

FEBRUARY 14, 1963 35c

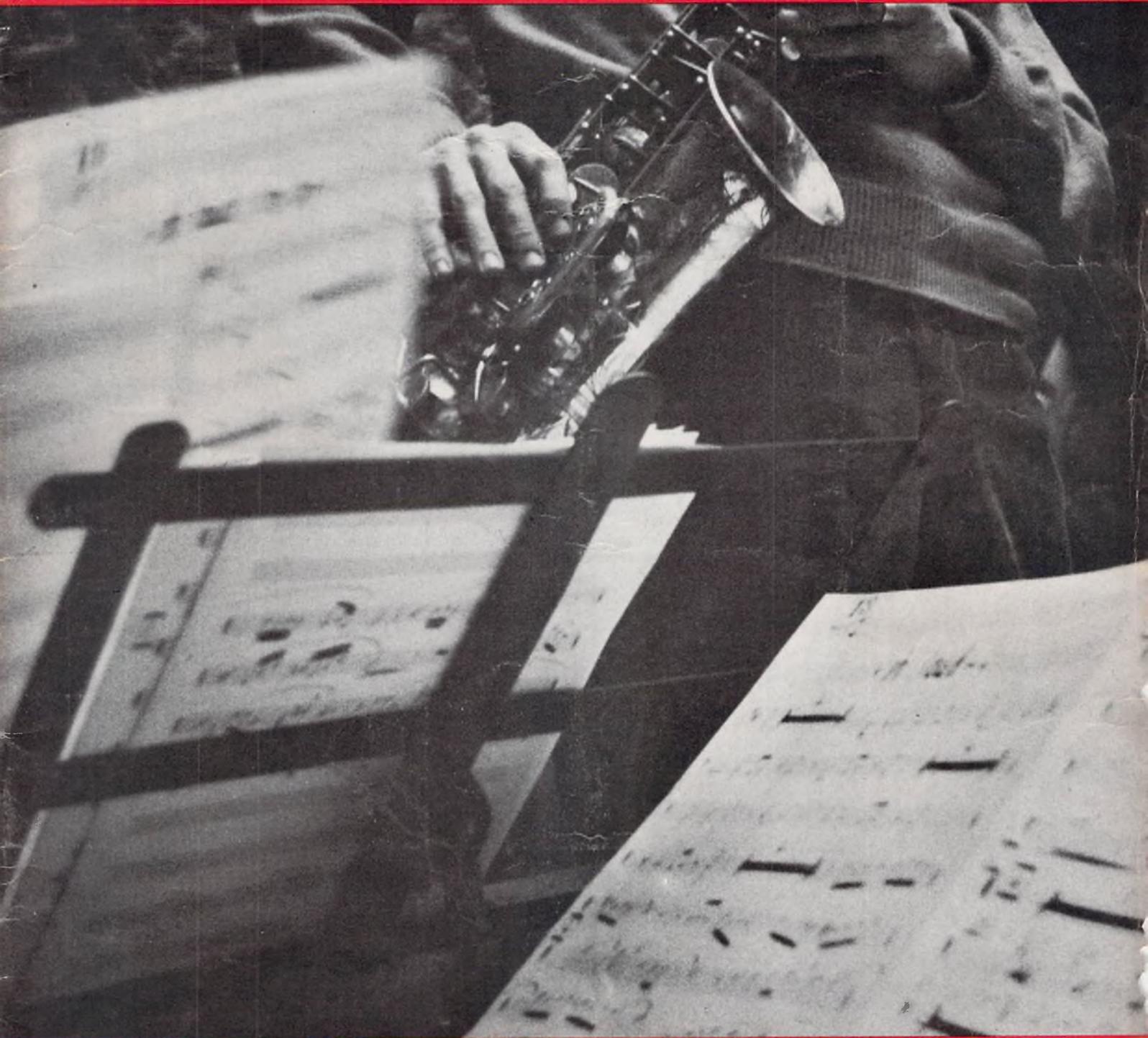
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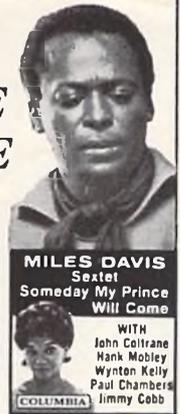
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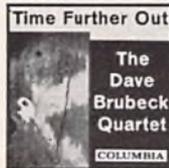
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51



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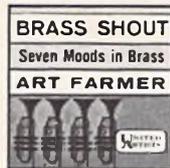
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475 Regular Only



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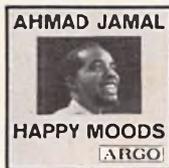
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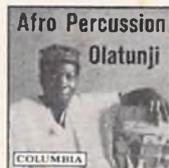
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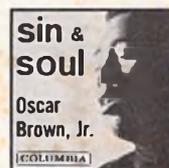
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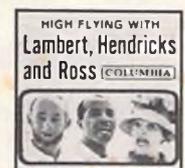
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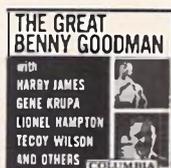
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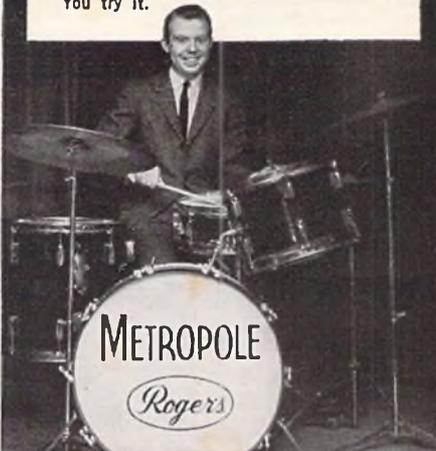
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Cover Photo: Lawrence N. Shustak

THINGS TO COME: The Feb. 28 Down Beat, which goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Feb. 14, will contain a profile of tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves, a report on the Institute of Jazz Studies, a behind-the-scenes account of the jazz movement in Russia, and many other features.

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Chords & Discords

An Author Replies

In reviewing my *The New Jazz Book* (Hill & Wang), Don Nelsen feels that I have claimed Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Christian, Thelonious Monk "were the first to use flatted fifths."

Nelsen took my sentence out of its context. In the book the context is clear: flatted fifths as a basis for harmonic progression. That's why I offered the comparison between the "flatted fifths" of the boppers and the "tritone" of Hindemith's *Craft of Musical Composition*. This all is on page 111. But on page 51 in my book, it says, "Toward the end of the '20s, there is evidence of the flatted fifth, the interval so characteristic of bop, in more than one Ellington piece." So, maybe Nelsen read a little bit too fast.

In the foreword to the German edition of my book, the sources of all the quotations—including *Down Beat*—are mentioned. It is not my fault that this foreword was not included in the American edition.

The whole form and structure of the book makes clear its introductory nature. That's why it was written. So, why doesn't Nelsen give the book a review on what it is—not on what he feels it should be?
Baden-Baden, Germany

Joachim E. Berendt

Happy About It All

I just do not know enough superlatives to express my enthusiasm for Gene Lees' article in the Nov. 22 issue, the group it was written about, and above all the leader, Bill Evans.

In my opinion Evans is by far the most important pianist in jazz today (although I must not forget to mention the much-underrated Phineas Newborn Jr.), and I am looking forward to Evans' coming to Europe one day. He is one of the few major American jazz musicians who has not yet played here, as far as I know.
Almelo, The Netherlands A. J. Vogelsang

Every One Of Them

I'd like to thank "my" 136 voters for taking a moment to write my name on a ballot for the 27th *Down Beat* Readers Poll.

