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# down beat

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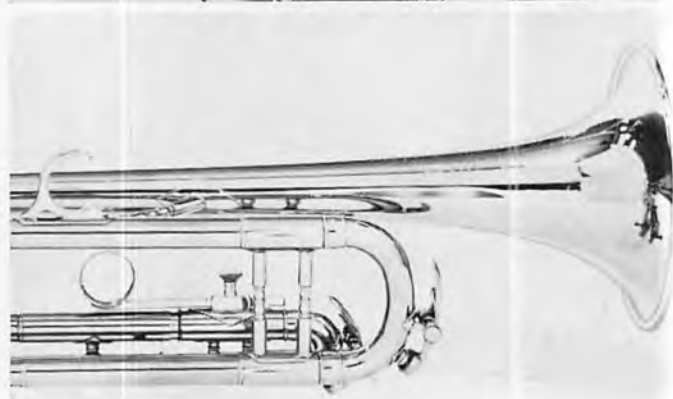
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Vol. 30, No. 3

# down beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

On Newsstands Throughout the World  
Every Other Thursday

READERS IN 91 COUNTRIES

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JOHN J. MAHER  
EDITOR  
DON DeMICHEAL  
ASSISTANT EDITOR  
PETE WELDING  
ASSOCIATE EDITORS  
BILL COSS  
JOHN A. TYNAN  
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS  
LEONARD FEATHER  
BARBARA GARDNER  
ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER  
PAUL E. GELFMAN  
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GLORIA BALDWIN  
BUSINESS MANAGER  
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Cover Photo: Lee Friedlander, Verve Records

**THINGS TO COME:** The Feb. 14 Down Beat will focus attention on the art of jazz composing and arranging, with articles on *avant garde* classical music and its effect on jazz, and composer-arrangers Antonio Carlos Jobim and Marty Paich, including a Paich arrangement originally written for altoist Art Pepper.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE: 205 West Monroe St., Chicago 6, Ill., Financial 6-7811, Jack Tierney, Advertising Sales.  
EAST COAST OFFICE: 1776 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y., Plaza 7-5111, Daniel S. Lipner, Eastern Adv. Mgr.  
WEST COAST OFFICE: 6269 Selma Blvd., Los Angeles 28, Calif., HOLLYWOOD 3-3268, Raymond Ginter, Advertising Sales.

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

Subscription rates are \$7 for one year, \$12 for two years, \$16 for three years, payable in advance. Bundle subscriptions (five or more one-year subscriptions mailed to one address for individual distribution) are \$4.90 for each individual subscription. If you live in Canada or in any of the Pan American Union countries, add 50 cents to the prices listed above. If you live in any other foreign country, add \$1.50. If you move, let us know your new address (include your old one, too) in advance so you won't miss an issue (the postoffice won't forward copies, and we can't send duplicates).

POSTMASTER: Send Form 3570 to Down Beat, 205 W. Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

MAHER PUBLICATIONS: DOWN BEAT;  
MUSIC '63; JAZZ RECORD REVIEWS;  
N.A.M.M. DAILY.



### CORRESPONDENTS

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# CHORDS AND DISCORDS

## The Readers Poll and Peterson

I was very disappointed in the results of the *Down Beat* Readers Poll (*DB*, Dec. 20). Before the results, I had had a much higher opinion of the people who read *Down Beat*.

The choice of Oscar Peterson as top pianist was particularly disappointing. I am sure Peterson didn't win because of his individualistic style, for it is about the same as most other jazz pianists around today. Also, his improvisations are not especially creative. It is apparent that the people who voted for him were taken in by his overabundant technique, by his playing a lot of notes. Bill Evans, for example, certainly has ample facility but he doesn't "play technique," as Peterson does.

I do not, however, agree with Charlie Mingus' opinion that Peterson is not a jazz pianist. He is a fairly creative and competent exponent of modern jazz piano. But his playing leaves much to be desired when compared with that of Evans.  
River Edge, N. J. Larry Lalli

## The Same . . . and Brubeck

Nothing was more disgusting or repulsive to me than the results of the recent Readers Poll. The prominence of Dave Brubeck and his quartet in the various categories indicates to me that the conception most current readers—or at least those who voted—have of the nature of jazz could be more than a little misguided. Is this any indication of the commercialism that has become so rampant in jazz?

Brubeck is without doubt a better pianist than Silver, Kelly, Lewis, Tyner, Timmons, and Garland, as the poll indicates. But does *Take Five* and its subsequent variations of the same material deserve to rank Brubeck ahead of Johnny Richards, George Russell, or Benny Golson in the arranger/composer category? If it does, then I must be unjustified in criticizing his rank of fifth place in the votes for Hall of Fame. This is incredible. Brubeck deserves to be in the Hall of Fame for *Take Five*?

The gist of this is that I feel your poll is no real indication of anything significant except where natural choices—as Miles Davis in the trumpet and Hall of Fame categories—are involved. I would say, however, that I'm sorry to see that Bo Diddley failed to receive recognition in the guitar, combo, and Hall of Fame categories.

Williamstown, Mass. Bill Avner  
*Reader Avner will be interested to learn that Take Five was written by altoist Paul Desmond.*

## More On Affaire Mingus

The *Caught in the Act* in the Dec. 6 issue seemed to be quite sympathetic to Charlie Mingus. While it didn't distort anything, it didn't include enough. One rather feels that Mingus' utterances were credible as to his accusations leveled against cer-

tain people involved with producing the concert (?).

Therefore, in the interest of fairness, I would like to state the truth.

In my function as a secretary, I contacted several people in August regarding the technical ends of the Mingus concert—which means that at least two months prior to the date, even I knew about it.

Because Mingus had accused the producer of telling him what to do, the producer of this album-to-be, in a moment of generosity, told Mingus whatever Mingus wished to do, he could do. Then it was that Mingus suggested the big band to be recorded in a concert. He was to use 22 musicians. All the publicity issued for this came from a transcription of a conversation I took over the phone on my stenograph. Mingus was cognizant of this conversation being recorded. From this transcript, his personal manager wrote the press releases. So, if the publicity was "all lies" you now know from whence they emanated.

When Mingus was told the concert was selling very well, he said, "Next time—Carnegie Hall." (Did he mean a record date there?) I write this in defense of not only my employer but of the other people who put faith and spent time and money on this individual: the producer, who gave him everything for which he asked, even to 35 musicians, copyists, arrangers, and flying Buddy Collette from California; Bill Coss who relayed Mingus' fabricated story sympathetically, only to be threatened by Mingus; and to all the patrons who bought tickets and know that Mingus has blamed everyone but the one who is really at fault.  
Brooklyn, N. Y. Charles McIntyre

## Jazz' Marriage of Convenience

The statements of Lennie Tristano (*DB*, Dec. 6) are, I suppose, in answer to similar charges by Negro musicians that deserving musicians receive no recognition due to race. What happened to the racial harmony that supposedly existed among jazz musicians? Why, now, is all this bitterness coming to the fore?

In my opinion, the racial harmony once prevalent in jazz was a marriage of convenience—each had something the other wanted: the Negro musician sought exposure of his talent, the white, to develop his. Now that these ends have been reached, each feels independent of the other. There is a dispute over the property acquired during the marriage and, of course, over the child, jazz.

There'll never be a reconciliation because of the property settlement (recognition, money). As for the child, its tendency is to favor its real parent—the Negro musician—and not the adopted one. Mr. Tristano's remarks were welcome, enlightening, and bitterly sincere. Now let's hear from Max Roach.

New York City

Ben Caldwell



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# STRICTLY AD LIB

## NEW YORK

New York is rife with rumors, portending nothing good for the jazz business. The jazz clubs, two of them rumored to be on the rocks, all reeling from very bad business during December, found nothing to be pleased with about January. One, the smart and successful Village Gate, ran only on weekends during the month. At least three record companies specializing in jazz were definitely for sale. Beyond that there was talk about wholesale firing at a major talent agency, the release of some jazz a&r men, and the imminent departure of two record company presidents.

The rumors are false that **Duke Ellington** really did not sign a contract with **Frank Sinatra's** Reprise label, (*DB*, Jan. 3) and that **Sonny Rollins** is seriously ill and advised by his doctor not to play.

What really happened was that the Ellington rumor began because a contract had not been signed at the time of the announcement, but it has been now. All parties are amused that the word of a Sinatra to an Ellington and back again wasn't as good as any contract that could be written.

The **Sonny Rollins** matter developed because additional dental work—tooth trouble has plagued him from time to time—forced him to cancel a date in Chicago. The



ELLINGTON

dentist's work was over in time for Rollins to begin touring Europe in January in a television-radio-concert package devised by RCA Victor's public-relations department.

Who's got the bossa nova? Well, among other people, are those at Thom McAn Shoes. Colpix records, already promoting the music through the Fred Astaire Dance Studios, is now tied in with the shoe company's "bossa nova" shoes, currently being sold to youngsters in all 50 states.

**Dave Brubeck**, now touring Florida, with a Feb. 23 concert scheduled at Carnegie Hall, answered English critics during his tour of Britain with a blast printed by an English music newspaper. Brubeck found there, several years delayed, what happened to him in this country—friendly critics suddenly becoming hostile. And not content with the quality of the criticism he received during the tour, he made clear his lack of respect for the musical knowledge of the critics involved and warned that not one of such critics would dare say to Brubeck's face what he had said in print. "If that happened," Brubeck said, "I wouldn't be responsible for what I did."



BRUBECK

**Eddie Condon's** left arm, injured in a battle with muggers last September, had consistently failed to respond to treatment. In December, he underwent surgery to graft bone from his hip to the malfunctioning arm. The operation was successful.

New York's newest hotel, the Americana, is intent on booking jazz-oriented artists for its mammoth club, the Royal Box. First of the lot will be **Ella Fitzgerald**, to open early in April . . . **Jim Deuchar** and **Ronnie Scott** are

(Continued on page 43)

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January 31, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 3

## ON THE USE OF JAZZ IN FILMS AND THEATER

There will be several jazz films in the next few years if one actor-director has anything to do with it. Ronald Durling, currently working on an expressive 50-minute film (*DB*, Nov. 22), *Ricci and Eve*, about two children, one white, one Negro, with music written by Gil Evans and played by Miles Davis, has developed several projects that will include jazz music even when they do not present obvious jazz subjects.

Durling has many years of theater behind him and many contacts that should help him in his endeavors. Early he discovered that theatrical life was filled with insecurities. "There was a constant need for bread, in both senses of that word," he said.

And bread, butter, and shelter often came for him from early (1945 and after) association with jazz musicians. "They were the people with whom I spent time," he recalled. "We used to meet after they finished work. And I quickly got to the point where I knew that I would use jazz in anything that I directed. The idea was a kind of opera, but without anyone singing.

"The wonderful thing is that it works in all sorts of ways. For example, when I've directed a Tennessee Williams play, I've used music played by Stan Getz or Bill Evans. For *No Exit* I used parts of Miles Davis' *Porgy and Bess* music; Miles again with *Agamemnon*.

"The funny thing is that people thought I had music written especially for the productions. Equally funny is that the actors sometimes objected at first about the music, but they quickly found they missed it when it wasn't there. I've found that the right music gets tremendous response from the actors, enough so that you can cut days or weeks from rehearsal time."

From the background of understanding, Durling is adding strength. Author James Baldwin has become a collaborator in most of the projects now being negotiated. This first, about the children, and composed of 600 still photographs taken by the late Don Loomis, has writing by Baldwin, who recently remarked that he unreservedly admired Miles Davis, and "I think I really helplessly model myself on jazz musi-

cians and try to write the way they sound."

The other projects would similarly be done with vast collections of still photographs with Baldwin again providing what words are needed. In the negotiating stage are films about Billie Holiday and Charlie Parker.

For Durling the projects are a fulfilling of his long-felt belief that jazz and any kind of American visual theater are perfect friends.

## GRANZ SAYS WINTER IS THE BEST TIME

Promoter Norman Granz, who must certainly log more Europe-to-U.S. tours than anyone else in the jazz field (he lives and promotes concerts in Europe and buys talent in New York City), has taken a tip from the tourist bureaus and will henceforth concentrate his concerts in the "off-season" time.

In an interview, Granz said economics has determined his decision to book concerts mostly during the winter months when air travel and accommodations are cheapest. Cold weather, he said also provides another reason for people to go indoors.

"The minute the sun comes out," he added, "you're dead. Especially in Scandinavia."

As a consequence, Granz will begin 17-day off-season European tours for the groups he brings to Europe, skipping cities doubtful in their response and producing most concerts in Paris, Stockholm, Goteborg, Frankfurt, and Munich.

## WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THAT ASP . . .

There have been ominous signs in recent times that parts of jazz were again taking on some of the trappings of the entertainment world.

It happened once before, during the swing era when Artie would never say pshaw to a battle, and the Dorsey brothers would bury the hatchet only to find they had hit some poor sideman.

Perhaps there is something of another era in Benny Goodman's having won battles but lost the war in Russia last year. Or that Artie Shaw is still publicly discouraged with music.

What is more encouraging, however,

### Tribute

A New Orleans women's television show featured an interview with Benny Goodman while the clarinetist was in town for a concert with the San Antonio Symphony Orchestra.

Goodman shifted noticeably in his chair when the hostess, gushing with admiration, told him that although he was known as the King of Swing, "you play a good jazz clarinet too."

is that Yolande Bavan, cohort of Lambert and Hendricks, doesn't like Elizabeth Taylor.

It seems Miss Bavan, an accomplished actress, was offered a part in the film *Cleopatra*.

"The part was a meaty one," she recalled. "It was the role of Cleopatra's maid, and there were pages of dialog. But then, Liz got to work with her blue pencil, and the result was an acting



MISS BAVAN  
Little affection for Liz Taylor

part that consisted mainly of walk-ons and exits. I turned it down and have had little affection for Miss Taylor since."

Aside from whatever this may mean in the jazz world—perhaps a boycott of the movie by jazz singers or a new set of lyrics by Jon Hendricks—the implication is clear: if you are a party-giver, do not invite both Miss Taylor and Miss Bavan to the same one.

## ADDERLEY AND HENTOFF SEESAW AT NARAS SEMINAR

The New York City chapter of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences recently presented another in its series of panel discussions designed to extend understanding between all areas of the recording business and the general public. This seminar, held at the Fine Studios, was called "The Artists Meet the Critics" and was meant to present—and hopefully to resolve—conflicting views.

Among the panelists were singers Neil Sedaka and Tony Bennett, *Saturday Review's* Irving Kolodin, *The Billboard's* Bob Rolontz, jazzman Cannonball Adderley, and critic Nat Hentoff. Pianist and radio personality Billy Taylor served as moderator.

Unfortunately, the views expressed were too narrow, the conflicts too predictable and hackneyed for much of worth to come from the discussion.

No one said very much, at least much that meant anything. Rolontz and Kolodin wisely recognized the uselessness of comment in the circumstances.

Sedaka revealed that he owns so much of what surrounds him that he



picks as he chooses and is unconcerned with most criticism.

Bennett took part in a short but spirited debate with Dave Kapp, head of Kapp records. Kapp spoke from the audience. The debate revolved around whether or not artists should choose their own songs to record and, in effect, run their own recording sessions.

Bennett insisted artists knew best;



ADDERLEY

No affection for critics

Kapp cited incidents that occurred while he was doing a&r work for Decca several years ago with "Ella, Billie, and such, who wouldn't accept songs I picked but then did and were very happy to have a hit."

According to Kapp, an artist is often unable to see himself clearly in terms not only of his audience but in terms of his own capabilities as well. "The correct a&r man does that for him," Kapp said.

At that point record people applauded and musicians lit cigarettes.

Most of the talking at the seminar was done by Adderley, however. In his catch-the-critic bag, Adderley most often was answered by Hentoff, who valiantly tried to defend everyone—even the critics.

One of their points of divergence concerning critics: according to Adderley, you shouldn't raise your son to be one; according to Hentoff, there are a few of value.

They went through the tired argument of whether a critic should be a musician: Hentoff, "Maybe yes"; Adderley, "Has to be."

And so it went, growing duller as the evening went on. But the seminar pointed up one problem of concept in the NARAS series:

If the intention is to guide the industry, NARAS should avoid those panel discussions too often given at jazz festivals. There are real and vexing problems that can be discussed by those in all areas of the music business, and good will be forthcoming. But true feelings rarely are expressed before an audience of the public. With people listening, too many participants are "on

stage." The amount of frankness is in direct ratio to the number of strangers present: the more strangers the less frankness.

And that's the way this evening went.

## NO SALARY ATTACHMENT FOR ANITA O'DAY

Despite a threat to attach her salary "the next time she works in California," Anita O'Day worked without jeopardy at a Hollywood night club for three weeks starting Jan. 11.

The threat (*DB*, Dec. 6), leveled by television producer Jimmie Baker, stemmed from Miss O'Day's failure to appear for filming of a *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* TV program. Baker, through attorney Seymour Bricker, is attempting to recover losses he says were incurred by the singer's nonappearance.

According to attorney Bricker, no attempt will be made to attach Miss O'Day's salary during her current engagement at the Losers Club. "We don't want it that way," he said.

Julian Christiansen, West Coast representative of the American Guild of Variety Artists, under whose jurisdiction the O'Day booking falls, explained that the dispute between singer and producer "is on a civil basis." The settlement, if any, he said, will have to be handled "through the courts."

While Miss O'Day swings through her engagement — accompanied by pianist Bob Corwin, bassist Bob Whitlock, and drummer John Poole—attorneys for both parties are attempting to work out a settlement.

## TWO MUSIC FIGURES DIE IN CALIFORNIA

Within 24 hours, death took two music-business veterans in California:

Harry Barris, 57, died after a long illness, in Burbank on Dec. 13. Leonard Vannerson, 48, was found dead in bed by his widow, Ione, at their Los Angeles home on Dec. 12, the apparent cause of death a heart ailment from which he had suffered since 1961.

Barris was a member of the original Rhythm Boys trio with Bing Crosby and Al Rinker in the Paul Whiteman Orchestra during the late 1920s. He later became a songwriter, singer, and actor. Among the songs he helped write are *Mississippi Mud*; *I Surrender, Dear*; and *Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams*. He appeared in many pictures at Paramount and Universal Studios. Barris was married to, and later divorced from, singer Lois Whiteman. His surviving daughter, Marti, is also a singer.

Vannerson was one of the first "name" personal managers of big bands during the 1930s. He first managed the Benny Goodman Band from 1935 to '37. That year he joined Tommy Dor-

sey in the same capacity, remaining with the trombonist until the U.S. entered World War II. He joined the Navy and drew the assignment to manage Claude Thornhill's service band, with which he remained until 1945. Following his discharge from the Navy, Vannerson returned to Dorsey and remained until Dorsey's death in December, 1956.

## ONE LOCAL THAT ACTS AS WELL AS TALKS

AFM Local 746 in Plainfield, N.J., continues to put its collected instruments where its mouth is, setting an example seldom followed by locals around the country, including those where officer-talk reaches new heights prior to each convention.

No. 746; its energetic president, Bill Renz; its officers; and the committee for live music Renz has appointed (chairman, John Spisso) have now twice presented gala musical events within the union. These events are designed to encourage live music, with an eye toward a legitimate profit that has so far been used to pay for scholarships, support live performances, and bring four instrumental seminars, employing pianist Billy Taylor, saxophonist Hal McKusick, and drummer Sonny Igoe, to Plainfield for the benefit of music students.

Renz and his assistants present a broad spectrum in their programs. The most recent show, for example, included the Plainfield Fine Arts Pop Orchestra, a rock-and-roll group, duos and trios of the cocktail variety, several local big bands, a Dixieland group, and a modern group led by drummer Barry Miles, 15, the youngest member of the local.

## MUSICIANS WIVES, INC., GIVES SCHOLARSHIPS

Music scholarships totaling approximately \$1,500 have been presented to three Los Angeles higher-education institutions by the Musicians Wives, Inc.

At a luncheon attended by music department deans from UCLA, Los Angeles State College, and San Fernando Valley State College, the organization donated the scholarship funds for deserving music students. UCLA received \$700; the balance was divided between the other two colleges.

Presentation of the scholarships will be made in May. Graduation or undergraduate music majors chosen by the faculty and deans of music departments are eligible. The scholarships are awarded on the basis of need and musical achievement.

Funds for the scholarships were raised by the musicians' wives from proceeds derived from the organization's annual Halloween dance.





