

OCTOBER 25, 1962 35c

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ANNUAL KEYBOARD ISSUE

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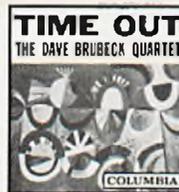
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BILLIE HOLIDAY

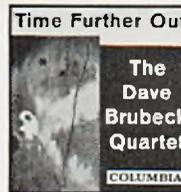
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285-286-287. Three-Record Set (Counts as 3 selections — write one number in each box.) "She was a singer of jazz, the greatest female jazz singer of all time, a great interpreter, a great actress and the creator of a style that in its own way, is as unique and important to jazz as the styles of Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker and Lester Young. Today, if you sing jazz and you are a woman, you sing some of Billie Holiday. There's no other way to do it. No vocalist is without her influence. All girl singers sing some of Billie, like all trumpet players play some of Louis. She wrote the text." —Ralph J. Gleason (Not available in stereo)



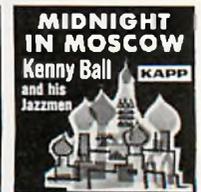
52. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.



53. Blue Shadows in the Street, It's a Raggy Waltz, etc.



79. Also: Moonlight in Vermont, Whatever Lola Wants, etc.



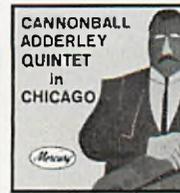
232. Puttin' on the Ritz, American Patrol, 12 in all



95. Odds Against Tomorrow, Skating in Central Park, etc.



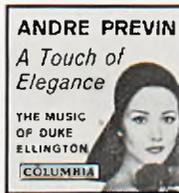
5. Also: Johnny One Note; Hey, Look Me Over; etc.



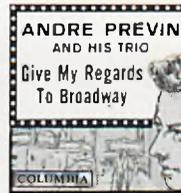
294. Stars Fell on Alabama, Limehouse Blues, Wabash, etc.



295. Jubilation, If I Love Again, Fuller Bop Man, etc.



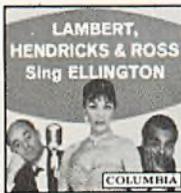
50. Solitude, Perdido, It Don't Mean a Thing, 9 more



51. Sound of Music, Too Darn Hot, Take Me Along, 7 more



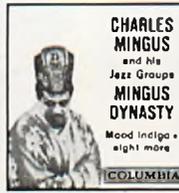
291. Everybody's Boppin', Charleston Alley, etc.



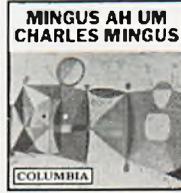
288. What Am I Here For, Happy Anatomy, Caravan, etc.



292. Willow Weep For Me, Solitude, Where or When, 6 more.



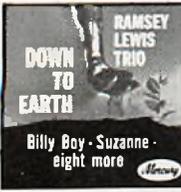
293. Includes: Gunslinging Bird; New Now, Knew How; etc.



346. Goodbye Pork Pie Hat, Pussy Cat Dues, etc.



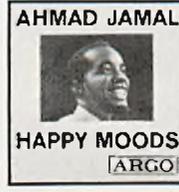
40. Without A Song, This Heart of Mine, twelve hits in all



299. Dark Eyes, John Henry, Greensleeves, Soul Mist, etc.



81. Lida Rose, If I Were a Bell, Runnin' Wild, 9 more

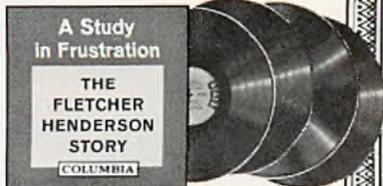


96. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more



345. Autumn Leaves, New Rhumba, Way Down, Trio, etc.

THE FLETCHER HENDERSON STORY



281-282-283-284. Four-Record Set (Counts as 4 selections—write one number in each box.) "*****... A superb collection of Henderson sides... there is a tremendous amount of jazz history wrapped up in this set. There are also some of the most exciting big-band sides ever recorded." —Downbeat (Not available in stereo)

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343-344. Two-Record Set (Counts as 2 selections—write one number in each box.) Here's the famous 1938 Jazz Concert featuring Harry James, Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Cootie Williams, Bobby Hackett and many others. (Not available in stereo)

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134. Also: Stairway to the Stars, Once in a While, etc.

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297. To Beat or Not to Beat, etc. (Not available in stereo)

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OCTOBER 25, 1962 VOL. 29, NO. 27

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THINGS TO COME

The next exciting issue of *Down Beat*, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Oct. 25, will contain articles on Terry Gibbs' big band, the real story of Bossa Nova, jazz in Latin America, and a report on the Monterey Jazz Festival—in addition to *Down Beat's* many other regular features. Don't miss it.

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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 \$4.90 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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Chords & Discords

Soprano Slighted

Richard's Hadlock's review of Steve Lacy's album *Straight Horn* (DB, Aug. 30) is quite puzzling.

Lacy's chief fault is a "singular kind of emotional detachment," says Hadlock. What does this mean? Does it mean Lacy doesn't care about what he's playing? I guess not, or he would be using commercial numbers on his gigs and record dates, so perhaps Mr. Hadlock is missing something.

When someone states "he lacks feeling," it invariably means either his instrument timbre is disagreeable (almost always soft) or he plays ballads at up-tempo. Hadlock enjoys Lacy's sound and, sure enough, "his solos sometimes take on the unreal, impersonal quality of speeded-up tape. (Play a ballad by John Coltrane—on tenor—at 45 rpm, and you'll hear the effect I mean.)" This last line is one of the most puerile I have ever read.

There is not one ballad on the album (and the originals were not meant to be), yet Hadlock says, "But there is something vital missing. Something as simple as human warmth. . . . I recall a scoring of *Peg o' My Heart* on which the young sopranoist communicated piquant wit and real tenderness."

What is real tenderness, Mr. Hadlock? Is it real and not phony because you can understand it? Why does his playing lack feeling, if it does? Is it because he fails to hold these notes, doesn't cry into his horn, or simply doesn't play slowly? The latter seems to be your answer. Too bad. Your sense of values is extremely questionable and appears unable to express itself through your writing.

New York City Ronald Caro

Pete Getting Back on His Feet

Thank you for the mention in the Aug. 16 issue. I am recuperating from an illness at the present. I'll be on the ball again in a very short time, I do hope. Thanks for keeping my name alive. I've been plagued for quite a few years, but finally I'm coming out of it all with flying colors.

New York City Pete Brown

Miss Spivey Speaks Her Mind

In the Aug. 30 *Blues 'n' Folk* column by Pete Welding, many unfair things were written about myself, Alberta Hunter, Lucille Hegamin, and Mama Yancey by someone who I feel does not have enough experience to even discuss the type of blues we sing. Mr. Welding mowed us down in gangland fashion without much of a trial (although he gave Miss Hunter a few kind words of reprieve, thank goodness) with such statements about us as ". . . deterioration has not been so marked, but it has taken its toll . . ." and ". . . entertainment values are not very high, for one has to contend with performers whose vocal equipment is in various stages of disintegration."

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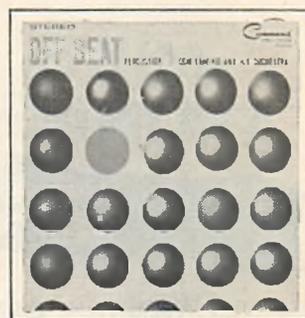
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yesterday or today? Was he at our recording session? All he does is compare our present-day efforts against some of the old records made back in the days when horns and early mikes were used, and from that he sums us up. Sure, we got a little older, but don't hold that against us. At the recording session we all sang our hearts out. Miss Hunter still has it. Her timing and feeling is all there. She would make many of the "peach seed" younger blues singers run for cover. And Miss Hegamin, bless her little heart, still has that beautiful sweet blues voice; she is a real trouper. She was right there at the beginning of all this type of singing. And yours truly—I think I sing better than ever and in two registers too. I can accompany myself on ukulele, organ, and piano. I have 19 tracks (all my own compositions, of more than 200 I've written in the last year) on four different Bluesville LPs, on which I sing and play piano. Man, I'm really disintegrating!

I think that somebody who goes back to our early days should have made the comparison, someone who has heard and seen us in person way back then and who doesn't use our scratchy old records as a yardstick. I'm not trying to shelve our old recordings, as lots of them do show our form, but they are only a fraction of the talent of the people's performances.

I agree with Mr. Welding that blues collections should be given more thought and attention. He is perfectly right.

Back in the early days, there was only one critic—the public—and it would finish you off quickly if you were no good. We're still around.

New York City

Victoria Spivey

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Setting Records Straight

May I be permitted the use of your pages for the purpose of making several corrections and additions to Timme Rosenkrantz's *Reflections on Fats Waller* in the Aug. 30 issue?

Timme states that "Fats made two visits to Europe. The first time was about 1930." In point of fact, Fats made three trips to Europe during the 1930s. The first sojourn on the continent was very short-lived; it was made in August, 1932, during which time Fats sojourned in Paris for about three weeks.

Fats' second European tour was made during the summer and early autumn of 1938. During September of that year—with London as his base—Fats made a two weeks' Scandinavian tour. I'm surprised Timme mentioned nothing here.

And finally, Fats made a third tour of Great Britain only, during the spring of 1939, leaving England on June 14.

I'm getting tired of reading that Benny Goodman's Orchestra was the first jazz-band to tour the USSR. The Sam Wooding Orchestra, which contained such jazz greats as Tommy Ladnier, Herb Flemming, Garvin Bushell, Eugene Sedric, et al., played Moscow and Leningrad from March through May, 1926. And the Frank Withers (known as the "king of the trombonists") Orchestra, with Sidney Bechet, was already in the USSR when Wooding arrived.

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STRICTLY AD LIB

NEW YORK

John Lewis, who, with the **Modern Jazz Quartet**, is currently touring Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay, recently married the sister of **Davor Kajes**, pianist with Yugoslavia's **Zagreb Jazz Quartet**. In addition to all the other things he does, Lewis has become an official member of Atlantic records a&r staff. He has already been producing records in various parts of the world. In Stockholm, Sweden, he supervised and performed on an album with violinist **Svend Asmussen**. In Milan, Italy, he supervised a recording of **Anton Webern's Five Movements for String Quartet**. As reported earlier, he recorded and played with trombonist **Albert Mangelsdorff** in Baden-Baden, Germany. He also brought the Zagreb Jazz Quartet to Baden-Baden to record them.

As if that weren't enough, Lewis will be an important part of the first jazz presentation at the new Lincoln Center in New York City. The Dec. 2 program will consist of the John Lewis Orchestra and **Diahann Carroll**, scores and conducting by Lewis and **Gary McFarland**. The second jazz presentation, Dec. 7, will feature **Peggy Lee** in a program titled *The Jazz Tree*, a musical history of jazz replete with research done in New Orleans, Kansas City, and Chicago.



LEWIS

Musicians have the most confusing careers, seeming more bound by luck than anything else. Of some fine musicians, there are these unfortunate facts: **Kenny Dorham** works in Manny's Music Store in New York between infrequent jobs; **Bill Kenny**, the original lead voice with the **Ink Spots**, now tends bar in Toronto, Canada, while dozens of his facsimiles work. But there are brighter items: **Donald Byrd** will study at Columbia University this fall; fellow trumpeter **Don Ellis** may teach English at New York University; **Johnny Richards** is teaching at NYU. Richards said his return to New York was determined by the inadequacy of musicians in Los Angeles, where he lived for several years.

Irving Mills, who is determined to get back into the jazz business, is off on his second recording tour of Europe. As reported earlier, he expects to produce a worldwide sampler of how jazz has fared outside the United States. In addition, with co-operation of Columbia records' **John Hammond**, he has completed his first sampling of records he originally produced in the '30s and has begun collaboration with **Leonard Feather** on *World of Jazz*, a book-record project. The book will deal with Mills' long relationship with jazz artists.

Sonny Rollins will be out of playing action until his opening at the new Five Spot in New York City because of extensive dental surgery . . . Altoist-flutist **Leo Wright** left **Dizzy Gillespie**, ostensibly to form his own group. **James Moody** is his replacement . . . **Stan Kenton** plays a concert at Town Hall Oct. 23 . . . It seems certain that **Miles Davis** will tour Japan.

There will be a concert in memory of the late **Eddie**
(Continued on page 52)



WRIGHT



Buddy De Franco — Tommy Gumina

The choice of Tommy Gumina

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Tommy Gumina of the De Franco-Gumina Quartet, finds his new Lesmann Accordio-Organ with percussion one of the most versatile instruments available.

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



MINGUS

\$25,000 worth of problem solvent

MINGUS CHANGES MIND —WILL STAY HERE

Last month the *New York Times* and some other newspapers gave a surprising amount of space to Charlie Mingus' decision to leave this country for a period that might stretch from two years "to forever," to teach, study, and write on the island of Ibeza, off the coast of Spain.

Mingus was serious then, but now he has decided to remain here.

For Mingus there was no problem. A combination of reading those articles, his own talent, and a hard-working manager brought him two excellent contracts that made it virtually impossible for him to leave.

His autobiographical novel brought an unprecedented \$15,000 advance from McGraw-Hill. United Artists paid him \$10,000 in advance on an album that will be recorded Nov. 15 at an open recording session at New York's Town Hall. Involved in this recording will be works for large and small orchestra, plus the presence, and some of the music, of one Mingus cousin, clarinetist-composer-arranger Fess Williams, whose work, Mingus said, shows signs of Duke Ellington—before Ellington began to show it himself.

SEN. DODD LAUDS SYNANON AS 'MIRACLE ON BEACH'

In its relatively brief existence, the Synanon Foundation has acquired many influential and powerful friends. Thanks

largely to the efforts of these individuals, the narcotics rehabilitation center located in Santa Monica, Calif., has become nationally known and is now considered by law-enforcement agencies, as well as the local and state governments, as a factor to be seriously reckoned with in the fight against narcotics addiction and the commission of crimes that goes along with it.

Recently, Synanon enlisted an ally in its cause who brought the issue of the foundation's work and existence onto the floor of the U. S. Congress.

In a statement delivered in the Senate recently, Sen. Thomas J. Dodd (D-Conn.) praised Synanon, referring to it as "a miracle on the beach at Santa Monica, a miracle that I feel can benefit thousands of drug addicts."

"Drug addiction," the senator declared, "is one of the most baffling social and emotional diseases known to our society, and so far, in spite of all the efforts put forth, we have failed to find a cure for this terrible illness. We have failed in psychiatric treatment methods, we have failed in medical treatment methods, and we have failed to eliminate narcotics addiction through punishment and correctional efforts."

Dodd, chairman of the Senate subcommittee to investigate juvenile delinquency, which held hearings on the narcotics problem in Los Angeles in August, continued:

"I found a new social experiment operating on a small scale, which, if followed through, studied, and improved by correctional experts, psychiatrists, and other social scientists, may lead the way in the future to an effective treatment for not only drug addicts but also criminals and juvenile delinquents guilty of other offenses.

"The program of which I speak, called Synanon, is operated in an abandoned armory where some heroic addicts, young men and women, live and work and counsel one another. They were considered hopeless cases a few years ago. Today they can look forward to a life free from the ravages of drug addiction."

In explaining Synanon's success to date, Dodd said, "At Synanon these once desperate men and women find a kind of refuge from the life they could not bear, but more than that, they find often for the first time a place where they can rest and heal their wounds. And more important, they find hope for recovery from the disease most had come to regard as incurable."

In a concrete proposal to the Senate, Dodd closed by asking that the National Institute of Mental Health provide funds for the expansion of Synanon's program. He further proposed the intro-

duction of other Synanons in high-addiction areas of the United States, a step that probably has been the most important goal in the foundation's long-range program.

LABEL-SWITCHING TIME IN THE RECORD WHIRL

There is surprisingly little fuss being made about it, but there are significant changes taking place in the jazz rosters of major recording companies.

RCA Victor, whose jazz activity was dormant but is now quite lively, obviously is in a hurry to build a new catalog. Last month it grabbed Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan from Columbia and immediately recorded the vocal trio at Basin St. East. Columbia also has been reported close to losing Duke Ellington. But in a surprise move, it signed Thelonious Monk, long of Riverside. And the latter company signed congaist Mongo Santamaria, formerly of Fantasy.

In the meantime, Count Basie will leave Roulette for Verve. His first album for the label will have arrangements by Neal Hefti. Between contracts, Basie recorded two albums for Reprise, one accompanying Frank Sinatra.

Even more surprising is the strong rumor that Joe Williams will return to the Basie band, at least for recordings. Another rumor has it that Sarah Vaughan will sign with Mercury.

WORD FROM GIUFFRE ON THE HELSINKI FESTIVAL

In the world press' reporting of eighth World Youth Festival at Helsinki, Finland, which told of pressures, arguments, even riots, there was no mention of the presence of U. S. artists, including jazz musicians, who were presenting their own festival, almost a counter-festival, at the same time, not so subtly representing attitudes divergent to the prevailing Communist purpose. That was the Display of Creative Arts Festival (*DB*, Aug. 16).

The interesting thing, besides the lack of mention of this in the press, was the fact that it was carefully nonpolitical, yet it was obviously carefully planned.

For nonpolitical Jimmy Giuffre, performing as solo clarinetist, and such as Charles Bell, the Modern Jazz Disciples, the Herbie Nichols Trio, and others, the trip was a complete ball.

An independent group—the Program for Young American Culture, presided over by Fred Starr of Cincinnati, Ohio—had sent them abroad.

From Giuffre came this report from Helsinki:

"We play each afternoon at an exhibit, which is held at an old museum, and each night at a night club. The

audience is truly the most international and terrific. We've also played two concerts in halls. Charles Bell and I play at one club, and the others at another.

"The unaccompanied thing is really what I have been looking for. It's really working, and it gives me the freedom I need. It also gives me a tough challenge, and since it's 99 percent improvised, with no keys, changes, or anything it's a different experience each time and allows me to express my feelings of the instant."

Giuffre, now returned to this country, has attempted to describe that thought in other terms.

"The individual all alone," he said, "is what made music originally. The way I think about it is as if no one on a planet could talk to each other. Words didn't mean a thing. Their method of expression is the clarinet. That's what I am trying to do. The language is the clarinet. I am talking to you."

Giuffre said he was surprised to discover about Finland that "Sibelius is the biggest thing there; he's part of life. I heard him almost everywhere I went, even at the homes of jazz fans. No, jazz you don't hear much of, except from American records. It was wonderful to find some homes with records of mine. But, it's a quiet jazz front in Finland. I heard one tenor who sounded like Coltrane—I didn't catch his name—but that's about all."

JAZZ STATION KNOB CELEBRATES FIFTH YEAR

Five years ago Al (Sleepy) Stein set out to prove the point that a radio station programing jazz full time could become successful.

AM radio, with the predominantly Top 40 and rock-and-roll fare, clearly was out. Stein, then at the helm of a nightly jazz show on a small San Fernando Valley AM station, quit his job, got himself a couple of partners, and turned to FM radio as the answer to the future of jazz on radio.

The available outlet, a struggling Long Beach, Calif., station with the call letters KNOB, was owned and operated then by engineer Ray Torian. Torian also was convinced jazz could make it on FM. He came in willingly and today still holds a 50 percent interest in KNOB. The third partner, Frank James, was in radio, too, as owner of KSPA in Santa Paula, Calif. James, with Stein, today maintains a quarter interest in KNOB.

Thus, the world's first all-jazz radio station was begun in 1957 with Stein as general manager and chief disc jockey.

Today KNOB, its format unaltered, is an unqualified success. Pulse ratings



STEIN

Full-time jazz means full-time sales

reveal it to hold the first position among FM stations in the southern California area in the 6 p.m.-to-midnight time period. Where advertising agencies at first shied from jazz as a paying proposition, many of the big-money national sponsors—Phillip Morris, Alpine and Marlboro cigarets, Hamm's beer—now are numbered among the regular time buyers on the station.

According to Stein, KNOB has been showing a profit for the last two years, a notable situation in an area where 50 percent of southern California FM stations operate in the red.

KNOB's fifth anniversary celebrated recently was not without nostalgia. Tapes of the first day's programs were rebroadcast in a dewy-eyed mood, and other jockeys presided over a review of jazz developments during the last half-decade. Panel discussions of the current music scene were participated in by jazz figures such as Benny Carter and Marty Paich.

In the personnel department, KNOB's staff has grown from a total complement of Stein and Torian to nine full-time and four part-time staffers.

COLUMBIA DEFENDANT IN ANTITRUST SUITS

A \$900,000 lawsuit asking treble damages was brought recently in Los Angeles U.S. District Court by the Diners Record Club against Columbia records and other companies whose albums are distributed by the Columbia Record Club.

Named as defendants in the legal action were the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Columbia Record Club, and the companies contracted to supply Columbia with albums—Liberty, United Artists, Warner Bros., Verve, Kapp, and Mercury.

Charging the defendants with "unlawful conspiracy" and violation of the Sherman and Clayton antitrust acts, the Diners Record Club asked District Judge William Mathes for an injunction re-

straining the defendants from continuing their present business relationship on the basis of "exclusive" contracts to supply albums to the Columbia club.

Essentially the complaint charged Columbia with sewing up the market by its licensing agreements with the various labels. The resultant monopoly, it contended, dominated "the trade and commerce in the interstate distribution and sale of records throughout the United States by contracting, combining and conspiring with each other" in violation of the Sherman act. It further charged that the "exclusive" agreements froze out mail-order competitors in the business of marketing more than 1,000 records representing some 450 artists.

A similar suit was filed in June against Columbia by the Federal Trade Commission. Columbia categorically denied all charges of monopoly.

FIRST ROUND GOES TO CAPITOL OVER REPRISE

As the skirmishing began for real in the legal battle between Frank Sinatra's Reprise records and subsidiary firms and Capitol records (*DB*, Sept. 13) a first-round victory was gained by Capitol attorneys.

U.S. District Court Judge William Mathes in Los Angeles granted Capitol's motion for dismissal of one of the counts in Reprise's suit. This count alleged Capitol violated the Robinson-Patman Act, charging the major label was out to destroy Reprise by its half-price policy on all Frank Sinatra albums in its catalog.

MANONE WINGS BACK TO NEW YORK CITY

Trumpeter Wingy Manone, the New Orleans, one-armed young veteran (born in 1904) of musical wars, is now back in New York City, and, he said, "for to stay."

Long quartered in Los Angeles, he now says that whole coast "is dead. The weather is good, but it gets lonesome out there."

As a sideline, he is continuing to write articles about his own era of "booze, broads, and blues." He said he feels that he can write about the hoodlums who infested the business in those days "because they're all dead now . . . maybe."

But he's somewhat apprehensive about jazz in general. "You can't make it," he said, "playing it honest nowadays."

He said he wants, and is working for, a television series with a "city to city theme. Like our days, with a bus leaning to one side, no spare tire, only one light, and we called it the Bloodhound. We used to cry on one side of the street and wail on the other."

DIZZY'S BRASS BAND

The Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, augmented by a large brass section made up of U. S. musicians (Jimmy Nottingham, trumpet; Frank Rehak, trombone; Julius Watkins, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba) and several European musicians, played the third annual jazz festival at Juan Les Pins on the French Riviera after some one-night stands in France.