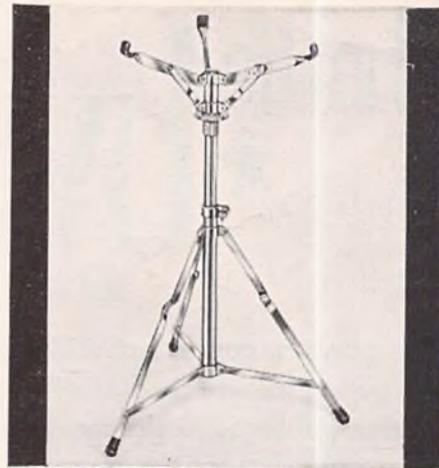
New York City Mark Murphy

Polls Too Limited?

There is doubtless a lot of controversy concerning the worth of jazz polls. I know people who consider polls very cruel devices and others who depend almost completely upon them for guidance in record-buying.

I believe they are valuable to a certain point, as they provide a fairly accurate reflection of the general opinion. This year, however, I was more confused than ever when it came to selecting only one representative as my favorite on a single instrument.

I think we need a few more categories. In particular, it's impossible for me to find an equal plane of comparison upon which to place Coltrane and Getz. Al-



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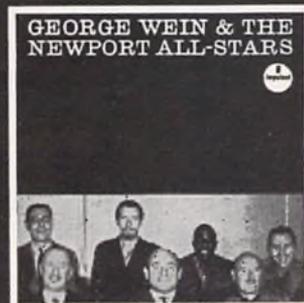
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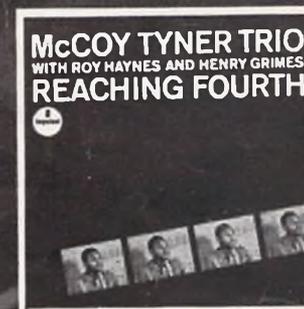
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GEORGE WEIN & THE NEWPORT ALL-STARS
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though they play the same instrument, they are in two entirely different realms of expression, and both men are excellent in their own way. As the years pass, this bewildering situation is increasing steadily.

The establishment of separate categories for the same instrument would be a task, for sure. As I see it, however, that is the only alternative we have if we are to consider the poll a true reflection of merit. Burlingame, Calif. Gene Miller

DeFranco A Credit To Jazz

Recently my faith in jazz was restored when the second district music educators of Idaho presented a clinic and concert by Buddy DeFranco. During the concert, DeFranco appeared with a 100-piece band made up of high school students and later with a stage band with which he introduced modern jazz to an audience that was for the most part definitely unhip.

Certainly there were other things that he could have devoted his time to; however, here was a 14-time *Down Beat* poll winner, expending his time and talent in an area where poll votes are infinitesimal, and even record sales are few. His performance was as first-rate as I expected it to be, and, exchanging a few words with him after the concert, I was impressed by his personable and sincere manner.

I would not be so ridiculous as to suggest that jazz be taken out of the smoke-filled clubs and thoroughly whitewashed, yet I feel it is a step forward when men of DeFranco's stature take time to work with young people. Who knows? Maybe one of them will be the next Buddy DeFranco. At any rate, DeFranco, the Stan Kenton clinics, and such are doing jazz a great service.

Lewistown, Idaho

Dizzy Greer

Thanks And A Correction

I wish to express my appreciation to critic Joachim Berendt (*Jazz in Southeast Asia*) for his favorable comparison of my music to that of such greats as Farlow and Raney, both of whom I have great admiration for.

I would also like to set the record straight, however, by correcting the Teutonic spelling of my name—it is Fonseca, not Vonseca. Also, I don't have or use an artificial limb. I just make do with what's left of a malformed arm.

Hong Kong

Frank Fonseca

In Praise Of Percussionists

A good percentage of the musicians you've interviewed, especially Don Ellis (*Blindfold Test*, Nov. 22), have devoted much of their comments to putting down drummers and bassists. The common complaint is that these musicians are behind everyone else and have to catch up; they haven't changed, and so on.

If anyone can name a more advanced musician than Joe Morello, let him speak. The whole Dave Brubeck group, including bassist Gene Wright, is far ahead of anyone else. Morello is more rhythmically advanced than any jazz musician alive. And don't tell me he can't play melodically; whoever says this should do some careful listening.

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Joel Zabor

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NEW YORK

As the year got into gear, there still were no special lights of happiness. Most jazz clubs in New York City were hurting badly from what seemed like the recession of 1960. Some, like the Village Gate, opened only for weekends. The Gate doesn't begin a full-week schedule until March 7.

One of the jazz record companies reported here for sale (*DB*, Jan. 31) will be sold to another jazz record company; the other deal is still in the talking stage.

Still, while all this is going on, and musicians are reporting that nothing has been as bad as current conditions, there is surprising amount of jazz now in Greenwich Village. The newest club is the Surf Maid on Bleecker St., and its group is led by pianist **Joe Saye**—and there is, perhaps, some satisfaction to be taken from this current scene in that two of the youngsters currently leading groups in the Village are **Art Blakey Jr.** and **Tyree Glenn Jr.** Apparently their fathers never told them how rough it is out here.

That must somehow connect with a Jan. 3 concert in Coblenz, Germany. On that day was held a concert titled American Musicians in Europe. It pointed up the increasing number of U. S.-born musicians now living in Europe most, if not all, of the time. The band was led by drummer **Kenny Clarke** (representing



CLARKE

Paris), and included trumpeters **Benny Bailey** (Berlin), **Idrees Sulieman** (Sweden), and **Nelson Williams** (Holland); saxophonists **Sonny Criss** (France), **Herb Geller** (Berlin), **Don Byas** (Holland), **Lucky Thompson** (France), and **Sahib Shihab** (Denmark); pianists **Bud Powell** and **Kenny Drew** (both Paris); guitarist **Jimmy Gourley** (Paris); bassist **Jimmy Woode** (Sweden); organist **Lou Bennett** (Italy); clarinetist **Bill Smith** (Italy); and a traditional band with clarinetist **Albert Nicholas**, trumpeter **Peanuts Holland**, and drummer **Panama Francis**, all from Paris.

Monte Kaye and **Pete Cameron**, both long-time jazz producers, agents, and clubowners, have now begun Jazz Theater, a record production company, that will be run by **Alan Douglas**, previously of United Artists. Its major function will be to conceive of, then record, and then sell performances to undisclosed "major record labels." Nothing is yet settled, but three projects are under way: **Chris Connor** will be recorded live in Paris and London, and there will be a recording of the orchestra **Bill Russo** has been rehearsing in London.

Further proof of versatility and pleasure was evident about trumpeter **Clark Terry** when late last month he played quiet choruses at the Village Gate behind folk singer **Odetta** . . . Travel notes: **Erroll Garner** will return to Britain in April; **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan** will tour Europe in March; **Nat Cole** will go to the Far East for the last three weeks of February . . . **Sal Salvador's** specially designed guitar was stolen from his car on Broadway in broad daylight.

Jim Giuffre will be a part of a several-part classical concert in Town Hall Feb. 17, organized by conductor-com-

(Continued on page 45)



KAYE

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February 14, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 4



RICHARDS PETRILLO
"I unionized this town."

PETRILLO BOWS OUT, AND AN ERA ENDS

James C. Petrillo, president of Chicago's AFM Local 10 for 40 years, called for support of the local's new administration and offered it his help in a long farewell speech at the inauguration ceremonies held at the union's headquarters early this month. Petrillo was defeated by Barney Richards in a December election that saw most of the candidates nominated by an insurgent group, Chicago Musicians for Union Democracy, swept to victory in the local's first election since 1932.

