in his native Britain, Shearing first heard Crosby on *Blues of Israel*, recorded with Gene Krupa and released in this country on Decca in the late '30s. He closely followed the bassist's career from that time.

Early last month, while the Shearing quintet was at the University of Utah's jazz workshop, Crosby was not in the group; he had suffered blinding headaches and blurred vision and had taken a two-week leave of absence to return to Chicago, his home, for a hospital checkup. But before the group left the university, Shearing had received a letter from the bassist in which he said he'd soon be well enough to return to the quintet.

But Crosby never returned; he died of a blood clot on the heart in Chicago's West Side Veterans Administration Hospital on Aug. 11. He was 43.

"As much rapport as I had with Al McKibbin," Shearing said, referring to the bassist who worked with him for several years, "I had as much with Israel—and he was only with me a short time. If he'd been with me longer, it would have been greater.

"Fortunately, we made this trio album at Basin Street East. It was the fastest album I ever made. He played bass parts that were so beautiful; you could never write anything as good. He was one of the most inspiring musicians I ever played with."

When asked who would take his

place, Shearing said, "I don't think anybody is going to take his place; nobody took Art Tatum's place. . . ."

AFM OBTAINS TV FILM SCALE RAISE

Sewing up the last remaining gap in the television film industry, negotiators of the American Federation of Musicians recently completed bargaining talks with the three major networks.

Under terms of the newly signed contract covering telefilms produced by the networks, musicians get a 5 percent scale increase retroactive to July 1, 1962, followed by an additional 2 percent raise Nov. 1.

Already signed to new contracts by the federation are the TV Film Alliance of independent producers and the major TV studios, such as Revue. The new contract with the networks is distinct from the union's live-music agreement with telefilm producers (*DB*, Aug. 30).

A central feature of the newly signed contract is the fact that it will expire Feb. 1, 1964, also the expiration date of all other pacts between the AFM and the television industry, both live and filmed. It is anticipated, therefore, that as of that date the federation will demand package agreements with the industry as a whole.

JUNE RICHMOND DIES IN SWEDEN

Singer June Richmond, 47, was a big woman—she weighed more than 300 pounds. Her bulk, it was said, was as impressive to an audience as her singing. But her heftiness seldom stood in the way of cheerfulness. Smiling broadly, she delivered her songs with aplomb.

When she was 16, Miss Richmond began a career as a jazz singer, first with Jimmy Dorsey's band, later with the bands of Cab Calloway and Andy Kirk. Following World War II, she settled in Europe, living in Paris but traveling the continent extensively.

In Europe, Miss Richmond veered from jazz and made her mark as an

A Matter Of Degree

From a Charlie Parker records press release:

"Cecil Payne . . . has been named winner of the baritone saxophone category in the new-artist division of *Down Beat* magazine's . . . International Jazz Critics Poll. . . . This award, ironically, is Payne's first public recognition by the corps of international jazz critics. Payne's tepid style, strongly influenced by the late Parker, can be heard on two Parker LPs. . . ."

Like, cool, man.

entertainer and singer of popular songs.

Taken with the more leisurely and less prejudiced European way of life, she was fond of saying, "America is where I came from, but I'll never go back there again." She was especially fond of Scandinavia, living there on and off for several years. Only recently, she performed at Tivoli, the Copen-



MISS RICHMOND
Big heart gives out

hagen amusement park. The critics raved.

But on Aug. 14 the singer's voice and cheerfulness were stilled: she fell dead of a heart attack in her Gothenburg, Sweden, hotel room.

MUSICIANS WIVES, INC., AWARDS TWO SCHOLARSHIPS

Two scholarships awarded by the Musicians Wives, Inc., will send two high school music students and members of the American Jazz Society Orchestra to college this semester.

Lead trumpeter Terry Waldo, 19, of Compton, Calif., and bassist Tom Pedrini, 18, of Alhambra, Calif., will continue their studies at Long Beach, Calif., State College and the University of Southern California respectively. Both scholarships are for \$50.

The musicians have held principal chairs in community symphonies in addition to their activity with the American Jazz Society, an organization of music students with chapters throughout the United States. The AJS Orchestra is composed of personnel from 14 high schools in Los Angeles County. Waldo is a member of the Los Angeles Brass Ensemble; currently he is touring with entertainer Earl Grant.

The AJS Orchestra performed at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1960. Its primary function, however, according to band director Donald Erjavec, is to play at educational events such as school music conferences.

For the last two years many top professionals have regularly rehearsed with the band. These include tenorist Bill



WALDO PEDRINI ERJAVEC
Excellence pays off

Perkins; trumpeters Bud Brisbois, Ollie Mitchell and Sanford Skinner; altoist-arranger Lennie Niehaus; saxophonist-flutist Paul Horn; and trombonists Kent Larsen, Jim Amlotte, and Si Zentner.

Early this year the band recorded an LP album for Stan Kenton to be used for educational purposes. It is scheduled to appear on television's *Steve Allen Show* in September.

MUCH MUSIC AT DISNEYLAND

The summer music parade continued into the fall at southern California's Disneyland playground, and when the final 1962 budget for live music is tallied, it will nudge \$300,000.

Benny Goodman followed Ray Anthony's lounge group into the park, and a two-night Dixieland event is scheduled for Sept. 28-29. The two-beat festival lineup is impressive. Louis Armstrong and band will top the bill, with the Dukes of Dixieland, the Firehouse Five Plus Two, Teddy Buckner's band, the Young Men from New Orleans group, and Disneyland's own Strawhatters.

Harry James' three nights at Disneyland followed Count Basie's. It was difficult to determine which band drew the bigger audience because of the all-day pattern of visitors, but at the close of James' final evening the day's attendance stood at an impressive 48,000.

DIZZY ARRANGEMENTS WHILE YOU WAIT

Dizzy Gillespie tells the story of his participation in a prize-winning documentary on the work of Dutch painter Karel Appell.

When Gillespie was in Amsterdam last year, his friend Appell told him the film was being made. Gillespie offered to do the music and "promptly forgot all about it." Several months later Gillespie received an urgent wire reporting that the film was completed. Where was the music?

"I rushed right out and rented a recording studio," Gillespie said. "I told the engineer to start the tape, and I played anything that came into my mind. No rhythm section or nothin'.

Just me and the horn and a mute, I'd play some and stop, then another idea would come, and they'd start the tape again. Let me tell you, it was pretty wild.

"I was afraid to listen to it back. So I wrapped it up and sent it off. They edited it and put it on the sound track. A few weeks later Karel wrote and said it gassed him, and the documentary won first prize at the Berlin Film Festival."

YOUNG MAN ON THE WAY UP

Clad in a natty white suit and sporting a smart blue bow tie, the drummer took his place behind a standard, professional drum set. While television and still cameras ground and clicked, he began to play to piano accompaniment.

First he played time to a smartly tempoed *Do You Ever Think of Me?*, holding the time well on the top cymbal and rapping sophisticated rim shots with his left hand. Then he took off on a long solo, covering tom-toms, snare drum, and cymbals. When he returned to playing rhythm, the time was still there, rock solid.

The performance was an introduction to the press of Jimmy Bradley Jr., a drum discovery of Paramount Television Productions. Jimmy met the press in Los Angeles with a sun-ray of a smile, and, though he didn't have much to say to the reporters and photographers, he more than spoke his piece on his drums.

As Robert Quinlan, assistant general manager of Paramount Television, stood by with a three-year management and talent contract that Jimmy would sign later, the drummer beat off another number. Again to piano accompaniment, he executed an Afro-Cuban beat



JIMMY JR.
First he was Krupa; now he's Bellson

with the butt-ends of his sticks to *Caravan*. A romping *C Jam Blues*, during which Jimmy was joined in a duet by his father—himself a cocktail-lounge drummer—wound up the demonstration.

As photographers reloaded, Jimmy sat on the edge of the platform to sign the contract with KTLA and Paramount. Smiling broadly, he accepted Quinlan's pen, posed a signing for the cameras.

Thus, with business concluded, 4-year-old Jimmy Bradley Jr. jumped off his dad's lap and went to play with his 2-year-old brother, Gerald, while the accompanist—his mother—beamed.

Neither parent can account for Jimmy's remarkable—for his age—drumming talent. At 17 months, his mother said, he began tapping out rhythmic patterns with pencils on the rail of his crib. Then, when he was 3½, his father bought him a snare drum and cymbal.

"Up till the other day," said his father—who with the mother constitutes the Jim & Robbie Bradley Duo—"he called himself Gene Krupa. Then, he saw Louis Bellson with Krupa and Shelly Manne on *The Lively Ones* TV show. Now, he insists he's Louis Bellson."

JAZZ INTERNATIONALISM

Many times jazz has been called the only true art form to be developed in the United States, and for years it was thought that only U.S.-born musicians could play it with any degree of authenticity. If a Django Reinhardt, a George Chisolm, or a George Shearing was cited, it was hastily added that they were the exceptions to the rule.

As years passed, more and more exceptions made appearances, until today it is uncommon *not* to find excellent jazz musicians in various countries throughout the world.

The growing international acceptance of jazz is one of the most important developments to affect the music in recent years. Many U.S. jazz groups are able to make more money overseas, especially in Europe, than in this country. In some cases, Europe has become part of the jazzman's regular itinerary, and several outstanding U.S. musicians have settled there.

This expansion of the jazz audience can be seen in *Down Beat's* readership: the issue you are holding will be read in 91 countries—including British Honduras and Pakistan. We state this with pride, not only because few U.S. magazines have such a wide readership, but because we believe in the rightness and truth of jazz and *Down Beat's* place in spreading the jazz word.

In keeping with the world-wide interest in jazz and the growing international character of *Down Beat*, we shall begin, in the next issue, a series of articles dealing with jazz in various countries.

Festival Dialog

PLACE: A small restaurant in Bloomington, Ind.

TIME: Soon after the final concert of the Midwest Jazz Festival held Aug. 17-19 on Indiana University's campus.

CHARACTERS: Joe and Ed, two intrepid jazz-festival attendees.

ED: So-so festival, huh?

JOE: Parts were good, but the Four Freshmen. . . .

ED: Did you hear that 37-bar operation on *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me* they did Friday night?

JOE: And the chords! Sounded like a Nashville version of Duke Ellington.

ED: And I thought the big bit about this festival was that the same groups would play each night but vary their programs. Hell, the Freshmen just added and subtracted tunes.

JOE: Well, Donald Byrd played the same two tunes every night.

ED: Yeah, but Donald wrote those arrangements specially for the festival, and you can't expect a guy to write six things for a pickup group.

JOE: Odd instrumentation, wasn't it? Donald and two other trumpets, two trombones, two of those new things Kenton uses—

ED: Mellophoniums.

JOE:—a tuba, Charlie Mariano on alto, and a rhythm section. Groovy things he wrote though—that thing on *On the Trail* from *Grand Canyon Suite*, and what did he call the Gospel piece, the one he said was sort of a Gregorian chant with a Baptist beat?

ED: *Great God!* Funny title.

JOE: Too bad Donald was having chop trouble. But at that he played some nice things.

ED: Mariano played beautifully. Better with Donald than with Kenton.

JOE: Well, Charlie's really an alto man.

I don't know why Stan's got him on tenor. Of course, he's got Gabe Baltazar, who ain't no slouch on alto either. And, come to think of it, Charlie played some funky stuff on tenor with Stan.

ED: I think he was putting us on.

JOE: I don't know if *he* was, but I'm sure Kenton was on some of those productions.

ED: Like *Malaguena*?

JOE: Like *Malaguena*. Him conducting all those cats—it looked like the finale of an MGM production of *The Stan Kenton Story*: up from the joints and finally he makes it at Carnegie Hall, packed to the rafters on Monday night.

ED: That's just Stan's bit. I thought it was damned dramatic. You know, impressive. And the people ate it up.

JOE: The dramatics didn't impress me, but that band did. Seemed to be looser than his other bands. Swung more—especially on some of the less complex things. Sounded sort of like an in-tune Basie band.

ED: That Johnny Richards piece, *Festival—Toccata and Fugue*, that he wrote for the band wasn't like a Basie thing.

JOE: It wasn't supposed to be, man. I thought Johnny used all that brass pretty well, had a lot of bottom going with the tuba and trombones.

ED: I got more of a kick watching Johnny conduct than I did from the piece.

JOE: Well, if you're going to approach things from that angle—forget it. You'll agree that's a nice trumpet player Kenton's got, won't you.

ED: Marv Stamm. He played a little sloppy sometimes. But good ideas, except when he overplayed his horn—all those notes.

JOE: Still, it's a good band.

ED: Those other big bands sounded fine too.

JOE: Al Cobine's and the two with the kids from the Kenton clinics?

ED: The kids were a gas! They went through those charts like they were nothing—stuff by Bill Holman and Ernie Wilkins.

JOE: And Gil Evans. Mariano and that trumpet player from Kenton's band—Dalton Smith—did a good job of whipping the kids into shape. Some good-playing kids at those clinics. Surprised hell out of me.

ED: The Cobine band surprised me. That little alto player, Jamie Aebersold, and Al Kiger on trumpet were too much. If that's a sample of the local talent around here, look out.

JOE: They've had a history of good jazz bands at IU. Med Flory had a big band in the '40s, and Dave Baker's was something else—that was just about five years ago. You can go all the way back to the '20s, and there was good jazz around the campus—Hoagy Carmichael and those guys used to bring Bix down to play at the frat houses.

ED: Speaking of the '20s, how about that Franz Jackson band at the festival? They make all these college-kid Dixieland bands sound sick. They get rolling on something, it's like a battering ram.

JOE: Yeah, but never blaring. Taste. Dignity. And it meant something—guess that's the difference between traditional jazz and Dixieland.

ED: And the trumpet player with the band—Bob Shoffner. The modern cats were flipping over his ideas and the way he phrased. This guy's 62, played with Joe Oliver, and still sounds fresh.

JOE: Yeah, but you know who knocked me out the most? Sam Jones with Cannonball Adderley's group. That bass solo he took on *Trouble in Mind* was the best thing I heard all weekend.

ED: That was the thing Yusef Lateef did on oboe, wasn't it? Yusef played fine on that too—and he had a busted octave-key spring to worry with. In fact, Yusef sounded wonderful on everything. Didn't make any difference whether he played tenor, flute, or oboe. He's sure got a big sound on flute.

ED: Cannon and brother Nat were swingin' too. I thought Cannon was going to start flying on *Work Song* Saturday night.

JOE: You know, I think you dug this festival more than you thought you did at first.

ED: Sounds like it, doesn't it?

JOE: Shame there weren't more people, but I understand they're going to have the festival again next year, but maybe only two nights. . . .

Getting late, m'man. Must split. See ya.

ED: See ya.



Franz Jackson's band: dignified battering ram.

—DeMicheal

Trumpeter Kenny Dorham,
an active jazz musician
for more than two
decades and one of the
first trumpeters to fuse
the innovations of bop
into a personal style
reflects on his long and
varied career in jazz

DURABLE DORHAM

By GENE FEEHAN

CHARLES STEWART



TRUMPETER Kenny Dorham is not mentioned in Barry Ulanov's *History of Jazz in America*. He is not pictured in the Orrin Keepnews-Bill Grauer *Pictorial History of Jazz*. No reference to him and his 23 years of participation in jazz appears in Marshall Stearns' *Story of Jazz*, although Bo Diddley, Reb Spikes, and Snake Hips Tucker find a niche in the listings.

In short, if one were to be introduced for the first time to the story of contemporary jazz trumpet, one might well surmise that the horn is played almost exclusively by Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. Yet at least one important critic has emphatically stated, "Dorham has become a consummate and masterful trumpeter, one of the key voices in modern jazz."

Yet it would appear that the 38-year-old Dorham is still a relatively unknown quantity to many jazz fans, despite his clearly felt impact on today's music. "I've always gone my own way," he maintains stoutly. "I don't know how you can play jazz and *not* be yourself."

Dorham would not describe himself as a reticent man, but like anyone else with a long story to tell, he must find a keenly tuned and attentive ear. This may explain why his role in the bop movement is so little appreciated, except by musicians he's worked with and a few fans and critics.

"You know," he recalled, "my love of jazz was motivated as a little kid by my sister. She used to sing commercials for Coca-Cola and Dr. Pepper, and one day she came home when I was about 7 or 8 with some records by Louis Armstrong [he pronounced it Lou-iss]. When I was 15, in 1939, she bought me a trumpet. My father was already a guitarist, and my mother and sister could play piano real well. My sister encouraged me to learn the horn. I'd been fooling around with piano since I was 7, so I knew chords at least. So, when I took up the horn, I had a basic grounding in music."

When Dorham went into Anderson High School in Austin, Texas, he had three idols on the horn: Bix Beiderbecke, Roy Eldridge, and Bunny Berigan.

He said he liked Beiderbecke's over-all musicianship, adding, "Bix *sounded* like a piano player, because he knew all the changes. However, Roy had more happening than anyone else. Others I dug were Harry Edison, Ziggy Elman, Buck Clayton, Basie's brass, and Erskine Hawkins' band."

He really got his start in 1939, he said, with the school's marching band. One of his friends in that band was Bo Rhambo, who played both trumpet and tenor saxophone, and when they weren't jamming together, Rhambo was busy writing arrangements for the group in a Count Basie or Glenn Miller vein.

Dorham tried the West Coast between October and December, 1943, and though it was a good way to break in, he was back in Houston with Illinois Jacquet's big band by early the next year. About that time he was playing a lot of growls and used mutes made of hats with the brims cut off for other effects.

In July, 1944, he decided to try New York City, and one of the first places he checked into was Minton's.

"After I'd taken my first solo," he recalled, "Lockjaw Davis, the bandmaster, came over and said, 'You've got a standing invitation here, man.' From then on, it was like a dream, playing every night with guys I'd only heard about: Bud, Fats, Dexter, Serge, Wardell, Lips, and many others."

In the spring of 1945, Gillespie let out the word that he was holding auditions, and a houseful of guys turned out including Henry Boozier and Dorham, who'd been working as a team for some time. When it got down to Dorham, he said to Gillespie, "I don't go unless Henry comes along, too. And that's how Diz got two trumpets for one chair."

After that, which was about October, 1946, he went with Billy Eckstine's big band, in its time, as Dorham

recalled, "the best band in the country. It had a tremendous rhythm section: Art Blakey, Tommy Potter, and Richard Ellington on piano. It had excellent soloists, too, like Gene Ammons and Leo Parker. Those six months I was with Eckstine were a groove. Billy brought me in as trumpet soloist to replace Fats Navarro, who had replaced Diz. I was only 22, but already I was accepted on my merits. Billy was a great leader; he'd always let you go when you were having a great night."