## FARMER'S FLUEGEL

By GENE LEES

**T**HE INFILTRATION has been slow but steady. Flugelhorn has been worming its way into trumpeters' affections. More and more, you see the horns on bandstands and at record dates.

One of the men who has fallen to the charms of the flugelhorn is Art Farmer, who began using it occasionally with the Jazztet and now, in front of his newly formed quartet, plays nothing but the flugel.

"I haven't played the trumpet at all since I've been working with the small group," Farmer said recently. But he added loyally: "I still think of myself as a trumpet player, and I practice quite a bit of the time on trumpet. Trumpet is my first love, and I'll probably get back to it."

"But right now I want to explore the possibilities on flugelhorn. It's really gotten to me in the past year. I started out playing three or four numbers a night on it, and then more and more. Every time a new tune was added, I'd have to decide which horn it would sound best with, and more and more I was deciding in favor of flugelhorn."

There are a number of virtues to the soft-voiced lady who has led him, for the moment, away from his first love, according to Farmer.

"In so small a group as I have now—horn, guitar, bass, and drums—you want the horn to sound good consistently," he said. "I found that the flugelhorn gets the sound I want more consistently than trumpet. I like to hear the low notes. I talk in a low voice, and I like to play like that."

"If I play a note that doesn't sound right, it clouds my mind. At this time, I find I can get a sound that satisfies me more consistently on flugelhorn."

"It's not only the sound, however. What comes out is closer, more intimate, and I've always wanted to play intimately."

Farmer said that the feeling one gets on flugelhorn is different from that on trumpet, that the resistance by the horn to the air blown through it is different, because the flugelhorn has a larger bore.

"You can lean on it more, but it doesn't sound harsh," he explained.

"To play solo with a small group," Farmer continued, "I don't need a horn that's going to be cutting through a heavy volume of sound. I still like trumpet better with another horn. You can do what I'm trying to do with trumpet and do other things too. But right now, flugelhorn is right to the point. I enjoy the feeling I get when I'm putting air through it. The sound is natural and good, so I can stop worrying about how I sound and just worry about what I want to play and how I want to play it."

"Do you think maybe I've got the flugelhorn syndrome?"

The first musician Farmer ever heard use a flugelhorn was Chet Baker when Baker was with Gerry Mulligan.

"I heard him playing it one night and didn't pay it any mind," Farmer said. "Then I heard Shorty Rogers play it on record and then Clark Terry. Clark and Miles Davis have probably done more recording with it than anyone else."

When it was pointed out that Guy Lombardo has long used flugelhorns, Farmer replied: "So did Jimmie Lunceford in the 1930s. His whole trumpet section doubled on flugelhorns."

The range of the horn is, of course, dependent on the player, Farmer pointed out. "When I got mine, the distributor told me you weren't supposed to play higher than concert F. But I can get up to concert D, and Paul Serrano picked up my horn one night and got a G above high C on it. But the distributor was right in that you begin to lose the character of the instrument at that register. It sounds more like a trumpet."

Farmer said he thinks more and more trumpeters will be beguiled by the charms of the flugelhorn, whose awkward name gives no hint of its tonal beauty.

"The main reason they'll do it," he said, "is that in a way it's an easier-playing horn than trumpet. At least for what I want to do. And I'm not the only one working in this direction. Quite a few people are trying the same things."

"All the studio cats are carrying flugelhorns now—Clark Terry, Snookie Young, Joe Wilder. And the writers are beginning to specify flugelhorn in certain passages of their arrangements. Before guys started playing flugelhorn, they'd specify 'hat' or 'hand-over-bell' on their charts. But flugel sounds better."

Farmer had a word of warning, however: "If you want to shout and scream, then flugelhorn is not the instrument."





# BRASS DUO

## A LOOK INTO THE WORKINGS OF THE CLARK TERRY-BOB BROOKMEYER QUINTET

By BILL COSS

PHOTOS BY JOE ALPER



**T**HERE IS A many-headed best in New York City called the Bob Brookmeyer-Clark Terry, or vice versa, quintet. It is a complicated best to describe to non-New Yorkers because it seldom is heard in other areas. If it consisted of windup dolls, it could be wound up, and it would have fun, and so would the winder.

There is, of course, a tendency in New York to become insular (someone should remember that Manhattan is an island and write about what that means) or peninsular (there are the bridges). San Francisco is only a Boston with air-conditioning, Los Angeles is Miami with parking problems and smog, and Chicago is two Newarks. Nobody from New York ever goes to Newark. So it comes as no surprise that New Yorkers, who vote hard for the Brookmeyer-Terry quintet in polls each year, find it hard to believe that their favorites are seldom in countable evidence.

It means something to them, because they listen often and intently to a unique group. They know some of the facts of the matter:

They hear a group playing in such a way that most of the areas of life are covered, from whimsey to wailing wall.

And they know some facts:

Valve trombonist Brookmeyer was born in 1929, five miles from Kansas City, Mo. He began as a clarinetist, adding trombone and piano, and studied at the Kansas City Conservatory before going into the Army. After that, he worked with Tex Beneke, Claude Thornhill, Ray McKinley, Louis Prima, Terry Gibbs, and Woody Herman. In 1953, he joined Stan Getz for a year, a year that brought him strongly into the jazz picture. From there on there has been work with Gerry Mulligan and many others.

Trumpeter Terry was born in 1920 in St. Louis, Mo., began playing the trombone in high school, and then switched to trumpet. In 1942, he joined the Navy and went into a service band that also had such musicians as Ernie Wilkins, Gerald Wilson, and Willie Smith. After the service, he played with George Hudson, Charlie Barnet, and Charlie Ventura. He first came into jazz prominence with Count Basie (small and large bands) and then with Duke Ellington (1951-59). Since then he has played with Quincy Jones, most notably on the *Free and Easy* European tour, and with the Gerry Mulligan big band. Since March, 1960, he has been a staff musician with the National Broadcasting Co., doubling, tripling, and so on with nearly every kind of music that can be played in New York City, including the cherished quintet with Brookmeyer.

The two see each other usually only during their infrequent co-leading (it began about two years ago) at New York's Half Note and on the many transcription dates they do with others, mostly for radio and television commercials. On those and other occasions, they are, in talk and playing, exactly what their group has become for local listeners. There is a complete meshing of personalities.

Though, as Terry says, "We are really quite different guys, we seem to match completely. I tell you, there are times—there have been no plans—where we will play something together where someone in the audience will come up and ask us who wrote the arrangement. That happens particularly, I think, with the kind of humor we have going together."

Brookmeyer is likely to snort appreciatively at such a remark. His musical thinking is a perfect foil for Terry's.

Both have contempt for categorization. And neither can be categorized. As men, both feel more or less the same kind of way, but, perhaps understandably, both work on it and talk about it differently.

There is something of a vanished age about Brookmeyer. Only Paul Desmond among jazzmen today is as vocally witty, but their approaches are not close. Desmond is likely to view the immediate parts of the contemporary scene. Brookmeyer finds a convenient porch railing and says, as he did in the notes of an album of his, "Just grab a nice glass of Dewar's Finest; one big, old, and very easy chair; turn the volume up; and listen. Why, by neddies, you can even dance if it's allowed in your town on Sunday. But, above all, you're supposed to have a good time with it. Otherwise you missed the whole point, and you can't do that."

Brookmeyer has been sketched in this magazine before. Terry has not, and his story is an interesting adjunct to the combination of personalities.

**T**ERRY HAS deep feelings about what he calls his "luck." There are, he says, "Twenty thousand kids who are as good as me, but I'm a good musician, and I'm lucky."

He has deep feelings about the Deep South too. He can remember things happening, such as losing "my first \$15 suit because someone spit tobacco juice all over it."

Out of such a background has come an unusually perceptive man. He does as he feels should be done. A succession of quotes will disclose the perception:

"Personality has a lot to do with being successful. Maybe,



too, it's where you come from. I remember Duke Ellington always used to say, 'right person, right place, right time.' I think that's so.

"I'm not sure how these words might be taken. But I was lucky. It was lucky for me that *Free and Easy* folded when it did. I came back to New York. By that time the Urban League had spoken its words to the networks about there being no Negro musicians on staff.

"I feel proud about being the first Negro to work on NBC for a long time. I feel especially proud because something about me must have made it, to the point where the contractor asked me for other names. Snooky Young, Art Davis, and some others were the names I gave. They're here too.

"You have to understand, I haven't been anything more than I am. But I was good enough so that I was accepted—and my word—despite what might have been thought previously. . . . You do have to accept and understand a situation.

"I know it another kind of way—accepting and understanding. I helped Miles Davis and Quincy Jones and Art Farmer. I don't see there's much difference who you help as long as what you mean is for the good."

Terry is frank about these things. He is proud to be where he is, and he says he thinks he can do more and that he already is a kind of trouble-shooter.

For him it's not a question of bread any more, and he does the jazz jobs because they are things "I love and have to do for myself, mostly because you can't stagnate."

"But what I want," he continued. "for me and for others, is an acceptance of what we are doing, a sociological, if you want, understanding for the music and the people playing it—and the whole feeling of doing business . . . that's what most people understand.

"If all that could happen, this would be a happy business. I know I'm not only doing for myself. I know that I was put some place for more than one reason. I know this will happen. Put this in a new paragraph—

"I will then feel I've done a job I was selected to do.

"I'm not satisfied with myself. So I'm busy, but I have to give up other things to please myself. Like sleep. You have to really want to do a lot of things—the way I want to—to do that kind of thing.

"Anyway, for me, I can keep out of mischief that way."

From the way he speaks, it can be seen that mischief is not part of the Terry problem. He will fill a pipe and speak in a way uncomfortably serious (unless one knows that he is very comfortable being serious):

"Studio work is new and challenging. It keeps you on the ball. Right now, I'm doing the *Tonight* show, but I do everything from jazz and so-called classical, through a kind of rock and roll to light classical.

"I think that keeps you on the ball. I wondered for a long time whether I could do all those kinds of things. I can. Don't you wonder?

"Still you have to keep up with the other creative businesses.


"I can understand how it's hard for guys to think that way or work that way. How many people in this field do you know who have jobs for eight weeks at a time, the way I do? But if you're never satisfied with what you are doing, you find the time to do other things."

Brookmeyer is not inclined to speak so widely. He feels strongly, however, that music-making is a many-uniformed thing, in which anything one sacrifices to fellow musicians is worthwhile and for the best of all. For him, the fact that he is doing research into the music's past prompts a wry observation that he is not about "to make bathtub gin" but that he is about to see what musicians have done in the past.

His musical life, aside from his collaboration with Terry, is filled with an amazing amount of work (as is Terry's) ranging from jazz clubs through Carnegie Hall performances to many kinds of commercial work.

Brookmeyer, who warns everyone not to pay attention to any long quotes of his ("My God, what I've said"), offered this longish quote nevertheless:

"Jazz is a personal expression. A jazzman should be saying what he feels. He's one human being talking to others, telling his story—and that means humor and sadness, joy, all the things that humans have. You tell it freely and honestly, and sometimes you don't make it. It's a matter of percentages; like telling a joke no one laughs at. But you tell it, whatever it is, and it's yours. That's you; that's human; that's jazz."

A major reason the Brookmeyer-Terry group sounds as it does, can be found in that Brookmeyer attitude and Terry's statement: "Doing music with Bob is always good." 

## Caught In The Act:

**BOB BROOKMEYER-CLARK TERRY**  
Half Note, New York City

Personnel: Brookmeyer, valve trombone; Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Bill Crow, bass; Dave Bailey, drums.

My goodness.

If you want to bring friends to prove that jazz is searching for a connection with symphonic music or the three-minute mile, forget it.

Brookmeyer and Terry are a stock market group from Wall Street, and they never stop. And there is practically no way to describe them. For example, one can remark that the rhythm section is especially strong—but it should be, and this club has a special advantage in that the horns face that section, thus communicating directly.

One can say that all solos from the rhythm section are superb.

One can then speak of the horns and mention complete control, absolute ease, a complete extroversion held in bounds by education and sophistication. One can mention shading, culture,

subtlety, the sly and unsentimental reading of the meaning of some songs (like *Swanee River*, or even *What Is There to Say?*).

And one can mention wild swing when it is called for or *Dipsy Doodle* when it feels right.

And a listener will never get close to it, except for the excellence, unless he understands that *Little Women* can be funny and *Black Beauty* is the horse opera, Texas is a big state, Alaska is even bigger, but I wouldn't want his sister to marry one of them, or that *My One and Only Love* might only be played with the right hand.

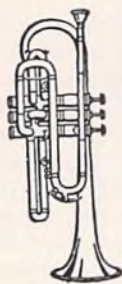
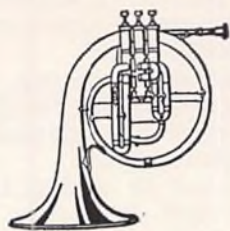
This is not to suggest that all is funny—far from it. But there is wryness here uncut by water or soda, and so are the few moments of sad and angry.

It is easy to get too complicated about such a group. If we are lucky, we read *Winnie the Pooh* and other books like it when we grow older. And then we hear and understand such groups as these.

—COSS







# Miscellaneous Brass

By DON HECKMAN



**A** COLORFUL parade of instruments, some exotic, some conventional, has passed through the brief history of jazz. A few that have appeared in the miscellaneous-instrument category of *Down Beat* polls can claim only a tenuous relationship to the art. Others, like the fluegelhorn, flute, bass clarinet, are becoming securely fixed in the jazz spectrum.

The key to the future of the unusual instrument, especially in a music as personal as jazz, is directly related to that instrument's ability to survive the playing career of its most important performer. The flute is already an established jazz instrument. The clarinet, on the other hand, one of the traditional jazz voices, is now in a period of general decline. When a strong instrumentalist brings a stamp of originality to it that erases the memory of Benny Goodman, the instrument will return to a prominent position in the hagiography of jazz instruments.

The fluegelhorn appears to be the brass instrument most likely to succeed. It has the advantage of being easily played by trumpeters. Less obvious, but equally important, it has a sound that is uniquely fashionable at present.

More than with woodwinds, the role of jazz brass has become standardized. In the large jazz band, trumpet and trombone sections were well established as early as the middle '20s. The tuba lasted only a short time as a rhythm instrument, soon giving way to the lighter, more flexible string bass. Tuba returns on occasion to fill the bottom of the brass choir. The trumpet and trombone have rarely been challenged by other brass instruments. Juan Tizol's and Brad Gowans' change to valve trombone in the '30s was only a slight variation on the original, the new instrument making for faster execution at the sacrifice of many naturally attractive qualities of the slide horn.

The emphasis upon the trumpet and trombone can be traced to the influence of brass marching bands on the early jazz players of New Orleans. Jazz was originally a band music as much as anything; the roles of the instruments in the typical New Orleans ensemble are a direct reflection of the roles they played in the band music of the late 19th century.

The lead voice was usually the trum-

pet. The clarinet played frilly decorations, such as the ornamented runs in marches like *The Stars and Stripes Forever* (1897) and *Washington Post* (1889). (An interesting example of this practice is Alphonse Picou's jazzy clarinet solo in *High Society*—an almost literal translation of the piccolo part in a march.) The trombone played a part that was both rhythmic and harmonic, outlining the chords and providing a forceful rhythmic drive.

Logically, these three instruments represent the point to which the instrumentation of a marching band can be reduced and still produce music that is representative of its sound and style—much as the Miles Davis Nonet of 1949-50 attempted to simulate, on a smaller scale, the texture of the Claude Thornhill Band of the '40s.

The Thornhill band must be considered a pioneer group in the use of unusual instruments.

General experimentation with exotic instruments can hardly be considered rare in the history of jazz, but the Thornhill group, possibly because of the preservation of its style that took place in the Miles Davis Nonet Capitol sides, was especially influential in the inclusion of instruments like the French horn and tuba in ensemble voicings. One particular Thornhill trademark (perhaps evolved by Gil Evans, who was the band's chief arranger and who arranged many of the Davis sides), in which the French horn leads the sax section, had a remarkable effect upon both arrangers and players in the bands of the late '40s and early '50s. It was simulated in many ways—lead alto men tired to get a vibratoless French horn sound, and arrangers eagerly sought similarly subtle instrumental combination. According to Evans, "It got to be traditional awfully fast to do a date with French horn. . . ." (*DB*, May 16, 1957.)

**N**O INSTRUMENTAL category has quite so confusing a range of names and types as the brasses. There are four basic types of brass instruments:

- Those that are made of fixed tubes, in which there is no way to alter the air column. This is the trumpet in its most primitive form, e.g., the bugle.
- Instruments in which a tube is interrupted by holes. This, too, is an obso-

lete form of instrument that in the past has included the keyed-bugle (with a sound very much like the fluegelhorn but with faulty intonation) and the ophicleide.

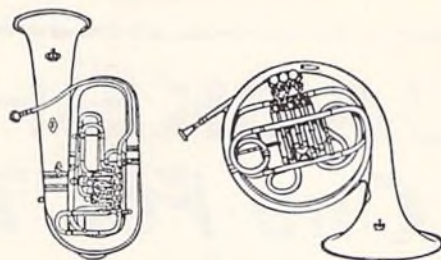
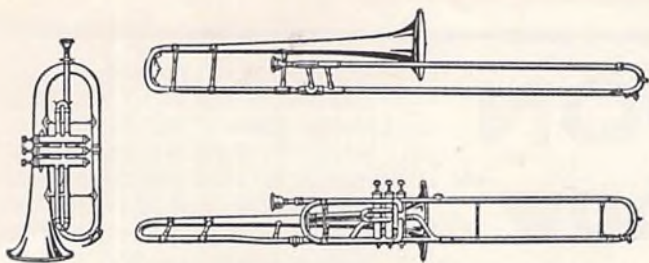
• Instruments in which the length of the air column is altered by a valve or piston. There are two types—half-tube instruments that are descended from the now obsolete saxhorn family, including valve trumpets, French horns, fluegelhorns, and valve trombones (the bass trumpet, used in jazz by Cy Touff, is really a valve trombone formed in the shape of a large trumpet and midway in range between the tenor trombone and the obsolete alto trombone), and whole-tube instruments, which generally are associated with the military band. Included among whole-tube instruments are the euphonium, the baritone, and the BB $\flat$  bass. Many confusions exist with these instruments. After the perfection of the valve system in the 19th century, many instrument-makers made slight modifications and gave them a wide variety of names; the "tuba," for example, might in various countries be called a bombardon, a flicorno basso, or even a contrabass saxhorn.

• The last category includes those instruments in which the air column is altered by a slide. The most well known, of course, are the trombones, now consisting almost exclusively of the tenor and bass instruments, both descendants of the obsolete sackbut.

The most difficult of all brass instruments is the French horn. In order to produce a sound, the horn player must first blow through nearly 12 feet of tubing, in comparison to the 3½ feet of the trumpet. This difficulty alone would be enough, but the horn player in addition has a considerably larger number of technical means to consider—from raising or lowering the pitch by inserting his hand in the bell, to the use of different crooks (a short metal tube inserted between the instrument and mouthpiece to change the horn's tuning)—than do other brass players.

In playing the rhythmically precise, carefully articulated jazz of today, the horn simply cannot speak the notes in a really satisfactory manner. In one sense this is not dissimilar to the problems facing the jazz violinist. The same thing, in another way, is true of the tuba. This does not suggest that it is





impossible to play jazz on the French horn, the violin, or the tuba but rather that an original approach will have to be found that considers the particular problems of the instrument.

A similar situation existed for the trombone when bop became established as the dominant playing style.

With his prodigious technique, J. J. Johnson made an acceptable adaptation of a well-articulated music to an instrument that is not in its most comfortable area when it plays long runs of hard-bitten diatonic or chromatic eighth notes. Few trombonists who came after him were able to approach Johnson's solution. Only recently, in the work of players such as Jimmy Knepper, Willie Dennis, and Dave Baker, has the trombone again emerged in a style most naturally suited to the instrument.

The same thing could happen to the French horn, although the solution will involve a more radical approach to jazz than was apparent in Johnson's work, since the difficulties of the instrument are correspondingly greater.

Less hopeful are the possibilities for the tuba as an improvising instrument. Here the problem is not only one of delayed articulation but also of limited range. Similar instruments—string bass, bass saxophone—have been used successfully, but only because they speak so much more quickly than the tuba. Otherwise the low, ponderous sounds produced by these instruments would blend into a hopeless morass. The baritone, euphonium, and tenor horn, all similar to the tuba, have better possibilities because of their higher pitch and greater ease of execution, but they await the appearance of gifted performers.