In his speech, Petrillo, who had been incommunicado — even to Richards — since the election, recounted his struggles in keeping gangsterism out of the union and told how he unionized Chicago musicians:

"When I became president 40 years ago, 50 percent of the musicians were nonunion. . . . I unionized this town—no business agents, I was alone. It was sweat—sweat, blood, and tears—but I did it."

He went on to say that if he had been killed—he was threatened often—in the rough-and-tumble days of the 1920s and '30s, a period when he had constant bodyguards, the union would have gone with him, because the hoodlums would have taken over and "we wouldn't be the richest union in the country." (Local 10 has assets of approximately \$5,000,000.)

Petrillo also defended the recent increase in the wage scale for the local's members, saying that though some members would lose work, this was to be expected. He recalled that many musicians were working in the time of silent-movie theaters and pointed out that since that era there has been a steadily decreasing number of job op-

portunities for musicians. He emphasized, as he has on many occasions, that musicians were putting themselves out of business by making phonograph records.

He recounted that when, in 1942, as president of the American Federation of Musicians, he refused to let musicians record, Congress and the judicial branch of the federal government repeatedly called him to testify before committees and courts.

"I raised my right arm so many times swearing to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that I got rheumatism," he recalled.

He concluded his speech in tears and choked voice calling for God and America to continue blessing Local 10. The more than 700 members attending the ceremony gave him a standing ovation. Comedian George Jessel, who was to speak after Petrillo, tearfully embraced the ex-president.

President Richards concluded the ceremony with a short speech accepting Petrillo's offer to help the incoming administration.

After the swearing-in of officers, Petrillo handed the chairman's gavel to Richards, quickly shook hands with the new president, said nary a word, and left the room.

STATE DEPARTMENT ALTERS PROGRAM AFFECTING JAZZ

The advisory commission surveying the effectiveness of the State Department's cultural presentations program, which has employed jazz groups in several tours overseas (*DB*, Jan. 17, 31), has recommended that the department change the manner in which it has conducted the program since its inception in 1954. The survey was conducted at the request of Undersecretary of State Lucius D. Battle. Department spokesmen indicated approval of most changes suggested by the commission's 30-page report.

A major revision in the program will be the discontinuance of the role played by the American National Theater and Academy, which has administered the program, including selection of performers by ANTA-appointed panels for recommendation to the State Department and negotiating with the artists after the department had made its selections. The department will in the future administer the program directly. It was recommended, however, that the selecting panels be retained and their present members reappointed.

In place of ANTA, which was praised for being of assistance in getting the program established, the department will reactivate an advisory committee on the arts, made up of "highly respected, knowledgeable, and statesmen-like individuals from the world of the

arts." The committee would select artists to tour for the government and "provide over-all policy-level guidance and counsel" to administrators of the program.

The initial step implementing the advisory commission's recommendations was the appointment of Glenn G. Wolfe, who also served on the commission, as the program's director in place of Heath Bowman, who was director from 1960. Bowman was named head of a secretariat that will service the advisory committee.

The commission's report also recommended that long-range planning be instituted and that increased recognition be given those artists participating in the program. The survey also pointed out that amateur groups had been successful overseas and that they be used as often as possible, selection possibly to be made at various competitions.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG SAYS HE WILL RETIRE—AGAIN

At a recent press and radio conference in San Francisco, doughty trumpet veteran Louis Armstrong announced his intention to take a year's vacation beginning next July. When reminded by a reporter that he had made a similar remark a year ago, the trumpeter replied that he really meant it this time. He said he'll use the free time to write and to edit the many tape recordings he has accumulated. In the meantime, there's a tour of Korea and the Far East for his sextet beginning in March.

The conference was called in connection with San Francisco mayor George Christopher's proclamation of Louis Armstrong Day in honor of the 62-year-old jazzman's "notable achievements throughout the world as an unofficial ambassador of goodwill for the United States." The mayor also praised Armstrong for his "wonderful talent" and hailed him as "a great American."

NAT TOWLES DIES IN CALIFORNIA

Nat Towles, 54, nationally known bandleader in the 1930s and '40s, died recently in a Berkeley, Calif., hospital after a sudden onset of heart trouble. Retired from music since the late '50s, Towles came to Berkeley in 1959 and bought a tavern, which he operated until his death. He is survived by his widow, Ruth, and a daughter, Carmen, 7.

Born in New Orleans, Towles, a bassist, played there with such as Henry Allen Sr., Punch Miller, and Buddy Petit. He formed his own band in the early '20s and worked around Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Subsequently he took over the Wiley College Band in Austin, Texas, and took it to Dallas, eventually building it into the state's best band. In 1936 he and his band moved to Omaha, Neb., and soon

were regular occupants of the Dreamland Ballroom.

During its years in Omaha, the Towles orchestra made numerous trips to the Southwest and South, playing the best clubs and ballrooms. Among the band's members were pianist Sir Charles Thompson, trombonists Henry Coker and Fred Beckett, trumpeters Paul King and Nat Bates, drummer "Little Nat" Williams, and tenorist Buddy Tate, who insisted the Towles band was superior to the Basic orchestra of those pre-1939 years. Towles also bought what were Neil Hefti's first professional arrangements, written while Hefti was in high school in Omaha.

During World War II the Towles orchestra played many war bond and Army camp programs. After the war the band worked in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, and New York City, but in 1949, Towles broke up his big band. After disbanding, Towles led a sextet until 1959, when he retired.

NATIONWIDE VIEWING FOR 'JAZZ CASUAL'

Jazz Casual, a series of 30-minute informal programs, hosted by critic Ralph J. Gleason, is or soon will be seen in most major metropolitan areas. Shown by the National Educational Television Network on noncommercial stations, the first series is made up of eight programs featuring a different jazz attraction for each half-hour film.

Included in the first series are performances by the Dave Brubeck Quartet, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Sonny Rollins & Co., the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet, the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, Carmen McRae, and Jimmy Witherspoon accompanied by Ben Webster.

The network's enthusiasm for the first series was such that Gleason now is working on the second series, which will include programs by Gerry Mulligan, Jimmy Rushing, Earl Hines, John Coltrane, and Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan. A third series also will be filmed, according to Gleason.

The program is unique in that the leader of the featured group on each program is, in effect, the music director.

"The musicians are encouraged to set up and arrange themselves in a manner most natural to them," Gleason added. The series currently is seen on 49 stations.

Beginning March 3 the series will be shown in New York City, Chicago, San Francisco (where the programs are filmed at station KQED), Boston, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Seattle, Milwaukee, and Houston.

TOSHIKO AND CHARLIE MARIANO TO LIVE IN JAPAN

Pianist Toshiko Mariano recently announced that she and her husband, sax-

ophonist Charlie Mariano, will leave the United States in February to make their permanent home in Tokyo, where she lived from 1946 to 1956, when she left to study at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, Mass.

Explaining why the couple decided to live in Japan, Toshiko told *Down Beat*, "When I left Japan to come to the Berk-



TOSHIKO

To go back home

lee school, I promised my parents that I would be back in four years.

"Then, of course, in the meantime I met Charlie, who was at the time working opposite me in a group led by Shelly Manne, and we got married, and I haven't, with the exception of a two-month tour of Japan last year, made good the promise I made to my mother well over four years ago.

"We'll have our own club, and in addition, we'll do some teaching and hope to get a look at a cross section of Japanese jazz musicians. You see, we have a two-month tour set again, and our bassist and drummer we have now will make the tour and then return to the States at the tour's end. So we'll be in the market for a rhythm section, subsequent to the tour."

FESTIVAL SEASON GETS UNDER WAY ON CAMPUSES

The college jazz festival season swings into high gear with two important campus events in coming weeks.

On the weekend of Feb. 21-22, Villanova University, near Philadelphia, will conduct its third annual Intercollegiate Jazz Festival competition.