Dorham's memories of Charlie Parker reflect Parker's diversity as a human being and an artist, in that they seem to have no particular line of development or follow any logical line of growth. But fragments, as an archeologist will testify, offer their own story:

"Bird knew a lot about the strangest things, like how a car's engine is put together and how it functions. . . . He never was a big one for rehearsals. In fact, in all the years I played with him, he called only one, and that was for a couple of new guys who'd just joined the band. . . . I had heard Bird long before I came to New York, and right from the start he was my favorite soloist. His speed especially influenced me, but even today I can't get anywhere near it. . . .

"Bird never practiced that I know of, but he was always able to hit the bandstand like a ball of fire. It's funny, but he never got disturbed when the rest of the band couldn't keep up with him. . . . He always said something sweet about Diz. . . . He'd play themes from *The Rite of Spring* (just a quarter or a half-step off) on the 12th chorus or so. The musicians dug it, but I don't think the audience knew what was going on. . . .

"No one today plays as fast as he did. In fact, Max Roach developed his own speed by playing with Bird. Max would challenge him by laying down a real fast beat on an opening chorus and, by the second, Bird would be pulling away. . . . He believed in what I call 'bandstand mileage': that is, to put together on the bandstand things you might not have practiced at home—kind of a trial-and-error process. What he meant was—know how to reach the audience and still be able to play yourself at the very top of your ability."

On the next point Dorham was firmly insistent: "Today, Bird would be as much out in front as he ever was. You'd have to change the sax before anyone could play it like he did. . . . Actors, performers, and musicians, when they're up on a stage, know the principle of 'the fourth wall.' What it means is that you're aware of the audience and yet you have to preserve a sense of detachment so you can create a piece of music or a role internally. Bird knew that concept best of all. It's an idea that may seem incomprehensible to some performers, but it's absolutely necessary for peak performance. . . . To develop that concept a bit further, Bird would become inspired by a person in the audience, and direct his playing accordingly, whether humorous or sarcastic or whatever. We called those things he did nursery rhymes. Once, back in the spring of 1949, at the Royal Roost, a real beat-looking chick yelled, 'Play *My Wild Irish Rose*.' Bird glanced at her and threw in an out-of-key phrase from *The Lady Is a Tramp*. We all broke up."

MEMORIES OF Parker are not Dorham's sole stock in trade. He has a wealth of observations on other aspects of today's music, from jazz in movies to advice to young musicians.

"Movies are starting to offer opportunities to jazzmen to play and write, and, of course, so does TV," he said. "I collaborated with Duke Jordan, Kenny Clarke, and Barney Wilen on the score of the French film, *Witness in the City*, as far back as 1959. I actually got on screen in the current *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*."

Some years ago, a critic observed that the trumpet had taken a subsidiary position to the saxophone in modern jazz and cited the Chet Baker-Gerry Mulligan and Miles-Bird playing relationships as major evidence. Dorham doesn't agree with the theory and maintains that the trumpet is secondary only in terms of the playing ability of any given musician compared with another in his group.

"For another thing," he said, "the trumpet has only three valves, while the sax has at least seven times more keys or, as I call them, referent points. Also, you've got to remember that the trumpet has been explored more; it's a much more antiquated instrument, you might say."

Dorham, something of a singer, too, though his singing is no equal to his playing, had a few things to say on that subject as well:

"Singing has always been important to me. I still study to keep my pipes open. My band experience included some nine months of vocal work with Diz in 1945, until Dexter Armstrong came in on my reference. My major influence was Charles Brown, who, in turn, has had an impact on Ray Charles—a lot of impact! When you come from the Southwest, as I did, you develop a kind of echo, which is evident both in your horn and your voice."

In the area of composing, Dorham has been working steadily over the years. More than a year ago, he composed and arranged a 25-minute work that he submitted to (and hopes will be performed by) the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. He wrote the first two parts, *Fairy Tale*, a 10-minute ballad, and *Lotus Blossom*, an Oriental melody, and has been trying to get trombonist J. J. Johnson to do the final section.

Working conditions for jazzmen are a controversial topic, but Dorham doesn't take as dim a view as some others.

"Since I came to New York," he said, "I'd say the general quality of conditions has improved. The appeal of a leader's name is very important, which is why I worked as often as I could with Bird, Max, and the big bands. . . .

"But in today's music world, I'm just as likely to end up talking about my work before the UN Jazz Society—that's how much the business has changed. You'll generally find that where guys are making real money today they're only playing background. I've discovered that everybody's looking at me for a bargain, but I'm still optimistic."

"One last key point: clubowners should know how, when, and where to showcase new talent. On the average, a band hits a club three times a year. It plays the same repertoire, and this becomes tiresome to the listener. If the band and its writers can't come up with some new charts, the public is being cheated, I think. And that means that, sooner or later, the clubowner is going to lose his audience.

Dorham is aware of "the kiddies," as Jo Jones so often refers to young musicians, and their problems: "I don't care whether you want to learn trombone, tympani, or tuba, my best advice is to start off by studying piano. I did it, and it helped me enormously. It's the yardstick in music because of its voicings, its blends of sounds and, over-all, because it expresses more than any other instrument. . . . It leads you to a better theoretical foundation, and it gives you a chance to play more than one note at a time. Then you can move on to develop your playing of the instrument of your choice.

"The future of jazz may well come from such establishments and experiments as the Lenox, Mass., School of Music [now inactive], the Berklee School in Boston, and the North Texas State University bands and groups. A student is able to acquire this formal type of education in music rather than to have to hunt for it, hit or miss. He can concentrate his energies into a relatively small span of time, thus getting the greatest benefit out of it. 



BIG BAND JAZZ: LOOK TO THE COLLEGES

By STAN KENTON

In collaboration with Pete Welding

Four years ago Stan Kenton helped inaugurate the National Stage Band Camps (Kenton Clinics) to provide student musicians practical instruction in modern dance-band techniques. The camps were held this summer at Michigan State University, Indiana University, and University of Nevada Lake Tahoe extension.

MANY OF US who have led bands have been approached by young musicians and students eager to find out something about music that they weren't being taught in school or by private instructors. After a few years of this, I realized, as I'm sure other bandleaders have, too, that there was a great need for a kind of musical instruction that would supply the student the kind of practical training he needed for a career in popular music.

The Kenton Clinics are an attempt to answer this need.

As to my own participation in the program, I must say that I never thought of doing it by myself, because I realized that it was such a large undertaking that one person couldn't hope to do it alone.

About nine years ago, I was approached on the idea of summer stage-band camps by Ken Morris, an Indiana concert promoter, who also thought there was a need for training young musicians in this manner.

We discussed the idea off and on for four years and when Morris persuaded Gene Hall of North Texas State University to join us in the National Stage Band Camp program, the thing finally began to take shape. By the next year, another leader in the stage-band movement, Matt Betton, of Manhattan, Kan., joined us.

It was decided that each of us had something to contribute to such an operation. So we held the first camps in 1959, and they've been held each year since.

It's a real challenge. After students register on Sunday, they are auditioned and placed according to their ability. We try to see that the group members are compatible and have about the same degree of knowledge and experience. This has to be done quickly and correctly by Monday morning, when classes begin—and in this, Hall, as dean of the clinics, and Betton, assistant dean, are a wonderful team.

Students are given two hours of theory each day. Then they have a two-hour rehearsal with their assigned band daily. Three days a week they are all grouped together according to instrument, and clinics are held in which various members of the staff demonstrate by playing and answer questions.

An hour is set aside each day for a workshop. Here we explain certain things—from how to interpret music markings, say, to what the function of an orchestra's rhythm section is.

At 7 p.m., the whole student body is assembled, and the faculty talks about anything in the music business that the students want us to.

Then from 8 to 10 p.m., we try to present things that will be both interesting and entertaining to them. Generally these are concert programs, with my band performing or groups organized by the instructors or even visiting bands. The student then have an hour to themselves before lights out at 11 p.m.

It is a full day, but since they are there for only a week or two, we try to expose them to as many things as we possibly can in this short time so that when they return home they will take at least something with them. They will

know, for example, more about *how* to practice and *what* to practice; they know they must gain more and more knowledge if they expect to achieve anything in music.

We like to think, of course, that most of the students, if not all of them, are sufficiently interested in music to want to become professionals. I don't imagine that many come to the camps just to get away from home for a week's fun. There's too much work for that. They really take a bath in music. Their horns are in their hands when they're eating breakfast, and they still have them there when they go to bed.

The program is full, but it has proved satisfactory. We have made few changes, for example, since our first year's clinics. At the completion of the first week then, we circulated a questionnaire to get the students' reactions and suggestions. We were amazed to discover that they wanted more theory, which is usually the driest thing for any musician—especially a young one—to study. Because of this, we offered more theory; and now we require each musician who attends the clinics to study it. Some, whose knowledge of theory is sufficient, go into a class on orchestration and arranging. But they have to take advanced theory; this is one change we made.

Another involved the teaching of small-group jazz, which we hadn't incorporated into the program the first year. Now we have a course on the organization of small-ensemble jazz.

ASIDE from the course of studies, the thing that I feel makes the clinics so attractive is the composition and excellence of the faculty. Half of the men on the staff are nationally recognized music educators, from conservatories and universities around the country—people like Leon Breedon, Ralph Muchler, Russ Garcia, Johnny Richards, John LaPorta, Charlie Perry, and Clem DeRosa, among others. The others are musicians active in the field as professional performers: Donald Byrd, Johnny Smith, Tommy Gumina, Buddy DeFranco, and people of that order.

To me, the practical knowledge that a student can gain from someone actually working in the field as a professional musician, coupled with what he can get from the men experienced in the field of music education and able to impart the requisite academic knowledge, is what makes the staff such a great thing. It's a blend of theory and practice in about equal measure.

That is where the clinics serve a real purpose, and aside from my own band it is this that gives me a great thrill—being a part of the clinics each summer. They are four weeks in which we just shut down everything and go off and



Kenton and clinic student go over piano part.



Student performers in concert.



Conference on the steps.

work like mad. But it really brings you closer to what's happening in music and the future of music when you see these young people and the way they're playing.

My satisfaction comes from this. When I was a kid, there were so many things you wondered about that you couldn't possibly get from your music teacher. They just weren't equipped to give you the answers. So I used to hang around bands and try to get *anybody* to talk to me about the things I wanted to know. But usually the professional musician was so busy that it was just a handshake and a "someday I'll get together with you" or "next time I come to town, come around." And you never got together with anyone.

What gets me so emotionally involved in the clinics is the fact that the kids can go right up to men like Johnny Richards or John LaPorta and say, "I'd

like to ask you about this," and the teacher honestly gives all he can, right then and there.

I guess I identify with the kids. It's something I couldn't get when I was their age, and they can have the benefit of all this knowledge and experience just for the asking! It's this that I feel is so great about the clinics.

But, then, the whole growth of the stage-band movement in recent years has been an astonishing and thrilling thing to watch. Many of us just didn't know that it was going on. I was so busy getting my band to the next town that I didn't realize the extent of the movement. I knew there was this desire for knowledge on the part of all these young musicians, but I didn't realize there were as many dance bands and stage bands as there are.

And it's all because of the younger music educators. Many of them had played in name bands, had gotten tired of the road, had families they couldn't be with. They had gone back to school to get degrees in music education so they could teach, taking jobs in their community schools, where they could stay and have some sort of sensible existence.

When they did that, they—because of their experience in the past—started organizing school dance bands. It was a natural thing to do, and the kids really wanted it. And as more and more of these younger educators get into the schools—men who understand and can teach stage-band work—the movement is going to expand even more.

SINCE I became involved in the movement, I have come to believe that the future of almost all creative music in the United States is going to come from the universities.

The professional musician today is so bogged down by the demands that are made upon him commercially that he no longer has time to experiment and to work and develop. And the music thrives on experimentation—it has to have it.

What substantiates my belief is that several of the major universities already have inaugurated stage-band departments, schools like Indiana University, which has been a major force in music education for a number of years; North Texas State University; Olympia College in Washington; and many others. And the ability of the college musician today is staggering.

Years ago, to give an illustration, a band like Woody Herman's or mine was hard pressed to replace a departing member. We had to go to the lesser name bands to find a man who had gained sufficient experience to play our music. It was difficult.

But now the musicians coming out

of the colleges have more than enough ability to step right into any top band or even into the studios. It's a thrilling, unprecedented thing. There are more and better musicians now than ever before, and if the ability I see in college students all over the country is any indication, there will be many more.

Moreover, I think that in colleges (where they don't have the commercial pressures), if they have a teacher that understands this sort of music, the music they are composing and arranging is, in most cases, clearly beyond what is happening in the professional field. Some of the college bands would make some of the professional outfits look like amateur bands.

I am talking about big bands because in the professional field it is much easier for a small group to exist. They don't require as much money, and while a university can underwrite the expenses of a big band, it is not so necessary to do this in the case of small units. But big bands—it's a terrible challenge to keep one going today.

And this is where the universities will play a major role, it seems to me. I think that the desire on the part of young musicians to gain a knowledge of big-band work will necessitate a university's initiating a department to teach this kind of music.

It is not a case of subsidizing; rather, it's a case of the young musician's going where he can gain the knowledge. And until now there's been no place for him to get it.

Until recently even the leading conservatories did not sufficiently prepare their students—after four or five years' study—for a career in professional music. And it was a short-changing thing, because the man who studied and got a degree in law, medicine, or architecture found a job awaiting him upon graduation. He was prepared for his career. But what could the conservatory graduate expect?

But now the situation is changing—for the better. I can't help but think that if all these college musicians who are studying are as dedicated as they appear, then it's got to affect the music business in some way. I don't know whether the colleges and universities are eventually going to take big-band music away from us and take it into the schools—as centuries ago it was the churches that produced creative music—or whether they are going to inspire us in the professional field. But I do believe that sooner or later it will be the university orchestras that have the record contracts and will be doing the important recording.

Now this may be unhealthy for the professional field of music, but certainly it is healthy for music.





THAT BAND FROM NORTH TEXAS

By NIKKI COLE

STUDENT WORK in college laboratories normally is not the sort of thing to attract large crowds or much attention, but there is one laboratory group that garners both every time it meets.

The students' subject is jazz, and they are working toward Bachelor of Music degrees, with a major in dance band, at North Texas State University in Denton, Texas. Their laboratory is located in the school's student union building, where various groups—designated by the hours at which they are scheduled to perform—play student-written arrangements and compositions at weekly afternoon sessions. Their music is exciting, modern-styled big-band jazz of an extraordinarily high quality.

"If they ever turn professional," said bandleader Stan Kenton on a recent trip to the Denton campus, "I know a lot of guys who aren't going to like it."

The orchestra leader first became acquainted with North Texas' Lab Band program when the school band made its initial appearance at the Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival in 1960, where Kenton was serving on the panel of judges. He came in direct contact with the lab band program during the summer of that year and the following one, when he used the band and its members as demonstrator-counselors at his summer band clinics. In 1962, the 1 O'clock Band, the top band of the four large jazz orchestras on campus, made a guest appearance with Kenton at a Dallas concert.

Since that time three recent alumni of the lab band have joined the Kenton orchestra: trumpeter Marv Stamm, tubaist Dave Wheeler, and trombonist-drummer Dee Barton. An earlier participant in the North Texas program, trombonist-arranger Gene Roland, was a long-term member of the Kenton aggregation and is currently with the Woody Herman Band. Three other graduates of the school's jazz department are now well-known figures in the jazz world: composer-reed man Jimmy Giuffre, guitarist Herb Ellis, and bassist Harry Babasin.

The lab band is an integral part of North Texas' nationally recognized school of music, which has been noted for its symphony orchestra, opera work-

shop, concert and marching bands, a capella choir, grand chorus, and more than a dozen smaller performing groups.

The story of the lab band and the jazz teaching program at North Texas began in 1942, when Eugene Hall, then a graduate student at the school, was asked to teach dance-band arranging to two student musicians. Word soon got around, and 15 students enrolled in the course, which has been taught ever since. The program continued to grow, and in the spring of 1962 the department's enrollment numbered 90, representing 16 states.

Now working on a similar program at Michigan State University, Hall received his Master of Music degree at NTSU and joined the faculty in 1947 to develop dance-band study as a fully accredited part of the regular music curriculum. Dance-band training is now



GENE HALL

LEON BREEDON

accepted on the same level as other subjects in the NTSU school of music, and jazz is not considered in any way inferior to the classical studies offered by the school.

"Jazz is a mature musical expression," Hall has said. "Few high-school musicians are able to approach jazz as a form of music. And since the advent of jukeboxes, there are few places for novice jazz musicians to learn to play. Most of us learned in taverns and honky-tonks, which now use records. So where can one learn to play?"

Hall's answer was the NTSU program, the first such program to be offered by a U.S. university. Until just a few years ago, the school was alone in offering accredited training in the dance-band and jazz areas.

As with every new project, the beginning years posed many problems, not the least of which were the lack of teaching materials and the problem of academic acceptance.

"Many of the staff," Hall recalled, "felt very strongly that we were lowering the standards of the school. However, when it became apparent that some of the best students in the school of music were in the jazz department, things began to improve."

Grudging, then total, acceptance was ultimately succeeded by intense pride in the accomplishments of the lab band, and academic acceptance has long since ceased to be anything of a problem.

Curricula gradually were evolved, and the problem of arrangements and compositions was solved through two channels: a number of music publishers began the issuance of scores designed specifically for student bands, and several jazz leaders donated arrangements that had been written originally for their units.

When Hall resigned from the NTSU faculty in the summer of 1959, he was succeeded as director of the dance-band program by Leon Breedon. Breedon holds Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Texas Christian University in Fort Worth, where he was director of the school band for five years. He also directed the Grand Prairie High School band in Dallas for six years and was music editor of Fort Worth station WBAP-TV for two years. He is, further, a recognized composer, whose works have been played by leading symphony orchestras. As a saxophonist, Breedon has led his own dance band.

Breedon has strong convictions on the teaching of jazz in schools. "Jazz is vitally important to our true American music," he said emphatically. "Still, it must be taught under good circumstances, with proper supervision and help for students. Jazz is *music*, not a way of life."