The cornet has seen surprisingly rare use in a role that most appropriately displays its attractive qualities. It was, of course, a standby in early jazz ensembles until replaced by the more forthright, clarion-sounding trumpet. Yet the cornet is a superb ensemble instrument. It blends with almost any combination from clarinets and flutes to trumpets and trombones. With a tone that is directly between the brash extrovertism of the trumpet and the hollow introspection of the flugelhorn, it makes an exceptionally fine member of the full-brass ensemble.

The flugelhorn was developed by

the well-known instrument innovator, Adolphe Sax, in an effort to produce an instrument with a tone somewhat between the sound of the cornet and the baritone.

Its range is similar to that of the cornet and the trumpet, although its top register is not completely dependable. It is, as anyone who has listened to Clark Terry or Miles Davis can attest, a superb solo instrument. Paradoxically, it is limited by its unique sound. The emotional range is so direct and so pointed that its performance in a dispassionate role is unimaginable. Within these limitations, the flugelhorn is one of the most communicative jazz instruments. Although somewhat difficult to envision in an ensemble, it is regularly used in military and concert bands, usually with a cornet section.

The mellophone is a well-known instrument primarily as a result of the proselytizing of Don Elliott. He has facilitated the instrument's use by having its bell pointed to the front rather than to the rear. The mellophone is almost identical to the alto horn and, like the flugelhorn, belongs to the sax-horn family. It frequently is used in high school bands as a substitute for French horns since it requires considerably less playing skill to produce satisfactory results.

A variation of it, called the mellophonium, has been used by Stan Kenton to augment the already large brass section of his orchestra. It has one particular advantage over the French horn. When played well, it can impart the faintly ethereal character of the horn and can also maintain fairly equal terms in combination with the other brass. In contrast, a section of French horns might easily be submerged by the torrential sound of an ensemble of trumpets and trombones. Kenton obviously was aware of this when he decided to use mellophoniums, but his assertion that they fill an unexplored tonal range between the trumpet and the trombone is dubious. It may well be that a section of French horns or a complete brass choir could accomplish this feat, but the mellophoniums, despite their many attractive qualities, are hardly adequate for the job.

The instrument's further development as a solo instrument probably will be limited. It is in some respects like the

C-Melody saxophone, that hybrid instrument that was so easy to play but that lacked the range and tonal versatility of the regular saxophones. Only Frankie Trumbauer was able to bring some degree of artistry to it, although it could be found on top of player pianos all over the nation in the '20s and early '30s.

**I**N THEIR continuing search for new instrumental combinations, jazz arrangers can never avoid Duke Ellington's demonstrated ability to extract a strikingly varied orchestral sound from a brass section that (with the occasional exception of Juan Tizol's valve trombone) rarely consisted of anything other than trumpets and trombones. The secret, aside from the obvious fact of Ellington's genius as an orchestrator, was in the individual sounds of the players and in their judicious use of mutes.

Contemporary orchestrators, lacking Ellington's band as a personal instrument, are finding the answers to some of their own problems in the use of a complete range of brass instruments. John Lewis' new Orchestra, U.S.A., in its recent concert at Carnegie Hall, used a brass section of three trumpets, one trombone, two French horns, and one tuba, with one trumpeter doubling on flugelhorn and one of the horn players doubling on tenor-tuben (an instrument innovated by Wagner that is not, despite the name, a bass instrument but is in the range of the French horn with a slightly different tone color). Lewis is only one of the arrangers and leaders who have found that French horns, tubas, flugelhorns, etc., can considerably broaden their range of expression (Gil Evans' albums with Miles Davis are other good examples).

As this practice increases, a better-balanced, more-versatile brass ensemble will result. When jazz composers move into the areas being explored by such contemporary "classical" composers as Stockhausen, Cage, and Berio, they will fully realize the value of the expressive dynamics that can be obtained from a complete grouping of brass. In the meantime, individual players like Bob Brookmeyer, Julius Watkins, Ray Draper, and others will continue their improvisational research. The progress they make can only be of service to the future of jazz.





# JACK SHELDON

## One For The Show

By JOHN TYNAN



**J**ACK SHELDON has become something of a legend in his own time.

The rusty-faced, crew-cut trumpeter, now 31 and located in Los Angeles, would be the first to admit his jazz recognition has been late in coming. But he would also admit, as readily, that he hasn't been in any particular hurry to seek it.

Yet among his contemporaries, he is regarded with more than mere respect for his trumpet prowess; he is considered to be one of the most expressive and articulate of jazz horn men. His sole shortcoming may be a degree of inconsistency in performance that is more a reflection of his devil-may-care personality than his musicianship.

Sheldon's sense of humor and utterly happy outlook is on constant tap. It is never more in evidence than when he and his cohort, sax man Joe Maini, are on the same bandstand. Then the between-tunes periods—and these interludes have understandably irritated many a play-for-pay clubowner—frequently develop into minor riots. Without a cue, the two may take off into a zany, impromptu dialog. Sheldon may deliver a speech to the customers on any subject that pops into his head, or he and Maini may decide that a duet shuffle dance is in order. It isn't so much that the two are off their rockers; it's just that, for them, life is like that.

For almost a year, Sheldon has been creating original song material for himself, centered in what he terms a jazz opera, hopefully titled *Freaky Friday*.

The role of singer is not new to him. As a youth in his native Jacksonville, Fla., he sang regularly with USO shows. He resumed singing when he joined the Stan Kenton Band in 1958 and has been vocalizing in public more or less regularly ever since—with Benny Goodman (with whose band he toured Europe in the fall of '59), with Julie London in her night-club act, with whatever groups he has taken into various jazz spots, and most recently on Capitol records in his own album, aptly titled *Out!*, which is scheduled to be released in March.

*Freaky Friday*, now almost completed, might well be subtitled *The Far-Out Soul of Jack Sheldon*. As he now envisions the production—and he sol-

emly vows it *will* be produced, grandly—the cast will consist of his big band; the heroine, Freka (“She’s a German girl,” he blandly explains); and himself in the role of the male lead, Dandelion.

“Dandelion,” he said recently, “got his name because he’s a dandy liar; he lays down a dandy line. He’s always lying to Freka, but he really loves her. She loves him too, but one night when he’s putting some valve oil on his horn, one of the musicians steals Freka away for some romance. When she comes back, she tells Dandelion she’s sorry, that he’s the one she really loves and sings *The Forgive Me Waltz* to him.”

There are five songs in the opera so far, Sheldon said. The big love song, which Dandelion sings to Freka, is titled *Atomic Bomb*. He said that this tune, more than any of the other four, truly captures the message he has to convey to operagoers. It is included in his Capitol album and may even be released as a single by the company. The three remaining songs are *Freaky Friday*, *Dandelion*, and *That's the Way It Goes*.

“The title came to me in Pittsburgh,” he explained. “when I was working with Benny Goodman’s band there. One Friday night a bunch of the guys from the band and myself went to this all-night joint, and the way one couple was acting—in a booth—inspired me to do the opera and to name it *Freaky Friday*.”

Nowadays, when he’s not on the road with either Julie London or June Christy, Sheldon’s days are taken up teaching swimming at his mother’s swim school in Hollywood. A champion swimmer and exhibition diver, he taught the older of his two daughters, Julie, now 9, to swim at the age of two months. The infant’s aquatics were pictured at the time in *Life* magazine. Sheldon’s younger children, Kevin and Jessie, are equally enthusiastic pool denizens.

**A**LTHOUGH Sheldon was previously recorded by the JazzWest label, now defunct, and more recently by Reprise, neither of the firms took advantage of what Capitol’s a&r men consider one of the trumpeter’s principal assets—his comedy flair. It is his overriding sense of fun that constitutes much of his appeal in night clubs. Understandably the record producers hope this rubs off successfully on vinyl.

It is as a jazz trumpeter, however, that Sheldon maintains a well-earned reputation as one of the best; and for all his clowning, it is as a horn man that he continues to command respect.





# JAZZ IN GOVERNMENT PART 2

By DON DeMICHEAL

IF THE State Department's cultural presentations program is the most dramatic use of jazz by the government and of the greatest immediate benefit to musicians, then the U.S. Information Agency's use is the most far-ranging and has gained more friends for this country—the *raison d'être* of jazz in government.

One of the agency's functions is to assist in the promotion of cultural presentations by helping set up performance schedules and by supplying taped programs featuring the touring artists to radio stations in the areas visited.

But this is a small part of USIA's many and varied activities. The agency (overseas it is called U.S. Information Service) provides printed material, taped radio programs for local broadcast, television kinescopes and films, phonograph records, movie shorts, and libraries of books and magazines to its 219 posts in 99 countries. The organization also presents exhibits, sometimes of the arts, and, most importantly, provides trained personnel overseas to explain this country's position on political and other matters.

The agency employs jazz in several ways: printed material (jazz books and magazines as well as reprints of jazz articles are supplied to most posts), recordings (25,000 LPs, not all jazz, were shipped in 1962), and radio broadcasting.

Though established in 1953, USIA did not use jazz to a great extent until 1959, when, according to one USIA employe, the staff and budget (\$111,500,000 in 1962) were increased.

USIA also sends classical music scores (11,000 last year) to posts for the use of musicians in the various countries. So far, according to Elaine Frye, USIA's music officer, no jazz scores have been sent, which is unfortunate, since one of the most-heard pleas from jazz musicians overseas, particularly in the Communist countries, is for written music; and there certainly is a wealth of scores that could be made available.

Record packets, consisting of albums of formal music (symphonies, operas, chamber music, and such), folk music, musicals, semiclassical, semipopular (Mitch Miller and Percy Faith are considered semipopular by the agency), and jazz, are sent overseas twice a year.

"Heavy" packets, with a large selection of formal music, are sent to musically sophisticated countries, such as European nations. Packets with less emphasis on formal music, "light" packets, are sent to less-sophisticated areas—Southeast Asia, for example.

The number of albums sent in all packets, both light and heavy, totaled from 60 to 68 last year. Jazz albums included varied from 13 (African nations) to 18. Approximately the same number and selection were included in both types of packets.

The jazz albums cover a wide spectrum. For example, last year's selections included LPs by the Modern Jazz Quartet, Fletcher Henderson, Horace Silver, King Oliver, Ben Webster, Benny Goodman, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, Gerry Mulligan, Charlie Byrd, and a few collections of various jazzmen of earlier styles. But just as the State

Department tends to be conservative in its selection of jazz groups to tour, the record selections also seem to lean toward the past and what is not too *avant garde*.

The most important use of jazz by the information agency, however, is in radio.

In a USIA circular to its personnel, the policy concerning the use of jazz in USIS programs was formally stated:

"In view of the wide acceptance of jazz as an art form both in the United States and in many foreign countries, and also in view of the fact that a few less-informed groups in some areas still consider the music to be primitive and undisciplined, the agency suggests that less emphasis should be given in using jazz purely as an attractor or for casual entertainment. The agency recommends that programs featuring jazz . . . have as their main objective the projection of jazz as an art form and as a significant aspect of American music."

As a primer in jazz, the agency's Dennis Askey, with the assistance of critic John S. Wilson and the direction of the agency's music adviser, Angelo Eagon, wrote an excellent script that quickly traces the evolution of the music. Titled *Three Generations of Jazz*, Askey's script is accompanied by taped excerpts from various schools and developments of jazz.

All USIA radio programs—short, medium, and long wave—are produced or supervised by the agency's broadcast arm, the Voice of America, which predates the agency, actually, having grown from an Office of War Information function established in 1942 as a propaganda adjunct to the war effort. It became known as Voice of America in 1945.

The Voice broadcasts emanating from Washington are heard in 38 languages all over the world. Weekly direct broadcast time totals 730 hours a week; this in addition to the 8,000 hours a week of taped package broadcasts aired over local stations in most countries with USIS posts.

According to Harold Boxer, chief of the Voice's music branch, "We ship jazz programs for playback over about 2,000 local stations. Local programs are the most important use of the Voice's service because of the good listening time and audio quality."

Among the programs aired over local stations is one by John S. Wilson, which has been used by the Voice since 1954.

Boxer went on to elaborate on the Voice's approach to jazz, which, of course, is an extension of the aforementioned USIA position.

"Jazz is no longer strictly American," he said. "It is international. You can't say Verdi is just an Italian composer or Wagner just German—each belongs to the world. Jazz has become international music. We don't push the Americana angle at all."

Boxer also said that though it was hard to give actual figures because of the vastness of the Voice operation, roughly 5 percent of broadcast time is given over to music and of this 5 percent about half is jazz.

"The appetite for jazz is universal," he said. "It is undoubtedly the United States' greatest music exportation. Second is Broadway musicals, by the way. We report on jazz, but we don't take sides. We try to present jazz in as fair a representation as possible and let the audiences make up their minds."

The Voice, in addition to jazz programs utilizing records, also records for overseas broadcast jazz festivals (in 1962, the Newport and International festivals) and live performances in clubs, mostly in New York City.

The most important and influential jazz program on Voice of America, and the most popular of all Voice programs, is Willis Conover's *Musica, U.S.A.* Heard six days a week, the program is divided into two 45-minute sections. One is made up of tasteful popular music (Vic Damone,



Peggy Lee, and bands of the quality of Tommy Dorsey's, Glenn Miller's, Artie Shaw's, for examples). The other is jazz. It is the jazz portion that is the more popular.

The jazz direction of the show owes much to John Wiggin,\* who at the time the program was first proposed was deputy program manager of the Voice and is now a special projects officer.

"The information service had used jazz before but was not using it at the time I came there, 1954," Wiggin said. "When *Music, U.S.A.* was proposed at the end of that year, I was able to point it in the direction to do the most good—to play jazz and not something they might call jazz."

**T**HAT *Music, U.S.A.* has been successful is well known. The program's popularity has, in a sense, made Conover the most important man in international jazz. His worldwide audience has been estimated at 30,000,000; what he plays is largely the main contact musicians in Communist countries have with jazz. Following a trip to Communist satellite countries, jazz promoter and pianist George Wein said, "Eastern Europe's entire concept of jazz comes from Willis Conover."

Even more important to the country, Conover represents, personifies, the United States to his listeners. As one letter writer told him, "You symbolize freedom."

Conover said modestly, "I'm only a lower-case voice identified with the music that symbolizes freedom for them."

*Music, U.S.A.* was first broadcast in January, 1955, and officially beamed to the Scandinavian countries, though officials knew that it would penetrate to Communist countries. The response was encouraging, and the program eventually was beamed to all parts of the world.

Occasionally Conover interviews a leading jazz personality, but the show is primarily music—the records played are from Conover's huge collection.

When he does interview—there have been only about 300 in the show's eight years—the talks are basic and usually short. One interview he said he was particularly proud of was a series on Louis Armstrong, for which he and Armstrong chose the records played to give a musical biography of the trumpeter.

Conover said he tries to avoid being predictable in his programing—the music has ranged from recordings of Scott Joplin piano rolls through Ray Bryant's version of *Twist* music to the most experimental avant garde-ism. He said he believes everyone who has contributed to the music's development should be heard.

"It is what I think should be heard," he explained, "not necessarily what I like. There is just enough of the scholarly approach and just enough showmanship so the person listening for perspective and the person listening only for pleasure will both find it here."

Conover, who in addition to his Voice duties broadcasts regularly over New York City's WCBS and divides his time between Washington and New York, said he feels the success of his Voice program is based on jazz' make-up.

"The structure of jazz, on a nonconscious level, is a

\*Wiggin was no stranger to jazz in 1954; he became interested in the music in the early '20s and probably was the only person in Bombay, India, in 1922 with a collection of Original Dixieland Jazz Band records—he had returned to India, where he was born, to visit his parents. In 1930 and '31 Wiggin was working for NBC and was connected with *The Camel Hour*, a music program. He was instrumental in getting most of the Paul Whiteman Band into the studio orchestra, men such as cornetist Bix Beiderbecke, guitarist Eddie Lang, pianist Lenny Hayton, and bass saxophonist Min Leibbrook. Wiggin remembered one program in which he was allowed to do a pure jazz segment. The occasion was the arrival of a young clarinetist from Chicago, Benny Goodman. Playing with Goodman in the segment were Beiderbecke, trombonist Tommy Dorsey, Hayton, bassist Artie Bernstein, and drummer Gene Krupa, himself fresh from Chicago.

demonstration of democracy," he said. "Everyone has a chance to say what he wants within a community level. It's the structure of life here. We disagree, but we accept the laws and work within them.

"People in static societies must find appeal in this music. Their folk music, like our jazz, is blunt and rude. But jazz is even more so. Jazz suggests mobility, and it appeals to a people and a society essentially immobile."

**C**ONOVER'S OBSERVATION on the reason for his show's popularity holds the essential nugget of truth that explains jazz' success as a tool of the U.S. government. Jazz is democracy, that is, freedom of expression of self, sometimes angry, sometimes exclamatory, within a social (the group members) and judicial (limits imposed by musical "laws") structure.

The unstated democratic principles inherent in a jazz performance are abstract and subtle but certainly not lost on populations where subtlety is a large part of life. Nor does the protest of jazz go unnoticed, and protest certainly is a keystone of democracy. But perhaps more than any other characteristic, it is the music's joyful hope, sometimes encased in sorrow, that touches deepest.

Those in government who direct the use of jazz may not look upon the music this way, but they surely realize that it does get across to many people, and as a consequence, a bit of this country gets across also. There is no doubt that jazz has done a remarkable job for the country.

Yet there is a feeling one gets in talking to those running things concerning jazz in Washington and New York that the amount of jazz now being used is sufficient, that we have got this far (and who would have predicted 10 years ago that jazz would be important to the U.S. government?), so don't rock the boat. But the boat needs rocking, not so much as USIA is concerned as the State Department is.

In the short time jazz has been used in cultural presentations, it seems to have become encrusted in conservatism. The lack of interest in modern jazz groups smacks of a fear of boat-rocking and a taint of what-would-Congress say?, a very real problem. There also is an air of unfamiliarity with the advances jazz has made in the last five years, of being out of touch with what is happening *now*.

True, there are problems concerned with using modern-jazz groups—one of the knottiest being that several musicians of modern persuasion have been connected with narcotics addiction in the past, and even if those up for tour consideration have never experimented with drugs, the taint tends to fall on all. Another thing that probably causes concern is the fact that most of the leading modern jazzmen are Negroes, and they are not given to silence when the subject of Jim Crow is raised.

As thorny as these may appear to those who run the cultural presentations program, they are not insurmountable.

One solution might be to use more young groups, such as the Paul Winter Sextet, which did such a good job in Latin America.

Winter has suggested that as a prize to the winning group at the college jazz festivals held at Villanova and Notre Dame the State Department offer a cultural presentations tour. While this plan has obvious weaknesses (suppose the group is not outstanding or the members not psychologically mature enough to do the hard job of touring and selling the country at the same time?), there is merit in it also. Surely, Winter's tour shows what can be accomplished with young, relatively unknown groups.

Though there are problems and questions, there is no doubt that the government's discovery of jazz has been advantageous to both Washington and the music. But it would seem the time has come for an increase in amount and a broadening of perspective. The music has proved itself.





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

## SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

### Various Artists

**SWING STREET**—Epic 6042; VOL. 1—*It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary, We've Got the Blues* (Spirits of Rhythm); *My Old Man, I'll Be Ready When the Great Day Comes* (The Nephews); *The Eel, Home Cooking, Tennessee Twilight, Madame Dynamite* (Eddie Condon); *Old Joe's Hittin' the Jug, You're a Viper* (Stuff Smith); *What's the Reason I'm Not Pleasing You?, You've Been Taking Lessons in Love* (Red McKenzie); *Isle of Capri, Nickel in the Slot* (Wingy Manone); *Every Minute of the Hour, Lost* (Henry Allen).

**VOL. 2**—*The Music Goes 'Round and Around* (Frank Froeba); *Let's Have a Jubilee, House Rent Party Day* (Louis Prima); *You Showed Me the Way, The Onyx Hop* (Frankie Newton); *Swing Out, The Duck's Yas Yas, Serenade in the Night* (Three Peppers); *I'm Crazy About My Baby* (Fats Waller); *Tea for Two, Sophisticated Lady* (Art Tatum); *Rosetta, Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea* (Teddy Wilson); *Don't Leave Me, I Got Rhythm* (Clarence Profit); *A Little Bit Later On* (Bunny Berigan).