A change in judging procedures was necessitated by the large number of college groups that applied for entrance. Tape recordings submitted by the applicant groups were subjected to a preliminary screening at the Berklee School of Music to determine which groups would compete for the prizes (instruments, scholarships, and night-club and concert engagements) at the festival. It

was initially planned that live auditions of all groups would be conducted on the Villanova campus prior to the Feb. 22 finals.

Meanwhile, plans are proceeding busily at South Bend, Ind., for the fifth annual Collegiate Jazz Festival to be held March 29-30 at the University of Notre Dame. Stressing the theme, the New Wave in College Jazz, the festival program, with student Charles Murphy as chairman, will consist of three preliminary contests and a final competition held on the evening of March 30.

Individual prizes in the form of musical instruments donated by various instrument manufacturers will be awarded best instrumentalists; scholarships to the National Band Camps will be given the most promising leader, arranger, and soloists; winners in the combo and big-band categories will receive night-club and concert engagements, and a trophy will be awarded to the one judged the finest jazz group at the festival.

Selection of the approximately 20 groups to perform at the festival is being done by judging tape recordings of the applicants. College groups wishing to apply should submit a taped sample lasting about 10 minutes in length and containing at least two selections. Tapes and further inquiries should be sent to Collegiate Jazz Festival, Box 115, Notre Dame, Ind. Deadline for all applications is Feb. 18.

SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE TO NEW YORK JAZZ SCHOOL

Teenagers with musical backgrounds interested in learning more about jazz are being offered opportunities to win two-year scholarships to the Jazz Arts Society's New York School of Jazz. There are 100 scholarships. The non-profit society, now three years old, is currently accepting applications for the school's comprehensive instruction program from students of limited means resident in New York City and in good standing in their regular day school.

Application forms, available through the music departments of participating schools and at the New York School of Jazz, 16 W. 55th St., New York 19, N.Y., must be signed by the applicant's parent or guardian. Further, the applicant must be recommended by his school's music instructor. Examinations for the scholarships will be conducted during the week of Feb. 11, when applicants will be examined in playing, theory, sight-reading or -singing, and ear-training categories.

Classes at the school will begin Feb. 25. The curriculum will include elementary theory, instrumental instruction, harmony, conducting, composition, ensemble instruction, arranging, music appreciation, and voice instruction, among others.

A FOREIGN journalist, when he arrives in Poland, invariably looks for the sensational. He usually tries to make some contacts in the Polish jazz movement. When he succeeds—and it is not at all difficult—he is always disappointed. He expects to be able to uncover jazz catacombs or music of protest or some other sensation. Instead, he finds a thoroughly stabilized jazz scene, with even an avant garde flavor.

The Polish jazz movement is based on a rather peculiar ideology evolved over several years of trial and error. Therefore, we have sought for something more than mere enjoyment from synopated music. For most Polish jazz musicians, jazz is an end in itself, i.e., the only medium for full artistic expression.

The leaders and sponsors of the Polish jazz movement treat jazz also as a medium. For what? For musical education, in its broadest meaning, for youth.

To understand this point of view, we have to start with truisms. Jazz is the music of youth. Generally speaking, young people, between the age of 12 and 25, are interested in this music.

Then they grow out of jazz, as some grow out of collecting stamps or photographs of movie stars. Now, what happens to these more mature persons? They either lose interest in music altogether or move toward classical music. While they are interested in jazz, these youngsters are ready to make sacrifices for it. They are even prepared to learn.

We maintain that to understand and appreciate the complicated character of modern jazz, each jazz fan should have a basic knowledge of music. Therefore, we try to teach them music through this enthusiasm for jazz. The whole jazz activity in Poland is the result of such an approach.

For the last year jazz has been a compulsory subject in a number of our high schools. These lessons in jazz were in addition to lessons in classical music. The topics of both lessons were supplementary.

The heads of some music schools feel that classical students should have some knowledge of jazz and have organized jazz classes accordingly. One of our conservatories is organizing a class especially for those students who wish to specialize in jazz.

The Polish Jazz Federation, together with the National Philharmonic Orchestra, is organizing a permanent jazz school in Warsaw.

The main difficulty in realizing all these projects is to find specialists who can lecture on jazz.

For five years the National Philharmonic and other philharmonics have arranged monthly jazz concerts. The results are surprising. The audiences at



Two members of the Polish Jazz Outsiders group: trumpeter Stanimir Stanczew and tenorist Ptaszyn Wroblewski.

these concerts, where mostly modern and difficult jazz has been presented, more and more often also attend symphony concerts. They have overcome their awe of the traditional concept of a concert hall.

We were not surprised, therefore, when a leading musicologist, not at all interested in jazz, stated that the average Polish jazz fan is better prepared for modern classical music than the average musical high school student who has no interest in jazz.

Of course, to achieve the position jazz now holds in Poland years of preliminary work were necessary, and many difficulties had to be surmounted.

The immediate prewar jazz movement was not so active as now, and we have no full record of that period. (A survey of prewar jazz is at present being conducted.) As soon as the war ended, the jazz movement reasserted itself in several towns simultaneously—Cracow, Warsaw, Lodz, Gdansk, and other centers.

In Warsaw the most active was the YMCA youth group led by a journalist

About The Author

Roman Waschko is president of the Polish Jazz Federation, a jazz critic, and jazz journalist. He contributes articles to many Polish and foreign publications and has regular jazz programs on the Polish radio in English and German. He also has his own jazz program from Radio Bremen in West Germany. Last year, sponsored by the U.S. State Department, he traveled throughout the United States, visiting jazz centers and meeting jazzmen.

writer, Leopold Tyrmand. He organized the first jazz concerts and jazz festivals.

After a period of inactivity (1949-1955), when some musicologists were averse to promoting jazz, Tyrmand again organized concerts that allowed a new era to develop—from fall, 1955.

From this time, the movement has developed in leaps and bounds. The culmination point of this activity came in the jazz festivals in Sopot in 1956 and 1957. There is no doubt that the highlight of the first festival was the appearance of the first Polish modern combo, led by the pianist and composer Krzysztof Komeda. His sextet aroused great interest by giving the average listener his first glimpse of modern jazz. Although our jazz musicians were already conversant with this modern idiom, to the ordinary fan it had been a closed book.

The first festival bore the slogan "green light for jazz." The second was supposed to answer the question: traditional or modern? Musicians and audience voted for modern. Modern jazz still holds a prior place although there is, of course, a large following for traditional.

THE POLISH jazz movement is developing in several directions and on several levels.

There exists the Federation of Polish Jazz Clubs. This serves as a link between the whole jazz movement and our cultural authorities. It also has connections with many jazz activities abroad. This federation has stimulated and helped the movement in many ways but, because of limited means, can give no practical help to clubs. There are many of these clubs. Besides 13 strictly jazz clubs, there are several hundred jazz groups working in youth and other organizations. At present we are trying to amalgamate all these groups into the federation and to give some help in teaching. We expect soon to incorporate about 100 jazz clubs and groups, representing several hundred jazz combos.

For seven years now, our monthly magazine, *Jazz*, has been edited by the indefatigable Jozef Balcerak. This magazine is also read in some other countries and has a circulation of about 10,000 copies.

Besides *Jazz*, dedicated exclusively to that music, several newspapers and magazines have regular jazz columns. Perhaps the most popular youth magazine is *Radar*, which also has an English and German edition and always prints jazz articles.