The university's official position is stated by Dr. Kenneth N. Cuthbert, dean of the NTSU school of music, who said, "At North Texas, we want music—and we want it in the best possible way. I know that jazz, in many schools, has been run underground. We feel that everybody has his own opinion, and we respect these opinions. However, if jazz music comes from NTSU, it will be well done. And that applies to anything that goes out of this university in the way of education."

ONE INDICATION of the ambitiousness and scope of the lab band program may be seen in the series of jazz composers' recitals that have been initiated. At these programs the art department of the university presents new work in

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THE LESSON



By KARI MACEK

THE FOLLOWING true story may serve as a lesson for young and serious aspiring jazz musicians. It also may be a lesson for teachers. It happened to me when I was a young teacher, and it taught me the kind of things one learns only from experience.

One day many years ago, a young man about 15 or 16 came to me to inquire about taking piano lessons. He said, "I want to play like Art Tatum, but I don't want to spend any time on anything that isn't Tatum. Unless I start working on Tatum ideas immediately, I will find lessons uninteresting and a waste of time. Can you teach me?"

My reply was a hasty "No." Then I went on to discuss the achievements of this jazz great. I also explained that it was contrary to traditionally accepted teaching procedures and illogical to learn anything by starting from the top. Though I could not play like Tatum, I said I could provide the young man with a basis for his goal. He decided to arrange for a lesson.

During this interview, he played a few Fats Waller interpretations, which he performed very well. Though he had taken some conventional piano lessons, he was primarily ear-minded, so what he performed he had copied by ear from records. His above-average ear playing suggested a stimulating and gratifying experience ahead for me.

He was unable to analyze what he played, and he could not identify chords. In order to establish a common ground for communicating musical material characteristic of the jazz idiom, my first objective was to teach him a

chord vocabulary and basic keyboard harmony. He appeared satisfied to begin this way.

His eager-beaver attitudes were exhilarating, but his capacities for assimilation were exhausting, for he set a fast learning pace with which I had to keep up. With great intellectual enthusiasm, he devoured big doses of chord knowledge. After six lessons, he quit without explaining why. I assumed he had become impatient with my procedures.

About two years later, a letter came from him, telling me that he wished to play for me. The day of his arrival at my studio came, and he played. He impeccably performed one number after another of original Art Tatum recorded improvisations! After recovering from this musical jolt, I asked him how this all came about. He said that getting all the chord knowledge he wanted provided him with an adequate system for identifying what he heard on records. His ear grasped the sounds that he linked with chord names and then translated into keyboard performance. Thus, copying records became a much easier task.

From the moment he stopped lessons with me, he doggedly and determinedly set out to accomplish what he was sure no teacher could do for him.

My former short-span pupil, now a close friend, had extracted note by note, measure by measure, phrase by phrase each recorded passage, small and large, playing it over and over again until Tatum's style almost literally dripped from his finger tips.

This concentrated study involved hours and hours of diligently serious

and repetitious drilling, but he was a determined young man, so he managed to capture and master with excellent facility and true artistic finesse the Art Tatum style. As the years went by, he enlarged his Tatum repertoire and added more ideas from Waller, Teddy Wilson, and Earl Hines.

About 10 years later, thoroughly impressed with his superb self-taught progress, convinced of his potential, and eager to help begin his career, I sponsored him in a concert held at one of the colleges in our area. The concert was well attended and well received. Since then he has played professionally in various clubs and resort spots around the country. Yet, in spite of his superior talent and his wonderful accomplishment, he remains a little-known musician.

The lesson here, however, is not concerned entirely with obscurity versus recognition as such, for every degree of talent and achievement has a level at which it can function. Instead, the lesson concerns attitudes and perspectives as they influence the path taken by a learner in order to fulfill himself.

Perhaps the most outstanding factor to control the destiny of the young fellow in this story can be stated thus: he *copied* when he should have *emulated*.

Total imitation thwarts originality because it tends to cultivate the narrow view. Musical growth, of course, cannot flourish without talent, but to try to accomplish growth by pure imitation is fallacious. A creative musician is partially judged by his individuality. If the development of his creative abilities is confined to one already paved path of expression, the student inadvertently submerges whatever individuality he may possess.

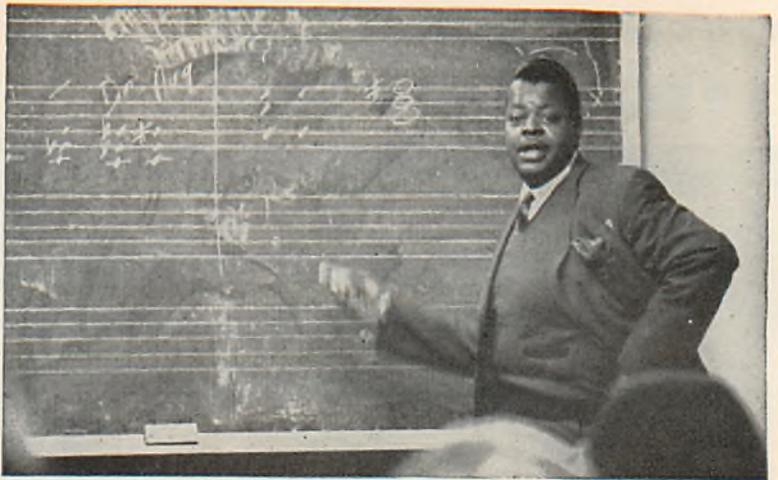
An attitude of emulation, on the other hand, can serve the aspiring artist by influencing his direction and his goals, yet permitting his mind to function freely in order to cultivate musical individuality unobscured by pure imitation. Therefore, a student unhampered by the narrow view preserves at least some modicum of musical self-identity, or if endowed with superior creative talents, he may go on to become an innovator of a greater or lesser degree.

For the creative musician, learning must always be a matter of maintaining flexible, unstatic, unconfined, and unlimited attitudes and interests. A receptive mind remains open to every facet concerning its objectives. The narrow view becomes lost and buried in time, while all around it new ideas and new directions go on evolving unnoticed. The creative musician without a long-range view buries himself in time. 

Oscar Peterson:

ON THE TEACHING OF JAZZ

BY DON DeMICHEAL



THE Advanced School of Contemporary Music, Ltd., of Toronto, Ontario, had an inauspicious beginning. That was in January, 1960. Eight full-time students met with the faculty in the piano instructor's music room. The surroundings were cramped and the student body small, but the faculty was superb: it included Oscar Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums; and Phil Nimmons, arranging-composition—president, vice president, manager, and secretary-treasurer, respectively.

"We had toyed with the idea of forming a school for some time," Peterson said recently. "We discussed the need for new schools, more schools; the inadequacies of certain facets of playing, as far as knowledge, and the inadequacy of obtaining this knowledge. We were thinking about something like this even before Ed joined the group.

"Finally we decided to do it. We didn't have the funds, but it wasn't just a matter of money; we were working and couldn't afford to get a building and everything until we could see what was going to happen. We were a little unsure of the format, so we set up a trial term, using some of the principles we intended to use in the full-scale thing.

"We had to find a way of combining initial and basic training with what we wanted to give in the way of modern-music training. It wasn't just a matter of teaching the students what to do or what avenues to proceed along—we gave them a chance to do it within groups at the school."

"You can be well prepared theoretically," Nimmons added, "but when you get out of school, you're just thrown out and have to get experience the best way you can. So why not get that experience at the same time?"

Not only the students but the faculty as well gained experience. For example, in the past the school, now housed in a 16-room building in downtown Toronto, offered private lessons as part of the course, and last year's term lasted five months. Now the terms are one month long, but there will be three instead of

one—fall, early spring, and summer. And students will receive instrumental instruction in classes. Horn men attended the school last term, but this year only piano, bass, drums, arranging-composition instruction will be offered.

Speaking of private lessons, Peterson said, "We felt this was one of our strong points, at least a strong drawing point, if, say, a bassist thought he could study directly with Ray Brown. But in a lot of cases, we found students would not come up with the amount of effort, individually, in private lessons as they will in classroom work."

"The healthy competitive spirit," Nimmons interjected with a smile.

"And it's a good thing we didn't have 300 students last term," Peterson continued. "I had 15 students, and I was *running*. Ed Thigpen was teaching around the clock, trying to fulfill this individual-lesson thing and give them what we thought was their due worth."

"In the classroom I'll ask a student to play the first part of the assignment, say. He knows he'll be called on to play something from the same assignment all the others have, and he'll be better prepared. Whereas, in a private lesson you start talking, 'I had trouble. . . .'"

"This is what I think is wonderful," Nimmons said. "It eliminates this gap between studying privately and then



BROWN AND STUDENT

having to play with somebody.

"Now even in the instrumental classes, this thing will happen where you have to perform before others. And after all, this is what you are when you come down to it—a performer. You might as well eliminate the nervousness—and many become nervous when they have to play before others—when you are studying. This is a wonderful by-product. I don't think there will be any lessening of the educational effectiveness; it will be increased."

Other reasons for holding one-month terms are financial.

Last year, Peterson said, many students had difficulty sustaining themselves financially through the five-month term. And, he pointed out, he and the other members of his trio, Brown and Thigpen, could not afford to be inoperative for such a length of time, though last term they were able to do a few concerts and weekend dates.

"To be frank about it," Peterson said, "the financial problems were so great that we considered closing it this year. As much as I believe in the school and what we're doing, you can't go to the point where you endanger the health and happiness of yourself and your family. And that goes for all of us. So we figured a one-month term was a better working area period than a five-month one."

"We couldn't have started out this way," Nimmons said, "because we had to learn a lot about how to adapt the course. I feel we can be as effective, as stimulating, in terms of the one month as opposed to the five."

THOUGH THE end result of teaching jazz, or modern music as Peterson calls it, is improvisation, there is an emphasis on writing at the school. But it is not so much writing from an arranging standpoint as it is a device enabling the student to understand better what he is doing.

"If they write it down," Nimmons said, "they really see what they've done. It's so easy to fluff over it when you

only talk about it."

Peterson added to what Nimmons had said: "If I say, 'Play a C chord and play something on it,' a student might say he doesn't know what to play. So I say, 'All these notes are part of a C chord,' and I play it for them. They can hear it then, but it's a different thing if they see it—the shape."

Several of the Peterson trio's recorded performances, taken from the series devoted to the songs of several composers, have been transcribed for the students to play. The transcriptions begin with the less-difficult ones in which Brown and Thigpen play the most important notes and most important time and Peterson confines himself to melody statement with rhythmic emphases and



PETERSON AND STUDENT

de-emphases. The transcriptions are meant to show proper construction rather than musical style.

But wouldn't such transcriptions, coupled with the instructors' strong musical personalities, tend to produce little Oscar Peterson trios?

"No," Peterson said emphatically. "We're not building robots. First thing, we're not teaching a style. If you come into my classroom and play what I play, you're in trouble. If you come in playing anything of Erroll Garner's, you're in trouble."

"And we play very little at the school," Brown added. "We might play eight choruses a week. If anybody plays any of my lines, I ask them, 'What did you play? Write it out and explain, bar by bar, how you broke it up, why you went from here to here. I can do it; I *know* what I'm doing. Tell me why *you* did it? And if you know, you don't have any business in the school in the first place."

"Another thing that counteracts this is that they have the total effect of the

four of us," Nimmons said. "It's not just Ray teaching somebody, Oscar teaching somebody, Ed, or myself. There's a totalization of all the minds."

"The criticisms," Peterson interjected. "I give my piano students something to do, but that doesn't mean they can't go to see Phil, Ed, or Ray. If, say, Phil gives a student an assignment, the student might come to me and ask me what I think of it, what would be a good way of doing it. I won't *do* it for them, but I can get them started.

"And in the forums [their term for that time when students perform for faculty and other students], Ray's going to criticize the piano player's playing from a bass player's standpoint. It's another form of Amen. If I tell the piano player that's a bad voicing, it has just as much and more meaning coming from Ray. He might stop them and say, 'What was that chord? I can't find any note to play.' He'll take a bass and have them play the chord, and he says, 'You got C E G A D G A C—what am I going to play?'

"There's no way out. You're criticized from every possible level. It's nothing to find Ed Thigpen going after a piano or bass student."

Peterson, evidently warming to his subject, continued: "This is the way this thing is interlocking. In Phil's room you might hear him saying, 'No, that voicing is moving incorrectly; it can't go from there to there because of what preceded. It should go in this direction.' He's talking about proper building. He's talking in one sense—and he might be talking to a pianist. You walk into Ray's room and he's saying, 'Don't play a dumb note like that at an important juncture.' You walk into Ed's studio and he's saying, 'Here you're coming to the end of the chorus, and you're playing as if it were the middle of the chorus. There's no dynamic deviation.' You walk into my room, and I'm after them for their dumb voicings and unnecessary notes.



THIGPEN AND STUDENT

"When the students play together, they're going to be thinking about all this. The pianist is going to be thinking about his voicing; the bass player's going to be thinking about the most important note for this bar and this beat; and the drummer is going to be thinking about dynamic levels and approaches. It all comes together.

"If you want to create something, you first have to have the tools—translate: technique and knowledge of approach. You have to follow certain



BROWN PETERSON NIMMONS
rules in the creation of this thing using those two implements."

Students are not only shown technical devices and stimulated to think for themselves, but they also are taught to listen and to appreciate those who have gone before in the evolution of jazz. Each of the faculty members lectures in a music-appreciation class held at the school. In addition to tracing the growth of the music, the course emphasizes certain dominant jazz figures: Duke Ellington, Lester Young with Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, among others.

Peterson tells of the first music-appreciation class. When he went into the room, armed with several records, one of the students, a particularly talented pianist, sarcastically asked him what the course was to be about. Peterson patiently explained that the students would listen to certain records, discuss them, and, he hoped, learn things from them. The student, evidently bored with the prospect of merely listening, told Peterson that he had a large collection and that he had listened to records for some time. Peterson, never one to ignore a challenge, played a record for the youth.

"I played it over for him," Peterson said, a light gleaming in his eyes. "Then I asked him a few questions. 'Describe the background supplied behind the trumpet solo.' Didn't hear that. 'Can you tell whether the drummer played sticks or brushes in this part of the record?' 'Harmonic structure?' 'Form of the tune?' And finally I asked, 'Do you know who this is?'

"It turned out, first, he couldn't answer the questions; second he didn't know who it was; and third, he had

(Continued on page 44)

RICHARD HOLMES

PACIFIC JAZZ



Last year PJ's biggest selling album was one that combined the considerable talents of the already famous Les McCann with an unknown (unknown then!) jazz organist named RICHARD HOLMES (PJ-23). Since then Holmes has become one of the hottest attractions in jazz and one of its strongest recording artists: last fall Holmes recorded a wild and exciting organ-tenor album with Gene Ammons (PJ-32), and more recently was featured on Gerald Wilson's magnificent big band album (PJ-34). Now, the "heavyweights" are together again. Here are HOLMES & McCANN with the most powerful set of their recording careers! "Somethin' Special" is. You must hear this immediately!

PJ-51/STEREO-51



PJ-23/STEREO-23 "GROOVE"
 PJ-34/STEREO-34 "YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT!"
 PJ-32/STEREO-32 "GROOVIN' WITH JUG"

A DECADE OF PACIFIC JAZZ • 1952/1962

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 initialed by the writers.

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

CLASSICAL

Juilliard Quartet/Beethoven

BEETHOVEN *String Quartet in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 131*—RCA Victor LM-2626.
Personnel: Juilliard Quartet (Robert Mann, Isidore Cohen, violins; Raphael Hillyer, viola; Claus Adam, cello).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Of all the late Beethoven quartets, this one most certainly belongs in every listener's library, preferably in several versions.

The Juilliard foursome, in many ways the best string quartet in the world, brings off this ground work with great success, making light of such murderous technical problems as exist in the scherzo, for instance, and adhering to a restrained interpretation that will find its adherents. Both the Budapest and Fine Arts groups have done *Op. 131* in a more introspective style, but the Budapest version predates stereo, if that makes a difference to you.

Of the three, the Juilliard spins out the most consistently lustrous tone, though the Budapest's older recording still suggests quite well what that group sounded like in its prime 10 years ago. The Fine Arts benefits from the liveliest sound, and its interpretation is more expansive in the opening fugue, which strikes this reviewer as right. Elsewhere, a grainy tone in some upper positions robs it of full beauty.

The Juilliard sound is somewhat drier and less reverberant, but it is marvelously clear and unclouded in all registers and at all tempos.

An excellent release, and one that RCA ought to follow up with the other late Beethoven quartets. (D.H.)

Poulenc/Roussel/Previn

ANDRE PREVIN IN A POULENC-ROUSSEL RECITAL—Columbia 5746 and 6346.
Personnel: Previn, piano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Previn's abilities in the classical tradition have been demonstrated amply in the past, especially in his Hindemith recording.

He goes out of his way to avoid the usual repertory in favor of neglected modern masters, which ought to be worth an extra star or two in anyone's rating system. Still, none of the music on this disc commands full attention, much of the Poulenc sounding distressingly like salon music in Previn's hands. (D.H.)

Johann Strauss

THE GYPSY BARON—Angel 3612: operetta in three acts; two-disc set.

Personnel: Hilde Gueden, soprano; Walter Berry, baritone; Karl Terkul, tenor; Erich Kunz, baritone; Anneliese Rothenberger, soprano; Hilde Rossli-Majdan, mezzo-soprano.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Strauss' *Zigeunerbaron*, although it never reaches the plane of *Die Fledermaus*, is a masterwork of bubble-headed

charm that probably is destined to be around for a long, long time.

Right now it, and the other comic operas of pre-World War I vintage, are enjoying a mild flurry of interest once more, and it is not hard to see why. Here we have all the innocence and delightful silliness of the wine-women-and-song era, neatly packaged and sung with utter competence.

Gueden, as Saffi, is not quite a Schwarzkopf, but she is the next best thing, and, like the others, she takes this music seriously. And it demands to be taken very seriously indeed, in sharp contrast to the songs in many modern musical comedies. No less than a finished operatic technique is required for most of this music, which is not the reason for its popularity, but is one reason why singers of the prominence of Berry, Kunz, and Rothenberger will always be eager to see these works revived.

The engineering and other facets of this production have been as scrupulously handled as if this were *Il Trovatore*—which it is, of course, as seen in a fun-house mirror. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Ahmed Abdul-Malik

THE MUSIC OF ABDUL AHMED-MALIK—Prestige/New Jazz 8266: *Nights on Saturn; The Hustlers; Oud Blues; La Ibkey; Don't Blame Me; Hannibal's Carnivals*.

