

NOVEMBER 8, 1962 35c

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

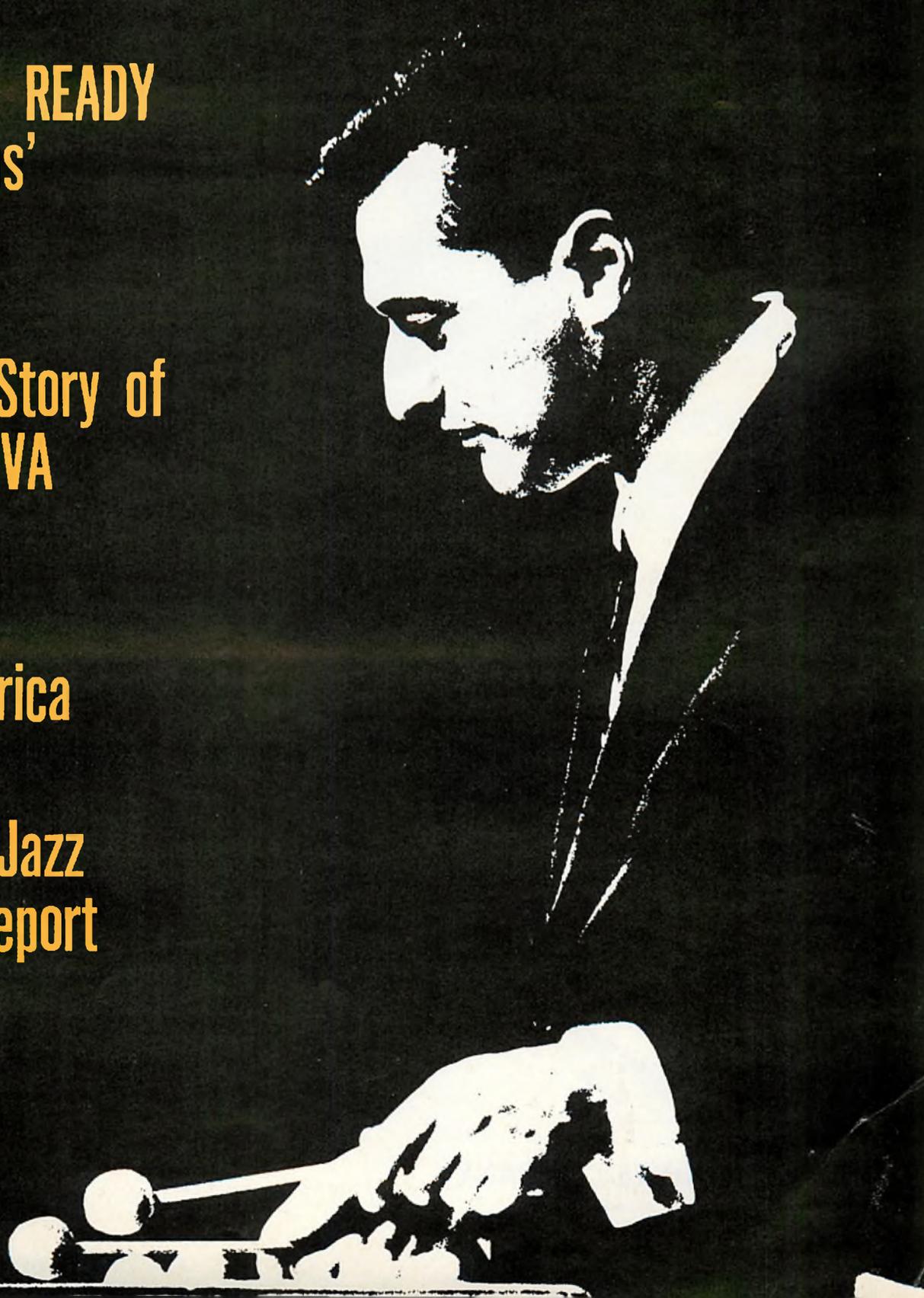
VOTE VOTE
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Terry Gibbs'
Big Band

The Real Story of
BOSSA NOVA

Jazz in
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Monterey Jazz
Festival Report





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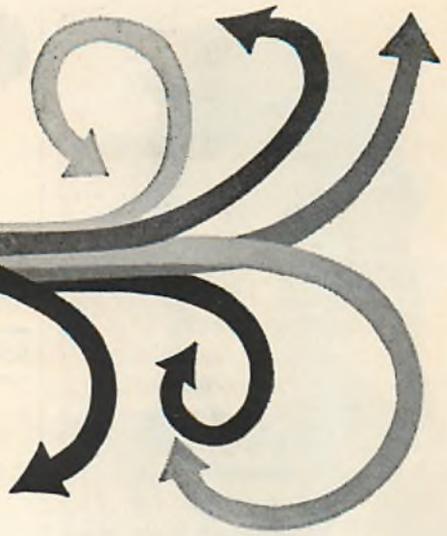
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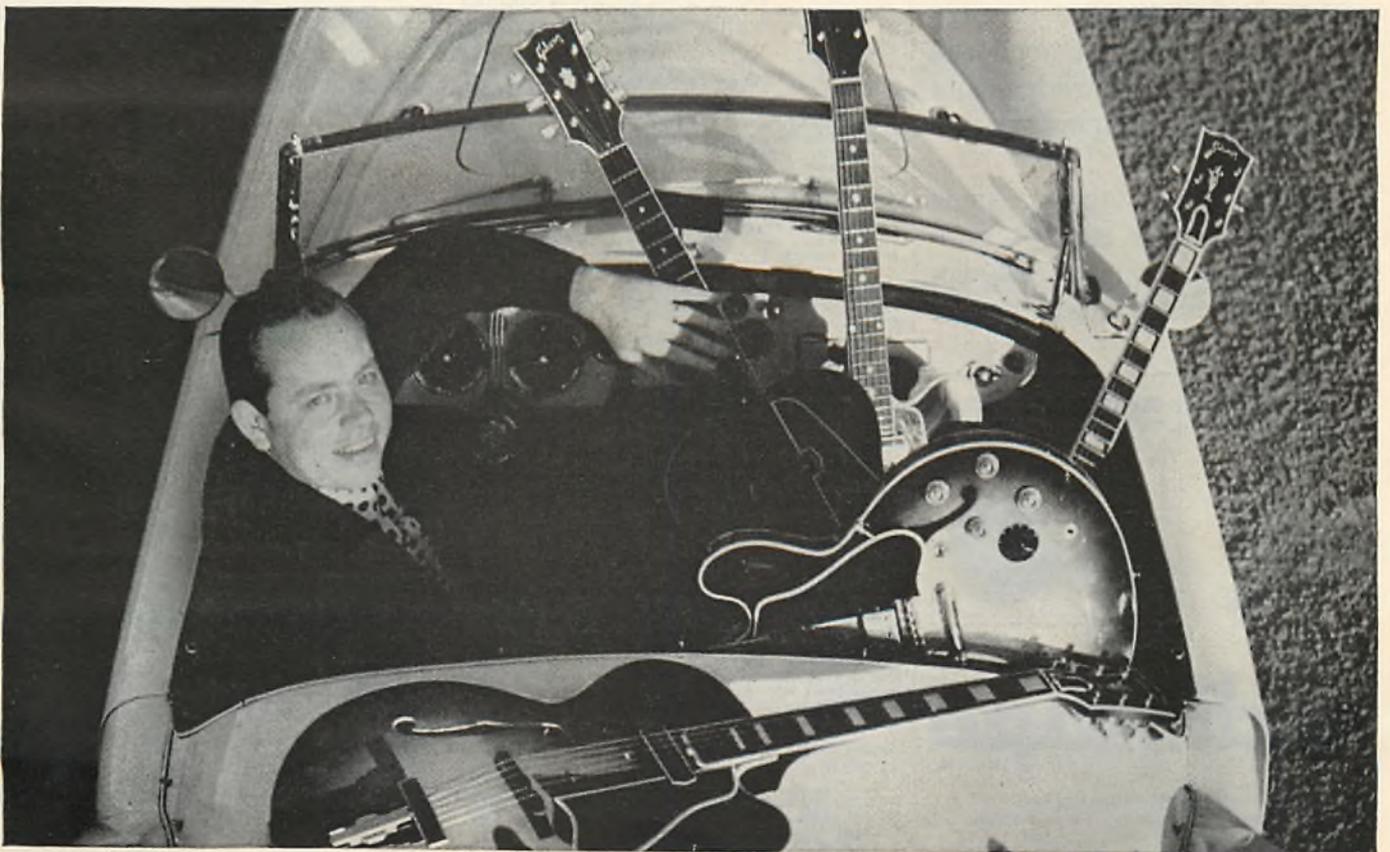
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NOVEMBER 8, 1962

VOL. 29, NO. 28

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THINGS TO COME

The Nov. 22 *Down Beat*, which goes on sale Thursday, Nov. 8, features one of the most moving articles ever written about a jazz musician — Marc Crawford's startling and revealing account of Bud Powell, one the truly important jazz pianists, in Paris during a time of great conflict within the French republic. Reserve your copy of the Nov. 22 *Down Beat* now.

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NEWS

- 9 Two Cleveland AFM Locals Merge
- 9 David Susskind Plans Summer TV Jazz Show
- 9 Of Governors, Concerts, and Jazz Societies
- 9 Disneyland Dixieland Whopping Success
- 9 Billy Taylor Broadcasts Every Night Over WNEW
- 10 Mann Bemoans Ersatz Bossa Nova Recordings
- 10 AFM Raises Scale for Recordings
- 10 Hampton Japanese Tour Canceled
- 10 Two Pianists Make Moves

FEATURES

- 13 Falling Angel?
 - Monterey Jazz Festival Report
- 16 Jazz in Latin America
- 18 Vamp Till Ready
 - Terry Gibbs' Big Band
- 20 Rolf Ericson • Still Waiting, Still Hoping
- 21 The Real Story of Bossa Nova
- 23 Clare Fischer on Bossa Nova

CRITICISM

- 24 Record Reviews
- 38 Blindfold Test
 - Don Ellis, Part I
- 39 Caught in the Act • Jacques Butler
 - Phineas Newborn Jr. • Alvin Ailey Dance Theater

DEPARTMENTS

- 6 Chords & Discords
- 8 Strictly Ad Lib
- 10 Editorial
- 43 Held Notes • Luis Russell
- 46 The Bystander • Why Jazz Clubs Come and Go
- 50 Where & When

Cover photograph by Jim Taylor



p. 13



p. 21



p. 18

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Chords & Discords

Thanks from Texas

The recognition given by *Down Beat* to our efforts for jazz here at North Texas is greatly appreciated (*DB*, Sept. 27). We are sure that in the future many such stories will be told of successful jazz programs being carried on at colleges and universities all over the country.

It is exciting to think of the possibilities for jazz at the university level in the future when one considers how far it has progressed in just the past few years. We are proud to have been a part of this development.

Thank you!
Denton, Texas

Lcon Breeden
Director
North Texas Lab Bands

European Webb Reissues

I am writing this in answer to Dave Caldwell's letter in the Sept. 13 issue. I can sympathize with him because I, too, often have wondered why the Chick Webb sides were never reissued in the United States. I did find out, however, that two Webb LPs were issued in France (Brunswick 87-501 and 87-515). It seems to me that if they could be reissued there, they could be reissued here as well.

There are also some Lionel Hampton, Fats Waller, and Louis Armstrong LPs available in Europe that never have been issued here.

Merrick, N. Y.

Al Keller

Those Rollins Sketches

I am writing to let you know how much I enjoyed the drawings of Sonny Rollins and his group by George Roth in your Sept. 13 issue. Let's have more of the same.

Ft. George G. Meade, Md. Robert Nugent

Bossa Nova Not Boss

I have news for those who are predicting that this bossa nova thing is going to be the next fad to sweep the country. I predict that though it might make a little noise, it will fizzle out quickly.

This is one time the music industry won't cram something down the people's throats.

As far as I'm concerned, everything I've heard of bossa nova sounds very tired. If I'm proved wrong, I'll be the first to admit it loudly.

New York City

Ernie Wilkins

Composer-arranger Wilkins, an ardent contributor to *Chords & Discords*, will be interested in the study of bossa nova beginning on page 21 and Leonard Feather's review of several b.n. albums on page 24.

Big Bands

We were pleased with the review of Woody Herman's new young band in the *Caught in the Act* column of the Sept. 13 issue. It has brought on an idea, however, which I hope you'll accept as something of an open letter to the active leaders of large bands.

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within 200 or 300 miles, they will drive to see it.

My point is that the promoters of events that feature big bands do not advertise except in their local areas. If each big-band leader would supply *Down Beat* with a listing of the dates and places they would be playing every couple of months, we could find out through *Down Beat* and get to see more of the big bands.

I am sure *Down Beat* would be cooperative, and I hope the leaders will not neglect this possibility of increasing the size of their audience.

Monroe, Conn.

Ed Mulford

Down Beat welcomes reader Mulford's suggestions. Leaders, managers, or booking agencies of big bands may send such information to Where & When, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill.

Correction from the Source

I make reference to Charlie Parker records album No. 407, *Bird Symbols*, by Charlie Parker, reviewed in the Sept. 13 issue.

In various reviews of the record, critics disputed the personnel listed for Side 2. Investigating the situation, I found that a layout artist's error had got past the proof-reader (who was not familiar with jazz), and it went on to the printer.

The personnel for the first side is listed correctly on the album; the personnel for the second side is Parker, alto saxophone; Miles Davis, trumpet; Duke Jordan, piano; Tommy Potter, bass; Max Roach, drums.

We apologize for this error, which is being corrected on new jackets.

New York City

Aubrey Mayhew

Charlie Parker Records

Kirby Addenda

In George Hoefler's estimable article on the John Kirby Sextet (*DB*, Oct. 11), I was surprised to note that only one of six sides recorded for Asch records in 1945 was listed in the discography.

I have a copy of the album *Seven Men and an Idea* (Asch 357), containing three 10-inch 78-rpm recordings. The personnel as listed by Hoefler for the one selection, *Passepied*, is correct. The other five sides are *Maxixe Dengoza* (764), 3571; *920 Special* (765), 3571; *Mop Mop* (761), 3572; *K.C. Caboose* (762), 3573; and *J.K. Special* (767), 3573.

Philadelphia, Pa.

John W. Peters

In This Corner . . .

I have for *Down Beat* a suggestion for increasing circulation by bringing in the sporting crowd. Why not initiate a column entitled, *Bashin'*, for the fight-minded? It would be devoted to promoting pugilistic contests among musicians, critics, and music-lovers.

I truly think that Harvey Pekar's review, Charlie Mingus' retort to the review, and reader Carlton Smith's subsequent invitation to Mingus are strong indications of a trend.

I know that there is good money in the fight-promotion field. This is why I implore *Down Beat* to hop on the gravy train right now. Change the magazine title to read *Down Beat & Uppercut, the Music & Combat Biweekly Magazine*. You will be onto a good thing.

Plattsburg, N. Y. David Leighton Cover

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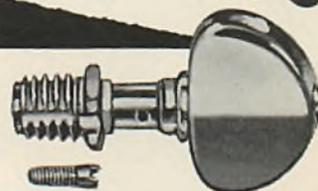
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NEW YORK

For many, a jazz date of the year took place last month when United Artists recorded **Duke Ellington** with **Charlie Mingus** and **Max Roach**, playing Ellington compositions, old and new. Ellington is rumored about to switch from Columbia to Verve records, but none of those involved would comment at presstime. And an item for long-time Ellington fans: trumpeter **Cootie Williams**, he of the growl, now is back with the band after an absence of 22 years. When the trumpeter left Ellington, with whom he had worked for more than 12 years, composer **Raymond Scott** was moved to write and record *When Cootie Left the Duke*. Williams left Ellington to join **Benny Goodman's** band of the time; after leaving Goodman, he led his own group for many years but most recently was back with the Goodman band of these times. Who said poetic justice?

Richard Preston's Manifesto is being shown in New York theaters. An animated color film short, its score consists of solo drumming by **Max Roach**. Both artists plan more collaboration in the future . . . Composer-pianist **Hall Overton** is teaching two courses at New York's New School for Social Research, one each in contemporary harmony and orchestration.

Known for years as Swing Street, 52nd St. has consistently



ELLINGTON

lost each of its many jazz clubs since 1950, until only one, Hickory House, still remains. But as of last month, there is a new entry: Junior's, formerly only a hangout for jazz musicians with entertainment provided by a hip jukebox. Now, a trio plays nightly. The first group consisted of **Gene Roland**, piano; **Les Spann**, guitar; **Ray McKinney**, bass. A zoning law forbids the use of drums, so most bassists playing there use left or right foot to pedal a sock cymbal.

A strong independent jazz-and-pops label seems sure to be planning to sell its catalog, now grown too large for comfort, with ideas that it will then begin all over again with a new name . . . **Erroll Garner** opened the Pittsburgh, Pa., United Fund drive with a television performance, reception, and special concert for the fund workers. He will tour England and Japan in 1963 . . . A woman trombonist, **Roberta Brenner**, is about to join **Woody Herman's** new band.



DAVIS

The benefit at the Village Gate for the late **Eddie Costa** took place this month with musical contributions by such as **Woody Herman**, **Al Cohn-Zoot Sims**, **Toshiko Mariano**, **Bill Henderson**, **Coleman Hawkins**, and **Clark Terry** . . . Bassist **Art Davis** is now a staff musician on NBC radio and television . . . **Herbie Mann** toured Brazil during October . . . **Ralph Burns** did the orchestrations for the **Sid Caesar** starrer *Little Me* . . . **Jimmy Giuffre**, in Stuttgart, Germany, for the Stuttgart Music Festival, will appear three times with major orchestras and perform extended compositions . . . **Illinois Jacquet** has a new quintet, personnel still not listable . . . **Lionel Hampton** played for an opening of a new store owned by Macy's in Camden, N. J. . . . **Hank Mancini** is touring this country with a 40-piece

(Continued on page 47)

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down beat

Nov. 8, 1962 / Vol. 29, No. 28

TWO CLEVELAND AFM LOCALS MERGE

In a move that was described by American Federation of Musicians President Herman D. Kenin as an important contribution to the AFM's aim of a completely integrated international union, the white and Negro local unions of Cleveland, Ohio, merged recently after maintaining a policy of separate autonomy for 52 years. Negro Local 550, numbering some 200 members, merged with the 2,800-member Local 4 on Oct. 1, under an agreement pooling the assets of both locals under the management of the larger.

Hailing the merger as being "in the best interest of all members of the federation," Lee Repp, president of Local 4, stated, "It is increasingly evident that the concept of dual autonomy is no longer tenable and feasible in view of mounting economic pressures and circumstances affecting adversely the employment of professional musicians."

Departing local 550 president W. Franklin Sympton said, "The merger should benefit all musicians and insure more efficient service to members and the public. The intermingling of talents," he concluded, "will lead to higher standards of performance."

DAVID SUSSKIND PLANS SUMMER TV JAZZ SHOW

Television producer David Susskind is an audacious man.

One of his brain children, *Play of the Week*, brought top actors and usually fine drama together for taped and syndicated performances of unusual merit. Last season he co-produced *Festival of the Performing Arts*, generally devoting itself to an outstanding artist (e.g., Pablo Casals) or group of artists (e.g., the Budapest String Quartet), with occasional readings by prominent actors or actresses. The atmosphere, one of dignity, even to the tone and placing of the commercials, is expected to carry over to January, when the series will begin again, slightly expanded, with some experimental drama and an opera.

Those successes have given birth to a summer replacement for 1963: a one-hour jazz show. Screen Gems, which syndicates *Festival of the Performing Arts* and expects to do the same for the jazz show, is particularly interested in

the latter for the overseas market.

The proposed series is barely out of the heads of Susskind and co-producer James Fleming, only partially on paper, and without a roster of artists. But everyone is sure that it will happen. Fleming is the spokesman for it.

"We'll use a concert format as we have with *Festival*," he said, "and this will not be a jazz show or a jazz festival in the usual sense of those terms.

"The commercials will bracket the program, with one more for intermission. A concert audience will be real or simulated, and the presentation will be calculated to showcase one artist and his accompanists as a general rule, as befits the dignity of the music."

What artists will appear and when production will begin is still not for publication, but Fleming said, "This series will bear no resemblance to any other jazz presentation ever before seen on television."

OF GOVERNORS, CONCERTS, AND JAZZ SOCIETIES

New York's Gov. Nelson Rockefeller may well have won the jazz vote in his state last month, but it resulted from no political move on his part, and it was not publicized.

Rockefeller was a guest at the New York State Exposition in Syracuse and visited the jazz exhibit, organized by Onondaga Jazz, Inc., the first such exhibit seen at the exposition.

He listened to records by Oscar Peterson, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Miles Davis, Bernard Peiffer, and such and suggested that the music from the jazz booth be piped through the whole exposition building.

The Onondaga Jazz Society of Syracuse with this exhibit, which was followed by a jazz festival featuring Dizzy Gillespie and local musicians, again showed itself sympathetic to community projects, something it has demonstrated before in its two years of operation.

Besides the exposition and festival, the jazz society has presented a series of name jazz concerts each year, aiming for a wider and more knowledgeable jazz community, and has offered jazz scholarships to local youngsters.

The society has learned some valuable lessons in those two years:

- The concertgoer expects at least one headliner on a program, even though the event's main aim is to give local musicians a chance.

- The longer you wait to book top artists, the less you have to pay, as a general rule, because of openings in their schedules, which artists are eager to fill. This is important for a nonprofit organization.

- Almost every club will have a wide range in membership tastes. Onondaga found a problem because modernists did



Rockefeller at the Onondaga Jazz Booth

not want to go to traditional concerts and vice versa. Now it offers split concert memberships. During this season it will present a minimum of five major concerts—one by a big band, two modern, and two by Dixieland groups.

DISNEYLAND DIXIELAND WHOPPING SUCCESS

Disneyland and jazz had a mutually satisfying love affair this season. As previously reported in *Down Beat*, the occasions of jazz at the amusement park did exceptionally well at the boxoffice through the summer. The season's caper, a two-night Dixieland event, hit the jackpot.

The turnstiles clocked 19,597 admissions paying a gross after taxes of \$96,025 on Friday and Saturday nights. Friday's total attendance came to 6,042; Saturday's amounted to 13,550.

Disneyland paid approximately \$17,500, it was learned, to these Dixielanders and vocalists:

Louis Armstrong and His All-Stars, the Dukes of Dixieland; the Firehouse Five Plus Two; Teddy Buckner Band; Kid Ory's group; the New Orleans All-Stars, who flew in from the Crescent City to play the gig; the Jazz Society Marching Band; the Albert McNeil Choir; and the Clara Ward Singers.

BILLY TAYLOR BROADCASTS EVERY NIGHT OVER WNEW

New York's radio station WNEW, long in programming good popular music, began in 1961 to bring live music—most of it jazz—to its audience.

WNEW broadcast live from New York's Freedomland big bands and some vocalists but, most importantly, did live studio broadcasts, including much interview time, of such as Erroll Garner, Woody Herman, and Duke Ellington. It was an important return to a facet of the original days of broadcasting by the biggest and most independent of New York's independent radio stations.

Progress seems to reproduce itself—



TAYLOR
"Couldn't be happier"

at least on this station. WNEW's newest move is to hire pianist-composer Billy Taylor as a disc jockey, seven nights a week.

Taylor said he "couldn't be happier with the station, the time given to me—the whole opportunity." Plans call for him to play more and more live piano during his programs, eventually, perhaps, to introduce at least his trio as occasional accompaniment.

A week after he made his WNEW debut, Taylor was a special guest at a party given to introduce a replacement for the programs he had done on New York's WLIB for the last three years. He introduced Mercer Ellington, whose *The Jazz Show with Mercer Ellington* will be heard Monday through Saturday evenings, as his replacement.