**VOL. 3**—*Jazz Me Blues, Hot String Beans* (Joe Marsala); *Born to Swing* (Midge Williams); *Loch Lomond* (Maxine Sullivan); *Can't We Be Friends? Coquette, If I Had a Ribbon Bow* (John Kirby); *Overheard in a Cocktail Lounge* (Charlie Barnet); *More Than You Know, I'd Love to Take Orders from You* (Mildred Bailey); *The Night Is Blue* (Red Norvo); *Flat Foot Floogie, Chicken Rhythm* (Slim Gaillard-Slam Stewart); *That Da Da Strain, Jack Hits the Road* (Bud Freeman); *Bugle Call Rag* (Bobby Hackett).

**VOL. 4**—*I Hear Music, Practice Makes Perfect* (Billie Holiday); *Cherry Red, Baby Look at You* (Pete Johnson); *Beat Me Daddy* (Will Bradley); *Love Jumped Out, Five O'Clock Whistle* (Count Basie); *Woodchopper's Ball* (Woody Herman); *Walkin' in a Daze* (Hot Lips Page); *That Thing* (Roy Eldridge); *Serenade to a Sleeping Beauty, Rocky Comfort* (Coleman Hawkins); *Characteristic Blues, Okey Doke* (Noble Sissle); *I Can't Get Started, Good Bait* (Dizzy Gillespie).

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

It would be difficult to overstate the importance of 52nd St., New York City, in the development of jazz.

For a period in the late 1930s and early '40s it was de facto the focal center of jazz activity. Many of the phrases and riffs that appeared in the arrangements of the thriving swing bands were pirated nightly from jazzmen working on 52nd St., and it was because of the healthy musical freedom that prevailed along the street that the rich elements of bop were quickly assimilated into the mainstream of jazz.

In programing this set of four LPs, Frank Driggs has selected to favor rare and little-known sides made in the 30s by men who played on the street. I do not imply by the rating a continuous level of high-quality jazz, but, considering the album in total, one hardly could assign a lower rating.

Vol. 1 begins auspiciously with several light swinging rhythm-and-vocal performances and moves on to four celebrated 1933 sides made by remnants of the Chicago crowd in New York—*Tennessee, Eel, Cooking, Dynamite*. Bud Freeman stomps his way through *Eel* and sounds curiously like Pee Wee Russell in his solo on *Cooking*. Max Kaminsky, Russell, and Floyd O'Brien are all heard to advantage.

Listeners accustomed to the monotonous phrases that have become habitual with Jonah Jones today will be surprised at his surging, tigerlike trumpeting on Stuff Smith's *Old Joe* and *Viper* on Vol. 1. The two Red McKenzie tracks are weak but are redeemed somewhat by Mike Reiley's trombone on *Reason* and Forrest Crawford's tenor on *Lessons*. Wingy Manone's wit and humor have won him many lasting friends, who, for nostalgic reasons, will be happy to find him included here. But his playing on *Capri* and *Nickel* does not stand up too well over the years. The two Red Allen tracks have very good solos by Allen and trombonist J. C. Higginbotham.

There are spots of good jazz on Vol. 2 sandwiched between long stretches of novelty hokum on the Frank Froeba and the two Louis Prima performances, the last two having several good breaks by trombonist Georg Brunis. Considering the musicians involved, including Ed Hall and Pete Brown, the Frankie Newton tracks are not as good as one might suspect. Pianist Toy Wilson's novelty vocal-and-rhythm group, the Three Peppers, are presented in three pseudo-jazz performances, but things pick up with Fats Waller's fine singing and playing on *Crazy About My Baby* (why three Toy Wilson and only one Waller?).

Art Tatum moves deftly through 1933 solo recordings of *Tea for Two* and *Sophisticated Lady* on Vol. 2, showing occasionally where the Lennie Tristano sound of 15 years later originated and showing an ambivalent mixture of startling ideas and frilly arpeggios. Teddy Wilson scores solidly with the excellent 1935 *Rosetta* and the 1937 *Devil*. The two Clarence Profit tracks were previously unissued; they reveal, alternately, the lyricism and swing that this little-known pianist could achieve. The Bunny Berigan track is undistinguished.

The Marsala brothers, Joe and Marty, play *Jazz Me Blues* stiffly, but *Hot String Beans* is a rare performance that shimmers in beauty. Joe's playing here on Vol. 3, along with the intense feeling of the blues achieved by the band, is one of the highlights of this album. Clarinetist Edmond Hall has a very good solo in *Born to*

*Swing* by vocalist Midge Williams. The Maxine Sullivan vocals and the John Kirby band performances are pleasant, but I find it difficult to get very interested in this dainty approach to jazz. The Charlie Barnet big-band track features some intricate and sometimes interesting orchestral effects.

Mildred Bailey's *More Than You Know* is one of her best vocal efforts and easily another highlight of Vol. 3. *The Night Is Blue* has good spots of Jack Jenny's trombone, and Chris Griffin plays some driving trumpet on *I'd Love to Take Orders from You*. The two Slim Gaillard-Slam Stewart tracks have plenty of humor and swing. *Da Da Strain* and *Jack Hits the Road* by tenorist Freeman finds the Chicago crowd in top form, with Kaminsky driving the ensemble on *Strain* and Jack Teagarden singing cryptic lyrics on *Road*. This last track has one of the most moving Pee Wee Russell solos on record. Bobby Hackett's performance on *Bugle Call Rag* is very good.

The two Billie Holiday tracks in Vol. 4 were recorded in 1940 and feature, along with her excellent work, a fine spot of Roy Eldridge on *I Hear Music* and a good Georgie Auld tenor solo on *Practice Makes Perfect*. Joe Turner's homespun vocals on the Pete Johnson tracks are in startling contrast with Miss Holiday's subtle phrasing; he smacks you with an intense, direct force that is very effective. Altoist Buster Smith, who, we are told, had a great influence on Charlie Parker, has a good solo on *Cherry Red*. The Will Bradley track has the smooth swing that was typical of that era. Buck Clayton and Don Redman did the arrangements for the two Count Basie items, which have notable solos by Clayton, Buddy Tate, Dickie Wells, Lester Young, and Harry Edison. Woody Herman's 1946 *Woodchopper's Ball* features the best orchestral writing in the album and has good solos by trombonist Bill Harris and trumpeter Cappy Lewis.

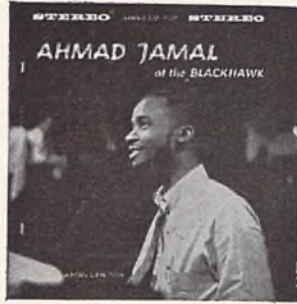
Hot Lips Page's *Walkin' in a Daze*, recorded in 1947, has a first-rate Page vocal. Roy Eldridge's brother, Joe, arranged the 1937 *That Thing*, a performance that has heavy overtones of King Oliver's *Snag It* and touches of Duke Ellington. The two Coleman Hawkins big-band tracks have heavy writing and stretches of Hawkins running the chords with his fiery, urban prewar style. On Noble Sissle's *Characteristic Blues* Sidney Bechet squeezes in some phrases from *High Society*, and manages to heat things up during Billy Banks' verbal nonsense. The background for Bechet on *Okey Doke* is mindful of the washboard and jug bands of the '20s. *I Can't Get Started* by Dizzy Gillespie has what is now one of the most famous solos in jazz. *Good Bait* is an attractive theme

### NEW INITIALS

In this issue *Down Beat* welcomes Don Nelsen as one of its regular record reviewers. Nelsen, who has contributed articles to the magazine in the past, was for several years on the staff of the *New York Daily News*—among his assignments was coverage of the New York jazz scene. Having earned his Ph.D. in English during his stay with the *News*, he now teaches at New York University.



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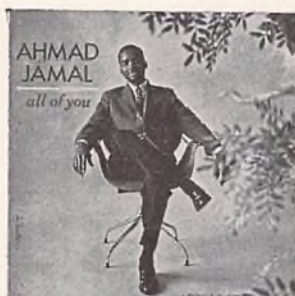


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Charles Edward Smith contributed the notes for this set, and he has captured much of the drama inherent in the activity of the musicians present on 52nd St. during those fabulous times.

Nostalgia and history aside, these volumes are recommended for the large helpings of first-rate jazz. (G.M.E.)

**INSTRUMENTAL**

**Charlie Byrd**

**BOSSA NOVA PELOS PASSAROS**—Riverside 436: *Um Abraco do Bonfã; Coisa Mais Linda; Desafinado; Bim Bom; Ela Me Deixou; Yvone; Meditacao; O Barquinho; Samba Triste; Voce e Eu; Ho-Ba-La-La; O Passaro.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5 — Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Bill Reichenbach, drums. Tracks 6-9 — string section added. Tracks 10-12—Earl Swope, trombone; Charlie Hampton, alto saxophone, flute; Gene Byrd, guitar; Willie Rodriguez, percussion, in place of strings.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

On his recordings Byrd has shown himself to be a consistently inventive musician, not only in his playing but in his programing too. He has rarely been content to duplicate a success. This is his third album either touching on or focusing on bossa nova. The first, *Latin Impressions* (Riverside), was a musical report of his South American tour that was only incidentally concerned with bossa nova. The second, *Jazz Samba* with Stan Getz (Verve), opened the bossa nova floodgates.

Now, in his first post-flood recording, Byrd is programing as astutely as ever—doing a few numbers as expected with his regular trio but playing others with a string background (catching some suggestion of the backing that Antonio Carlos Jobim's orchestra provides for Joao Gilberto on Gilberto's Capitol disc) and using on others a septet that includes trombone and flute or alto saxophone.

With these varied instrumentations, he draws on compositions of some of the leading Brazilians—Gilberto, Jobim, Baden Powell, Carlos Lyra—along with three of his own tunes that fall very readily into the Brazilian vein.

The whole effect is very felicitous, particularly the pieces using strings, which establish an extremely appropriate setting for Byrd's brilliant guitar work. The presence of the septet contributes variety to the disc, but its performances are, on the whole, of less interest than those of the other two groups. (J.S.W.)

**Ornette Coleman**

**ORNETTE ON TENOR**—Atlantic 1394: *Cross Breeding; Mapa; Enfant; Eos; Ecars.*

Personnel: Don Cherry, trumpet; Coleman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Coleman has scored another major success with this album. Most of the space here is devoted to improvisation, but there are also several provocative compositions.

*Cross Breeding* has a short, melodically complex motif that is stated twice at a very fast tempo and, after several seconds of absolute silence, repeated once. Hearing it produces a sensation similar to one of racing along at 90 miles an hour, coming to an abrupt halt, and starting again at 90.

The theme statement of *Enfant* is fragmented by drum breaks and an irregular pattern of phrase lengths. Accents charac-

terize *Ecars*. In the '40s the boppers moved toward a less symmetrical method of construction in their improvising; now Coleman is doing the same in his composing.

Coleman's tenor concept is essentially the same as his alto concept—though he may be more economical on tenor. Often his playing doesn't follow a predetermined chord pattern, but it has many traditional elements: by "vocalizing" with his horn he's following a practice that dates back to the earliest jazzmen; his solos have a strong blues feeling; at slow and medium tempos he often plays songlike lines; and the opening 32 bars of his *Eos* spot contain some simple and very attractive melodic phrases.

His long solo on *Cross Breeding* could have been better constructed; however, it is filled with fascinating ideas—he leaps wide intervals, wails, screams, and occasionally slows down his tempo of playing for contrast. In all, the solo has an overpowering drive. The opening section of it is unaccompanied, and the entrance of the rhythm section has quite a dramatic effect.

Coleman's solos on *Enfant* and *Ecars* are paced well. His rhythmic conception reminds me of Sonny Rollins; he builds tension by pulling against the beat with honks and short rifflike phrases and swings with massive, yet controlled, power.

*Mapa* features Coleman and Cherry in simultaneous improvisation and is the least successful track. The statements of both are generally short and fragmentary. This is easy to understand, since it would seem to be a difficult feat for one horn man to anticipate the other in a "free jazz" context.

Cherry plays well on *Enfant*, *Eos*, and *Ecars*, but technical problems still beset him. His *Cross Breeding* solo wanders aimlessly; the tempo seems to handicap him.

Blackwell performs excellently. The poly-rhythmic nature of his style and the imagination, precision, and taste with which he plays makes him one of the best drummers in jazz. Garrison is a strong rhythm-section bassist with a big firm tone; his solos are economical and percussive. (H.P.)

**Duke Ellington**

**MIDNIGHT IN PARIS**—Columbia 1907: *Under Paris Skies; I Wish You Love; Mademoiselle de Paris; Comme Ci, Comme Ca; Speak to Me of Love; A Midnight in Paris; My Heart Sings; Guitar Amour; The Petite Waltz; Paris Blues; Javapachacha; No Regrets; The River Seine.*

Personnel: Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, Bill Berry, Shorty Baker, trumpets; Lawrence Brown, Chuck Connors, Leon Cox, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Paul Gonsalves, Jimmy Hamilton, Harry Carney, reeds; Ellington, piano; Aaron Bell, bass; Sam Woodard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is, presumably, the "commercial" Ellington—bland, easily digested versions of tunes that are, for the most part, quite familiar. The prewar Ellington band, which had a brilliant collection of unquenchably personal and vibrant soloists, could get away with this sort of thing because there was no denying the fierce individuality the band brought to even the most routine pop tune (and the Ellington band had some dismal dogs thrown at it in the '30s).

Nowadays Duke's band is more limited in its solo resources, and for some reason Ellington does not use even this limited supply with a very free hand. Here there is a little Carney, a little Hodges, a little Lawrence Brown, and considerable Nance



and Hamilton (on clarinet) along with unambitious snatches of the Ellington piano. But mostly it is the saxophones and the brass mumbling riffs back and forth at each other while Woodyard lays down a plodding beat.

It is probably true that Ellington does considerably more with these tunes than any other group attempting the same things could do. But the fact remains that it is not really worth doing—that it is a waste of the Ellington band and of Ellington's time. (J.S.W.)

**Bill Evans**

**MOONBEAMS**—Riverside 428; *Re: Person I Knew; Polka Dots and Moonbeams; I Fall in Love Too Easily; Stairway to the Stars; If You Could See Me Now; It Might as Well Be Spring; In Love in Vain; Very Early.*

Personnel: Evans, piano; Chuck Israels, bass; Paul Motian, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

**Cannonball Adderley**

**KNOW WHAT I MEAN?** — Riverside 433; *Waltz for Debby; Goodbye; Who Cares?; Venice; Toy; Elsa; Nancy; Know What I Mean?*

Personnel: Adderley, alto saxophone; Evans, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Evans' brooding, mulling approach to his piano solos marks him as one of the rare romanticists in latter-day jazz. Playing with his trio, he seems able to shut himself off from the world around him and to move into a twilight haven where he can drift along in what seems to be a semicomatose state as he fingers his way through long, contemplative passages. His tendency to play almost everything in the all-ballad *Moonbeams* album at a very slow tempo, however, tends to communicate this comatoseness to the listener. Occasionally he builds moments of spell-breaking tension, supplemented by a rising show of power by Israels (he does it on *Stairway* and *Early*).

A broader view of Evans is offered on the Adderley disc, for here he is thrown into a greater variety of tempos and the counterbalancing voice of Adderley's alto is present to break the pall of sound that Evans can spread with his own trio.

Heath and Kay also make themselves strongly felt in this set by providing a foundation that has such a strong rhythmic flow that Evans is driven to displays of greater vitality than he shows on his trio disc.

Much of Adderley's playing is glib and facile but along with some flat, uninflected solos are passages in which he projects a sense of involvement in what he is playing, a result that he obtains both in the darkly moody *Goodbye* and in bright and perky fashion on *Toy*. (J.S.W.)

**Terry Gibbs**

**EXPLOSION**—Mercury 20704; *Tico Tico; Big Bad Bob; The Big Cat; Soft Eyes; Billie's Bounce; Pretty Blue Eyes; I'll Take Romance; Do You Wanna Jump, Children?; Nature Boy; Jump the Blues Away; Sleep.*

Personnel: Al Porcino, Ray Triscari, Stu Williamson, Conte Candoli, Frank Huggins, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, Bob Edmondson, Vern Friley, trombones; Joe Maini, Charley Kennedy, Richie Kamuca, Bill Perkins, Jack Nimitz, saxophones; Pat Moran, piano; Gibbs, vibraharp; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This enthusiastic and well-disciplined band includes some good veteran sidemen. It sounds very much like a Woody Herman unit. Most of the arrangements are

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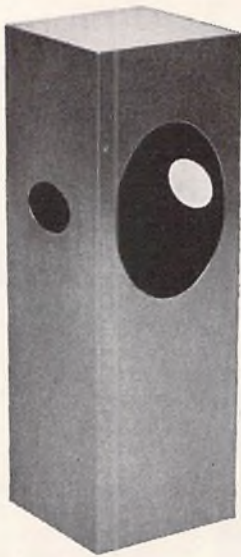


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simple and infectious with the emphasis on swinging.

The soloists project this joie de vivre, with Gibbs especially good on *Bob* and *Blue Eyes*. His lyrical side takes over on *Nature Boy*.

Aside from Gibbs, Candoli strikes me as the most interesting soloist. He doesn't get much room but makes the most of it, blowing with the fire that distinguished his work a decade ago.

The rhythm section kicks things along with a good deal of snap. An enjoyable album. (H.P.)

#### Stephane Grappelly

**FEELING + FINESSE = JAZZ**—Atlantic 1391: *Django*; *Nuages*; *Alabama Bound*; *You Better Go Now*; *Daphne*; *Le Tien*; *Minor Swing*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *How About You?*; *Soft Winds*.  
Personnel: Grappelly, violin; Pierre Cavalli, Leo Petit, guitars; Guy Pedersen, bass; Daniel Humair, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is a charming record, filled with joyousness and a sauciness that has an unmistakable French tang to it. Parts of it smack of corn, but even that adds to its bright-penny glitter.

The chief soloists are Grappelly and Cavalli, just as Grappelly and Django Reinhardt were the main members of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France back in the '30s. But there the similarity ends; Cavalli is much closer to Charlie Christian than he is to Django.

And it is Cavalli who leaps out of the grooves and wags you on the head with his raw, electrifying guitar work. He sounds as if he were going to set the world ablaze in some of his solos, the fire of his playing is that intense, particularly on *Alabama Bound* (now there's a tune for you) and *Soft Winds*.

But if Cavalli leaps at his listener, Grappelly chucks one under the chin and nudges him lightly in the ribs. His fiddle playing on *Django*, *Better Go*, and *Winds* is like a sensuous voice calling from a bed chamber, and he fairly dances through his *Alabama* and *Minor* solos. On the lilting *Nuages* he adds a little corn sugar for flavor.

Unfortunately, both Grappelly and Cavalli tend to overdo what they do well; at times they stress effect at the expense of substance. And each sometimes has trouble getting the notes in the right places; Grappelly especially is rather weak rhythmically. Cavalli does not always construct his solos so they hang together well, and the drama becomes melodrama too often.

So there are weaknesses. Still, this record gave me much enjoyment. (D. DeM.)

#### Paul Horn

**PROFILE OF A JAZZ MUSICIAN**—Columbia 1922: *Count Your Change*; *Now Hear This*; *Lazy Afternoon*; *What Now?*; *Straight Ahead*; *Fun Time*; *Just Because We're Kids*; *Abstraction*.  
Personnel: Horn, alto saxophone, flute, bass flute; Emil Richards, vibraharp; Paul Moer, piano; Vic Guskin, bass; Milt Turner, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

I have a feeling 1963 will be a big year for Paul Horn. It certainly is due, for this versatile and proficient musician has become one of the most compelling of jazz soloists.

In his second Columbia release, Horn experiments with time and form but never loses sight of the fundamental business of jazz—swinging and communicating improvised ideas.

This stomping date promptly disintegrates a couple of old notions that still persist in some jazz circles: that West Coast musicians somehow lack the drive and conviction of eastern jazzmen; that playing in odd time signatures is essentially a gimmick rather than a legitimate means of playing "real" jazz.

*Change*, *Hear This*, and *Abstraction* involve uncommon time, but they are primarily bluesy, rollicking jazz performances featuring Horn on alto (the instrument he plays best) and flute.

*Fun Time* and *Abstraction* introduce extraordinary freedom of form, and along with it comes greater individual freedom of expression. The second, a splendid performance, actually allows each soloist to make his own rules as he goes, including the details of meter, tempo, and, to some extent, harmonic changes.

Were none of these things happening, Horn would still deserve a handful of stars for his arresting Coltrane-touched alto playing. Because he and his group are still improving, I have left a half-star for growing space. (R.B.H.)