Personnel: Tommy Turrentine, trumpet; Eric Dixon, tenor saxophone; Bilal Abdurrahman, clarinet, percussion; Calo Scott, cello; Abdul-Malik, bass, oud; Andrew Cyrille, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The five originals on this album written by Abdul-Malik demonstrate his interest in blending jazz with Oriental, African, and West Indian music. *Hustlers* and *Carnivals* have a strong calypso flavor. The former piece is beautifully arranged by Abdul-Malik. He and Scott open the attractive theme, playing pizzicato. After the main motif has been stated once, Dixon and Turrentine pick it up with clarinetist Abdurrahman playing a gay countermelody above them.

Carnivals has a 40-bar AABCA chorus, the C section of which is based on the bridge of *Well, You Needn't*. Abdul-Malik might just as well have omitted these eight bars, for they conflict sharply with the happy mood evoked by the rest of the piece.

Don't Blame Me is a feature for Scott. He plays a delightful pizzicato solo. It wasn't as taken with his bowed solos—they're pleasant but lack rhythmic incisiveness.

Saturn is built over simple repeated bass figures. Abdurrahman, on "a Korean reed instrument so obscure that he isn't sure of its name," and Turrentine do not employ common Western tension-release

patterns here. Their lines have a cumulative, hypnotic effect.

Abdul-Malik plays oud on *Oud Blues* and *Ibkey*. His work will attract attention if only for its novelty, but he is much more impressive as a bassist. His percussive, well-organized solos can be heard on *Saturn* and *Hustlers*.

Turrentine and Dixon don't get too much blowing room, but both play for keeps. Dixon solos powerfully on *Hustlers* and *Carnivals*. He is an inventive musician with a style reminiscent of Lucky Thompson's.

Not everything tried on this album comes off equally well, but there are no dull moments. (H.P.)

Gene Ammons-Jack McDuff

BROTHER JACK MEETS THE BOSS—Prestige 7228: *Watch Out; Strollin'; Mellow Gravy; Christopher Columbus; Buzzin' Around; Mr. Clean*.

Personnel: McDuff, organ; Ammons, Harold Vick, tenor saxophones; Eddie Diehl, guitar; Joe Dukes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Yet another of the tenor-meets-organ bashes, this brash get-together suffers from a heavy-handedness of approach that darn near quells its spirit. This heavy feeling is one of the obvious pitfalls of a horns-and-organ combination. Still, McDuff cooks with a sometimes driving dedication, and Ammons proves he's still one of jazz' most inventive and virile tenor men.

Diehl's single-string guitar solos provide a refreshing break from the two-tenor-organ onslaught, and tenorist Vick plays an exciting solo on Horace Silver's lilting *Strollin'*.

Drummer Dukes is a tower of strength, holding the time with determination. (J.A.T.)

Ron Carter

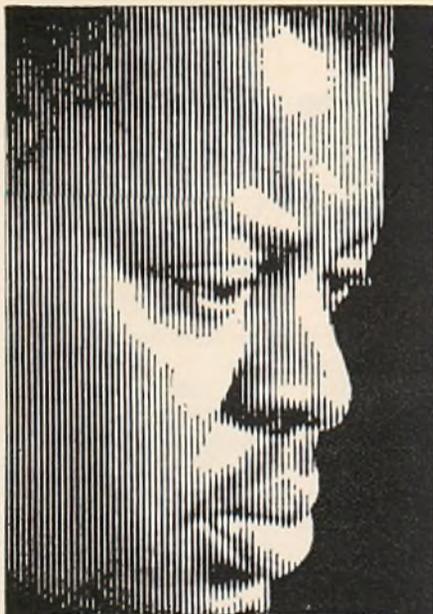
WHERE?—Prestige/New Jazz 8265: *Rally; Bass Duet; Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise; Where?; Yes, Indeed; Saucer Eyes*.

Personnel: Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Mal Waldron, piano; Carter, cello, bass; George Duvivier, bass; Charles Persip, drums.

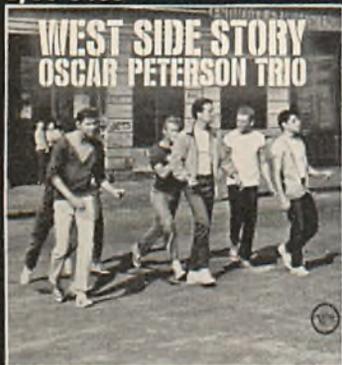
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

This is an altogether remarkable album—on several counts. It strikes a judicious balance between the innovations of the "new thing" and just plain infectiously swinging lyrical jazz. It offers some exciting bass work by Carter and Duvivier. It contains some excellent work by Dolphy at both the more conventional and the tortured extremes of his style, some stimulating Waldron piano, and the impeccable drumming of Persip.

The instrumentation is unorthodox throughout: Carter's pizzicato cello is voiced with Dolphy's bass clarinet on



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Rally, with his flute on *Yes, Indeed*; Carter's arco cello carries the melody alone on *Softly* and *Where?*; and he joins Duvivier for a collaboration on *Bass Duet* that proves a tour de force for both men.

There is nothing of the conventional about any of the numbers; yet they are never really difficult of access. They are melodic and effortless in their propulsive swing. Still, they are thought-provoking and uncompromising examples of the new jazz expressionism.

I was most impressed with Carter and Duvivier, and I think the listener will find their *Bass Duet* as stimulating and enlightening as I did, for the two styles of the men are etched boldly on this number.

Carter has the first solo after the two-bass thematic statement; he constructs fleet, intricate melody lines over Duvivier's droning bass figure. The lines are long, articulated like a horn, and of such a sinuous quicksilver character that one forgets they are being executed on a bass.

Then Duvivier takes over (and how he does!), and the contrast in phrasing, tone, and assurance is astonishing. Duvivier's lines are simpler—in fact, stark in their simplicity—stronger; his tone bigger and rounder; and the sureness with which he constructs his solo bears the unmistakable stamp of a master. His is a powerful statement.

Carter's cello work is excellent throughout. He has complete command of the instrument, causing it to echo the vinegary stinging passion of Dolphy's bass clarinet on *Rally* or to spin out languid tendrils of sound on *Where?* This latter piece is an astonishing technical display—especially in the sustained tremolo passages—as is *Softly*, with its jagged sonorities and near contrapuntal elements (Carter at times appears to be playing duets with himself).

This latter piece contains a stunning Dolphy alto solo, to my mind one of the finest he has recorded. It is a flashing, forward-moving improvisation of power and warmth, and it, too, possesses a contrapuntal character—in fact, Carter picks this up from Dolphy, as the cello follows the alto in order of solos. It is a strong, virile statement, sweeping and fully realized, and somewhat Bird-like at times.

The least satisfying number is *Yes, Indeed*, curiously enough the most "conventional" number in the album; the piece bears a strong resemblance to Horace Silver's writing. It seems a bit out of character in this collection, and Carter's pizzicato cello solo bogs down in repetitiousness.

Though I always find Waldron's sinewy solos of interest, my attention here was drawn to his role as accompanist, a role in which he apparently brings all his faculties to bear. His jabbing figures behind Dolphy's stormy bass clarinet solo on *Rally* set up a fine feeling of tense expectation and are amplified in his own solo, which follows hard on Dolphy's.

Duvivier is superb throughout, as is Persip. They are always where they should be, providing firm, but never obtrusive, support.

This disc is Carter's debut as a leader. Certainly it is a most interesting one, and the music is both substantial and experimental in the very best sense. (P.W.)

Buck Clayton

BUCK & BUDDY BLOW THE BLUES—Prestige/Swingville 2030: *Rompin' at Red Bank*; *Blue Creek*; *A Swinging Doll*; *Dallas Delight*; *Don't Mind If I Do*; *Blue Breeze*; *Blue Ebony*.

Personnel: Clayton, trumpet; Buddy Tate, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Sir Charles Thompson, piano; Gene Ramey, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This session of Kansas City veterans, recorded in September, 1961, shows both strength and weaknesses, and these two qualities are contraposed throughout the album.

On one hand there are various first-rate solos by Clayton, Tate, and Thompson, while on the other hand there are times when these same musicians seem to grope for ideas. And there is a faint total impression that the Kansas City idiom has perhaps begun to wear thin for these musicians.

Clayton is in top form on *Red Bank*; his incisive attack, tone, and conception leave nothing to be desired; and those interested in the creative processes of the jazzman should listen to his working of Louis Armstrong's *Mahogany Hall* ideas in the fourth chorus of his solo.

Tate comes in second best by a hair. He is most effective on the up-tempo *Breeze* and *Doll* and has an interesting clarinet solo on *Creek*. Thompson is arid in his opening solo on *Don't Mind*, but warms up later for excellent blues backing and plays throughout most of the other tracks with his customary charm.

The several ending riffs all seem tacked-on entities; none has the wonderful sense of tension-release that the old Count Basie Band effected with such ease. This, mostly, is what makes me think the Kansas City image has begun to fade for these musicians. (G.M.E.)

King Curtis

SOUL MEETING—Prestige 7222: *Soul Meeting*; *Lazy Soul*; *All the Way*; *Jeep Blues*; *What Is This Thing Called Love?*; *Do You Have Soul Now?*

Personnel: Curtis, tenor saxophone; Nat Adderley, cornet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Belton Evans, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This session swings right along. Curtis, who made his name in the rhythm-and-blues field, is a thoroughly competent jazzman. He plays forcefully and doesn't resort to freak effects to build excitement. On *All the Way*, in fact, his tone has an almost "legitimate" quality.

His strong, unforced attack is graphically demonstrated on *What Is This Thing?* Curtis may not be a startling innovator, but he constructs his solos thoughtfully and with commendable economy.

Adderley (listed as "Little Brother" on the liner) contributes his share to the success of the album with fine middle-register work on *Love* and *Do You Have Soul?*

In the liner notes Curtis praises Kelly highly, and the pianist lives up to the accolade, soloing well and backing the horns impeccably. (H.P.)

Tadd Dameron

THE MAGIC TOUCH—Riverside 419: *Our Delight*; *Dial B for Beauty*; *Bevan's Birthday*; *Fontainebleau*; *On a Misty Night*; *Swift as the Wind*; *Just Plain Talkin'*; *If You Could See Me Now*; *Look, Stop, and Listen*; *You're a Joy*.

Personnel: Joe Wilder, Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Britt Wood-

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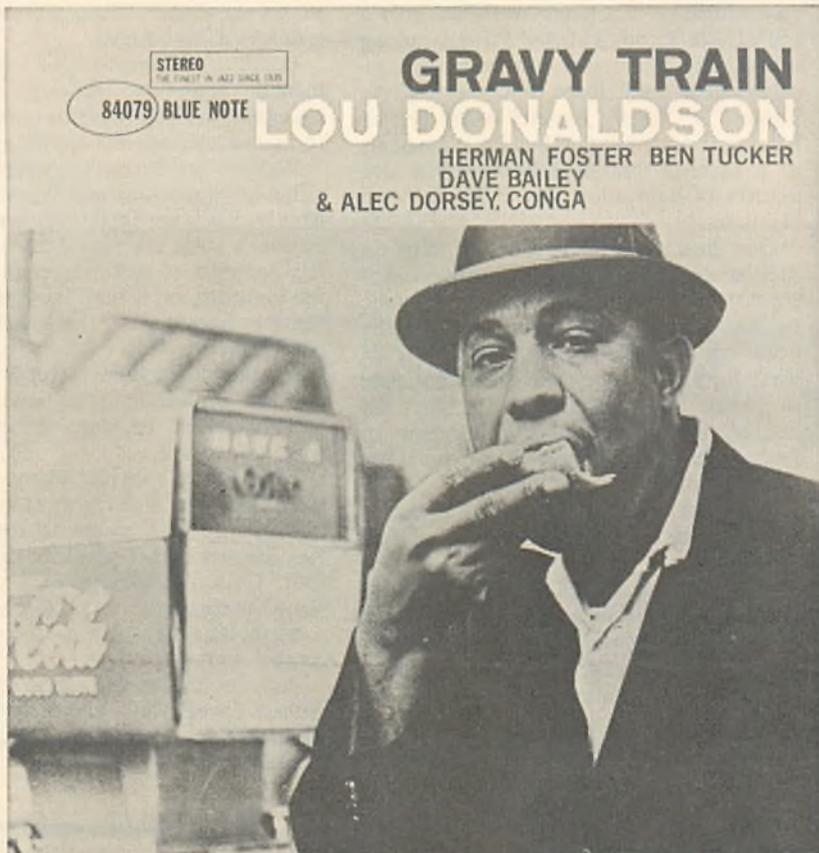
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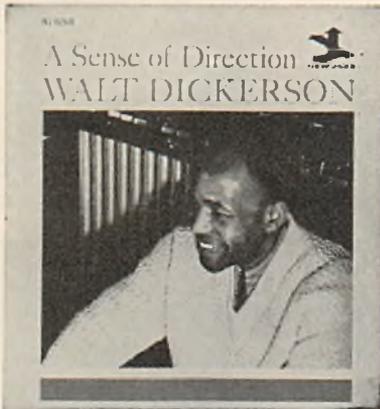
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man, trombones; Julius Watkins, French horn; Leo Wright, Jerry Dodgion, alto saxophone, flute; Jerome Richardson, tenor saxophone, flute; Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Tate Houston, baritone saxophone; Bill Evans, piano; George Duvivier or Ron Carter, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Barbara Winfield, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Although Dameron's arrangements are, for the most part, designed partially as settings for soloists, neither the soloists nor the arrangements generate much interest.

Dameron's ensembles have a heavy, muffled quality even when he gets away from the lugubrious tempos that drag down several of the pieces. He has a sterling array of soloists available, but they maunder much of the time, although Griffin, Evans, Watkins, and Terry manage to peek through the murk brightly but briefly.

An air of pretentiousness hovers over the whole set, particularly in Dameron's ponderous ballads, and the over-all effect is not too far away from Henry Mancini with jazz sidemen. (J.S.W.)

Barry Harris

NEWER THAN NEW—Riverside 413: *Mucho Dinero; Easy to Love; Bergundy; The Last One; Anthropology; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Make Haste; Nightingale.*

Personnel: Lonnie Hillyer, trumpet; Charles McPherson, alto saxophone; Harris, piano; Ernie Farrow, bass; Clifford Jarvis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Harris leads an interesting group here that reflects some of his own ingratiating characteristics. His piano work has grown out of Art Tatum and Bud Powell, among others, and while one can point to passages here and there and say "that's Tatum" or "that's Powell," what one is hearing is not imitation but some elements of a manner that have been woven into a form of expression that is Harris' own creation.

One hears the same sort of thing in McPherson's playing. He is an alto saxophonist out of Charlie Parker, but while he has Parker's fleet ease in handling headlong, running phrases, the matter of what he plays is his own. He is not, like so many alto saxophonists of the last decade, simply a walking museum of Parker phrases. Parker is at the root, but the final product is McPherson.

To a lesser extent Hillyer has something of the same relationship to Dizzy Gillespie.

With three such similarly oriented musicians, the result is a new view of bop, most clearly expressed in *Anthropology*, on which the lineage extends to the tune, but it is apparent also in almost all of the pieces.

In addition to the consistently excellent soloing of Harris and McPherson, there is a lot of strong, meaty ensemble playing backed by an impressively light and lifting rhythm section. (J.S.W.)

Richard Holmes-Les McCann

SOMETHIN' SPECIAL — Pacific Jazz 51: *Somethin' Special; Black Groove; Me and Groove; Comin' through the Apple; I Thought I Knew You; Carme.*

Personnel: Holmes, organ; Joe Splink, tenor, alto saxophones; McCann, piano; Joe Puss, guitar; Ron Jefferson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This set—and particularly the lightness

of McCann's playing—may surprise a lot of people. It's not that McCann has become an Al Haig overnight, but, unlike some of his early recorded performances, he doesn't throw funk in your face. Noteworthy are his building lines on *Somethin' Special* and his pensive statements on *I Thought*.

McCann also wrote the material used on this date. His melodies are simple and engaging.

Pass impresses as the best guitarist to appear since Wes Montgomery. He most often uses a single-string style, spinning out one beautifully flowing passage after another.

Leader Holmes takes a nice, boppish solo on *Me and Groove* and plays with exemplary restraint when he functions in the rhythm section. He and his sidemen have produced an album that mixes earthiness and lyricism in a consistently interesting way. (H.P.)

Jazztet

HERE AND NOW—Mercury 20698: *Tonk; Rue Prevail; Ritchie's Dilemma; Whisper Not; Just in Time; Ruby, My Dear; In Love in Vain; Sonny's Back.*

Personnel: Art Farmer, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Grachan Moncur, trombone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

As almost everyone knows, the Jazztet is a highly disciplined, unpretentious, talent-studded little band, able and willing to try anything. Much of the time the group is a joy to hear.

But there seems to be some fundamental ingredient missing, an elusive something without which an excellent performance can never become great.

Perhaps the Jazztet's concern with precision produces too neat a package to be wholly satisfying in human terms; maybe Farmer's solos are just a bit too glib and too confined to a single emotional plane for comfort; or it may be that the rather routine backing of the rhythm section here prevents the front line from entering the realm of inspired performance. Whatever the explanation, the music isn't quite what it should be, considering what and who is involved.

The above notwithstanding, there are some five-star high spots in this album. Farmer's *Prevail*, sounding curiously like Rex Stewart with Duke Ellington, is beautiful. Golson's Don Byas-like solo excursions, particularly on *Ruby*, offer class, warmth, and wit, which is a fairly rare combination these days.

Perhaps the next release will be the Golson-Farmer album many of us are waiting for. Meanwhile, there is *Rue Prevail*. (R.B.H.)

Elvin Jones

ELVIN!—Riverside 409: *Lady Luck; Buzz-at; Shadowland; Pretty Brown; Ray-El; Four and Six; You Are Too Beautiful.*

Personnel: Thud Jones, cornet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Frank Wess, flute; Hank Jones, piano; Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

If you, like this listener, shy away from albums built around drummers, here's a pleasant surprise. Elvin, who can sound like D-Day in stereo when he wants to, displays his tasteful side here in most

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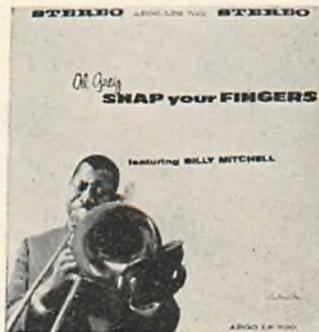
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commendable fashion.