A primary feature of the show will be a five-minute report by Mercer's father, Duke Ellington.

MANN BEMOANS ERSATZ BOSSA NOVA RECORDINGS

Before he left for, and after he returned from, Brazil this month, Herbie Mann denied the authenticity of most of the bossa nova records being made in this country.

"The closest most of them come to it," he said, "is some kind of samba rhythm, and that isn't really the same thing. And, if you know your rhythms, you have noticed how far away some of the musicians stray: calypso, rumba—almost anything."

Mann, who along with Stan Getz, Charlie Byrd, and Dizzy Gillespie, is probably as responsible as anyone for the current rush to record bossa nova albums, is indignant about the kind of recording he feels has gone on.

In Brazil, for Atlantic records, he recorded, Mann said, "with the musicians who really play the bossa nova. I played with the people who can really play it, and I used everyone I could find, varying them from track to track. It will surprise some people and make some others feel pretty silly."

AFM RAISES SCALE FOR RECORDINGS

A scale increase in phonograph recordings has brought the minimum pay for musicians to \$56 a session, the American Federation of Musicians recently announced.

The boosted scale, which went into effect Oct. 1, is payment for three hours or less of recording time. Instrumentalists playing alone, leaders, and contractors are paid double.

Symphonic recording scales differ from what are termed "commercial" sessions. For a two-hour-or-less symphonic session the price is \$46.25—and "playing time shall not exceed 40 minutes in each hour," the union decreed.

In addition, record companies now must pay 8 percent "of all wages earned at each session" into a pension fund.

Previous recording scale for "commercial" dates was \$53.50 and for symphonic sessions \$44.25.

HAMPTON JAPANESE TOUR CANCELED

Because somebody apparently goofed in the paperwork department, Lionel Hampton and his orchestra won't be making a trans-Pacific jaunt to Japan this fall after all (*DB*, Sept. 13).

According to promoter Eddie Sereno, everything was set for Hampton to play two weeks of concerts in Japan followed by a six-week stand at Tokyo's new Akasaka night club. Sereno relied on

the fortnight of concerts to clear a profit, he said, adding that the nightclub booking of itself would not have paid off.

With all systems "go," the only element remaining was the arrival in Japan of visa applications for Hampton and his men. Sereno waited and waited, but there was no sign of the applications being returned.

The paperwork, he noted, was to be handled by Hampton's booking agency, Associated Booking Corp.

TWO PIANISTS MAKE MOVES

Lalo Schifrin, the Argentine composer-pianist, will leave the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet on Nov. 12. Schifrin, who has worked with the trumpeter for the last two years, will concentrate on writing. The pianist has been an integral part of Gillespie's group, contributing many of the quintet's arrangements, as well as scoring his own and Gillespie compositions for large brass band.

International Critics Poll winner Bill Evans has obtained a release from his contract with Riverside records, with whom he has recorded for five years, and is now signed with Verve.

There were no hard feelings between Evans and Riverside. "Riverside has been awfully good to me" the pianist said, "but Verve made an offer that will be extremely advantageous to me."

Editorial

Bossa Nova—Good And Not-So-Good Tidings

It wasn't planned that way, but this issue turned into a bossa nova edition of *Down Beat*. Stories of the music's origin are conflicting, as can be seen in John Tynan's article, beginning on page 21, Clare Fischer's point of view as expressed on page 23, and Leonard Feather's comments in a roundup review of several bossa nova albums on the first page of the record-review section.

Where and how bossa nova started is relatively unimportant. The names of those who brought it before the public also are of little import. What is important is that this welding of a Brazilian rhythmic approach and jazz is the most talked about, best-selling fad to hit jazz since groove-funk-soul. The word "fad" is used purposely; because, fortunately and unfortunately, jazz is still subject to fast-changing fads.

Unfortunately, because in the scramble for hit records, lucrative playing engagements, and the other fruits of popularity, musicians, managers, bookers, and record companies often lose sight of artistry. The music, healthily, has always survived, whatever the current fad, taking what is best from it, what will serve the idiom well in the long run. But in the meantime, jazz listeners are inundated with the "latest thing"—to twist a current phrase.

There is a fortunate side of the bossa nova fad, to be sure. To begin with, the tunes used are of musical value; the basic rhythm is subtle, though there are times when it seems hammerlocked; the improvisations engendered are usually of high order. But the most fortunate aspect of the fad is the spreading the jazz idiom to new listeners, persons who might otherwise remain in the dark. Tied to this are the work opportunities offered jazzmen.

Some musicians undoubtedly will look with disdain on the popularity of bossa nova, but they should realize that if a Stan Getz, a Dizzy Gillespie, a Bud Shank, or a Sonny Rollins is heard by a larger audience because of bossa nova, it is jazz that reaps benefit. Curiosity about a new form of jazz can lead to curiosity about other forms.



MONTEREY HAD COME to mean something. Last year the California festival had almost every thing a jazz festival should have: new music, stimulating performances, good programming and organization, pleasant surroundings, a lack of commercialism. But the fifth Monterey Jazz Festival, held Sept. 21-23, was disappointing.

This is not to say there were no moments of musical excellence—there were several—but the level of performance was uneven; too often there seemed no organization, and some programs appeared dependent on exigency or whim; at least two segments of important programs suffered because the Festival Workshop Orchestra (made up of top-flight Los Angeles studio men, for the most part) or the featured soloist was not well rehearsed; and the surroundings on Saturday night were far from pleasant.

Last year's programs went like clockwork, mostly because of the strong guiding hand of Gunther Schuller, who acted as musical consultant and director in place of John Lewis, the festival's permanent musical consultant. Benny Carter was this year's substitute for Lewis, and though it was not Carter's responsibility to see that a schedule was adhered to, seemingly no one else took the reins either.

For example, Saturday night's program began late, as did Friday's, and too much time was given the Al Porcino big band, the first group of the night. In fact, the program listed Quincy Jones and the festival orchestra as the opener, but Jones later said that he knew nothing about his being up first. The Porcino band stayed on so long that when the trumpeter announced the band's closing number, he was greeted with some applause.

Two other things happened Saturday that showed the lack of organization: the Dave Brubeck Quartet, which was playing with customary aplomb, cut short its set at the festival's request, since the time taken by the Porcino band threw things behind whatever schedule there might have been; and trumpeter Ted Curson, who was "specially selected by the Fifth Annual Monterey Jazz Festival as a 'new star' of 1962," was presented on a side stage with the Vince Guaraldi Trio as a filler between the main acts.

The treatment of Curson was shoddy. He was unable to get together with Guaraldi until shortly before the program was scheduled to begin. When he failed to appear in the order as listed on the program, he was asked by a reporter when he would play; he said he didn't know. He asked a festival official and was told to go on next. Thus, he played on the small stage with a group he'd not worked with be-

FALLING ANGEL?

Monterey Jazz Festival Report

By DON DeMICHEAL

fore, without a mike, while hundreds of patrons jammed the aisles trying to get out after hearing Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, and Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan. He managed to play well, but this is hardly proper presentation of a specially selected new star.

But there were occurrences Saturday night of much more serious nature than bad organization. Outside the festival area milled hundreds of persons; most had been unable to get tickets (Saturday's audience was the largest in the festival's history, and according to which source you listened to, there were from 600 to 2,000 persons turned away). Among those in this area were several young people who obviously had not come to hear jazz. Gathered in a large circle around amateur bongo drummers, they cheered as one of their fellows swung from one tree limb to another. They cheered more lustily as another young man hung from a tree limb by his heels.

I was talking to a photographer backstage when there was a loud crash at the fence separating the audience and backstage areas. A wine bottle. It had been heaved by one of a number of youths atop horse stalls nearby. I went back near where other young people were, behind a canvas-covered steel fence. I peered through an opening at the laughing faces. A police officer grabbed my arm and led me away, warning, "They've been throwing rocks and things. If I had my way we'd turn the fire hoses on them."

Monterey must do something about this situation that, if not checked, can lead to serious trouble. Perhaps tickets to the festival can be collected at the County Fairgrounds entrance instead of at the entrance to the festival area, which is several hundred yards within the grounds. For the bongo beaters, tree swingers, and object hurlers there Saturday night (and to a lesser extent at the other performances) were not ticket buyers.

THAT THIS might not be as musically stimulating a festival as last year's was hinted at Friday night.

The Swingers were wonderful—for the first 45 minutes. Ben Webster, who had been at Monterey last year but who didn't get much of a chance to play then, was astounding in several long, flowing tenor solos. Violinist Stuff Smith proved as refreshing and stomping—and as much a delightful ham—as ever. Benny Carter was the essence of assured urbanity in his alto solos; cornetist Rex Stewart rekindled fire within himself and listeners; and it was good to hear Earl Hines out of a Dixieland context and playing quite well. (He apologetically played entr'acte solo piano, but performed oldies like *Monday Date*, *Blues in Thirds*, and *Rosetta* with zest.) Trombonist Bill Harris did a competent job, but his being away from strong competition for some time had slightly dulled the edge of his playing. In all, however, the set was too long.

The Blues Song segment fell apart on the first tune. Jimmy Witherspoon tried to sing eight-bar blues while Hines, bassist Buddy Clark, and drummer Mel Lewis attempted 12-bar blues, which, according to Clark, they had been told to play. The tune ended with Witherspoon visibly shaken, Webster calling the chords, and Hines hunting for the proper place to play them but never letting a smile leave his face.

The blues set eventually settled into some semblance of order, despite the wrong keys that Hines occasionally went into (it was difficult to hear on the stage, according to some of the performers) and the general what's-going-on? atmosphere. Jimmy Rushing and Helen Humes, both of whom are better ballad singers than blues singers, failed to stir much action: Miss Humes or someone had picked keys that forced her to sing in an uncomfortable range, and Rushing seldom sang blues that told a story—instead he strung together 12-bar verses of different blues.

Instead of an introduction for the Stan Getz Quartet, the festival had engaged a caricaturist who, by means of projecting his sketches onto a movie screen at stage left, slowly drew a likeness of Getz. This was the introduction. (The "art" method was used irritatingly several other times in lieu of spoken introductions.)

After a disjointed performance of *Indiana*, Getz, evidently angered, introduced the members of his group. Then the sound system turned sour. Getz' walking around the stage as he played added to things nicely, as did his getting very close to whoever was soloing and staring at him. But things settled down by the third tune, *I Should*

Care, which featured excellent solos by guitarist Jimmy Raney and Getz, and the rest of the set was rich with beautifully conceived tenor and guitar solos, and strong backing from drummer Al Harewood and especially bassist Tommy Williams.

Lalo Schifrin's *The New Continent*, a six-part composition in divertimento form featuring Dizzy Gillespie as main soloist, closed Friday's program. It is difficult, if not impossible, to come to a lasting conclusion about a new work of the complexity of Schifrin's at one hearing; it is doubly difficult when one is worn out from preceding segments of a long program, in addition to being chilled by Monterey's night air and numb from sitting several hours on a narrow steel chair. Thus, I offer only my impressions of the piece under these conditions.

Based on minor and major thirds gradually expanding to fourths and fifths, the polytonal composition is generally cyclical in design: the first section's themes, both main and subordinate, are reintroduced, in altered forms, in the other five segments.

Despite the symmetry of the composer's approach, my initial reaction was of six separate pieces and not of a well-integrated piece.

The orchestra performed well, with Schifrin conducting and also playing piano in certain sections (his exciting piano work with equally exciting accompaniment by bassist Chris White in the second section was the most moving part of the performance). Gillespie was very good in a straight-blowing segment of the fourth section, but his other solos sometimes lacked spark.

All together, a not-too-rewarding evening.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON's program, *Salute to the Sax*, contained some of the most stimulating playing of the weekend, most of the stimulation the result of Ben Webster's tenor work, with honorable mention due altoists Phil Woods and Benny Carter.

The first set, a long one, featured a sax section made up of Carter, Webster, Woods, and tenorist Bill Perkins, whose playing improved measurably during the afternoon as the heat rose on the bandstand—emotional heat, not thermic. The quartet, backed beautifully by Guaraldi, Clark, and Lewis, played Carter's arrangements originally written, except in the case of *Honey-suckle Rose* and *Crazy Rhythm*, which date from 1937, for his Impulse album *Further Definitions*.

As a section, the men blended better than one might normally expect in such a short time of working together; and in this day of five-man sax sections, it

was enlightening to hear the brightness of the four-man unit. And Carter's arrangements are of the sorts that allow light and shade full play.

Webster was the outstanding soloist. Never have I heard him in better form—chorus after chorus of undiluted inspiration that had me jumping up and down inside with a combination of joy and sadness. And on *Cottontail* Lewis was particularly sympathetic behind Webster's solos, using for the most part a sizzle cymbal that sounded like a crowd roaring behind the tenorist, and crowds *should* roar when Webster is as inspired as he was that afternoon.

Following the Carter sax-section program, David Raksin conducted the festival orchestra in a portion of his score for the movie *Too Late Blues*. Getz was soloist, and he did a good job despite under-rehearsal and the wind's blowing his part, making it difficult to read.

The third segment of the program was nothing more than a novelty: nine saxophonists taking choruses. There were good men on stage—Carter, Woods, James Moody, Paul Desmond, alto saxophones; Bill Hood, bass saxophone; Gerry Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Webster, Charlie Kennedy, and Perkins, tenor saxophones—but nothing outstanding happened.

The afternoon's closer was a short set by Mulligan, Desmond, Clark, and Lewis. There were some where-are-we? moments in *Stardust*, but the delicate entwining lines of Desmond and Mulligan on *All the Things You Are* made up for any shortcomings.

Saturday night's program, despite the aforementioned incidents, had two high points: the Mulligan quartet and the Quincy Jones sets.

Mulligan was quite relaxed, kidding with the other members of his group (trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, bassist Bill Crow, drummer Gus Johnson) and with the audience. The quartet sounded much tighter than it had on some previous occasions, and there seemed a golden glow surrounding its performance, a mellowness that only the finest jazz groups attain.

Jones used essentially the same men as Porcino did earlier in the evening, but with a difference that was startling. Jones' ability to whip a large group into shape in short order was never more evident than at Monterey. Of course, his arrangements have much to do with it, but Jones' organizational powers are the essential.

Even the soloists in the festival orchestra, who had soloed in other contexts that weekend, sounded better under Jones' guiding hand. Worthy of note were Woods on *The Midnight Sun Will Never Set* and a blues, Moody in a fine alto solo on *Shag Nasty*, and trum-



Woods Moody Desmond Carter Kenned

PHOTOS BY JIM TAYLOR



Two Real Ambassadors: Carmen and Louis



Five Swingers: Carter, Smith, Hines, Stewart, Webster

peter Conte Candoli and Kennedy in a driving version of Charlie Mingus' *Boogie Stop Shuffle*, which Jones titled *Boogie Bossa Nova*, with Mingus' permission, he was quick to add. The roaring set—again much of the roar came from Mel Lewis—ended with *Airmail Special*, which featured the sax section in coruscating solos.

THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON program, titled *The Relatives of Jazz*, was put together by Dizzy Gillespie, who also was given credit for choreography in the program notes. The session, which generally showcased the Gilles-



Webster Perkins Mulligan Hood



Three Get Ready: Carter, Schiffrin, Gillespie



Two For The Show: The Dave Brubecks

pie quintet playing Afro-Cuban and Brazilian compositions, certainly was enjoyable, but one is hard pressed to see the connection of Yaffa Yarkoni, an Israeli "folk singer"; the Virgin Island Steel Band; and jazz.

Gillespie was blowing with inspiration, however, and that certainly made up for programmatic deficiencies. Among the Gillespie group's nonethnic offerings were *Here 'Tis, You Heah?*, a shuffle blues with fine Gillespie, and *Dobbin the Red Fox*, a blues on which Moody overcame his unfamiliarity with the group's arrangements (he had joined the band only a few days earlier) and

played an arresting flute solo.

Then it was bossa nova time. Bola Sete, a Brazilian guitarist, joined the Gillespie group, which also included a bongoist and congaist. Sete is an arresting instrumentalist; his light, flowing work on the bossa novas provided some of the afternoon's brightest moments, his ability best displayed in an unaccompanied performance of *Brazil*.

Gillespie played with great fire in the bossa nova tunes, particularly on *One Note Samba* and an unidentified fast bossa nova that stirred the audience more than anything heard that afternoon or the previous programs of Friday and Saturday.

But it was Sunday night that proved Monterey, despite the serious shortcomings mentioned earlier, is still the finest jazz festival of them all.

The night hardly began that way, however. Gillespie with his group and a large brass ensemble performed several Gillespie compositions, most of which the same combination played so well at last year's festival. This year, though, the band was surprisingly sloppy, the result of either too little rehearsal or overconfidence. Gillespie, however, was as inspired as he had been earlier in the day.

Jeanne Lee and Ran Blake were the entr'acte performers but, like Curson the previous night, were seldom given attention by the audience, an attention surely merited. Perhaps it was a mistake to book the duo for such a large area; they would have been much more effective in a smaller setting. Miss Lee's a capella *God Bless the Child*, a touching rendition, quieted the audience momentarily, however.

The festival's crowning point was the performance of Dave and Iola Brubeck's *The Real Ambassadors*, with Louis Armstrong and his group, Carmen McRae, the Brubeck rhythm section, Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, Howard Brubeck, and most importantly, Mrs. Brubeck as narrator.

The production's main point is that jazz performers are this country's best, i.e., real, ambassadors. Whether this sentiment, as well as the whole production, is naive—and some of the lyrics are—is unimportant, for without naivete the work would lose all charm, its most important characteristic.

What was heard at Monterey were excerpts of the total work, as was true of the Columbia recording released in September, but at Monterey, unlike the record, there was the saving grace of Mrs. Brubeck. Her narrative, well written and delivered with wit, warmth, and dignity, held everything together and made clear the plot.

Armstrong sang and played the songs written for him with humor and sureness; the opportunity to hear him per-

form new material is one not often presented. Miss McRae's songs were more sophisticated musically than Armstrong's, a subtle touch. Her performance was superb.

The most moving moment of the night was Armstrong's singing, with chanting accompaniment by L-H-B, who were better in the Brubeck production than in their own Saturday-night performance, of *They Say I Look Like God*, an understated, effective comment on racial prejudice.

In all, it was a highly enjoyable performance. Some say it would never make it on Broadway; perhaps not. But it certainly seems that with the performers heard on the record and at Monterey it would make a whale of a concert-tour package.

Armstrong, evidently in good spirits the whole evening, closed the festival playing the things his group usually plays; the difference this night, though, was that Louis felt like playing, and his lip never failed him. The good feeling was further enhanced by the fine performance of his vocalist, the talented Jewell Brown.

An evening well spent.

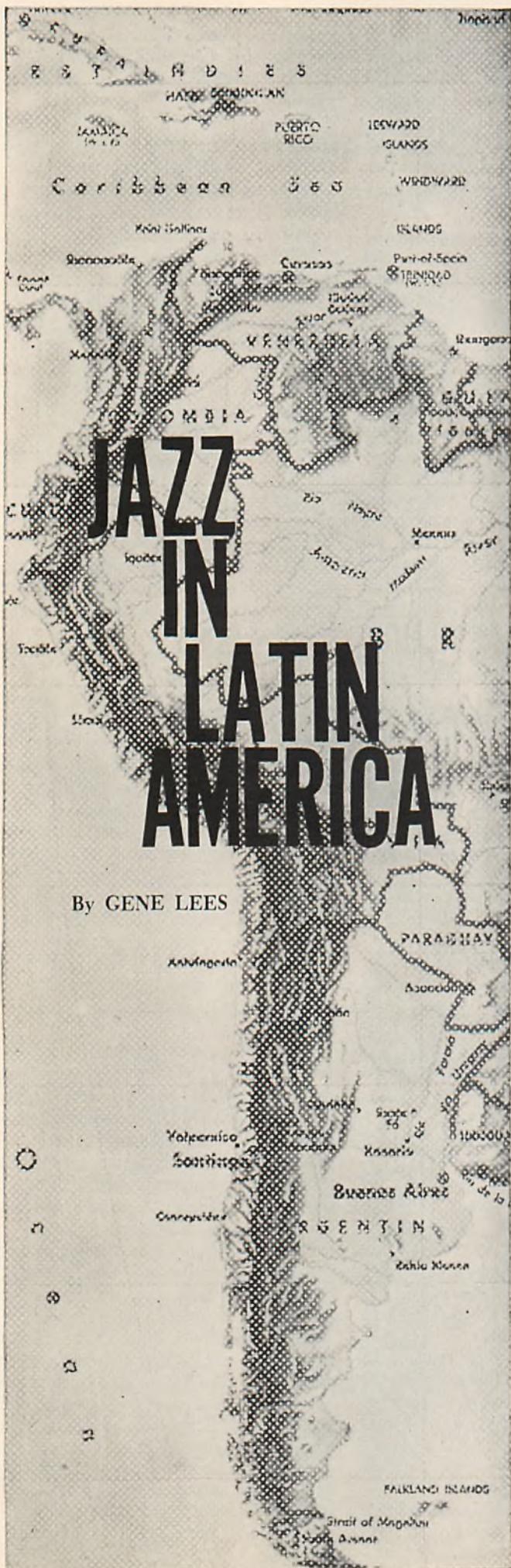
SO THERE WAS good and bad at Monterey; not the least of the good, it should be mentioned, were the displays of musicianship by Brookmeyer, who played lead trombone in several performances using the full orchestra and played piano with the Porcino band; by Porcino, whose lead-trumpet work, with the exception of the final night's performance, was whipping; by Perkins, Woods, and Moody in section work as well as solos; and by Lewis and Clark, whose ability to swing in different contexts made them the workhorses, and unsung heroes, of the festival.

The festival was financially successful, according to Jimmy Lyons, the festival's general manager and emcee. Approximately 25,000 persons paid admissions totaling about \$92,000, and this figure does not include the festival's share of the concession stands, one of which sold sweatshirts with a likeness of Gillespie on the front.

But there can be no denying that Monterey slipped, and slipped badly, this year. The treatment of Curson and, to a lesser extent, Miss Lee and Blake, was inexcusably callous. The lack of traditional jazz was questionable. The general air of disorganization, no matter how harried or how complex the situation may have been, certainly hurt some performances. And allowing undesirables to detract from the pleasantness of the surroundings was not only irresponsible but potentially dangerous.

These are problems Monterey must solve.

ELS



By GENE LEES

IN THE six months between Feb. 1 and the end of July of this year, I visited every country of Latin America excepting Cuba, British Honduras, and Santa Domingo. Traveling for the U. S. State Department with the Paul Winter Sextet—the group that won the Georgetown Inter-collegiate Jazz Festival in 1961—I covered 26,000 miles and visited nearly 100 cities.

These points indicate the extent of the opportunities we had for listening and talking about jazz in South America.

The word "we" is used because, when on the road that long with a group, you and its members become very close, and every experience is a common one. Thus, the observations here are not entirely my own; they are the result of what seven sets of ears and eyes encountered.

Forced now to put the myriad observations on paper, I realize several things about jazz in South America that had not struck me before. It is a paradox.

This unknown collegiate jazz group was capable of drawing a crowd estimated at 15,000 in a small industrial city in the south of Colombia; in Santiago, Chile, the group drew 3,000 persons two nights in a row, and they were a superbly appreciative and perceptive audience. And yet U.S. record companies—that is, those that can fight their way through the tariff barriers of the various countries—don't find it worthwhile to release jazz records there. The market, according to Peter de Rougemont, vice president of Columbia records in charge of Latin America and resident in Buenos Aires, just isn't large enough. Dave Brubeck's *Take Five*, a hit single almost all over the Western world, sold only a few hundred copies in Argentina.