#### Ahmad Jamal

**AHMAD JAMAL AT THE BLACKHAWK**—Argo 703: *I'll Take Romance/My Funny Valentine*; *Like Someone in Love*; *Falling in Love with Love*; *The Best Thing for You*; *April in Paris*; *The Second Time Around*; *We Live in Two Different Worlds*; *Night Mist Blues*.  
Personnel: Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Vernell Fournier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Once again, Jamal is represented by a pleasant set of standards performed in a style that achieves its point, never aiming too high and always swinging lightly. As the last set made by the original trio, with the late Israel Crosby, it has a special value.

I can't agree with John Hammond's euphoric declaration in the liner notes that *Night Mist Blues* "will go down in history as one of the greatest of all blues performances" and is "the crowning achievement of Ahmad's recording career." It's not a blues, by the way, being constructed in simple eight-bar phrases that tend at times to monotony, though the over-all impression is one of relaxation and agreeableness.

Barbara Gardner once wrote of an earlier Jamal LP that it swung quite satisfactorily but was "just a little too cute for jazz." True again here; but again it does swing, hence the three stars. (L.G.F.)

#### The Jazztet

**ANOTHER GIT TOGETHER**—Mercury 20737: *Space Station*; *Domino*; *Another Git Together*; *Along Came Betty*; *This Nearly Was Mine*; *Reggie*.

Personnel: Art Farmer, trumpet, flugelhorn; Graclian Minceur Jr., trombone; Benny Golson, tenor saxophone; Harold Mabern, piano; Herb Lewis, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This album—most likely the Jazztet's recording swansong—would appear to have been designed as rebuttal to critical charges that the group's work in the past was marred by an aridity-inducing overdeliberateness. Certainly there is nothing sterile or effete about the sextet's exuberant romping in this collection; any constraint that might have held the group in check on previous LPs is conspicuously absent here—the Jazztet plays with zesty pungency and relaxed sinuosity.



All six selections are marked by a delightful blend of control and abandonment. Golson's arrangements are skillfully crafted and make optimum use of the coloristic possibilities in the three-horn front line (as in the *Domino* theme statement), yet never sacrifice swing qualities.

The solos are the right length to avoid the pitfall of repetitiveness, and there is sufficient tonal and stylistic variety in the horn and piano work also to prevent this. But most important, there is a blithe, free-wheeling quality.

Maybe it's the inclusion of such swingers as Moncur's *Space Station* (with its Coltrane overtones), *Git Together* (which mines the Silver motherlode), and Golson's *Reggie*, but certainly there is a much more volatile quality, a spontaneity, about the group's playing than before.

Farmer performs with consistent brilliance, bringing a soaring, lambent lyricism to all his solos. His gently luminous fluegelhorn is well displayed on *Domino*, with its spiraling Miles Davis-like ending, and *Nearly Was*.

Golson plays with a more biting edge than has been his wont lately, especially on *Station* and *Git Together*, and his bitter-sweet balladic side is nicely served on his attractive *Betty*.

Moncur is notable chiefly for the burry warmth and uncomplicated felicity of his playing rather than for any great daring or originality of expression. Mabern's strong piano, very much in a McCoy Tyner cast, is exemplary in both support and solo capacities, with his best showings occurring on *Station* and *Git Together*.

With an impressive, buoyant set like

this one, the Jazztet's demise becomes even more saddening. (P.W.)

#### James P. Johnson

**YAMEKRAW**—Folkways 2842: *Yamekraw*; *Sam Jones Done Snagged His Briches*; *Georgia's Always on My Mind*; *That Thing Called Love*; *Shim-me King's Blues*.

Personnel: Johnson, piano (track 1 only); other groups and personnel unidentified.

Rating: ½★

Pianist James P. Johnson was one of the most active Negro musicians of the hectic 1920s New York musical world. He was exceptionally successful as a jazz piano soloist, as composer-musical director of a number of shows and musical reviews, and was also one of the most effective blues accompanists of the period. His playing rapidly transcended its ragtime roots and was characterized by a powerful rhythmic intensity, an unflagging swing, a constant flow of invention, and a sensitivity and delicacy that are unmatched.

Yet, unsatisfied with the obvious strengths of his playing, Johnson persistently dabbled in the field of "serious" composition, producing a series of abortive experiments that attempted to ally the rude, vigorous music of the Negro with certain aspects and forms of European art music.

His Negro rhapsody *Yamekraw* is the 1927 product of these experiments. Often described as a ragtime opera, the work was performed only in its orchestral version during the composer's lifetime, and in this form it was even heard as recently as last May, at the International Jazz Festival's symphonic jazz program, where it was very properly presented as a quaint musical curio. The version heard on this recording is the composer's piano treat-

ment of what might be considered the work's overture, a tapestry made up of short excerpts of the opera's various thematic materials.

It is singularly disappointing, disjointed, and awkward. Most of the short themes—with the exception of several lusty blues melodies—are neither strong nor memorable samplings of typical Negro folk strains. Those that strive for poignancy most often turn out lachrymose.

Johnson's piano—when it is not involved with the blues pieces (the only strains that have anything of credibility about them)—is either lacy or bombastic, straining for effects. Still, it is James P. Johnson, and his strengths occasionally shine through.

Side 2 is given over to four abysmal recordings by unidentified orchestras presumably under the direction of Perry Bradford, who wrote the album's notes. I believe they are intended as supporting documentation of the Johnson work, but just how they are supposed to document it I am at a loss to say. There is nothing in the notes to indicate what they are.

An awkward and embarrassing release that does no one good. (P.W.)

#### Stan Kenton

**ADVENTURES IN JAZZ**—Capitol 1796: *Turtle Talk*; *Stairway to the Stars*; *Lincoln Blues*; *Malaguena*; *Misty*; *Waltz of the Prophets*; *Body and Soul*.

Personnel: Dalton Smith, Bob Behrendt, Marv Stamm, Bob Rolfe, Norman Baltazar, trumpets; Bob Fitzpatrick, Dee Barton, Newell Parker, Jim Amlotte, Dave Wheeler, trombones; Ray Stirling, Dwight Carver, Keith LaMotte, Carl Saunders, mellophoniums; Gabe Baltazar, Buddy Arnold, Sam Donahue, Paul Renzi, Joel Kay, saxophones; Pat Senatore, bass; Jerry McKenzie, drums.

Rating: ★★

Kenton always has had an affinity for

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PJ-51/STEREO-51



PJ-34/STEREO-34



bombast, but his bands have also recorded some notable music: the LP with *Young Blood* and *My Lady* (Capitol 383) is one of the finest modern big-band albums ever cut. Unfortunately, this session seems to be devoted to cacophony.

*Turtle Talk* by Dee Barton is an interesting dissonant composition, but the screaming ensemble figures that separate and interrupt the soloists make the performance virtually a self-parody. *Malaguena* has little to recommend it. *Body*, a feature for Donahue, begins quietly enough but builds to a tastelessly frantic climax.

Of the soloists, Stamm and Gabe Bal-tazar are the most impressive. (H.P.)

### Johnny Lytle

MOON CHILD—Jazzland 81: *Moon Child*; *Work Song*; *The Nearness of You*; *The Moor Man*; *A Taste of Honey*; *When My Dreamboat Comes Home*; *Moonlight in Vermont*; *The House of Winchester*.

Personnel: Lytle, vibraharp; Milt Harris, organ; Steve Cooper, bass; Peppy Hinnant, drums; Ray Barretto, conga.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The liner notes mention that Lytle has learned from Milt Jackson and Lionel Hampton, and it is possible to see the marks of both in his solos—the lonely blues feeling that pervades his work is reminiscent of Jackson, and his heavily syncopated lines and use of riffs suggest Hampton. But in synthesizing these two approaches, Lytle has evolved a style very much his own.

At the slow tempos of *Nearness*, *Moonlight*, and *Moon Child* (the latter a pretty Lytle-Harris composition), the vibist's approach is thoughtful. He plays economically and embellishes his phrases with a shimmering vibrato. Harris comps well on these tracks—he's one of comparatively few jazz organists who understates.

*Winchester*—a romping Gospel-inspired original written by Lytle and dedicated to the late Lem Winchester, who was a close friend—has a joyous quality that makes much "soul jazz" seem hollow by comparison. Barretto and Hinnant really cook on this track.

Lytle states the simple and attractive *Moor* melody over Barretto's galloping rhythm. The vibist's solo is excellent; he paces himself intelligently, making good use of space. Harris is a great help on this track; note how he builds with Lytle.

*Honey* features one of Lytle's happiest solos. (*Honey*, by the way, is a charming song. I hope it finds its way into the repertoires of many jazzmen.)

This is a varied, consistently good record. (H.P.)

### Modern Jazz Quartet

THE COMEDY—Atlantic 1390: *Spanish Steps*; *Columbine*; *Pulcinella*; *Pierrot*; *La Cantatrice*; *Harlequin*; *Piazza Navona*.

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

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Lewis sums up his 10-year dalliance with *commedia dell'arte* in these seven pieces. The limpid lyricism that is characteristic of much of Lewis' composition glows all through these pieces. Along with this, there are flashes of unexpected muscularity both in the development of the opening section, *Spanish Steps*, and in Lewis' unwonted bravura playing on *Columbine*.

The delicately adjusted balances that the quartet has achieved as a group are constantly brought into play in these performances, whether it is projecting the delightfully ambling qualities of *Pierrot* or *Harlequin* or building up a storming torrent of rhythm on *Pulcinella*. Miss Carroll adds an extra dimension to *La Cantatrice* by singing with and without words in a manner that is firm yet easygoing, matching a quality that is one of the quartet's distinctions.

Lewis has emphasized the period of time that has gone into his development of this work by opening and closing it with quotations from *Fontessa*, one of his earliest attempts to explore *commedia dell'arte* as a musical source. This final result is a charming creation, glistening with melody and flowing with rhythm, a polished cameo that typifies as much as any one piece can what Lewis and the quartet have been working on for the last 10 years. (J.S.W.)

### Dave Pike

PIKE'S PEAK—Epic 16025: *Why Not?*; *In a Sentimental Mood*; *Veird Blues*; *Besame Mucho*; *Wild Is the Wind*.

Personnel: Pike, vibraharp; Bill Evans, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Walter Perkins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

BOSSA NOVA CARNIVAL—New Jazz 8281: *Samba Lero*; *Sono*; *Serenidade*; *Carnival Samba*; *Philumba*; *Melvalita*; *Gimba*; *Sausalito*.

Personnel: Clark Terry, flugelhorn; Pike, vibraharp, marimba; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Chris White, bass; Rudy Collins, drums; Jose Paulo, cabasa, bandero.

Rating: ★ ★

These two releases by Pike, one of the crop of new vibists who've emerged in the last couple of years, are markedly different.

The bossa nova album has few bright moments. Perhaps the biggest detractions are the musicians' evident unfamiliarity with the material (the tunes, all by Joao Donato, are nice, but there's an unprepared haze to most of the album), the rigidity of the rhythm section (I suspect someone told White and Collins not to stray far from the basic b.n. beat), and the soloists' lack of sympathy for bossa nova (they play what are basically 4/4 jazz choruses, and not too inspired ones either).

Pike depends too much on rapid chord running on the b.n. album; but there are times, most notably on *Serenidade*, *Gimba*, and *Carnival*, when he gets away nicely. His *Melvalita* marimba solo is very good—jazz, not bossa nova.

Terry is disappointing—he sounds more ill at ease than do the others. Burrell, despite a couple of times when he sounds as if he's not sure who's got the next chorus, does a competent job; his solos on *Philumba* (unamplified) and *Sausalito* (amplified) are quite nice.

*Pike's Peak* is a more musically interesting album, though there seems to have been little preparation—it is soloists with rhythm, stomping on familiar ground.

Several times during the course of the album, I was struck by the similarity in phrasing of Pike and Evans; Pike at times sounds like a rougher version of Evans—or how Evans' piano solos might sound transposed to vibes. Both men have a way of building a phrase toward a climax but sliding off it at the end. This similarity to Evans in Pike's work is most noticeable

on his feelingful treatment of the ballad *Wild Wind*, a treatment that also includes double-note and octave passages that produce an attractive change of texture.

The most fetching characteristic of Pike's work in this album is his construction—there is little of the busyness he sometimes falls prey to, though he indulges occasionally here, as on the bossa nova album, in those repeated chord runs a la Hampton. Once in a while his phrases end with delightful little tickly figures, as on *Besame*. Generally, his phrases loop and tie together well, giving his solos continuity (his weakest work in regards construction is on the modal *Why Not?*, a generally pallid track). And most of his work has a lyrical and passionate quality to enhance it.

His and the album's best track is *Veird*. Here his solo is more jaggedly phrased than on the other takes and moves along with a good deal of swing, generated by the heavy accenting he employs on the track.

Evans plays well throughout. He is particularly virile, yet lithe, on *Sentimental* and *Veird*, using long lines almost as whips. His *Wild Wind* solo is touching.

Perkins and Lewis, who seldom receive their due as the strong players they are, possibly because neither is a showoff musician, lend consistently firm support to the two soloists. Perkins plays some quite musical fours—gutsy, not flashy—on *Veird*. (D.DeM.)

### Andre Previn

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC: A TRIBUTE TO FRED ASTAIRE—Columbia 1888: *Nice Work If You Can Get It*; *Isn't This a Lovely Day?*; *I Used to Be Color Blind*; *A Foggy Day*; *Not My Girl*; *Light Fantastic*; *A Fine Romance*; *So Near and Yet So Far*; *Puttin' on the Ritz*; *Fascinatin' Rhythm*.

Personnel: Previn, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Frankie Capp, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The music here is not all light, and none of it is fantastic, but it does constitute a worthwhile addition to the archives of the eclectic collector. Besides offering the listener 10 attractive tunes, Previn invests each song with the character of the great dancer whom he is saluting. His treatments suggest all the qualities we expect in an Astaire performance: a graceful rhythmic flow, a continuity of ideas linked by logical transitions, and superb technique—all translated to action with an insouciant urbanity. These, plus a couple of inspired presentations, make this album more than a "darling-kiss-me-the-music-is-so-pretty" production.

The most successful track is perhaps *Rhythm*, a churning rouser that the trio drives with unflagging zest. Co-pilot Mitchell proves in this one, as indeed he does throughout the LP, that he is eating no man's dust as a bassist. He and Capp, a deft completer of the maestro's key-work, lay down a solid foundation upon which Previn can build his castles in the air.

*So Near* is a tender, moving ballad that, besides *Color Blind*, is the only really slow number in the set. Both are performed with sensitivity and taste. On *Near*, Previn creates a mood that evokes a clear image of Bill Evans, while some of his single-note runs on *Blind*, *Ritz*, and *Rhythm* sug-



gest the late Eddie Costa.

Unfortunately, there is much in this music that is predictable. In the matter of form, for example, Previn packages most of the tunes in neat little boxes. His wrapping is a particular musical figure or figures that he introduces at one end and reproduces at the other, sometimes with a slight variation in sequence or melodic treatment. Occasionally the device is effective, as in his delightful interpretation of *My Girl*, but over-all it seems mechanical. (D.N.)

**Jerome Richardson**

GOING TO THE MOVIES—United Artists 15006: *No Problem*; *Moon River*; *Never on Sunday*; *Tonight*; *Delilah*.

Personnel: Richardson, baritone, tenor saxophones, flute; Les Spann, guitar, flute; Richard Wyands, piano; Henry Grimes, bass; Grady Tate, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

*Going to the Movies* is a pleasant experience. Sit back in your armchair with a cup of Colombian coffee—or a blast—and absorb the musical portraits. The effect is enhanced if you have seen the productions involved, but the treatments here stand well on their own.

The strong man on this album is Grimes, whose robust and beautifully timed bass lines enrich all five performances. His solo sorties on *Tonight* and *Delilah* bespeak his fertile imagination and strong instrumental control.

I find Richardson, whose past work has recruited me to his colors, somewhat uneven. His baritoning on the bossa nova-ish *No Problem*, for example, strikes me as monotonously kazoolike. Contrasted with the smooth ensemble passages and the well-stated and thoughtful solos of Spann (on flute) and Wyands, it seems awkwardly inept. On the other hand, his outings with baritone on *Moon* and with flute and tenor on *Delilah* are adroitly handled and tweak the imagination. Incidentally, the liner notes list Richardson as playing tenor on *Moon*. Unless my ears deceive me, the saxophone is a baritone.

Wyands, a consistently rewarding practitioner, turns in his usual deft job, especially on *Moon* and *Delilah*. Tate's work here is impressive.

On the whole, this album is a better than average excursion into sound-track territory. The selections are well chosen and charted to explore more contrasts of time and tonality than most such adventures. (D.N.)

**Buddy Tate**

GROOVIN' WITH BUDDY TATE—Swingville 2029: *Blues for Trix*; *The Salt Mines*; *A Lucky So and So*; *East of the Sun*; *Makin' Whoopee*; *Boardwalk*; *Overdrive*.

Personnel: Tate, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Ronnell Bright, piano; Wally Richardson, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Roy Brooks, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Over the years Tate has had his ups and downs. In the early 1940s he gained prominence with Count Basie as the replacement for Herschel Evans—whose style his closely resembled—but with the advent of modern jazz he was forgotten. However, partly through the efforts of several English critics, he was rediscovered in the late '50s and since then has had several albums issued under his name.

The high spot on this one is Tate's sensitive solo on *Sun*; he's inventive, and his attack is attractively relaxed. *Lucky*

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showcases his warm, tangy clarinet work. I'd like to hear more of him on this instrument.

By contrast, his blues solos seem rather pedestrian. He plays with virility on tunes like *Trix* and *Boardwalk*, but his ideas are commonplace.

Richardson has a strong, well-sustained spot on *Trix* and one on *Overdrive*. The rhythm section is excellent. Those familiar with Brooks' aggressive drumming may be surprised to hear him playing with relative restraint. (H.P.)

### Stanley Turrentine

**THAT'S WHERE IT'S AT**—Blue Note 4096: *Smile, Stacey; Soft Pedal Blues; Pia; We'll See Ya' All After While, Ya Heah; Dorene, Don't Cry, I; Light Blue.*

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Les McCann, piano; Herbie Lewis, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Five of the six pieces on this set are lengthy excursions into soul territory. The terrain is all too familiar, and despite the obvious merits of intrepid guides Turrentine and McCann (after all, they've been through these parts before), the trip is pleasant but largely uneventful. There's not a great deal to write home about.

With so much of the music in the album at the same dynamic and emotional level, the proceedings take on a certain monotony. The direct force and immediacy of the raw, blues-drenched musical style Turrentine dishes up so capably is undeniable, strong, and virile, capable at times of compelling heights. But unrelieved soul music—one selection following another with only minimal changes of thematic material and tempo—can prove wearying.

Turrentine plays with warmth and loping urgency on just about all the tracks; he's steamy and charging on the faster pieces and appropriately breathy and gruffly tender on the slower ones, yet the unvarying mood of the set tends to dissipate the effectiveness of his work.

The notable exception is McCann's lovely, ardent ballad *Dorene*, and Turrentine's gently virile playing on it—despite his never straying too far from the melodic materials—reminded me forcibly of John Coltrane's lyrical treatment of Alonzo Levister's similarly moody *Slow Dance*. This one track is worth the price of the album, and it's enough to counterbalance the otherwise one-sidedness of the collection. And that's where it's at. (P.W.)

### Kai Winding

**SUSPENSE THEMES IN JAZZ**—Verve 6-8403: *Night Side; Experiment in Terror; Walk on the Wild Side; The Third Man Theme; Stella by Starlight; Mully Malone; Hutari; Just for Tonight; Baby Elephant Walk; Blues Theme from "Reprise"; Advise and Consent; Laura.*

Personnel: Winding, trombone; rest unidentified.

Rating: ★

In recent years, Winding's music has become increasingly commercial, and with this album he has reached a new low. The arrangements—his and Oliver Nelson's—are slick hack work. *Elephant* features a rock-and-roll beat, and *Third Man* has some unbelievably corny organ. (Maybe it's a put-on.)

The improvised solos are short and few, and the other trombones, organ, and rhythm are unidentified. Recommended for connoisseurs of the banal. (H.P.)



## BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

New York-based Fury records recently issued an important long-play collection of a dozen strong, virile blues by the powerfully expressive Mississippi-born singer Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup. The album is titled *Mean Old Frisco* (103).