As usual, there were many complaints about traveling conditions, programing, and such, but most of the musicians came back with happy feelings and many photographs. One who spent more time with pen than photography was Don Butterfield.

By DON BUTTERFIELD

After we arrived in Paris, I spent the first few days sight-seeing and listening to the local musicians. One, at the Mars Club, a French horn player, Melih Gurel (born and educated in Turkey), was particularly outstanding. He played with a great deal of facility, pleasing tone, and a very fine jazz conception. (Arron Bridges and Bart Taylor were the pianists in the club.)

For the first rehearsal of the big band, we were joined by Parisian studio musicians: Roger Guerin, Bernard Hullin, trumpets; Ake Persson (originally from Sweden, now doing studio work in Berlin), Luis Fuentes, trombones; Gurel, Pierre Dumont, French horns; Pepito Riestra, conga.

The concert that night was preceded by elevator trouble. During our stay in the hotel, a new and modern main elevator was being installed, and guests were asked to use the freight elevator. We met in the lobby, prior to leaving for the concert, and then waited for Dizzy and Jimmy Nottingham to go to their rooms for their trumpets.

They were told to use the new elevator, and it got stuck between floors without any of us knowing it. The only opening from the elevator was an 18-inch porthole from which Diz kept yelling for help. The only help that came were two very young American children, who peered down at them, convulsed with laughter. Later, we found out Dizzy ended up joking with the kids.

Finally, someone in the quintet fig-

ured out what was going on, tripped the lever to open a door, and Diz and Jimmy were pulled up to the next floor by hand. (Despite the delay and nervousness, the concert was a success.)

The next day we traveled to La Baule, some 300 miles from Paris. As is always so, I had trouble transporting my horn. It had to be protected from wear and tear, so it was transported in a large black wooden trunk, called "the coffin." The bus that met us in La Baule couldn't accommodate the trunk. We finally had to entrust it to a man with a two-wheeled cart, who, surprisingly, arrived at the hotel only a short time after our bus did.

As we left for the festival, the substitutions really began. Guerin, Persson, and Riestra came along with us. But the other European additions dropped out. In their place, at Antibes, we were



THE AUTHOR

joined by Stan Roderic, trumpet; John Burden, Andy MacGovin, French horns; Gleb Wallace, bass trombone—all from London.

Naturally, we had to rehearse that evening before the festival. Then we played it and went on again at the casino, about one-half mile away, sometime after midnight. Fortunately, we only played once a night after that.

It is hard to pick musically, but some things stood out. Most of the solos, outside of those played by the quintet, went to Rehak, Persson, Watkins, Gurel, and Nottingham.

Rehak and Persson complemented each other in a way that can't really be explained, only heard. Then, one particular night, Julius played four or five choruses of some of the finest jazz I've ever heard. The band literally cheered the things he was doing. Nottingham did the same kind of thing during our last concert.

(For my own part, Dizzy worked out a bit in *Emanon*, where the band

dropped out, and I would play the bass line along with him in a kind of duet for two or three choruses. It was an enormous privilege for me.)

For the rest, what more can be said about the quintet that hasn't been said? Rudy Collins and Chris White combine to be a wonderfully animated and exciting rhythm section. Lalo Shifrin was always digging everything and quietly comping away until it was time for his wonderful piano solos. Leo Wright has become a major jazz alto voice and will become greater.

Lalo's inventive and beautiful way of writing for this extraordinary combination of instruments was amazing. A true mark of the arranging quality was the fact that we never got tired of playing them. They remained fresh and challenging.

I suspect that there may not be too much place in an article of this nature for sentiment, but I feel compelled to express my personal feelings about John Birks Gillespie. In my total experience, I have never met anyone quite like him. I regard him as being the greatest jazz musician I have met or known. I have been learning from him since I first heard him play.

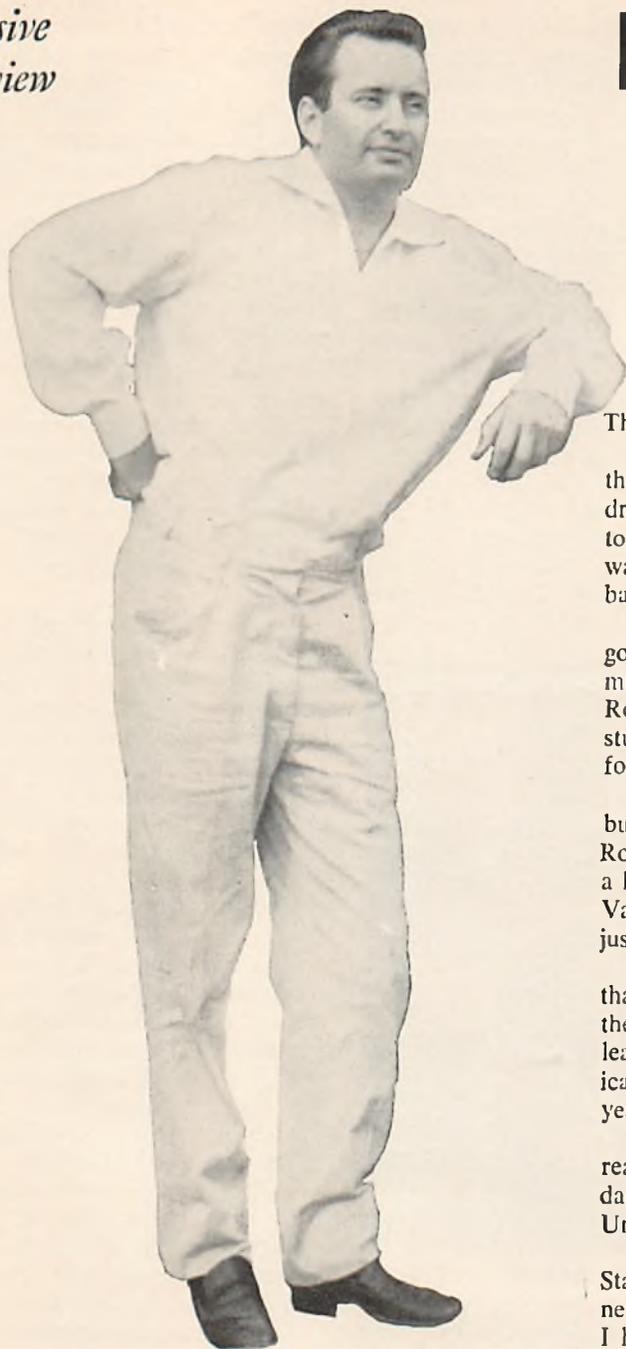
His technical proficiency is awesome. In his hands the trumpet becomes a musical cornucopia. He has created with the trumpet musical moods of expression unlike anything I have ever heard before. As you sit and listen to him play night after night, you begin to take him for granted—until you try to imitate him; then, you find yourself falling into a pile of broken glass.

Aside from his musicianship, he is a truly extraordinary person. He has a refreshing attitude toward life. He seems never to be bored with any situation, and everything in life is exciting to him.

I've been in the business of performing music a long time and have played with every kind of group and in every kind of circumstance, a large percentage of which have been less than ideal. As a consequence, I find I don't laugh much anymore. When I'm around this man, I'm suddenly happy. There seems to be humor and excitement in everything. He communicates this spirit to everyone about him.

To choose a single topic to sum up this chronicle is a difficult choice. The wonderful people we met, the interesting places we visited, the indescribable beauty of our surroundings could each fill a book. I believe my most lasting impression will be of our audiences. Their high level of musical interest and enthusiasm made a deep impression on me. At all of our concerts everyone listened attentively and always stayed until our last encore was over, invariably yelling for more.

I regard it as a privilege to have played for people like this. 



LOOK AROUND YOU," said Romano Mussolini. "Are these people here to look at my face because I am the son of Il Duce? Are they just curious, or do they really like my music? I shall never be sure, and my past life in Rome in my father's house will never be forgotten."

Romano, the youngest son of the late Italian dictator, is 35 years old, about 5 feet, 10 inches tall, rather shy, and a true physical picture of his father.

He stepped into public life four years ago when he and a group of friends formed an eight-piece band. After a few night-club engagements in Rome, they were invited to play at the International Jazz Festival in Belgium. They were a success, and from there on they toured southern France, Spain, and Italy and always with top billing.

"I never ask for top billing," said the well-mannered Romano in perfect English. "I don't dare to ask why I get it. I am afraid of the answer. All I want is to make a living in a field I love."

The private life in the prewar Mussolini palace in Rome was filled with music. Il Duce played the violin. Romano's oldest brother, a jazz enthusiast and writer, played cello, and his sister Edda played piano. Vittorio, the jazz enthusiast, would bring the latest U.S. jazz records home, and Romano spent hours at the record player listening to them.

Romano Mussolini A DOUBTFUL LEGACY

By ELENA FROVOLA NIELSEN

That is how his love for jazz began.

When things started to go wrong—to say the least—for the Mussolini family, Romano, the youngest of eight children, gave up hope of being able to study music and decided to continue his university study of economics. Even this was interrupted. Romano had to take a job as teller in a bank in order to earn a living.

Then suddenly, a few years after the fall of Il Duce, the government decided to return a small portion of the tremendous Mussolini estates to the poverty-stricken family; Romano gave up his job in the bank and started a recording studio. In his spare time, he would get together with friends for jam sessions in the studio.

None of the eight jazz enthusiasts had ever studied music, but they listened and learned from U.S. jazz recordings. Romano soon became proficient on piano; Carlo Loffredo, a lawyer, played bass; Gianni Basso, tenor saxophone; Oscar Valdambri, trumpet; Dino Piana, trombone; Gianni Sanjust, clarinet; Franco Tonanini, drums; Franco Cervi, guitar.

Romano's desire to make a go of his group was so great that he persuaded his friends to give up their jobs. He paid them a monthly salary during the two years they spent learning and arranging the program "Italians Play American," which landed them their first recording contract four years ago in Rome.

Today, Italy is flooded with their records, and some have reached the United States. Two of his men, Basso and Valdambri, have even received invitations to play in the United States.

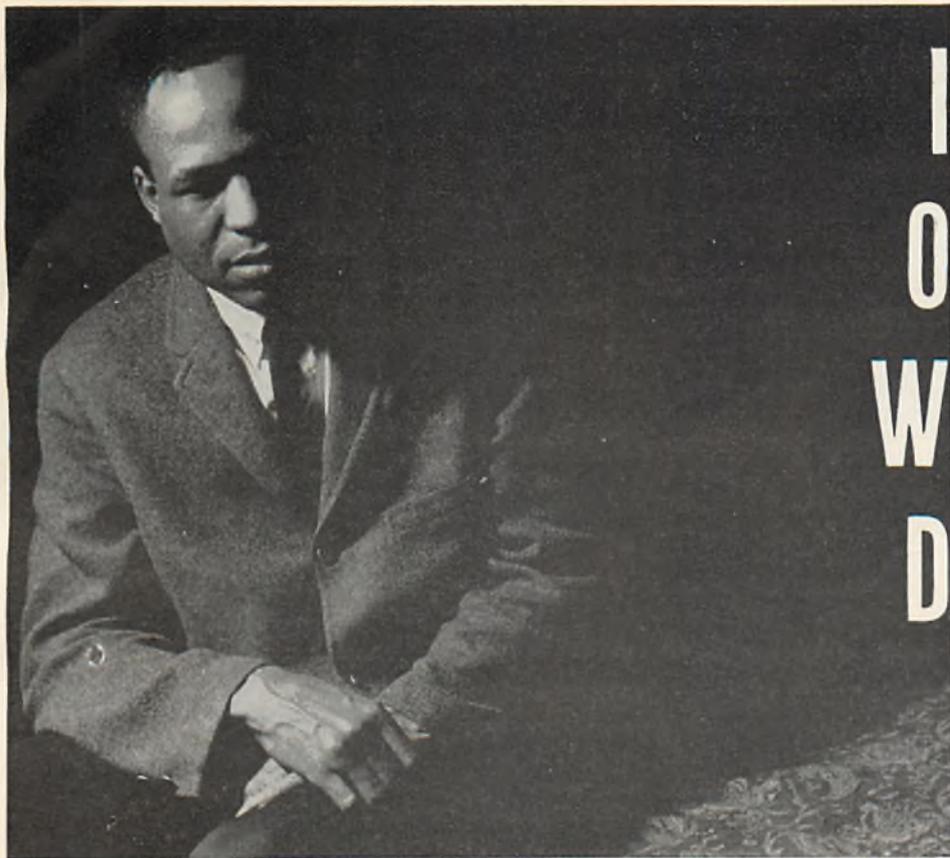
When Romano was offered contracts to tour the United States with the band, he declined with the word, "I could never, in a million years, measure up to the American bands. I have learned everything I know from them, but I would like to come over and learn even more. Our group needs more discipline, and that we can only learn by watching other bands play. It isn't enough to listen to recordings."

Romano is remorseful over his father's regime and disgraceful death, and it is not difficult to admire him for the effort he has put into making a place for himself under a new, free regime and his willingness to brave a public life before the eyes of millions, eyes that in the early days of his career surely bore him hatred.

Listening to the Mussolini group playing in the beautiful, open-air theater in the great park in Nervi, with a view of the Mediterranean Sea beyond, one could feel contentment. Here was a theater filled to its capacity of more than 2,000 people. How many of them had come only to see Romano Mussolini, the dictator's son, was unanswerable. But their comportment indicated most had come to listen to his band.

The group is well co-ordinated, and each of the eight musicians is a good soloist. The program that night was varied but impressed one as presenting several U.S. bands served together on a tray. The band needs to find its own style. When it does, even the most critical jazz audience in the United States should enjoy an evening with Romano Mussolini's band.





Impressions Of Walt Dickerson

DON SCHLITEN

By DON DeMICHEAL

WALT'S a beautiful cat," I was told. That didn't make too much of an impression; many jazz musicians are so described, but masks sometimes slip, revealing rather unsavory characteristics. Nonetheless I was determined to meet Walt Dickerson.

It had started with his first album, *This Is Walt Dickerson*. I took it home to review, not so much because I was interested in Walt Dickerson but because I'm a vibraharp nut—few records by vibes men get away from me without at least a couple days of playing. To say Walt's work on the album impressed me is understatement. It led me to believe he could—mind you, *could*—be the most important vibraharpist since Milt Jackson.

His playing was electrifying. Cascades of notes—Walt is well equipped technically—fused into blocks of sound. That effect John Coltrane gets at times on tenor. Big blocks of sounds moving rapidly over the rhythm section, blocks filled with squirming lines, strong lines. Lots of notes. No wasted notes.

I'd never heard vibes playing like this.

On a trip to New York City, I made it a point to get together with this man. After setting the time and place I waited, not knowing what sort of person he'd be.

He arrived, we shook hands, and I asked, "Drink?"

"A glass of wine, perhaps."

After the formalities, the talk ranged

from the problems of playing vibes to God, Man, and Society.

Soft-spoken and articulate, he said he was born in Philadelphia, had been playing vibes for 15 years, was graduated in 1953 from Morgan State College in Baltimore. Into the Army for two years, out, married, then to West Coast, sold real estate worked way across country wound up New York City.

Such biographical data usually is detailed in articles about jazz musicians. Often it is necessary, too often it's boring, and it comes out: "I was born in. . . . Then I went with. . . . Geez, I dug Bird. . . . Glad to be a part of the great music world. . . . In the future I see. . . ." I've written articles like that and probably will again. But such a piece about Walt Dickerson would do the man disservice.

For he is as much philosopher as musician.

Most jazzmen, or at least most modernists, spout what sounds like philosophy, but seldom is it more than mysticism meshed with rationalization and bordering on science fiction. Few have a *life* philosophy. Dizzy Gillespie has, though he'd be the last to call it that.

As Dickerson explained his feelings about various life matters, I found myself listening and learning instead of being cool and objective and concentrating on taking notes. I just sort of basked in the freshness, caught up in his thoughts.

His philosophy has to do with time, love, death, the finite, the infinite—

and reality. Nothing out of the ordinary, as philosophies go. But Dickerson injects his philosophy into music. That's out of the ordinary.

We talked about the album that had impressed me so. One of the tracks was a composition he called *Infinite You*. A strange title, I thought.

"People should think of infinity and their position of being finite," he explained. "I wrote the tune because some believe that this life is one stage and that there is another stage that follows."

How can you get *that* into a jazz composition?

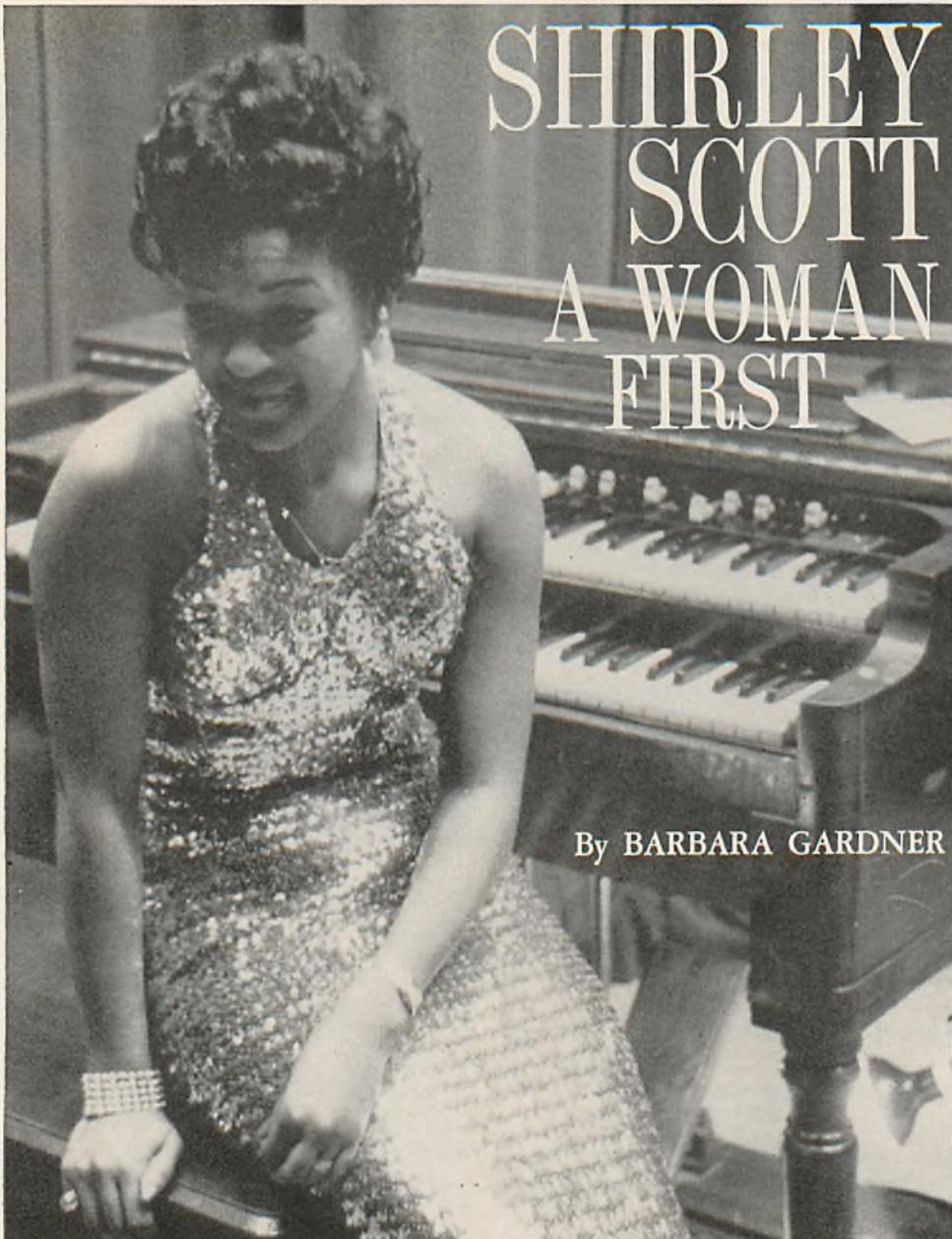
"The mode is the same throughout the composition, but the spacing of it is so that you get different levels of life. But this constant, the mode, remains, and if repeated endlessly, would be infinite."

Infinity is part of time. He steadfastly refused to tell his age. Such matters, he held, were unimportant.

"Things, like clocks, that remind people of the element, the passing, of time," he went on, "tend to hasten a person toward what's called old age. When people accept time as chronological, when they accept the belief that when one reaches a certain age he is 'old', they resign themselves. By accepting it they hasten their departure from life."

This led to a discussion of death. Though jazz musicians are able to inject many human emotions into their music

(Continued on page 44)



TED WILLIAMS

SHIRLEY SCOTT A WOMAN FIRST

By BARBARA GARDNER

THREE YEARS AGO the tiny figure in a vivid, skin-tight gown, squirming suggestively across the organ bench while twinkling lights played strategically beneath the keyboard on stockinged legs and trim ankles could easily have been called a sexpot. Today, the diminutive person, hard at work at the keyboard of the darkened instrument, might be dismissed fondly as a sweet slip of a girl. Throughout the metamorphosis, only the packaging has changed. The product, good organ jazz, has remained the same. Now, people are beginning to listen as well as look. Shirley Scott is no longer just a commercial commodity; she is becoming a jazz artist, attracting the attention of the serious jazz listeners. And she has lost few pop fans and cocktail sippers. In this transitional period she has developed appeal for all listeners.

"I don't know how to categorize what I play," she said. "I guess you couldn't call it just jazz because I like to play other things too. I'm not just a pop artist, I don't think. Only one thing is sure—I am not a classical musician."

There has been little opportunity for Miss Scott to become a classical artist. Born in Philadelphia on March 14, 1934, she was the only girl in a family of three children. Her older brother, T. L., was and is a tenor saxophone player, and she remembers that her home was always filled with jazz music.

In addition to the records he bought, T. L. often held band rehearsals at home. There was an old, battered upright piano there, which Shirley began banging on as soon as she could toddle. She remembers no real natural proclivity toward music other than the desire to bang that piano. By the time she was 8 (the piano banging of an 8-year-old can become quite nerve-racking) Mrs. Willie Scott allowed her daughter to begin taking piano lessons. When Shirley entered Girls High School in 1948, she was committed to the piano and was eager to further her studies in music beyond the secondary level.

"I wanted to try for a scholarship to study the piano after high school," she said.

"But this was an all-girl school and was loaded with good pianists. One of my teachers suggested—and my mother encouraged me—taking up another instrument; so I began studying the trumpet." She played it for three years.

All the while, Miss Scott was playing piano in a neighborhood parish, at house parties, school dances, and everywhere anyone uncovered a keyboard. No definite style was yet emerging, no particular influences had taken hold, and the young girl merely broadened her technical skill. As a girl, she had little opportunity to wander the night-life district to hear the entertainers who passed through town.

In 1952, an 18-year-old Shirley was inspired to take an interest in the organ.

"I heard this record by Jackie Davis," she said, but doesn't remember the title. "It's too bad that he doesn't receive more recognition. He is a beautiful musician."