How does one account for this? One can't. It is completely puzzling. Surely it must puzzle those Latin American jazz musicians and clubowners who are trying to keep their heads above water. Listening, for example, to the owner of Buenos Aires' excellent little jazz room, the Mogador, discuss his business problems, hearing him wonder aloud if he would have to turn his club over to Argentine folk singers, one had the curious impression of never having left the States. Except for his Argentine accent, he sounded like a clubowner in New York City, Chicago, or Los Angeles.

Yet jazz has penetrated into Latin America, and if it isn't exactly thriving, it has its following. That following is sometimes quite intense. For example, in Assuncion, Chile—the southernmost point of our journey—there is a jazz society whose 20 or so members reflected a knowledgeable, if sometimes idealistic, awareness of what was happening in U.S. jazz. There, as elsewhere, there were questions about Ornette Coleman.

Latin America has a few excellent jazz critics. The best of these perhaps is Santiago's Jose Hosiasson, whose love of the art commands respect. Witty, human, and an excellent companion, Hosiasson is extremely serious about jazz, though never ponderous.

One afternoon he and Charles Elsesser, a theatrical producer well known among Santiago jazz lovers, were preparing a tape for the jazz society. On it were piano solos, nothing but piano solos, all of them taken from U.S. recordings obtained by various means, and its purpose was to illustrate a two-hour lecture by Hosiasson before the jazz society on the development of modern jazz piano. It was scholarly, thorough, and valuable. We should have a few more such men here.

We encountered many other critics, some of them quite well informed. Two others who are outstanding in my mind are to be found in Rio de Janeiro—Sylvio Tullio Cardoso, a passionate jazz idealist, and Luis Carneiro, a 26-year-old



Shown in performance is one-half of the Paul Winter Sextet, recently returned from a U.S. State Department-sponsored tour of Latin America: (l. to r.) Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Les Rout, baritone saxophone and Winter, alto saxophone.

who writes quietly and sensibly on the subject for *O Globo*, Rio's most respected newspaper. Carneiro's writing has an objectivity and detachment that probably is a carryover from his main job for the newspaper—he is its foreign policy expert and often travels abroad to cover major conferences.

As for the home-grown jazzman, he is a comparatively rare bird. Excepting in Buenos Aires, good Latin American jazz musicians are rather scarce. That is not a reflection on the musical talent of the countries involved. In their own music, such as the hip modern samba movement of Brazil known as bossa nova, they are often excellent.

The bossa nova movement, in fact, is far and away the most interesting musical phenomenon of Latin America today, and its high priest is guitarist-singer Joao Gilberto, who sings with a remarkable time sense that hardly a singer in this country can approach.

Many of the bossa nova musicians double in jazz, but the jazz we heard from them was not impressive. We were deeply impressed by the quality of local jazz only in one place: Buenos Aires. Not until here did we encounter a first-rate jazz soloist, though the Winter group's drummer, Harold Jones, said he heard a surprisingly good big band in El Salvador one night.

Buenos Aires is the territory of Leandro Barbieri, a tenor saxophonist, and at the moment he dominates that city's jazz scene. Coltrane-esque, Barbieri nonetheless reflects in his tone and open lyricism the influence of Stan Getz, one of his earlier models. Barbieri's solos are better organized than Coltrane's. No, he's not a better musician than Coltrane. But to hear Barbieri get up, after half a dozen other musicians have played interminable exploratory solos, and bring the house down with one superbly constructed chorus, is a lesson in organization. He never wastes a note.

Buenos Aires has many good jazzmen, and contrary to the legend that there are no good rhythm sections overseas, there are some beautifully relaxed and grooving rhythm sections there. (There are pianists there who play under the influence of Bill Evans, incidentally.)

In Buenos Aires, there is a movement to update the tango the way bossa nova updates the samba in Brazil, but it did not strike me as being nearly as successful as the bossa nova movement.

THE MAIN problem of jazz in Latin America seems to be the scarcity of records, and perhaps it is on this point that the paradox mentioned earlier can be resolved.

We found the audiences tremendously receptive to jazz. Drawn by the excellent publicity work done in advance by the U.S. Information Service in each city, they were often wildly enthusiastic, and the six young Chicagoans in the group (Dick Whitsell, trumpet; Winter, alto saxophone; Les Rout, baritone saxophone; Richard Evans, bass; Warren Bernhardt, piano; Jones, drums) were mobbed for autographs everywhere.

But what happened after we left? Restrictive tariff laws make it impossible for the U.S. independent jazz labels to distribute in South America, and of the few major companies that do distribute there—Columbia, RCA Victor, and Capitol—only Columbia records jazz in any quantity. And Columbia has sound business reasons for releasing very little jazz there—though De Rougemont said he'd like to release more.

It is not surprising that jazz records sell little, even when available. The economies of every country in Latin America have problems ranging from the serious to the tragic, and Latin American youth does not have the free-to-spend pocket money that people in the United States have. A record, proportionately, costs a great deal more in Latin America than it does here.

After discussions with Latin Americans and U.S. government officials on the scene, the impression is inescapable—Latin America will not develop a rich local jazz movement until the standard of living is materially raised.

Yet every U.S. group that ever has gone there has left a milestone in Latin America's cultural history. Dizzy Gillespie's big band, which visited there several years ago, is still talked about. Jim Hall and the Charlie Byrd Trio, who had both been through, still provoked talk and reminiscences. The short-time residence of Herb Geller in Buenos Aires and Montevideo was looked on as a matter of some cultural importance. Perhaps they are talking about the visit of the Paul Winter Sextet, which, unknown though it is at home, had an influence that would be difficult to exaggerate. Latin American pianists, for example, were turned around by Bernhardt's Oscar Peterson-like facility and Bill Evansish lyricism.

Meanwhile, there's bossa nova.



CAN RECORDINGS alone make a successful band?

Almost any self-styled sage in the music business will assure you that this is virtually impossible because a band, in order to be a going concern, i.e., a consistently paying business, must work on the road, must hit the one-nighter grind most of the year in order to get the public exposure that can build a national reputation.

The sages may be right, and certainly the success on records of such leaders as Hank Mancini has nothing to do with a permanent Mancini orchestra of the one-nighter variety. But in a more limited way the Terry Gibbs big band is a recording success, too, and so far as the vibist is concerned, his albums keep the spirit of the band alive.

Spirit is the key word here. It has to do with the roaring jazz produced by Gibbs and 16 others when they assemble on a bandstand for an occasional club engagement or concert.

It is certain that jazz spirit, captured in the Gibbs albums, thundered out of the grooves so dynamically it compelled the voters in *Down Beat's* 10th annual International Jazz Critics Poll to elect the band to first place in the new-star category this year. What is remarkable is that the majority of the critics who voted for Gibbs' band did so without ever hearing the band in person. All they had to go on were three LP albums—*Launching a New Band*, *Swing Is Here*, and *The Exciting Terry Gibbs Big Band*. The few critics who did hear the band in person dug it on its own stomping ground, Hollywood, or perhaps at the 1961 Monterey Jazz Festival.

Pickings are lean in Hollywood for a big band. Thus has it been, of course, since the early 1950s. As has been pointed out on many occasions in the past, a big band cannot expect to remain on the West Coast and make it. This is particularly true of a big jazz band. So the miracle of the Gibbs band's endurance is only partially touched by economic considerations; the real secret is wrapped up in the words spirit and loyalty—the general jazz spirit of the musicians and their loyalty to the idea of this big band.

In the beginning there was a seemingly prosaic domestic decision: Terry Gibbs and his wife, Donna, decided to settle down in California. He bought a suburban home with swimming pool in the San Fernando Valley and from time to time sallied forth with his quartet for engagements in the East.

It had been Gibbs' practice, under his recording contract, to record one big-band album a year. These sessions were made with studio musicians, and the arrangements generally were the first-class work of such as Al Cohn and Manny Albam. It was a nice musical arrangement for Gibbs; he could record and work night-club and concert jobs with his quartet, commanding top money, and then, for kicks, he could cut loose and indulge his real love for big-band jazz.

If the quartet led to the big studio band on record, it led also to the formation of the presently existing aggregation. Gibbs recently recalled the origin.

"A movie columnist friend of mine, named Eve Starr," he said, with his staccato, machinegun delivery, "called me one day in 1959. She told me about this club in Hollywood. Place called the Seville. She said the place was dying and the owner wanted to change the policy. He really didn't know whether he wanted jazz; he wanted anything that would bring customers into the joint. Eve suggested I go talk to him. His name was Harry Schiller."

Gibbs talked to Schiller and signed a contract to work the Seville with the quartet. At this time he was preparing his annual big-band album. He already had a dozen arrangements and planned to cut the LP in Hollywood with a top-notch personnel.

There was the problem of rehearsal. Musicians union rules prohibit unpaid rehearsals for recordings but permit a band to rehearse for a night-club job.

"I made Schiller a proposition," Gibbs said. "I asked him if he'd let me take the big band into the club Tuesday night only for the same amount of money as the quartet was getting. Schiller said it was okay with him if the quartet did business. If the quartet brought in some customers, he said, he didn't care if I brought in a band of apes on Tuesday. So we were set."

The rehearsals began, and it was immediately evident that, in the Hollywood musicians, Gibbs had a group unlike any of his previous studio big bands.

The weekend prior to the band's Tuesday one-nighter, Gibbs did a guest appearance on the Sunday night *Steve Allen Show*. Allen gave him a hefty plug.

During the next two days an unprecedented telephone campaign added word-of-mouth publicity to the debut. The forthcoming event—for it had indeed become an event—was literally the musical talk of the town.

The band's opening was a sensation. In the jammed Seville, scattered through the audience, was a remarkable celebrity turnout. Among those who attended were Fred MacMurray and June Haver, Johnny Mercer, Stuart Whitman, Ella Fitzgerald, Steve Allen, Dinah Shore, and Louis Prima. The turnout of musicians was unparalleled.

VAMP TILL READY Terry Gibbs' Big Band

By JOHN TYNAN



By the end of the evening it was a foregone conclusion that the band would play the following Tuesday too. In a week, those who had not heard the word in time for the debut were ready to come and dig. The second Tuesday was as successful as the first. And so, for nine consecutive Tuesdays the new Terry Gibbs big band made West Coast jazz history.

The fact that the band began that first set with the knowledge that there were only 11 more numbers in the book didn't matter to Gibbs and his men.

"We just kept an arrangement going for 10 or 20 minutes," Gibbs grinned. "With long solos and different backgrounds made up by the guys in the sections, it was no problem."

By the second week, Gibbs recalled, other arrangers, such as Bill Holman and Med Flory, had contributed arrangements to help expand what probably was the smallest big-band book in jazz history.

In retrospect, Gibbs noted the band could perhaps have continued indefinitely at the Seville on Tuesdays had he not received an offer to take it into the now-defunct Cloister on the Sunset Strip for three weeks. He accepted the offer and the owners' proviso that the band must not play any other Los Angeles location on the night off.

The Cloister engagement was a mistake. For one thing, the

room was too small. For another, the customers, who largely came to hear singer Andy Williams and laugh with comedian Frank Gorshin, who shared the bill with the Gibbs band, were not prepared for the shock of hearing the band at full throttle. From Gibbs' point of view, the engagement was less than successful.

By now, Gibbs was obsessed with a desire to keep his band working and exposed to a growing following. Morale in the band was possibly unprecedented.

"The guys made a rule," Gibbs said. "Nobody takes off for another job. If a guy did, he was out of the band. And this they did for \$15 a night!"

It wasn't long before Gibbs found a new home for the band. This was a club also on Sunset Blvd., called the Sundown, where the band began working Mondays and Tuesdays every week. Soon after, Sunday nights were added.

With time out for a fortnight at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas, Nev., the Gibbs band remained based at the Sundown for 18 months. Las Vegas was as far east as it ever traveled. For that engagement, Gibbs said, the band was paid \$5,000 a week; by the time all the expenses had been settled, he wound up with \$111 at the close of the job. "But," Gibbs added, "it was worth it. We had Jimmy Witherspoon



ROBERT SHEETZ

with us at the Dunes, making it even more of a ball."

While Gibbs concentrated on building the band, his bank account took a heavy beating.

"I had to give up so much work with the quartet," he explained, "that I figured it was costing me \$1,000 a month to keep the band going. In all, I had to give up about \$20,000 in work with the quartet. During the previous years, when tax time came around, I always had to come up with additional money for Internal Revenue. The one year I had the band working steady, I got *back* a check for \$1,100 from the government.

"But I've been in this business 31 years, and I've never been so happy losing money in my life."

ALTHOUGH THE BAND presently is without a home or any reasonable facsimile of steady work, Gibbs refuses to abandon his *idée fixe*. He has almost 100 arrangements in his library at present, and the albums will shout on. The latest, *Explosion*, on Mercury, will be released shortly.

Meanwhile, the "guys in the band"—Gibbs refuses to use the term "sidemen"—are standing by in Hollywood, most of them busy with studio work, while the vibist tours with the quartet in the East.

"I *must* work with my little group," he insisted. "I love

working with the quartet. Eventually, I want to have a quartet within the big band but not made up of some of the guys in the band. A separate group.

"And I'm looking for a singer. Probably a girl singer. And I don't know yet what I'd like her to sound like—but I'll know when I hear her.

"I'm going to see what I can do with the big band in the East. Then, if I see something promising, I'm going to call Mel Lewis and the rest of the guys. Of course, it depends on the money I have to work with, so it's very hard to predict what'll happen."

Gibbs' "guys in the band" constitute a unique group in that they are, to a man, musicians skilled in the most exacting studio work, and most derive their livelihoods therefrom, yet they retain a genuine jazz freshness both as individuals and as a unit.

"It's a fun band," Gibbs said. "For example, during our first few tunes of the evening, when the place isn't crowded, the guys applaud one another when they play solos. It's like a ball club. When a player hits a home run, he gets a pat on the back. It's that way in the band."

Mel Lewis, the time-keeping cornerstone of the Gibbs band, made the following flat statement: "This is the greatest swing band I ever played in."

"It saved my life, musically," the drummer continued, "and the same goes for the rest of the guys."

"Who was hiring big bands to work in L.A. clubs," Lewis asked rhetorically, "before we went into the Seville? Since then, several big bands have worked clubs in L.A., but we were the only band that did any business in a club. We started the big-band era in Los Angeles."

Gibbs outlined the most important ingredients in a musically successful big jazz band.

"A drummer!" he explained. "A good drummer to hold the band together. All the great bands had great drummers—Basie had Jo Jones; Tommy Dorsey had Buddy Rich; Woody had Dave Tough.

"And then a good lead trumpet player. These are the guys who sort of run the band. They lay the time down for the band.

"We have a very great brass section. Four of the trumpets play lead—Ray Triscari, Al Porcino, Frank Huggins, and Stu Williamson. And Conte Candoli, along with Dizzy Gillespie, is the best big-band jazz trumpet player.

"Three of the trombones play lead. Frank Rosolino, Vern Friley, and Bob Edmondson keep everything going."

Of the lead alto man, Joe Maini, Gibbs cannot sing enough praises: "Point to Joe—for anything—and he can do it beautifully. Jazz or lead, doesn't matter."

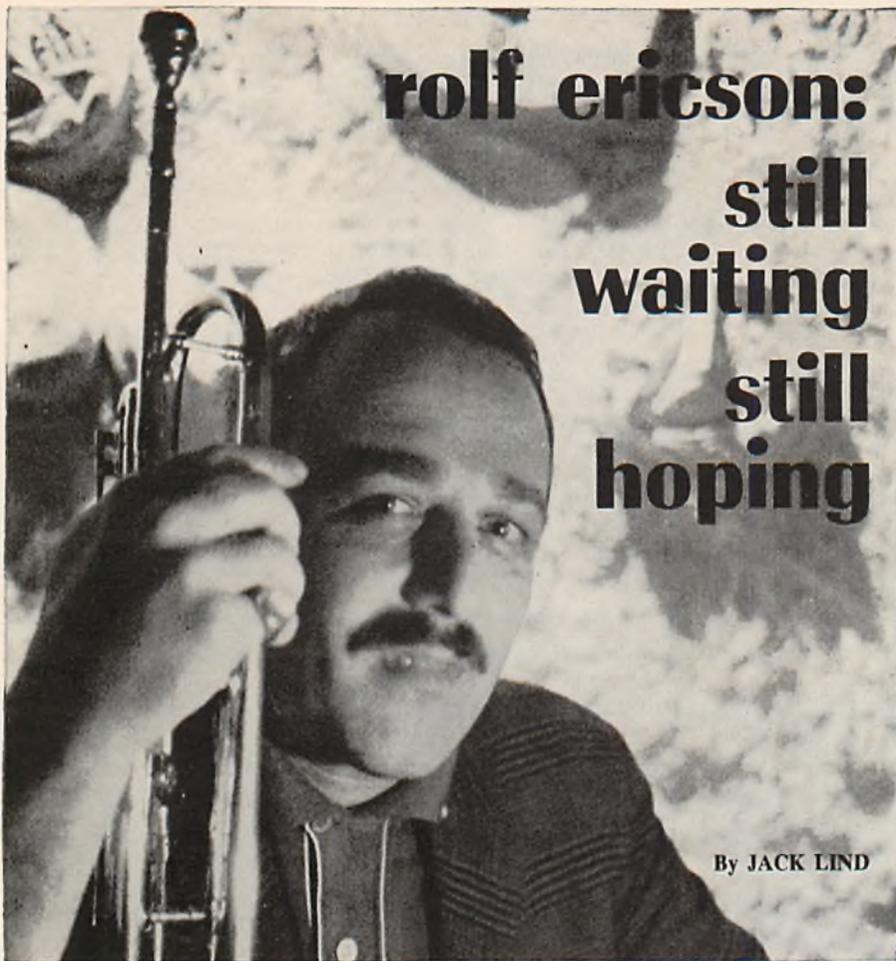
Rounding out the sax section are tenor men Bill Perkins and Richie Kamuca; Charlie Kennedy, second and jazz alto saxophone, and Jack Nimitz, baritone saxophone.

In the rhythm section are pianist Pat Moran, for several years leader of her own quartet; bassist Buddy Clark, who with drummer Lewis toured with the Gerry Mulligan big band during the last two years; and Lewis, who, according to Gibbs, "holds any band together."

Whenever it's necessary to substitute because of illness or other Acts of God, Lou Levy generally gets the call for the piano chair; Frank Capp or Larry Bunker on drums (and the Bunker-Gibbs vibes duets on occasion have been memorable); Johnny Audino, Jack Sheldon, or Ray Linn in the trumpet section; and Bill Holman, Teddy Edwards, or Bud Shank in the saxophones.

Why, in Gibbs' opinion, did the jazz critics vote for a band that is (a) non-full-time and (b) whose appeal outside Los Angeles-Hollywood lies wholly within the grooves of long-play records?

"On the strength of those records, I would think," he said. Then he added, "If they liked the band on the albums, they would like it 20 times better if they heard it in person." 



rolf ericson: still waiting still hoping

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

By JACK LIND

FOR ALL his commercial success Rolf Ericson must qualify as a study in frustration.

Ericson has played with some of the best jazz musicians in the United States, and most of the 16 years he was in the States he was busy, yet he rarely had a chance for the self-expression that he so fervently seeks.

The reason is simple: Ericson is a marked man; he has been marked a section man, a brilliant one. Hence he is much sought after in the trumpet section of big bands.

"I don't know why it is, but you so easily get a stamp on you as a musician," meditated Ericson, a handsome, blue-eyed, dapper man who went to the United States from Sweden to seek his fortune and play the kind of music he loved.

"If you want to do something else, they tell you, 'Sure, we like your work, but the public doesn't know you. Why don't you get a gig with one of the big bands?'"

Ericson has been playing in the big bands almost as long as he can remember. He has been luckier than a lot of his colleagues in that he has always been able to find work. But he has rarely had a chance to do what he really wanted.

Last year he had a taste of honey. Buddy Rich asked him to join his group

for a Far Eastern State Department-sponsored tour. Ericson joined and played with Rich in Laos, India, and Viet Nam. It was a kick, but when the tour ended (and Rich folded the group), Ericson was again in search of a dream.

That he is an able, talented musician has never been in doubt. He has been in constant demand since he immigrated from his homeland. He started playing with Charlie Barnet's big band and then worked for a while with Benny Carter's band, doing radio work.

After that, he played with a succession of big bands—those led by Stan Kenton, Elliott Lawrence, Charlie Ventura, and Woody Herman. He was with Herman for more than a year.

In 1951, disgusted with the lack of opportunity to catch on with small groups, he returned to Sweden and formed a group of his own—a seven-piece unit that included the gifted altoist Arne Domnerus; baritone saxophonist Lars Gullin, one of Europe's most talented musicians; and drummer Jack Noren, who has since settled in Chicago.

"It was a good group, and we had a ball, but the interest in jazz was too limited, and I missed the United States," Ericson said. He stayed in Sweden for a year and then packed up and returned to the States.

"If you are a musician, you have to be back there," he said. "It may be a

rat race, but that's where it's happening."

Back in the States, Ericson was again sidetracked in the big-band business. He had no trouble finding work—but still not the sort he wanted. However, he did work with Dexter Gordon in Los Angeles and later with Harold Land, with whom he made a record, *Harold in the Land of Jazz* on Contemporary. Ericson played some crackling trumpet, and Land was in fine fettle, but the record didn't make much of a dent in the market.

Mostly he played with a succession of big bands—"to earn the bread"—including those of Charlie Spivak, Harry James, and Les Brown, along with another brief stint with Herman's umpteenth herd. For a while he had a small group of his own. It consisted of Scott LaFaro, the late bassist; Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; the late Lorraine Geller, piano; and Ron Jefferson, drums.

The group didn't get much of a chance to be heard outside the Los Angeles area, and it never recorded.

Ericson recently was back in Scandinavia. He played for a while at Club Montmartre in Copenhagen and then opened with a rhythm section at a new Swedish night club in Stockholm, the Golden Circle. When he was interviewed, he had a ticket to the United States in his pocket.

"I like to be part of the whole thing in the States," he said. "There are a lot of good jazz musicians in Europe, but they don't get together like they do in New York.

"I suppose you might say that I have been successful at what I've done, but I haven't done it the way I wanted to. I'd like to express myself—not do what everyone wants me to do." Then he adds what is an axiom among striving musicians all over: "But it's a hard thing to make it on your own . . . unless you're very well known."

Ericson doesn't lack talent. A tough critic like drummer Rich would hardly ask a second-rate musician to join his group. Nor would a Kenton or a Herman. Harold Land once said of Ericson, "I like the way Rolf plays because of his conception and the fact that he plays with a spark."

Saxophonist Brew Moore, with whom he played in Copenhagen, said, "He's one of the best trumpet players I've worked with—and I have worked with a lot of them. He is trying to do his own things, and he doesn't copy anybody."

Praise from fellow musicians and commercial success notwithstanding, it has been a frustrating go for Rolf Ericson, a jazzman who wants to strike out on his own in search of the musical freedom he craves. He is still looking and hoping.



THE REAL STORY OF BOSSA NOVA

IN THE beginning was the rumba.

To most North Americans it was the first in a series of uninhibited rhythmic imports from Latin America to catch the fancy of dancers in this country. Inevitably the importations—conga, samba, cha cha cha, and the rest—got a plastic surgery treatment at the hands of the dance professors, and when the dances emerged in ballrooms and night clubs, they usually had been Arthur Murrayed to anemia.

The story of the newest importation—bossa nova—is replete in irony. Fortunately the ultimate irony has not been visited on it because thus far bossa nova has eluded the dance masters, but surely not for long.

Arranger-composer Clare Fischer, who is one of the more versed in the subject, already sees the writing on the wall. "In the quick popularity it's getting in this country," he predicts, "it's getting completely abominated." (*Editor's note: see Clare Fischer's article on page 23.*)

Fischer, of course, is referring to the music, not to any ersatz dance. And the musical abominations have begun.