More and more jazz books are being published. Two jazz books by Polish authors have been published: *On the Borderline of Jazz*, by Leopold Tyrmand, and my own book, *Jazz and Be-*

(Continued on page 44)

THE NEW ICONOCLASTS

A DISCUSSION OF THE RECORDED WORK OF AVANT GARDE CLASSICAL COMPOSERS, BY DON HECKMAN

IN THE now-classic mock interview between the disc jockey and hipster Shorty Petterstein, the latter, when asked how he feels about "classical" music, replies that he really digs Bartok. This is a reflection of the generally prevalent esteem in which Bartok and his contemporary, Igor Stravinsky, are held by the world of jazz.

Many jazz listeners and players consider them to be representative of the most advanced stage of concert music. In reality, although Stravinsky continues as an elder statesman, his work after *The Rite of Spring* is considered by many critics to be of less importance. Bartok's music, although more recent in time than Stravinsky's, looks more toward the romanticism of the 19th century than toward the anxious complexities of contemporary society.

During the postwar years (the 1950s in particular), concert music entered a period of great vitality. Spearheaded by the young French composer Pierre Boulez, a new generation of composers appeared. These men irrevocably detached themselves from the romanticism of 20th-century music. In general, they followed in the footsteps of three important Viennese composers, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Anton Webern.

In 1923 Schoenberg announced his discovery of a principle of composition that would unshackle composers from the bonds of traditional European harmony—the 12-tone row. But Schoenberg failed to realize that his discovery reached beyond his initial intention, which was to give equal precedence to all 12 notes of the chromatic scale. It remained for Schoenberg's pupil, Webern, to take the discovery one step further—to the realization of the importance of silences.

Webern further understood that the 12-tone row was not just a way of composing atonal music but an opening to a universe of newness that would affect every element of the compositional process. The young postwar European composers—Boulez, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Bruno Maderna, Luciano Berio, and Luigi Nono, among others—found the discoveries of Schoenberg and Webern the touchstones to the most significant change in Western music since the development of the sonata form.

Boulez, the guiding force behind the movement, was influenced by a middle generation French composer, Olivier Messiaen, who submitted rhythm to a kind of pre-serial principle by devising

mirror rhythms (rhythmic sequences that read the same forward and backward), and rhythmic additives (the addition of beats to already established rhythmic motives). This principle helped motivate Boulez toward the complete control (total serialization) of all musical elements—tones, dynamics, colors, rhythms, etc.

Meanwhile, in the United States similar rumblings of discontent were heard in the music of Edgar Varese, John Cage, Milton Babbitt, Morton Feldman, and Earle Brown. Varese was an early revolutionary, a contemporary of Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern. He, too, was interested in rhythms and the use of exotic sounds for their own sakes. His works in the 1920s (*Integrale* and *Hyperprism*, for example) are amazing predecessors of electronic music in the nature and variety of sound that is produced by unusual groupings of percussion and wind instruments. Babbitt, completely apart from the mainstream of European musical thought, developed his own principles of serial composition. His work in the total serialization of musical elements predated by several years similar efforts by Europeans.

Cage took a direction different from the Europeans'. Instead of attempting total control, Cage sought a music in which the composer would exert as little control as possible. This may seem antithetical to our usual image of a composer, but Cage suggests that our view of such things is limited by the nature of our environment in Western society.

The guiding principle of Western philosophy has always been based upon man's control over nature. In Western music this has resulted in an emphasis upon the principle of cause and effect—i.e., a certain number of givens can, with statistical accuracy, be expected to produce certain predictable results. Thus the importance attached to form and development.

In Eastern philosophy, events or happenings are thought to occur spontaneously. This leads to an emphasis upon the given moment—which is considered to be unique. In music this suggests that the role of the composer is to arrange the most fortuitous circumstances for a performance and then simply permit the music "to happen." This is a simplification of very complex ideas but suggests the importance that Cage places upon the immediacy and individuality of each performance.

As a result of this approach, one of

the characteristic elements of jazz—the spontaneous "difference" of each performance, its definitiveness—is now being sought by many classical composers. The surprising thing is that they did not realize sooner the importance of this element to the vitality of music but instead continued the tradition of note-perfect repetition.

Contemporary composers have come to understand that music that "happens" and is guided by the environment and influences of the moment rather than a dry repetition of inaccurately noted directions has a potential for life that has rarely before existed in music.

What these composers seek is the evolution of a music that grows from the natural elements of sound rather than acting as the object of an external structure or logic that does not derive from the music but from an abstract philosophical point of view. They have been influenced in their concern with the integrity and purity of sound by the work of Debussy.

Debussy's music marked the close of a period in which music conformed to nonmusical ideas—for example, the literary and philosophical superstructures (see the librettos of Wagner's operas) common to so much 19th-century music. Debussy was interested in pure sound. He did not, as did many composers who came after him, return to classical forms. He was wise enough to realize that the dissolution of tonality made the further use of classical forms unthinkable. (The sonata-form, for example, which depends upon a key relationship for its structure would be useless in a keyless, or atonal, music.) In Debussy's music, all elements assumed an equal importance—a principle curiously similar to Schoenberg's investment of all the tones of the chromatic scale with equal value.

Concern with the purity of sound received added impetus shortly after the war. With the perfection of magnetic tape recording, a means was found whereby the composer could communicate directly with his audience, thus eliminating the performer as a middleman. With the appearance of tape music, the age-old question of whether a performer was accurately interpreting the composer's intentions became academic.

FIRST CONTACT with the composers of the post-Stravinsky generation—whether with music as early as Schoenberg's and Webern's or that of more recent vintage—is a startling experience.

The most immediate sensation is one of confusion; instead of hearing the familiar elements of melody and harmony, instead of luxuriating in the motion and sequence of familiar forms, the ear is struck by a seemingly disconnected array of piercing, impenetrably disjunct sound. At times the notes communicate warmth, but more frequently they are strangely harsh and metallic, unlike the sounds of the lush string sections, the assertive brass, and piquant woodwinds most are so used to hearing. The strings often seem to rasp their notes, the intervals are herky-jerky points of sound, and everything seems anarchically heterogeneous.

Only repeated listening can bring the sounds into some kind of meaningful context. When the ear stops listening for familiar cadences and melodies, when the foot stops trying to beat out familiar simple rhythms, the music itself will begin to filter through. The experience may not, at first, be pleasant. This music will never evoke the superficial emotionalism of, say, a Rachmaninoff piano concerto, but given a fair opportunity it will exert a more penetrating effect, hypnotic yet crystal clear—unlike any previous listening experience.

Recordings of this music have been difficult to find. But in the last few years the recording companies slowly have awakened to the existence of the new generation of composers.

Probably the most ambitious program of recorded contemporary concert music in this country is being conducted by Time records under the aegis of composer Earle Brown.

The first in this series, *Concert Percussion for Orchestra*, Time 8000, superficially appears to be just another album of percussion music—so profitable in these days of “spectacular stereo”—but is significantly different from most such collections in that it includes compositions by John Cage and Henry Cowell.

Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Zyklus* and *Refrain* and Mauricio Kagel's *Transición II* are on Time 8001. The latter includes an incredible array of piano sounds produced by two performers, one at the keyboard, the other playing with mallets on the strings and sounding board. Stockhausen's *Zyklus* is a remarkable, at times semi-improvisatory, study for a single percussionist playing a wide variety of instruments.

Luigi Nono's *Polifonica-Monodia-Ritmica*, Bruno Maderna's *Serenata #2* and Luciano Berio's *Differences* are on Time 8002. The Nono and Maderna pieces employ chamber ensembles (10 to 12 players) with rather large percussion sections. *Serenata #2* is surprisingly lyrical for a contemporary composition, with moments of sweeping, almost diatonic, melodic fragments. Nono's com-

position is cooler and more deterministic, reflecting his preference for the total organization of his compositions. Berio's wife, singer Cathy Berberian, is the featured soloist on Time 8003, which includes Berio's setting of E. E. Cummings's poem *Circles*, Sylvano Bussotti's *Frammento*, and Cage's *Aria with Fontana Mix*, the latter actually two compositions, a tape of electronic music and a soprano aria, performed simultaneously. Prospective jazz singers might profitably benefit from listening to Miss Berberian's uncommonly versatile vocal techniques.