But inspired or not, Miss Scott continued for two more years picking up weekend gigs and one-nighters as a pianist. In 1954, however, Jimmy Smith came to Philadelphia with his flying, flashing organ, and a new craze washed through the town. Suddenly, clubowners were hiring organists. Miss Scott went to a downtown studio twice a week and learned the bare mechanics of operating the instrument.

Soon she landed her first job as an organist with the Coatsville Harris Quartet. The group went into Spider Kelly's in Philadelphia for a month. But then back to the piano.

During the next year, the most important development was a four-month tenure in and around Philadelphia with a group known as the Hi-Tones. The leader was a vocalist, and Shirley was a member of the accompanying trio along with drummer Al Heath and tenor saxist John Coltrane.

Miss Scott came to the attention of the entertainment world during her stint with Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis.

"Charlie Rice was the drummer with Eddie then, around the latter part of 1955," Miss Scott remembered. "I had known Charlie for several years. Doc Bagby had been organist with the group, and suddenly he decided to return to Brooklyn and form his own group. Eddie was hung because he was due to open at the Showboat in two days. Charlie remembered me and recommended me to Eddie."

"I don't believe he really went for the idea of a girl, but he had no choice really, so I was hired out of desperation," she said. "I had one day's rehearsal with the group."

This was their dubious beginning. Davis could find little fault with the musical ability of his new organist, so he tolerated her presence. For some time, they continued using Davis' standard repertoire and procedure: ballads and roaring, gutbucket blowing, with him out front all the way. Then one day the group went into the studio to record an album. They were short of material and decided to improvise a blues.

"It was all quite impromptu and accidental," Miss Scott said. "We were there and had worked out the solo pattern, and we knew we were going to play the blues, so we just opened up, and the tune 'happened'."

The tune, *In the Kitchen*, was included in *The Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis Cookbook*, and with it the name Shirley Scott soon became a familiar one to record buyers.

No man to sleep through an opportunity, Davis brought Shirley Scott out front, hung lights on her organ to emphasize the feminine angle and extolled her beauty and talent from the microphone. Shirley smiled coyly and played right on.

Soon the group was referred to as the Lockjaw Davis Trio featuring Shirley Scott, but offstage, Shirley, though still friendly, remained reserved and shy. She was uncomfortable.

"All that business with the lights and things was Eddie's idea," she said. "All I was interested in was playing."

This area was one of their minor disagreements. As time wore on, mutual admiration began to wear out and patience

wore thin. The two found more and more grounds for disagreement, until finally during the winter of 1960, Miss Scott and Davis agreed to dissolve their partnership.

In spite of her relative popularity and public acceptance, the bitter personal and professional experiences, coupled with the hardships of road travel, prompted the organist to return home to Philadelphia. Her depression was further aggravated by the failure of her first marriage, and she decided simply to stay home and rear her two boys.

"I was really ready to stop," she said. "I just wanted to go home and do nothing. Above all, I didn't want to go on the road again."

Meanwhile, in storybook fashion, a woman agent had heard Miss Scott play in Baltimore. She contacted the organist and asked if Shirley would be interested in going to Panama. Miss Scott, who was playing with her brother again on weekends in and around Baltimore, decided to give the career one further chance. This was in 1960.

She had met saxophonist Stanley Turrentine a few years before in Pittsburgh. She hired him and drummer Arthur Edgehill, and the trio went to the little city of Colon in the Panama Canal Zone and worked in the Club Esquire for five weeks. When they returned to the States, the three instrumentalists were a cohesive, flowing unit.

STANLEY AND Shirley have worked and recorded together now for well over two years. Because of conflicting recording contracts on different labels, they have never had a chance to record together under both legal names. To do this is one of Miss Scott's major ambitions.

When she is called upon to stop and consider her position in jazz, she reflects on it with some gratitude:

"Well, I guess things have been a little easier for me because I am a woman. Some people may resent the fact that I am making it as well as I am (however well that may be) without a whole lot of dues-paying."

While she has social acquaintances among entertainers, Miss Scott admittedly does not belong to that inner sanctum of sanctioned jazz craftsmen. She has spent no time of her career pounding the pavements of New York, Philadelphia, or any other jazz center. She merely worked when the job offers came and stayed at home with her family when they didn't. Even today, while she enjoys her work, she readily confesses the major reason that she is on the circuit again:

"Money! If I could, I would stay in Philly and raise my family. Actually, that is why we are out here struggling so hard now; because just as soon as we're able, we want to get off the road."

By "we" she means her present husband and business partner, Stanley Turrentine, whom she married in 1961.

Miss Scott wastes little time contemplating her future in music. Not plagued by the usual tensions and ambitions of many male jazz artists at a comparable level of development, she admits that her musical aspirations are not all-consuming.

In spite of her unusual unexercised attitude toward her work, Miss Scott has earned the reputation of being one of the four or five leading jazz organists. Her technical command of the instrument complements her sensitive creativity. She employs the organ in its entirety. As she plays, she often becomes so engrossed that she unconsciously hums aloud.

Whatever she knows about the instrument, she has learned independent of other jazz performers, and she says, "Did anyone take me aside and show me easier ways to make the changes or things about the organ? No! No! Nobody ever did that for me."

She seems innately adaptable to her profession, with or without her own full conscious co-operation. Technically, she is developing into an important jazz voice. But inwardly, she is looking toward Philadelphia and home. 

A Personal Glimpse Of

ERROLL GARNER

By BILL COSS



ONCE YOU get beyond the facts that he was born in 1923 in Pittsburgh, Pa., probably began playing the piano by the time he was 3, cannot read music, started his professional career when he was 7, has composed more than 200 songs, and recorded for at least 37 different labels, you discover that from the beginning Erroll Garner has not played for segregated audiences or under any discriminatory conditions—by contract, that his contracts stipulate equipment (proper lighting, good sound system, and Baldwin piano) and working conditions (adequate backstage accommodations, a limited number of sets to be played) due an artist, as well as a number of other things that have improved the lot of jazzmen who have followed him.

His suit against Columbia records sought to protect artists from having leftover recorded material issued without the artists' authorizations. The suit has been settled out of court in such a fashion that record companies will think twice before issuing unapproved material—provided the artist has insisted on the clause's inclusion in his contract.

But all these credits are without talking about Garner the artist.

Art Tatum used to call him, "My little boy," and other jazzmen have said, in effect, "Unless they pick up on what the little man is doing, our kind of music will be finished."

There are many such quotes, giving personal assessments of individuality and artistry, still it is hard to talk about Garner the artist because the art is so deceptive. *He* will never talk about it. You can talk about the Garner left hand—a trade mark—and he will tell you: "I was born left-handed—that may have something to do with the sound."

You can find a word-picture. One English critic described his lengthy introductions as being something like painting himself into a corner. The release from this introductory tension—and it can sound like anything from a classical overture to a gypsy come-on—comes when it somehow becomes *Laura*. And everyone in the audience chuckles—perhaps even sighs in relief.

Or you can talk about him in light of Fats Waller and Earl Hines and stride piano. Or call him, as I have, "Claude at the Debussy or Achilles at the waterfall or Peter pleased with Pan." But none of the descriptions is adequate; the phrases are not apt. Because the entity is so simply perfect unto itself.

I say this after 10 years of knowing Garner. If you try to be involved, it is something like trying to describe a sunset: it is so relative to each person and so transitory.

Garner feels that way about himself—maybe not so picturesquely. He is faintly skeptical of interviewers, because, he says, "Nobody can catch me between the covers of a book." He claims that Garner today is not yesterday's Garner and probably will not be tomorrow's Garner.

That has probably not been clear to some writers because Garner's reluctance to talk about himself results in a continual, repetitive stream of Garner "items." It must be well known by now that he considers his audience a fourth member of his trio, gets ideas from everywhere—a vibrant color, the sound of water and wind, or a flash of something cool, always plays everything differently, has discovered that Chopin also liked to sit on a book when he played (Garner's is the Manhattan classified directory), likes many people, listens avidly to all musicians, and wants to please people.

All of it sounds like Sunday supplement material. But it's all true.

During his recent European tour, almost all the critics took him to heart and discovered things not often written about in the U. S. magazines.

The best of the European critiques, written for the London *Sunday Times* by Frank Lang, summed up the outer man: "Erroll Garner . . . is confident, extroverted, unembittered, does not dabble in 'soul,' flirt with Schoenberg, seek to establish an 'African personality,' or to achieve anything beyond the compass of the medium. He is simply a very accomplished improvising pianist, with a remarkable gift of melodic invention and an unfeigned and completely justified delight in his own powers."

BUT THIS is a personal glimpse, a result of having seen Garner in most normal situations, in representative cities, with most kinds of people.

It is difficult to imagine a person under as many pressures as he to be relaxed, confident, uncritical, generous, and unostentatious. But he is.

Those qualities can be cataloged in brief quotes.

When he was asked to play a club in a major Southern city, he was told not to be concerned: he would be treated all right. What he wanted to know was, "Will they treat the people right?" He didn't play that club.

When Leonard Feather complimented him on his successful career, Garner said, "I'm so happy it happened to me, but I sure wish it could have happened to Art Tatum instead of me."

Asked why he had invested money in the Broadway production of Frank Loesser's *Greenwillow*, he replied, "I've always wanted to have a writer like Frank Loesser writing for me."

About his imitators he said, "I consider it a compliment. I just hope there are some gigs left over for me."

Asked whether he regrets not being able to write music, he answered, "No. I write enough autographs to make up for it."

Since he rarely reads about himself, he is surprised, but not concerned, when he discovers how critical a few jazz writers have been of him. His reaction: "Everybody's entitled to his own opinion. But just as I have to live with what I have played, they have to live with their reviews. I don't have to live with them."

That assessment is remarkably strong, considering Garner's seeming nonchalance about conditions that surround him.

But there has been at least one other time Garner showed some sign of being less than genial in every situation. In an interview some years ago with London's *Daily Mail*, answering a question about how he had always managed to play with other people since he couldn't read music, he said: "In the old days, when I used to accompany chicks in the clubs, I'd just tell them to sing and I'd catch up. I always did. . . . If they were no good, and there were lots of those, I'd switch keys. That threw them."

Usually he accepts the ironic side of any difficult scene and plays it through with humor. And there is certainly more than a touch of humor in the above account.

He is in no way a worrier. Many pianists are very concerned about their hands. Despite some serious accidents he's had, Garner insists he would do himself more harm worrying about his hands than he does by underprotecting them. He is amused by pianists who wear mittens, hand-wring, or use hot water before playing. "None of those things will do anything for you if the piano is cold," he said, "because those keys are going to freeze your hands anyway."

I remember one day in a bar when he gave me a wonderfully funny demonstration of ways some pianists use to greet each other without shaking hands. It consisted of elbow locking, shoulder shoving, brief, bright waves, and so on. The bartender viewed us with deep distrust.

Now the problem with this picture is that all these seeming credits might really be products of weakness—many people who cannot be touched are unable to touch others.

Of course, you could not make that error about Garner after hearing him play. And Garner is cool only in the best sense of that word. He is really strong enough to be gentle, unconcerned, and happy.

THREE OF his own phrases sum up the man: "I can't put yeast in it"; "You know what I mean"; "It works for me." They are related to one another in his words and actions, but they deserve separate explanation.

Yeast is an ingredient that changes one thing into something else. In a sense, it destroys the character of the original substance. In Garner's use, yeast is anything that is not real, not what it should be, something dishonest.

And, for him, that is the deadly sin. One of the most personal speeches I ever heard him make was just the other day. "I'm learning more about the piano every day," he said. "But I'm still just being me, as honest as I can be in my life and at the piano. I tell it for real. I can't put yeast in it."

He has great respect for techniques, for ability of all kinds, but it is *realness* that he searches for: "I've gone to 16 bars looking for one guy playing 16 bars of himself," is the way he puts it. Or about himself: "If I didn't like to play so much, some things might bug me. As it is though, I get another chance to be myself, and unless things are pretty impossible, I'll make it all right."



TATUM

GARNER

"I sure wish my success could have happened to Art Tatum."

The second phrase ("You know what I mean?") is a lesser part of his philosophy but indicative of his concern for communication. It goes like this: "I believe in a happy world. When I play, I believe I'm in a big living room with all my friends. You know what I mean? I don't really care whether people are eating and drinking as long as they don't disturb other people. You know what I mean? People can still hear you."

"You know what I mean?"—a stock phrase, but in Garner it represents a strong desire to be sure that his audience knows exactly what he means.

The third phrase ("It works for me") is the most important. It is hard to catalog exactly. What it comes down to is a complete and highly personal pragmatism. Steak for breakfast may not work for you, but on occasion, it does for Garner, and so do a number of seemingly strange foods, things, places, and people. But it is not as exotic as it may seem. Everything is calculated carefully in an attempt to produce "the good feeling," as he puts it—the physical and mental control, relaxation, togetherness, or whatever, without which he does not like to live or work. In effect, it means that he is always in training in much the way an athlete is.

Sometimes this is evident immediately. Despite the fact that more money could be earned by scheduling two concerts on a given night, he will play only one. As he explains it, he works hard before a concert, getting up for it. Then he builds his performance to a peak before coming down again. "You can't," he said, "do that twice in a night."

But most times his careful choices are obscure to the point where they might appear to produce chaos. Not so. The Garner I know, is the Garner who is. Everything is done at the perfect pitch with which he is blessed. By himself, he roams the city, cooks exotic food, listens to music, and composes. With others, his face reflects a hundred expressions, the fingers on his left hand continually move as he makes a point, his laughter truly explodes, his shoulders hunch with a sudden thought.

We finished this latest time together, and, as usual, I professed my admiration.

The short, broad fingers drummed on the table. He had become interested in something else. Something else was making a demand.

As if it were an explanation for everything, he said, "It works for me. I can't put yeast in it. You know what I mean?"



TED WILLIAMS

perform both equally well.

I believe I made quite a serious mistake in my youth because I was a little lazy. I used to practice classical music three, four, and five hours a day, but by the time I was 16, my music teacher told my parents that he didn't see any reason for me to study classical music any longer; it was obvious that I was to become a jazz pianist, and I did not need the further study.

So I stopped, but I took it up again in my 20s. I often think now of the waste of time from when I quit and when I began studying again, for the study of classical music not only improved my facility but I've been able to put it to good use professionally, playing a number of concerts with various symphony orchestras. It helped me to do my modest bit in helping to prove that jazz musicians *can* play classical music too.

In addition to these studies, there is nothing, of course, that can sharpen technique like playing the standard arpeggios and scales. There are certain things, though, a jazz pianist can practice that he will find very useful in playing.

Take the whole-tone scales: C D E F# G# A# B# (C) and D \flat E \flat F G A B C# (D \flat). Now, say there are two beats of C augmented and two of D \flat augmented; the pianist could run the whole tetrachord in eighth notes: C D E F# G F# E \flat D \flat , then D E F# G# A G# F# E \flat , and so on, going up in whole steps.

There are other little things the young jazz pianist can practice. Say there were two beats of D13 leading into an E \flat 13; he could play C E F# B C G F# D \flat and then up chromatically, through all keys. Working with little things like this in all keys, makes it easier to cope with any fingering emergency that may come up.

In addition to training his fingers, the young jazz pianist also must train his ear.

Very often I find that the ear is untrained because people are careless in the way they use their ears. For example, someone will hear me call our conga drummer "Armando Peraza." Two minutes later, or perhaps right away, they'll say, "Boy, that Armenda Perez certainly plays." Such a short time has elapsed that I fail to believe this is a fault of memory; it's a fault of not listening. The musician must train himself to listen all the time.

Another example: when I'm walking down the street with someone, he might be looking the other way as we approach a post. There's a sound reflection in the air that carries itself to my ear—the air has a different sound

(Continued on page 44)

THERE HAS been some feeling that we are in a period of decline in piano technique—that some pianists believe they need only enough technique to get across their ideas and no more. This may be true in a few cases, but it is difficult to generalize about a so-called decline. Certainly Randy Weston and Bill Evans, for example, have more than enough technique to get across any ideas that spring to mind.

Thelonious Monk is something else, of course. Pianistically, Monk would not be among my favorites, and yet, just as Count Basie is the only pianist who can really play in the Basie band, Monk is the only one who can really play Monk. When I listen to Monk, I don't judge it from a pianistic level; I judge it on what this man has to say compositionally. Unlike a number of his composers, he is best performing his own works.

So it is really a matter of what pianist is under discussion before one can say he is using just enough technique to get by. And some pianists will surprise you, for, though they play in a certain style, when you challenge them to go back and play the more difficult styles, they can do it. As little piano as we usually hear Count Basie play—tinkling a few notes here and there—he can stride like mad when he gets ready, and playing stride piano surely demands a great degree of technique

and facility.

If I may digress a bit, when playing stride, the left hand should be kept perfectly straight so that a 50-cent piece can be balanced on the back of the hand as it moves from the bass note up to the chord. The force of habit is to turn the hand on its side, flick the bass note with one side and the chord with the other, but this results in inaccuracy and bad tone.

But to get back to technique in general, it goes almost without saying that the more a pianist has the better. Nobody likes the feeling of having to push the pedal all the way to the floor, and I don't mean the sustaining pedal—I mean the gas pedal. That's what technique really is—gas. When you come upon the time when you have an idea and can't bring it to your fingers, you're running out of gas. With ample technique, playing becomes more effortless; technique becomes a part of artistry. But one must use facility wisely; it's in extremely bad taste to use all one's technique all the time.

How to develop technique? Study of, and exposure to, classical music—and the classical studies like Czerny—help considerably. And I do not believe that a thorough study of classical music will restrict a student's ability to play jazz; that is, as long as he is exposed to both musics concurrently. It is possible to appreciate both; it is possible to

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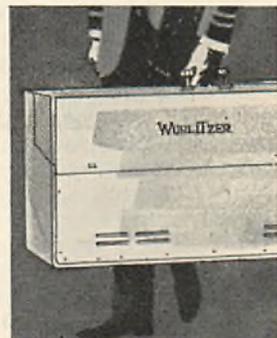


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record reviews

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

CLASSICAL

Mozart/Bach/Morini

MOZART: *Violin Concerto No. 5 in A Major*; BACH: *Violin Concerto No. 2 in E Major*—Decca DL-10053.

Personnel: Erica Morini, violin; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Aeterna Chamber Orchestra, Frederick Waldman, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Once the treble has been turned down considerably, this record's sound becomes a model of how violin and orchestra should be treated on discs.

In the Bach, it might be protested that the soloist is too prominent, considering the concertante nature of the work, but the balance of Mozart is perfect. The *A Major* Mozart, one of the most lovely works this composer (and, therefore, any composer) ever wrote, is played persuasively by Miss Morini. No prodigious virtuosity is required here, but taste, refinement, and musicianship are, and the soloist has those qualities.

Oddly, she runs into pitch troubles and other technical slips occasionally, and the final movement is taken at too slow a tempo to bring it off. The marking, *rondo allegro-tempo di menuetto*, hardly suggests the serenade quality that Miss Morini and the conductor flirt with here.

The Bach, supported by harpsichord continuo that is often hard to discern, gets a similarly thoughtful performance, although the rhythms are not as incisive as some Bach proponents like. (D.H.)

Puccini

LA BOHEME BY PUCCINI—RCA Victor LM/LSC-6095: opera in four acts (complete); two-disc album.

Personnel: Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Mary Costa, Giorgio Tozzi, Philip Mauro, Fernando Corena, voices; Rome Opera House Orchestra, Chorus, Erich Leinsdorf, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Now there are two excellent stereophonic versions of *La Boheme* to choose from, the other being London's set offering Renata Tebaldi as Mimi and Carlo Bergonzi as Rodolfo.

In voice quality, Miss Moffo is exactly suited to the part, and she makes an exceptionally touching little seamstress. Tucker, if one can overlook his tendency to overstate simple music (he is not nearly as subtle an artist as Bergonzi in many respects), makes a vocally ideal poet too, and the others in the cast are on the same level with London's Cesar Siepi, Bastianini, and Corena (who is in both casts).

The decision for many buyers will devolve on the question of conducting and sound. Victor achieves a fine blend of voices and instruments, and Leinsdorf provides a more vital driving force behind the Cafe Momus scene and other bright spots. Serafin and Miss Tebaldi, however, make the death scene achingly memorable.

The balance still tips slightly in favor of the older London set. (D.H.)

Andres Segovia

SEGOVIA—Decca DL-10054: Five pieces from *Platero and I*, by Castelnuovo-Tedesco (*Platero, Melancolia, Angelus, Golondrinas, La Arrulladora*); *Passacaglia and Corrente*, by Frescobaldi; *Pantasia*, by Weiss; *Studies in A (No. 3) and E Minor (No. 17)*, by Sor; *Dolor*, by Donostia; *La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin*, Debussy-Segovia.

Personnel: Segovia, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Readers of these reviews must be growing suspicious of the fact that anytime Segovia's name appears it is followed by five stars. But it cannot be helped; if more stars were allowed, they would be freely granted.

The words genius and master are tossed around freely these days, but they must apply to the 68-year-old guitarist. The present release, of enormous interest both for the new music and the standard Segovia repertory items, still finds him playing with technical finesse and perception that reduce the listener to uncritical awe.

Many a guitarist who has worked on the *A Major* Sor study (No. 3 in Segovia's own edition) will be startled to hear that it is a fetching piece of music as well as an exercise in broken chords.

The *Platero* pieces, intended as accompaniment for recitation of the Jimenez poems, are delightful miniatures in this extract form, and several are certain to be heard regularly in recitals. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Manny Albam

JAZZ GOES TO THE MOVIES—Impulse 19: *Exodus; High Noon; Paris Blues; La Dolce Vita; Majority of One; Green Leaves of Summer; The Guns of Navarone; El Cid; Slowly*.

Personnel: Albam, conductor. Tracks 1, 3, 5, 6—John Bello, Joe Newman, Al DeRisi, Johnny Coles, trumpets; Bill Dennis, Wayne Andre, Bob Brookmeyer, trombones; Phil Woods, Gene Quill, Oliver Nelson, Frank Socolow, Gene Allen, saxophones; Eddie Costa, piano, vibraharp; Jim Hall, guitar; Bill Crow, bass; Gus Johnson, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 7, 9—Clark Terry, Nick Travis, trumpets; Julius Watkins, French horn; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Brookmeyer, trombone; Quill, Nelson, Allen, saxophones; Costa, piano, vibraharp; Jimmy Raney, guitar; Crow, bass; Johnson, drums. Track 8—DeRisi, Bernie Glow, Travis, Coles, trumpets; Urbie Green, Bill Elton, Al Raph, Dennis, trombones; Woods, Nelson, saxophones; Hall, guitar; George Duvivier, bass; Johnson, drums; George Devens, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These skillfully written and well-executed arrangements were apparently conceived with the idea of pleasing those who are movie fans first and jazz diletantes second, rather than the reverse.

Judged in these terms, the performances come off as effectively as most of Albam's efforts along these lines. You don't look to him for the kind of tonal or idealational departures you expect from a

Billy Strayhorn or a Gil Evans; but you do find treatments indicating that he is never content to write potboilers. Enough tender, loving care was applied, it seems, to build and sustain a mood in each track, even though several of the themes are the kind that would not normally be selected for this type of treatment.