With the exception of a reissue collection of a number of his older recordings that has been released in Europe, this is the only Crudup material currently available on microgroove. And it's a most welcome addition to any blues library, for Crudup has been one of the most influential blues singers, the author of a good number of potent, vital blues. Both *Mean Old Frisco* and *Greyhound Bus*, for example, are generally attributed to him, and either would be sufficient to establish him as a blues poet of the highest stature. They have become staples in the repertoire of most blues singers.

This album is made up of recent recordings, a compilation of the singles he made for Fury's Fire label. Crudup had completely dropped from sight for a number of years; his return to the recording studio is an auspicious event, for he is still an extraordinarily forceful blues singer, and his songs in this collection indicate that he has not lost his gifts of weaving strong story-telling blues of stirring emotional power. The pieces sound as though they all had been recorded at the same session (the recorded sound and the instrumental balance are identical on all the selections), yet there is no diminution of expressive force or effectiveness. All 12 pieces pulse with life.

Crudup's singing still possesses resilient ease and a stinging, corrosive bite. He phrases insinuatingly, drawing out his words slightly for greater emphasis, snapping them off abruptly when he has built up tension. Though his voice is attractive and relatively supple (he can follow easily the melodic contours of his pieces), it has just the proper amount of astringent roughness to it. The accompaniments are spare and idiomatic; Crudup's acoustic guitar is simple, unobtrusive, and wholly functional. The only other accompaniment is supplied by drums, playing a heavy backbeat.

The selection of tunes is divided equally between a number of the singer's older, more celebrated compositions and recent pieces easily their peer in quality. *Dig Myself a Hole*, for example, is a fine topical blues detailing Crudup's re-

action to the current world situation. The album is highly recommended.

Continental records' second blues album, *Folk Blues* (16003), is a curiously slapdash affair only slightly less dismal than its first. The material of greatest interest in the album is not blues, but religious music, to which the entire first side is given over.

There are two fairly exciting 1949 performances by the Harlem street singer Blind Gary Davis. The singing reverend's guitar work on the LP is a bit rougher and less complex than it is now, and his singing has a wounded, dolorous quality to it.

The rest of the first side is taken up with a series of rough, rousing Gospel performances by a Negro congregation recorded in a church. There are occasional interesting moments here, as in the explosively guttural preaching of Elder Brodie, but most of the selections are incomplete, fragmentary recordings. The final track on this side, *Sit Down—I'll Be Listening Somewhere*, is a lackluster performance by a trained Negro choir performing in the older spiritual style, though it is listed on the label as by Elder Brodie and his congregation.

If there are some rewarding performances among the religious selections, the same cannot always be said of the items that make up the secular half of the album, which contains four truly abysmal blues. The only selections of even minimal interest are Big Boy Ellis' exuberant blues shouting and rolling piano accompaniment on *Dices, Dices*. His second number, *I Love You, Baby*, is a bit too jivcy to be effective.

The delight of the side, however, is an eloquently expressive selection, *Southwest Pacific Blues*, by the Sonnie and Lonnie team who were heard to such disadvantage in the earlier album. The singer—Sonnie, I suspect—offers on this piece a highly moving performance of a slow prison blues, his voice high-pitched and wailing, full of heart-rending, inconsolable sadness. The accompaniment—by piano (Lonnie Bradley?) and the singer's crude, percussive guitar—is straightforward, uncomplicated, and perfectly apt. The pair's other number is better left unmentioned, as are the two atrocious Lonnie Johnson-styled disasters performed by another team, Sonnie and Sam.

In all, a disappointing collection, the performances poorly selected (one wonders what criteria, if any, were used) and atrociously annotated.

Blues fans will be pleased to learn that the Lightnin' Hopkins album on the Score label, *Lightnin' Strums the Blues*, which had been deleted from the catalog some time ago, is now back in print on the Imperial label under the title *Lightnin' Hopkins on Stage* (9180A). This collection is considered by many to contain some of the most forceful, pungent blues the Texas singer has recorded. Certainly such wry, potent blues as *Katie May*, *Short Haired Woman*, and *Abilene*, to mention only three of the 12 selections, are among the very finest of all postwar blues recordings. This is a collection every serious blues fan will want to own.



# FRANK ROSOLINO BLINDFOLD<sup>®</sup> TEST

'Thanks to people like J.J., trombone players are really getting around the instrument. . . . There's no reason why you can't play as fluently on it as any other instrument.'



By LEONARD FEATHER

Frank Rosolino today is a member of the staff band on *The Steve Allen Show* and a continuously active freelance Hollywood musician. Despite his partial engulfment by the studio world, he has remained active in jazz and was among the top five trombonists in the last *Down Beat* Readers Poll.

Rosolino, member of an all-musical Detroit family, went through a series of big-band jobs, touring with Bob Chester in 1946-7, later with Glen Gray, Gene Krupa, Tony Pastor, and for two years with Stan Kenton, leaving in 1954 to settle down in the Los Angeles area. His first extensive jazz exposure came in the memorable Georgie Auld combo of 1951.

Musically, Rosolino is a schooled, serious, and talented performer, though a strong humorous streak has been apparent in his occasional comedy bits on the Allen show and in his solo LP last year for Reprise (*Turn Me Loose*), which showed his flair for offbeat comedy singing.

This was his first *Blindfold Test*.

## THE RECORDS

1. Art Farmer. *Nica's Dream* (from *Brass Shout*, United Artists). Farmer, trumpet; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Horace Silver, composer; Benny Golson, arranger.

Sounds like it might be Art Farmer, and the trombone, judging by his technical ability and approach, is probably Jimmy Cleveland. . . . It's a beautiful arrangement.

With all due respect to the arrangement and the players, though, it sounded like it might have been a little rushed — it was rather unsteady. Other than that, I liked the instrumentation and the chart. Wouldn't be Gil Evans, would it? I'd give it about 3½ stars.

2. Stan Kenton. *Turtle Talk* (from *Adventures in Jazz*, Capitol). Dee Barton, composer, arranger, trombone.

It could be Maynard Ferguson's band. . . . Whoever it is, it's a well-played and wonderful arrangement that wails from the beginning to the end. The trombone player is a fantastic musician; I'm not sure who it could be. I don't think it's Urbie Green—but it could be. I sure dig the writing and the blowing—a lot of augmented changes.

A lot of life to this, a lot of warmth; the sound was crazy, and it swung all the way through. I'll give it five.

3. Ornette Coleman. *Enfant* (from *Ornette on Tenor*, Atlantic). Don Cherry, trumpet; Coleman, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Garrison, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums.

Well, the rhythm section was wailing, but otherwise it didn't seem to make much sense to me. I like Sonny Rollins very much, generally, but they must have got him on a bad night here or something. Maybe he just got out of bed.

I'm not sure who the trumpet player was, but he didn't say nothing either, as far as I'm concerned. It wasn't lack of technique; he just seemed to put the horn to his chops and slop away.

The sound was awful distorted too. Sonny Rollins generally sounds wonderful. I don't understand why they even released a record like that; he's really a beautiful talent, beautiful player. I don't give that any stars, I'm sorry.

4. Kid Ory. *High Society* (from *Kid Ory Favorites*, Good Time Jazz).

I don't know exactly who they all are;

I'm not particularly familiar with Dixieland bands, although I do appreciate all kinds of music when they're done well.

They seemed to be enjoying themselves, and I was getting a big charge out of it. You might say that it's entertaining; other than that I wouldn't go out of my way to listen to it.

There are very few Dixieland players I really like. Charlie Teagarden, Jack Teagarden . . . Miff Mole and all those, ah, greats. Musically this was swinging for what they were trying to do; at least you don't sit back and ignore it, so I'll give it a couple of stars anyway.

5. Oscar Castro-Neves. *Chega de Saudade* (from *Big Band Bossa Nova*, Audio-Fidelity). Castro-Neves, piano, arranger; soloists not listed. A. C. Jobim, N. Mendonca, composers.

I didn't particularly care for the solos. It sounded to me like a band in some other country trying to play American jazz style and not quite making it. Not that all foreign musicians have that sound or that handicap; there are a lot that do play with good taste and good feeling.

The arrangement and the tune were nice; it could be just that the players didn't flatter the arrangement. Actually, I think it sounds less authentic than a lot of American bossa nova things I've heard. I'll give that 1½ stars.

6. Andre Previn-J. J. Johnson. *Mack the Knife* (Columbia). Previn, piano arranger; Johnson, trombone; Red Mitchell, bass; Frank Capp, drums.

Yeah! Different, interesting. The piano player reminded me—well, he probably isn't, but he sounded like he might be from the school of Lennie Tristano, some of the things in his phrasing.

The trombone player is definitely from the J. J. Johnson school; it's either J.J. himself or Curtis Fuller. Crazy little arrangement, with some thought behind it; and it swings—I liked the rhythm section.

J.J. has always been one of my favorites, though when I started out, my influence was Dickie Wells. Then Bill Harris; his was an easy style to adapt to, because Bill played with a lip vibrato, which I always used, rather than a slide vibrato. In fact, I have a record at home, made in the Philippines when I was in the Army, and you'd swear I was Bill Harris. The J.J.

influence came later when I was in New York.

Today, thanks to people like J.J., trombone players are really saying something and getting around the instrument; for a long time they felt they were limited, probably because they didn't take the trouble to figure things out and get around the difficulties. There's no reason why you can't play as fluently on it as any other instrument.

This was a lot of fun. Four stars.

7. Bob Brookmeyer. *Samba de Orfeu* (from *Trombone Jazz Samba*, Verve). Brookmeyer, trombone, arranger; Jim Hall, guitar.

Well, I can give that five stars right off the bat. That's beautiful! Well conceived, well played, and sounds as authentic as bossa nova can ever be. Of course, I've always admired Bobby Brookmeyer; respected his playing, and as a person—he's a very wonderful person.


I think Bobby's playing better now than he's ever played in his life. He seems to have arrived at a set style, or he's more mature. He's always been a great musician, but now you can tell that he knows exactly what he wants to do. He's been gassing me the last three or four years.

The guitar player has a real nice touch too. Kind of cute ending, the way he came back. I imagine Brookmeyer wrote the arrangement; I liked the melody too.

8. Benny Golson. *St. Louis Blues/Walkin'* (from *Pop + Jazz = Swing*, Audio-Fidelity). Bill Hardman, trumpet; Curtis Fuller, trombone; Wayne Shorter, tenor saxophone; Golson, arranger.

Wow! Whoever put that together did a most unusual and very successful job. And I like the way he voiced the strings. So often when arrangers try to use strings as a background in something like this, they have a tendency to clutter it up, so that it gets in the way, instead of providing simple voicings for a pretty background that doesn't interfere.

The contrast of the two groups here sounds crazy; I like that. *St. Louis Blues* on the left channel and *Walkin'* on the right. . . . Was that Coltrane on tenor? Probably Curtis Fuller on trombone; I'm not sure about that trumpet.

Very pleasant to listen to and very relaxing, with good work by the string section. Four stars. 



# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

## ORNETTE COLEMAN

Town Hall, New York City

Personnel: Coleman, alto saxophone; David Izenzon, bass; Charles Moffett, drums, string quartet (Selwart Clarke, Nathan Goldstein, violins; Julian Barber, viola; Kermit Moore, cello); rhythm-and-blues trio (Nappy Allen, guitar; Chris Towns, piano; Barney Richardson, bass).

Nothing heard at this concert would have altered any concepts already held about Coleman's writing or playing. It was a concert calculated to show Ornette Past, Present, and Future. It was designed to demonstrate, under the best conditions, what he has been doing in recent months.

From the evidence, he has been exercising the many facets of his talent.

For this was a panorama of his musical personality, which is many more-sided than is often thought. It was well presented this evening.

The range of expression is far wider than the Coleman detractors imagine. It included a basic jazz knowledge, as heard in *Blues Misused*, a sometimes historical, sometimes satirical, sometimes plain funny piece that exhibited the best and worst of rhythm and blues.

There were Coleman solos that had the blinding intensity and speed that has always reminded me of what a self-duet played by the late Charlie Parker might have sounded like.

Gentle humor and nearly descriptive

ATLANTIC RECORDS



ORNETTE  
Musical panorama

music were found several times, most notably in *Children's Books*, which also featured a passage of light, swinging, "normal" jazz. *I Don't Love You*, exhibited the lyrical, simple side of Coleman's searchings.

The Coleman composition played by the string quartet provided insight into things to come. It was more delicate, airy, than I for one would have expected.

And, of course, there was much of what is generally expected from him: the human voice projected through a horn, any horn, in a manner that seems to free marrow from bone, and thoroughly unconventional in its relationship to most past forms of jazz.

Throughout, the musicianship was excellent, particularly that displayed by Coleman's own trio. Drummer Moffett is admirably equipped to respond to the startling shifts of musical gears. Not the least of his assets in this setting is a round, almost "fuzzy," sound, if that is taken, as it is meant, as a compliment. Bassist Izenzon has awesome technique. It occasionally ran away with the occasion, but it was generally an important and impressive part of the whole. His *Opus D*, in two short sections (the only composition on the program not written by Coleman), showed both charm and his own proficiency.

In short, the concert was a musical success; a provocative journey through a particularly personal, strongly individualistic jazz world.

—Coss

## SHIRLEY HORN

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Miss Horn, vocals, piano; Lewis Powers, bass; William Hall, drums.

Let it be noted in the record of Miles Davis that it was at his insistence that Miss Horn was brought to the Vanguard, where she worked opposite him. His judgment was correct: this girl should be heard.

It is said that Miss Horn didn't sing too well a couple of years ago. She does now. Her approach of utmost simplicity comes as something very fresh when even most of the supposedly good singers are full of Sarah Vaughan slides and scoops or Dinah Washington distortions or "improvisations" wherein words are lost in labyrinths of not-too-interesting melody.

She couldn't sing straighter—literally. She uses almost no vibrato, yet the effect

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is far from the bloodlessness Chet Baker achieved when he tried that vocal approach. There is a deep intimacy in her use of straight tone.

Musically, Miss Horn has that competency that is almost invariably the mark of singers who also play instruments. But she also values words, and they are not subverted for purely musical purposes.

Miss Horn swings very nicely at up tempos. But the really astonishing thing is how slow she can do a number. She does some ballads at tempos so slow they seem stopped, suspended, hanging in time. With almost any other singer, the tunes would fall apart done this way. But she holds them incredibly together and has the audience hanging on every word.

Part of the reason she pulls it off is that she accompanies herself; her "accompanist" knows exactly where to play fill, exactly where the vast airy openings in her tunes will occur. But there's something about the gentle emotional intensity of her voice that contributes to the success of it too.

Her material comprises mostly standards. But she can take the most worn piece and invest it with such freshness that one almost thinks he's never heard it before. One such was *Oh, Do It Again*, and whereas many "girl singers" are inclined to read the salacious into straightforward tunes, Miss Horn reversed the procedure by cleaning this tune up. It came out full of naivete and sweetness.

One of her offbeat bits of material is *Good-for-Nothing Joe*, a nice cameo of American realism.

Miss Horn has just recorded her first album. After the Vanguard date, she went back to Washington, where she lives and owns a little club of her own. It is to be hoped that audiences there are as appreciative as the hushed crowds at the Vanguard were.

—Gene Lees

### MINGUS REVISITED

Village Vanguard, New York City

Personnel: Rolf Ericson, Idrees Sulieman, trumpets; Quentin Jackson, trombone; Don Butterfield, tuba; Dick Hafer, Charlie Mariano, Jerome Richardson, reeds; Jaki Byard, piano; Mingus, bass; Dannie Richmond, drums.

Mingus has always been frank about his admiration for Duke Ellington. He is even more vocal about it now, and this enlarged Mingus group is strongly oriented to the Ellington manner, though it is unmistakably Ellington only to the extent that Mingus has been influenced by him, as Mingus views him, and as Mingus feels the music can be extended.

All that is even more evident when compared to an Ellington rehearsal. Characteristically Ellington changes parts, sections, etc., during the rehearsal, seeking a unified whole.

At the Vanguard, Mingus did the same thing in front of a live audience. To attempt to present the best music he and his men have to offer, he felt constrained during the two nights I listened to stop and start the group, to make corrections, as well as shout instructions along the way.

The result was highly exciting, though

there could be moments of frustration when a musical story suddenly halted. The result was also, as mentioned, highly personalized Ellington as a general rule, with a comparison made artistically startling by a modernity that was made to fit so well into what is so well known about the Ellington manner. For example, one expects a Johnny Hodges solo at a particular place, a Harry Carney solo in another. It is pleasantly eye-opening to hear instead Mariano or Richardson in those respective places.

Nearly every solo was top flight. Jackson and Byard were the most obviously tuned into Ellington. Mariano and Ericson were superb throughout. Hafer and Butterfield were the least involved with Ellington,

but both were exceptional in their solos, and Butterfield added a depth to the group sound that made a considerable difference in the aural impression.

It is unfortunate that such things do not normally happen in the jazz business because of economic reasons, but this is a group that should be believed so that it could last long enough to be heard by as many as possible.

I most definitely would prefer an absence of the workshop atmosphere, but it obviously has charm for many. Whatever the outcome, Mingus' presiding and playing, the strength of chief assistant Richmond, and the music itself, this is another in a longer series of predictable but exciting changes in Mingus' musical bag. —Coss

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# Little Jazz— The Early Days

By GEORGE HOEFER

**R**OY ELDRIDGE proudly boasted to a *Down Beat* writer in 1937, "When my chops are right, I can pop off a Bb above high C like nothing." Call it bragadocio, musical freakishness, or what you will—today the statement can be interpreted as a forewarning that jazz was on the threshold of radical changes.

The mature listener accepts the facts of art development: time, experience, and education inevitably bring improvements in techniques, more sophistication, and refinements to any creative effort.

Jazz critics, historians, and musicians may differ as to the exact cause, or to the individual artist responsible, for the development of bop, but there can be little argument regarding the fact that certain virtuosos, through daring, better musical educations, and the creative search for self-identification, served as transition figures from early to modern jazz.

In addition to Eldridge, the major names involved include Lester Young, Charlie Christian, Jimmy Blanton, Art Tatum, and Benny Goodman. None of these men can be categorized as bop musicians, yet they all sought to outgrow the confines of swing, a style of music that in itself was transitional.

Eldridge started with no more playing equipment than did the New Orleans pioneers, although he did have the advantage of the quarter-century of improvisational music played before his day. An ebullient young Eldridge went out to play music at an early age having had only a couple of cornet lessons from Rex Stewart, a contemporary with a four-year age advantage. Eldridge possessed a complete inability to read music at the time.

By daring, bluff, and innate talent for emotional communication, Eldridge learned his art — for many years now he has been a virtuoso of the trumpet, flugelhorn, drums, and the jazz vocal. He arranges and composes; he can play any written score. Aside from a smattering of music basics acquired from his elder brother, the late Joe Eldridge, an alto saxophonist-violinist-arranger, Roy is self-taught. His creativeness has been far more important to him than any formal teaching could have been. This characteristic pervades the Eldridge personality.

Eldridge was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., and started playing trumpet in 1923 when he was 12. He based his early

style on the recordings of Red Nichols. When young Stewart, then a member of Joe Eldridge's Elite Scredaders, stayed at the Eldridge home for a while, he showed Roy horn breaks. In later years Roy was to state that he tried to pattern himself after Stewart because he liked the future Ellington cornetist's speed, range, and power.

Eldridge heard his first Louis Armstrong record in 1927. He has acknowledged liking the Armstrong style but was not carried away—then. Yet Armstrong may have had a subconscious effect on Eldridge because about the same time, Eldridge heard Bix Beiderbecke in Detroit with Jean Goldkette's orchestra. His reaction was, "I dug his pretty tone—otherwise I was not impressed."

During Eldridge's early days in New York City, around 1930, he was greatly impressed by the trumpet playing of Cuban Bennett, a cousin of Benny Carter's.

Eldridge has said, "Bennett was a great trumpet player. He was the first cat I heard who was really making his changes in those days. You could call him one of the first of the moderns." The legendary Bennett played only spasmodically and, unfortunately, left no recordings.

Armstrong finally got to Eldridge at Harlem's Lafayette Theater in 1932. It was the first time he heard Armstrong in person. He recalls he sat through two shows and when the New Orleans horn man started to build, chorus after chorus, to a climax on *Chinatown*, he really saw the light. As he put it, "Louis taught me how to tell a story."