From quietly intense brush work (*Lady Luck*) and restrained ballad backing (*Shadowland*) to melodic solos in 6/4 time (*Four and Six*) and sinewy cross-rhythms (*Ray-El*), the youngest Jones leaves no doubt about his ability as an extraordinary drummer. The beauty of it is that he proves himself as a drummer should—playing with and for the band. His solos are restricted to one or two choruses in each instance.

Despite Elvin, brilliant flashes from brothers Hank and Thad, and some splendid playing by Davis, the date was not—beyond its function of showing off the leader—altogether a success. Most of the solos seem merely tossed out in the manner of a big-band soloist on a one-nighter. Professional but a little too pat. (R.B.H.)

Clifford Jordan

BEARCAT—Jazzland 60: *Bearcat*; *Dear Old Chicago*; *How Deep Is the Ocean?*; *The Middle of the Block*; *You Better Leave It Alone*; *Malice Toward None*; *Out-House*.

Personnel: Jordan, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Teddy Smith, bass; J. C. Moses, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The inclusion of another good horn man would have made this date more successful.

Jordan, a solidly swinging tenor man, does not always sustain interest in his solos. They lack dynamic contrast and are sometimes indifferently constructed. What Jordan can do is get into a groove and swing all night long. Not surprisingly then, his best improvising comes at medium to fast tempos. He wails with authority on *Block*, *Bearcat*, and his engaging waltz *Chicago*. However, his blatant playing destroys the message of *Malice*.

The rhythm section of Walton, Moses, and Smith performs flawlessly. Hear them especially on *Leave It*, on which the pulse is implied rather than stated. Walton solos well. Superficially, his playing is similar to Tommy Flanagan's in that both are tasteful and use the upper register frequently. (H.P.)

John Lewis

A MILANESE STORY—Atlantic 1388: *In a Crowd*; *Valeria*; *Winter Tale*; *Monday in Milan*; *Finale*; *Danielle in the Lion's Den*.

Personnel: Bobby Jaspar, flute, tenor saxophone; Giulio Franzetti, Enzo Porta, violins; Tito Riccardi, viola; Alfred Riccardi, cello; Lewis, piano; Rene Thomas, guitar; Giovanni Tommaso or Jozsef Paradi, bass; Buster Smith, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

A Milanese Story is the latest film for which Lewis has written a sound track. This disc is taken directly from the track.

Lewis' score has a certain amount of the melodic charm typical of his writing (typical to the extent that much of it sounds like variations on other tunes he has written), but it is uneventful both as composition and performance.

Particularly when Lewis is soloing one misses the buoyant support he gets from Percy Heath and Connie Kay with the Modern Jazz Quartet. Here the rhythm section is sluggish and static, and even the presence of Jaspar and Thomas do little to enliven a disappointingly bland set. (J.S.W.)

Ramsey Lewis

THE SOUND OF SPRING—Argo 693: *Sound of Spring*; *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*; *Blue Spring*; *Spring Is Here*; *Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year*; *Spring Fever*; *It Might as Well Be Spring*; *Soft Winds*; *There'll Be Another Spring*; *Truly, Truly Spring*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; El Dee Young, bass, cello; Isaac (Red) Holt, drums; Sidney Sharp, Leonard Marlarsky, Robert Barone, Lou Raderman, William Kurasch, Israel Baker, Ralph Scheller, Irving Lipschultz, Darrel Terwillinger, Irving Weinper, Alexander Neiman, Emmet Sargeant, strings; Riley Hampton, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Except for *Soft Winds*, an exceptionally refreshing tune, and *Another Spring*, the least interesting tune in the set, the criticism here can be applied equally to the entire offering.

Even his most severe critics admit that Lewis swings. This album is no exception. The sketchy original tunes and the standards move from the opening bar to Holt's final ponderous boom.

Young continues to draw attention to himself as the solid-rock foundation of the unit and a masterful bassist. Nowhere is his importance as bassist more apparent than on *Truly Spring* on which he switches to cello. The hole left by the absence of his bass is a gaping one. Holt varies his playing, but he has a tendency to become overpowering occasionally.

If leader Lewis decided to subtract some of the pomp from his technique, the listening could be much more pleasant. He has not yet overcome his early leaning toward the overdramatic. The pianist would do well to learn to be more gentle. He could truly master dynamics rather than relying on a pat formula of rise and fall, rise and fall.

I do not share the opinion that Lewis is to be dismissed as an imitator or a cocktail pianist. Portions of this album, as well as others he has done, reveal a sensitive, developing jazzman. With time and willingness to reach out into broader fields, Lewis could develop into a consistently expressive pianist. (B.G.)

Joe Newman

JOE'S HAP'NIN'S—Prestige/Swingville 2027: *Oh, Gee*; *Dacquiri*; *The Very Thought of You*; *Strike Up the Band*; *Blues for Slim*; *For You*; *The Continental*.

Personnel: Newman, trumpet; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Wendell Marshall, bass; Billy English, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This is a lightweight, wholly palatable offering of Newman's trumpet and Flanagan's piano on three originals (*Gee*, *Dacquiri*, and *Slim*) and four seldom-played standards.

Everyone seems completely relaxed; there is no straining for effect, no attempt to do anything more than render these tunes in an easy way and in the most natural practice of each man's style.

For You has warm, winning lines by Newman's muted horn, and he and Flanagan have some nice things going on the up-tempoed *Continental*, a track that ends too soon.

Flanagan's and Newman's approaches are remarkably similar on this album: both are playful on the pixielike *Gee*; both play long, wandering lines on the blues track; and both are subdued and subtle on the ballad tracks.

This date is perhaps too casual in too many places to capture the interest of

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(G.M.E)

Bobby Scott

JOYFUL NOISES—Mercury 20701: *Four Solemn Thoughts (The Word, A Joyful Noise, For Everything a Season, The Meanings); One for Quincy; Little Egypt; Two Dancing Feet; The City of Water; Little Hands, Little Fingers.*

Personnel: Scott, piano, prepared piano; orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Scott has produced a curious bag of musical effects here. The five pieces on the second side are by and large uneventful program music, bearing resemblance at various times to the more obvious characteristics of John Lewis, George Gershwin, and impressionists such as Edward MacDowell.

Solemn Thoughts, a four-part suite, is a more carefully structured work, elaborating upon a simple Gospel-like theme. Again the scores, all by Scott, who also conducts the orchestra, utilizing lots of brass, strings, tuba, flute, etc., tend to be overdone in the Hollywood high fidelity manner, but there are some charming piano passages by the composer.

The best tracks are *The Word* and *Joyful Noise*, on which Scott plays a prepared piano, skillfully intertwining 3/4 and 4/4 time with contemporary and antiquated solo statements. (R.B.H.)

Frank Strozier

MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN—Jazzland 970: *March of the Siamese Children; Extension 27; Something I Dreamed Last Night; Don't Follow the Crowd; Our Waltz; Will I Forget?; Lap; Hey, Leel*

Personnel: Strozier, alto saxophone, flute; Harold Mabern, piano; Bill Lee, bass; Al Dreares, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Partly because he is not as fully represented as composer, partly because there are no sextet tracks and the quartet instrumentation becomes a little less than stimulating stretched over 40 minutes, this set is below the level of Strozier's previous LP for the same label.

His performance, though, is occasionally exciting and generally capable, except for a couple of moments that could have been corrected, notably the bad note at the end of *Extension 27*. The flute work, on the title track and the original *Forget*, is impressively fluent.

Something I Dreamed establishes a businessman's bounce feel in the first chorus, and there are reworkings of the tune's changes that just don't make it. None of the beauty and spirit of the song is captured.

Lee is a sturdy common denominator; Mabern and Dreares are adequate. Lee is well represented as a composer in *Crowd*. (L.G.F.)

Al Wynn

AL WYNN AND HIS GUTBUCKET SEVEN—Riverside 426: *Ice Cream; Someday, Sweetheart; How Long Blues; Honey; Bourbon Street; The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise; In the Evening; Nobody's Sweetheart.*

Personnel: Bill Martin, trumpet, vocals; Wynn, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Bus Maten or Blind John Davis, piano, vocals; Mike Kendrick, guitar; Robert Wilson, bass; Booker Washington, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Although this is a part of the Chicago *Living Legends* series, I get the feeling

that scarcely anyone connected with the album had a clear idea of what was supposed to be happening.

There is a tendency to look toward New Orleans rather than Chicago (exemplified in *Bourbon* and *Cream*, both of which are badly done even by routine New Orleans standards).

All the members of the band play in such erratic fashion—sometimes convincingly, at other times dismally—as to suggest that they were working in an aura of confusion. Only when Davis takes over as pianist and vocalist and the band can retire to an accompanying role is some sense of authority made apparent. Davis has a high nasal singing style that conveys an attractive instrumental effect when the band is rocking behind him on *Blues*. And when he turns to a pop tune, *Honey*, he shows glimmerings of Fats Waller's sarcasm. On his three selections, he shows three very different piano styles—a gnawing, digging attack on *Blues*, shades of Art Tatum's construction (but not his technique) on *Honey*, and a briskly buoyant manner on *World*.

The members of Wynn's band sporadically show some strong jazz qualities, but the merits of the set are almost entirely traceable to Davis. (J.S.W.)

Larry Young

YOUNG BLUES—Prestige/New Jazz 8264 *Young Blues; A Midnight Angel; African Blues; Minor Dream; Something New, Something Blue; Nica's Dream; Little White Lies.*

Personnel: Young, organ; Thorne Schwartz, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Jimmy Smith, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Someone at the record company is not paying attention to the product. This is not a bad album, nor is it unpleasant; it is merely spotty, not very original, and full of repetition and clichés, which, if not cut out in the actual performance by the young organist, should never have survived the trip to the editing room.

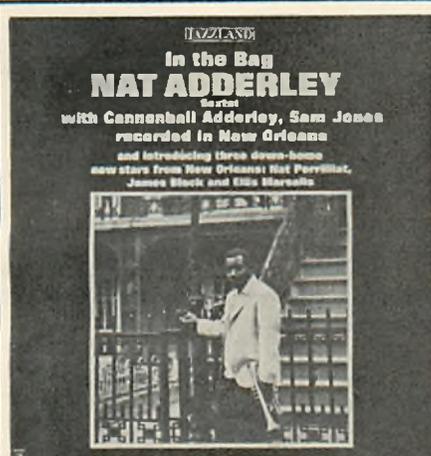
To his credit, Young is still the fleet-fingered executionist he was when he last recorded. Unfortunately, the ideas that leap so readily from his fingers have not broadened much since that time. His style is still a fairly jumbled mixture of the musical history of jazz organ. He still resorts to contrived climactic methods to attract the listener. *Angel* might have flowed more smoothly without the forced "integration of organ and guitar sounds." *African Blues* feebly attempts an Afro-American music marriage but never quite reaches the altar.

There is an uncomfortable looseness about the sound, and the group has trouble trying to jell into a cohesive unit. Schwartz is consistent and has a representative solo in *Something New*, though, unfortunately, the tune sags in the middle.

Marshall is the most musically mature performer on the date—and he has the least room.

If this is left-over material from his first date—and it sounds as if it might be—then Young has been done an injustice. His first album was a good first outing and promised a fine jazz future. That promise is not fulfilled here; the recording is merely an extension of the first. (B.G.)

(3 Great Names) (3 Great Albums)



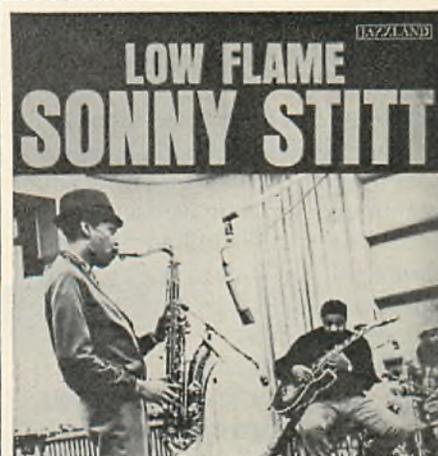
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Georg Brunis

KING OF THE TAILGATE TROMBONE—Commodore 30015: *Royal Garden Blues*; *Ugly Chile*; *Tin Roof Blues*; *That Da Da Strain*; *Muskrat Ramble*; *Original Dixieland One-Step*; *Sweet Lovin' Man*; *Wang Wang Blues*; *I Used to Love You, but It's All Over Now*; *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*; *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*; *DDT Blues*.

Personnel: Wild Bill Davison, cornet, or Max Kaminsky, trumpet; Brunis, trombone, vocals; Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Ed Hall, or Johnny Mince, clarinet; Gene Schroeder, piano; Eddie Condon, guitar; Bob Casey or Jack Lesberg, bass; George Wetling, Danny Alvin, or Johnny Blowers, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Two of the broadest players in jazz—Davison and Brunis—are paired through most of this set of recordings made between 1943 and 1946. As a result these are lusty, rambunctious performances glittering with raucous excursions not only by Davison and Brunis but also by Russell and, in daintier fashion, by Parenti.

Brunis sings on many of the titles, a contribution that may not be viewed favorably in some quarters. I was pleasantly surprised to find that, although I usually recoiled from Brunis' vocal efforts at the time these recordings were made, I now enjoyed his singing on this LP. Most of his vocals are bright and unpretentious, and when he gets into a relatively straight treatment of a ballad, as on *Used to Love You*, his debt to Jack Teagarden becomes evident.

Brunis' tasteless clowning sometimes obscures the fact that he is an unusually adroit trombonist. This collection, fortunately, is now available to set that matter straight. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Scraper Blackwell

MR. SCRAPER'S BLUES—Prestige/Bluesville 1047: *Goin' Where the Monon Crosses the Yellow Dog*; *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out*; *"A" Blues*; *Little Girl Blues*; *George Street Blues*; *Blues before Sunrise*; *Little Boy Blue*; *"E" Blues*; *Shady Lane*; *Penal Farm Blues*.

Personnel: Blackwell, guitar, piano, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Pianist-vocalist Leroy Carr and Blackwell comprised one of the most successful blues recording teams of the late 1920s and early '30s. The pair had hit after hit, which is easily understandable, for they were both excellent musicians, their styles complementing each other perfectly. Their joint career came to an end in 1935, when Carr died.

Three months later Blackwell recorded a few pieces with Dorothy Rice, a pianist from his home town of Indianapolis. Then he gave up his active music career, returning to Indianapolis, where he supported himself as a municipal laborer for more than 25 years, until these recordings were made in July, 1961, by Indianapolis blues collector Arthur Rosenbaum.

Blackwell, on the basis of these selections, is still an expressive blues guitarist and an effective singer, whose dark, thick-textured voice vests these performances with a kind of wistful ingenuousness that is most appealing.

He will remind most listeners of Lonnie Johnson, another singer-guitarist on whom

the blues revival has focused attention after he had spent some years away from recording activity. There is the same quality of quiet dolefulness to the singing of both Johnson and Blackwell; moreover, both are stunning guitarists who use their instrumental lines to underline their vocal laments in much the same manner.

Blackwell's is the more open approach, in that he uses the natural, full, stinging sound of the unamplified guitar in a style a bit closer to the older country styles than is Johnson's jazz-based approach. Blackwell is no rough performer, however; his is a complex, sophisticated instrumental technique, as is readily apparent in the two instrumental blues, *"A" Blues* and *"E" Blues*.

Moreover, Blackwell is a good blues composer. All the pieces, save Bessie Smith's *Nobody Knows You*, are his compositions; all are well-constructed, gripping blues that deal with real situations in human terms. Their imagery is often quite striking, and the pieces have a conviction not always present in Johnson's latter-day compositions. Blackwell's pieces are of a quality that tends to substantiate his claim that he composed most of the Carr-Blackwell classic numbers.

This is a full-bodied collection of blues by a veteran performer who still has much to say. A certain over-all sameness of approach and mood weakens the album's impact slightly. (P.W.)

Double Six Of Paris

SWINGIN' SINGIN'—Philips 600-26: *Tickle Toe*; *Early Autumn*; *Sweets*; *Naima*; *Westward Walk*; *A Night in Tunisia*; *Ballad*; *Scraple From the Apple*; *Boplicity*; *Moanin'*; *Fascinatin' Rhythm*.

Personnel: Mimi Perrin, Jean-Claude Briodin, Claudine Barge or Monique Guerin, Louis Aldebert or Ward Swingle, Eddy Louiss, Claude Germain, vocals; unidentified rhythm section.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The Double Six must be the first group in the history of jazz for whom reaction and judgment have to be modified by the language barrier.

Musically this album is not up to the high standard of their Quincy Jones-oriented set on Capitol. The material is less consistent and in several instances the premise is vague. *Tickle Toe*, for instance, is based not on the original Count Basie version with the memorable Lester Young solo, but on a Frank Foster rerun; it is thus, in effect, thirdhand. And *Tunisia* is not taken from the Dizzy Gillespie version but from a J. J. Johnson-Kai Winding treatment.

Regardless of the sources, though, the concept behind this entire vocal school has always been, it seems to me, the following: the solos are not improvised but are copied from instrumental solos on famous records; to compensate for this, they are equipped with lyrics that tell an appropriate or interesting or amusing story. In many Lambert-Hendricks-Ross performances I found it very hard to understand most of the words, especially at the faster tempos; but very often the record companies took this problem into account by printing the lyrics on the back of the albums.

In the case of the Double Six, of course, the difficulty is multiplied. Though I have

spoken fairly fluent French since high school, I find it impossible to catch more than an occasional word. The lyrics are an integral part of the value of these performances, so no matter how good the vocal arranging and the singing, most of the point is lost.

The liner notes are more confusing than helpful. There are a few words about the plot line that Miss Perrin devised for each track, but this is no help at all in trying to unravel the words. Moreover, it took me 20 minutes to figure out the vocal personnel as listed above, and I'm still not sure exactly who sings on which tracks. Moreover, the all-important accompanying rhythm section, including a solo pianist, is given no credit.

The group gets a fine ensemble sound now and then, notably on *Moanin'*, and there is some extraordinary solo work by Miss Guerin and Miss Barge. The performances are slick, accurate, brilliantly knit; the intonation is consistently better than that of L-H-R, and the whole group deserves a double A for effort, since a tremendous amount of preparation evidently went into the production of these sides.