The three orchestras, comprising 12, 14, and 17 men respectively, include some of the most dependable solo and section men in New York City. Terry lends a light touch to *Dolce Vita*, which also has some fine Quill alto and admirable Phillips tuba undercurrent. Hall and Brookmeyer are admirable on *Green Leaves*. There are strong solo moments on other tunes by Nelson, Costa, and Crow. The only weak item is *El Cid*, a slightly cloying melody, rather pompously scored. (L.G.F.)

Dave Bailey

TWO FEET IN THE GUTTER—Epic 16021: *Comin' Home, Baby; Two Feet in the Gutter; Shiny Stockings; Lady Iris B; Coffee Walk*.

Personnel: Bill Hardman, trumpet; Frank Haynes, tenor saxophone; Billy Gardner, piano; Ben Tucker, bass, Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

There's nothing very wrong with this LP, but neither does anything special happen to make it an outstanding release.

Bailey and his men are all capable, if less than brilliant, players. Haynes builds his solos logically, but somehow his music never comes to life on this record. Hardman has mellowed considerably over the last five or six years, but he has nothing really striking to say on this occasion. The leader deserves commendation for taking no solos, although he can do so quite effectively.

The tunes are run-of-the-mill but not offensively hackneyed.

In short, kind of a nebbish session.

(R.B.H.)

Harry Betts

THE JAZZ SOUL OF DOCTOR KILDARE—Choro 6: *Themus from Doctor Kildare; Adventures in Paradise; The Asphalt Jungle; Hong Kong; Klondike; Follow the Sun; Moment of Fear; Bus Stop; National Velvet; Cain's Hundred; The Shirley Temple Show*.

Personnel: Al Porcino, Conte Candoli, Don Fagerquist, Jack Sheldon, Ray Triscari, Ollie Mitchell, trumpets; Milt Bernhart, Frank Rosolino, Bob Edmondson, trombones; Red Callender, tuba; Bud Shank, Herbie Steward, Bill Perkins, Bill Hood, reeds; Russ Freeman, piano, celeste; Al Hendrickson, guitar, banjo; Larry Bunker, vibraharp, percussion; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis or Frankie Capp, drums; Jackie Mills, Don Raffell, Chino Pozo, Luis Miranda, Francisco Aguabella, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This is a pop-jazz date of the kind associated with Henry Mancini. Betts' arrangements, professionally written but not particularly original, are played cleanly and with inspiration. It sounds as if the California-based musicians had a ball

What Is Bossa Nova ?

Bossa Nova is "the new bag;" the bright and easy rhythms of the new music from Brazil that is sweeping the rest of South America and is starting to happen in this country. Bossa Nova is music with a different harmonic structure, due, perhaps, to the cultural and language difference of Brazil. Bossa Nova is not, as some make-do albums would have you believe, merely swinging music played over a vague samba rhythm. Bossa Nova—the real thing—is the new influence on American jazz. To make jazz sense, the soloist plays in his own idiom and fits his improvisation to the exciting new harmonic and rhythmic structure of Bossa Nova. As Stan Getz has done on JAZZ SAMBA and BIG BAND BOSSA NOVA; as Cal Tjader has done on CONTEMPORARY MUSIC OF MEXICO AND BRAZIL. Bossa Nova was another Verve first. The jazz of America—all the Americas—is on Verve.



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making the record.

The improvised spots are generally short, with Shank emerging as the most impressive soloist. His style has changed considerably since the salad days of West Coast jazz; he now plays more aggressively, employing a hard sound.

A pleasant album of its type. (H.P.)

Art Blakey

THREE BLIND MICE—United Artists 14002: *Three Blind Mice; Blue Moon; That Old Feeling; Plexus; Up Jumped Spring; When Lights Are Low.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Jymie Merritt, bass; Blakey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This group may well be the best Blakey's had since the mid-'50s.

Walton plays a gem of a solo on *Feeling*—one of the best he's ever recorded. His accent shifting is brilliant.

Hubbard makes a golden-toned melody statement on *Blue Moon*, following up with some slashing improvisation before the out chorus and a series of closing cadenzas. He generates even more excitement on Walton's 68-bar original, *Plexus*.

Lights Are Low is Fuller's, and he romps through it gracefully and imaginatively. Walton arranged this tune, and some of the harmonies he used are very pretty.

The title number—fitted out with substitute chords—offers an emotional Shorter solo. His entrance is especially strong. On *Plexus*, however, his playing has a disappointing lack of direction.

As for the rhythm section, Merritt is a solid rock, and Blakey performs magnificently. Blakey seems to be playing with more restraint than he used in the '50s but still drives the soloists to great creative heights. (H.P.)

Billy Butterfield

BILLY PLAYS BIX—Epic 16026: *Sensation; Way Down Yonder in New Orleans; Sorry; Goose Pimples; Our Bungalow of Dreams; That Da Da Strain; Louisiana; I'll Be a Friend with Pleasure; Toddlin' Blues; I'm Glad; Tia Juana.*

Personnel: Butterfield, trumpet; Tommy Gwaltney, clarinet; Ziggy Harrell, bass trumpet; Danny Meyers, trombone; Alton Smith, bass; Junie Saul, guitar; Pat Roberts, piano; Bob Test, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Instead of the attempt at re-creation that one might expect when one notes the title of this disc and then runs down the list of selections (did anybody *but* Beiderbecke ever record *I'll Be a Friend with Pleasure?*), the ploy here is that pieces Bix once recorded have been done in a manner based on those recordings but not in imitative fashion.

For one thing, Butterfield, playing the Bix parts, has a band supporting him that is far better than most of those that Beiderbecke struggled with, particularly in its rhythm section. And the arrangements swing more readily than those that Beiderbecke had.

Butterfield's interpretation of Bix takes what might be called the sense of Beiderbecke's style—the general outline of his attack and phrasing—without copying its details. It comes out crisply punching, rich-toned, and somewhat leaner and more sinewy than one normally expects from Butterfield.

The project was conceived and prepared

by Gwaltney, who also contributes some appealing clarinet work. He seems to have a remarkable knack for taking fresh and attractive approaches to ideas that are so obvious that they are usually run into the ground (see, for example, his Kansas City set on *Riverside*). (J.S.W.)

Curtis Fuller

CABIN IN THE SKY—Impulse 22: *The Prayer; Taking a Chance on Love; Cabin in the Sky; Old Ship of Zion; Do What You Wanna Do; Honey in the Honeycomb; Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; Savannah; Love Turned the Light Out; In My Old Virginia Home; Love Me Tomorrow; The Prayer.*

Personnel: Fuller, solo trombone; Bernie Glow, Ernie Royal, Al DeRisi, Freddie Hubbard, trumpets; Bob Brookmeyer, Kai Winding, Wayne Andre, Alan Ralph, trombones; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Jim Buffington, Ray Alonde, Tony Miranda, Morris Secor, French horns; Hank Jones, piano; Milt Hinton or Art Davis, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Barry Galbraith, guitar; Eddie Costa, percussion; Margaret Ross, harp; 15 strings, Harry Lookofsky, concertmaster; Manny Albam, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This record gives the feeling of two dates, one Fuller with strings, one Fuller with a large and excellent band. Impulse staggered the tracks so that each side of the record has some tunes from each date. Had they put one date on one side and one on the other, the mood-lovers could be happy with their half and the jazz fans could have theirs. As it is, the excellence of the jazz is invariably destroyed by the corn. It's a pity, too, because the big-band tracks are first rate.

Fuller plays with consistent economy, introspection, and musicality; even on the string tracks his fat sound shines through the goop like a lighthouse beam.

Albam uses his soloist to good advantage, capturing Fuller's own brand of creative genius in *Zion*, a very happy synthesis of everything good on the date. And dig Hank Jones on this.

Other nice things—*Honey*, which is Albam at his best, clever (but not slick) and honest; Hubbard whenever he solos; the discovery of some marvelous tunes (especially Vernon Duke's *Do What You Wanna Do*); and the integration of Fuller with the band, never too little, never too much. (B.M.)

Jimmy Giuffre

THESIS—Verve 8402: *Ictus; That's True, That's True; Sonic; Whirrrr; Carla; Goodbye; Flight; The Ganut.*

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The restless and unpredictable Giuffre again has something new to say.

His trio, as heard here, is a remarkable one, offering collective musical thought and instrumental ability of high order. In Bley, Giuffre has a seasoned and uncommonly flexible partner, and in Swallow he has an accomplished bassist, sensitive far beyond his years.

Their music grows logically from various contemporary sources: Ornette Coleman, Lennie Tristano, Bill Evans, Dave Brubeck, Cecil Taylor, George Russell, modern "classical" music, and, of course, Giuffre's own past efforts.

Many listeners will find it difficult to believe this is the same Giuffre of folk-funk fame. Others, more familiar with the recent work of the many-sided reedman/composer, will be less surprised by his new bravura clarinet style and the out-

going intensity of his compositions.

Except for the charming piece *Carla*, these are exercises in the art of collective rubato playing, usually with a fixed line or melody serving as a point of departure. Many superb moments occur as the process unfolds.

Goodbye is the familiar Gordon Jenkins tune, here performed in elastic fashion but seldom straying far from the melody.

Despite his new agility, Giuffre still has a tendency to noodle, to skitter over the surface of potentially profound ideas, and this can be disturbing to the involved listener. A second negative aspect of this recording is the group's occasional lapses into playing effects—usually "classical" effects—which intrude upon the more spontaneous and reflective improvised passages.

In all, though, this is an impressively thoughtful set of performances by three gifted jazzmen. (R.B.H.)

Coleman Hawkins

THE JAZZ VERSION OF NO STRINGS—Prestige/Moodsville 25: *Look No Further; La La La; Nobody Told Me; Maine; Loads of Love; The Sweetest Sounds; Be My Host; The Man Who Has Everything; No Strings.*

Personnel: Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Major Holley, bass; Eddie Locke, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The lack of physical strain on the part of the indomitable Hawkins assures a lack of mental strain on the part of the listener. This is a simple, relaxed set of performances that does justice, or sometimes a little more than justice, to the Richard Rodgers melodies.

Hawkins' sound remains at its most persuasive in the ballads. Here and there he seems to show a slight unfamiliarity with the material, but in general the playing is Hawkins-level.

Flanagan, too, grasps the feeling of the tunes effectively; he is featured with the rhythm section on *Maine* and *Host*, on which Hawkins lays out. Locke is capable as ever, and the presence of Holley is a pleasant plus factor. He has a couple of excellent solos, such as on *Everything*, on which Holley picks, and *La La La*, on which Major bows. (L.G.F.)

Roy Haynes

OUT OF THE AFTERNOON—Impulse 23: *Moon Ray; Fly Me to the Moon; Raoul; Snap Crackle; If I Should Lose You; Long Wharf; Some Other Spring.*

Personnel: Roland Kirk, tenor saxophone, manzello, strich, C flute, nose flute; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Haynes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Haynes, one of the best drummers, has a winning combination in Kirk, Flanagan, and Grimes. The four work beautifully together to produce consistently stimulating undated jazz of high quality.

The leader's crisp, powerful drumming seems to inspire Grimes and Flanagan to exceed themselves, while Kirk's efforts on his several instruments reflect significant advances in technique and conception since his recording on Argo a couple of years ago.

Kirk's solos (as distinct from his blowing of two or more horns at once) on strich and manzello are often extraordi-

BLUE NOTE presents **The Tokyo Blues** **The** **Horace Silver Quintet**

This album is dedicated to all of our many fans in Japan and to all of the Japanese people who were so very kind to us while we were making our concert tour there. While in Japan, I noticed that the Japanese people were very fond of Latin music. In writing some of these compositions, I have attempted to combine the Japanese feeling in the melodies with the Latin feeling in the rhythms. I hope you enjoy them.

—HORACE SILVER



with Blue Mitchell, Junior Cook, Gene Taylor, John Harris Jr.

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6 PIECES OF SILVER
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BLUE NOTE

43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

October 25, 1962 • 29

nary, ranking with the current contributions of Eric Dolphy on alto and John Coltrane on soprano saxophone.

The selections are fairly conventional ones, from the attractive songs *Spring* and *Lose You* to Haynes' originals *Wharf* and *Crackle*. It is good, too, to hear Artie Shaw's *Moon Ray* again.

A great deal of music, most of it first rate, comes out of this little group. I hope they will be heard from again. (R.B.H.)

Neal Hefti

JAZZ POPS—Reprise 6039: *Coral Reef; Take Five; Exodus; Like Young; One and Two O'Clock Jump; Cute; Moanin'; Petite Fleur; Li'l Darlin'*. Personnel: Gerald Wilson, Conte Candoli, Pete Candoli, trumpet soloists; Larry Bunker, vibraharp; Al McKibbin, bass; Neil Hefti, conductor. Other members of orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

According to annotator Anthony Corbett, the pops orchestra with its "repertoire of Strauss, Romberg, and the like" has a place "in the musical scheme of things," so why not a jazz pops band?

Corbett mentions that Hefti, who wrote the arrangements for this set, thinks that "music is music—either it's good or it's not." The question then becomes whether Hefti, in attempting to reach a wider audience, has compromised the quality of his music. I think he has—and that people will be listening to his scores for Woody Herman and Count Basie long after this album has been forgotten.

The main criterion used in selecting the themes included in the set—and played by five trumpets, five trombones, five saxophones, five flutes, four French horns, guitar, bass, drums, vibraharp, and Latin percussion—seems to have been popularity rather than excellence.

If the production department at Reprise was so concerned with good music, why couldn't a tune like *Four*, which isn't all that far out, have been substituted for the banal *Like Young*?

Still, Hefti possesses a great deal of talent, and while his arrangements here are lightweight, they are by no means hackneyed.

He writes economically, never succumbing to pretentiousness. His swelling French-horn voicings on *Fleur* and *Darlin'* have an unusual organlike quality. Both compositions radiate the kind of luminosity associated with Gil Evans' writing.

Hefti's transcription of Frank Wes's original solo on *Cute* for the flute section is delightful, though the flutes on *Take Five* sound precious.

There isn't much solo room, but Wilson (on *Moanin'*) and Bunker (on *O'Clock*) play well. Conte Candoli is relaxed and melodic in fours with brother Pete on *Jump*. And McKibbin really sounds good. Where has he been? (H.P.)

JFK Quintet

YOUNG IDEAS—Riverside 424: *SDDS; Alone Together; It Could Happen to You; Nikki Pou; Coltrane Lane; Golden Earrings; Django*.

Personnel: Ray Codrington, trumpet; Andy White, alto saxophone; Harry Killgo, piano; Walter Booker Jr., bass; Carl Newman, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

A crossbreed between the "new thing" and post-bop, this set by a group of young Washington, D.C., musicians, is notable on two counts, one positive, the other

negative. On the positive side, there is the promising trumpet work of Codrington; on the negative, are White's Ornette Colemanesque alto manderings.

In more than one respect this album is symptomatic of confused and ambiguous current jazz conceptions among many up-and-coming musicians. On the one hand, they want to retain the basic and inherent swing of jazz; on the other, they seem compulsively driven toward the shock therapy passing these days for avant garde.

This focusing on the "new," the "different" merely for its own sake is working to the ultimate detriment of jazz and is creating what this reviewer previously termed an antijazz psychology.

No art form should stand still or, for that matter, can stand still if it is a vital art form, but what changes that are bound to take place must validly occur within esthetic patterns and disciplines. Throw over all such patterns and disciplines, and there is chaos. This appears to be the danger in instrumental approaches such as White's and in such "arrangements" as the approach to *Golden Earrings* here. Yet, this group is not by any means as chaotic as previously recorded groups called together by Don Ellis and Coleman. But given time, it may head in that direction.

Codrington blows cleanly and articulately, showing a clear, biting tone and an incisiveness of creative conception. He is often reminiscent of Freddie Hubbard and is a young horn man to watch. The rating is mainly for his performance. (J.A.T.)

Carmell Jones

BUSINESS MEETIN'—Pacific Jazz 53: *Business Meetin'; That's Good; Stella by Starlight; Suezal; Hip Trolley; Toddler; Beautiful Love; Cherokee*.

Personnel: Jones, trumpet; Harold Lund, Bud Shank, Wilbur Brown, Joe Splink, Don Ralef, saxophones; Frank Strazzeri, piano; Leroy Vinnegar or Gary Peacock, bass; Ron Jefferson or Donald Dean, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

With the ghost of Clifford Brown hovering near, Jones and Land turn out some excellent solos in the straight-ahead-cum-swing idiom of the mid-'50s.

Jones possesses a bright, brassy tone that, as with Brown, lends class and authority to everything he plays. As his imagination continues to ripen, he is sure to become a major jazz trumpeter.

Tenorist Land is already a mature—and consistently underrated—performer. He very nearly steals the show from Jones here.

More solos from Peacock would have been welcome; he belongs in the front rank of contemporary bassists.

Considering all this talent (and a smattering of Shank to boot), a little more might have been expected from these two dates. It turned out that the saxophone section never quite got in tune, and most of Gerald Wilson's arrangements are disappointingly ordinary.

Three stars for the session with the

five saxes—*Business, Stella, Toddler, Cherokee*; four for the rest, all swinging quintet tracks with Jones, Land, Strazzeri, Peacock, and Dean. (R.B.H.)

Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN QUARTET—Verve 8466: *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Piano Train; Lost in the Stars; I Believe in You; Love in New Orleans; I Know, Don't Know How*.

Personnel: Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Gus Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Back to the quartet format goes Mulligan after his interlude with his big band.

Since both Mulligan and Brookmeyer are resourceful soloists and Crow and Johnson are a superior rhythm team (Johnson is a big improvement over the drummers in Mulligan's past quartets), all of these pieces eventually find a good groove even though the slow ones. *Stars* and *Sentimental*, get off to sludgy starts. To offset such moments there are relaxed and gutty solos by both Mulligan and Brookmeyer on *Know*, an amusing bit by Brookmeyer as he slithers and wriggles up to the melody on *Believe*, and a melodic, slyly comic solo by the trombonist on *New Orleans*. The latter, a tune written by Mulligan for a television show, has more of the direct simplicity of a pop tune than Mulligan's compositions usually do.

For a musician whose records normally have much more than average interest, this one must be considered a breather—a pleasant but not particularly memorable set turned out to keep the franchise while Mulligan pulls things together for the next adventure. (J.S.W.)

Kid Ory

KID ORY'S CREOLE JAZZ BAND—Good Time Jazz 12045: *South Rampart St. Parade; The Girls Go Crazy; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?; Four or Five Times; St. James Infirmary; Bill Bailey; Milneberg Joys; Creole Song; Bucket's Got a Hole in It; Creole Love Call; Ballin' the Jack; Aunt Hagar's Blues*.

Personnel: Pud Brown, Bob McCracken, George Probert, or Phil Gomez, clarinet; Teddy Buckner, cornet, or Alvin Alcorn, trumpet; Ory, trombone; Lloyd Glenn, Don Ewell, or Cedric Haywood, piano; Julian Davidson or Barney Kessel, guitar; Ed Garland, Marty Corb, or Wellman Braud, bass; Minor Hall, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

THE KID ORY STORY: STORYVILLE NIGHTS—Verve 8456: *Storyville Blues; Doctor Jazz; Milneberg Joys; Jelly Roll Blues; Winin' Boy Blues; Bangaboo; Smoke House; Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?*

Personnel: McCracken; Andy Blakeney, trumpet; Ory; Bob Van Eps, piano; John St. Cyr, guitar; Bub Boyack, bass; Doc Cenardo, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

These two recently issued collections, spanning a period of almost nine years (the first of four sessions comprising the Good Time Jazz set was made in July, 1953; the Verve was recorded in December, 1961), graphically illustrate the deterioration of Ory's group from a tightly knit one with occasional flashes of brilliance to a wholly pedestrian one crippled by formalism.

Four distinct editions of the Ory band are heard on the Good Time Jazz album, which covers the four-year period 1953-6, the only common denominators being Ory and drummer Hall. The two earliest groups are perhaps the best, for they play with consistent fire and drive in the well-articulated ensembles, and there are a number of good soloists. Cornetist Buck-

VOTE!

See page 46

Who Is the Boss of the Bossa Nova?



The Riverside candidate for the job is Charlie Byrd!

On a recent State Department tour of South America, Charlie Byrd heard the compelling Brazilian rhythm called Bossa Nova, and sensed its tremendous vitality and great appeal. Now he has recorded some of the most exciting examples of this music—Samba de Uma Nota So, the Carnaval theme from the movie "Black Orpheus", The Duck—as part of his remark-

able new Riverside album: Latin Impressions. The album as a whole is a salute to the magnificent rhythms of South America. Down Beat rates it at ★★★★★½, calling it "superb performance . . . makes up for many of the careless, thoughtless, vacuous records that are foisted on the jazz audience each month".

RIVERSIDE

ner especially is impressive, his jabbing, pungent horn enlivening the ensembles throughout. He has some fine solo spots too: his one on *Infirmity* is explosive and fiery, and he contributes an unexpectedly modern-sounding muted passage on *Love Call*.

Clarinetist Brown comes across with a warm, witty low-register solo on *Infirmity*, and there is a delightful hint of Ellingtonia when Ory's soft trombone mingles with the fading clarinet at the end of Brown's solo on this number. Ewell's strong, exuberant piano work on *Bucket's* summons up the spirit of Jelly Roll Morton without ever quoting him.

The remaining two Ory bands on this album play capable regulation Dixieland, to be sure, but they have none of the blithe, free-wheeling buoyancy of the two earlier editions. Still, they're several light years away from the sluggish, standardized brand of jazz served up on the Verve set. There's hardly an original thought in the entire album.

Though this disc is subtitled *The Kid Ory Band Playing Tunes Made Famous by Jelly Roll Morton and his Red Hot Peppers*, only four of the eight selections are Peppers' tunes. (*Storyville Blues* is an ad-lib blues made up at the recording session; *Milneberg* never was recorded by the Peppers, though Morton was guest pianist on a NORK recording of the tune; Morton recorded *Winin' Boy* as a solo number for General in 1941; and *Do You Know What It Means?* was written five years after Morton's death.)

In any event, the eight numbers are uniformly dull. The band's dependence on formula playing is so complete that it only rarely manages to infuse any life into what it is doing. Clarinetist McCracken sounds as though he is constructing all his solos out of shop-worn licks; one can almost hear him select them from his bag and slip them into place in the chord structure.

Only trumpeter Blakeney plays with any individuality; his lines are well constructed and have some punch to them, but not nearly enough to bring the others to life. Ory's playing is sloppy and his tone fuzzier than ever. His vocal efforts sound as though a Brillo pad had suddenly been blessed with the power of speech.

The rating is for the tunes themselves more than anything else, but still I wouldn't suggest playing the Morton Red Hot Peppers' originals too soon after hearing the Ory versions here, for these recent ones are mighty dismal in comparison. (P.W.)

Max Roach

IT'S TIME—Impulse 16: *It's Time*; *Another Valley*; *Sunday Afternoon*; *Living Room*; *The Profit*; *Lonesome Lover*.