Before the Armstrong revelation, Roy was getting to be known as the fastest horn man around town. One Harlem musician said, "He's nice, but he don't say nothing." After the experience of hearing Louis, Little Jazz (an appellation pinned on Eldridge by saxophonist Otto Hardwicke when they both were playing with Elmer Snowden's band at Small's Paradise in 1931), started to feel that if he could combine speed with melody while building a story, he could create something of his own.

Along with influences from other trumpeters, Eldridge has frequently acknowledged the saxophone influence on his playing. In a biographical sketch of Eldridge by Nat Hentoff in *Jazz Makers*, he tells of one of the first tunes he played with a traveling show band in 1927:

"The specialty we played was *Stampede*, on which I played note for note the Coleman Hawkins tenor saxophone solo I learned from the Fletcher Henderson record."

He was later impressed by Benny Carter's alto and the tenor of Leon (Chu) Berry, a close friend and asso-

ciate in the Henderson Grand Terrace band in 1936. In describing the trumpet playing of Cuban Bennett, Eldridge pointed out, "He played more like a saxophone did. You see, the saxophones then (around 1930-32) would run changes, would run through all the passing chords and things, and then do a little turnaround."

One factor in the development of many a jazz artist, a factor frequently ignored, is the now almost obsolete custom of sitting in, and throughout his entire career, Eldridge has been an avid jam-session performer. Coleman Hawkins recently bemoaned the lack of facilities to jam today, but he said, "That Roy finds 'em. All he needs is the making of a rhythm section."

If Roy can't find them, he goes to the basement of his home in Hollis, N. Y., and gets out his tape recorder. He recently mentioned he re-recorded his tune *Wabash Stomp*, originally released on Vocalion in 1937, using four trumpets, piano, and drums—"I played all the parts myself."

The interchange of ideas between musicians in sessions has been beneficial to the development of many jazz styles. It is worthwhile to note that Eldridge first became associated in jam sessions with Art Tatum back in 1931 at Val's Alley, an afterhours spot in Cleveland, Ohio. Tatum, a jazz original in a category of his own, has been credited with being a potent influence on modern jazz. Scoops Carey, alto saxophonist with the 1943 Earl Hines Band, once said, "... in the new movement, the Beacon, the Light, was Tatum. I think he changed everyone who came in contact with him. Not just piano players." Such an influence was exerted on trumpeter Eldridge too.

Starting in 1932, Eldridge could be noted developing his individual style. He played with an intense drive, the agility of a jumping bean, and went beyond Louis Armstrong with his range and brilliance. A listener to his broadcasts from the Three Deuces in 1937 remarked, "That's a clarinet. It ain't possible to play that stuff on a trumpet."

Eldridge became the idol of most young trumpet players between 1935 and '42; musicians and fans deemed him the top trumpeter in the country.

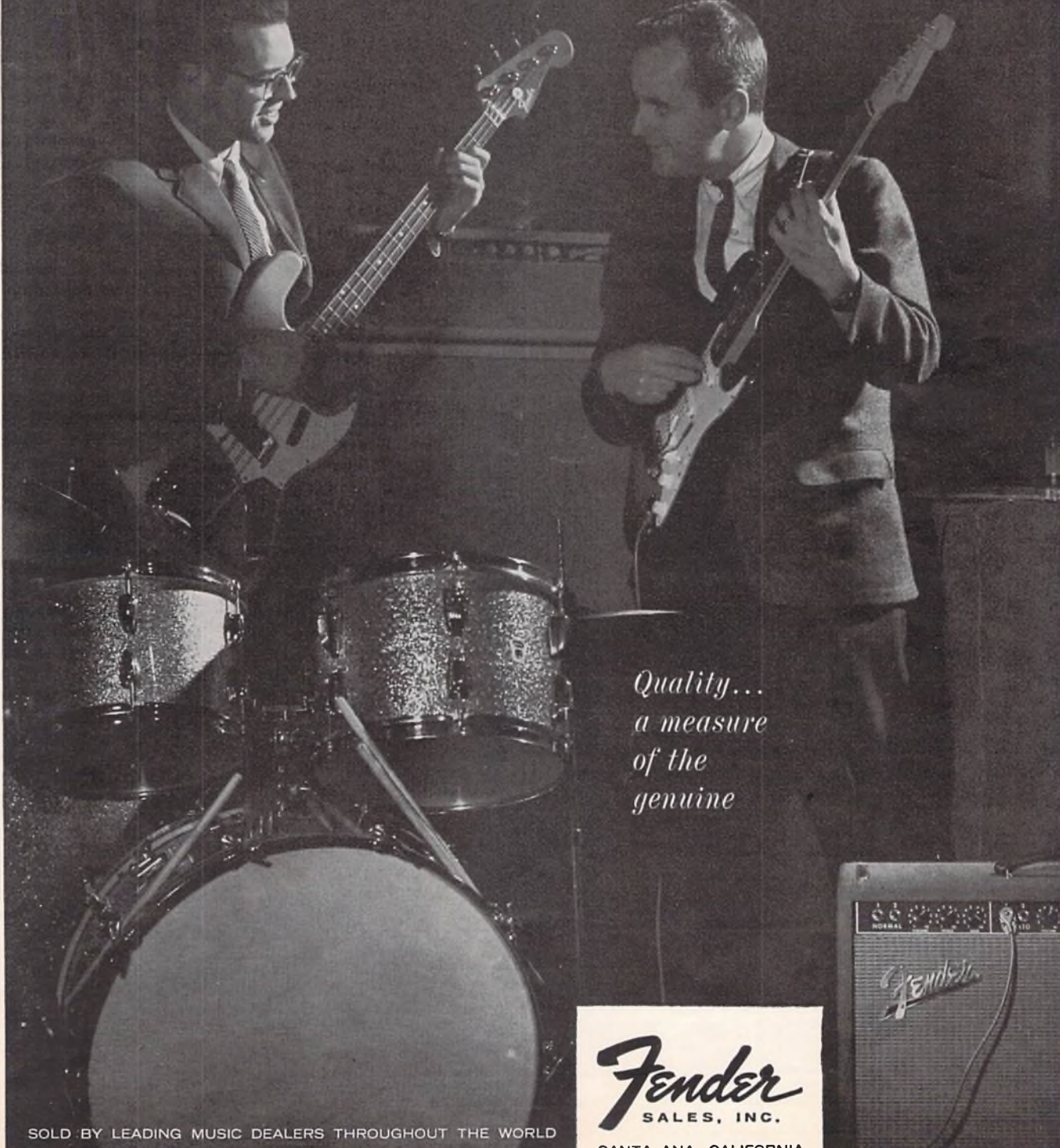
This series has already mentioned (*Hot Box*, Aug. 17, 1961) his influence on Dizzy Gillespie. Trumpeter Buddy Anderson, with the Jay McShann Band that featured Charlie Parker in 1941-42, told writer Frank Driggs of his first meeting with the late Fats Navarro in 1941. "Roy Eldridge was Fats' idol then," Anderson said, "and his own style was based on Roy's to some extent. I told him how Dizzy was soon going to run Roy out of the picture, and

(Continued on page 36)



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## Complete Details

# Down Beat's Sixth Annual Hall of Fame Scholarship Program

*Down Beat* has established two full year's scholarships and ten partial scholarships to the famous Berklee School of Music in Boston, the present home of *Down Beat's* Hall of Fame and one of the nation's most prominent schools in the use and teaching of contemporary American music.

The Hall of Fame scholarship is offered to further American music among young musicians and to perpetuate the meaning of the jazz Hall of Fame.

This year's full scholarships, valued at \$950 each, will be in honor of Miles Davis, chosen by *Down Beat* readers as the 1962 Hall of Fame member. The scholarship shall be awarded to an instrumentalist, arranger, or composer to be selected by a board of judges appointed by *Down Beat*.

The ten additional scholarships will consist of four \$500 and six \$250 grants.

## Who is Eligible?

**Junior division:** (\$3450 . . . one full scholarship of \$950; two partial scholarships of \$500 each; six partial scholarships of \$250 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have graduated from high school and who has not reached his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1963. **Senior division:** (\$1950 . . . one full scholarship of \$950; two partial scholarships of \$500 each.)

Any instrumentalist or arranger/composer who will have had his (or her) 19th birthday on or before September 1, 1963.

Anyone in the world fulfilling the above requirements is eligible.

## Dates of Competition:

Official applications must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1963. The scholarship winners will be announced in a June, 1963 issue of *Down Beat*.

## How Judged:

All decisions and final judging shall be made solely on the basis of musical ability. The judges, whose decisions will be final, will be the editors of *Down Beat* and the staff of the Berklee School of Music.

## Terms of Scholarships:

The Hall of Fame scholarship as offered is a full tuition grant for one school year (two semesters) in the value of \$950. Upon completion of a school year, the student may apply for an additional tuition scholarship grant.

The partial scholarships which are applied to tuition costs for one school year are in the value of: four at \$500, and six at \$250. Students winning these awards also have the option of applying for additional tuition scholarship funds at the end of the school year.

The winners of the scholarships must choose one of two possible starting dates: September, 1963; January, 1964; or forfeit the scholarship.

## How to Apply:

Fill out the coupon below, or a reasonable facsimile, and mail to Hall of Fame Scholarship, *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., to receive the official application form.


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13163

## LITTLE JAZZ from page 34

Fats turned away from me in utter disgust."

Among the many other trumpeters who have acknowledged their indebtedness to Eldridge is Charlie Shavers, one of the best all-around horn men in the business, and there is discernible Eldridge influences found in the playing today of Harry Edison, Emmett Berry, Joe Newman, and many others. 

## SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY OF EARLY ELDRIDGE

New York City, Feb. 26, 1935

Teddy Hill Orchestra—Bill Dillard, Roy Eldridge, Bill Coleman, trumpets; Dickie Wells, trombone; Russell Procope, Howard Johnson, alto saxophones; Hill, Chu Berry, tenor saxophones; Sam Allen, piano; John Smith, guitar; Dick Fulbright, bass; Bill Beason, drums.

HERE COMES COOKIE (16923)

.....Perfect 16093, Melotone 13351,  
Romeo 2488, Banner 33384,  
Oriole 3114, Conqueror 8521

June, 1935

Putney Dandridge Orchestra—Eldridge, trumpet; Dandridge, piano, vocal; Nappy Lamare, guitar; Artie Bernstein, bass; Bill Beason, drums.

NAGASAKI (17729) .....Vocalion 3024

July 2, 1935

Teddy Wilson Orchestra—Eldridge, trumpet; Benny Goodman, clarinet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Wilson, piano; John Trueheart, guitar; John Kirby, bass; Cozy Cole, drums; Billie Holiday, vocal.

WHAT A LITTLE MOONLIGHT CAN DO (17767) Brunswick 7498, 8336

Columbia 36206, CL 6040, CL 637

Dec. 20, 1935

Delta Four—Eldridge, trumpet; Joe Marsala, clarinet; Carmen Mastren, guitar; Sid Weiss, bass.

SWINGIN' AT THE FAMOUS DOOR (60270)

.....Decca 737, 3562

FAREWELL BLUES (60271) Decca 737,3864

Chicago, Feb. 29, 1936

Gene Krupa's Swing Band—Eldridge, trumpet; Goodman, clarinet; Berry, tenor saxophone; Jess Stacy, piano; Allen Reuss, guitar; Israel Crosby, bass; Krupa, drums.

I HOPE GABRIEL LIKES MY MUSIC (100012) Victor 25276, Bluebird 10705,

Blue Ace 231, Camden LP 368

March 27, 1936

Fletcher Henderson Orchestra—Dick Vance, Joe Thomas, Eldridge, trumpets; Fernando Arbello, Ed Cuffee, trombones; Buster Bailey, clarinet, alto saxophone; Scoops Carey, alto saxophone; Elmer Williams, Berry, tenor saxophones; Fletcher or Horace Henderson, piano; Bob Lessey, guitar; Kirby, bass; Sid Catlett, drums.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (1331)

.....Vocalion 3211, Columbia C4L 19

GRAND TERRACE SWING (BIG CHIEF

DE SOTO) (1332) .....Vocalion 3213

BLUE LOU (1333) .....Vocalion 3211,

Columbia C4L 19

STEALIN' APPLES (1334) ..Vocalion 3213,

Columbia C4L 19



## UP BEAT SECTION

# INNER EAR

By BILL MATHIEU

A big jazz band is essentially a big brass band. Even the saxophones—supposed to be a foil for the brass—have a brassy edge and lose their woodwind quality when outnumbered and surrounded by brass. The big-band arranger always faces the over-brass problem; he must find endlessly new ways to rest the ears from a ceaseless barrage of brass.

Many young arrangers are disappointed when they hear what they have intended as climactic passages fall flat when these high points aren't high enough, usually because the low points aren't low enough. When the brass parts are overwritten, the climaxes are ruined. Solution: spare the brass, especially the high brass.

Even better than sparing the brass is changing its color. This can be done by muting and by combination with other instruments.

The use of mutes should be studied exhaustively by every arranger. The best textbook beginning can be made by reading William Russo's chapter on mutes in *Composing for the Jazz Orchestra* (University of Chicago Press), which I believe is the most thorough account of the subject in print.

But first-hand knowledge must be gained by listening experience. The arranger should memorize not only the sounds of the different mutes but also the range of the variation possible with a single mute. (What happens, for instance, when the cone is removed from a harmon mute? How does the color change as the length of the protruding rod is varied?)

Big-band orchestration becomes twice as exciting when the possibilities of mixing muted brass colors are realized. In the hand of a skillful orchestrator, the muted brass section, especially the top two-thirds of it, becomes a quasi-woodwind section. Below is a passage intended to sound more like woodwinds than brass:

♩ = 84 [AT CONCERT PITCH]

TPT 1. HARMON MUTE WITH CONE, ROD EXTENDED

TPT 2. CUP MUTE

TPT 3. STRAIGHT MUTE

ALTO SAXOPHONE

TROMBONE 1. CUP MUTE

TROMBONE 2. STRAIGHT MUTE

The addition of the alto saxophone is significant here. It is the only instrument that is allowed to retain its natural, open sound and, therefore, is the strongest of the colors represented. In this case, the alto lends its quality to the brass, a reversal of the usual process.

Another useful technique is the combination of brass with other instruments, usually saxophones.


Regardless of the combination of brasses with saxophones, a totally new sound is not possible. Equal or nearly equal combinations of the two will take on the color of the lead. For instance, by voicing (in descending order) alto sax, trombone, tenor sax, trombone, and baritone sax one gets a sound like a rich, gutty saxophone section; trombone, tenor sax, trombone, and tenor sax sounds like a mellifluous trombone section; trumpet, alto sax, trombone, and baritone sax sounds mixed, but on the brassy side.

The list is endless. The point to be made is that big bands contain more than a few primary colors. The shadings are often subtle, but music is subtle.

Brass can also be terribly exciting, of course. There is no more stunning musical noise than the full brass ensemble well placed in an arrangement. Because the full force of a brass section is so potent, it must be handled with great care.

One of the first things an arranger should know about a new piece is where these sounds will occur. The rest of the piece might be thought of as approaches to and descents from these plateaus. Gil Evans is the master of this technique.

Such a powerful weapon is bound to be limited. Do not expect the ears to perceive too much harmonic clarity at top volume. If the point of a loud, high passage is its harmonic movement, then it must be written with extra clarity. If the point is to distinguish the parts, then the counterpoint must be kept more distinct than usual. Also, if the lead trumpet goes over high C or D, the second trumpet should not approach closer than a fourth away—providing the lead is supposed to be heard distinctly.

By far the most important thing to remember about fiery passages of brass is that a little goes a long way. 

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# LONGING FOR BAHIA

Arranged by  
Paul Winter

According to altoist-arranger Paul Winter, Longing for Bahia (Saudade de Bahia) is one of the most beautiful bossa nova compositions. Though Dorival Caymmi is credited as the composer, Winter said the tune is really an old Bahian folk song. Winter said he arranged the song after hearing Joao Gilberto sing it.

"I tried to arrange this with the horns playing soft unison or tight harmony in the manner of Joao's phrasing," Winter said.

"The basic figures written here for piano, bass, and drums," he continued, "are only examples, and they should be freely interpreted. The drummer should innovate on the two-bar example given on the first page—it is a fallacy that the rim-shot chop has to be the same throughout in order for the music to be bossa nova."

On the score pages following this one, chords are indicated for piano and bass. The drummer should continue the b.n. rhythm, as guided by the written example. The chords are also used for the solos section, [E] through [I].

The arrangement should be played in a subdued and delicate manner. It can be heard on the Winter sextet's Columbia album Jazz Meets Bossa Nova. The group also performed Longing for Bahia at its White House concert in November.

**Intro**

*Tpt.*

*Alto*

*Bari*

*Piano*

*Bass*

*Brush (on snare or ride cymbal)*

*Rim shot*

*Hi hat pp*

*Bass drum*

**A Unison**

*Tpt.*

*Alto*

*Bari*

*C<sup>maj7</sup>* *G<sup>7</sup>* *G<sup>7b9</sup>* *C<sup>7</sup>* *B<sup>-7</sup>* *E<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>-7</sup>*

*pp* *legato* *Unison* *legato* *pp* *pp*

*pp*



*Tpt.*

*Alto*

*Bari*

Gm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7b9</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup>

*Tpt.*

*Alto*

*Bari*

**B** Ensemble

*legato*

*legato*

*legato*

A<sup>7b5</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7b9</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>9</sup> Cm<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> Am<sup>7</sup>

*Tpt.*

*Alto*

*Bari*

*al $\phi$*

Gm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#7</sup> Fm<sup>7</sup> A<sup>7b9</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> (F<sup>6</sup>) Fm<sup>7</sup> F<sup>#m7</sup> B<sup>7</sup> Em<sup>7</sup>



**Chorus**

Chords: A7b9, Dm7, G9 F7, Em7 D7, C, C9 F7

Parts: Bari, Alto, Trp.

Trp. Solo: *to Solos. to Tag.*

**Verse**

Chords: A7b9, Dm7, G9, Cm7, A7b9, Dm7, G7, Em7

Parts: Bari, Alto, Trp.

Section: **D Ensemble**

**Bridge**

Chords: A7b9, Dm7, Gb9, Cm7, %, Dm6, G7, Em7

Parts: Bari, Alto, Trp.

Section: **C Unison**



# Jazz On Campus

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

Expansion seems to be the dominant theme of college jazz around the country this term.

Indiana University had to add a third big band to accommodate the 60 instrumentalists who auditioned. The first two 17-piece ensembles meet daily for either a full band or sectional rehearsal. The third band meets three times each week. One of the major events on their calendar is a formal concert with the Belles of Indiana, a girls vocal group.

Lead alto duties in the first band at IU are being handled by the winner of the best alto sax award at Notre Dame's Collegiate Jazz Festival last year, Jamie Aebersold.

According to director Buddy Baker, the entire sax section of the band is strong on improvisation. New men in the program who give much promise include Gary Elliot on drums and Dan Swain on bass. Tom Hensley, who also plays with the Al Cobine Midlanders, is back on piano.

Enrollments at Berklee in Boston are up to 240 full-time students from 35 states and 11 foreign countries. These students are enrolled in either the professional diploma course or the degree program initiated with the Boston Conservatory of Music. The first graduates of the degree program accounted for more than 50 percent of the honors graduates of the conservatory this last year.

Berklee has 56 performing, study, or workshop ensembles in operation.

Among them is the new class in theater orchestra or pit band, which gives the student professional training in this phase of music. The repertoire consists of current and recent Broadway show materials. A new faculty member, Joseph Raposo, directs this band.

Also new to the 30-man Berklee faculty are Jack Petersen, guitarist from Dallas, and composer-reed man John LaPorta. LaPorta, with his extensive background in performance and instruction, is teaching arranging, composition, and improvisation.

The Bob James Trio, last year's winners at the Collegiate Jazz Festival, caught the ear of Quincy Jones, who recorded them for Mercury.

Plans for the 1963 Collegiate Jazz Festival are starting to jell. Dates for the competition at the University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind., have been set for March 28 and 29. The theme of this year's festival will be the New Stream in College Jazz.

Jim Robak, a student of Marquette University in Milwaukee, is leading a big band made up of students from Marquette and from the University of Wisconsin.

Last year the Milwaukee *Journal* praised the band as being the finest of its kind in the state. Chuck Howard, who also fronts his own band, is one of the mainstays in the trombone section. Santo Maglio takes care of the solo duties on piano. Two members of the band from last year, Thom Mason and Bill Schaefer, won scholarships in *Down Beat's* 1962 Hall of Fame Scholarship competition.