It is impossible, though, to avoid the sense that there is a certain glib superficiality about some of the results; yet here again one feels that if the lyrics were comprehensible, the message might come across with more warmth. (L.G.F.)

Alberta Hunter

ALBERTA HUNTER WITH LOVIE AUSTIN AND HER BLUES SERENADERS—Riverside 418: *St. Louis Blues; Moanin' Low; Downhearted Blues; Now I'm Satisfied; You Better Change; Streets Paved with Gold; I Will Always Be in Love with You; Sweet Georgia Brown; C Jam Blues; Gallion Stamp.*

Personnel: Jimmy Archey, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Miss Austin, piano; Pops Foster, bass; Jasper Taylor, drums; Miss Hunter, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

For a woman in her mid-60s, Miss Hunter still has a remarkably warm and lithe voice. Her continuing vitality as a blues singer is demonstrated on *St. Louis Blues* and on her classic composition *Downhearted Blues*, and she gives a meaningful exhibition of how much honest emotion can be drawn from a piece that is usually treated superficially as a torch tune, *Moanin' Low*.

For several years her musical interests (she now works as a nurse) have been focused on Gospel song. She includes three of her own creations in this idiom, but they are of only passing interest both as songs and as performances.

Unfortunately the production on this session was exceedingly sloppy, and Miss Hunter's best efforts are partially negated by bad balancing, which puts Archey's trombone right on top of the mike, where it covers Howard's clarinet, and they both cover Miss Hunter's voice.

The piano of Lovie Austin, who was being reunited with Miss Hunter on these pieces, can scarcely be heard at all. She comes through only on three instrumental selections—*Brown*, *Jam*, and *Gallion*—thrown in to pad out the record (Miss Hunter was caught in Chicago between trains from one coast to the other and only had time to record eight selections).

Although Archey, Howard, and Foster cut loose with some vitality on these pieces (particularly *Brown*), they are needlessly marred—*Brown* by an unnervingly abrupt cut-off and *Jam* by some beginning uncertainty, which might have been resolved by a second take, as well as by the inevitable bad balance.

These are all musicians who still have something vital to say and deserve much better than the hasty, offhand treatment they have received from Riverside on this disc. (J.S.W.)

Odetta

ODETTA AND THE BLUES—Riverside 417: *Hard, Oh Lord; Believe I'll Go; Oh, Papa; How Long Blues; Hogan's Alley; Leavin' This Mornin'; Oh, My Babe; Yonder Come the Blues; Make Me a Pallet on Your Floor; Weeping Willow Blues; Go Down, Sunshine; Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out.*

Personnel: Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; Shep Shepherd, drums; Odetta, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

For all her marginal merits, Odetta is not really a blues singer. When she undertakes songs from the repertory of classic blues of the 1920s, as she does on this disc, her big, expansive voice sets her in good stead. But on a basic blues, she lacks the warmth and sense of involvement that make a blues singer. The result is that, although there are often suggestive reflections of Bessie Smith that spark out from her singing, she gives the impression of a rather steely Bessie Smith—an iron maiden rather than the very pliantly fleshed Bessie.

She does better with the tunes that have more of a vaudeville flavor, for the matter of conviction is of less moment in these than a good lusty projection, something that Odetta can really conjure up when she wants to.

On all the selections, both the good and the fair, she gets immeasurable help from the fine little band that plays Wellstood's arrangements, with some particularly good solo spots by Clayton and Dickenson. (J.S.W.)

Jacy Parker

SPOTLIGHT ON JACY PARKER—Verve 6-8424: *I Thought About You; Guess Who I Saw Today?; Here Comes Trouble Again; My Ship; Time after Time; You're the Cream in My Coffee; I Like the Likes of You; Sweet William; Long Gone Love; It's You or No One; You Mean Old World; But Beautiful.*

Personnel: Ernie Royal, trumpet; Don Cinderella, bass; Sticks Evans, drums; Miss Parker, piano, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ 1/2

A Chicagoan in her mid-20s, Miss Parker (the Jacy stands for Jacqueline Corinne) played around New York City since 1954, when she left the Windy City. She has since returned to her home town.

She plays capable jazz piano in a positive, I-know-what-I-want manner and is backed in this set by an equally persuasive rhythm section and, where it fits, by Royal's insinuating trumpet.

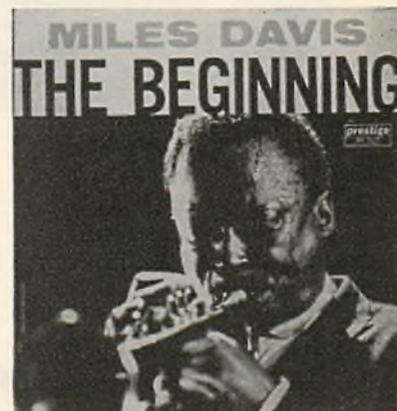
It is as singer that she is presented in this, her first LP. The voice is clear, the phrasing musicianly and jazz wise, the range is fair, the quality without genuine distinction. In character, Miss Parker's style, like that of so many singers of her generation, is decidedly marked by the

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influence of Sarah Vaughan. (One could at this point note the good taste shown in choosing such a model.)

And speaking of good taste, Miss Parker's choice of tunes is, for the most part, beyond reproach. Although one is inclined to shudder a bit at *You're the Cream*, which closes the first side, there are three beauties preceding it.

Miss Parker sings for the hip and shoots her jazz piano from the same place. She's new, she's young, she's good. (J.A.T.)

Mel Torme

AT THE RED HILL—Atlantic 8066: *Shakin' the Blues Away; I'm Beginning to See the Light; In Other Words; A Foggy Day; A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; Love for Sale; It's Delovely; Mountain Greenery; Nevertheless; Early Autumn; Anything Goes; When the World Was Young; Love Is Just Around the Corner.*

Personnel: Torme, vocals, piano; Jimmy Wisner, piano; Ace Tesone, bass; Dave Levin, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album should refocus attention on a talent that has too long been taken for granted. Recorded live at New Jersey's Red Hill Inn, this disc affords the listener the best of two worlds—spontaneity and excellent recorded sound.

Torme rockets wildly down the chords on *Love for Sale* and *Greenery*, phrasing like a horn. *It's Delovely* and *Anything Goes*, though taken at a slower pace, are as inspired as the other two.

Torme handles the ballads sensitively; his superb diction effectively adds meaning to the lyrics. The only sour note is imparted by *Nevertheless*. Torme does his best but understandably lacks the superhuman ability it would take to make this nagging tune sound good.

Torme, when playing the piano on three tracks, and Wisner underline the vocals perfectly. (H.P.)

Dinah Washington

DINAH '62—Roulette 25170: *Drinking Again; Destination Moon; Miss You; A Handful of Stars; Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?; You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You; Red Sails in the Sunset; Where Are You?; Coquette; Take Your Shoes Off, Baby.*

Personnel: Miss Washington, vocals; unidentified orchestra, Fred Norman, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

Won't somebody—please—put a small, swinging band behind this wonderful singer and restore her crown and throne to Queen D? Big, bruising bands are fine and dandy; but for a singer such as Miss Washington, there seems little point in cluttering up the date with arrangements that do little or nothing to enhance her performance.

The fact of the matter here, though, is that she is not in top shape. She sounds tired. There is too little evidence of that wondrous electric vitality that established her as a peerless singer.

Is You Is is a good example of the out-of-character setting in which she is placed here. Not only does the band clump along heavily, there's a creamy organ thrown in for bad measure—and a vocal group, yet.

And fighting all that, Miss Washington manages to bring a spark to her performance. But the spark is too little and, alas, too late. (J.A.T.)

BLINDFOLD TEST



By LEONARD FEATHER

Mel Lewis' victory this year as a new star in the *Down Beat* International Critics Poll was a belated but welcome recognition of a fact recognized by musicians for some years. Lewis is among the most consistently exciting drummers in jazz.

Son of a professional drummer, Lewis was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1929 and made his professional debut at 15. Between 1946 and 1954 he worked with a number of name bands, including those of Boyd Raeburn, Alvino Rey, Ray Anthony, and Tex Beneke. It wasn't until his 1954-6 tenure with the Stan Kenton Orchestra that he attained any jazz prominence.

Since then, Lewis has been consistently in demand in the Hollywood area, working with Terry Gibbs' big band whenever it is operative. He visited Europe some months ago with Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and most recently was a member of the Benny Goodman Band during its tour of the Soviet Union.

This was Lewis' first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information, before or during the test, about the records played.



JIM TAYLOR

"I don't like drum solos all that well. . . . after Buddy Rich, I don't see why anybody bothers playing drum solos. . . ."

MEL LEWIS

THE RECORDS

1. Buddy Rich-Max Roach. *Big Foot* (from *Rich vs. Roach*, Mercury). Buddy Rich (left), Max Roach (right), drums; Willie Dennis, trombone.

There were at least two drummers . . . actually, they were a little too busy for the size of the band; there was too much going on. I don't recognize too many of the soloists, except Willie Dennis.

The recording balance on this is fairly bad; I couldn't hear all the parts, what was going on. I don't know who the two drummers are, either. . . . One of them has some pretty good chops.

The one on the left seemed to lean toward the Louis Bellson sound; I don't think it was Louis, though. And the one on the right sounded like Charlie Persip, but I'm not sure. I would give this about 2½ stars for effort.

2. Miles Davis, *Salt Peanuts* (from *Steamin'*, Prestige). Davis, trumpet; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Paul Chambers, bass.

The ensemble—the guys played the heck out of it, considering what was going on. It wasn't swinging at all, and as far as the drummer is concerned, he's got a lotta chops, but he played way too long; I don't like drum solos that well. This was quite unmusical. I hope it wasn't my buddy, Elvin Jones—it didn't sound like Elvin, because he plays much more musically, and actually, after Buddy Rich, I don't see why anybody bothers playing drum solos, because he puts them *all* away. Hearing fast technical things of this sort doesn't please me too much.

The horns, whoever they were, were struggling to keep up. In the early part the bass player was dying; it was way too fast for him. . . . In fact it sounded to me like the tempo lifted some more. For this I can only give two stars.

3. Sam Jones, *The Chant* (from *The Chant*, Riverside). Victor Feldman, composer, arranger, piano; Sam Jones, bass; Les Spann, guitar; Nat Adderley, cornet; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone.

That was a nice record; a lot of spirit I don't know the tune. The bass player was very good. I thought there was a little too much guitar, though, coming through too strong, sort of blotting them out. The bass player was very good though—was that Sam Jones?

The trumpet player was good too — sounded like one of the Adderleys. The

tenor seemed to have some intonation problems, some idea problems. The alto was good. . . . They got a nice bouncy feeling. I liked the arrangement too. I'll give that 3½.

4. Shelly Manne, *Poinciana* (from *Sounds Unheard Of*, Contemporary). Shelly Manne, percussion; Jack Marshall, guitar.

Well, I'd like to have heard that one with just the guitarist playing alone. What was all that racket behind there? I got panicked in the beginning; I thought it was going to be a rock-and-roll record there for a second. But, as time went on, I could see . . . the guitarist, he played very well, his inclination is toward the classical; his intonation was fine; he knew his instrument very well. But all the racket in the background, it was just plain racket—just for the sake of stereo, I'm afraid.

I don't know who they were. Sounds like it might be some of my friends out here on the coast, trying to cash in on the percussion album sales. I really can't rate that at all.

5. Dukes of Dixieland, *Honeysuckle Rose* (from *Now Hear This*, Columbia). Frank Assunto, trumpet; Herb Ellis, guitar; Gene Schroeder, piano; Jim Atlas, bass; Charles Lodice, drums.

Well, that proved its point. I like this kind of music. It's always refreshing to come back and hear something like this.

The opening trumpet sounded like Ruby Braff or somebody like that, and the rhythm section sounded nice. It was the old swing school, of course; guitar player had nice time; drummer was good and loose; bass player had a tendency . . . I didn't like him in his high register . . . but still, you could tell he had spirit. And the piano player was definitely out of the Teddy Wilson school, and Teddy, of course, is one of my favorites, so anybody who wants to play like him can, as far as I'm concerned—as long as they do a good job of it.

The second trumpet—the muted trumpet—I don't know if that was the same guy or not . . . sounded like there was more than one, almost Joe Newman-y sounding. I like this record: this is worth at least 3½ stars.

6. Quincy Jones, *Straight, No Chaser* (from *Quintessence*, Impulse). Joe Newman, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; arranger not credited.

Yeah, that was a good arrangement of

Straight, No Chaser. Good-sounding little band, too . . . or big band, I should say.

Trombone player sounded a lot like J.J. The trumpet was good, too, coming on with that pecking—Joe Newman always did a lot of things like that.

I don't know whose record this is, or whose arrangement, but it sure had a lot of fire to it, sorta reminiscent of Dizzy's old band. I like this very much. Four stars.

7. John Coltrane, *Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise* (from *Coltrane Live at the Village Vanguard*, Impulse). Coltrane, soprano saxophone; McCoy Tyner, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Well, that was definitely Coltrane's group.

I thought I recognized Elvin Jones early in the beginning . . . behind the piano. You know, Elvin is the only drummer, to me, of what you would call the busy school; while he's got this constant thing going—movement at all times—he played lightly. He was still light behind the piano. You were able to hear everything the piano did. And even through the whole record, he kept this thing going, which, if you notice, has a lot to do with what Trane is doing up front. He's listening all the time. Plus the interplay between him and the piano. It's musical; it's strong, but still I could hear everything the piano played, I could hear what Trane was doing, I could hear the bass player. He wasn't drowning them out.

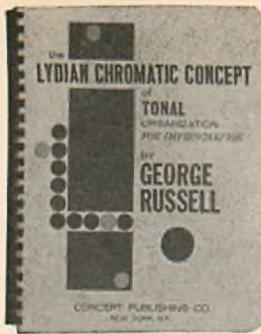
I like McCoy; I enjoy his playing very much. He's a guy that should be heard from a lot more.

And just to get to Trane for a second, the soprano is not the kind of instrument I enjoy listening to too much; after a while, it gets a little grating, but, still, of this new school, Trane knows what he's doing. There's so many guys that just don't know what they're doing. I can listen to him any time and enjoy it. Four stars.

8. Tribute to Benny Goodman, *Let's Dance* (from *Tribute to Benny Goodman*, Crown). Mahlon Clark, clarinet.

Well, to be polite, that was pretty bad. I don't know who that could have been; it was a very poor imitation—no swinging. There was nothing there. I just can't even say anything about it. No stars.

I've heard that tune sound good, even in the Goodman band that I was with. All these old things sounded good, even though they were no fun to play. 



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TEDDY BUCKNER

The Huddle, Covina, Calif.

Personnel: Buckner, cornet, fluegelhorn; Caughey Roberts, clarinet, soprano and tenor saxophones; William Woodman, trombone; Chester Lane, piano; Art Edwards, bass; Jesse Sailes, drums.

Buckner has been committed to the two-beat fold since joining the Kid Ory Band on July 16, 1949. The turn to traditional jazz was a big switch for the portly trumpeter (the trumpet was his full-time instrument at that time) because most of his previous band experience had been with various Benny Carter bands and the uninhibited Lionel Hampton organization of the 1940s with which he played the high book and blew much of the solo work.

Today, Buckner leads one of the better traditional groups in the southern California area.

He still hews closely to the spirit and style of his self-confessed idol, Louis Armstrong. He even changed from trumpet to cornet in 1958, presumably to capture the complete early Armstrong feeling and sound better. At that, he blows magnificently. His cornet bites cleanly and incisively on the lead parts and blasts clear and bright in the solos.

Ever cognizant of the value of showmanship, Buckner has many an old trick up his sleeve. On *Just a Closer Walk with Thee*, for example, he will open muted pianissimo from the stand, then step down onto the floor and slowly walk among the audience, compelling complete silence and attention until the band swings into the up-tempo march section and Buckner returns to the stand to lead the ensemble with open horn.

Sometimes the showmanship verges on the hokey, as in the band's version of *Night Train*, which features Roberts on tenor. This is strictly for bumps and grinds, but apparently it pleases many of the regular customers.

The Lane-Edwards-Sailes rhythm team does its job thoroughly and with maximum effect. Lane, moreover, is a stride pianist whose considerable talent is well shown in the vari-tempoed *Basin Street*. This begins slowly, double-times for a long piano solo, and then reverts to the original tempo and some very gutsy piano.

In reed man Roberts and trombonist Woodman (father of the well-known trombone player, Britt Woodman) Buckner has two rip-snorting associates.

Roberts does the Sidney Bechet routine on soprano sax on Bechet's tune, *If You Could See My Mother*, for which Buckner switches to fluegelhorn; but Roberts' forte is clarinet. He achieves a gutty, tough-fibered sound. Woodman's trombone is rich and unadorned in its directness in solos and melds well with the Buckner's horn in ensemble passages.

It is Teddy, though, who is the Man of the group. Though strongly rooted in Armstrong, his horn conveys merely the influence, never the imitation. Nor is this a "Dixieland" band in the usual contem-

porary sense; it's Buckner's band, and his searing playing leads it from New Orleans to Chicago and whatever other points of the compass he chooses to select.

This is powerful and convincing jazz—and Buckner's horn should be heard far and wide. —Tynan

Book Review

SOUNDS AND SCORES, A Practical Guide to Professional Orchestration, by Henry Mancini. Published by Northridge Music, Inc., 245 pages, three 45-rpm records included, \$15.

Mancini has a good idea. This large, attractively bound volume is the ultimate in professionalism.

The author's purpose is to give "budding professionals a means of comparing the recorded sounds with the printed illustrations." His main concern is "the combining of the instruments into sections and ensembles of all types that must be dealt with by the professional writer in the commercial field."

The book consists of a delineation of virtually all of the instruments of the commercial orchestra and of their consideration in every conceivable commercial setting. The records are excerpts from Mancini's RCA Victor albums, well chosen and well annotated.

Here is an example: the bassoon. First he speaks of the instrument's general sound, shows its range and how to notate parts written for it, mentions some of its blending combinations.

There follow two rich examples of the bassoon in an orchestral setting about 24 bars in score, which are included on a record. He winds up by giving some experienced advice about the nature of the parts, concluding that the bassoon, "despite its looks, is a welcome and useful friend to the writer."

Scattered throughout the text there are some pearls of experience: "Don't fall in love with every note you write. . . . Be a first-class editor. . . ."