Personnel: Richard Williams, trumpet; Julian Preister, trombone; Cliff Jordan, tenor saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano; Art Davis, bass; Roach, drums; Abbey Lincoln, vocals; 16-voice chorus.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Roach was one of bop's most important innovators, and he isn't resting on his laurels. He composed all the music for this date, and it is thought-provoking.

It's Time employs 3/4, 4/4, 6/4, and 7/4 meters. *Another Valley* is written in 7/8 time and *Living Room* in 5/4. They are all excellent vehicles for improvisation.

In an even greater departure from convention, Roach uses a 16-member chorus. (Charlie Parker made some records with the Dave Lambert Singers several years ago, but little has been done with the concept since.)

This attempted synthesis of jazz and "the legitimately trained voice" is not, in my opinion, always successful, but it is important because it illuminates a possible method for broadening the scope of jazz.

In backing Miss Lincoln on *Lonesome Lover*, however, the chorus dilutes the starkness of her vocal, and the wordless vocal figures behind the soloists are often pretentious and distracting—they bury the jazzmen in their lushness.

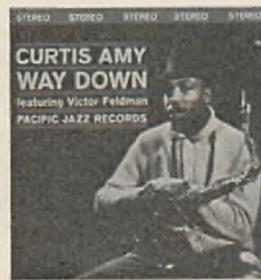
On *Sunday Afternoon* the voicings behind Williams and Waldron sound like Fred Waring's music. On other tracks their "ya ya ya's" and "baia's" remind me of the chorus in a south-seas musical.

The vocal "collective improvisation" that opens *Sunday Afternoon*, however, is effective. I wish Roach would have assigned the chorus more of these unusual devices. They also come through powerfully on *Living Room*.

Jordan solos well on *It's Time*, as does Priester on *Living Room*, and Williams blows his heart out in his solos. As for Waldron, his touch and graceful touch can make ordinary phrases sound

WORTH HAVING / PACIFIC JAZZ

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



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*PJ-26 "Meetin' Here"

BUTLER, FRANK

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*PJ-41 "Inta Somethin' "

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PJ-11 "The Inventive Mr. Edison"

PJ-42 "Keester Parade"

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*PJ-6 "It's About Time"

PJ-14 "Sunset Eyes"

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PJ-28 "America's No. 1 Arranger"

*PJ-40 "Cannonball Adderley With
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HALL, JIM

PJ-10 "Good Friday Blues"

PJ-22 "Rejoice"

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WP-1216 "Hamilton In Hi-Fi"

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*PJ-36 "Love Lifted Me"

JONES, CARMELL

*PJ-21 "New Groove"

*PJ-29 "The Remarkable Carmell Jones"

*PJ-19 "Groovin' Blue"

*PJ-34 "You Better Believe It"

*PJ-35 "Barefoot Adventure"

*PJ-49 "Brass Bag"

KAMUCA, RICHIE

PJ-42 "Keester Parade"

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PJ-38 "Konitz Meets Mulligan"

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*WP-1264 "The Swingers"

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PJ-33 "Elmo Hope Quintet"

*PJ-29 "The Remarkable Carmell Jones"

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*PJ-5 "Montgomery/Land"

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PJ-44 "2 Degrees East"

LOFTON, TRICKY

*PJ-49 "Brass Bag"

*PJ-36 "Love Lifted Me"

*PJ-23 "Groove"

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*PJ-7 "The Shout"

*PJ-16 "McCann In San Francisco"

*PJ-23 "Groove"

*PJ-25 "Pretty Lady"

*PJ-31 "McCann Sings"

*PJ-45 "McCann In New York"

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*PJ-1 "The Four Souls"

McGHEE, BROWNIE

*WP-1294 "Blues Is A Story"

*WP-1296 "Down South Summit Meetin' "

McLEAN, JACKIE

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PJ-33 "The Jazz Messengers"

PJ-15 "Ritual"

MITCHELL, BLUE

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*WP-1802 "Pachanga Anyone?"

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*WP-1208 "Mulligan At Storyville"

*WP-1237 "Mulligan Songbook"

*WP-1253 "Annie Ross Sings With
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PJ-38 "Konitz Meets Mulligan"

*PJ-47 "Reunion"

PJ-50 "California Concerts"

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ROGERS, SHORTY

WP-1205 "Shank-Perkins-Rogers"

ROSS, ANNIE

*WP-1285 "A Gasser"

*WP-1264 "The Swingers"

*WP-1253 "Sings A Song With Mulligan"

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*WP-1296 "Down South Summit Meetin' "

TOUFF, CY

PJ-42 "Keester Parade"

TURRENTINE, STANLEY

*PJ-45 "McCann In New York"

TWARDZIK, RICHARD

PJ-37 "The Last Set"

VIOLA, AL

WP-1408 "Guitar Lament"

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good. He uses repetition very effectively—sometimes altering a figure rhythmically or melodically while repeating it. Throughout he displays a fine, active left hand.

As one would expect, Roach and Davis perform with strength and sensitivity. Davis breaks up his lines intelligently behind Waldron on *Sunday Afternoon*.

Despite my reservations about the manner in which the chorus is used, I consider this a noteworthy album. (H.P.)

Clark Terry

EVERYTHING'S MELLOW—Prestige/Moodsville 20; *Out In the Cold Again*; *The Simple Waltz*; *Lullabye*; *Among My Souvenirs*; *In the Alley*; *Michelle*; *As You Desire Me*.

Personnel: Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Junior Mance, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Terry's interpretation of seven ballads and a blues in this album is blanketed by a casualness and blandness that, unfortunately, run close to the point of lifelessness. There are not any technical mistakes or faults, to be sure, but most tracks stay at a low emotional level and lack contrast.

Alley is the exception. Here there is a more fiery Terry, with torrents of 16th-note, boplike phrases spilling out of his fluegelhorn in a highly satisfying solo.

Mance strikes some nice chords in *Michelle*, but mostly his abilities, as well as those of Persip, Benjamin, and Terry, are well hidden under layers of languidness. (G.M.E.)

Windjammers

THE FANTASTIC WINDJAMMERS—Monomoy 6004; *Clarinet Marmalade*; *Soft Winds*; *That's A Plenty*; *Indiana*; *Sheik of Araby*; *At the Jazz Band Ball*; *Basin Street Blues*; *San Antonio Shout*; *How Come You Do Me Like You Do?*; *Farewell Blues*.

Personnel: Jack Howe, trumpet; Jim Guetzkow, trombone; Ron Hockett, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Mike Katz, piano; Jimmy Mullerheim, guitar; Don Farquarson, bass; John Barry, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

On the surface, this would seem to be a far-better-than-average Dixieland band, judging by the easy, unfrantic nature of its attack, its light, buoyant rhythm section, its generally capable soloists and the kind of off-beat programming that includes such tunes as the infrequently heard *Shout* and the definitely non-Dixieland *Soft Winds*.

So, on this basis, let it move up toward the head of a generally desultory class. However, the underlying interest of this group—which is not evident in the grooves of the record—is the fact that this is a teenage band. The musicians, ranging from 14 to 18, have a far better approach to traditional jazz than most of the bands that are playing that style in the United States today.

Hockett is a facile clarinetist and doubles effectively on tenor saxophone in a manner that falls somewhere between Eddie Miller and Bud Freeman. Howe's trumpet is refreshingly unforced. He phrases with casual ease, showing some Bix Beiderbecke influence. Barry on drums and Mullerheim, playing a Condonesque guitar, are, in some ways, the salvation of the group because they save it from the leaden stodginess that is the major contribution of the rhythm sections of many traditional groups.

The main problem the group has on this

disc is sustaining the ensembles and the solos, both of which tend to peter out.

(J.S.W.)

**OLD WINE
NEW BOTTLES**

Coleman Hawkins

ON THE BEAN—Continental 16006; *Look Here*; *Willow, Weep for Me*; *Take It on Back*; *When Day Is Done*; *The Beat*; *Comes the Don*; *Memories of You*; *Thanks for the Memory*; *The Esquire Jump*; *Scram!*

Personnel: Tracks 1-7—Hawkins, and Walter (Foots) Thomas or Don Byas, tenor saxophones; Hank D'Amico, clarinet; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; Clyde Hart or Johnny Guarneri, piano; Tiny Grimes, guitar; Cozy Cole, drums; Slam Stewart, bass. Tracks 8-10—Hawkins; Edmond Hall, clarinet; Buck Clayton, trumpet; Leonard Feather, piano; Remo Palmieri, guitar; Specs Powell, drums; Oscar Pettiford, Carl Powell, basses.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Recorded in the mid-'40s by Continental, this is an undistinguished miscellany from which Hawkins emerges as indomitably self-possessed as ever, blowing his way through thin recording, tubby recording, and desultory surroundings. There are brief spots when Shavers, Hall, and Byas manage to make a forcefully pertinent statement, but most of the way it is a stage wait until Hawkins comes on.

The only piece that Hawkins is really able to rescue is *Memory*, which he does by virtue of keeping the whole thing to himself. He teams with Hall to put some jump into *Esquire*. (J.S.W.)

Red Norvo

MAINSTREAM JAZZ—Continental 16005; *A Bell for Norvo*; *Time on My Hands*; *On the Upside Looking Down*; *Jingle Bells*; *The Voice of the Turtle*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Slammin' the Gate*; *Mood to Be Stewed*; *Talkin' Back*; *How Haw*; *The One That Got Away*; *Bouncy*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-11—Norvo, vibraphone; Johnny Guarneri, piano; Bill de Arango or Chuck Wayne, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass; Morcy Feld, drums. Track 12—Norvo; Otto Hardwick, Johnny Bothwell, alto saxophones; Charlie Ventura, tenor saxophone; Harry Carney, baritone saxophone; Jimmy Jones, piano; John Levy, bass; Specs Powell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

All these pieces except *Bouncy* were recorded in 1945 and released then as by the Slam Stewart Quintet on the Continental label. *Bouncy* aside, these are played with a wonderfully lighthearted air, swinging along with bright, easy gaiety. Norvo is superb throughout the set, weaving seemingly gossamer filigrees that have surprisingly compelling resiliency as he rides merrily along.

Guarneri, faceless as ever, is sometimes Basie, sometimes Waller, but always surging and driving. DeArango and Wayne are equally swinging as they split the guitar spot. And then, of course, there is Stewart, a propulsive powerhouse but overdoing his hummed duets with himself. Guarneri contributes to the novelty aspect by getting all tangled up in a caricature of a Waller vocal on *Honeysuckle*.

Bouncy is a medium riff carried by the four saxophonists who give it an Ellington air (And why not? The section is 50 percent Ellington.) (J.S.W.)

Joe Turner-Pete Johnson

JUMPIN' THE BLUES—Arhoolie 2004; *Wine-O-Baby Boogie*; *B & O Blues*; *Old Piney Brown's Gone*; *Baby, Won't You Marry Me?*; *Christmas Date Boogie*; *Radar Blues*; *Tell Me, Pretty Baby*;

Trouble Blues; Skidrow Blues; Half Tight Boogie; Rocket Boogie "58", Parts 1, 2.

Personnel: Tracks 1 & 8—Turner, vocals; James Ross, Art Farmer, trumpet; Flank Sleet, alto saxophone; Pete Peterson, tenor saxophone; Milburn Newman, tenor saxophone; Johnson, piano; Addison Farmer, bass; Robert Brady, drums. Tracks 9-12—Jewell Grant, alto saxophone; Maxwell Davis, tenor saxophone; Johnston, piano; Herman Mitchell, guitar; Ralph Hamilton, bass; Jesse Sailes, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Recorded in 1948 for the Swing-Time label, these sessions caught Turner singing with the kind of forthright, swaggering ease that was characteristic of his best early work. Moreover, he's backed by a band that roars and chuckles right along with him, keyed by Johnson's piano but gaining a lot from some perceptively organized ensembles and trumpet work (early Art Farmer?) that is crisp and beautifully shaded.

Johnson sometimes sounds like a fervent Basic on the pieces backing Turner (note his piano on *B & O*), and his four romps with Turner are full of muscular, driving energy.

The rapport among Turner, Johnson, and the band is evident on all the vocal tracks, though Turner's voice turns heavy and tired on *Radar* (which was made at a date different from the rest of the pieces) and *Trouble*. On the others, however, Turner comes across with a vitality that has rarely been caught on records, and Johnson, though a secondary figure, plays with characteristic zest.

The resurrection of these relatively unknown sides represents a coup for Chris Strachwitz' Arhoolie label. (J.S.W.)

VOCAL

Armstrong-Brubeck-McRae-L-H-R

THE REAL AMBASSADORS—Columbia 5850: *Everybody's Comin'; Cultural Exchange; Good Reviews; Remember Who You Are; My One Bad Habit; Summer Song; King for a Day; Blow, Satchmo; The Real Ambassador; In The Lurch; One Moment Worth Years; They Say I Look Like God; Since Love Had Its Way; I Didn't Know Until You Told Me; Swing Bells; Blow, Satchmo! Finale.*

Personnel: Louis Armstrong, trumpet, vocals; Trummy Young, trombone, vocals; Dave Brubeck, piano; Carmen McRae, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, Annie Ross, vocals; rest of personnel unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

No jazz album released in the last year has made a more immediate impression of freshness, vitality, and reality than *The Real Ambassadors*.

What makes the results doubly delightful is the fact that this newness stems not from any self-conscious attempt to dig a different path or swim a new stream but from the essence of jazz in its most timeless and generally acceptable form.

The record comprises musical excerpts from a show written by Brubeck and his wife, Iola. Though none of the dialog is included, there is enough of the score to make the story line quite clear: it deals with the use of jazz in cultural exchanges, its worldwide popularity, and the message of racial unity that is inherent in its nature.

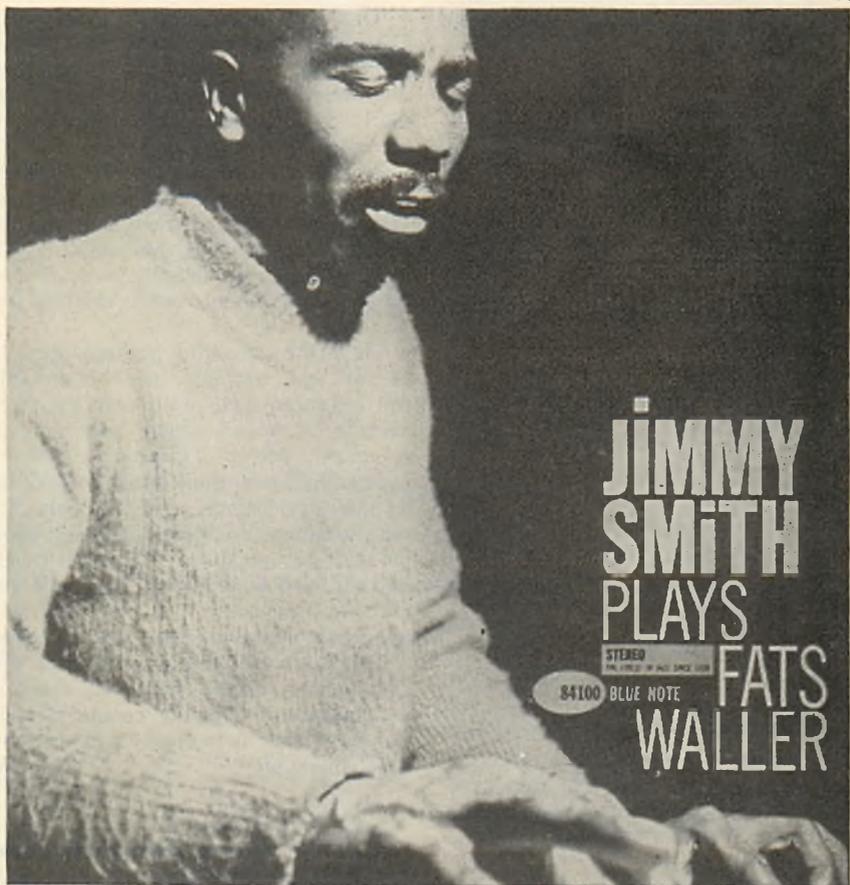
In the telling of this story the members of the cast are freely intermingled. Armstrong is heard on almost every track, but he is joined at one time or another by all the principals. He does very little playing, though what there is of his horn

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shows its power undimmed.

The chief strength, of course, lies in his delightfully appropriate interpretations of the songs, all of which, of course, were tailor-made for him. It is both pleasure and relief to find him tackling some new and ideally suited material instead of repeating the same tired old jazz-festival standards.

Miss McCrae, too, is perfect in her role, which includes several fine songs of a more general nature. She seems to have that rare knack of interpreting each song exactly as the composers must have intended it in terms of meaning and phrasing, and her duets with Armstrong are a joy.

She does full justice to an exceptionally attractive ballad, *Until You Told Me*; puts a mordantly humorous edge on the piece about critics (*Good Reviews*); and is well served by *Lurch*, on which Brubeck accompanies her discreetly and plays one of his less complex and more swinging solos. (Almost everything in the album is in quaint, old-timey 4/4. Revolutionary!)

L-H-R add their usual note of incontinent excitement to the proceedings, helping to turn the *Blow, Satchmo/Finale* into a hard-swinging tumult. They are a vital factor, too, in the title number.

Young is prominently featured on such tunes as *Remember* and *King*. His vocal sound is as personal as ever; he should have been given featured billing along with the others.

It is hard to single out any one piece of material, since each one serves its purpose so well, but the one I am tempted to replay most often is *Cultural Exchange*, which contains such lines as "when our neighbors call us vermin, we send out Woody Herman," and Armstrong's reference to Leonard Boinstein and other ambassadors. *Remember* contains a touch of satire, inspired by a State Department briefing once given to the Brubeck men before they left the country.

I don't know how much of the credit goes to which Brubeck for which lyrics, but the skill with which he and/or she balanced all the required elements is an object lesson for all songwriters. *The Real Ambassadors* offers patriotism without chauvinism, dignity without stuffiness, humor without bitterness, music without pretentiousness. It is a much truer reflection of our society than *Porgy and Bess* ever was, and as such deserves to be presented not only on Broadway but all over the world as well.

It is doubly valuable that evidence of this show has reached us at a time when the use of jazz and jazz artists in dramatic contexts seems to have reached a dead end, symbolized by such events of recent years as the abortive Harold Arlen blues opera *Free and Easy*, with Quincy Jones' superb band onstage, which flopped in Europe and never reached the United States; *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*, a movie in which Ella Fitzgerald was required to play a seamy role unworthy of her ability; and, most of all, *The Connection*, with its thoroughly unwholesome insistence on the association between jazz and the underworld. *The Real Ambassadors*, following such mani-

festations, smells the way clean country air smells after you emerge from a sewer.

There is nothing in this album for 12-tone rowboaters or chip-on-the-shoulder sickniks. Perhaps it will be put down by intellectuals as mere entertainment. Yet its very strength lies in its complete success in blending popular appeal with melodically and lyrically valid ideas.

There has never before been anything quite like *The Real Ambassadors* in the entire history of jazz. It sets a precedent for which the Brubecks, producer Teo Macero, Columbia records, and all others concerned should be heartily congratulated. (L.G.F.)

Joe Carroll

MAN WITH A HAPPY SOUND—Charlie Parker 802: *Get Your Kicks on Route 66*; *Oh, Lady Be Good*; *Don't Mess Around with My Love*; *Wha-Wha Blues*; *Oo-Shoo-Be-Do-Be*; *Honey-suckle Rose*; *I Got Rhythm*; *Bluest Blues*; *Have You Got a Penny, Benny?*; *New School Days*; *On the Sunny Side of the Street*; *In the Land of Ooh Bla Dee*.

Personnel: Connie Lester, tenor saxophone; Specs Williams, organ; Grant Green, guitar; Lee Ausley, drums; Carroll, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There has never been any question of Carroll's swinging spirit or his ability to project great amounts of good-natured merriment. His problem in the past, particularly on records, has been the extremely limited nature of his material.

A bop scat phrase can be somewhat funny once or even twice, but it becomes increasingly tiresome when it is the total content of every song. Miraculously, Carroll has gotten around this basic problem on this disc without really deviating from his normal style.

These are delightful performances, full of joy and zest and, most importantly, full of variety. He wails over the strong backing of guitar, organ, and tenor on *Route 66*, does a fascinatingly slow and insinuating *Lady*, transforms his voice into an imposing likeness of Tricky Sam Nanton's trombone on *Wha-Wha Blues*, shouts his way through *Bluest Blues*, and charges into the well-worn *School Days* with such exuberant vigor that it sounds as though this were a piece he had just discovered.

This is one of those rare occasions when a completely honest jazz vocal recording is, potentially, a highly commercial disc simply because it is openly and unashamedly entertaining. (J.S.W.)

Lou Rawls

STORMY MONDAY—Capitol 1714: *Stormy Monday*; *God Bless the Child*; *See, See, Rider*; *Willow, Weep for Me*; *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town*; *In the Evening*; *'Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do*; *Lost and Lookin'*; *I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water*; *Sweet Lover*.

Personnel: Les McCann, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ron Jefferson, drums; Rawls, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

Urban blues singer Rawls attacks his material with enthusiasm, but enthusiasm will take one just so far. His voice is raspy. He often gives the impression that he is straining, and rhythmically he demonstrates little flexibility or ingenuity—relying on pat turns of phrase.

Rawls' choice of material, however, is excellent. It's reassuring to know that classics like *Stormy Monday* and *'Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness* haven't been forgotten.

McCann's accompanying chords are "right there" when needed, but his solos contain too many stock figures and voicings, for my tastes. (H.P.)

REPACKAGES

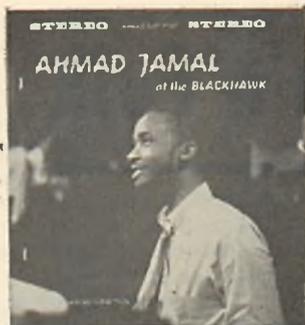
Riverside has issued a collection of Sonny Rollins tracks titled *Sonny's Time*. The material, most of which features the tenorist backed by a rhythm section that includes the underrated pianist Sonny Clark, was culled from Rollins' *The Sound of Sonny*; a collection of blues by various artists, *Blues for Tomorrow*; and Kenny Dorham's *Jazz Contrasts*—all from the late '50s. Rollins' humor is evident in his solos, particularly on *Funky Hotel Blues*, a honky version of *Mangoes* and *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, in which his deliberately corny licks are uproarious. He is less humorous and more driving on *Cutie*, busy on *La Villa* with Dorham, and virile on *What Is There to Say?*, which also has a sparkling Clark solo. *My Old Flame*, made with Dorham and including a harp in the personnel, is disappointing, though according to Joe Goldberg's notes it was Rollins' phrase in his *Flame* solo that was the basis of John Coltrane's composition *Like Sonny*.

Two albums, both recorded at concerts, that have been listed in the catalogs for some time have recently been repackaged: Dave Brubeck's 1954 LP *Jazz Goes to College* (Columbia 8631), now available in simulated stereo, and Gerry Mulligan's *California Concerts* (Pacific Jazz 50), first released in 1955 with the tongue-in-cheek subtitle *Jazz Goes to High School*.