Brown has included some of his own music on Time 8007: *Music for Violin, Cello, and Piano*; *Music for Cello and Piano*; and *Hodograph I*, along with a lengthy work by Morton Feldman, *Durations*. Brown's music has a high degree of fragmentation, the sounds emerging in bits and pieces, but its most attractive quality is a rhythmic drive that is elusive and encompassing at the same time. Feldman's *Durations* hangs like a cloud of slow-moving sound. Its effect is hypnotic, continuously demanding one's attention.

The last of the presently available recordings in this series features a remarkable Italian flutist, Severino Gazzelloni, in a program of music by Berio, Castiglioni, Maderna, Messiaen, Franco Evangelisti, and Yoritsume Matsudaira. Gazzelloni uses unusually exotic techniques (listen for the pad slaps, harmonics, and glissandos in Evangelisti's *Proporzioni*) that should be noticed by jazz reed men.

OF THE large record companies, Columbia frequently has programmed contemporary music among its regular issues, often through the efforts of Stravinsky's young conducting protege, Robert Craft. Craft is the conductor for Columbia's collection of the complete works of Anton Webern (K4L-232), a necessary item in any collection of 20th-century music. Many of the important works of Edgar Varese (*Ionisation*, *Density 21.5*, and more recent works such as *Deserts*) are included in two Columbia recordings (ML 5478/MS 6146 and ML 5762/MS 6362), along with practically everything of Stravinsky (also on many other labels), and much of Berg, Schoenberg, and Bartok.

Columbia has been less active with the youngest generation of composers, but has released Stockhausen's *Zeitmasse No. 5* and Boulez' important composition *Le Marteau Sans Maitre* (ML 5275). Although difficult to locate, Columbia's *Brandeis Festival* recording (WL 127) includes an interesting work by Milton Babbitt, *All Set*, performed by an ensemble of jazzmen.

Mercury is represented by an early

Messiaen composition, *Banquet Celeste* (50231/90231) and Gunther Schuller's *Seven Studies after Paul Klee* (50282/90282). RCA Victor has a recording of Lukas Foss' unusual improvising chamber ensemble (LM/LSC-2558). This recording should be heard by the jazz audience, because it offers an alternative, and at times extremely interesting, approach to improvisation. The recording includes unusually comprehensive explanatory notes by Foss.

Several smaller companies have done workmanlike jobs recording composers who rarely have the opportunity to reach a large audience. Composer Recordings, Inc., better known as CRI, has done excellent work, with a catalog that includes the music of more than 100 American composers.

PERHAPS BECAUSE of the fascination “weird” sounds hold for the increasing number of stereo set owners, electronic music is the one type of contemporary music that seems to have a major commercial potential.

Epic has one recording (LC-3754/BC-1118) that includes *Contrasts* by Dick Raaijmakers and *Capriccio for Violin and Two Sound Tracks* by Henk Badings. The first electronic opera, *Aniara* by Karl-Birger Blomdahl, has been recorded by Columbia (M2L-405). Naturally enough, its theme concerns the inhabitants of a self-contained rocket ship that is streaking away from a destroyed Earth.

Westminster has also issued a recording (XWN 18962/14143) of electronic music, *Electronics: Music to the Ballet*, composed by Remi Gassman for the New York City Center. In addition, Westminster has released its version of Boulez' *Le Marteau Sans Maitre*, conducted by the composer. The recording (XWN 18746) is backed with Messiaen's unusual bird-call composition, *Oiseaux Exotiques*. Messiaen also is represented on a double record set with his lengthy sacred composition *Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jesus* (XWN 18469/18470). Folkways has two recordings of electronic music, *Sounds of New Music* (6160), devoted to the music of Vladimir Ussachevsky, the best-known U.S. composer of this music, and *Electronic Pieces* (3434) with compositions devised by Tod Dockstader. Folkways has also issued a fascinating lecture by Cage called *Indeterminacy* (2-3704).

The best recordings of electronic music are on Deutsche Gramophon Gesellschaft. Stockhausen's first electronic works, *Studie I* and *Studie II*, and his *Gesang der Juenglinge* (the most important electronic composition yet written) are on DGG LPM 16133. Two other recordings (LPM 16132 and LPM 16134) include works by Herbert Eimert and Ernst Krenek. 

A UNIQUE orchestra debuted in December, 1962. Called Orchestra U.S.A., it consists of 28 men devoted to the proposition that music has no barriers except bar lines. (See page 38 for a review of the group's first concert.)

The orchestra was and is the brain-child of John Lewis, pianist and music director of the Modern Jazz Quartet. It is essentially involved with jazz, but Lewis' own words, in a written introduction to the orchestra, spell out additional purposes.

"It is," he wrote, "one of the aims of Orchestra U.S.A. to try to participate in this [the jazz] development. Another aim is to do this with an instrumentation which is totally representative of the masterpieces of the instrumental families which have been given to us from past times. Also we wish to show through our group that we are aware of our musical heritage and contribute something to musical culture. We hope also with our instrumentation to program and play other nonjazz literature from both the past and present and future, thereby not limiting our resources. . . ."

The orchestra has played two major concerts at Philharmonic Hall, at New York City's Lincoln Center. Its music director is Lewis, who has written most of its music. Its assistant music director, who also writes for the orchestra, is Gary McFarland, who says that he is "thrilled with all of this, beyond the words to express it."

The orchestra is more or less fixed in personnel, barring a few replacements. It consists of Nathan Goldstein, Gino Sambuco, Jerry Widoff, violins; Julian Barber, Aaron Juvelier, violas; Alla Goldberg, Joseph Tekula, cellos; Richard Davis, bass; Herb Pomeroy, Nick Travis, Louis Mucci, trumpets; Michael Zwerin, trombone; Robert Northern, Robert Swisshelm, French horns; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Eric Dolphy, Bob Didomenica, Ray Shiner, Phil Woods, Don Stewart, Wally Kane, Don Ashworth, reeds and woodwinds; Jim Hall, guitar; Sticks Evans, percussion; and Connie Kay, drums.

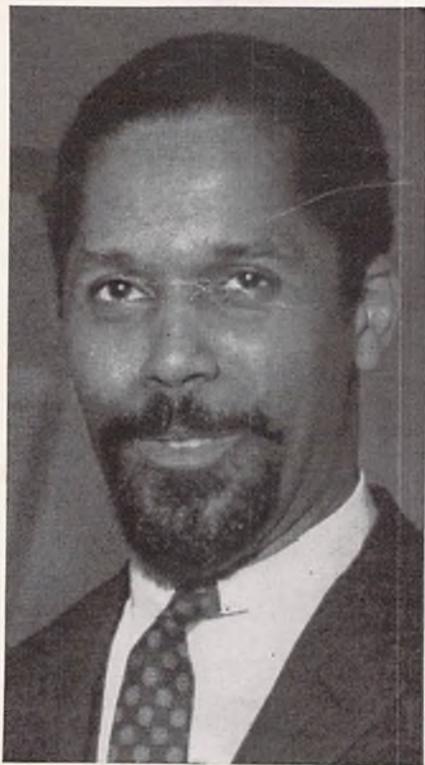
As might be expected, Lewis talks about this orchestra as if it were a baby. He is not concerned about reviews of the first concerts because he believes the orchestra's growth has only begun and nothing, except for that, can really be judged at this moment.