In any event, it is evident that bossa nova—or jazz samba, if you will—is stirring unusual interest in jazz circles. But despite several attempts at delineation in the press and liner commentary on recordings, a central fact concerning the pactical beginnings of this jazz samba has been ignored: bossa nova, *as we know it*, is neither new nor wholly Brazilian. Its roots trail back a decade, and its practical application as a new form found birth in Hollywood, Calif.

"The idea of putting samba and jazz together was different. As long as samba is in 2/4 and jazz is a la breve, why not put the two together?" The speaker, Laurindo Almeida, was alluding to 1953 and the back room of a Hollywood drum shop, Drum City, crucible of a new jazz experiment.

Basically the experimental idea was the brainchild of bassist Harry Babasin, then active in Hollywood studio work and a veteran of the Boyd Raeburn Band of the mid-1940s. Babasin wished to find out if a graft would take between the Brazilian baiiao rhythm and modern jazz. With Almeida playing finger-style guitar, Bud Shank on alto saxophone, Roy Harte playing drums, and himself on bass, Babasin organized the quartet.

Babasin's association with Almeida dates back to 1947, the year of the guitarist's arrival in the United States. One of Almeida's first jobs in Hollywood was a musical role in a picture, *A Song Is Born*, on which Babasin also worked.

Despite a language barrier, the bassist and guitarist established immediate musical rapport. Between the actual takes of the film, there were long waits, and the two musicians found much time together for playing duets. After their work in the movie was finished, they stayed in touch. Then in 1952 Babasin once more found himself working with Almeida, who in the meantime had been a member of the Stan Kenton Orchestra but by 1952 had returned to Hollywood.

"I was subbing for Paul Sarmento," Babasin recalled, "at the 881 Club—it's now called the Losers—on La Cienega, where Paul, Dick Hazard, and Laurindo had a trio gig. During the evening, Laurindo would play several

sets of solo guitar, and rather than hang around the bar or take a walk, I found myself joining him on bass."

Most of Almeida's guitar solos consisted of Brazilian choros with baiiao, batuque, or samba rhythms—all of which, in the order of Latin musical rigidity, call for a very formal and simple bass line of two beats to the measure. Intellectually restive, Babasin soon became bored with this simplicity and began to alter his bass line thus:



The result was the basis of bossa nova.

It was a short step from the bass and guitar duets at the 881 Club to the experimental quartet in back of the drum shop.

"We rehearsed for about a month," recalled Drum City's owner, Harte. "It was Harry's idea, and his bass parts provided the lead rhythmically.

"Actually we rehearsed for our own education—to see whether Laurindo would swing. Of course, we all knew how great he was as a formal guitarist, but we wanted to find out if he could really swing in jazz."

"The whole thing," Harte went on, "was to combine the baiiao beat with jazz. That was what we were aiming at—a jazz baiiao. The samba was considered corny then, just as today the baiiao is considered corny and the bossa nova the thing.

"Our main purpose was to achieve the light, swinging feel of the baiiao—combined with jazz blowing. In order to get this, I played brushes on a conga drum, *not* a snare drum. This gave it a light feeling.

"Actually, I was trying to play with my right hand to Bud's jazz blowing, and with my left I was putting in the samba color with Laurindo's playing."

Through Richard Bock the quartet was hired to play one night a week at the Haig, then a jazz club on Wilshire Blvd. Bock at the time was a talent booker for the club; he also was head of the fledgling Pacific Jazz label and, after some persuasion by Babasin and Harte, agreed to record the quartet.

In almost total obscurity the first examples of bossa nova were put on tape in a small studio on Hollywood's Santa Monica Blvd. in 1953. They were released on a 10-inch LP by Pacific Jazz, and later the small LP was expanded with extra takes to a 12-inch record.

The quartet's engagement at the Haig was shortly terminated. Babasin, convinced that he, Shank, Harte, and Almeida had developed a worthwhile jazz offshoot, wanted to extend the group's activity to out-of-town bookings.



PHOTO COURTESY BUD SHANK

SHANK ALMEIDA BABASIN HARTE
The first bossa nova quartet at the Haig, 1953

But Almeida demurred. "He said he wanted to be a classical guitarist," Babasin recalled.

With the production of the album, now titled *Brazilliance* (see page 24), Chapter 1 closes.

Later in 1953 Almeida returned to Brazil to visit. With him he took 25 copies of the album.

"I gave copies to many of my friends," he said, "and it was given close attention."

Close attention, indeed. Brazilian musicians such as Joao Gilberto embraced the new rhythm, formalized it in approved Latin American manner and, while the land of its origin forgot it in favor of West Coast, Cool, Groove-Funk-Soul, and the like, developed and tailored it to a pattern.

Now bossa nova had an official domicile, a peg to hang its hat on. Since 1953 the rhythm has become rooted in Brazil and, for that matter, in several Latin American countries. Thanks to the fusion that resulted from the Hollywood quartet's experiments, bossa nova carried within it the additional excitement of modern jazz improvisation. The Latin Americans interested in jazz applied the same formula as used on the Pacific Jazz album and came up with their own jazz sambas. Small wonder, then, that such U.S. jazzmen as Jim Hall, Herbie Mann, and Clare Fischer discovered a veritable hotbed of bossa nova jazz during their several recent excursions to Latin America.

BOSSA NOVA . . . what does the term *really* mean?

According to *Time*, "Nobody is sure just what it is, or even what its name implies: according to various experts, the Portuguese slang expression *bossa nova* can mean 'the latest thing' or 'the new beat' or 'the new wrinkle.' *Bossa* literally means a protuberance, but in the argot of Rio, it connotes a natural talent or knack, as in the line, 'The Duke has a lot of *bossa*.'"

And Robert Farris Thompson, in the *Saturday Review*, wrote: "'*Bossa*' literally means 'the hump on the back,' according to Prof. Malcolm C. Batchelor, who teaches Portuguese at Yale, and he adds that '*bossa nova*' is slang for 'the new wrinkle.' Laurindo Almeida . . . told me that '*bossa*' takes on a special sense in the argot of the musicians of Rio—a good feeling for interpretation—and he uses the following phrase to make his point clear: 'Charlie Parker never blew conny; he had a lot of *bossa*.'"

Almeida, in his liner commentary on the Shorty Rogers and His Giants *Bossa Nova* album (Reprise), notes, "In fact, the word 'nova' in Portuguese, means 'new.' 'Bossa' is a pagan word, not yet found in the dictionary. It is, however, a sincere term created to express the ability of playing well and to define *something* in music which we, who advocate it, think has the right approach to both modernity and beauty."

Protuberances and humps-on-the-back notwithstanding, Almeida made this statement to me:

"The word '*bossa*' means nothing. It doesn't appear in any dictionary. Actually, it was just made up by Joe Carioca. Joe is a great one for coining original words and expressions. He would say to us, 'That fellow plays with lots of *bossa*,' just as you might say that Charlie Parker played with a lot of *bossa*.'"

Carioca, a well-known Brazilian entertainer, is now 60 years old and lives and works in Las Vegas, Nev.

With characteristic modesty, Almeida stated, "Gilberto developed this bossa nova rhythm. He plays it on the guitar. It was inspired on the guitar. Today in Latin America, the jazz bossa nova is very popular. They just play the samba—then they take off."

Babasin, on the other hand, is equally definite in attributing the origin of bossa nova to Laurindo. "We stumbled on the pattern," he declared, "as it was notated by Laurindo. And it turned out to be a combination of samba rhythm and jazz played with a free, light, loose feeling."

The bassist said he feels this approach was adopted by the Brazilians who set it into a rigid pattern. It is ironic, he said, that Almeida now sees the rigid pattern subsequently developed by his Brazilian colleagues as the true bossa nova rhythm.

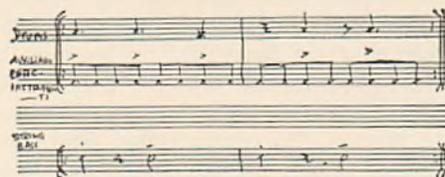
In Babasin's view, bossa nova is already being "prostituted," as he put it, "by those who don't know what they're doing." Furthermore, Babasin nourishes his own theory on the possible origin of the word "*bossa*."

His theory holds that the root of the term may be lodged in the Portuguese word for bass. He cites the similarity of words for bass in all the Romance languages—"basso" in the Italian, for example—and feels that the bossa nova's distinctive characteristic lies in the altered and flexible bass line he developed in the sessions with Almeida a decade ago. This, as Babasin sees it, would provide a semantically logical basis for Joe Carioca's word-coinage.

Almeida, in summing up bossa nova, laid particular stress on the role played by the bass.

"Bass is *so important*," he explained. "It's so syncopated, it throws the whole rhythm down. It's the main thing in holding the rhythm together when you're playing the bossa nova. And you've got to hear this beat going on. If you don't hear this beat, it's not bossa nova."

He provided his own notated example:



"You see," the guitarist went on, "in samba it's a matter of balance. The bass must keep the rhythmic balance. This, of course, is in a formal rhythm—not a bossa nova rhythm. Now, we simply went back to the three basic elements in music—melody, harmony, and rhythm. In playing as we did, we took two of those elements—melody and harmony—while the jazz superimposed on the rhythmic pattern changed the basic samba rhythm."

Meanwhile, bossa nova records continue to pour from the studios. The way things are going, there soon will not be a record company of consequence without heavy bossa nova representation in the record market.

If, as Fischer claims, "the new wrinkle" is being abominated; if, as Babasin declares, it is being prostituted; if it is to be sacrificed on the altar of greed by record company opportunists eager to turn a fast buck by cashing in on a "trend," it will be sad indeed. Because, as Babasin put it, "its beauty lies in its subtlety. It's a *simple* rhythm. It's not a big deal at all."

—Tynan

FIFTEEN YEARS or so ago attempts were made to fuse Afro-Cuban concepts with jazz, some successful, others not. But successful or not, they have become the basis for the standard stylistic presentation of some well-known U.S. groups.

At this same time, in Latin groups around New York City or near the jazz scene in this country, there was an absorption of the harmonic elements from jazz into Afro-Cuban music. When the interchange of ideas first took place there was much superficial experimentation and only after this had had a chance to weed out the least tenable aspects did the more valid qualities remain.

This same process is now in full swing in this country, this time coming from a slightly different cultural setting, that of Brazil, and is called bossa nova. Roughly, bossa nova is to the samba and Brazilian music as the bop movement was to jazz—a breakthrough harmonically and rhythmically of the preceding limitations of the music.

Brazilian music in comparison to that of the rest of Latin America has always been more subtle. For that reason, it has never really sustained much interest in this country. The obvious qualities of anything seem to catch public attention first, the not-so-obvious last, whether it be music, humor, or clothing styles.

Some of the subtlety of Brazilian rhythms comes from the type of instruments used. Afro-Cuban music has a scraper called the güiro which is played with a solid stick producing a loud scraping noise. This same instrument is paralleled in Brazilian music with the reco-reco, the difference being that the reco-reco is much smaller, less resonant, and played with something like a brush. The cabasa is a gourd wrapped in beads that is incapable of extremely loud noise. The same is true of the chocalho or cylinder, and the tambourine. A regular set of drums then contrasts this. The result is a light rhythm that, unlike the conga, bongos, and timbales of Afro-Cuban music, does not engulf the listener but permeates him. To this is usually added a guitar (unamplified) played finger style, which completes the subtlety.

Within bossa nova the line between obvious and not-so-obvious is sometimes obscured. For instance, bossa nova has an obvious two-beat feel, a lilt; yet the majority of jazz musicians will think nothing of superimposing 4/4 concepts upon it instead of creating something in their improvisations that is consistent with the feel.

This may be the result of some of the bossa nova characteristics striking them as do some of the older jazz styles; so in order not to sound corny, they avoid

the more characteristic aspect in favor of one that finds their fancy and is consistent with their own playing.

For example, a strong quality of the rhythmic type of bossa nova is the use of many syncopated up beats, as in Antonio Carlos Jobim's *Desafinado*, in which about 80 percent of the melody is a constant stream of offbeats. This same type of phrasing was in vogue in this country in the late '30s and early '40s; thus, the connotation "old-fashioned" and the probable psy-

CLARE FISCHER

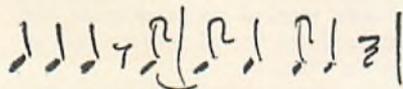


WILLIAM CLAXTON

ON BOSSA NOVA

chological avoidance of the figures.

On the other hand, there have been jazz musicians who have been asked to record bossa nova dates who have not been exposed to it and have a tendency to play old-fashioned samba figures like:



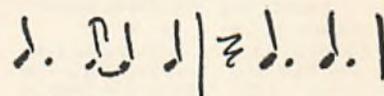
All this will continue until better understanding throughout is gained; then permanent qualities will find their places as Afro-Cuban elements did.

Unlike most Latin music of Afro-Cuban origin, which has developed mostly from a rhythmic standpoint, bossa nova and Brazilian music in general have developed along more complete lines. The harmonic nuances are tremendously interesting, and the gamut of emotional appeal can and does vary from the light airy rhythmic kinds to the more melancholy lyrical variety.

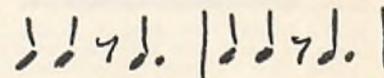
HOW DOES bossa nova start? There are many stories, and their exactness is much as it is with anything else that happens in this world, subject to interpretation and personal stretching of fact. Without being jazz musicians, many Brazilians have been very interested in jazz and have followed it closely for many years. Some, such as Laurindo Almeida, have come to this country and found some success. There

have been others like José Homem de Melo, whose interest in jazz brought him to this country to study at Berklee School of Music. José spent much time preparing to become a music critic only to become disillusioned and to return home. But he has been responsible—because of his association with television in Sao Paulo—for bringing many American bands and groups to Brazil. Here they were exposed to bossa nova.

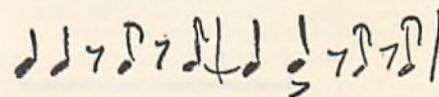
The interchange of interest has been going on for years and has just now reached a peak. The records that Laurindo made with Bud Shank years ago may have been just enough experimentation to set the whole thing off. Laurindo uses and has used a comping figure on the guitar:



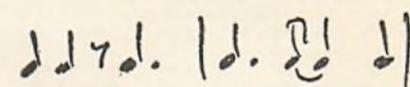
There is something to be said for believing that this could have been the source from which the bossa nova drum figure arose. Whatever its origin, this figure now is established as the basic drum figure, and the guitar—or at least the guitar as it is played by Joao Gilberto, who seems to be the dominant figure in the movement in Brazil now—comps in a figure which contrasts the drum figure:



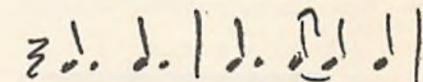
or



or



The whole idea here is that different rhythm instruments in Latin music in general, including both Afro-Cuban and Brazilian, invariably contrast each other for figures. Laurindo sometimes contrasts the drum figure by reversing the two-bar figure:



which when played against the original figure, does contrast with it.

The movement in this country is already being abominated by the record companies for the commercial aspect. It is already hurting many who have a love for this music that it is being presented with surface understanding. I firmly believe that the more one is exposed to bossa nova the less one is interested in how he can fit it to his jazz concept and the more he becomes interested in what his improvisation can do for bossa nova.



record reviews

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

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

BOSSA NOVA BANDWAGON

Laurindo Almeida-Bud Shank

BRAZILLIANCE—World Pacific 1412: *Atabaque; Amor Flamenco; Stairway to the Stars; Acercate Mas; Tera Seca; Speak Low; Inquietacao; Baa-Too-Kee; Carinosa; Tocata; Hazardous; Nono; Noctambulism; Blue Baiao.*
Personnel: Almeida, guitar; Shank, alto saxophone; Harry Babasin, bass; Roy Harte, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

BRAZILLIANCE VOL. 2—World Pacific 1419: *Simpatico; Rio Rhapsody; Nocturno; Little Girl Blue; Choro in A; Mood Antigua; The Color of Her Hair; Lonely; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Carioca Hills.*

Personnel: Almeida, guitar; Shank, alto saxophone, flute; Gary Peacock, bass; Chuck Flores, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Barney Kessel

BOSSA NOVA—Reprise 6049: *Love for Sale; A String of Pearls; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Summertime; You Came a Long Way from St. Louis; Muskrat Ramble; Heartaches; It Ain't Necessarily So; Jada; Sweet Georgia Brown; Tumbling Tumbleweeds; Rye Bye Blues.*

Personnel: Kessel, guitar; other members of large orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★

Herbie Mann

RIGHT NOW—Atlantic 1384: *Right Now; Desafinado; Challil; Jumpin' with Symphony Sid; Borquinho; Cool Heat; Carnival; Meditation; Free for All.*

Personnel: Mann, various flutes; Hagood Hardy, vibraphone; Billy Bean, guitar; Bill Slater or Don Payne, bass; Carlos (Patato) Valdes, Willie Boho, Willie Rodriguez, Johnny Pacheco, percussion.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Shorty Rogers

BOSSA NOVA—Reprise 6050: *Lorito's Samba; No More Sadness; Melancholy Samba; One Note Samba; Sugar Loaf; Empashgi's Samba; Love Is a Rose; Only You; Cry Your Sadness; Only One Love; Little Brown Boy.*

Personnel: Rogers, flugelhorn; Bud Shank, reeds; Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Pete Jolly, piano; Emil Richards, vibraphone; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Sonny Rollins

WHAT'S NEW?—RCA Victor 2572: *If Ever I Would Leave You; Juntos; Bluesongo; The Night Has a Thousand Eyes; Brownskin Girl.*

Personnel: Rollins, tenor saxophone; Jim Hall, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Ben Riley, drums; Candido, conga drum; Willie Rodriguez, Dennis Charles, Frank Charles, percussion; unidentified vocal chorus.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Cal Tjader

CAL TJADER PLAYS THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC OF MEXICO AND BRAZIL—Verve 6-8470: *Vail Querer; Que Tristeza; Meditacao; Sone; Se E Tarde, Me Perdoa; Nao Diga Nada; Silenciosa; Elizete; Imagen; Tentacao do Inconveniente Preciosa; Choro e Batuque.*

Personnel: Tjader, vibraphone; John Lowe, Don Shelton, Paul Horn, Gene Cipriano, Bernie Fleischer, woodwinds; Clare Fischer, piano; Laurindo Almeida, guitar; Freddie Schreiber, bass; Johnny Rae, Milt Holland, percussion; Ardeen de Camp, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

By the time these words are read, chances are that a dozen new albums of bossa nova and/or Brazilian music will have been released. The population on the bandwagon is increasing so rapidly that it can only be hoped its springs will with-

stand a breakdown.

Luckily, it is a resilient music. Not all the LPs in this review are strictly bossa nova in intent or in effect, regardless of the exact definition of the term; but all are products of an interest in cross-breeding Latin and jazz rhythms in a manner less aggressively rhythmic than that of the more commonly combined Afro-Cuban elements.

Bossa nova, which means roughly "new wave" (though the word bossa itself is a neologism that has not yet acquired any strictly defined meaning), denotes a samba (basically a legato percussive eight-beat) with an added cross-rhythm, generally played on claves and assuming various forms.

An important common denominator in all the Brazilian and North American amalgamations is the harmonic approach of modern jazz. It is through the use of flatted fifths and other chord alterations, along with improvisation played or inspired by U. S. soloists, that the new music has acquired its personality and achieved such swift and startling success.

The seven albums here offer a striking illustration of the variety of uses of this acculturation. The first Almeida, of course, is a reissue, cut in 1953. The participants in those sessions now believe that it was through the success of this pioneer venture that musicians in Rio and Sao Paulo were inspired to incorporate the harmony and rhythm of modern jazz in their native music.

Another theory is that this fusion was accomplished soon after the early records of Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Thelonious Monk hit Brazil. The truth probably is that both factors, along with many others, were responsible.

Whatever the factual background, the Almeida-Shank concept undoubtedly was catalytic to some degree; one has only to turn to the highly successful *Jazz Saniba* LP by Stan Getz and Charlie Byrd, now on the best-seller charts, to find the same ingredients incorporated in a strikingly similar manner eight years later: saxophone and Spanish guitar as dominant voices, a swinging jazz feel and Brazilian rhythmic qualities as a prevailing undercurrent.

The general mood of the sides by Almeida and Shank is quietly pleasant, melodically alluring, and rhythmically rather simpler than the newer albums. Sometimes the rhythm is reduced to as basic a beat as the tango, which goes back in jazz all the way to the verse of W. C. Handy's 1914 *St. Louis Blues*. There is no bossa nova as such, merely the groundwork that may have led to it.

A number of the tracks, especially the standards featuring the concert guitar, are

in a style that could best be called neutral. There are extra-Latin elements, too, such as the use of the small East Indian tabla drums in Shank's original *Mood Antigua*. But more significantly, there is none of the banging on timbales, asses' jawbones, etc., that for so long furnished the main identification of jazz with Latin American music.

The mood throughout all four sides retains a level of subtle understatement, sometimes swinging, that clearly established an approach now common in b.n.

The Kessel album is included here only because it was released by Reprise as a sort of twin to the Rogers set, with the words "bossa nova" in letters three inches high across both covers; and because Kessel, writing his own liner notes, tells how impressed he was by bossa nova.

I don't know who is kidding whom, but the album is a strange farrago of sounds that are closer to Twist music or rock and roll than to bossa nova. There is nothing wrong with his doing this if he wants to make some fast bread; but he should have done it under a pseudonym if he wishes to retain the respect in which all of us in jazz have long held him. He is too fine a musician to lend his own name to this kind of gimcrackery.

Mann's set includes three bossa nova tracks: the fascinating *Desafinado* and *Meditation*, both by Antonio Carlos Jobim, and the lyrical *Borquinho*.

Mann's objectives are broad; he seems to be seeking the maximum variety of ethnic influences. There are references in the notes, all justified by the music, to a "Semitic feeling" in his own *Challil*, an Afro-Cuban 6/8 blended with the blues in the amusingly different treatment of *Jumpin' with Symphony Sid*, and other forces at work in what Mann describes as a synthesis:

"When you step back, you see the component parts, and the whole thing gives you a response."

One point only seems to lack validity in this synthesis: a tendency to toy with imperfect instruments. The use of an electric piano by Hardy, of a shepherd's flute by Mann, seems to have little more validity than the rejection of a Stradivarius in favor of a homemade fiddle. It may be argued that these odd instruments add a touch of authenticity, yet this is supplied most effectively when Mann plays a conventional flute.

The percussive section is a strong force in the success of almost every track, but the over-all feeling is less explosive, less overtly rhythm-oriented than some of Mann's earlier albums, just as the bossa nova itself reflects a trend toward more lightness and subtlety in the use of Latin rhythms. Sometimes there is too much tension and not quite enough tonal or

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11 B

melodic-harmonic variety to sustain a five-minute performance, yet often the contagious pulsation compensates, as in the blues-reinforced *Free for All*.

The Rogers set, composed of six imported tunes, three Rogers originals and two by Rogers and Almeida (a sideman on the date), is surprisingly successful.

Instead of trying to turn the bossa nova into a commercial gimmick or reshape it to conform with his normal style of jazz writing, Rogers seems to have done enough listening to absorb the idiom. The treatment of *One Note Samba* is charming; the *Samba Triste* (*Melancholy Samba*), one of the few minor-mode Brazilian pieces in the modern idiom, gets a good groove, and there are many other highlights throughout both sides. Soloists include Rogers on fluegelhorn, Almeida, Shank, Jolly, and Richards.