Both stand the test of time fairly well. In fact, I never realized the utter beauty of Paul Desmond's long alto solo on *Balcony Rock* until I played the Brubeck repackaged; this Desmond solo is the best sustained he—or maybe anyone else, for that matter—has recorded. Desmond also is outstanding on *Don't Worry 'Bout Me* and *The Song Is You*—his ideas, each flowing gently and logically into the next, seem endless. Brubeck's best effort is an exciting, building solo on *Le Souk*. The other members of the quartet at the time were bassist Bob Bates and drummer Joe Dodge.

The Mulligan album's first side is by the baritonist's second quartet, made up of Jon Eardley, trumpet; Red Mitchell, bass; and Chico Hamilton, a charter member, drums. The best tracks from this first side are *Blues Going Up*, with a finely wrought Eardley solo and an improvised ensemble that finds the two horn men twisting upwards, touching occasionally on minor seconds, and *Little Girl Blue*, Eardley again turning in a fine solo and Mulligan playing poignantly. The second side has Zoot Sims, tenor saxophone, and Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone and piano, added and Larry Bunker, who was, probably still is, one of the most tasteful drummers in jazz, in place of Hamilton. This side was a forerunner of the later Mulligan sextet, but Mulligan seemed more inspired than the sitters-in, though Sims manages to get off the ground a little on *Red Door*. Some of this side's best moments come in the ensembles.—DeMicheal

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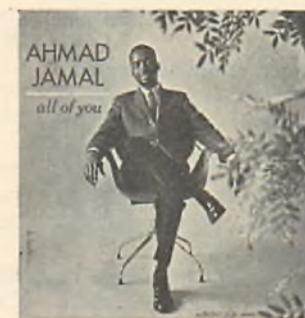


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Blues'n'Folk

By PETE WELDING

That the almost exclusive emphasis on older performers in the blues revival can lead to some curious situations is borne out in the sudden appearance of three albums devoted wholly to singer-pianist Speckled Red, who had been poorly represented on LP for years. Prior to these new releases, 70-year-old Red (whose real name is Rufus Perryman) was best known for his 1929 and '30 recordings of the salacious insult song *The Dirty Dozens* and the instrumental *Wilkins Street Stomp*, the three of which were collected in *Piano Jazz, Vol. 1* (Brunswick 54014).

These three selections were the only readily available samples of his rough singing and strong, irregular piano work until the appearance of the *Primitive Piano* collection—issued originally by blues pi-



RAEBURN FLEHLAGE

SPECKLED RED

Brusque directness has the force of plain speech and collector Erwin Helfer on his defunct Tone label and now available as Folk-Lyric 117—which contained three Red pieces recorded in St. Louis in 1956 and '57.

Now, however, three complete long-play collections given over to the pianist's work more than compensate for any neglect of his art. Within several weeks of one another have come *The Dirty Dozens* (Delmar 601), *The Barrel-House Blues of Speckled Red* (Folkways 3555), and *The Dirty Dozen* (Storyville 117).

Despite his absence from the recording studios since 1938, when he participated in his last Bluebird session, Red has maintained a continuity with his earlier work and the barrelhouse traditions, as the three recent discs testify.

Born in Monroe, La., and reared in Hampton and Atlanta, Ga., Red picked up the basics of his style in Georgia and brought it to perfection in the years immediately following World War II when he moved to Detroit and became a part of the active blues piano scene in that city, which boasted Charlie Spand, Will Ezell, and James Heminway, among scores of others.

After leaving Detroit for a period of rootless traveling, Red began recording in 1929 as a soloist and with such artists as singer-guitarist Jim Jackson. Then followed years of obscurity until the 1938 Bluebird recordings, after which he worked in the taverns and joints of St. Louis, where he had settled in 1941. He was rediscovered in 1954, when St. Louis policeman-jazz fan Charlie O'Brien tracked him down. The Helfer tapes were made two years later, and the Delmar album has been drawn from this same series of recordings.

Red's is a forceful, propulsive style of little subtlety; nor is there much in the way of variety in his approach. Yet the bluntness and affecting naivete of his playing have a charm all their own: its brusque directness has the force of plain speech. And Red develops such a strong momentum in his playing that his fluffs and occasional incorrect harmonies make little difference in the over-all contours of his performances. He manages to sweep all before him in a torrent of rowdy barrelhouse, the exuberance of which cannot be gainsaid. His vocal approach is functional and fits in well with the irregularities of his instrumental approach.

Still in all, three LPs are carrying things a bit too far—perhaps 2½ albums too far. Red, despite his virtues, is a severely limited performer—vocally, instrumentally, and compositionally. There is simply insufficient variety in even the best of the three, the Delmar set, to hold one's unflagging interest throughout. His voice soon proves grating and inflexible, the repetitiousness of his playing reveals its pronounced limitations, the monotony being further heightened by the fact that everything is taken at the same dynamic and emotional level.

The performances on the Delmar album have a relaxed suppleness and assurance to them; they are more "finished" pieces, with fewer crudities, than the material in the Storyville and Folkways sets, both recorded in Denmark while Red was on a European tour. The Folkways is the least effective of the three: not only does its over-all sloppiness hint at a rushed session, but there is a strained hoarseness to Red's singing. Moreover, the material is considerably weaker than in the Delmar and Storyville albums (which, by the way, share three selections in common).

The choice lies clearly with the Delmar set: all of its 10 selections, despite imperfections, are as perfectly realized as Red can make them.

Candid records has made available in the U.S. the first volume of Mack McCormick's valuable survey of Texas folksong traditions (which include a healthy sampling of Afro-American idioms), *A Treasury of Field Recordings*, 8026. The album received a five-star rating when reviewed by this writer upon its initial release on the British "77" label. The Candid package retains the fully detailed notes that accompanied the disc's British release, and the handsome set is essential to any serious student of U.S. folksong. Because of its noncommercial character, few record shops are likely to stock the set; it is best ordered direct from Candid, at 119 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

"I have two ways of listening to things: a jazz orientation and an orientation from my training . . . I've got to figure out which way to go."

CLARE FISCHER



WILLIAM CLAXTON

THE RECORDS

1. Duke Ellington. *Arabesque Cookie* (from *Nutcracker Suite*, Columbia). Billy Strayhorn, arranger; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Juan Tizol, tambourine.

Something of this sort always seems to run me into a perplexity of problems, because I have two ways of listening to things: a jazz orientation and an orientation from my training, whatever you'd like to call it. So I've got to figure out which way to go. First of all, this is Duke's band, and this is Tchaikovsky. Knowing things in their original sources, I abhor taking a concert thing and trying to treat it in a jazz light.

In the beginning they have a very nice orchestral usage, but the minute they start going into Johnny Hodges and 4/4, it just doesn't fit. It comes out neither fowl nor fish. The orchestration is enjoyable because, for one reason, they've done a nice job of getting nice, legitimate, straight-sounding things. The melodies are very lovely, but, of course, Duke is the master in this type of thing. But over-all, from a jazz standpoint, I don't appreciate it at all.

If I didn't know it was Tchaikovsky, for instance, with the tambourine bit and all, I would feel it was straight out of an MGM Arabian movie. The harmonies he used, particularly some of the background things, interested me more than the melodies, probably because the harmonic part of music interests me more than any.

From an orchestral standpoint I would give this somewhere around 3½ stars; but from a jazz standpoint, one.

2. Slide Hampton. *It Ain't Necessarily So* (from *Two Sides of Slide*, Charlie Parker). Hampton, trombone, arranger.

I have no idea who that is. It's a terrible performance, the band is horribly out of tune—is that Maynard Ferguson?

It starts off at a dynamic peak and never deviates from it. It also starts out with what is supposed to be jazz musicians trying to play some sort of a Latin bag, which is not making it, because there's no solidity of rhythms, Latin rhythm sections being based upon the constant contrast of

instruments, and it never moves any place. And then that thing on the end—what's that supposed to be? An adaptation of *Porgy and Bess* of some sort? I guess it was supposed to be some sort of an allusion toward *Porgy and Bess*. But then if it is, it's completely escaped all the rest of it. It's like giving a paragraph of reference out of a two-page article and then saying, "Well, this is about this." That's one star for me.

3. Laurindo Almeida. *Tacata* (from *Brazilliance*, World Pacific). Almeida, guitar; Bud Shank, alto saxophone.

Of course, that's Bud and Laurindo. I liked Laurindo very much, and I love some of the tunes he does. In fact, I've been doing some piano transcriptions of some guitar things of his, and we recently recorded a tune of his.

This particular thing again—how are you to equate it? As jazz? As Brazilian music or what? I would much rather hear Laurindo in his native habitat. I know he and Bud have been associated this way before, yet I don't feel that a real good rapport goes on between them.

The constant mixing—half-jazz, half-Brazilian—I don't think it's good. You lose certain features of the one when you try to come out with the other. Let's give that three stars.

4. Gil Evans. *Manteca* (from *New Battle, Old Wine*, World Pacific). Evans, arranger; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone.

Beautiful, That's five stars to start with. That's Gil Evans, isn't it? The only thing that disturbed me about this—the whole thing, in its entirety, was tremendously satisfying; performance, orchestration is good, the harmonic usage is beautiful, the contrasting texture of orchestra, the whole thing is just great—but there are certain sections there when the background was so lovely it just seemed like the alto saxophone was out of place.

Now this is the type of thing that just makes me smile. I enjoy every minute of it. I don't have to go for a "peak" and then think about something else while I'm listening.

Gil Evans' writing, to me, is such a

boon that when he came along with the *Miles Ahead* album, I was thankful, because since about the Stan Kenton Orchestra of 1952, where the writing had been very good, between Mulligan and Rugolo and the whole works, between those periods there had been a void, a retrogression back to the roots, and this took writing back to a standpoint, which just wasn't interesting. So when Evans came along, I just flipped.

Clare Fischer has had to wait an inordinately long time to achieve the recognition he deserves, not only as a major composer-arranger but also as one of the most compelling and original pianists in modern jazz.

The chief reason for the delay is that for some years, until as recently as last December, Fischer was tied to a job as music director for the Hi-Lo's. During that time he undertook several outside ventures, but bad luck pursued him. An album he wrote for Donald Byrd was never released. The now-celebrated album by Dizzy Gillespie on Verve, entitled *Portrait of Duke Ellington*, written by Fischer, appeared with liner notes that didn't even mention his name.

Inequities such as these were partially compensated for when Fischer was the subject of a feature article, *Star on the Rise*, by John Tynan, in the June 8, 1961, *Down Beat*. Fischer's writing for the Cal Tjader *West Side Story* LP on Fantasy also helped to attract long-merited attention.

Recently, Fischer surprised many who thought they knew him by emerging as a remarkably gifted pianist, in the album *First Time Out* on Pacific Jazz. Soon after its release, he took his first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information, either before or during the test, about the records played.

5. Dodo Marmarosa. *Mellow Mood* (from *Dodo's Back*, Argo). Marmarosa, piano; Marshall Thompson, drums; Richard Evans, bass.

I really don't know what to say about this without sounding hypercritical. First of all, the style of the playing is so tremendously behind the beat, it gets to the point that I feel he's in opposition to his rhythm section, and I can't get a nice swing out of the thing.

The pianist is tremendously heavy-handed, which I think gets in the way of what he's trying to do, so I feel that in some spots he's stumbling, instead of having the feeling that the man is executing what he wants to play. The whole thing strikes me as a sort of *comme-ci-comme-ca* performance of a like tune. Two stars.

6. Bill Evans. *My Foolish Heart* (from *Waltz for Debbie*, Riverside). Evans, piano; Scott LaFaro, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Now that to me is lovely music. Really, that type of thing really moves me. This, of course, is Bill Evans, Scott LaFaro, and Paul Motian. . . . Even Scott's playing on this particular album should disprove all the "naughty" things people said about him, about his being too active, getting in people's way, because the one thing about Scotty, with all his technique, was that he had a perceptivity, which let him use it judiciously.

He started this record by playing on the first beat of every bar. He wasn't even playing in two, and any man who has that amount of technique, who knows where to limit himself, to me, is just great.

And, of course, Bill plays lovely on the thing. That's another five-star.



Caught In The Act

BUDDY DeFRANCO-TOMMY GUMINA

Basin St. East, New York City

Personnel: DeFranco, clarinet; Gumina, accordion; John Mason, bass; Bill Mendenhall, drums.

There's really nothing in current jazz to compare to this group. The ability and swing and instrumentation reminds immediately of Joe Mooney's quartet, but that's no comparison. It is multinoted in the manner of the best boppers, but that isn't it either. It experiments with keys in a way slightly reminiscent of early groups led by Lennie Tristano. Still there's no comparison.

What it probably comes down to is that both leaders play instruments conducive to virtuoso performances. They are virtuosos, and the product is high-level, high-powered jazz.

It is almost without fault. The polytonalities of which Gumina speaks in his introduction to *What's New?* (played in two keys, of course), lend a fascinating dimension to such a small group.

In the more normal groove, nothing ever stops the swing. Gumina plays with tremendous strength and facility. Sometimes his instrument sounds like a pipe organ, and that is perhaps the only weakness inherent in the group. For DeFranco's instrument, especially his light, bright playing of it, doesn't lend itself to fighting either the ensemble sound or the contrast

during solos.

My tastes run hard toward the cooler DeFranco instrument and conception. He still skirts a neat course between Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw. But there is no doubt that Gumina is an exceptional accordionist. I believe he will be hard to match—if he will become more selective about his power. —Coss

BILL EVANS/SHELLY MANNE

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Evans trio—Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Paul Motian, drums. Manne quintet—Conte Candoli, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Russ Freeman, piano; Monte Budwig, bass; Manne, drums.

Those who are close to Evans, or astute students of his music, know how deeply he was affected by the death of bassist Scott LaFaro last year. The car crash that took LaFaro's life also shattered Evans' aspiration for his trio. Where would he find another bassist with the technique, conception, and imagination he required for the fullest blossoming of his own talent?

Israels, one of the most gifted younger bassists in jazz, seemed a logical replacement. But during 10 weeks at the Hickory House, the thing just wasn't happening for the trio.

But suddenly, during the Village Vanguard engagement, it began. The change is startling, reflected even in Evans' appearance and morale. A certain wistful lethargy that had crept into his playing is gone. His ballads are as extraordinarily evocative and lovely as they were in LaFaro's time, and his up-tempo things seem—to me, at least—even stronger than before. In *Night and Day*, which is done medium up, the trio was striking some fine, natural grooves, and Evans' playing was strong and vital. It disrupted the common conception of Evans as an exclusively lyrical-romantic player. An Evans' up-tempoed original, *Five*, came out a cooker.

Young and Foolish, done somewhat differently from the presentation on the recording, nonetheless had the same poignant beauty. Beneath Evans, Israels played beautifully sympathetic and tender lines.

As much as I respected LaFaro's talent, he never struck me as the compleat bassist. He used to set his bridge low in order to get that guitarlike speed and facility. But lowering the bridge of a bass lightens the tone, and LaFaro had insufficient power for my taste. Israels is possibly not as fast as LaFaro—though he is nonetheless a bassist of startling speed and precision—but he has more power and a bigger sound, which he attributes in part to the superb old Italian bass he bought in Spoleto and had rebuilt here.

There is no doubting that Israels is going to be one of the major bassists in jazz. At 26, he has only one competitor I can see, California's Gary Peacock.

It is unfair to Israels to think of him as filling LaFaro's place. He's a different bassist, and this is now a different trio. It is unquestionably the freshest trio in jazz, and Evans is a magnificent artist. Many musicians think he has genius, and this is one time I wouldn't quibble over application of that much-abused word.

The Manne quintet is pleasant and sometimes grooving, if not particularly



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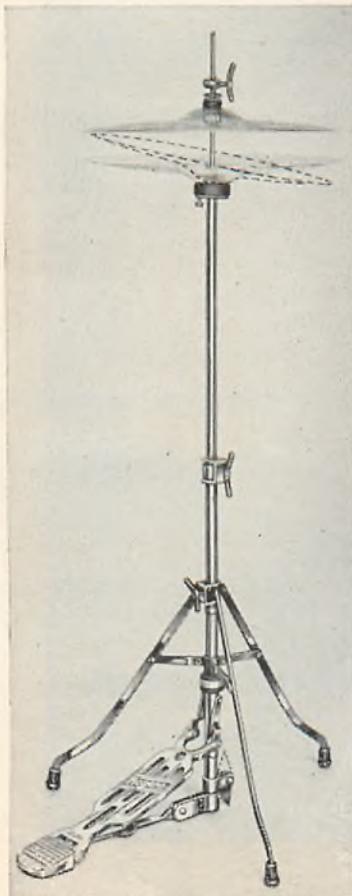
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fresh. If you know in advance that Manne is a superb drummer, then the most interesting thing is the playing of Freeman, who has the dubious honor of being—currently—one of the most underrated pianists in jazz. His solos are often excellent, though of particular fascination to me was his beautifully voiced comping behind the horns.

The Manne-Evans engagement was, in fact, a joy for admirers of jazz piano.

—Gene Lees

SHEILA JORDAN

Page 3, New York City

Personnel: Miss Jordan, vocals; John Knapp, piano; Steve Swallow, bass; Al Levitt, drums.

One of the hazards of writing criticism is the occasional necessity of having to digest one's past opinions.

In the recent International Jazz Critics'

Poll, I chose not to vote in the singers categories, explaining that "the nature of popular singing precludes the possibility of jazz singing." With the quick retribution that comes to those who speak too hastily, I have been obliged, within a few short months, to alter my statement. I still feel that the nature of the entertainment industry is a powerful deterrent to anyone who seriously attempts to sing jazz, but I now realize that no obstacle is too great if the spirit is willing. Recently, I heard, from Miss Jordan, what may very well be the best jazz singing since the last days of Billie Holiday.

The surface requirements, of course, are all there: good looks, nice figure, an easy familiarity with all the popular licks, and just the right taste of blues-Gospel inflections. Fortunately these are only

superficial—the means to reach an end—unlike the many singers to whom style and appearance are the whole picture. Miss Jordan has the innate good taste and professionalism to use trickery only for the furtherance of a musical idea.

The difference between a pop singer and a jazz singer (aside from natural talent) is primarily one of intent. The pop singer is a marketable personality first, a singer second. As a result, the pop singer is concerned with style far more than with content. A good jazz singer, like a good jazz musician, performs out of a deep inner need that can only express itself musically. Style and personality are secondary to the expression of a natural and spontaneous emotion.

That's why Miss Jordan is a jazz singer. Like Miss Holiday, she has the rare ability to draw her audience into a world that is completely her own—to reach them with an emotional impact that is devastatingly personal. Yet it is not a fantasy world of tinsel and lights but one of real universality.

Her repertoire ranges from such old delights as *Baltimore Oriole* to a new version of *That There*, using Oscar Brown's lyrics. In the show I heard, *Oriole* was used as an opener, sung in a medium, rocking tempo. Miss Jordan rears back slightly from the microphone as she sings, in a stance not unlike that of a tenor saxophone player. The analogy is furthered as she begins to sing, in a voice that has the rough-textured tone quality of a horn. She almost invariably sings the first chorus straight, using the second chorus for variations that are sometimes amazingly far away from the melody. Her inflections and ornamentations are all instrumental rather than vocal, and she doesn't hesitate to extend herself to the limits of the chord changes, sometimes coming perilously close to disaster but always managing to recover at the last possible moment and finish the variation perfectly.

Her ballads are excellent. As she started *If You Could See Me Now*, I had a brief moment of regret, remembering all the Sarah Vaughanisms that seem to be indelibly stamped on this lovely tune. My apprehension was hardly justified; Miss Jordan made the song her own.

She has the remarkable ability to change the texture of her sound at will to suit the lyrics: hard, throaty, and rasping for lines like "... and trying awfully hard to make my tears behave," soft and velvety-persuasive for lines like "... you'll happen my way on some memorable day." She finished with a beautiful a cappella ending—a device that apparently is characteristic—that was breathlessly effective. I doubt that she was singing above a whisper, but the audience listened with transfixed attention.

She finished the set with a two-tempo version of *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*. In the last half, a driving up-tempo, her versatility became obvious. She can move with equal freedom from a kittenlike playfulness to a driving, belting, tigerish growl.

Her sense of time and rhythm are fully the equal of her other talents. Her name is Sheila Jordan. Don't forget it.

—Don Heckman

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Thelonious Sphere Monk's weird individualism tended to defer attention to his artistry for 15 years. When he began to receive notice around 1956, his characteristic isolation was turned around to enhance his image as a jazz genius. As a composer and pianist, he is now accepted as one of the great innovators of modern jazz.

Monk's musical story started at Minton's Playhouse in October, 1940, when former bandleader-tenor saxophonist *Teddy Hill* installed a house band made up of *Joe Guy*, trumpet; Monk, piano; *Nick Fenton*, bass; *Kenny Clarke*, drums. Guy was the front man, but when clearance was sought to release some amateur recordings made on the spot, it was decided that Guy and Clarke had been co-leaders, the drummer taking credit for music direction.

Minton's in Harlem was noisy, informal, a neighborhood meeting place for night people. It had poor lighting and a run-down appearance (it is still open today, but the room has been renovated and modernized). There was a long bar in front, and a former dining room of the Hotel Cecil, located back of the bar, served as a cabaret. A raised bandstand, placed flush against a side wall, was midway between the Gents and Ladies signs, accounting for the frequency of the sound of slamming doors on some of the recordings made at Minton's.

On weeknights most of the crowd congregated at the bar, but on weekends the couples moved back to the tables, which carried a 50-cent cover charge, in order to dance to the music. No one sat and listened much, except on rare occasions when someone like *Helen Humes* sang a number with the band. This held true, too, on Monday nights, off-time for musicians, when the sitters-in were *Charlie Christian*, *Dizzy Gillespie*, *Roy Eldridge*, *Don Byas*, *Hot Lips Page*, and others.

There was usually a catch-as-catch-can floor show, featuring such entertainers as singer *Duke Groner* and dancer *Baby Lawrence*.

Groner brought in a 23-year-old Columbia University student named *Jerry Newman* one night. Newman, an enthusiastic jazz fan, as well as an amateur recorder, had worked up a little act for himself. He took off the air, and put on acetate, the famous radio voices of *Bob Hope* and *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, among others. He would set up his equipment on the bandstand and play his records while "liping" the words, presenting something new that gained for him a regular spot on the show. His compensation consisted of the privilege of making recordings. Sometimes he made a disc for whoever wanted to hear himself on records. This brought

him a slight return over the cost of a 7-cent paper disc. His equipment consisted of a Federal portable recording unit and two stand-by mikes.

Newman became a regular at Minton's. He recalls today, "I was the only ofay around there, except for a few white jazz musicians, and I don't recall seeing any of the jazz writers up there." Guitarist *Christian* also became a night-guest after finishing his stint with the

to frustrate and discourage the over-eager musicians. Newman remembers that the only nonregular sideman he ever saw getting the instructions on the changes was alto saxophonist *Jimmy Hamilton*.