The concept of having such an orchestra occurred to Lewis while he was in Europe in 1961. He talked to Gunther Schuller, who was there at the time, and to many musicians who were involved in concerts, and "everyone was enthusiastic about the idea of forming a standard orchestra that would play every kind of music."

In May of last year he began to make concrete plans—mostly plans to save enough money to keep the orchestra going during the first months of its existence. Then he began making telephone calls and, in November, 1962, he called the first meeting of the orchestra at the studios of Atlantic records.

From the beginning, the orchestra was conceived of as a co-operative venture, with gains and losses to be absorbed by the members.

What that amounts to is unusual amounts of activity. Many of the musi-



John Lewis and the Orchestra

By BILL COSS

cians forego all sorts of assignments to attend the weekly rehearsals. Trumpeter Herb Pomeroy commutes each week from Boston.

Lewis said he finds himself operating almost like a porter, setting up stands and arranging comfort. "Fortunately," he said, "the musicians union has allowed us some privileges that have cut down on what our costs might possibly have been. That's because of the co-operative nature of the orchestra."

"As time goes on," Lewis said, "we will use more writing from the orchestra

members, and eventually we will encourage some outside writers.

"Right now we are looking for an identity, and we will write things for specific people in the orchestra. The whole thing is a challenge to the ego.

"I began with a concept of ensemble perfection with soloists within—such as Phil Woods. He's so marvelous.

"And, as you know, I'd like to do everything as well as I can. But we really are so young. The tendency is to use the quartet as some kind of comparison. But, that's so silly. It is a 10-year-old machine. It's the way I earn my living, and it's a magnificent instrument. But the orchestra is a baby."

Baby or no, the orchestra has received some heavy criticism. *Time* magazine insisted that all the heavy words of introduction to one of the concerts simply meant "add violins." The magazine went on to dismiss the performance with: "What would have been fragile, intricate music for a quartet had been made fragmentary, timid music for an orchestra. In his scoring, Lewis seemed barely able to tell his strings from his brass. . . ."

Lewis admits to some of the faults, although he is more than satisfied with the beginnings.

"The string section," he said, "still doesn't swing. But what would you expect? They have to learn phrasing completely different from what they were taught and what they normally hear. But their interest is so strong that they will learn. Like the rest of us, they are not there for the dollars, but because they want to play.

"In a year they'll play the way they want to. What they have to learn are tiny things. Now they still feel uncomfortable because they were trained so differently than we were. They have been trained to do exactly as they are told—we do exactly as we feel.

"But both techniques are useful. The two of them together is what we are looking for. That's why Gunther Schuller conducts the orchestra, although I often rehearse it. Because Gunther understands both techniques. He can communicate to both sides."

Obviously enough, the orchestra is available. Its current project is a recording for Colpix that will include some things played at its most recent concert, but there will be many new compositions too.

Lewis hopes to present the orchestra in monthly concerts eventually. He also said he thinks of it as a wonderful basis for a music school.

He and the members are prepared to battle and sacrifice for all this—as they have been doing. The dedication and talent are there, and only time will prove the projected points.



Reflections:

WILLIE THE LION

By TIMME ROSENKRANTZ



Pod's and Jerry's was on 133rd St., near the corner of Seventh Ave. It was also called the Log Cabin. This was one of the first afterhours spots I visited in Harlem, way back when I first arrived in this country.

I shall never forget it. It had an atmosphere all its own, and the host, Jerry Preston, was one of Harlem's best-known and most-loved characters. In the wee hours of the morning, one would meet all kinds of celebrities there—Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, Paul Whiteman, Ben Pollack—all wearing dark glasses so they wouldn't be recognized, which, of course, they were at once and which they enjoyed tremendously.

This was the place where I first heard Billie Holiday, who was singing at the tables, a big, beautiful talented kid. And this was where I first heard Willie the Lion play. It was another unforgettable memory.

Willie was sitting there in a corner, playing on a little upright, talking and singing and puffing on a tremendous cigar. And he did look like a lion!

When someone meets the Lion for the first time, he produces a large visiting card and puts it in the person's hand. It's more than just a visiting card. It's a novel. One side is printed in English, the other side in Hebrew. I got one that morning in 1934. His name alone is a mouthful—William Joseph Berthol Bonaparte Bertholoff (The Lion) Smith! He had a younger brother whose name was only Ralph, but he never distinguished himself.

Willie and I struck up a friendship right away. That first night he told me how, in 1917, he was incorporated into World War I and went to Europe with the U.S. Army. His courage at the front gained him the nickname the Lion.

When he returned home, his chest

was covered with all kinds of medals. As he so modestly said, "It was a tough war, and I am proud and happy that I won it."

After the war, he said, he met Jelly Roll Morton, James P. Johnson, Eubie Blake, and the other great jazz pianists of the day, and for several years he played together with some of them at the popular house-rent parties in Harlem.

He was a marvel, and young people, like Duke Ellington and Fats Waller, worshiped him and tried to play like him. Ellington has never forgotten Willie and has said, "Willie is the man who has inspired me the most." Many years later Ellington dedicated a composition to Willie, *Portrait of the Lion*. As a matter of fact, Willie's harmonies are the foundation for much of Ellington's music.

After a few dozen drinks, Willie would get back to his upright at Pod's and Jerry's and play some more of his melodious and charming music for me. And Willie surely had an audience that first night. The Dorsey brothers were there, at peace with each other; Mildred Bailey and Red Norvo were there, as were Bee Palmer and Red McKenzie.

Between Billie's singing and Willie's playing his beautiful compositions, such as *Passionette*, *Morning Air*, and *Echoes of Spring*, I was almost going out of my mind. I decided then and there that if it were really true that there was something rotten in Denmark, it was only because you couldn't hear music like this.

"Sit down," Willie said to the great pianist, Joe Sullivan, who was negotiating for some refreshments from owner Preston. "Otherwise you'll fall down when I play my latest piece."

For as Willie often said to me in later years, "When I sit down and play for

myself, I sometimes get terrified by my own technique."

During World War II, I had a little house in the Village. In the house was a piano, and at the piano was Willie the Lion as often as we could make it. A lovely scene: the floor crowded with young poets, painters, and musicians; the kitchen filled with Danish hams and delicacies; the bar stacked with French brandy; and the air filled with wonderful music.

Willie would give us lectures, show us the evolution of jazz from the first ragtime as Scott Joplin played it to the latest bop as Bud Powell might play it. That is, he tried to show us the differences in style, but somehow all sounded alike, very much like Willie the Lion, which of course was good enough for me. When I mentioned this to him, he shrugged his shoulders and merely said, "Well, of course! You don't expect me to sound like all those punks!" Whereupon he lit his cigar and sent a big cloud of smoke into the room.

A few years ago, I met Willie on Broadway. His "office" was there, outside the Turf Restaurant. He stood there contemplating the stars. He had always been interested in astrology and is quite convinced that the stars determine his life. If it's a question of a new job, the stars have to decide—which, of course, isn't always satisfactory when things go wrong, but one must realize that there are such things as unlucky stars.

Willie is patient, however. "Everything takes time," he will say, "and since everybody's life is controlled by a star and this world is lousy with people, you must be patient."

Willie has plenty of time. He sits at home speculating and now is working on his memoirs, which may bear the title *The World of Willie the Lion Smith*, a great big, beautiful world. 