Rollins' album, produced by George Avakian, has the same title Avakian gave to a Columbia LP by Teo Macero and Bob Prince a few years ago, but there is a subtitle reading: *bongos, conga drums, all kinds of Latin percussion—plus the new rhythm from Brazil, the bossa nova.*"

Of the five tracks, two are bossa novas: the 12-minute *If Ever* and the nine-minute *Night*. *Jungoso* and *Bluesongo*, both of which boast the presence of Candido, are in a more general Latin bag, while *Brown-skin Girl*, a simple and long-popular West Indian folk song, is strictly calypso, with a vocal chorus chanting the lyrics.

Definitions aside, Rollins has a tremendous amount to say in each track. He says much of it with an earthy harshness that gives his group a sound starkly different from Getz-Byrd or Shank-Almeida, despite the instrumental resemblance.

The emotional mobility and development in each statement gives each Rollins solo a strong quality of drama without melodrama. As for Hall, whether he is complementing Rollins or spelling him, everything he says is meaningful and is stated with an assurance and conviction comparable to Rollins' own. Cranshaw and Riley complete the basic group with the same capability they showed in the previous Rollins set on RCA.

The Tjader set is less consistently rewarding than it could have been, chiefly because there are seven Brazilian and five Mexican tracks, the latter a little weaker both in thematic values and in instrumentation.

Nevertheless, thanks to Fischer's writing and Tjader's own work, the album is successful for the most part. Several of the melodies, notably *Se E Tarde Me Perdoa*, show a great melodic charm, and the voicing for woodwinds is skillful. The ubiquitous Almeida shows up again, though less prominently this time, as a sideman in the Brazilian group and as composer of *Choro E Batuque*.

The liner notes on this one, by Fischer, as well as the notes on Rogers' by Almeida, are highly informative and helpful. Almeida goes to some length to explain the implications of the term bossa nova; Fischer even goes as far as to provide a pronunciation guide and a history of the origin of the title. The next move, I hope, will be the printing of all bossa nova liner notes in English and Portuguese. (L.G.F.)

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Jazz Master Composers Series

THE COMPOSITIONS OF THELONIOUS MONK—Riverside 3503: *Off Minor* (Thelonious Monk); *Round Midnight* (Wes Montgomery); *Epistrophy* (Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin); *Well, You Needn't* (Cannonball Adderley); *Straight, No Chaser* (Gerry Mulligan-Monk); *Ruby, My Dear* (Junior Mance).

THE COMPOSITIONS OF MILES DAVIS—Riverside 3504: *Tune-Up* (Wes Montgomery); *Four* (Sam Jones); *Blue in Green* (Bill Evans); *So What?* (Don Rendell); *Nardis* (Cannonball Adderley); *Solar* (Red Garland); *Milestones* (Mark Murphy); *The Theme* (Herbie Mann).

THE COMPOSITIONS OF BENNY GOLSON—Riverside 3505: *Stablemates* (Milt Jackson-Wes Montgomery); *Blues on Down* (Sam Jones); *Blues March* (Blue Mitchell); *Out of the Past* (Benny Golson); *Whisper Not* (Wynton Kelly); *Fair Weather* (Chet Baker).

THE COMPOSITIONS OF CHARLIE PARKER—Riverside 3506: *Au Privave* (Cannonball Adderley); *Scrapple from the Apple* (Blue Mitchell); *Moose the Mooche* (Barry Harris); *Donna Lee* (Clark Terry); *Blue Bird* (Sam Jones); *Klactueddsedstene* (Harold Land); *Cheryl* (Chet Baker).

THE COMPOSITIONS OF DUKE ELLINGTON, VOL. 1—Riverside 3507: *I Got it Bad and That Ain't Good* (Red Garland); *Satin Doll* (Wes Montgomery); *Main Stem* (Junior Mance); *Don't You Know I Care?* (Jimmy Heath); *Black and Tan Fantasy* (Thelonious Monk); *In a Mellotone* (Charlie Byrd); *Mood Indigo* (Clark Terry-Johnny Hodges); *Caravan* (Wild Bill Moore).

THE COMPOSITIONS OF DIZZY GILLESPIE—Riverside 3508: *Groovin' High* (Cannonball Adderley); *Can Alma* (Les Spann); *Anthropology* (Barry Harris); *Tour de Force* (Junior Mance); *Woody'n You* (Johnny Griffin); *A Night in Tunisia* (Eddie Jefferson); *Lorraine* (Bobby Timmons); *Ow!* (Philly Joe Jones).

THE COMPOSITIONS OF HORACE SILVER—Riverside 3509: *Sister Sadie* (Nat Adderley); *Strollin'* (Blue Mitchell); *Doodlin'* (Mark Murphy); *Home Cookin'* (Bobby Timmons); *Senior Blues* (Joe Harriott); *Nica's Dream* (Blue Mitchell); *Ecaroh* (Wes Montgomery); *Peace* (Blue Mitchell); *Filthy McNasty* (Junior Mance).

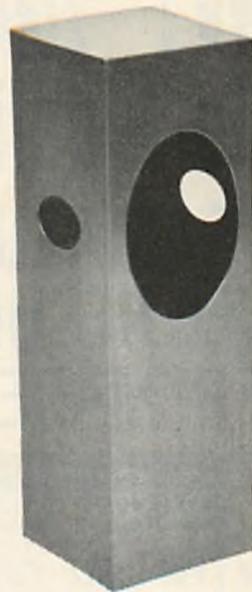
THE COMPOSITIONS OF DUKE ELLINGTON, VOL. 2—Riverside 3510: *It Don't Mean a Thing* (Thelonious Monk); *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* (Nat Adderley); *I'm Just a Lucky So and So* (Yusef Lateef); *Rocks in My Bed* (Dick Morgan); *Carton Tail* (Wes Montgomery); *Prelude to a Kiss* (Bobby Timmons); *C-Jam Blues* (Clark Terry-Johnny Hodges); *I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart* (Junior Mance).

Rating: see below

Culled from previously issued albums by Riverside artists, these eight recordings focus attention on the work of seven composers whose writing has proved stimulating and attractive enough for widespread execution by modern jazzmen. None of the collections purports to offer the composer's most significant or even representative work, but rather a kind of grab bag (the contents largely dependent upon what was available to Riverside) that attempts to show what various musicians have done to the music of the composers to whom they have been attracted.

The quality of performance ranges from mediocre to superb, and it is perhaps comment enough on the state of contemporary jazz that while the general level throughout is high, there are few really outstanding sustained performances—or, for that matter, moments—in the course of the 61 selections on the eight discs. Corollarily, few performances sink below a certain level of proficiency. The over-all impression is one of competence rather than of brilliance.

The emphasis, by the very "sampler" nature of the albums, falls on the performances rather than on the compositions, with the result that really only one of the eight volumes bears the stamp of a single mind, the one given over to the music



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of Charlie Parker. Not only do the album's seven pieces sound as though they were the products of the same composer, but, moreover, they possess such force, logic, and integrity in their make-up that they seem to be directing the executives rather than the opposite, which is largely the case on the other seven records.

But to me, the Monk collection is the most arresting and satisfying of the eight. The selections are stimulating and the performances are for the most part fine, interesting readings. The best of the six selections is the Town Hall recording of *Off Minor*, performed by a 10-piece orchestra with the composer at the piano. Hall Overton's arrangement captures the elliptical Monk style perfectly and is, in a certain sense, an extension of Monk's own quintet and sextet writing of the late 1940s and early '50s. There are impressive solos by trumpeter Donald Byrd and tenorist Charlie Rouse in addition to Monk's characteristic wry, probing keyboard lines. Wes Montgomery's *Round Midnight* is a rather straightforward, easy reading by one of his earliest recording groups. A bright, extroverted performance of *Epistrophy* by the driving tenor team of Lockjaw Davis and Johnny Griffin features an impressive bass improvisation by Larry Gales. The Cannonball Adderley group slithers through a sinuous version of *Well, You Needn't*, and on *Straight, No Chaser* Gerry Mulligan joins Monk for a pleasant, but not overly exciting, exchange of noodling. Junior Mance's *Ruby, My Dear* is a delicate, subtle, and faintly sinister (in its colorations) performance. All told, a well-balanced collection.

On the Miles Davis set, there is a bright, pleasant, but somewhat routine performance of *Tune-Up* by a Wes Montgomery-led quintet that has the leader on bass guitar and James Clay on flute. The highlight of Sam Jones' 11-piece band version of *Four*—with an exciting arrangement by Jimmy Heath—is the leader's impassioned, well-constructed bass solo. (It should be mentioned, by the way, that considerable confusion exists concerning the authorship of this number and *Tune-Up*. Singer-altoist Eddie Vinson claims he wrote both.) Strength, beauty, grace, ardour, and order course through the performance of *Blue in Green* by Bill Evans, co-composer of the piece. *So What?*, by British tenor saxist Don Rendell, starts out delicately enough, but soon sputters out in a kind of frenzy.

Curiously enough, the Benny Golson collection fails to come to life, save in the composer's own version of *Out of the Past*, which contains some soft, buoyant playing by tenorist Golson, trombonist J. J. Johnson, and trumpeter Kenny Dorham.

The ghost of Charlie Parker seems to hover over the disc devoted to performances of his compositions. His voice is most apparent in the thrusting, quicksilver alto of Cannonball Adderley on *Au Privave*, a relaxed, assured performance by all. There is an extremely fine piano solo by Wynton Kelly on *Scrapple*, though leader Blue Mitchell seems to have

some difficulty in keeping his trumpet to the point. Barry Harris' night-club rendition of *Moose* goes on a bit too long to be really effective. *Donna Lee* is a thoroughly delightful track, thanks to a bullying, hard-driving Johnny Griffin tenor solo and a wry, puckish one from leader Clark Terry on trumpet. *Blue Bird*, an exciting big-band performance, offers an excellent pair of cello solos by Sam Jones and an invigorating arrangement by Vic Feldman. An overlong *Klactoveedsedstene* by a sextet led by tenorist Harold Land and featuring trumpeter Joe Gordon and guitarist Wes Montgomery suffers from poor balance and lack of thought. Whatever excitement had been generated—by Land especially—is soon dissipated by the length of the piece.

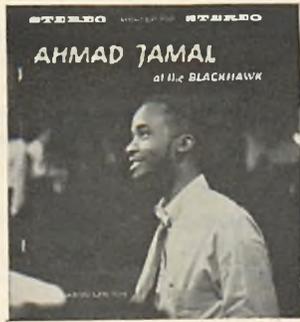
Of the two volumes given over to Ellington compositions, the second is the more rewarding, primarily because the performances are more fully realized. Only two of the pieces in the sets are what might be called fully "Ellingtonian" in character: *Mood Indigo* in the first volume and *C-Jam Blues* in the second, both played by a septet made up of Ellington men and led by Clark Terry.

Among the brighter spots in the first album are Junior Mance's blithe, exuberant Garneresque reworking of *Main Stem*; a brusquely tender *Don't You Know I Care?* by a Coltrane-influenced Jimmy Heath; a delightfully angular, prodding piano reconstruction (after he has exploded it) of *Black and Tan Fantasy* by Thelonious Monk; and the above-mentioned *Mood Indigo*, with stunning solos by Terry and altoist Johnny Hodges.

In the second volume, Monk returns for a deliberate, assured, finely modeled *It Don't Mean a Thing*, and Terry and cohorts romp through *C-Jam Blues* with gusto and wit. Nat Adderley and the Three Sounds give *Don't Get Around Much Anymore* a springily exuberant treatment, and the leader's punching cornet is a particular joy. Wes Montgomery and Hank Jones take *Cotton Tail* at a brisk tempo; Bobby Timmons is wistful and gentle on *Prelude to a Kiss*; and Yusef Lateef's ululating, nasal oboe sound lends an air of poignant yearning to *I'm Just a Lucky So and So*, on which pianist Hugh Lawson acquits himself admirably. Dick Morgan's *Rocks in My Bed*, slow and delicate, is pleasant but unevenful, and Junior Mance lets *I Let A Song Go Out of My Heart* go out just a little too long.

The Gillespie set contains some of his finest compositions, but the performance quality is sadly uneven. Far and away the best thing on the disc is the delicate, subtle, but always brightly swinging interplay of pianist Mance and guitarist Les Spann on the seldom-heard *Tour de Force*. Not far behind it in interest is the coruscating alto of Cannonball Adderley on *Groovin' High*, on which he is joined by Milt Jackson and Wynton Kelly. Barry Harris leads a young quintet (Lonnie Hillyer on trumpet and Charles McPherson on alto make up the front line) in a suitably boppish treatment of *Anthropology*. Hillyer solos with force and here is strongly reminiscent of Can-

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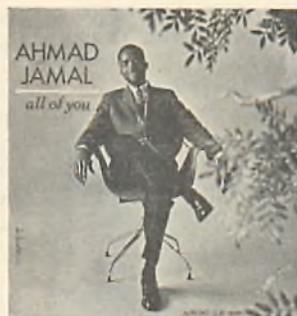


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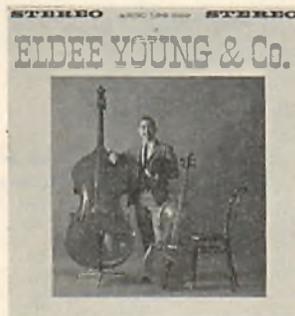
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nonball. The strange instrumental combination of guitar and French horn fails to bring Spann's version of *Con Alma* to life, though some of the colorations are attractive, and both Bobby Timmons on *Lorraine* and Johnny Griffin on *Woody'n You* tend to dissipate the effectiveness of their work in playing at too great a length, leading to repetitiveness. *Ow!*, by a sextet led by drummer Philly Joe Jones, is not very exciting—except in Griffin's tenor passage—for nothing untoward develops. The nadir, however, is reached in Eddie Jefferson's mannered, awkward singing on *Night in Tunisia*, which sounds as though it's being performed by a spastic Hoagy Carmichael. 'Nuff said.

Among the weaker collections in the series is the one given over to Horace Silver tunes. The fault is not with the compositions, however. Save for the pungent playing of Nat Adderley with the powerful Swedish big band of Harry Arnold on *Sister Sadie* and Blue Mitchell's strong, virile work on his sextet version of *Nica's Dream*, there is little here that escapes the dullness of routine playing. (P.W.)

CLASSICAL

Bach/Munchinger

BACH—London CSA-2206: *Suites for Orchestra* (complete).

Personnel: Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Karl Munchinger, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The four suites for orchestra retain their place as the best introduction to Bach.

Not as fascinating to the musician as the Brandenburg concertos, nor as important in musical history, the suites are Bach in his most genial, secular mood and come as close to being popular music as anything he ever wrote (*No. 3* contains the famous *Air in D*, popularized in another key as the *Air for the G String*, and *No. 2* has the delightful *Badinage for Flute*).

The orchestra under Munchinger has recorded individual suites in the past, and they rank with the finest interpretations available.

The complete set in stereo enjoys predominantly well-chosen tempos, smoothly engineered sound, and first-rate soloists. The instrumentation uses harpsichord but evidently makes no other attempt to be historically authentic. (D.H.)

Beethoven/Milstein

BEETHOVEN—Angel S-35783: *Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 61*.

Personnel: Nathan Milstein, violin; Philharmonia Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

With dozens of versions having been issued in the last decade, it is decidedly too late in the LP game to proclaim anyone's Beethoven violin concerto as the best. But Milstein's salutes none, and for many persons it will be the last word: pitch-perfect, delicately in balance, and infused with the perfect combination of sense and sensitivity.

Milstein has lately been transferring his repertoire to stereo (the Beethoven he made with Steinberg was long a mono

staple) and such remakes are not always improvements upon the originals. With Leinsdorf as his two-channel collaborator, however, he has put down a superlatively right performance of a much misunderstood work.

Isaac Stern and others, while playing the Beethoven dazzlingly well, attempt to make it into a heroic statement; Milstein gives it the dignified, relaxed, and classically clean sound it cries out for.

Those who favor a heaven-storming approach are directed elsewhere; they are likely to be puzzled at encountering the Beethoven in such an unsmudged, noble version. The cadenzas, incidentally, are Milstein's own in all three movements, and they are both formally appropriate and incredibly played. (D.H.)

Fischer-Dieskau/Friesay

OPERA RECITAL—Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18700.

Personnel: Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra, Ferenc Fric-say, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

Fischer-Dieskau, the greatest lieder singer of our day, here takes on the standard Italian and French opera repertory, with almost uniformly disappointing results.

The voice and style that are so convincing in Wagner and Mozart operas do not at all fit Verdi's *Di Provenza* or Giordano's *Nemico della Patria*.

Friesay's conducting, too, is uninspired, and his orchestra is out of balance with the singer. (D.H.)

JAZZ

Eubie Blake-Joe Jordan-Charles Thompson

GOLDEN REUNION IN RAGTIME—Stereodiscs 1900: *Meet Me in St. Louis; Bunch o' Blackberries; Maori; Lovie Joe; Lily Rag; Memories of You; Teasin' Rag; Old Black Crow; Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee; Until; Delmar Rag; Dora Dean; Broadway in Dahomey*.

Personnel: Blake, Jordan, or Thompson, piano, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

The intention behind this meeting of three veteran ragtime men—Eubie Blake, 79; Joe Jordan, 80; and Charles Thompson, 71—was commendable, but the execution is unfortunately haphazard.

The impresario for the occasion is someone called Ragtime Bob Darch, who is the kind of ragtime pianist who fancies a tinkly, mandolin sound in his piano. He does not play on these records, but his piano, a "five pedal Cornish upright saloon grand piano," is heard all through the disc, apparently played by either Thompson or Jordan. Blake is lucky—he gets a regular piano.

Darch works as the emcee and interviewer; he is stiff and colorless in both roles. Once he gets out of the way, the three pianists, who also sing, operate much better on their own. Both Thompson and Jordan appear to be a bit rusty, and Blake is usually called on to play along with them. This produces occasional hesitations, apparently resulting from lack of rehearsal.

Blake holds the whole session together. He has an exuberant, outgoing personality, is a buoyant singer, and is still a confident

and capable pianist. All three men recall some of their past compositions and songs. Their singing and playing result in some affecting moments, but much of the potential inherent in this meeting has been lost because of amateurish production. (J.S.W.)

Herb Ellis

SOFTLY . . . BUT WITH THAT FEELING—Verve 8448: *One Note Samba; Toni; Like Someone in Love; Jim's Blues; John Brown's Body; Detour Ahead; You Better Be Ready; Gravy Waltz*.

Personnel: Ellis, guitar; Victor Feldman, vibraphone; piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Ronnie Zito, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

The blandness that spreads through this release eventually defeats whatever moments of interest it has. And there are such moments when Ellis or Feldman get out of the churning groove that characterizes most of their solos. But by the time those moments occur, the preceding monotony has dulled the senses to such an extent that it hardly seems worth the bother.

The group is at its best on *One Note Samba*, on which a light and airy feeling is maintained most of the way, and on *Gravy*, an unpretentious, lilting waltz by Ray Brown. (J.S.W.)

Don Goldie

TRUMPET EXODUS—Verve 8475: *Exodus; Tammy; That's All; Willow, Weep for Me; My Funny Valentine; Mack the Knife; It Could Happen to You; The Tender Trap; Beautiful Love; Night Side; South of the Border; Blue Dawn*.

Personnel: Goldie, trumpet; unidentified orchestra.

Rating: ★ ★ 1/2

This is Goldie with a little more than strings. That is, along with the strings there are some horns to beef up the arrangements. But it's cut from the same treacly fabric as all the other jazz-horn-with-strings sets.

Goldie has a big, fat sound, a dark, lustrous tone, and he is sufficiently irrepressible to break the standard regulations for sets of this kind by exhibiting touches of imagination. Still he is limited to an area that is bounded at one end by Jackie Gleason and at the other by Al Hirt. Within these limits, he performs with functional excellence.

A whole set of this stuff can become pretty gruesome, and its enough to startle one out of the torpor it induces when Goldie suddenly jams a mute in his horn on *Night Side* and lashes out for a few bars of wildly growling freedom. Gosh, it actually gets exciting there for a minute. (J.S.W.)

Johnny Griffin

THE KERRY DANCERS AND OTHER SWINGING FOLK—Riverside 420: *The Kerry Dancers; Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair; Green Grow the Rushes; The Londonderry Air; 25 1/2 Daze; Oh, Now I See; Hush-a-Bye; Ballad for Monsieur*.

Personnel: Griffin, tenor saxophone; Barry Harris, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

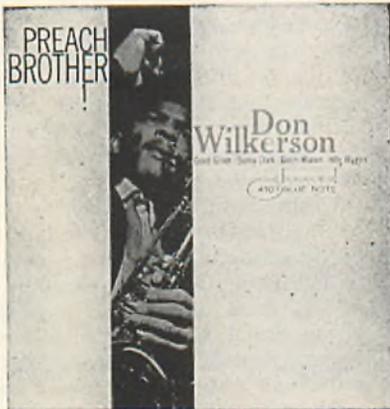
Those who have come to associate Griffin exclusively with the high-flying and frantic blowing so often his wont in partnership with Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis will be confronted here with his more subdued side.

The less restrained tracks, such as the

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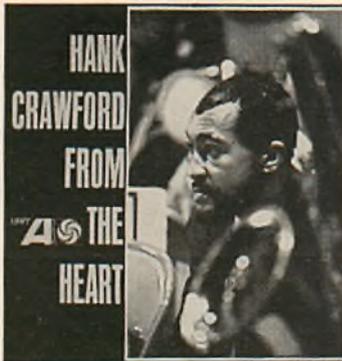
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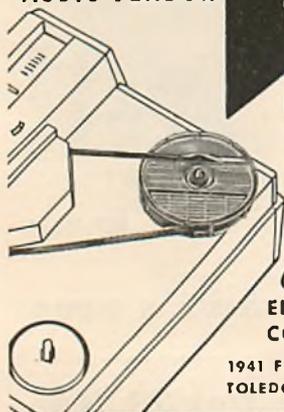
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whirling *Hush-a-Bye*, notwithstanding, this set on the whole is a moody, utterly relaxed undertaking. And, despite an excellent bass solo by Carter on *Hush*, the session is all Griffin. Harris plays with delicacy and Hank Jones-like taste when his turn comes, which is not often enough for these ears, but the tenorist properly dominates the set.

Griffin, in fact, proves that he is one of the best saxophone players in jazz, in part by demonstrating tonal expressiveness and technical control that is frequently arresting. In these times, when a good saxophone sound is all too often discarded by jazz' neurotic "soul-barers," this Griffin respect for instrument is indeed welcome.

There is a continuity of feeling to the set that carries from *Go to Stop* despite the difference in repertoire; the first side is composed of traditional Gaelic and Anglo-Saxon airs thoroughly done up by Griffin and confreres, while the other side consists of more orthodox jazz fare. This very arrangement of material, however, ill serves the album as a whole. Part of the problem lies in the rhythm section—tenor instrumentation, one supposes, and part with the basic treatment of the material. Put simply, there is too much sameness to the set.

On the plus side, though, lies impeccable and consistently creative musicianship that asserts itself more and more on repeated hearing. (J.A.T.)

Meade Lux Lewis

BOOGIE-WOOGIE HOUSE PARTY—Philips 200-044: *Lux's Boogie*; *When the Saints Go Shuffling In*; *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*; *Yancey Special*; *Campdown Races*; *Glendale Glide*; *Celeste Boogie*; *Yancey's Pride*; *St. Louis Blues*; *Honky-Tonk Train*; *Georgia Camp Meeting*; *Beartrap Stomp*.

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Robert Smith, saxophone; Sunny Kenner, Bill Riley, Jeff Kaplan, guitars; Chuck Hamilton, bass; Joe Liggins Jr., conga; Albert Barteel, Leslie Milton, drums.

Rating: ★ ½

Lewis plays with a happy, driving will on this set, but the odds against him are too great—namely, three drums and three guitars that set up such a thumping clamor that the pianist is practically hog-tied.