I recommend this book to all "budding professionals" whose horizon does not, by necessity or choice, extend beyond the slick world of commercial "music." I would not recommend it to a composer of serious jazz or composer of serious music. It is an unashamed guide to the writer for hire and as such gives advice that would make a less commercial musician blush. The music is, with a few exceptions, impeccably corny.

However, Mancini does what he does with accuracy and care. For those who want, or need, this information, there is nothing better on the market.

—Bill Mathieu



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ville. Kenny is admired as an expressive, facile jazz innovator. His own compositions are fresh and inventive, sparkling with deft originality. As a jazz trumpeter, he demands an instrument which must be built to meet the rigors of his professional life. It has to reach peak levels, combining immediate response with easy handling.

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PETERSON *from page 25*

that record in his collection!"

The story reinforced one of Peterson's strongest contentions: very few people—including musicians—really listen to music.

The music-appreciation course has become so popular that this year the school is offering it to nonstudents as a means to better understanding and appreciation of jazz.

ALL WELL and good, this—classes, teaching, lecturing, principles, giving knowledge and experience. But *why*? Why should men at or near the top of their art and profession, stop and take stock and depart on a venture as hazardous as running and financing a music school?

Nimmons was the first to answer:

"We probably had some sort of motivation a long time ago without really knowing what it was. An awareness—I can't put my finger on it. . . ."

"I can," Peterson muttered. "Bad playing."

"Getting into teaching," Nimmons continued, "has, in a sense, turned around and taught us, has given us a new lease, musically. But there was this other thing. . . ."

"Bad playing," Peterson repeated. "Kids playing the wrong way. There

is an awful lot of secondary playing going on.

"Somebody becomes hot with a record, and pretty soon they drive that one person down your throat on every radio station and every issue of *Down Beat*. I'm serious—I got tired of seeing nothing except pictures of Miles and Monk. I don't think they encompass the whole music field. This has a tremendous effect on young musicians.

"Take a kid who plays trumpet. He buys records of trumpet players. Maybe one week he'll buy a Dizzy record, then one by Miles, Clifford Brown. Then Miles gets hot. All he hears and reads about is Miles. And this leads to secondary playing. This kid is not influenced by Miles necessarily. He's been brainwashed into this.

"Secondary playing is bad playing. They're just copying. They don't know *what* they're copying. Bad enough they copy the good habits, though they don't know what the man is doing or why he's doing it, but they also copy the *bad* habits."

Brown, whose relaxed countenance belies the heat with which he can speak when moved, jumped into the discussion. He told of how, as a youngster in Pittsburgh, Pa., he would hear various bands and how each had tenor saxophonists of different styles.

"Lester Young and Herschel Evans

with Basie, Chu Berry . . . Coleman Hawkins—they all played their own way," he said. "And we all liked them because they *were* different.

"Today young musicians are wearing blinders—they're not thinking for themselves."

In addition to a concern with what they feel has been a decline of individualism among young musicians, the ASCM founders had a more concrete reason for establishing the school.

"That cliché about musicians being bad businessmen holds true to a certain extent," Brown said. "But if you manage to survive a certain length of time, you'll learn—some sort of way. It's true that we're still actively involved with playing, but Oscar, Ed, and I have decided we don't want to be out on the road when we're 45, 50 years old. It might be all right to do a short concert tour—but I don't want to be on the trail when I'm that old."

"We hope that over the years," Peterson said, "that the school builds to the degree we envision it will. We hope it becomes an institution. This will give us the opportunity in forthcoming years, when we want to curtail our playing, to do so happily and have something going for us from the business and esthetic viewpoints. This was our objective when we set out. It's a natural thing—I don't think I'm cut out to run a grocery." 

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conjunction with the orchestra's presentation of new compositions. This recital series began in 1961, when three programs were presented. Two more were staged in 1962.

"As far as I know," Breedon said, "NTSU is the only school that combines the showing of new art with the presentation of new jazz." The director hopes to make the recitals an annual event.

Further indications of the caliber of instruction (and student performance ability) may be seen in the fact that the lab band has appeared on two network television shows, those of Steve Allen and *P. M. West*; made a long-play recording for the 90th Floor label; and performed throughout the country. In May, 1959, the group placed third in the national Best New Band contest staged by the American Federation of Musicians. The band won the honor in New York City in competition with professional groups after winning the semifinals in Chicago. The band also appeared as a guest group in the 1961 contest.

In 1960 and '61, the band won top honors in the Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame. In competition with bands from throughout the nation, the NTSU band was named the outstanding group of the festival and the best band both years. Further, both years also yielded individual members six first-places on their respective instruments.

The student musicians won a gold loving cup and silver plaque for second place at the Georgetown University Intercollegiate Jazz Festival in May, 1960. The fall of that year brought engagements at the *College Jazz at the Coliseum* show of the State Fair of Texas and as guest band for the opening of the Dallas Fine Arts Festival.

At home the band presents two annual concert programs and plays for other campus functions.

"Since interest in jazz is so strong on the North Texas campus," Breedon said, "we believe it is a good thing for as many students as possible to see what we are doing. We also try to give the band members as much experience as possible, because we are training boys to go out and teach or direct their own bands. That is their goal. Education is our main goal."

The heavy expenses of maintaining a large orchestra are responsible for the virtual death of the big band in the professional field. The big band is very much alive at North Texas State University, but the attraction, is not a matter of budget but of a degree.



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Next Issue!
READERS POLL BALLOT

Inner Ear

By BILL MATHIEU

An excellent letter from a reader: "Regarding your *Inner Ear* of June 21, 1962, I would like to ask you about the 'familiar keyboard' exercises. What is the 'understanding' of the progressions that would lead to a grasp of jazz harmony? What should be *understood* about them. Just the sound? What is the meaning of the relationships? That is, the order of the chords, one to the next?" — Don Schraier, Long Beach, Calif.

Like most good questions, this one is, at its core, unanswerable. There are mysteries in music as there are in every art, mysteries which may never be intellectually "explained." The question is always, "Where does our intellectual understanding stop and our intuitive understanding begin?"

One of these musical mysteries is what is called harmonic force. Take for example the basic phrase in our harmonic vocabulary:



This cadence is familiar to everyone who has in his ears the music of our culture. We clearly *recognize* it. How fully we *understand* it, and in what way, are not so clear. We know that these chords, in a certain context, will end a musical sentence. We know that we can change the surrounding landscape and give the cadence a different color. We know that we can play the cadence backwards and more or less reverse its meaning. We understand the how of this cadence in the same way that a good mechanic knows how everything in an engine works.

But the how does not explain the why.

And the why is complicated, to be sure. The final why involves nonmusical data that are contained in acoustics (the science of the properties of vibrating bodies); biochemistry and neurology (the studies of how we receive sound and transmit it to the brain); psychology (the study of what happens to us after the sound gets there); and musical history (the study that can show how we are culturally conditioned).

None but the most serious of composers need concern himself with such a cerebral analysis of a phenomenon that a child can understand intuitively.

Certainly, Beethoven never bothered with it. Yet the practical musician ought to be able to ask the crucial questions even if he needn't supply the answers. And the crucial question in harmony involves the dominant seventh chord

and its built-in tri-tone.

The tri-tone is so called because it is an interval three whole tones large, for example from C to F# or from E to A#. In the foregoing musical example, the tri-tone is in the first chord from B to F. Nearly every progression with strong harmonic force involves the chord of the dominant seventh, and the dominant seventh chord contains, by definition, a tri-tone between its third and seventh degrees. Every musician should know the sound of the tri-tone, where it occurs, and how it resolves.

Tri-tones can occur in harmonically unimportant places. For instance, a C mi 6 has a tri-tone between Eb and A. The way this chord is often used—D mi 7b5 to G7b9 to C mi 6—that particular tri-tone is not important, though it's colorful, and the harmonic force would not be weakened without it. The tri-tone to watch here is in the G7b9 chord between B and F. The B resolves to C in the next chord, the F resolves to Eb.

In other words, tri-tones don't always mean strong harmony, but strong harmony nearly always means tri-tones and their strict resolutions.

Now, back to reader Schraier's letter. The keyboard harmony exercise he refers to is:

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

This is nothing but the six diatone triads of the C major scale (the seventh triad is omitted) each one preceded by its appropriate dominant. Real music never goes like this, of course, but this exercise shows, in one form, how diatonically related triads sound when set up by their dominants.

This should be learned first as a listening experience. Then the student should attempt an intellectual analysis. In each case, where is the tri-tone? Where does it resolve? Then the student should examine a piece of real music and see if it looks, or sounds, any different.

As for the "meaning of the relationships," no brief answer is possible. As one investigates the world of traditional harmony, these relationships become more clear.

The first step, it can be safely said, is to become completely familiar with all the scales, major and minor, up to seven sharps and seven flats, and to memorize the cyclic relationship that binds them. Things are easier when you know the scales.

The reason I've spent so much space not answering Schraier's question is because it suggests a larger question: when we *understand* music, what is it that we understand? Just the sound? Or something more? I say there is something more. *That's* the mystery. 

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Drums

Chord symbols in Bass and Piano staves:
 Bass: D⁹(b9) G⁷ B⁹ C⁹ A⁹(b9) D⁹
 Piano: A⁹(b9) G⁷ C⁹ C⁹ A⁹(b9) D⁹ G⁷ C⁹ F⁷ B⁹(b9)

Alto I **Al**

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Vibes

Piano

Drums

Chord symbols in Bass and Piano staves:
 Bass: A^b A^o B⁹ B^o C^o C^o A⁹(b9) D⁹ G⁹(b9) C⁹ F⁹ B⁹(b9) E^b
 Piano: A^b A^o B⁹ B^o C^o C^o A⁹(b9) D⁹ G⁹(b9) C⁹ F⁹ B⁹(b9) E^b A⁹

5

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Viboa

Piano

Drums

Handwritten musical score for page 5, measures 1 through 8. The score includes vocal parts for Alto I, Alto II, Tenor I, Tenor II, and Bari. Instrumental parts include Trumpets I through V, Trombones I through III, Bass, Viboa, Piano, and Drums. The music is in 4/4 time and features various dynamics and articulations. A section marked 'OPEN' begins in measure 7.

6

Alto I

Alto II

Tenor I

Tenor II

Bari

Tpt I

Tpt II

Tpt III

Tpt IV

Tpt V

Tbn I

Tbn II

Tbn III

Bass

Viboa

Piano

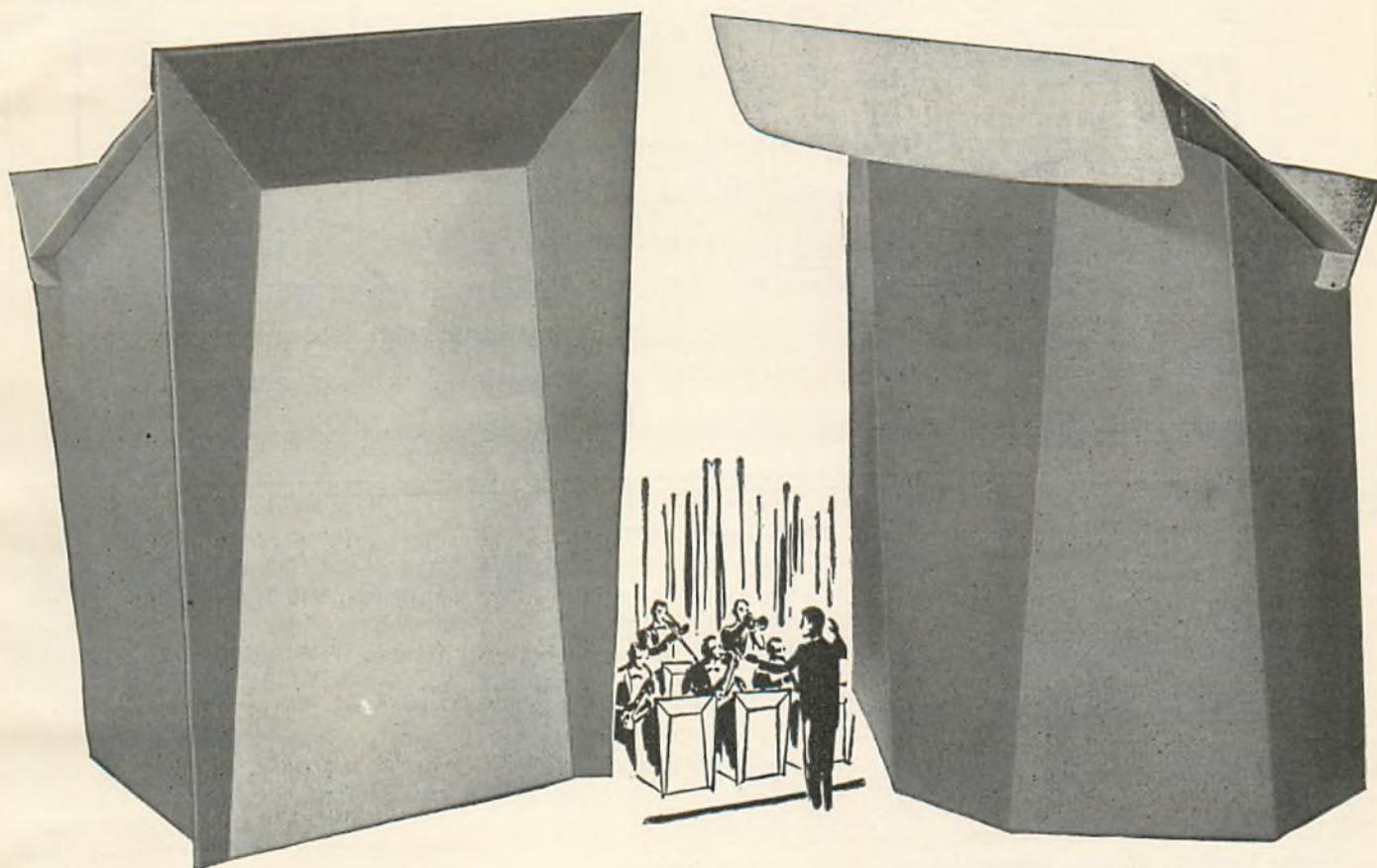
Drums

Handwritten musical score for page 6, measures 1 through 8. The score includes vocal parts for Alto I, Alto II, Tenor I, Tenor II, and Bari. Instrumental parts include Trumpets I through V, Trombones I through III, Bass, Viboa, Piano, and Drums. The music is in 4/4 time and features various dynamics and articulations. A section marked 'CO VIBES' begins in measure 7.

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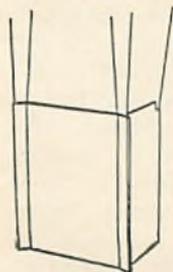
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AD LIB *from page 10*

Supper Club. The event was produced by the Evolution of Jazz Club . . . The bassist in **Ornette Coleman's** new group is **David Izenzon** . . . A new jazz club, the Lounge, is located in Jamaica, N.Y., on Long Island . . . The Crowell-Collier Press entry into the jazz field will be **Martin Williams' Jazz Panorama**, due in October.

While in New York, **Shelly Manne** led **Conte Candoli**, **Richie Kamuca**, **Russ Freeman**, and **Monte Budwig** (Manne's regular group) through an Atlantic recording session with **Betty Carter** . . . Persistent rumors are that **Duke Ellington** is about to change record labels . . . **Jimmy Giuffre's** record for Folkways, in between his last for Verve and his first for Columbia, is called *You're Stepping on My Shadow: Nine Sound Stories Conceived by Tony Schwartz*. Schwartz is a sound engineer with a penchant for capturing bits of life on tape. These sound stories have Giuffre improvising against water dripping and the sound his wife makes as she walks along a corridor . . . The South African government has lifted its ban on **Max Roach's We Insist—Freedom Now Suite**.

A movement of interest: An eating club is now open, named **Blind**

Lemon's, named after the late blues singer **Blind Lemon Jefferson**. Food prices are modest, the tapes and records are by most of the legitimate folk singers, whatever their age.

Frank Sinatra will serve as honorary chairman of the Music for Blind's Musichthon at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 15 . . . **Whitney Balliett's** new book, 46 articles on jazz, called *Dinosaurs in the Morning*, will be published this month by Lippincott.

LONDON

The all-star tentette formed by baritone saxist **Ronnie Ross** and vibraharpist **Bill LeSage** was the subject of a color film shot on location at **Jeff Kruger's Flamingo Club** recently. The film will be distributed by the J. Arthur Rank circuit as part of its successful *Look at Life* series. Another film in the news is the hour-long *Chris Barber at the Richmond Jazz Festival*, filmed by **Giorgio Gomelsky**, and which has received widespread critical acclaim. Negotiations for its distribution are in progress.

Chris Barber and his band with vocalist **Ottillie Patterson** recently returned from a successful six-day tour of Hungary, where more than 6,000 people attended two open air shows the band gave in Miskolc and Pecs . . . Associated-Redifussion recently pre-

sented an hour-long TV show, *The Story of Trad*, in which the bands of **Acker Bilk**, **Kenny Ball**, **Humphrey Lyttleton**, **Bob Wallis**, **Monty Sunshine**, and **Ken Colyer**, plus **Beryl Bryden**, **George Webb**, and **George Melly** participated . . . Bilk, by the way, is due in New York this month for a promotion tour . . . Blues authority **Paul Oliver** is in the process of completing a new book, *Conversations with the Blues*; meanwhile, he is working on a volume with Houston, Texas, folklorist **Mack McCormick**, to be called *The Texas Blues*.

PARIS

Paris loves blues singers. Proof of this was the recent booking schedule of **Memphis Slim** and **Mae Mercer**. Slim was doubling every night between the Mars Club and Trois Mailletz, while Miss Mercer, who was known in the States for her vocals with the **Buck Clayton** group, was doing one set nightly at three clubs: the Blue Note, the Grand Severine, and Frede Carrolls. She also has just finished filming scenes for the MGM movie starring **Anthony Perkins** titled *The Sword and the Balance*. Musical backing in the film was supplied by alto saxist **Sonny Criss**, drummer **Kenny Clarke**, and guitarist **Jimmy Gourley**.