On the West Coast things are starting to stir at the University of Washington, where the newly formed Huskie dance band is being led by Bruce Caldwell.

## AD LIB from page 10

arriving here from England and will play for three weeks at the Half Note with an American rhythm section beginning on Feb. 4 . . . New York's educational television station (WNTA-TV), which may schedule two hours of jazz shows a week (it may also program the syndicated **Ralph Gleason** show), did present an *Introduction to Jazz* last month with comments by **Martin Williams** and playing by **Doc Cheatham**, **Emmett Berry**, **Kenny Dorham**, trumpets; **Dick Katz**, piano; **Chuck Israels**, bass; **Ben Riley**, drums.

Guitarist and bandleader **Sal Salvador**, scheduled to play a date at the University of North Carolina, found himself hours away on a stalled bus, finally hired private cars, but never made it on time. A court awarded him \$6,000 in damages from the bus company . . . The newest club using jazz in New York is **The Tenament** (52nd St. and Second Ave.), where three floors of the building are put to entertainment use. The street floor is mostly a visitors'

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lounge. On the second is the guitar duo of **George Barnes** and **Carl Kress**. On the top floor is **Roy Haynes'** quartet with alto saxophonist **Frank Strozier**, pianist **Harold Mabern**, and bassist **Henry Grimes** . . . Three new outlying places are the Lampost (Tarrytown, N.Y.), where the **Paul Bley Trio** (**Gary Peacock** on bass) and the **Randy Weston Trio** have played; the **Bobin Inn Restaurant** (Nyack, N.Y.), with sessions on Sundays; and **Michael Roth's** (Schenectady, N.Y.), where name talent plays in a downstairs lounge and helps to pay, by its draw, local musicians who play in an upstairs room.

### EUROPE

The Paris Opera, intent upon revitalizing its ballet corps, has instituted a class in jazz dancing that is obligatory for every dancer to attend at least twice a week . . . In Budapest, Hungary, where the national radio station has a weekly broadcast, *Light Music News Reel*, that includes 15 to 20 minutes of jazz words and music, there is the Hungarian Jazz Club, 600 strong, sponsored by the Federation of Young Communists. It holds weekly sessions that features live sessions and new recordings from other countries.

Early this month, in Koblenz, Germany, about 25 expatriate U.S. jazzmen took part in a concert titled *Americans in Europe*. Among those scheduled to perform were drummer **Kenny Clarke**, trumpeters **Benny Bailey**, **Peanuts Holland**, and **Bill Coleman**; tenorists **Lucky Thompson** and **Don Byas**; clarinetists **Bill Smith** and **Albert Nicholas**; altoist **Herb Geller**; and bassist **Jimmy Woode** . . . **Joachim E. Berend's** American Folk Blues Festival, which toured Germany last fall, was such a success that the German critic has announced he will hold another this year. He said he hopes to have on hand for the 1963 event **Lightnin' Hopkins** and **Muddy Waters**.

**Max Bruel**, one of Denmark's best horn men (baritone, soprano, tenor saxophones) is planning to visit New York and hear the sounds in their own setting this spring. He has won raves from numerous U.S. jazzmen visiting in Copenhagen . . . **Lucky Thompson**, who has been living in Paris and Copenhagen, said he is going to the States the early part of the year and plans to form a group by April . . . **Timme Rosenkrantz**, friend and mentor of the great and near great in New York's jazz world for three decades is back in Copenhagen.

### PHILADELPHIA

Red Hill Inn Manager **Joe DeLuca** may try folk music soon, because top jazz attractions are in such short supply . . . **Jimmy Amadie** backed **Mel Torme** on piano during a recent Red Hill date.

The singer's usual Philadelphia accompanist, **Jimmy Wisner**, now is on the West Coast . . . **Pee Wee Russell** followed **Dizzy Gillespie** into the Latin Casino's Turf Lounge.

Pep's cut the price of its drinks and dropped its name policy for a few weeks. The downtown club is experimenting with local groups . . . Recent attractions at **Herb Keller's** Show Boat were **Max Roach** and **Roland Kirk** . . . **Fred Miles**, who is continuing his Sunday afternoon jazz club sessions, recently recorded an album by pianist **Al Haig**.

**Woody Herman** played three one-nighters here recently—at the 400 Lounge, Sunnybrook in Pottstown, and Drexelbrook . . . **Count Basie** was in for a weekend at the BR Club . . . **Candido**, billed as a "bossa nova drum expert," played the suburban Tally Ho . . . **Josh White** sang at a recent Town Hall concert, and **Leon Bibb** was featured for several weeks at the Second Fret . . . The Heidelberg Sky Room quietly folded its short-lived jazz policy.

### CINCINNATI

**Babe Baker's** Jazz Corner was reactivated with a fortnight's stay by the **Al Grey-Billy Mitchell** Sextet that featured **Dave Burns**, trumpet; **Bobby Hutcherson**, vibraharp; **Herman Wright**, bass; **Candy Finch**, drums. The **Elwood Evans Quartet**, with tenorist **Jimmy McGarry**, followed for a week . . . The part-time jazz policy at the Surf Club is apparently at an end, because of recent boxoffice flops . . . **Louis Bellson** was in town for a three-day drum clinic . . . Vocalist **Judy James** left the Queen City to try New York City.

**Marian McPartland's** rhythm section currently spotlights bassist **Steve Swallow** and drummer **Pete LaRoca**. Miss McPartland's trio shared billing with **Buck Clayton** at the Living Room for two weeks. **Dee Felice's** trio celebrated its first anniversary as house group at the club.

### DETROIT

Self-taught drummer **Norm Purple** has formed a trio that includes **Billy Burrell** (**Kenny's** brother) and **Will Davis** . . . **Sam Head** has joined **Roger Nivan** at the Charleston Club. Nivan recently returned from a tour with **Pee Wee Hunt**, who has broken up his group . . . Minor Key owner **Sam Garmo** has filed a multi-thousand-dollar suit against **Miles Davis**. It is alleged that Davis called Garmo from New York less than two hours before his scheduled opening, saying that his bassist, **Paul Chambers**, was ill and Davis wouldn't make the trip . . . **Bob Pierson** is taking a jazz group on a seven-country European and North African tour for the USO.

Crowds at the Sunday afternoon



workshop session at Mr. Kelly's have been increasing each week. **Sonny Rollins** and **Dave Pike**, among many others, have appeared . . . **George Bohanan** has rejoined **Chico Hamilton** on the West Coast . . . A syndicate has purchased **Sleepy Stein's** Detroit FM license and changed the call letters from the proposed WIND to WLIN. **Don Haney** is their jazz voice.

#### CHICAGO

**Stan Getz** was the featured artist at the Standard Club's end-of-the-year jazz concert. It was the tenorist's first Chicago engagement since *Desafinado*. The following night, an Orchestra Hall event featured Getz, along with the **Cannonball Adderley Sextet** and **Oscar Brown Jr.** . . . **James C. Petrillo**, former president of AFM Local 10, gave his annual Christmas party for blind musicians from both Chicago locals. It was the 26th such party. Petrillo was succeeded by **Barney Richards** as president of Local 10 on Jan. 9.

**Benny Goodman**, with a large band that is scheduled to include cornetist **Bobby Hackett**, is set to be featured at a Feb. 1 Opera House concert. The concert is being produced by **Harry Zelzer's** Allied Arts Corp. . . . The **Melodons**, the Notre Dame High School for Boys stage band conducted by the **Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C.**, played on **Don McNeill's** *Breakfast Club* radio program on the ABC network on Christmas Eve morning. The program also was heard over Voice of America and the Armed Forces Radio Network.

*Down Beat* columnist and pianist **Art Hodes** recently returned from a lecture-concert tour of high schools in surrounding states. Hodes said he estimates he gave talks and played before 25,000 students during the four-week sojourn . . . **John Coltrane** opened to a large crowd at McKie's recently. With Coltrane was **Eric Dolphy**. The group's pianist, **McCoy Tyner**, missed the opening—his wife gave birth to a baby that day.

**Lurlean Hunter** and the **Larry Novak Trio** began an extended engagement at the China Doll, located on N. State St. The trio of **Billy Wallace** is the nights-off group.


Up Minneapolis way, baritonist **Les Rout**, formerly with the **Paul Winter Sextet** and now a graduate student at the University of Minnesota, has been working with the **Tom Talbert** group, which has given several concerts in Minneapolis. Rout described the group as "really a rocking outfit."

#### LOS ANGELES

After giving the Twist a fling for a couple of months, the Beverly Cavern returned to the jazz fold, but on weekends only. Various two-beat groups have been featured . . . Bassist **Curtis**

**Counce** celebrated his first year in residence at Breaker's International Hotel in Long Beach. His swinging trio features **Vivian Fears** on piano and **Jimmy Miller** on drums . . . Following a very successful European tour, **Les McCann Ltd.** returned home to open at the Troubadour on Christmas night for three weeks. Previously a folk-music room, the club embarked on a broader entertainment policy (including jazz, comedy, and folk) initiated by the **Chico Hamilton Quintet** . . . **Irv Goodman** replaced **Bob Higgins** on trumpet with **Johnny Lane's** Dixie outfit still stomping at Jim's Roaring '20s room in the Wonderbowl, Downey. The band now plays Wednesdays through Saturdays . . . Pianist **Charlie Shoemake**, with singer-wife **Sandi Garner** and bassist **George Stearns**, were held over until mid-January at Caesar's Motel.

RCA Victor engineer **Al Schmidt** moved into '63 with a promotion and a new job as a&r man for the label . . . **Earl Echlin**, former pianist with **Charlie Parker**, **Anita O'Day**, **Teddy Edwards**, and others, has returned to music and Hollywood after spending the past 12 years in San Francisco. He plans to form his own group . . . **Pat Senatore** held down the bass spot with **Frank Butler's** short-lived quintet during the drummer's recent dalliance in local clubs.

**RECORD NOTES:** Singer **Gloria Lynne** cut an album here for Everest records, her first for the label. Title: *Gloria Lynne at the Las Vegas Thunderbird* . . . Seeburg Corp. of Chicago sent out the word to buy 2,000 copies of *Eddie Cano at PJ's* (Reprise) album. The pianist's LP is being featured on Seeburg jukes throughout the nation . . . Vocalist **Sue Raney** returned to the Capitol records fold, this time as a "commercial jazz singer." She was under contract to the Tower more than a year ago, but as a pop vocalist. She then served a spell with **Nat Cole's** K-C label. **Ed Yelin**, former Capitol a&r man now associated with **Carlos Gastel** (Cole's manager), is her manager and will produce Miss Raney's recorded material with Capitol's **Lee Gillette** . . . **Nat Cole**, meanwhile, made his debut as an a&r man and recorded his singing discovery, **Joe Bailey**, for K-C in an album arranged by **Belford Hendricks** and **Clyde Otis**. Bailey, 26, is also a songwriter . . . **Fred Astaire's** Ava (nee Choreo) records made a deal with Astaire's string of dance studios to provide the studios with copies of **Harry Betts' Bossa Nova Goes to the Movies**, on Ava, equipped with a bossa nova dance instruction booklet to be used to teach students . . . Bandleader **Johnny Catron** reports his LP *25 Years of Swing* is getting big play on Bavaria's largest radio station in Munich, Germany. 



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# In The Next Issue: SPOTLIGHT ON Composers and Arrangers

The Feb. 14 Down Beat goes on sale at newsstands Thurs., Jan. 31.

Coast to Coast

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# WHERE & WHEN

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

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

## NEW YORK

Basin St. East: Count Basie, Joe Williams  
Nipsey Russell, to 1/20. Ella Fitzgerald, 1/21-2/16.  
Robin Inn: jazz, wknds.  
Central Plaza: sessions, Fri.-Sat.  
Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): sessions, Tue.  
Club Cinderella: Ephraim Resnick, Sun.  
Condon's: Tony Parenti, *t/n*.  
Embers: Jonah Jones, *t/n*.  
Gaslight (Long Island): jazz, wknds.  
Half Note: Bob Brookmeyer-Clark Terry to 1/31.  
Harout's: Archie Shepp-Bill Dixon, *t/n*.  
Junior's: jazz, wknds.  
Kenny's Steak House: Herman Chittison, *t/n*.  
Lampost (Tarrytown, N.Y.): Paul Bley, wknds.  
Metropole: Woody Herman to 1/31.  
The Most: Chuck Wayne, Milt Sealey, *t/n*.  
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *t/n*.  
Open End: Sol Yaged, Tue. Sessions, Sun.  
Penn Brook Inn (Elizabeth, N.J.): jazz, Mon.  
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *t/n*.  
Speakeasy: Art Blakey Jr., *t/n*.  
Take 3: Freddie Redd, *t/n*.  
Village Gate: Horace Silver, Chris Connor, Jan. wknds.

## PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): Tony Spair, Mon., Fri.  
Krechmer's: Billy Krechmer-Tommy Simms, *hb*.  
Latin Casino: Peggy Lee, 2/25-3/10.  
Picasso: Johnny Walker, *t/n*.  
Red Hill Inn: Oscar Peterson, 2/1-3.  
Sunnybrook (Pottstown): name bands, Sat.

## NEW ORLEANS

Blue Room: Dukes of Dixieland, 1/17-31.  
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *t/n*.  
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.  
Dynasty Room: Armand Hug, *t/n*.  
El Morocco: Murphy Campo, *t/n*.  
Famous Door: Mike Lala, *t/n*. Santo Pecora, *t/n*. Leon Prima, Sun, Tue.  
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *t/n*. Leon Prima, Mon.  
Music Haven: Ellis Marsalis, *t/n*.  
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *t/n*. Marvin Kimbell, Wed.  
Willie Pep's: Stan Mendelson, *t/n*.  
Pepe's: Laverne Smith, *t/n*.  
Playboy: Al Belletto, Dave West, Ed Fenasci, The Four More, Snooks Eaglin, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.  
10 Down: Ronnie Dupont, *t/n*.  
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

## DETROIT

Baker's Keyboard: Paul Winter to 1/20. Jackie & Roy, 1/21-2/2.  
Cliff Bell's: Eddie Webb, Lizzy Doyle, *t/n*.  
Checker Bar B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, *t/n*.  
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, *t/n*.  
Drome: Dorothy Ashby, *t/n*.  
Duchess: T. J. Fowler, *t/n*.  
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob James, *t/n*.  
Hobby Bar: Charles Rowland, Mon.-Wed.  
Left Bank: Ted Sheely, *t/n*.  
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions, Sun.  
Minor Key: Ahmad Jamal to 1/20. Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, *t/n*.  
Red Mill: Joe Perna, Mark Richards, *t/n*.  
Sammy G's: Ronnie Phillips, *t/n*.  
Topper Lounge: Danny Stevenson, *t/n*.  
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *t/n*.  
The '20s: Percy Jackson, *t/n*.  
20 Grand (Fireside Lounge): Charles Rowland, Fri.-Sun.

## CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Bob Sobey, Art Hodes, *t/n*.  
Club Alex: Muddy Waters, wknds.  
China Doll: Lurlean Hunter, Larry Novak, *t/n*.  
Gaslight Club: Frankie Ray, *t/n*.  
Gate of Horn: Oscar Brown Jr. to 2/10.  
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Wed.-Sun.  
Hungry Eye: The Jazz People, *t/n*.  
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *t/n*. Franz Jackson, Thur.  
London House: Henry (Red) Allen to 1/27. Paul Winter, 1/29-2/19. Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.  
McKie's: Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis to 2/3.  
Mister Kelly's: Jack E. Leonard, Wyoma Winters, to 1/27. Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.  
Opera House: Benny Goodman, 2/1.  
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, Billy Wallace, *hbs*.  
Sahara Motel: John Frigo, Thur., Fri.  
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, wknds.  
Sutherland: *unk*.  
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trottier, *t/n*.

## LAS VEGAS

Desert Inn: Joe Venuti-Bobby Stevenson, *t/n*.  
Dunes: Clyde McCoy to 2/1.  
Flamingo: Ruth Olay to 1/23. Lionel Hampton, Gloria Tracy, to 1/31. Fats Domino, 1/31-2/20.  
New Frontier: Matty Matlock-Eddie Miller, *t/n*.  
Riviera: Johnny Desmond to 2/13.  
Silver Slipper: Charlie Teagarden-Bill Harris, *t/n*.  
Thunderbird: Louis Bellson, Peggy Dietreich, Town Pipers, to 1/31.  
Tropicana: Mary Kaye to 2/10.

## LOS ANGELES

Aldo's: Joe Loco, *t/n*.  
Azure Hills Country Club (Riverside): Hank Messer, *t/n*.  
Breakers International Hotel (Long Beach): Curtis Counce, Vivian Fears, Jimmy Miller, *t/n*.  
Blue Port Lounge: Bill Beau, *t/n*.  
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russell, Southland Seven, *t/n*.  
Eagle Rock Lanes: Frank Strazzeri, Jim Whitwood, Dave Gardiner, wknds.  
Gazzarri's: Kellie Greene, *t/n*.  
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): Johnny Lucas' Original Dixieland Blue Blowers, wknds.  
Hermosa Inn: Jack Langlos, The Saints, wknds.  
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *t/n*.  
Intermission Room: Three Souls, *t/n*.  
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, Arthur Schutt, *t/n*.  
Knickerbocker Hotel: Ben Pollack, *t/n*.  
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.  
Losers: Anita O'Day to 1/31.  
Marty's: William Green, *t/n*.  
Metro Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.  
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, *t/n*.  
Montebello Bowl: Ken Latham, *t/n*.  
Mr. Adams: Richard (Groove) Holmes, Gene Edwards, Leroy Henderson, *t/n*.  
PJ's: Eddie Cano, *t/n*.  
Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, Tue.-Sun.  
Rubaiyat Room: (Watkins Hotel): Kenny Dennis, *t/n*.  
Rubin's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, Sun.-Mon.  
Rubin's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue.-Wed., Sat.  
Scene: Victor Feldman, *t/n*.  
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, Fri.-Sun. Jack Sheldon, Mon. Frank Rosolino, Tue. Paul Horn, Wed. Teddy Edwards, Thur. Sun. afternoon concerts.  
Sheraton West: Red Nichols, *t/n*.  
Sherry's: Pete Jolly, Bill Plummer, *t/n*.  
Sinbad's (Santa Monica): Betty Bryant, *t/n*.  
Spigot (Santa Barbara): jazz, Sun.  
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, *t/n*.  
Tender House (Burbank): Joyce Collins, Chuck Berghofer, Sun.-Mon.  
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *t/n*.  
23 Skidoo (Westwood): Art Levin, Spencer Quinn, Excelsior Banjo Band, *t/n*.

## SAN FRANCISCO

Bit of England (Burlingame): Don Alberts, Sun.  
Black Hawk: George Shearing to 2/3. Dizzy Gillespie, 2/5-24. Miles Davis, 2/26-3/17.  
Beer Keg: Clifford Thornton, wknds.  
Burp Hollow: Frank Goulette, wknds.  
Derby (Redwood City): Jack Millar, Geneva Vallier, wknds.  
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, *t/n*.  
Embers (Redwood City): Manny Duran-Faith Winthrop, Jo Ryder, wknds.  
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *t/n*.  
Fairmont Hotel: Louis Armstrong to 1/30. Billy Eckstine, 1/31-2/20. Vic Damone, 2/21-3/13.  
Ginza West: Dick Salzman, *t/n*.  
Gold Rush (San Mateo): Lionel Sequeira-Con Hall, Sun.  
Jazz Workshop: Chico Hamilton to 1/24. Art Blakey, 1/25-2/10. Zoot Sims, 2/12-24.  
Left Bank (Oakland): Pat Britt, Sun.  
Mesa (San Bruno): George Lee, wknds.  
Mr. Otis: Jim Lowe, wknds.  
Off Broadway: Jerry Granelli, *hb*.  
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *t/n*, plus Frank Erickson, wknds.  
Sheraton-Palace Hotel: Pat Yankee's Sinners, *t/n*.  
Sugar Hill: Virgin Island Steel Band to 1/19.  
Sonny Terry-Brownie McGhee, 1/21-2/2. Joe Williams, Junior Mance, 2/14-3/2. Redd Foxx, 3/4-27. Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan, 2/28-3/13.  
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Willie Francis, Wed.-Thur. Jack Taylor, wknds.  
Tin Pan Alley (Redwood City): The Naturals, Mon.-Tue. Bernie Kahn, Wed.-Sun.  
Ti-Tones (Redwood City): Sammy Simpson, *t/n*.  
Trident (Sausalito): Vince Guaraldi, *t/n*.



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