As the recording director, Robert A. Blackwell, admits in his notes, "every instrument is strong and relentlessly hard-driving." "Relentless" is the right word. Even such old Lewis specialties as *Yancey Special* and *Honky-Tonk Train* are cut to ribbons under their relentless attack, and when the group turns to such ideas as playing *The Saints* and *Johnny Comes Marching Home* as Twists—well, write your own review. (J.S.W.)

Shelly Manne

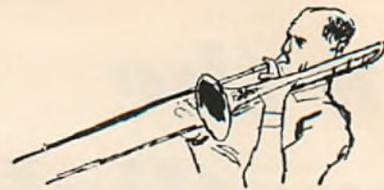
2-3-4; Impulse 20: *Take the A Train*; *The Sicks of Us*; *Slowly*; *Lean on Me*; *Cherokee*; *Me and Some Drums*.

Personnel: Coleman Hawkins, tenor saxophone, piano; Hank Jones, piano; Eddie Costa, piano, vibraphone; George Duvivier, bass; Manne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The participants on this set aren't usually thought of as members of the same "school," but they combine to produce one of the most varied and esthetically satisfying LPs of the year. Three different groups are presented, and each track has much to recommend it.

Some Drums, a duct, features Hawkins on tenor improvising extensively on one



chord. He also plays piano here and as annotator Stanley Dance says, "tells a story of sombre majesty." Manne uses mallets throughout most of the performance.

The Manne-Costa-Duvivier trio has two tracks. The minor *Sicks* has an excellent vibes solo by Costa. The somewhat jagged contour of his lines is softened by a full vibrato.

On *Lean*, Costa switches to piano, playing long, flowing phrases, for the most part in the medium and upper registers. A couple of times, however, he drops to the lower octaves for contrast.

For the quartet selections, Jones replaces Costa, and Hawkins is added.

Train opens at a medium-slow tempo, with Jones taking a choice chordal solo. The pace speeds up a bit when Hawkins comes in. His first chorus is relaxed and lyrical, but he gradually increases the intensity of his playing, exploring the chords with sheetlike runs. Harmonically this is one of the most advanced solos I've heard Hawkins play—he surely doesn't let any grass grow under his feet. Duvivier is again brilliant in his solo and in the section.

Jones states the *Cherokee* theme at a much slower tempo than Manne's accompanying brushwork. Hawkins' solo is rich melodically; near the end of it he falls into waltz meter.

David Raskin's seldom-heard ballad *Slowly* has virile and sensitive improvisation by Jones and Hawkins.

Anyone should enjoy this album immensely. (H.P.)

Cecil Payne

THE CONNECTION — Charlie Parker 806: *Stop and Listen*; *Born Again*; *Dear People*; *Kenny's One*; *Sister Carol*; *Mighty Fine Wine*; *It's Your Life*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, trumpet; Bennie Green, trombone; Payne, baritone saxophone; Duke Jordan, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Charlie Persip, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In this score for *The Connection* Payne wrote three compositions and pianist Kenny Drew the remaining four. They are swinging, logically resolved lines, especially Payne's *Stop and Listen* and *Dear People*.

Payne also contributes consistently good solos to the date, displaying a dark, sonorous tone and steady flow of ideas. On the rapid tempos of *Life* and *Wine*, he wails compulsively, handling the big horn like a tenor.

Terry plays competently on most tracks and very well on *Born Again* but doesn't get much room. Neither does Green. The latter unfortunately was not at the top of his game for the set, and his work is quite inconsistent. Except for *Kenny's One* and *Born Again*, on which he plays beautifully, sounding like an updated Buddy Wells, his lines are filled with clichés.

Jordan improvises with imagination and

clarity, and on *Born Again* he employs Garlandish block chords.

The rhythm section is excellent, particularly Carter, who lays down the bass lines with sledge-hammer force. (H.P.)

McCoy Tyner

INCEPTION—Impulse 18: *Inception; There Is No Greater Love; Blues for Green; Sunset; Effendi; Speak Low.*

Personnel: Tyner, piano; Art Davis, bass; Elvin Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Tyner has been one of the most scrutinized young pianists on the jazz scene today. Much of this critical interest stems from his affiliations with two virtually experimental groups. The first was the more conventional of the two, the Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet. The second is the avant-garde unit led by John Coltrane. As a result, it is often forgotten that Tyner is only 23 and is still in the formative years of his career.

This album is a good showing for the pianist. For the first time the listener hears Tyner and what he can do with a musical idea from beginning to end. Several general characteristics seem to be cropping up again and again.

Tyner has much basic substance in his playing without falling headlong into the soul rut. His styling is crisp, articulate, and pointed. His concepts are long, flowing statements that he releases with a bare minimum of histrionics.

He is a well-rounded, two-handed pianist who relies heavily on his left hand to provide the block fullness to his sparkling right.

Coltrane has had an over-all positive influence on the pianist. Tyner has branched out tremendously in the last two years. In listening to Coltrane, however, Tyner has picked up at least one disconcerting habit that hangs him up just as it has the saxophonist. In plunging into a cascading flood of music, Tyner occasionally loses his way, and notes pour forth whose only purpose is to end the run.

He is also overly cautious in his writing. While he provides interesting frames from which the musicians can swing, he would do well to supply a little more direction.

He is potentially an excellent musician. Here's hoping that he does not share the fate of one of his most matured fore-runners, Wynton Kelly, and become lost in the batch of exceptional, but merely accepted, musicians. (B.G.)

Larry Young

GROOVE STREET—Prestige 7237: *Groove Street; I Found a New Baby; Sweet Lorraine; Gettin' into It; Talking 'bout J. C.*

Personnel: Bill Leslie, tenor saxophone; Young, organ; Thorne Schwartz, guitar; Jimmy Smith, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Here is still another of the organ-tenor groups that seem to be so popular these days. We have the inevitable slow blues: *Groove Street* and *Gettin' into It*, and even *Sweet Lorraine* is handled funkily. Young depends on cliches on these three tracks but is better on *Baby* and *Talkin'*, employing a more pianistic approach than many other organists.

In his solos Leslie shows a praiseworthy

concern with formal structure. He builds very well on *Talkin'*. At this point, however, his conception is mainly derivative—owing a great deal to Sonny Rollins.

The fluent, inventive guitarist Schwartz provides the most consistently interesting solos. He makes good use of single-string and octave techniques.

The album probably would have been more interesting if the material had been fresher. (H.P.)

VOCAL

Ella Fitzgerald

RHYTHM IS MY BUSINESS—Verve 6-4056: *Rough Ridin'; Broadway; You Can Depend on Me; Runnin' Wild; Show Me the Way to Get out of This World; I'll Always Be in Love with You; Hallelujah, I Love Him So; I Can't Face the Music; No Moon at All; Laughin' on the Outside; After You've Gone.*

Personnel: Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; orchestra including Ernie Royal, Taft Jordan, trumpets; Phil Woods, alto saxophone; Bill Doggett, organ. Others unidentified.

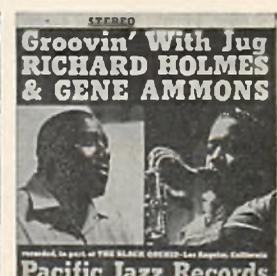
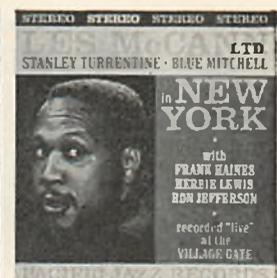
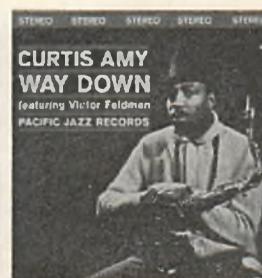
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The emphasis here is on swinging. Doggett's simple, driving arrangements provide an effective background for Miss Fitzgerald—who has no peer among female vocalists when it comes to rhythm singing. She glides effortlessly at the medium to fast tempos of *Broadway*, *Running Wild*, and *No Moon*.

She doesn't communicate this same degree of personal involvement on ballads (*Laughing*), though her work is technically flawless. She always sings with warmth but rarely if ever with the passion of a Billie Holiday or a Dinah Washing-

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A DECADE OF PACIFIC JAZZ • 1952 / 1962

ton. While her timbre is pure and attractive, it lacks the distinguishing characteristics of these two vocalists.

Ray Charles' *Hallelujah* is not the best material for Miss Fitzgerald. Her rendition moves along happily but is devoid of the earthy forcefulness that made the composer's version outstanding.

There are some nice solos, particularly by Woods, sprinkled through the set. (H.P.)

Jackie Paris

THE SONG IS PARIS—Impulse 17: *Duke's Place; If Love Is Good to Me; Jenny; My Very Good Friend in the Looking Glass; 'Tis Autumn; Nobody Loses All the Time; Everybody Needs Love; Cherry; Thad's Blues; Tonight; Cinderella.*

Personnel: various orchestras with Bobby Scott, arranger, conductor, or Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Paris, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Though he never has managed to build up the kind of in-group following that ultimately grows to mass proportions, as was the case with Ella Fitzgerald and other jazz-grounded singers, Paris has retained throughout the years that elusive quality that puts him just beyond the fence that is straddled by so many, into territory that is unmistakably that of jazz. It's chiefly a matter of timbre and phrasing, of course.

The more formal first side has some splendid writing by Scott for three different groups, one featuring woodwinds, another strings, a third brass and saxes. *Duke's Place* is *C Jam Blues* with lyrics; *Jenny*, not related to the Berlin song, is a charming Scott original. *Autumn* shows off Paris' ballad mood beautifully, except for the awkward wordless vocalizing required at

Bars 7, 15, 19-20, and 31; but that is the fault of the song rather than the singer. Scott's *Nobody Loses* is an interesting sambalike blues.

On the second side, Paris, in addition to singing, is heard on guitar for what is probably the first time in many years. There is even one nonvocal track, *Thad's Blues*, on which his unamplified solo shows a delightful blend of earthy folk-blues and modern phrasing. (It would hardly be fair to credit Paris without mentioning that there is also some splendid guitar work on the first side by Barry Galbraith.)

Cherry, the old Don Redman standard, seems to have been fitted with some new lyrics, though the original version remains preferable. *Cinderella* is an old pop song from England that could become a jazz standard.

For programing purposes it would have been less consistent, but perhaps more interestingly varied, to alternate the orchestral numbers with the informal works. Still, there is little to carp at here. (L.G.F.)

Billie Poole

SERMONETTE—Riverside 425: *Drown in My Own Tears; Lazy Afternoon; Sometimes I'm Happy; Rocks in My Bed; A Sunday Kind of Love; When You're Smilin'; This Can't Be Love; Sermonette; Time after Time; Young Woman's Blues; I Could Have Danced All Night; He's My Guy.*

Personnel: Miss Poole, vocals; Clark Terry, trumpet; unidentified orchestra, Jimmy Jones, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

This album is an introduction to one of the most natural blues voices to come along in some time (well, this year anyway).

But it is annoying when a recording company decides to play it safe, takes a good singer, who is vocally and naturally committed to a specific type of singing, and records her singing umpteen tunes from blues to show tunes. Supposedly this proves the vocalist's versatility. This may be true; but no singer can sing everything well, and this technique merely serves to point up weakness and de-emphasize natural ability.

Miss Poole can be a good blues singer. She has depth and range and a basic push to her singing that go quite well with blues interpretation. She also has an easy enunciation that permits variety in interpretive phrasing.

Her best tunes here by far are the two blues, *Young Woman* and *Rocks*. While she does a credible and individualistic job on *Drown*, for me, the tune has become synonymous with Ray Charles and Miss Poole suffers by comparison.

This problem of comparison runs throughout the album. The choice of tunes is most unfortunate in that most of them have become firmly identified with other artists.

In general, the arrangements and accompaniment are fine. *Drown* does become a bit corny. A word must be said, however, about the sensitive and sparkling trumpet work of Terry.

I should like to see someone dig up a batch of old, seldom-recorded blues tunes, turn Miss Poole and Terry and a group of comparable musicians loose on them for a few rehearsals, and take them into the recording studio. (B.G.)

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No. 5 Art Farmer

ART—Argo 678: *So Beats My Heart for You; Goodbye, Old Girl; Who Cares?; Out of the Past; Younger Than Springtime; The Best Thing for You is Me; I'm a Fool to Want You; That Ole Devil Called Love.*

No. 7 Count Basie

☐ DANCE ALONG WITH BASIE—Roulette 52036: *It Had to Be You; Makin' Whoopee; Can't We Be Friends?; Misty; It's a Pity to Say Goodnight; How Am I to Know; Easy Living; Fools Rush In; Secret Love; Give Me the Simple Life.*

No. 9 Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker

☐ DIZ 'N' BIRD—Royal Roost 2234: *A Night in Tunisia; (Part 1); A Night in Tunisia (Part 2); Dizzy Atmosphere; Groovin' High (Part 1); Groovin' High (Part 2); Confirmation; Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac; Tin Tin Deo; Ooh Shoo-bee Do-bee; School Days.*

No. 10 Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS COLE PORTER—Verve 4049: *All Through the Night; Anything Goes; Miss Otis Regrets; Too Darn Hot; In the Still of the Night; I Get a Kick out of You; Do I Love You?; Always True to You in My Fashion; Let's Do It; Just One of Those Things; Every Time We Say Goodbye; All of You; Begin the Beguine; Get out of Town; I Am in Love; From This Moment On.*

No. 11 Gil Evans

☐ GREAT JAZZ STANDARDS—World Pacific WP-1270: *Davenport Blues; Straight, No Chaser; Ballad of the Sad Young Men; Joy Spring; Django; Chant of the Weed; Theme.*

No. 12 Dave Brubeck

☐ GONE WITH THE WIND—Columbia CL 1347: *Swanee River; The Lonesome Road; Georgia on My Mind; Camptown Races (two versions); Short'nin' Bread; Basin Street Blues; Ol' Man River; Gone with the Wind.*

No. 14 Wes Montgomery

☐ THE INCREDIBLE JAZZ GUITAR OF WES MONTGOMERY—Riverside RLP 12-320: *Atreghin; D-Natural Blues; Polka Dots And Moonbeams; Four on Six; West Coast Blues; In Your Own Sweet Way; Mister Walker; Gone with the Wind.*

No. 17 Gerry Mulligan

MAINSTREAM OF JAZZ—EmArcy 12" LP MG 36101: *Elevation; Mainstream; Ain't It the Truth; Igloo; Blue at the Roots; Lollypop.*

No. 22 Milt Jackson

PLENTY, PLENTY SOUL—Atlantic 12" LP 1269: *Plenty; Plenty Soul; Boogity Boogity; Heartstrings; Sermonette; The Spirit-Feel; Ignant Oil; Blues at Twilight.*

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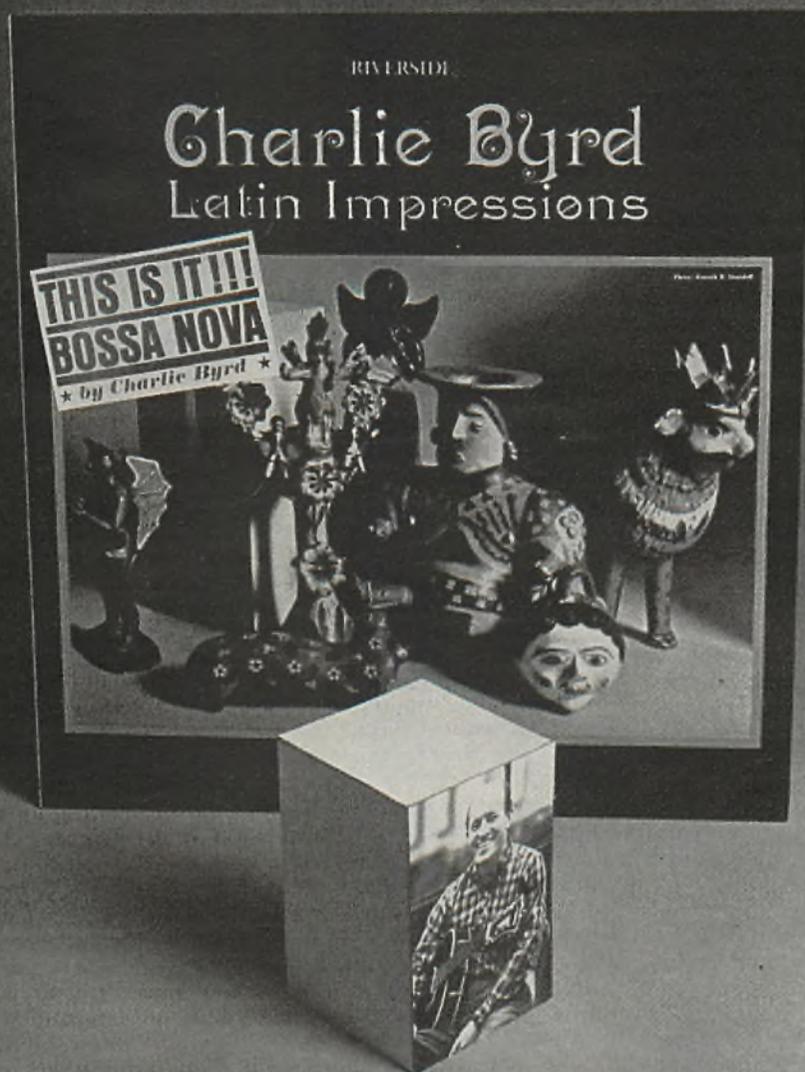
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(RLP 427; Stereo 9427)

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

BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Although Don Ellis was unknown a couple of years ago, his recent emergence as a leading figure in the "new wave" has clearly been merited on the strength of his achievements as composer and trumpeter.

Now 28 years old, Los Angeles-born Ellis has had broad experience working in a variety of name bands, from those led by Ray McKinley and Charlie Barnet to those of Woody Herman and Lionel Hampton. He has been closely associated with George Russell for the last two years. During his Army service in Germany he was part of a remarkable 17-piece orchestra that included Leo Wright, Cedar Walton, and Eddie Harris.

The records selected for his first *Blindfold Test* were all items that seemed likely to be of special interest to him. Record No. 2 was included not only because he played for some time in Maynard Ferguson's band but also because of his close friendship and association with Jaki Byard.

Because he is exceptionally articulate and I hated to edit out any of his interesting comments, I have divided the test into two parts. Ellis was given no information, before or during the test about the records played. Part 2 will appear next issue.



"A lot of jazz men, especially those who are used to playing in small groups, don't seem to know how to play with backgrounds."

DON ELLIS PART 1

THE RECORDS

1. Charlie Mingus. *Dizzy Moods (Tijuana Moods, RCA Victor)*. Jimmy Knepper, trombone; Mingus, bass.

I like the beginning. And on the tune, where they were improvising on some parts of it . . . but I had a feeling on the solos that nothing really happened. . . . It didn't sound like they were quite together.

It had a Mingus feel to it. Maybe it was the trombone player. The last chorus sounded better than the first chorus. Other than that, there's not too much I can say.

I think jazz is going to go more and more this way, breaking up meter, like going into the 3/4 thing in the bridge there. I think people are finding out that too much of any one thing tends to become boring after a while . . . and too much of . . . the same tempo from beginning to end of the composition is going to get boring, no matter how well the musicians play it.

It sounded like they were all striving to create and get away from the standard things, but it didn't really happen as a musical event. On this basis—that it is more interesting than most records I hear on the radio but technically lacking—I'll give it three stars.

2. Maynard Ferguson. *X Stream (Maynard '62, Roulette)*. Ferguson, trumpet; Mike Abene, piano; Rufus Jones, drums; Jaki Byard, composer.

Maynard had one of the greatest jazz composers and orchestrators in his band and never really utilized him. In my opinion Jaki Byard is one of the greatest orchestrators and writers today. I don't know what they called it on the album, but when I played with him he called it *Ah, Sour Mystery of Birds*. The tune is very, very exciting.

This sounds more fresh than most of what's coming out today. Pianist on this was Mike Abene. If he is subject to the right influences, he will turn into one of the new stars on piano. We have played together—in fact, we rehearsed together when we were going to go into the Five

Spot in New York before I broke my pelvis, and he did a very fine job. I enjoy his playing . . . I know he has great potential.

You know, I always enjoy Rufus Jones' drums. . . . When Frankie Dunlop left the band, I contacted Speedy and told him he should get ahold of Maynard. A lot of the guys criticize him for being stiff or something like that, but I think he has a good time feeling, although he has to learn a little more about shading, which is frankly impossible in Maynard's band. This particular chart has a lot of places where shading would bring it out more, and I felt that the whole band played at one dynamic level, which is Maynard's trademark, either all soft or all loud.

One of the worst things, and I don't think there is any excuse for it, is the condition of the piano on this recording. It is just an atrocity. . . . I've heard more records come out within the last two years without a tuned piano. . . . Recording studios can afford to have pianos tuned. . . . I think it goes back to the old prejudices where they say, "Well, it's good enough for jazz." While jazz is still basically a folk art, it is becoming more of an art form, and I think jazz performers, where possible, should start asserting their rights.

About Maynard, it is a very touchy subject. Let me say this: Maynard is one of the outstanding trumpet players today. In fact, in a sense, as far as a musician goes, having the natural co-ordination and ability for reproducing music on almost any instrument, he's almost a natural wonder . . . it's really amazing. Unfortunately, it doesn't always go hand in hand with great creative ability.

I think everyone has their strong and weak points, and in the area Maynard covers he's almost insurpassable; but I feel if he did have a little more creativity in his approach to the trumpet and his band . . . from the standpoint of esthetic appeal, I think it would have a little more validity.

When I was with Maynard's band, I continually tried to get him to play new

material and made the suggestion that if he kept playing *Tenderly* and regulation show-stoppers, the people would turn out to hear him, but I felt in his position of, I guess, the only permanent mixed jazz band in the modern idiom, he really had an opportunity to do something for modern music, and even if the guys in the band didn't like it all, he owed it to jazz as an art form to try some new things.

I am very happy to see that Jaki's writing is becoming accepted. I think Jaki was in the band a year before they played one of his arrangements. The tune itself should get five stars, the performance three.

3. George Russell. *Ye Hypocrite, Ye Beelzebub (The Jazz Workshop, reissue, RCA Victor)*. Art Farmer, trumpet; Russell, composer, arranger.

This is from the George Russell album that was out of print for a while, and then Ran Blake took a petition around to everyone he could find to sign, asking for it to be reissued.

I like the 6/4 thing he has going on the introduction. At first, when the trumpet came in, I thought it was sort of a letdown to go into 4/4. Sounds like Art Farmer and one of his beautiful low-pressure solos.

Actually I thought the piece was the best part of the record; none of the solos really got through to me. A lot of jazzmen, especially those who are used to playing in small groups, don't seem to know how to play with backgrounds. . . . They play straight ahead as if there were no background. That is one way, but there are so many other interesting things you can do when you have a background, and it seems like one of the solos here could have done something with the background.

I enjoyed the tune, it sounds like some of the things George is doing now, except that it is more rooted in tonality. . . . The things being played now are a little freer. All these soloists are basically vertical players rather than horizontal players, which accounts for that. Here again, I would rate the piece four stars and soloists somewhat less.

Caught In The Act

JACQUES BUTLER

La Cigale, Boulevard Rochechouart, Paris, France
 Personnel: Jacques Butler, trumpet, vocals; Benny Waters, tenor, soprano saxophone, clarinet; Jean-Pierre Louis, piano; Roger Tripoli, bass; Carl Regnier, drums.

Jacques (Jack) Butler, known to U.S. listeners for his work in the 1930s with the bands of Horace Henderson, Lucky Millinder, and others, has been resident in Paris for many years. He has led a quintet at La Cigale, a Montmartre bar, for the last 10 years.