Newman's impressions of Monk at the time were as follows:

"He was an exciting player—the released sides don't come anywhere near indicating how good he was in those days—and he was always working on new ideas. He would get an idea, and before he had a chance to try it out, he would have four or five others. There was one half-hour version of *I Surrender Dear* that Monk made with tenor saxophonist *Herbie Fields* that he wore out playing back during intermissions. He'd say, 'it's pretty good, and that tenor boy really goes.' I still have it, but it can never be issued on account of its condition, plus the fact I ruined it by playing trombone on it." (Newman was a trombonist in a marching band at Columbia.)

Monk was always practicing; when Newman went up to Minton's in the afternoon to check over his gear, he would see Monk seated alone at the piano, playing for all he was worth. Manager Hill would have to run Monk away from the piano when it came time to close.

The usual format was a free-wheeling jam session where the participants improvised on famous jazz standards such as *Stompin' at the Savoy*. The tune titles on the released three tracks of the *Eddie Durham-Edgar Battle* tune *Topsy* were labeled *Charlie's Choice* by *Bill Simon* when the *Vox 78-rpm* album came out in 1947. When Newman put the same sides out on LP in 1953, he called them *Swing to Bop*. Since the versions on Newman's records were based only on the chords of the standards, they were not required to pay royalties unless the original titles were used. Actually there is not a great deal of Monk's playing, other than comping, on the released sides, for they were selected to showcase *Christian's* guitar.

The jazz galas at Minton's came to an end with the advent of wartime conditions in December, 1941, although Monk continued to work there, with his own groups, intermittently until 1948. A noteworthy interval came when the pianist had drummer *Art Blakey* in his group around 1947-48.

After Newman's home-recording sessions at Minton's, Monk didn't play for records again until October, 1944, when he made four sides with the *Coleman Hawkins Quartet* while a member of *Hawkins' 52nd St.* small combo.

At this time he was unknown and

HOT BOX

Thelonious Monk In The '40s

By GEORGE HOEFER

LAWRENCE SHUSTAK



Benny Goodman Band downtown.

Christian's playing and Newman's recording machine attracted musicians from all over town, and on some nights there were as many as 18 instrumentalists trying to get their improvisations on Newman's aluminum-based acetates. This state of affairs did not please the regulars. *Trumpeter Gillespie* has told how he would join pianist Monk in the basement to work out weird harmonies

MONK from page 43

unappreciated. His name was printed in *Down Beat* as "Delonius Monk," and Hawkins recalls that musicians would come up to him and say, "Why don't you get yourself a piano player. What is that guy you've got trying to do?"

The bop scene was passing him by, and the stars of the bop revolution on 52nd St. were the trumpeters and the saxophonists. As Barry Ulanov pointed out in his *History of Jazz*, "The piano was used in bop chiefly as an accompanying instrument; it had little place in a music which was essentially a one-line expression, played by a single-line solo instrument or several in unison."

In an interview with *Down Beat* in 1947 Monk, who was miffed at all the credit and attention given to Gillespie and Charlie Parker (Newman said that he never saw Parker at Minton's, though he did hear him at Monroe's and turned off his machine because he disliked Parker's tone), said, "Bebop wasn't developed in any deliberate way. For my part I'll say it was just the style of music I happened to play. I think all styles are built around the piano developments. The piano lays the chord and rhythm foundations."

When his first Blue Note records were released in 1948, Monk told George Simon, "Unless bop is planned and organized, it turns out to be like Dixieland with everybody blowing for themselves. Too many guys don't know what they're doin'!"

Monk's final summation to Simon was, "I don't think I actually play bop the way it's being performed today. My style is more original." 

EARLY MONK DISCOGRAPHY

New York City, May 8, 1941

Minton House Band with guests—Joe Guy, Hot Lips Page, trumpets; Kermit Scott, Don Byas, tenor saxophones; Thelonious Monk, piano; Charlie Christian, guitar; Nick Fenton, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

UP ON TEDDY'S HILL (HONEYSUCKLE ROSE) Esoteric ESJ-4, Counterpoint 548
DOWN ON TEDDY'S HILL (STOMPING AT THE SAVOY).....Esoteric ESJ-4

May 12, 1941

Same as above, except Scott and Page are not heard.

*CHARLIE'S CHOICE (TOPSY)

.....Vox album 302, Esoteric ESJ-1
Counterpoint 548
STOMPING AT THE SAVOY Vox album 302,
Esoteric ESJ-1, Counterpoint 548

Oct. 19, 1944

Coleman Hawkins Quartet—Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Monk, piano; Edward Robinson, bass; Denzil Best, drums.

DRIFTING ON A REED....Joe Davis 8250
FLYING HAWKJoe Davis 8250
ON THE BEAN.....Joe Davis 8251
RECOLLECTIONSJoe Davis 8251

*SWING TO BOP is the title on the Esoteric and Counterpoint long-playing releases.

DICKERSON from page 19

and some have attempted to describe situations through music, they have been disinclined to portray physical death in what they play. And surely death is life's ultimate experience.

I asked him about another of his compositions, which is built around a repeating bass figure, *Death and Taxes*.

"These are things we see every day," he answered. "Monotonous things. In the composition, as in life, the idea is to get the most interesting thing out of it, keeping in mind that these are the two grinding factors you must endure. Therefore, set yourself in this repeated thing and try to build something interesting, which in most instances is a difficult thing to do."

Few musicians have this insight into life—and death. Fewer still are able to put it into words. But Walt said he had been thinking this way since his second year of college.

"Dr. Strider, head of the music department, was the only one who understood me there," he said. "He used to come to the clubs in Baltimore that I worked almost every weekend. He wanted me to work with the school jazz band, but I wouldn't. There were things I wanted to project but couldn't with the school band; they had a set book and leaned toward rhythm and blues."

In 1954 his brother, Boyd, in the Navy at the time, drowned during a hurricane. Boyd had helped Walt financially but, more important, had proved a source of inspiration.

"He always kept it in my ear to keep doing what I was doing musically rather than give it up and teach school, which I was hearing from other sources."

"It didn't have a great effect on my musical concept," he said referring to his brother's death, "but a greater degree of sincerity, more concentration, resulted."

In memory of his brother, Walt recorded *Ode to Boy* in his second album. The performance ends with a musical interpretation of death by drowning.

"My concern with death is not fatalism but facing reality," he said. "No fear, just reality. The first time I incorporated it into music was shortly after my brother's death."

"I feel my material deals with all natural phenomena, such as death. Today, with research going on in so many areas, I don't think music should be restricted to the usual things like feet-patting. There should be a connection between other natural phenomena and music. There's been no extensive research along these lines in jazz."

It looks as if there will be now. 

SHEARING from page 24

—and I know there is an object there.

It's easy for me to talk, because I have to use my ears all the time, but if I have it, I believe others have the same kind of hearing. I don't believe that if one is born with one of the senses impaired, another sense is more acute, as compensation. What exists is an added concentration on the other sense. Most of us have the ability to hear sharply; all we have to do is develop it.

In addition to learning to hear sharply, the budding pianist must learn to recognize notes. One way to practice this is to have someone play chords on the piano and the student try to name the notes without looking.

If there is no one available to play the chords, the student should tape-record himself playing various chords and then play back the tape several weeks later, when he has likely forgotten what he played, and try to recognize as many of the notes as possible.

There are other ways to train the ear, of course, but as a rule of thumb, anytime you hear something in your head or hear something someone else plays that is appealing, try to sort it out and play it. If you can't, get with someone who can and have him play it and write it out if necessary.

Besides all this, the young jazz pianist should go back and listen to what has happened in jazz piano, not in the last five or six years, but for the last 25 or even more. This will give him a clear idea of the development of jazz piano. Further, he should try to imitate the styles of the masters past and present. In so doing he will find varying degrees of technical ability placed upon him.

I know that a number of people criticize young pianists because they sound like others. And some feel that almost any kind of original is better than a copy. But I believe—and this may be the result of my plebeian tastes in food, meat and potatoes—a good copy is better than a bad original.

There's a lot to be said for the bad original. He's at least trying to create something of his own rather than sheepishly repeat something that's been said before him.

But I feel that the well-grounded and well-rounded jazz pianist has to go through the different styles that demand various phases of technical facility in order that he may decide which ingredients he will choose to make up his own style.

I'd rather not hear the bad original until it becomes a good original or else the guy goes into carpentry or something. 



JAZZ IMPROVISATIONS, VOL. II
—Jazz Rhythm and the Improvised Line, by John Mehegan. Published by Watson-Guptill Publications, Inc., 137 pages, \$12.50

“... a book which permanently records the evolution of the improvised line and the history of jazz rhythm with the hope that future generations may find here knowledge to aid them in their efforts toward continuing and deepening the jazz art.”

So ends the introduction to this wire-bound volume. The book is divided into two main sections. The first is a historical sketch of jazz rhythm from its earliest days to recent times. After laying out and partially defining his terminology, the author discusses in “lesson” format tempo, melodic time, harmonic time, and syncopation—all through a regimented chronological approach.

The second section (more than half the book) is composed of transcribed solos of various jazzmen—also arranged chronologically—from their more typical recorded performances. Included are the most influential artists from Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong to Miles Davis and Lee Konitz. Most of the piano transcriptions are complete. (Have you ever seen an Art Tatum record written out?)

Certain aspects of this volume are particularly valuable. In discussing melodic time values and how they have developed, Mehegan has transcribed 12 soloists from Bessie Smith to Hampton Hawes, each represented by a chorus of blues and has arranged the music on the page in score fashion, so that the differences become instantly apparent.

Another excellent chapter, dealing with tempo, gives a schematic of comparative metronome markings from New Orleans to the present. Also superb is Mehegan's choice of soloists in the second section and the quantity of the transcribed music presented (about 90 pages).

Certain aspects of the book are less satisfying. Much of the text seems to be of stark organizational skeleton, supplying little help in gaining insight for the student, or the listener, or the historian. (Compare, for instance, Andre Hodier's *Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence*, wherein the organization of ideas is never left bare but always serves the end of enlightenment.) The historian or advanced student may be interested in the exposition of Mehegan's *method*. But aside

from the actual music, I'm not so sure that the *content* of the text will benefit to a great degree the less-advanced student or even the sophisticated listener.

Jazz Improvisations, Vol. I, incidentally, is prerequisite to this text.—Bill Mathieu

DINOSAURS IN THE MORNING, by Whitney Balliett. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., 219 pp., \$3.95.

This is a compilation of Balliett's articles from *The New Yorker* and, like his earlier set, *The Sound of Surprise* (1959), is a running commentary and criticism of various facets of jazz.

Happily, Balliett never has suffered from the myopia that has afflicted many jazz writers, so, rather than a series of pieces on modern or mainstream or traditional jazz, these discussions jump easily and naturally from Dizzy Gillespie to Ida Cox and from ragtime and early boogie woogie to Cecil Taylor and Charlie Mingus. And Balliett apparently has the ability to interview adequately (a tricky task) such diverse persons as Joseph F. Lamb, Ornette Coleman, Toshiko, Sonny Rollins, and Gunther Schuller.

Balliett's prose style is geared for the readers of *The New Yorker*, but even so his similes and metaphors sometimes show

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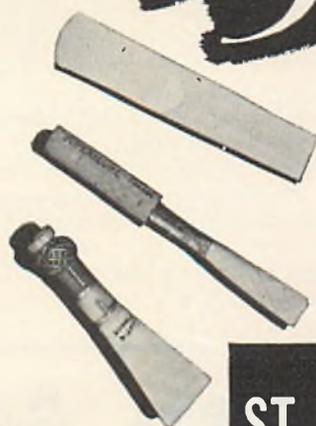
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signs of strain that will make any reader squirm. ("Hawkins' . . . heavy vibrato suggested the wingbeats of a big bird and his tone halls hung with dark velvet and lit by huge fires." "Hodges employs a tone . . . that seems to be draped over notes like a lap robe." "Beiderbecke is gorgeous . . . flashing out of the mire like a snowy egret.")

Nevertheless, all 41 pieces have, in spite of their briefness, quite a great deal to say about the present state of jazz and jazzmen. Balliett is not an original thinker, but he manages to make one re-examine and reinterpret his own knowledge and impressions of the music (the discussion of the old Count Basie rhythm section in the Jo Jones article, for example, is excellent), and his critical instincts are rarely wrong. When he says, ". . . there have been dozens of first-rate Negro musicians and, give or take a Gerry Mulligan or Stan Getz, only five comparable white musicians: Bix Beiderbecke, Dave Tough, Pee Wee Russell, Jack Teagarden, and Django Reinhardt," a reader may start his own list only to find later, after much thinking and erasing, that he ends with the same five.

There are excellent reviews of the "little" 1960 Newport festival, a Gunther Schuller Third Stream concert, and a Duke Ellington piano recital. There also are the valuable record reviews of *The Fletcher Henderson Story* and *The Bix Beiderbecke Legend* albums and an account of the recent finding of the Eddie Lang and the Beiderbecke home-movie films. Then there are fresh commentaries



on Lester Young, Fats Waller, Thelonious Monk, Billie Holiday, Cecil Taylor, and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

The reader will find that once he gets his footing in Balliett's prose, he is in the hands of a powerful writer and one of the keenest observers of the whole arena of jazz that has yet appeared.

—Gilbert M. Erskine

ANOTHER COUNTRY, by James Baldwin. Published by Dial Press, 436 pp., \$5.95.

James Baldwin, the explosively eloquent voice of the militant young Negro in U.S. society, has to his credit two previous novels and two volumes of essays, the last of which, *Nobody Knows My Name*, was perhaps the finest collection of its kind ever published.

In *Another Country*, his third novel, Baldwin has as his principal characters two figures in the world of music. One is Rufus Scott, a drummer whose fame and fortune have run out, whose love affair with a southern white girl is disas-

trous for both, and whose suicide climaxes the first segment of the story. The second is his sister, Ida, beautiful, defiantly proud, and angry.

The second segment deals chiefly with a romance between Ida and Vivaldo Moore, a frustrated writer. Baldwin is not preoccupied exclusively with the Negro-white aspect of human relationships; there is a strong undercurrent of homosexuality, involving two other principal characters and, to some extent, Rufus and Vivaldo also.

There are many moments of piercing insight in the character delineation. The atmosphere for the most part is violent; obscenity and all the four- and six-letter words thread through the pages. The novel reaches several peaks of superb realism.

It lacks one important element: curiously, the two Negro characters, Rufus and Ida, never come completely to life. One learns very little about Rufus' background as a drummer, his musical ambitions and ideas and relationships. Ida's emergence as a singer is similarly incomplete in characterization.

Nevertheless, for all its deficiencies, this often-depressing tale, with the inevitable narcotics angle, the parade of twisted, angry, inhibited people, and a subtle analysis of the forces that shaped them, commands the interest continuously. *It can be recommended as literature, as a document of this century, rather than as a reflection of the life of a Negro jazz musician or singer.* On the latter level, the perfect novel still remains to be written.

—Leonard Feather

DOWN BEAT'S 27th Annual Readers Poll

With this issue, the 27th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll is under way. For the next several weeks—until midnight, Nov. 11—*Down Beat* readers will have an opportunity to support their favorite jazz musicians. One firm way to express your appreciation of those musicians whose work has given you pleasure during the past year is by casting your vote for them in the *Down Beat* Readers Poll.



VOTING INSTRUCTIONS



1. Vote only once. *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at its discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that his supporters have stuffed the ballot box in his favor.
2. Vote early. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, Sunday, Nov. 11.
3. Use only the official ballot. Type or print names legibly.
4. In the *Hall of Fame* category, name the jazz performer who, in your opinion, has contributed the most to jazz. This is the only poll category in which deceased persons are eligible. This does *not* mean living persons cannot be voted for.

Previous winners are ineligible. They are Louis Armstrong, Glenn Miller, Stan Kenton, Charlie Parker, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Count Basie, Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Billie Holiday, and Bix Beiderbecke (who won the 1962 *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll).

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, pre-addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, write your choices in each category in the spaces provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Letters and regular postcards will not be accepted as ballots.

5. Vote only for living musicians in all other categories.
6. In the *Miscellaneous Instrument* category there can be more than one winner. The instrumentalist who amasses the greatest number of votes will, of course, be declared winner on his instrument. But those who play other miscellaneous instruments can also win: **if a musician receives at least 15 percent of the total vote in the category, he will be declared winner on his instrument.** For example, if there are 10,000 votes cast in the *Miscellaneous Instrument* category, an organist, say, with 1,500 or more votes will win also, provided there are no other organists with a greater number of votes.

Note: a miscellaneous instrument is an instrument not having a category of its own. Two exceptions: valve trombone (votes for valve trombonists should be cast in the trombone category) and cornet (votes for cornetists should be cast in the trumpet category).

7. Vote for only one person in each category.

Inner Ear

By **BILL MATHIEU**

Whatever their instrument, most jazzmen play *at* piano. This column will be about the nonpianist at the keyboard, whose goal is usually to play passably well without spending an improbable amount of time practicing.

Unless he becomes seriously interested in the instrument, the nonpianist need not be concerned with the rigorous routines most accomplished pianists go through at one time or another: scales, arpeggios, touch exercises, and the like. These routines are the pianists' Way of Life, and unless they are approached as such they do little good.

There are, however, easier ways.

Remember that regularly recurring practice (say 10 minutes a day) is better than heavy but spasmodic practice (say, three hours a couple times a month). Another axiom: sloppy playing and sloppy hearing crossbreed.

Beware the pedal; it covers a multitude of sins. Pedals should be used as a wise woman uses cosmetics: to enhance natural beauty. It is always better to play simple music accurately (with little or no pedal) than to play impressive music sloppily (with the pedal glued to the floor). The quickest results will be obtained by the student who practices simple music slowly, regularly, and with his legs tucked under.

It's good to set small goals: be able to play from memory, without mistakes, a simple piece every so often—say, one every two months. In a year a little repertoire accrues, not to mention improvement in playing ability.

Jazz arrangers-composers who are not pianists face a paradox as regards the piano. The ultimate goal should be to sever more and more their dependence on the piano. Being forced to write at the keyboard tends to deaden and slow down the writing process. The better pianist a writer becomes, the less he has to rely on the instrument. This is not such a paradox after all. True pianistic competence involves the ability to handle complex rhythmic and melodic independence, the knack of concentrating, and the ability to think ahead. These disciplines tend to clear the ear—and as the ear clears, the composer's dependence on the keyboard disappears.

Many jazzmen who are proficient on another instrument play some piano to familiarize themselves with harmony. The most common hang-up is that they play little else but four-tone chords in the left hand in root position while improvising a melody in the right.

A short-cut to a fuller approach to

jazz piano is the realization that to the jazz pianist the bass line is often as important as the melody. This means many chords will *not* occur in root position. The nonpianist will discover certain harmonic inversions especially useful. To name a couple: dominant seventh chords with their thirds or sevenths in the bass; minor seventh chords with the fifth in the bass. It's also good to avoid the constant use of the interval of the seventh between the fifth finger and the thumb of the left hand. Learn to play 10ths. They are the key to many characteristic jazz voicings.

There has been a lot of speculation as to the relationship between jazz and classical technique. It seems to me that if conscious effort is made to keep them separate, they will influence one another positively.

Jazz cannot be played with classical technique, and classical music fares badly with jazz technique. Some split thinking is necessary here. There is much testimony to the fact that the two techniques reinforce each other, but they do not seem to do so directly.

The rigorous discipline of classical music is good for the jazzman accustomed to the freedom of jazz thought. And jazz improvisation is a useful liberator for the classical technician. However, the cross-influence is mostly conceptual—a matter of being able to see

things differently—not physical. There are, in fact, physical divergences in the two techniques that can render disastrous the literal transplanting from one music to the other.

Take rhythm, for instance. Jazzmen often find themselves in difficulty when they try to play with *perfect* evenness and control. So accustomed is the jazz pianist to the swinging asymmetry of eighth notes and eighth-note triplets, that metronomic eighths are strange and difficult for the ear.

There are, however, a few physical crossovers from classical to jazz. Classical piano technique requires strength in the last two fingers of each hand that jazz technique can use but does relatively little to develop.

Classical technique also requires equal facility in both hands—something few jazz pianists develop.

But these physical crossovers seem to be one-way. Classical pianists find it difficult if not impossible to learn jazz without endangering their classical technique. Fortunately, it works out better the other way around.

I personally do not recommend all jazz pianists study classical technique. There's more than one way to play the piano, even some yet to be discovered. The *safest* route is through Bach and Chopin, but many a great jazz pianist might have attained less had he known enough to be safe.



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Publisher: John J. Maher, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Editor: Don DeMicheal, 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

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W. J. O'Brien, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1962.

(Seal)

Lester A. Powell

(My commission expires February 11, 1964)

FOUR COMPOSITIONS BY JIMMY WOODS

Altoist Jimmy Woods has made but one album under his own name. But that album, *Awakening!*, released by Contemporary, revealed what many believe to be a major writing talent. On this and the following page are four compositions by Woods; all are included in his album and have not been published previously.

AWAKENING

By JIMMY WOODS

Musical score for 'Awakening' in 4/4 time. The score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff is the melody in treble clef. The second staff is the bass line in bass clef. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the bass line. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff continues the bass line. The seventh staff continues the melody. The eighth staff continues the bass line. The ninth staff continues the melody. The tenth staff continues the bass line. The score ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE'.

Chord chart for 'Awakening' in 4/4 time. The chords are: F, Bb Cm, Em? D?, Dm, Dm G?, Dm Gb?, Cm F?, Bm? E?, D.C. AL FINE.

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ANTICIPATION

By JIMMY WOODS

Musical score for 'Anticipation' in 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff is the melody in treble clef. The second staff is the bass line in bass clef. The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff continues the bass line. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff continues the bass line. The score ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE'.

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FOUR COMPOSITIONS BY JIMMY WOODS

LITTLE JIM

By JIMMY WOODS

Musical score for 'Little Jim' in C major, 4/4 time. The score consists of nine staves of music. The first staff is the melody, and the subsequent staves are accompaniment. Chord symbols are written above the notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is C. The score ends with a double bar line.

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NOT YET

By JIMMY WOODS

Musical score for 'Not Yet' in D minor, 4/4 time. The score consists of seven staves of music. The first staff is the melody, and the subsequent staves are accompaniment. Chord symbols are written above the notes. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is C. The score ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE'.

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AD LIB *from page 12*

Costa at the Village Gate. The date is not yet set . . . **Woody Herman** has signed a contract to work 12 weeks at New York's Metropole during 1963. He cut his first big-band record for Philips in that club late last month.

Cozy Cole is the latest State Department-sponsored jazz leader. He is touring east and west Africa . . . Trumpeter **Ted Curson** toured Canada recently and appeared there on a network television show . . . **Mahalia Jackson** appeared in Washington, D.C., last month to sing at ceremonies commemorating the Emancipation Proclamation centennial.