Chet Baker is currently featured at the Blue Note along with pianist **Kenny**

Drew and Clarke; rhythm-and-blues signer **Venus LaDoll** from New York is at the Mars Club; and **Tony Middleton**, who originally came to Paris with the *Free and Easy* show, is working the EPI Club . . . **Cannonball Adderley** and his new wife spent a few days in Paris after his appearance at the annual jazz festival in Belgium . . . **Herb Geller** has moved to Berlin after signing a contract to work regularly there in the studios . . . The biggest success in Paris this year, musically speaking, is organist **Jimmy Smith**. His recent appearances—his first in Europe—at the Palais de Sport in Paris and at the Antibes jazz festival, stole the show from **Dizzy Gillespie** and **Fats Domino**. Gillespie brought **Julius Watkins**, **Frank Rehak**, and **Don Butterfield** with him from the States in addition to his regular quartet. He added Europeans **Roger Guerin** on trumpet and **Ake Persson** on trombone.

Bud Powell left Paris for Denmark to play a month's engagement at the Cafe Montmartre; he then went to Stockholm to play a month at the Golden Circle . . . Jazz and poetry was tried in Paris at the Cafe Boheme. Popular hip writer **William Burroughs** read, while Australian guitarist **David Auen** led a quartet. The reception was good.

BOSTON

Jerry Edwards, a bassist and guitarist, is working nightly at Danny's . . . At Stage Door Lounge in Lynn, altoist **Jimmy Mosher** is fronting a quartet featuring **John Neves**, bass; **Steve Kuhn**, piano; **Andy Boland**, drums . . . On Cape Cod it's **Sam Rivers'** quartet at the Atlantic House in Provincetown. Rivers plays tenor and has **Hal Galper**, former **Herb Pomeroy** sideman, piano; **Benny Wilson**, bass; **Tony Williams**, drums. Rivers and Galper have tentative plans to take a group to Europe in the fall.

Among others appearing at Mr. Kelly's in Brewster, which was formerly **George Wein's** summer Storyville, have been **Bobby Short**, **Bobby Hackett**, **Peter Nero**, and the **Kingston Trio** . . . At Connolly's the veteran **Sabby Lewis** has his band installed, for the rest of the summer at least, and in recent weeks **Clifford Jordan**, **Buddy Tate**, and **Dexter Gordon** have been through . . . At Rocky Manor in Wareham on Cape Cod **Jimmy Tyler's** trio has been appearing regularly, most recently with **James Moody** as a featured soloist.

CINCINNATI

Curtis Peagler's Modern Jazz Disciples and **Roy Tate**, **Tom Hyer**, **John McKay**, and **Frank Powers** of the **Queen City Jazz Band** have returned from a Young America Presents tour of Finland. The Disciples moved into the Living Room for two weeks opposite

Coleman Hawkins and the **Dee Felice Trio** . . . Folk singer **Danny Cox** continues at Seven Cities Coffee House. His first LP is out on the club's own label . . . Tenor man **Paul Plummer** left **George Russell** and now leads his own quartet at the Plaza Lounge in nearby Hamilton . . . The Surf Club featured the **Newport All-Stars**, closed for remodeling, and then brought in the folk group of **Peter, Paul, and Mary** . . . **Rusty Allen's** quartet currently is at Mother's with **Wobblehead Johnson** spotlighted on tenor saxophone and piano . . . *Get on Board the Jazz Train*, a new musical, is set for a pre-Broad-

way run at the Shubert Theater the week of Nov. 26.

CLEVELAND

Former **Dizzy Gillespie** guitarist **Bill DeArango**, seldom heard since the late '40s, opened recently at Del Torto's. Before the week ended, however, the club closed for financial reasons . . . Folk singer **Josh White's** engagement at the Dalton Saloon was followed by one by his 22-year-old daughter **Beverly**. **White** revealed that **Beverly**, **Josh Jr.**, and daughters **Blondell** and **Fern** will join him in a European concert tour this fall.

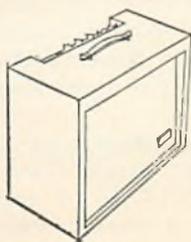
Ellie Frankel has taken an extended leave as house pianist at the Theatrical



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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The Development Of Modern Bass

Reader's Poll Ballot

The October 11 *Down Beat* goes on sale
at newsstands Thursday, September 27.

to devote full time to her duties as music director of KYW-TV's *Mike Douglas Show* and a new morning show to start in the fall. Drummer **Bob McKee** and bassist **Ken Seifert** remain at the club with pianist **Chet McIntyre** and continue to work with Miss Frankel on the TV shows. McKee also is drummer in the **Rick Kiefer** rehearsal band. The highly successful Sunday afternoon concerts by the Kiefer big band have been resumed at Paderewski's Restaurant. Arrangements are by the band's members, as well as by such prominent writers as **Ernie Wilkins** and **Quincy Jones**.

Local musicians are enthusiastic about the playing of a young Chicago guitarist **Chuck Russell**, who worked the summer at Cedar Point amusement park with a semi-rock-and-roll group . . . **John Coltrane** packed Leo's for a one-week engagement.

Red Nichols' recent engagement at the Theatrical brought him to Cleveland for the first time since the early '20s.

CHICAGO

The **Sarah Vaughan** concert, scheduled for Sept. 22 at the Arie Crown Theater at McCormick Place (DB, Sept. 13) will be sponsored by the Congress of Racial Equality. The show, which will feature Miss Vaughan backed alternately by trio, a bevy of strings, and an 80-voice choir, may also be staged in Detroit, Mich., and St. Louis, Mo., according to **Carl Procter**, who conceived the idea.

Johnny Hartman took **Lurlean Hunter's** place at Pigalle. It is rumored that Miss Hunter is a likely candidate for the lead in a road show version of **Richard Rodgers' No Strings** . . . The Lake Meadows Restaurant Lounge had trumpeter **Gene Shaw's** group with vocalist **Sherman Davis** during August. Shaw formerly played with **Yusef Lateef** and **Charlie Mingus** . . . The fall lineup at McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge is a strong one. Included are the groups of **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Max Roach**, and, tentatively, **Stan Getz**. **Sonny Stitt** is scheduled to open at the club on Sept. 26 for two weeks.

George Shearing, who was greeted upon his arrival for his London House run with the news of the death of his bassist, **Israel Crosby**, now is in Europe; it is his first trip there with his group . . . Recently returned from a 22-week State Department-sponsored tour of Latin America with the **Paul Winters Sextet**, baritone saxophonist **Les Rout** has decided to devote his energies to teaching history.

The two **Ella Fitzgerald** concerts at Ravinia Park outdrew **Benny Goodman's** two—15,464 to 14,466. A new attendance record for a single concert of classical music was set this year

when an all-**Stravinsky** program, with the composer conducting some of his works, drew 10,251 listeners . . . The 16th annual Midwest National Band Clinic, which attracts school-band directors from all over the United States and Canada, will be held Dec. 19-22 at Chicago's Sherman House.

LOS ANGELES

Herb Miller, younger brother of the late **Glenn Miller**, has dipped into the past for what he appears to believe is a neat parlay. He's recorded his brother's *Moonlight Serenade*, one of Glenn's biggest hits, for the Park Avenue label—but the treatment is rock and roll. As a follow-up, Herb cut an album of Glenn Miller repertoire, also a la rock.

Phil Fischer, since 1953 American Federation of Musicians movie studio representative, has been named assistant to AFM president **Herman D. Kenin**. His appointment results in two presidential assistants on the coast. **Ernie Lewis** was made an assistant in 1958 . . .

Ralph Flanagan moved here from New York to work with a quartet at the Thunderbird Inn on Sunset Strip. His last Hollywood stand was at the Palladium in 1958 with his big band . . . In a recent election by the Los Angeles chapter of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, **Van Alexander** was named chapter president, **Voyle Gilmore** (Capitol a&r man) first vice president, **Jesse Kaye** (MGM records), second vice president; **Benny Carter**, secretary; and **John Kraus** (Capitol sound engineer), treasurer. Newly elected to the board of governors were 20 new members: **Jimmy Joyce** and **Jo Stafford** for vocalists and singers; **Les Brown** and **Alex Stordahl** for leaders and conductors; **Jesse Kaye** and **Alan Livingston** for a&r men and producers; **Lou Adler** and **Don Robertson** for songwriters and composers; **Al Schmitt** and **Ralph Valentin** for studio engineers (mixers); **Skeets Herfurt** and **George Roberts** for instrumentalists and musicians; **Lou Busch** and **Pete King** for arrangers; **Murray Garrett** and **George S. Whiteman** for art directors and literary editors; **Mickey Katz** and **Soupy Sales** for spoken word, comedy, children's records; and **Richard Jones** and **John Scott Trotter** for classical.

Pianist **Ben Di Tosti** betook his trio (**Bob Hirschman**, bass, trombone; **Lyle Ames**, guitar, flute, vocals, drums) to the Pen and Quill Hotel-Restaurant in Manhattan Beach . . . There's much activity at **Fred Astaire's** Choreo label, with vice president **Jackie Mills** recently signing composer **Elmer Bernstein** to an exclusive contract as composer-conductor for singles and albums and as classical pianist (Bernstein began his music career as a concert pianist). Mills

also announced a decision to employ jazzmen as instrumentalists for the firm's first Gospel LP featuring singer **Gene Baker**. The jazz group will be an eight-piecer led by guitarist-arranger **Dave Barbour**.

Dave Hubert's new Horizon folk label will be distributed by World Pacific, according to WP president **Richard Bock**. Included in the first Horizon release are packages by **Hoyt Axton, Barbara Dane, Jim and Art, Katie Lee, Judy Mayhan, and Travis Edmondson**. Hubert formerly was president of Omegatape.

Nat Cole's 25th anniversary in the music business was celebrated recently at an Urban League-sponsored testimonial given in his honor. The event, held at the Ambassador Hotel, drew a capacity crowd. Congratulatory telegrams, including ones from President **John F. Kennedy**, California's Gov. **Edmund Brown**, and former Vice President **Richard Nixon**. **Mahalia Jackson**, one of the several celebrities entertaining, was dissuaded from singing *The Lord's Prayer*—reportedly because **Marilyn Monroe** had died the day of the testimonial and the entertainment committee felt it would be in bad taste.

SAN FRANCISCO

Plans for an annual summer Festival of the Arts that would include top jazz, classical, and show-business performers and would be staged at Squaw Valley, Calif., the onetime Winter Olympics site in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, are being made by **Frank Werber**, manager of the **Kingston Trio**. Werber has leased the Olympic Village facilities for the last week in July, 1963, and is negotiating for performers. The talent budget would run more than \$150,000, he said, and would pay for a program that conceivably could include **Leonard Bernstein** and the **New York Philharmonic Orchestra**, **Edith Piaf**, and **Harry Belafonte**, not to mention ballet, drama, and art exhibits. Squaw Valley is about 160 miles east of here in the Reno, Nev., and Lake Tahoe area.

A concert co-starring the **Stan Kenton Orchestra** and **Vic Damone** is slated for Sept. 21 in the Berkeley Community Theater . . . With the start of the **Ramsey Lewis** trio's engagement, the **Black Hawk** returned to its two-band policy. **Vince Guaraldi's** trio will be the second attraction through November. Guaraldi has been replaced at the Trident in Sausalito by former **Mastersounds** pianist **Richie Crabbtree's** trio . . . The **Larry Vuckovich-Danny Patiris Quintet** has been playing the Monday sessions at the Jazz Workshop.

Across the bay in Berkeley, the Tsubo

and the **Trois Couleur** have revamped their programing. The **Trois Couleur**, whose proprietor is musician **Jack Taylor**, now is closed Mondays and Tuesdays. The **Art Fletcher-Willie Francis** Quartet plays Wednesdays and Thursdays; the sextet led by trombonist **Grover Mitchell** (who is slated soon to go east to record with his former Pittsburgh chum, **Horace Parlan**) Fridays and Saturdays; the quartet headed by ex-**Mastersounds** drummer **Benny Barth** on Sundays; and pianist **John True's** trio at the 2 to 5 a.m. sessions Saturdays and Sundays. At Tsubo the **Buddy**

and **Monk Montgomery** trio, plus guests, is on the stand Fridays through Mondays, with altoist **John Handy III** and singer **Ernestine Anderson** the current invitees. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays a local co-operative quartet, **The Group**, holds forth . . . **Sarah Vaughan's** engagement at the Fairmont Hotel Venetian Room was her first appearance at this plush Nob Hill night spot . . . A **Kenny Dorham** fan club has been organized in Berkeley by admirers of the trumpeter, among them a contingent of University of California students. 

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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basin St. East: Sarah Vaughan, Brothers Four, *tfn*.
Birdland: Dinah Washington, *tfn*.
Condon's: Tony Parenti, *tfn*.
Coronet (Brooklyn): Al Grey-Billy Mitchell to 9/23.
Embers: Dorothy Donegan, *tfn*.
Hickory House: Marian McPartland, *tfn*.
Kenny's Steak Pub: Herman Chittison, *tfn*.
The Lounge (Jamaica): Mal Waldron, *tfn*.
Metropole: Dick Ruedeusch, Gene Krupa, to 9/20.
Rooft at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *tfn*.
20 Spruce St.: Ahmed Abdul-Malik, wknds.
Village Gate: Miriam Makeba to 10/6.
Village Vanguard: Clancy Bros., Junior Mance, to 10/7.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Bobby and Tony De-Nicola, Mon., Fri.
Paddock (Trenton, N.J.): Capital City 5, Fri., Sat.
Picasso: Bernard Pfeiffer, *tfn*.
Red Hill Inn: Jimmy Wisner, Fri., Sat.
Venus Lounge: Vince Montana, *tfn*.

WASHINGTON

Basin Street Lounge: Ted Efantis, *tfn*.
Bayou: Joe Rinaldi, *tfn*.
Bohemian Taverns: JFK Quintet, *hb*. Bill Dockens, *tfn*.
Charles Hotel Dixieland Lounge: Booker Coleman, Thurs.-Sat.
Mayfair Lounge: Wally Garner, Wild Bill Whelan, Country Thomas, wknds.
Shoreham Hotel: Tee Carson Trio, *tfn*. Buck Clarke, Fri.-Sat., *tfn*.
Shoreham Hotel Terrace: Lena Horne, 9/25-10/6.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, John Malachi, *tfn*.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, Santo Pecora, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Mon.
Icon Hall: various traditional groups.
Lamp Post: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *tfn*. Marvin Kimbell, Wed.
Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Pepe's: Laverne Smith, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Bellefio, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Royal Orleans: Papa Celestin Orch., 9/30.

CLEVELAND

The Brothers: Bud Watters, wknds.
Chateau: Guy Mitchell to 9/18.
Club 100: Joe Alexander, *tfn*.
Dalton Saloon: Bud and Travis to 9/17.
Leo's Casino: name jazz artists. Matinees, Sun.
Monticello: Ted Paskert, Fri. George Quittner, Sat.
Theatrical: Johnny (Scat) Davis to 9/15. Dick Contino, 9/17-29. Yank Lawson, 10/1-13. Chet McIntyre, *hb*.
Tia Juana: Three Sounds to 9/10.

DETROIT

AuSable: Alex Kallao, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: Nancy Wilson to 9/22.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob James, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: Johnny Vann, *tfn*.
Kevin House: Bob Snyder, *tfn*.
Mermaids Cave: Leo Marchionne, *tfn*.
Minor Key: Ahmad Jamal to 9/15. Jazz Crusaders, 9/18-22. Art Blakey, 9/25-29.
Topper Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
The '20s: Willie Anderson, Monroe Walker, Joe Robinson, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Bob Schober, *tfn*.
Club Alex: Muddy Waters, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *tfn*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.
London House: Oscar Peterson to 10/7. Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.

McKie's: Shirley Scott to 9/23. Sonny Stitt, 9/26-10/7. Dizzy Gillespie, 10/24-11/4. Max Roach, 11/7-18.
Mister Kelly's: Marly Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Playboy: Tony Smith, Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Hots Michels, *hbs*.
Sahara Motel: John Frigo, Thurs., Fri.
Sutherland: Oscar Brown Jr. to 9/23. Nancy Wilson, 9/25-10/7. Modern Jazz Showcase, Mon.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): Hank Messer, *tfn*.
Beverly Cavern: Andy Blakeney, *tfn*.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): Jack Lynde, Joe Lettieri, John Lassonia, *tfn*. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russell, Southland Seven, *tfn*.
Crescendo: Oscar Brown Jr., Earl Grant, Jonah Jones, 10/17-28.
Comedy Key Club: Curtis Amy, afterhours, *tfn*.
Disneyland: Johnny St. Cyr, Harvey Brooks, Alton Redd, Mike DeLay, Monette Moore, *tfn*.
Dynamite Jackson's: Richard Holmes, *tfn*.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): Ben Pollack, *tfn*.
Encore Restaurant: Frankie Ortega, *tfn*.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): Original Dixieland Blueblowers, *tfn*.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.
Intermission Room: Three Souls, *tfn*.
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, *tfn*.
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, *tfn*.
Millionaire's Club: Mike Melvoin, Gary Peacock, *tfn*.
Montebello Bowl: Ken Latham, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, wknds.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*. Barney Kessel, Trini Lopez, Sun., Tues. John LaSalle, Tues.-Sun.
Red Carpet Room (Nite Life): Vi Redd, Mon.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): Vince Wallace, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: Ray Baudue, Pud Brown, *tfn*.
Roaring '20s (Downey): Johnny Lane, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, 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, *tfn*.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): sessions, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, *tfn*.
Summit: *unk*.
Winners: Don Randi, *tfn*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Ramsey Lewis to 9/30. Vince Guaraldi, *hb*.
Black Sheep: Jens Jensen.
Brookdale Lodge (Santa Cruz): Earl Hines to 9/30.
Burr Hollow: Frank Goulette, wknds.
Coffee Gallery: Horace Benjamin, Chris Easton, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Primo Kim, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: King Sisters to 9/26.
Hana Basha: Freddie Gambrell, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: Cannonball Adderley to 9/23, Stan Getz, 9/25-10/7.
Mr. Otis: Jim Lowe, wknds.
Palate Restaurant (Mill Valley): Lee Konitz, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*, plus Frank Erickson, wknds.
Sugar Hill: Jimmy Rushing to 9/26. Carmen McRae, 9/27-10/13.
Suite 14 (Oakland): Gus Gustavson, wknds.
Monkey Inn (Berkeley): Dixieland combo, wknds.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Art Fletcher-Willie Francis, Wed.-Thurs. Grover Mitchell, Benny Barth, John True, wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): The Group, Tues.-Thurs.
Buddy Montgomery plus guests, Fri.-Mon.
Trident (Sausalito): Richie Crabtree, *tfn*.



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