The star soloist in the band is Waters, another U.S. expatriate, who first recorded on tenor in the '20s with Clarence Williams and later worked with Claude Hopkins, Fletcher Henderson, Jimmie Lunceford, and Hot Lips Page before coming to Europe after World War II.

The band features a tight-knit style in the swing idiom, using original arrangements of the standards of that period.

Butler's trumpet owes much to the big-band development of Louis Armstrong's language. He is concerned with tone quality, particularly on the slower ballads. However, his phrasing and control are sometimes uneven on up-tempo choruses even though his work is often forceful and direct. He sings warmly and without affectation.

Waters, at 62, is playing driving, exciting tenor with consistent inspiration. He swings unrelievedly and with the warm, full tone of a Coleman Hawkins. His use, however, of clarinet on numbers in the Dixieland style is almost New Orleans in concept, employing wide vibrato and flaring phrasing with slight growl effects. His soprano, equally passionate, is again notable for tone and drive.

The two front-line men are propelled into their solos by a swinging rhythm section, all French-born. Drummer Regnier, swings solidly and seems concerned only with playing for the band. He is an ex-student of another U.S. expatriate, Kansas Fields, and many of the characteristics of his mentor are incorporated into his style, notably in cymbal work.

Generally, the group, heard by this writer on a series of visits this summer, provides inventive, enjoyable mainstream jazz of quality. —Peter Vacher

PHINEAS NEWBORN JR.

Rubaiyat Room, Watkins Hotel, Los Angeles
 Personnel: Newborn, piano; Al McKibbin, bass; Kenny Dennis, drums.

When Newborn was "discovered" and first made his appearance on records some years ago, he was a florid player. Driving and with dazzling brilliance, his nigh incredible technique militated against him. His work was considered by some critics as unworthy of serious consideration largely because of this technical prowess.

For several years Newborn has lived in Los Angeles, where he has been intermittently plagued by an illness that apparently originated during his years on the East Coast. Today, he appears to be fully

recovered and his playing reflects his happy state.

These days the emphasis is off lightning technique, and Newborn concentrates on two-handed, probing jazz piano that combines a real originality of harmonic and melodic integration. On *But Not for Me*, for example, he built a development of sublimes running through the changes. *Theme for Basie* was a medium-tempo outing in funk, replete with some charming musical compliments to the bandleader. In Clifford Brown's *Dahoud*, Newborn was hard and direct, developing a rumbling, shaking excitement that was enhanced by a brilliant Dennis drum solo followed by swift interplay with the pianist.

On ballads such as *My One and Only Love*, *Sweet and Lovely*, *Lush Life*, and the earthy *Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?* an additional aspect of Newborn stands revealed. His direct, straightforward statement of the melody on *One and Only* became a moving testimonial. Again, the clear articulation of his statement on *Gee, Baby* and the gently rhapsodic *Lush Life*, with a remarkable transition on the latter from first to second choruses, point clearly to his emphasis on the uncomplicated, deceptively simple approach to jazz piano.

There is much in Phineas Newborn that is reminiscent of Hampton Hawes' playing. The direct pouring of himself into the instrument and the intense, concentrated attack balanced by a true relaxation that great jazz musicians reveal indicate the presence in Newborn of one of the most compelling and emotionally moving pianists of our generation. —Tynan

ALVIN AILEY DANCE THEATER

Delacorte Theater, New York City

Personnel: Ailey, choreographer, principle dancer; Brother John Sellers, vocals; Howard Roberts Chorale; Bruce Langhorne, guitar; Harry Prather, bass; Shep Shepherd, drums; Chief Bey, African percussion.

The critics who write in newspapers about ballet rarely deserve their title: more often they are press agents for ballet, operating on the dubious premise that they must always praise it, for to express derogatory opinions might discourage public patronage for this lovable, darling art.

This is nonsense, of course, and American dance might be in better shape if it had a body of vigorous and discriminating dance critics in a class with our best commentators on films, theater, and music. It also might be in better shape if it had a few more companies like that of Ailey, companies that try to do something.

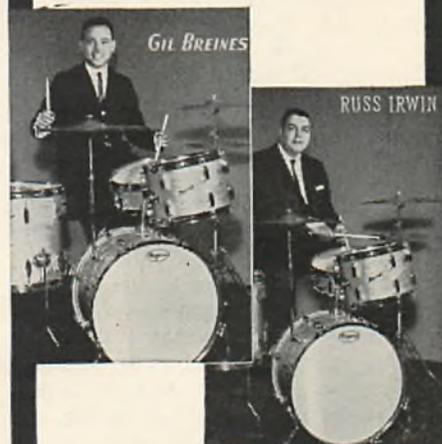
Though the audience during the company's two nights of performance at the Delacorte (an extremely good new outdoor theater in an exquisite Central Park setting) was composed largely of dancers, dance "gypsies" (a breed remarkably akin to the hippies who hover around jazz), and a claue of supporters, it is pleasant to think that some of the people who wandered into this no-admission presentation were just-plain-folks who have tumbled to the fact that ballet can be a strong and fascinating thing.

At 29, Ailey is one of the brightest talents in modern U.S. dance, and the company, despite some conspicuous faults,

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See page 40

is an exciting one. They draw from many sources for musical material but most heavily from U.S. Negro musical tradition, particularly spirituals and blues.

Sellers, with his big pre-Ray Charles model voice, contributed considerably to the impact of the company. In the opening number, *Been Here and Gone*, Sellers portrayed a blind itinerant singer. Led into view by one of the dancers (Sellers, of course, is not really blind), he took a seat on stage with the musicians and, in co-ordination with the Roberts Chorale, did such material as *Keep Your Lamp Trimmed and Burning*, *Boll Weevil*, and *Big Boat Up the River*. The dance portrays life in the southern community in which the folk bard is singing.

Roots of the Blues is essentially a duet between Ailey and dancer Myrna White. Originally created for Carmen de Lavalade—who, with Ailey, recently did a State Department tour of the Far East—the number put a considerable load on Miss White.

Revelations is danced to spirituals and jubilee music. It is in some ways the most impressive work the company does, and certainly its finale is an audience-rouser, with Sellers whacking away at a tambourine, the rhythm section cooking, and the communicative power of *Rocka My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham* almost making you eager for a religious conversion yourself.

All of *Revelations* deals with religious subjects. *I Been 'Buked*, which opens it, is sung a capella by the chorale. Ailey, who choreographs all his material, here

uses his company like moving grouped statuary: they stay in a tight unit, wearing severely simple robes, and their raised hands with spread fingers contribute to one of the most beautiful visual expressions of religious aspiration and entreaty I have ever seen. At its end, when the hands come down in stiff, jerky motions, like something seen in a silent movie, the effect is almost shockingly lovely.

I Want to Be Ready is danced by James Truitte, who has remarkable technique and superb control. He dances all of it lying down, which may sound silly but certainly doesn't look it. Dressed in white, he goes through a series of slow, graceful motions that express pain, hope, hunger, need. I believe this number, while not the audience-killer some of the others are, is the esthetic high point of the show.

Ailey himself is seen to best advantage in *Creation of the World*, which uses a recording of Darius Milhaud's music.

To the Milhaud music, which draws heavily on jazz, Ailey has designed a dance that is extremely evocative. Imaginatively costumed, it presents vaguely frightening animistic gods bringing into existence man and woman, beautifully portrayed by Ailey and Minnie Marshall.

Ailey is an excellent dancer, but his hands bother me. They sweep a little too much, trail behind his arm motions a little too much, and distract from the over-all power of his dancing.

One could find faults with his choreography, too. Occasionally, as in *Been Here and Gone*, you encounter cliches, such as the crap-shooting motion of the dancers

in one segment. But far and away the vast majority of his designs are fresh and strong and personalized.

The male dancers are all top-drawer. The women, unfortunately, aren't—not, at least, as a group. They were often sloppy, even making allowances for a stage that wasn't in the best condition for dancing.

The Roberts Chorale was good, but at times it was obvious that the singers were having trouble hearing each other in the gusts of wind that swept the stage and orchestra pit. Still, it's an ill wind, etc., and by whipping the costumes around them, the wind made the dancers look even better. The rhythm section, sparked by Shepherd's tasteful and steady work, was consistently good in the jubilee and blues segments. Chief Bey (known to jazz fans through his work with Herbie Mann) added color without being obtrusive. Sellers was an unmitigated gas.

If you get a chance to see the Ailey company, do so. They appeared in Central Park as the concluding group in a September series presented by the Rebekah Harkness Foundation in co-operation with the City of New York. Their predecessors in the series were the Jose Limon dance company and the American Ballet Theater. Of incidental interest is the fact that on Ailey's opening night, the entire Bolshoi Ballet company turned up to be roundly applauded by the fans and, in turn, roundly to applaud Ailey's company.

Somebody should book Ailey and his group at one of next summer's jazz festivals. I think the jazz audience would flip over them. —Gene Lees

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 Basic, 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.

By **GEORGE HOEFER**

Luis Russell

Luis Carl Russell was 60 this past August and has a job now that at times will require him to arise at about the time he used to go to bed two or three decades ago when he was a noted jazz pianist, composer, and bandleader.

Russell now lives comfortably in semiretirement as a musician and works as a chauffeur for the president of Yeshiva University in New York City. "He's likely to want to take off for Albany in the morning," Russell explained, "and I'm on 24-hour call."

He and his young wife and their 5-year-old daughter live in the Bronx across the street from the university in a neatly furnished apartment, in the living room of which there are several carefully organized scrapbooks on display, detailing the pianist's 40-year career in music.

Today his music activities are confined to helping the furtherance of his wife's interest in becoming a concert singer. Known professionally as Carline Ray, Mrs. Russell plays piano, guitar, and bass. Her background includes study at Juilliard and the Manhattan School of Music. Her ambition is centered on the development of her contralto voice for concert work. Her husband, proud of her voice, smiled as he commented, "The old man didn't make the Carnegie Hall scene, but it just might be she'll do it."

Luis Russell was a big-band man, and during his heyday he led one of Harlem's outstanding bands. Using the piano as a foundation instrument, he built his 16-piece unit as a competitor of bands led by Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb, Claude Hopkins, and Lucky Millinder during the swing era, when the Savoy

Ballroom was known as the fast track.

It was Russell's band that Louis Armstrong fronted during most of his big-band period. The group included such jazz names as trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen, trombonist J. C. Higginbotham, tenor saxophonist Joe Garland, and drummer Paul Barbarin.

On display in one of Russell's scrapbooks is a faded letter from Armstrong signed "red beans and riceingly yours." Written in Chicago during the late 1920s, Armstrong pleads, "Come out here and play for me because these Windy City cats can't swing that old New Orleans jive." The friendship between the two Crescent City-oriented jazzmen dates back to 1921, when the young cornetist had played one of his first cabaret jobs with Russell's small jazz band at Tom Anderson's place on Rampart St.

Russell was not a native of New Orleans. He was born on Careening Cay, a reef island, located in the province of Bocas del Toro, Panama. The date was Aug. 5, 1902. He arrived in New Orleans 17 years later. From New Orleans, the route of his jazz career followed the usual course up the Mississippi to Chicago and then on to New York City.

His father, Alexander Russell, played the organ and led the choir in their small Central American church. Russell recalls, "My father was Mr. Music down there, and besides he was one of the area's few schoolteachers." The elder Russell taught his son to play guitar, violin, and piano at an early age.

"When I was 15, I decided to concentrate on the piano because the local silent movie house always had a pian-

ist," Russell said. "I got a chance to play for the movies when the regular piano player, a man named Blackwood, took sick one night. He had a drummer and a horn player accompanying him, and when I took over, they took off in disgust. They didn't like my short pants. Well, I must have done a good job because Blackwood never did come back, and his two helpers came to me to ask for their jobs back."

After about a year at the local movie, the young pianist started to look for wider horizons. During 1918 he moved from the sparsely settled western side of Panama to Colon, where the canal enters the Atlantic. He got a job playing with a clarinetist at the Casino night club. As time went on the group expanded to six pieces and became very popular with American soldiers and sailors.

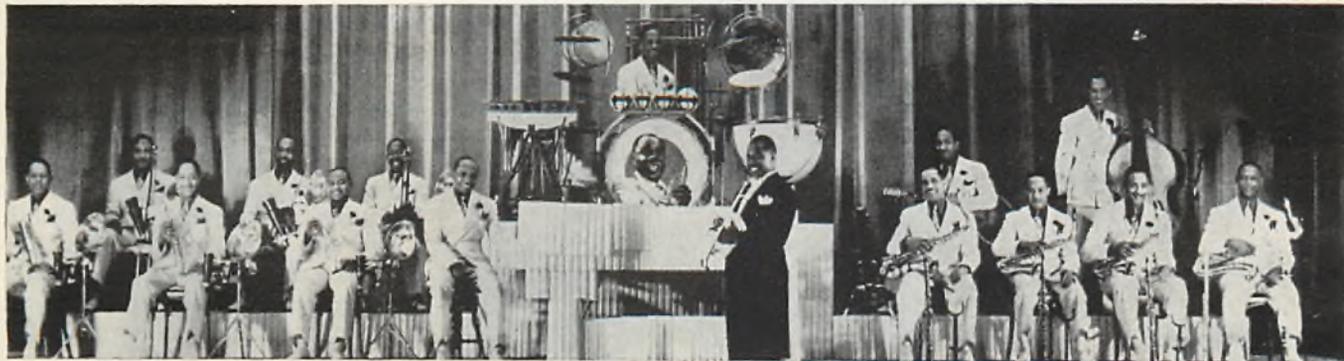
"I'd ask the Americans for the names of the popular tunes in the United States and order the sheet music by mail from the Feist publishing house in New York City," Russell said. "We used to have long rehearsals as I taught the American hit songs to my band."

Russell enjoyed an unusual stroke of luck in 1919, when he won \$3,000 in the Panama lottery. This enabled him to fulfill an ambition to move to the United States, taking his mother and sister with him. In New Orleans, Russell soon had a job playing solo piano. "Everything was just fine," he recalled, "except the weather up north in New Orleans was too cold for a southerner from Panama."

By the time Russell arrived in the Crescent City, the Storyville district had been closed for two years, but the saloons were still running wide open.

The pianist started a small band. By the time he became the house band at Tom Anderson's, he had such men as Armstrong, clarinetist Albert Nicholas, guitarist Willie Santiago, and Paul Barbarin playing with the group.

He smiled as he remembered, "We had the hottest slap-tonguing saxophonist in town with my band. His name was Barney Bigard, and there



Pianist Luis Russell served as the organizing force of several of the large orchestras that trumpeter Louis Armstrong fronted from 1933 through '43. This 1937 edition included trumpeters Henry (Red) Allen and Louis Bacon;

trombonists J. C. Higginbotham, George Washington, and Jimmy Archey; saxophonists Albert Nicholas, Bingie Madison, and Charlie Holmes; guitarist Lee Blair; bassist Pops Foster; and drummer Paul Barbarin.

were so many clarinet players around town that he concentrated on alto sax. It was to be quite a few years before Barney made a name for himself as Duke Ellington's star clarinetist."

In 1924, when Chicago bandleader Charles (Doc) Cooke wanted to enlarge his orchestra at Harmon's Dreamland to include two piano players in addition to himself on organ, New Orleans clarinetist Jimmie Noone suggested Russell, who joined Cooke in early 1924 and remembers "it was a large outfit, but we played some good jazz with guys like Noone, cornetist Freddie Kppard, alto saxophonist Joe Poston, and drummer Andrew Hillaire in the

group."

Later that same year Russell had a chance to reunite with some of his New Orleans associates when King Oliver organized a band to open Christmas Eve at the Lincoln Gardens. The pianist managed to get Bigard, Nicholas, and Barbarin up from the South to play with Oliver. Oliver wanted an entirely new personnel because he had had a falling-out with the members of his first Creole Jazz Band. Just before they were to open, the Gardens burned down, and the men found themselves jobless.

Oliver went to work for Chicagoan Dave Peyton's band at the Plantation

and by February, 1925, had managed to get control of the band. He then brought in the New Orleans contingent, and they became known as the Dixie Syncopators. The job went along fine for some months until someone threw a bomb into the place. Russell wryly observed, "Our bosses in those days played some pretty rough games."

When Oliver took the Dixie Syncopators to New York in 1927, they were sponsored by Chicago gangdom. As a courtesy to the Al Capone mob, the New York hoodlums offered Oliver a job at the Cotton Club. Oliver turned it down; they didn't want to pay enough. Duke Ellington took the Cotton Club job and started on his rise to fame while Oliver, after playing a short run at the Savoy Ballroom, began a sharp decline to obscurity and long periods of unemployment.

One night Russell wandered into an afterhours spot called The Nest and sat in with the band. It turned out that "the house band was always falling asleep when business was the heaviest, and so that same morning the manager offered me the job if I felt I could keep my eyes open." Russell took the gig and soon had those of his New Orleans friends who did not want to return home playing with him.

After about a year, Russell's small combo had grown to eight pieces and moved to a large cabaret called the Club Harlem. During 1928-29 they played engagements at the Savoy and alternated with Benny Carter's 14-piece band at Roseland Ballroom on Broadway.

Eventually they signed on as house band for the Saratoga Club in Harlem. Russell recalls things were fine, with a regular radio broadcast from the club. "Then we lost the job because trumpeter Louis Metcalf and myself were out romancing a couple of girls during our air time," he said.

It was around this time (1929) that Louis Armstrong came to New York to live. He was booked for two nights as a single at the Savoy and wanted Russell to make some arrangements for him and accompany his act. Russell prepared some specials for Armstrong; he recalls doing one on Armstrong's original *Cornet Chop Suey* and one on his own tune, *Hot Bricks*.

He laughed as he thought back: "The funniest thing I remember about those two nights was the reaction of Metcalf. Up to that time Metcalf fancied himself the hottest trumpet man in New York. After hearing Armstrong, he was ready to throw his horn away."

Russell was now well established as having one of the best big bands in Harlem. They played places like Connie's Inn and the Arcadia Ballroom on

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Broadway. When Armstrong returned from his first trip to Europe in 1933, he took over the band to front and to use as a showcase for his trumpet and vocal features. Russell continued as the music director of the organization and its pianist. This arrangement remained in force for a little more than a decade, and it was the Russell crew back of Armstrong's recordings and theater and night-club appearances.

The reasons for the eventual dissolution of the arrangement depend on the viewpoint.

Russell said: "I simply got tired of the headaches attendant upon steering a big band for someone else."

There were other reports that when Joe Glaser took over as Armstrong's personal manager, he wanted someone with more disciplinary talent than Russell evidenced to head the over-all operation.

Joe Garland, the composer and tenor saxophonist, took over the nominal leadership in 1943. Russell remained with the band as pianist for a year after he relinquished the directorial duties.

He finally left in 1944 and organized a new band of his own. They were in business until 1948, playing in Harlem and on the road. There also was a long theater tour with ex-heavyweight champion Joe Louis. The band recorded for the Apollo and Manor labels, featuring such Russell originals as *Russell's Boogie*, *Boogie in the Basement*, and *After Hours Creep*.

Russell decided to get out of the music business as a regular life in 1948, just before the band business began to go on the skids.

He bought a candy store located in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn and worked in it seven days a week from 5 a.m. until 9 p.m. Somehow he still found time to play jobbing

dates with his band on weekends. He made good money for more than a year and a half but found the long hours too much of a strain. In late 1949 he sold the store and went back into the band business full time. It was a mistake—the band business was at a low point, and dance jobs, theater engagements, and location spots were almost nonexistent for big bands.

Back to the mercantile world, this time with a gift shop. He opened a small shop selling greeting cards and toys in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area, which had always been a rather tough part of town.

As he put it, "The last thing those Brooklynites in B-S were inclined to do was to send cards and play with toys—even the kids." This time Russell lost money consistently for two years and sold at a loss.

The former bandleader always managed to find something to occupy his

time while he surveyed the music scene for a possible resurgence of the band business as he had once known it.

In 1955 he managed the Town Hill Club in Brooklyn, which was owned by a lawyer friend, and handled all the administrative detail concerned with such an operation. He booked all the talent, shying from name acts, and managed to keep the spot running nicely until the owner decided to sell it.

It was while he was at Town Hill that he met the present Mrs. Russell. He booked in an act known as the Edna Smith Trio, a group made up of a pianist, Miss Ray playing guitar, and Miss Smith, the bassist and leader.

As a former name bandsman, Russell mourns the passing of the big bands and fails to see anything of musical value in rock and roll. His wife agrees with him but sheepishly admits she frequently is called upon to play guitar on rock-and-roll record dates. 

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Why Jazz Clubs Come and Go

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

During the summer a large New York jazz club, the Jazz Gallery, which had a touch-and-go career for a couple of years, finally closed its doors, this time apparently for good. Business at all other jazz clubs is reportedly poor, and there are constant mutterings from the owners about "putting in some strippers."

Actually, the strippers might not help, for current business at all other night clubs in New York City is evidently bad.

It does not always go this way, however. Sometimes when the jazz clubs are packing them in, the uptown comics are playing to half-empty houses. And other times, even the most popular jazzmen can't make the overhead for a clubowner, while the latest French chanteuse or a comic plus ballroom dancers and a dog act can pack the house.

What does all this mean? Shall we give the usual answer and say that in the night-club business there is just no telling how things will go? Perhaps. But for the jazz clubs there may be a better answer. The history of such places—especially in New York but also in other big cities—has been directly tied to the evolution of the music. And most jazz clubs come and go as styles rise, become popular, and decline in their following.

For example, there is convincing evidence that the surest sign that there would be some business decline in clubs featuring modern jazz came about two years ago. By that time, an only slightly watered-down version of the modern idiom was becoming commonplace in the bars along 125th St. in New York City and in cocktail lounges and hotel watering-spots throughout the country. If something that sounds like modern jazz is being heard nearly everywhere, the music will probably soon begin to lose its special attractiveness for a segment of its following. This is not a matter of how things should be, of course, but of how they are.

There was a great deal of jazz in New York before there were any jazz clubs. And there continues to be good jazz of all styles played in many a bar and dance hall that has no reputation for specializing in the music.

Public awareness of night clubs specifically devoted to jazz music came

with the repeal of prohibition, and the first jazz clubs in New York City were converted speakeasies, along 52nd St., between Fifth and Sixth avenues, and in Greenwich Village.

The village spot was Nick's. The music was not advanced, but in those days it was generally very good, and it found a small audience. Eddie Condon's club is a current off-shoot of Nick's, and if the music in both places is not always as lively and interesting as it once was, it is more popular. Indeed, one or another sort of Dixieland has become a kind of solace music for the tired businessman who may well have attended Nick's during the '30s. Such a cultural lag, plus the nearly constant revivals that the Dixieland style experiences, keeps Nick's open, keeps Condon's open, and, until the wrecking crews moved in, kept Jimmy Ryan's open.

Other, now nearly legendary, 52nd St. clubs have long since gone. When they began, the Onyx, Famous Door, Kelly's Stable, and the rest had a real cultural, perhaps artistic, purpose. They presented small-group swing after it had developed among players who were refugees from the early big bands and before it had become popular. Some of the most advanced jazz of the mid-'30s was first heard along this street. And as the style became more accepted, these clubs flourished—with Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Billie Holiday, Charlie Shavers, Pete Brown, Art Tatum, and so on.

Then, when modern jazz began to develop in the early '40s, it was soon heard along 52nd St. But in presenting it the clubs were at first simply following their policy of booking the most interesting and talked-about younger players, players they could afford to hire.

Meanwhile, as swing became the established jazz style, a group of slightly more pretentious and more expensive clubs sprang up, popularizing it further and bringing it to a slightly more affluent audience. After its downtown start with such music, the Cafe Society was even able to move uptown with Teddy Wilson, Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, et al. And with such popularization, there inevitably came borderline artists like Hazel Scott, as today there is Nina Simone.