OVERSEAS ODDS AND ENDS: British trumpeter-leader **Humphrey Lyttleton** will play dates next summer in New Zealand, Hong Kong, and Manila. Before then, British trumpeter-leader **Ken Colyer** will spend Christmas holidays in Sydney, Australia, representing Britain at a national jazz convention . . . Clarinetist **Tony Scott**, long gone from this country, has returned to Hong Kong, where he has been organizing concerts and a television show that have brought in \$3,000 for the International Artists and Musicians Alliance. The organization usually is concerned with helping entertainers, but in recent weeks the effort and the money has been de-

voted to victims of a disastrous tenement fire in Hong Kong . . . European bookers are reportedly more and more interested in the summer jazz festival held in Antibes, France, as an audition for engagements through Europe. On the basis of response there, such promoters as **Henri Goldgran** schedule performers for concerts later in the year. Goldgran, who also owns the New York-based International Performers Corp., now plans to establish a Europe-to-United States routing.

EAST EUROPE

In Bled, Yugoslavia, that city's third jazz festival took place this summer. **John Lewis** of the **Modern Jazz Quartet** was honorary chairman. Three Yugoslavian big bands and several small groups took part. According to Lewis, the Radio Belgrade big band, led by **Vojislav Simic**, played Quincy Jones-like arrangements "better than Quincy." German critic **Horst Lippman** compared another of the big bands, this one from Novisad, to the bands led by **Woody Herman**. Among the combos present at the festival was the **Quarteto Moderne** from Udine, Italy.

Karel Krautgartner's big band, one of the finest in Europe, toured the USSR for several weeks recently. According to reports, the Czech band featured arrangements much more modern in flavor than did the **Benny Goodman** Band during its tour of the Soviet Union. The Krautgartner band also is scheduled to play in East Berlin . . . Another Czech band, this one from Brno and led by **Gustav Brom**, also toured Russia, and at one Soviet concert played before 100,000 persons in the mammoth Kirov sport stadium.

In Prague, Czechoslovakia, **Jaroslav Kral**, 40, died. For many years Kral was the bassist with the big band of **Karel Vlach** . . . Seven 10-inch LPs containing all the prewar record output of **Jaroslav Jazek's** big band were issued in Czechoslovakia recently.

The **Willis Conover** jazz broadcasts over *Voice of America* beamed to Hungary and Czechoslovakia have been changed to a new time and wave length. Hungarian and Czech listeners report the changes make it almost impossible to receive the broadcasts.

BUENOS AIRES

Argentina's fifth National Jazz Congress was held Sept. 29-Oct. 2. Organized by the Centre de Estudios Especializados en Jazz in collaboration with the government cultural ministry, Buenos Aires University, and the city's Modern Art Museum, the congress emphasized avant garde jazz, with compositions by **Gunther Schuller**, **Jim Hall**, **John Lewis**, and **Seiji Hiraoka** scheduled for performance. Three special programs, aligning jazz with ballet,

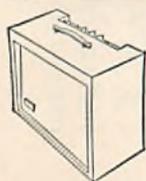


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poetry, and drama, also were given.

Belgian jazz trombonist **Christian Kellens**, a member of **Marshall Brown's** International Newport Youth Band that visited this country in 1958, recently returned to Argentina and hopes to take up residence here. He has been working with **Diana Lynn**, the nation's top vocalist.

MONTREAL

The Penthouse continues presenting live jazz, using local jazzmen. So does La Tete de L'Art. Both places are centrally located in town . . . **Sonny Terry** and **Brownie McGhee** were recent attractions at the Finjan . . . The revue *Get on Board the Jazz Train* played Montreal in September to mixed reviews. The lack of name talent and lack of jazz made many of those who saw it more than a little ruffled.

The 1962 Montreal High Fidelity Music Show is taking place at the Sheraton Mount Royal Hotel Oct. 10-13, with more than 40 manufacturers and dealers represented . . . **Annie Ross'** brother, **Jimmy Logan**, was interviewed on CBM last week. No jazz singer he; rather, a Scottish balladeer.

NEW ORLEANS

The retirement of trombonist **Roger Delillo** to the real estate business has prompted a reshuffle in **Al Belletto's**

group at the Playboy. Trumpeter **Bob Teeters** and the rhythm section now form a separate group, the **Four More**, with **Belletto** joining the ex-sidemen on various sets and also making appearances with the other house groups led by **Dave West** and **Ed Fenasci** . . . Pianist **Ellis Marsalis** is set to open a new modern jazz club, the Music Haven, soon. Marsalis' quartet will include tenor saxist **Nat Perrilliat**, bassist **Marshall Smith**, and drummer **James Black**.

Banjoist-singer **Clancy Hayes**, appearing at the Playboy Club here, sat in with the **Crawford-Fergusen Jazz Band** at a recent meeting of the New Orleans Jazz Club. The **Eureka Brass Band** also was featured on the program . . . Drummer **Charlie Blancq**, active in recent years with **Al Belletto**, **Buddy Prima**, and **Rusty Mayne**, was graduated from Loyola University and signed a contract for the upcoming season with the **New Orleans Symphony Orchestra**.

Evidence that the local Twist rage is on the wane came from the university section when jazz pianist **Armand Hug** opened at the Dynasty Room, the first Twist-oriented club to offer jazz talent since the fad began . . . **Stan Mendelson** is back in New Orleans and plans to settle here. Mendelson was a long-time pianist with the **Dukes of Dixieland** and has been on the road for the last two

years with the **Ragamuffins**.

The Northeast Louisiana College Jazz Ensemble of Monroe, La., was chosen for a tour of U.S. bases in Europe early next year. Led by former **Stan Kenton** sideman **Del Sawyer**, the group will feature its jazz book and accompany a student entertainment troupe including vocalist **Kirby Jane Mooney** . . . Ex-Orleanian **Don Albert** was in from San Antonio for a recording session at **Joe Mares'** Southland records. Rejoining the veteran trumpeter **Albert** on the date were trombonist **Waldron Joseph**; clarinetist **Louis Cottrell**; pianist **Jeanette Kimbell**; bassist **Placide Adams**; and drummer **Paul Barbarin**.

CINCINNATI

The Queen City is in the midst of a jazz boom that finds clubs bidding against each other for talent. Headlining recent bills at the Living Room were **Roy Eldridge**, **Curtis Peagler's** quartet, **Eddie Heywood**, **Buddy DeFranco - Tommy Gumina**, **Judy James**, and **Dee Felice's** trio. **Marian McPartland** is scheduled for two weeks beginning Nov. 26 . . . The Surf Club countered with **Jonah Jones**, **Jackie Mason**, and **Gene Krupa**. Set for Oct. 16-20 is the **George Shearing Quintet**.

A surprise entry in the jazz field, the **Misty Lounge**, brought in **Lou Donaldson's** quartet for a starter and has

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future three-day booking by **Roland Kirk** and the **Three Sounds** . . . Also new to the music scene, the **Swifton Colony** embarked on a name policy with a two-week stint by vocalist **Frank D'Rone**.

Tenorist **Paul Plummer's** quartet switched to **Seven Cities**, sharing the bill with folk singer **Danny Cox**. **Trotty Heck**, piano; **Scott McKeon**, bass; **Ron Eneyart**, drums, back **Plummer**.

DETROIT

The big bands of **Bob Pierson** and **Jimmy Wilkins** were presented in outdoor concerts in downtown Detroit. The concerts were sponsored by the city

and **AFM Local 5** . . . Afterhours sessions at both **Checker Bar-B-Q** locations have been rewarding. One night recently, visitors at the downtown location found **Tony Bennett**, **Conte Candoli**, **Richie Kamuca**, and **Art Mardigan** in a session . . . The **Hank Warren Quartet** has been booked for a U.S. State Department European tour.

Quincy Jones has written a revue, *America Drives Ahead*, which will be presented at the **National Automobile Show** in **Cobo Hall Arena** Oct. 20-28. Jones will direct and perform as trumpet soloist . . . **Juanita Hall** appeared at **Northland Playhouse** in *Flower Drum Song*. She plans to record a group of

American street calls soon. **New Yorkers** can look for her club, **Juanita Hall's Backstage**, to open in early November.

CHICAGO

Trumpeter **Don Goldie** left the **Jack Teagarden Sextet** after the group's recent two-weeker at **Ray's Supper Club** on the far south side. Goldie, with the veteran trombonist for more than two years, will form a quartet to be booked by **Associated Booking Corp.** Incidentally, the trumpeter's new Verve album, *Trumpet Exodus*, was originally recorded for **Argo**, but that Chicago company sold the masters to **Verve** for a reported \$5,000 without even hearing the tapes. **Bobby Lewis** replaced Goldie with **Teagarden**, and **Eddie Higgins** joined the group on piano. Both are Chicago-based musicians.

George Shearing will be featured at the **Autumn Music Festival** at **Fenger High School** on Oct. 21. The event is sponsored by the **Parents of the Blind**. **Shearing** will donate his services . . . **Seymour's Jazz Record Mart**, owned and operated by **Bob Koester**, is at a new location, **7 W. Grand**. The shop has been a gathering place for musicians, ranging in style and age from **Dodo Marmarosa** to **Big Joe Williams**, for several years.

The **Little Brother Montgomery Trio** has been working **Sundays** through **Tuesdays** at the **Plugged Nickel** on **Wells St.** **Bobby Gordon** is often clarinetist with the pianist's group. Frequent **Monday night sitters-in** have been clarinetist **Joe Marsala**, trombonist **Floyd O'Brien**, and clarinetist **Frank Chace**. The **Ted Buttermen Quartet** plays the club the other nights of the week.

Gene Ammons, who is scheduled to go into the **Sutherland** for four weeks, beginning Oct. 9, was onstand with **Sonny Stitt** at **McKie's** recently. **Lou Donaldson's** quartet was booked into the club for the Oct. 24-Nov. 4 open date left when the **Dizzy Gillespie** engagement originally scheduled for that time failed to materialize.

Sid McCoy and Friends, the popular TV show emceed by one of Chicago's leading disc jockeys, will continue indefinitely on **WTTW** following a month's layoff in October. The show has featured such artists as **Art Blakey**, **Oscar Peterson**, **Les McCann**, **Oscar Brown Jr.**, **Gloria Lynne**, and **Cannonball Adderley**.

LOS ANGELES

One of **Los Angeles's** oldest jazz landmarks, the **Beverly Tavern**, where almost every traditionalist jazzman worthy of note played at one time or another, succumbed recently and was added to the growing list of **Twist joints**. **Roy Brewer** played the last non-Twist job there.

Jerry Lewis will use the **Terry Gibbs** big band version of **Al Cohn's Nose**

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Cone as a vehicle for his pantomime in the forthcoming picture *The Nutty Professor*, now shooting at Paramount . . . Trumpeter **Lee Katzman** sent out a call for his old Chicago sidekick, **Irv Craig**, veteran jazz pianist. They'll organize a group here. Katzman recently returned from a \$100-a-day weeklong tour with the **Benny Goodman Band** after drawing \$50 a day from BG for three days at Disneyland.

The latest **Stan Kenton** jazz album, *Adventures in Jazz*, consists of **Bill Holman** arrangements. Other albums due are *Adventures in Blues* written by **Gene Roland** followed by **Johnny Richards'** arrangements in *Adventures in Time* . . . **Victor Feldman** recorded a Contemporary LP of tunes from the hit British show *Stop the World, I Want to Get Off* with **Bob Whitlock**, bass, and **Lawrence Marable**, drums. Feldman overdubbed vibes and piano . . . Capitol's **Lee Gillette** is talking term contract with **Earl Hines** in San Francisco. The upshot should be an album soon . . . **Tommy Vig**, Hungarian vibist with the **Martin Denny** group the last 18 months, formed his own quartet to work with the Hawaiian jazz singer, **Ethel Azama**. Vig is featuring vibes and marimba, as well as chimes and assorted percussion instruments. Miss Azama and the group open Oct. 19 for a four- to six-week stand at the Thun-

derbird Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev. Piano, bass, and drums complete the lineup.

The Comedy Club was finally set to open—but as a jazz club with private membership. **Bob Leonard**, of Creative Artists Management Agency, said he will handle the booking. Top jazz groups and singers are slated to work the new room. Meanwhile, Leonard booked singer **Roy Hamilton** into the Hideaway Supper Club beginning Oct. 17 and the current vocal attraction, **Arthur Prysock** . . . Pianist **Phineas Newborn Jr.** is stirring up a lot of steam in his current Thursdays-through-Mondays engagement at the Watkins Hotel's Rubaiyat Room. **Kenny Dennis** is on drums . . . Desilu Sales, Inc.—that's the **Desi Arnaz-Lucille Ball** organization—is undertaking distributorship of **Steve Allen's** *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* series scheduled to start Oct. 15 on Westinghouse's five-station network—WBZ-TV, Boston; KDKA-TV, Pittsburgh; KYW-TV, Cleveland; WJZ-TV, Baltimore; and KPIX-TV, San Francisco. Newly signed to do the 30-minute show, produced by **Jimmy Baker** and directed by **Steve Binder**, are the **Stan Kenton Band** and the **Phineas Newborn Trio**.

Red Nichols, his cornet and his **Five Pennies** returned to Marineland restaurant for a stand there till early December. On Dec. 3 they repair to their home base at the Sheraton West Hotel

here for a three-month stay . . . Pianist **Arthur Schutt** is playing intermission jazz at Jim's Roaring '20s in Wonderbowl-Downey where **Johnny Lane's** two-beaters are ensconced.

SAN FRANCISCO

The **Cannonball Adderley Sextet** set a new opening night attendance record at the Jazz Workshop. **Orrin Keepnews** of Riverside recorded the combo during its stay . . . **Nico Bunink** is intermission pianist at the Black Hawk two nights a week when one or the other of the two main attractions is off . . . Altoist **John Handy** has formed a quartet (**Jane Getz**, piano; **Billy Cayou**, bass; **Marvin Pattillo**, drums). The combo played a well-attended concert at Trois Couleur in Berkeley, worked three weekends thereafter at the club, and then went into the Black Hawk . . . Tsubo, the Berkeley coffee house, has held over **Mary Stallings**, a fine young jazz singer, after she scored strongly on her first weekend gig with the **Flip Nunez Trio**.

Pianist **Buddy Montgomery**, bassist **Fred Marshall**—an alumnus of **Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson** as well as **Terry Gibbs**—and drummer **Sonny Johnson** backed **Jimmy Rushing** and **Ben Webster** in their three-week cooking school at Sugar Hill . . . Trombonist **Kent Larsen** was in the band backing the **King Sisters** during their engagement at the Fairmont. 

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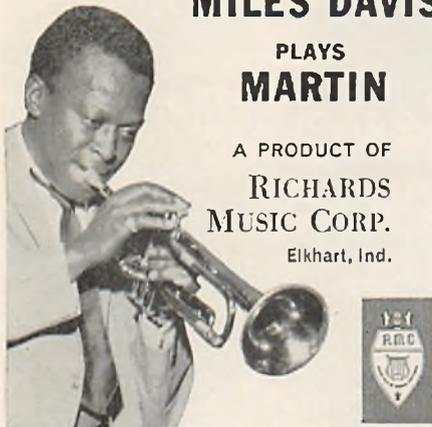
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WHERE & WHEN

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: Louis Prima to 10/25.
Birdland: *unk*.
Condon's: Tony Parenti, *tfn*.
Coronet (Brooklyn): *unk*.
Embers: Dorothy Donegan, *tfn*.
Five Spot: Sonny Rollins, Roland Kirk, *tfn*.
Half Note: Zoot Sims-Al Cohn to 10/14.
Hickory House: Marian McPartland, *tfn*.
Kenny's Steak House: Herman Chittison, *tfn*.
Metropole: Woody Herman to 10/11. Maynard Ferguson, 10/12-11/1.
Nicks: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, Don Frye.
20 Spruce St.: Ahmed Abdul-Malik, *wknds*.
Village Gate: Charlie Byrd to 10/15. Lonnie Donegan to 11/4. Chris Connor, 10/23-11/4.
Village Vanguard: Joe Williams, Ted Curson to 10/28.

TORONTO

Colonial: Earl Hines to 10/27.
First Floor Club: Wray Downes, Rob McConnell, *wknds*.
George's Spaghetti House: Moe Koffman, 10/22-10/27.
House of Hambourg: modern jazz groups, *wknds*.
Town Tavern: Pee Wee Russell, Marshall Brown, 10/12-10/27.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Vince Fabrizio, *tfn*.
Basin Street Lounge: Ted Efantis, *tfn*.
Bayou: Joe Rinaldi, *tfn*.
Black Sheep Lounge: John Eaton, *tfn*.
Bohemian Caverns: JFK Quintet, *hb*. Bill Dockens, *tfn*.
Charles Hotel Dixieland Lounge: Booker Coleman, Thurs-Sat.
Mayfair Lounge: Wally Garner, Wild Bill Whelan, Country Thomas, Fri., Sat.
Shoreham Hotel: Tee Carson, *tfn*.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, John Malachi, *tfn*.
Sumpt'n Else Lounge: Lawrence Wheatley, Donna Jewell, *tfn*.

NEW ORLEANS

Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.
Dixieland Coffee Shop: various traditional groups.
Dynasty Room: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, *tfn*. Santo Pecora, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Sun., Tues.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Mon.
Music Haven: Ellis Marsalis, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *tfn*. Marvin Kimbell, Wed.
Prince Conti Motel: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Pepe's: Laverne Smith, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, The Plus Five, *tfn*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.
Perseverance Hall: various traditional groups.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

CLEVELAND

The Brothers: Bud Waffles, *wknds*.
Dalton Saloon: folk artists.
La Cave: East Jazz Trio, *tfn*.
Monticello: George Quinizer, Fri. Ted Paskert, Sat.
Sahara Lounge: Ray Raysor, *hb*.
Theatrical: Hi Lads, 10/15-17. Chuy Reyes, *hb*.
Tia Juana: name artists. Breakfast dance, Mon. morning.

DETROIT

AuSable: Alex Kallao, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: Jack Brokensha, Ursula Walker, to 11/3.
Charleston Club: Leo Marchione, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q (Downtown): Charles Robinett, Bob Pierson, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q (Uptown): Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob James, *tfn*.
Kevin House: Jerry McKenzic, *tfn*.
Left Bank: Ted Sheely, *tfn*.
Minor Key: *unk*.
Eddie Pawl's (Continental Lounge): Bob Snyder.
Eddie Pawl's (Warren Ave.): Jerry Robinson, *tfn*.
Topper Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
The '20s: Monroe Walker, Joe Robinson, Willie Anderson, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, *tfn*. Art Hodes, Thurs., Sun.

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.
Lake Meadows Lounge: Holly Perry, Weds.-Sat.
London House: Gene Krupa to 10/28. Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Lou Donaldson, 10/24-11/4. Max Roach, 11/7-18.
Mister Kelly's: Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo.
Playboy: Lorez Alexandria, 11/1-22. Tony Smith, Jim Atlas, Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, *hbs*.
Sahara Motel: Ella Fitzgerald, 10/25-11/7. John Frigo, Thurs., Fri.
Sutherland: Gene Ammons to 11/4. Modern Jazz Showcase, Mon.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): Hank Meser, *tfn*.
Cascades (Belmont Shore): Jack Lynde, *tfn*. Sun. morning sessions.
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russell, Southland Seven, *tfn*.
Crescendo: Oscar Brown Jr., Earl Grant, Jonah Jones, 10/17-28.
Disneyland: Johnny St. Cyr, Harvey Brooks, Alton Redd, Mike De Lay, Monette Moore, *tfn*.
Dynamite Jackson's: Richard (Groove) Holmes.
El Mirador (Palm Springs): Ben Pollack, *tfn*.
Encore Restaurant: Frankie Ortega, *tfn*.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): Johnny Lucas' Original Dixieland Blue Blowers, *tfn*.
Handlebar: Wally Holmes, Fri.-Sat.
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, *wknds*.
Hideaway Supper Club: Arthur Prysock. Roy Hamilton opens 10/17.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.
Intermission Room: Three Souls, *tfn*. Sessions, Tues.
It Club: Harold Land, *tfn*.
Jim's Roaring '20s, Wonderbowl-Downey: Johnny Lane, Arthur Schutt, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Marineland Restaurant: Red Nichols till 12/1.
Marty's: William Green, *tfn*.
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, *tfn*.
Montebello Bowl: Ken Latham, *tfn*.
Nickelodeon: Sunset Jazz Band, *wknds*.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*. John La Salle, Tues.-Sun.
Barney Kessel, Trini Lopez, Sun.-Tues.
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, Tues.-Sun.
Red Tiki (Long Beach): Vince Wallace, Thurs. Sessions, Sun.
Roaring '20s: Ray Bauduc, Pud Brown, *tfn*.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Phineas Newhorn, Thurs.-Mon. Sessions, Mon.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, Fri.-Sun. Clare Fischer, Mon. Victor Feldman, Tues. Paul Horn, Weds. Shorty Rogers, Thurs.
Signature Room (Palm Springs): Candy Stacy, *tfn*.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols opens 12/2.
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer, *tfn*.
Sinbad's (Santa Monica): Betty Bryant, *tfn*.
Spigot (Santa Barbara): Prince Lasha, *wknds*.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, *tfn*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: John Handy to 10/28. Vince Guaraldi, *hb*.
Burp Hollow: Frank Goulette, *wknds*.
Coffee Gallery: Horace Benjamin, Chris Easton, *wknds*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Primo Kim, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: Mills Brothers to 11/7. Ray Bolger, 11/8-28. Ella Fitzgerald, 11/29-12/19.
Hana Basha: Freddie Gambrell, *tfn*.
Mr. Otis: Jim Lowe, *wknds*.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*, plus Frank Erickson, *wknds*.
Sugar Hill: Carmen McRae to 10/13. Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, 10/15-27.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Willie Francis, Weds.-Thurs. Benny Barth, John True, *wknds*.
Tsubo (Berkeley): Merrill Hoover, Tues.-Thurs.
Flip Nunez, Monte Watters, *wknds*.
Trident (Sausalito): Richie Crabbtree, *tfn*. 

Here's Ed Thigpen...

Edmund Thigpen, born in Los Angeles, started playing drums at the age of eight. A perennial jazz poll favorite, he tied for 1st place among the world's New Drummers in Downbeat's poll of international jazz critics.

In between these momentous points in his career, Ed's had wide and varied experience. It included teaching himself to play, with some help from Chico Hamilton, Jo Jones, and his father, Ben Thigpen. It spread out through engagements with the Jackson Brothers, George Hudson, Cootie Williams, Dinah Washington, Johnny Hodges, Bud Powell, Jutta Hipp and the Billy Taylor Trio.

Ed's drumming experience has culminated in his present spot as a key member of Oscar Peterson's trio. There, he's setting new standards with a technique that calls into play not only sticks and brushes, but hands, fingers and elbows.

One factor has been constant throughout Ed's career: Ludwig Drums.

"I've seen Ludwigs made," Ed says, "and I think that would have decided me even if I'd never heard or played them.

"I'd have picked them on the basis of the people who make them, and the care and skill they put into the job."

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Ed Thigpen prefers:



1. 16"x16" Tom #950PC
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3. 9"x13" Tom #944PC
4. 5 1/2"x14" Snare #908PC
5. 21" Ride Cymbal
6. 16" Crash Cymbal
7. Two 15" Hi-Hat Cymbals

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