Soon, just about every patron who was going to discover swing music had done so. And elsewhere the surface devices of the style became commonplace. The first clubs to go under were the expensive ones like Cafe Society Uptown.

Then 52nd St. saw that modern jazz was not just a certain group of young

players but a whole new school of music, and the clubs tried to make the transition in full. One narrow basement spot even jammed Dizzy Gillespie's 1947 big band onto the small bandstand.

It was too late perhaps; the street's work was done, and the music was new. The clubs tried strippers, and a few tired locations were still holding out with the unclad women and the blue lights when the wrecking crews moved in a few years ago to tear down the area and make way for office buildings.

Gradually, modern jazz found refuge in a new group of clubs, just as swing had done before it. They were the Royal Roost, Bop City, and Birdland. Only the latter has endured, probably because it has consistently booked the popularizers of the style and its early successes—George Shearing, for one—and even people like Perez Prado and Big Jay McNeely as they became popular.

For several years, Birdland was the only modern-jazz club in New York City. One of the first signs that, at long last, modern jazz was about to receive a wider public popularity and acceptability was the mid-'50s appearance, first, of the original Basin Street and then of several new downtown jazz clubs. The Cafe Bohemia. Then the Five Spot on the east side, followed by the Half Note on the west. And most recently, a switch from folk to jazz at the Village Gate.

The Bohemia had a short career with jazz but, for a while, a highly successful one. Its success announced a larger audience for modern jazz.

But as leaders like Art Blakey and Miles Davis began to get their new audience, their prices inevitably rose. At first, the Bohemia tried to keep up by raising its own prices. But finally, the club dropped jazz. Meanwhile, there were the Five Spot and the Half Note, which, to establish themselves, booked good but less expensive players.

With the close of the Bohemia, there was the Village Vanguard to take up some of the slack with name groups like Davis' and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

The Vanguard has had one of the most interesting histories of all New York City night clubs. In the late '30s, it provided a haven for the then-established swing idiom, fulfilling something of the same function as the two Cafe Society clubs. In 1940 Roy Eldridge was there, demonstrating that by that time, even an advanced swing player, such as he, was finding a larger following, and it was possible to make him the top of the bill at the Vanguard.

By the time modern jazz was devel-

oping, however, the Vanguard was presenting cabaret acts—some of the best cabaret acts. For examples, Judy Holliday and Betty Comden and Adolph Green did some of their first work at the Vanguard.

It was probably inevitable that once modern jazz had become more acceptable, Vanguard manager Max Gordon, who likes jazz and wants to present it, could book it in as the main attraction, and he did, beginning a few years ago.

There are other cultural-lag clubs besides Condon's and Nick's, of course. There are clubs like the Embers (slightly more expensive, slightly more ornate) and a more rowdy version of the same approach, the Metropole. The general fare, however, is a somewhat watered-down swing, most often featuring trumpeters.

The lag has begun to catch up, by the way. Our tired businessmen no longer get a shock from Charlie Shavers, or even from Jonah Jones in one of his more advanced, Eldridgelike forays. Apparently, it all sounds pretty much the same to him now; 1938 has become just as acceptable as Dixieland. Such clubs probably will go on and on, and in 10 years or so, they probably will be offering some diluted Gillespie—or perhaps even the real thing.

By and large, then, clubs rise and fall as jazz evolves, in direct relationship to changes in the music, the gradual spread of taste for those changes, and the clubs' adaptability to those changes. Some exist to harbor new

styles, some to present those styles as they become more popular, others to offer jazz as middlebrow nostalgia. If a club is flexible enough, it can find new purposes for itself, or modify its old ones, and endure.

In the short run, such a view may not be very encouraging or helpful to a young musician worrying about next week's gig, or to a clubowner worrying about last month's bills. In the long run, it may be helpful to a musician planning a career, or to an alert clubowner looking to his future.

The implication here is that the work of some existing jazz clubs in New York City may be almost done now and that this is the reason business is not good. If there is some advice that might profitably and properly be given to the owner of a smaller and less expensive club, it might be: don't put in the strippers and don't hire the safe, bland conservative groups unless you absolutely have to. Try to hang on. In the long run, you may be better off if you identify yourself at least partly with the most advanced playing around. Put in a good group playing an established style that really *plays*, and complement it with a newer group. You may soon find yourself with the next young jazz audience in attendance. And to stay in business, that is the audience you will have to get. You may be sure that whoever gets that audience will be running the next successful jazz club in New York.



play the Half Note: **Ronnie Scott** in November and **Johnny Dankworth** shortly afterward . . . New club: the somewhat posh **The Most**, at 47th St. and Second Ave., opened earlier this month with a trio led by guitarist **Chuck Wayne** with **Ernie Furtado**, bass, and **Jimmy Campbell**, drums . . . In addition to **Wilbur DeParis** at the newly opened **Room at the Bottom**, is the duo of **Rose Murphy** and **Slam Stewart**.

This Here, the **Bobby Timmons** piece that was such a hit for **Cannonball Adderley** two years ago, is out again—again by **Adderley** and again for **Riverside**—but in a big-band treatment . . . Columbia has been very careful not to get into the real sound battle of whistles and percussion. But last month it signed the master of percussion albums, drummer **Terry Snyder**, obviously a move into the sound-for-whatever-sake field . . . Atlantic records has its own publishing firm, **Progressive Music**. It puts out many jazz compositions, plus songs by **Ray Charles**, **Bobby Darin**, and **Joe Turner**—supposedly adding up to \$90,000 in revenue to the company each year. Atlantic is selling that catalog, apparently to **Hill & Range Music** . . .

AD LIB *from page 8*

orchestra . . . **Bob Wilber** fell from the roof of his house last month, breaking both wrists.

The concert series titled *An Evening with Jackie McLean* found the response to its recent third presentation strong enough to program a fourth for Nov. 24. The latest program matched the altoist with **Rocky Boyd**, tenor saxophone; **Andrew Hill**, piano; **Butch Warren**, bass; **Clifford Jarvis**, drums, plus a youth group that included **Harry Hall**, trumpet; **Rene McLean**, Jackie's 15-year-old son, alto saxophone . . . The Rev. **Norman O'Connor**, long written about as the "Boston jazz priest," is now in New York City . . . In Leningrad (Russia, of course) there is a group led by singer **Margarita Molodkina**, playing compositions by **Miles Davis**, **Thelonious Monk**, and **Julian and Nat Adderley** . . . Music publisher E. B. Marks has issued a folio of **Freddie Redd's** music for *The Connection* . . . Those who have watched carefully believe that Atlantic records is trying hard to put **Mel Torme** into the same commercial bag that filled so well with **Bobby Darin** carrying it.

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In The Next Issue

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JAZZ IN S.E. ASIA

The November 22 **Down Beat** goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, November 8.

Nina Simone gave birth last month to a daughter, Lisa.

Baritone saxophonist Gil Melle, whose musical growth has been paralleled by his interest and work in painting, had his first one-man show in New York in September, exhibiting 24 different canvases . . . On October 14 Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake made like veterans, as they are, composers and musicians, presenting *Cavalcade of Music* at Town Hall. The program contained music by George Gershwin, W. C. Handy, Fats Waller, J. Rosamond Johnson, and Oscar Hammerstein II . . . Four nights earlier the Dixieland Society of Southern Connecticut presented a four-way musical history of traditional jazz. Pee Wee Erwin represented the New York style; Bill Connell's Jazz Band, West Coast Dixie; the Easy Riders Jazz Band, New Orleans; and the Antiquity Brass Band, street music.

The American Jazz Ensemble will begin a tour of colleges early next year. It is composed of Bill Smith, clarinetist once with Dave Brubeck; John Eaton, piano; Erich Peter, bass; Pierre Favre, drums. The unique aspect of the group is that it plays nearly every kind of music from Brahms (*Sonata in F Minor for Clarinet and Piano*) through Alban Berg (*Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano*) to jazz improvisations on nearly every kind of theme.

PHILADELPHIA

Veteran disc jockey Doug Arthur, the foremost rock-and-roll foe in the area, is quietly programing jazz into his Saturday night show, without calling it jazz. He calls it "good music" . . . The recent Academy of Music concert had something for everybody: Stan Kenton, Coleman Hawkins, and Ahmad Jamal. Comedienne Moms Mabley appeared at the Academy concert, along with Maynard Ferguson, Philadelphians Lee Morgan and Shirley Scott, Bill Henderson, and Roland Kirk.

The 4 Chefs Ballroom has started a big-band policy. Sam Donahue and the Tommy Dorsey Band appeared recently . . . WRCV again is doing big-band remotes from Pottstown's Sunnybrook Ballroom . . . Fred Miles, who has an album out featuring Al Cohn and Zoot Sims on the Fred Miles Presents label, has started the Jazz and Hi-Fi Club.

Former Harry James drummer Tony DeNicola, now living in his native Trenton, played an Atlantic City date with Charlie Shavers . . . The Red Hill Inn reopened its fall season with Ahmad Jamal, followed by Chris Connor, Maynard Ferguson, and Gerry Mulligan . . . Mark Murphy sang at the Picasso Room, backed by Jimmy Amadie . . . Pianist Beryl Booker is playing at the Celebrity Room.

CLEVELAND

Fats Heard, the former Lionel Hampton and Erroll Garner drummer, is working with local trios and plans to join Teddy Wilson on tour when Wilson leaves New York. Heard is with pianist George Peters at the Golden Key weeknights and plays with vibist Bud Wattles at the Brothers on week-ends . . . The Cleveland Opera Association has indicated a significant policy departure in announcing that Benny Goodman and Erroll Garner will be featured in the winter concert series. Other artists will be Leontyne Price, Isaac Stern, and Rudolf Serkin.

It was a saxophonists' convention as Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons, and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis played a breakfast dance at the Tia Juana. During his Cleveland stay, Stitt starred in a *Jazz-idiom* television show, using his regular group plus Davis, on KYW-TV . . . With the exception of the fashionable Theatrical Restaurant, Cleveland clubs following a jazz policy have had marginal success at best. Fats Heard's Modern Jazz Room failed even though booking top names. One operator is studying the possibility of a large, non-alcoholic room similar to Detroit's Minor Key. His policy would be to book leading jazz and folk artists and have a uniform cover charge with coffee, tea, and soft drinks selling at modest prices.

Stan Getz arrived at Leo's Casino fresh from New York and a two-day recording session for a bossa nova album, with the news that the Canadian Broadcasting Co. will televise a special show featuring Getz and the music from his *Focus* LP of Eddie Sauter compositions. No air date has been set . . . Chuy Reyes has replaced Chet McIntyre as house pianist at the Theatrical.

CHICAGO

Two night clubs bit the dust last month: the Living Room and the 13-year-old Archway. The Living Room, located in the Rush St. club area, formerly was the Tradewinds and had concentrated on comedians and singers, though Louis Armstrong had worked the club this spring. The Archway, on the south side, played singers for the most part, including this year Carmen McRae, Jimmy Witherspoon (with Ben Webster), and Bill Henderson. Harold (Killer) Johnson, who owned the club, is now a partner in the Sutherland Lounge, where he is the official "host." Johnson also is booking talent for the room. Maynard McLean remains as the Sutherland's manager.

Joe Segal recently began sessions at the Golden Garter, located on the near-north side. The Sunday sessions feature well-known artists from 5-9 p.m. and lesser-known local musicians from 9 on.

The sessions have been dubbed Jazz at Bellevue, the street where the club is located . . . Burt Burdeen and his *Jazz Personified* radio show have returned to the air. The show is heard Saturdays, 11 p.m.-2:30 a.m. on WCLM-FM . . . Modern jazz can be heard at the Hungry Eye located on N. Wells . . . Gene Ammons was canceled at the Sutherland. The tenorist recently was incarcerated in Joliet, Ill.

Frank Fried's Triangle Productions, which this fall and winter is presenting several concerts, most of them folk-music oriented, has booked the Cannonball Adderley Sextet and Oscar Brown Jr. for an Orchestra Hall concert on Dec. 29 . . . Blues expert Chris Strachwitz was in town recently and heard several of the many blues men in town, including the legendary Blind Orange Adams. His tour included a stop at the blues man's hangout, Gladys' Grill, on the south side. His tour guides were Bob Koester and Pete Welding.

NEWS FROM NAPTOWN: Dave Baker, who continues to have serious jaw-muscle trouble, making it almost impossible for him to play his main instrument, trombone, is rehearsing a big band in Indianapolis. Included in the personnel are trumpeter Al Kiger, tenorist Paul Plummer (both of whom, along with Baker, have been or are associated with George Russell), and young alto man Jamie Aebersold, who was chosen best altoist at this spring's Collegiate Jazz Festival at the University of Notre Dame. Baker said there is a possibility guitarist Wes Montgomery, who seems to be settled again in Indianapolis, may perform with the band. Baker is doing the arranging for the group. Baker's big band of 1957 gained national attention mainly through the efforts of Gunther Schuller; the nucleus of that band, a small group with which Baker worked in Indianapolis clubs, later became most of the George Russell Sextet. So far, the new Baker band has not signed with a recording company.

LOS ANGELES

Mort Herbert, bassist with Louis Armstrong until last year, is now an assistant district attorney here. But he still keeps his hand in by working casuals around town . . . Jack Wilson, former pianist with Dinah Washington, formed his own group here. Wilson is featured on Gerald Wilson's new Pacific Jazz big-band LP . . . Also on the Wilson album are Harold Land, Teddy Edwards, Bud Shank, Joe Maini, Jack Nimitz, Carmell Jones, Jimmy Bond, Joe Pass, and Mel Lewis, among others . . . The Harold Land group is returning to the It Club after a brief layoff . . . Tickets for the *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.*

filings may be had for the asking by writing to the show at 760 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles 69. Upcoming filings are slated for Oct. 29, Nov. 12, and Nov. 26.

Woody Herman takes his big band into Harrah's clubs' lounges in Reno and Lake Tahoe, Nev., for three-week stands starting May 30, 1963 . . . The Aragon Ballroom in Santa Monica, shuttered for months, reopened for Saturday dancing with **Winstrop Olesen's** band on the stand . . . Jazz pianist **Gene Russell**, still holding down Thursday nights at Jerry's Caravan Club, recently married **Karina Grassel** . . . **Jay Migliori** took a quartet into the Spigot in Santa Barbara for Sunday gigs. In addition to the tenorist-leader, the group comprises **Joe Lettieri**, piano; **Jim Crutcher**, bass; **Jack Lynde**, drums . . . The rest of the personnel in the **Tommy Vig** group backing singer **Ethel Azama** (*DB*, Oct. 25) consists of **Charlie Montez**, bass and baritone saxophone; **Nick Davis**, piano; and **Mike Romero**, drums.

Capitol rushed a **Laurindo Almeida** bossa nova album into production and immediate release. Besides the Brazilian guitarist, the personnel consists of **Don Fagerquist**, trumpet; **Bob Cooper**, tenor saxophone; **Justin Gordon**, reeds; **Al Viola**, guitar; **Jimmy Rowles**, organ; **Max Bennett**, bass; **Shelly Manne**, **Milt Holland**, and **Chico Guerrero**, percussion. All takes were head arrangements . . . Drummer **Dave Maxey**, pianist **Frank Wible**, and bassist **Dick Lees** are in the Arena Room of the Plaza Bowl at National City, Calif., near San Diego . . . Pianist-arranger **Ernie Freeman** signed a juicy long-term contract as staff man with Liberty records. The company figured it would be more economical to pay Freeman a weekly salary than to hire him continuously as a freelancer.

H. B. Barnum was signed by **Dave Axelrod**, music director of Lecamp Productions, to score the forthcoming movie, *Pushbutton Honeymoon*. Axelrod is also a&r head of Plaza records . . . **Steve Allen** returned to Dot records on a long-term contract. He left Dot several years ago to start his own label, since defunct . . . **Lionel Hampton** recorded on his Glad label the voice of Dodger base-stealing **Maury Wills** singing *Bye, Bye Blues*. Wills was backed by a chorus of fellow Dodgers **Johnny Roseboro**, **Willie Davis**, and **Larry Burright** . . . **Nelson Riddle** will score the film *Paris When It Sizzles*, a comedy starring **Audrey Hepburn** and **William Holden** . . . Musicians' Wives, Inc., will hold its third annual Halloween Masquerade Ball in the Embassy Room of the Ambassador Hotel on Oct. 28. Proceeds from the event go, as usual, toward music scholarships provided by

the organization at UCLA and Los Angeles and Valley State colleges.

SAN FRANCISCO

Oakland's Gold Nugget bar, widely known as "the Kenton shrine," has started a series of 9 p.m.-midnight Sunday-night jazz concerts. The star-studded openers included trumpeters **Al Porcino** and **John Coppola**, trombonist **Fred Mergy**, saxophonist **Danny Patiris**, bassist **John Mosher**, and drummer **John Markham** . . . Singer **Ernie Andrews** of Los Angeles, who had a brief fling with the **Harry James Band** a few years ago, was recorded with Cannon-

ball **Adderley's** sextet during the recording session conducted at the Jazz Workshop here by **Riverside**.

Drummer **Gene Coy**, whose **Happy Black Aces** band out of Amarillo, Texas, was in the forefront of jazz from the mid-'20s to the early '40s, died recently in Fresno, Calif. Coy bought **Ben Webster** the first horn he'd ever owned (an alto saxophone) and gave him his first job with a big band. Other Coy sidemen included trombonist **Eddie Durham**, bassist **Alvin (Junior) Raglin**, and saxophonist **Budd Johnson**. Coy's wife, **Ann**, who survives him, was the band's pianist. 

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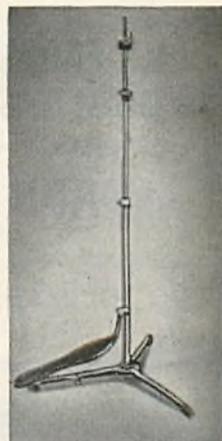


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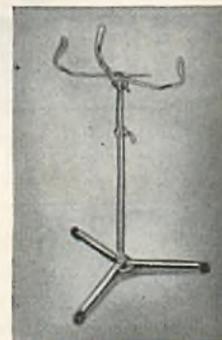
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WHERE & WHEN

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 10/31. Peggy Lee, 11/1-12/1.
Birdland: Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus to 10/30. Stan Getz, Horace Silver, 11/1-14.
Condon's: Tony Parenti, *tfn*.
Embers: Jonah Jones, *tfn*.
Five Spot: Sonny Rollins, Roland Kirk, open 11/1.
Half Note: Ronnie Scott, 11/1-14.
Hickory House: Marian McPartland, *tfn*.
Kenny's Steak House: Herman Chittison, *tfn*.
Metropole: Maynard Ferguson to 11/1. Dukes of Dixieland, 11/2-15.
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.
Page 3: Cecil Taylor, wknds.
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N. J.): sessions, wknds.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, Don Frye, Rose Murphy-Slam Stewart, *tfn*.
20 Spruce St.: Ahmed Abdul-Malik, wknds.
Village Gate: Lonnie Donegan, Chris Connor, to 11/4. Larry Adler-Paul Draper, Nina Simone, 11/6-12/2.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair, Mon., Fri., Sat.
Celebrity Room: Beryl Booker, *tfn*.
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Simms, *hb*.
Paddock (Trenton, N.J.): Capital City 5, Fri., Sat.
Pep's: Tito Rodriguez, 11/5-10.
Picasso Room: Jimmy Amadio, *tfn*.
Show Boat: Gloria Lynne to 10/27. Horace Silver, 10/29-11/3.

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: Modern Jazz, wknds.
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.
Dixieland Hall: 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.
Pepe's: Laverne Smith, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenascel, The Plus Five, *tfn*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

CLEVELAND

The Brothers: Bud Wattle, wknds.
Club 100: various jazz artists. Sessions, Thurs.
Dalton Saloon: name folk artists
La Cave: name folk artists
Leo's Casino: name jazz artists. Matinees, Sun.
Montmartre: East Jazz Trio, *tfn*.
Monticello: George Quittner, Fri. Ted Paskert, Sat.
Sahara Lounge: Ray Raysor, *hb*.
Theatrical: Fran Warren 10/29-11/10. Lee Evans, 11/12-24.
Tia Juana: various jazz artists.
Watson's Motor Hotel: Bill Gidney, *tfn*.

DETROIT

AuSable: Alex Kallao, *tfn*.
Baker's Keyboard: Jack Brokensha, Ursula Walker, to 11/7. June Christy, 11/8-15.
Cliff Bell's: Eddie Webb, *tfn*.
Charleston Club: Leo Marchionni, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q: (Downtown) Charles Robinett, Bob Pierson, *tfn*. (Uptown) Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *tfn*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob James, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: Johnny Van, *tfn*.
Kevin House: Jerry McKenzie, *tfn*.
Left Bank: Ted Sheely, *tfn*.
Eddie Pawl's: (Continental Lanes) Bob Snyder, *tfn*. (Warren Ave.) Jerry Robinson, *tfn*.
Topper Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *tfn*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *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 Nicp, Weds.-Sun.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *tfn*. Franz Jackson, Thurs.
Lake Meadows Lounge: Holly Perry, Weds.-Sat.
London House: Gene Krupa to 10/28. Ahmad Jamal, 10/30-11/24. Jonah Jones, 11/27-12/19.
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: Loret 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: *unk*. Modern Jazz Showcase, Mon.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.

MILWAUKEE

Tunnel Inn: Dick Ruedeusch to 11/23. Skip Wagner, *hb*.
Mr. Leo's: Bev Dean, *tfn*.
Driftwood: Lester Czimmer, wknds. Sun. afternoon session.
The Clock: Claude Dorsey, *tfn*.
Dimitri's: Tommy Mason, Weds., Sun.
Celebrity Room: Will Green, *tfn*.
Red Lion: Ziggy Millonzi, *hb*.
Polka Dot: Bobby Burdette, *tfn*.
Tina's: Chet Christopher, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): Hank Messer, *tfn*.
Blue Port Lounge: Bill Beau, *tfn*.
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russell, Southland Seven, *tfn*.
Crescendo: Oscar Brown Jr., Earl Grant, Jonah Jones, to 10/28.
Disneyland: Johnny St. Cyr, Harvey Brooks, Alton Redd, Mike De Lay, Monette Moore, *tfn*.
Dynamite Jackson's: Richard (Groove) Holmes, *tfn*.
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 Sahts, wknds.
Hideaway Supper Club: Roy Hamilton, *tfn*.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.
Intermission Room: Three Souls, *tfn*. Sessions, Tues.
Jerry's Caravan Club: Gene Russell, Thurs.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, Arthur Schutt, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Marineland Restaurant: Red Nichols to 12/1.
Marty's: William Green, *tfn*.
Metro Theater: afterhours concerts, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, *tfn*.
Montebello Bowl: Kent Latham, *tfn*.
Page Cavanaugh's: Page Cavanaugh, *hb*.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *tfn*.
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 Newborn, 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): Jay Migliori, Sun.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Marlin, Tailgate Ramblers, *tfn*.
Sunmit: *unk*.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Cal Tjader to 1/13. Vince Guaraldi, *hb*.
Burp Hollow: Frank Goulette, wknds.
Coffee Gallery: Horace Benjamin, Chris Easton, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Thunez, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: Mills Brothers to 11/7. Ray Bolger, 11/8-28. Ella Fitzgerald, 11/29-12/1.
Jazz Workshop: Jimmy Smith to 11/25.
Mr. Otis: Jim Lowe, wknds.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*, plus Frank Erickson, wknds.
Sugar Hill *unk*.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Willie Francis, Wed.-Thurs. Freddy Gambrell, wknds.
Tsubo (Berkeley): John True, Tues.-Thurs. Buddy Montgomery, Fri.-Mon.
Trident (Sausalito): Richie Crabbtree, *tfn*.