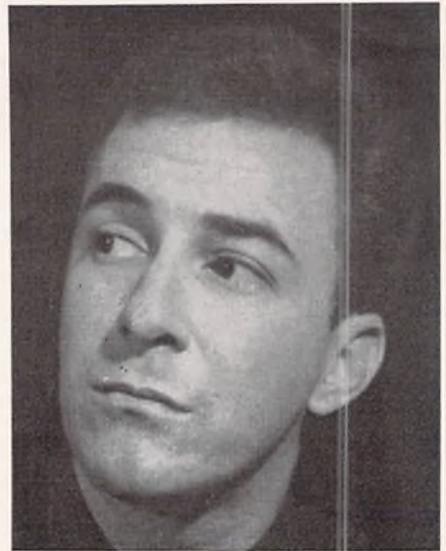


PIANIST-COMPOSER ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM

bossa nova

ANATOMY OF A TRAVESTY

By GENE LEES



SINGER-COMPOSER JOAO GILBERTO

BRAZIL IS A vast country, bigger than the continental United States, with a populace made up mostly of Portuguese, African, and Indian stocks in an incredible complexity of blood blends. It is a land of confusing variety, and Porto Alegre in the south is culturally so different from Belem in the north that one would think them communities of two different countries.

The oldest city in Brazil is El Salvador, which is in the state of Bahia; everyone also calls the city Bahia. It is a quaint city, with a population of perhaps 100,000, but it is backward, even by Brazilian standards. There, 33 years ago, Joao Gilberto was born, son of an amateur musician who played clarinet with a town band in a public square.

I was in Bahia a few months ago. Gilberto's friends remember him. He remembers them, too: when he goes home he visits many of them, with his guitar. He was always fascinated by his country's musical heritage. When he was 16, he was singing and playing and looking for something in the samba. Before he was grown, he heard jazz. Particularly he listened to the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. "You, Gerry," he was to tell Mulligan a long time later, "taught me to sing. I tried to sing the way you play saxophone."

Eventually, Joao, which means John, or Joazinho, which means Johnny and is what his friends call him, developed something of his own, all his own, a curiously fresh approach to the samba and to singing. It was heavily influenced by U.S. West Coast jazz. Like West Coast musicians, Gilberto wanted control. His voice was small; he sang in little more than a whisper and with no vibrato. But he had developed a powerful and subtle swing.

When he was in his 20s, Joao went to the big city, Rio de Janeiro. It was comparable to an American taking his talent to New York. And Rio can be as cruel as New York. There, as in New York, businessmen control the arts, and businessmen are notoriously short of esthetic perception. They heard Joao—and responded with a huge indifference. He couldn't understand it; he had something he wanted to give, and nobody cared. Gentle, quiet, and extremely sensitive, he was broken by the experience.

Friends and fellow musicians remember how he sat on a curb, his hair long, his feet in the street, in need of a shave, his guitar across his knees, staring blankly at the pavement, uncomprehending. He was physically filthy. He was suffering from acute malnutrition. Then he suffered a breakdown. They carted him off to a hospital.

"When he came out," one friend recalled, "Joazinho was a different man. He didn't smoke; he didn't drink. He had become so quiet and sensible."

But he hadn't stopped singing.

Gilberto had a friend, a young composer and arranger named Antonio Carlos Jobim. Jobim too had heard Mulligan. And Jobim understood what Joao was doing musically. Perhaps no one else ever had.

Jobim had until shortly before that been music director of the Odeon label. He pleaded for a chance to record Gilberto. The company gave its permission. They could make one single record. That was about five years ago. The tunes they recorded were *Chega de Saudade*, composed by Jobim, and *Bim-Bam*, composed by Gilberto. To the astonishment of the businessmen, the record began to sell and then to become a hit.

"All right," they told Jobim, "you can record an album." The album also was called *Chega de Saudade*. It, too, sold. The businessmen had a trend on their hands.

What was this music?

"Bossa nova," Jobim told them.

It meant "new wrinkle," "new approach," "new thing."

It grew. Other young Brazilians had heard jazz while growing up in the tradition of the samba. Like Joao and Jobim, they were fed up with the wearisome commercial thing the samba had become. They fell in behind Jobim and Gilberto. Their approaches to the music varied, but they shared with Jobim and Gilberto a liking for long musical lines and jazz harmony. They called Gilberto "the pope of bossa nova."

Before long, everything was bossa nova. The advertising men of Brazil, who are like advertising men everywhere, jumped on it. Just as here a few years ago, everything was hi-fi—there even was "hi-fi lipstick"—the ad boys made everything bossa nova, and soon they had shortened it to the initials b.n. They stuck it on old products, just as U.S. admen write "the new, *new* detergent" for the same old thing.

But the music was growing, and concomitant with it were some marvelously sensitive lyrics by such poets as the late Newton Mendonca and Vinicius de Moraes, who became as integral to the bossa nova movement as Jobim and Gilberto. Bossa nova was not just a music—it was a poetry. It was, in fact, Jobim says, "a way of life, or rather a way of looking at life."

It happens that the Odeon label is tied in with Electrical and Musical Industries of England, in the international scheme of things, and EMI owns Capitol records in the United States, and under pressure from Odeon of Brazil, which was under pressure from Jobim and Gilberto, Capitol agreed to release Gilberto's second album in the United

States. It received rave reviews from those critics who heard it. Felix Grant, the Washington, D.C., disc jockey, perceived the virtue and value of bossa nova as fast as anyone. He began to push the record. Jazz musicians, too, were intrigued by bossa nova and were getting to know its songs. Bossa nova was about to break out of Brazil.

IN JUNE, 1962, I was in Rio de Janeiro. Jobim invited me to his home, which is beyond Sugar Loaf, beyond Copacabana, almost at the outskirts of the city. It was raining that night. It was summer in the United States but late fall in Rio.

Gilberto was there. He, Jobim, and a vocal group were rehearsing a tune they were to record. Jobim told me of the struggle against commercialism in Brazilian music. I told him of the parallel situation in the United States and said that if the bossa nova tunes were translated properly, to retain the sensitivity and lyricism of the Portuguese lyrics, bossa nova might have a healthy influence on U.S. music.

Jobim said he disliked publishers because they respected neither music nor lyrics, and those few of his songs that had been translated into other languages had suffered. Publishers, he said, were indifferent to his wishes about his songs. Sometimes, when the sheet music came out, the hack musicians transcribing them had inserted wrong chords.

About that time, Verve released the Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd album *Jazz Samba*. A few copies found their way to Brazil and were laughed at by the bossa nova musicians. Byrd had transcribed Jobim's *Desafinado*. He'd got the melody line and some of the changes wrong. Further, the record was considered bad samba.

The samba swings in a totally different way from jazz. Samba is usually written in 2/4 time, while jazz is mostly in 4/4. Jazz is counted in 4, samba in 2. In samba, because the melodic stress occurs at the beginning of the bar, you can't wait, you can't lay back on the rhythm, the way jazz musicians are prone to do, or it simply won't swing. You have to move on the first beat, make your rhythmic push there—or you've missed the boat.

Corrupted bossa nova though it was, *Jazz Samba* sold. Meanwhile, Gilberto's record in the States, titled *Brazil's Brilliant Joao Gilberto*, had been dropped from the catalog by Capitol because it *didn't* sell. Capitol had never done any detectable promotion on it; nobody in the company had perceived its importance. It was the old story: the imitation selling better than the original, the shadow being mistaken for the substance. Jazzmen knew the phenomenon well.

When I got home in July, I found that a bossa nova fad was in the making. Everyone was recording bossa nova. Most of it was dreadful. Some of Jobim's tunes were coming out with English lyrics that would, I knew, horrify him.

"Everybody got caught by surprise by the Twist," Quincy Jones, now an executive of Mercury records, said, "and nobody wants to get left out if bossa nova gets big. So every-

body's recording it."

U.S. standard tunes were being recorded with a so-called bossa nova beat. There were soon tunes titled *Soul Bossa Nova* and *Boogie Bossa Nova*.

Through complexities of international business that would defy unraveling by an artist like Jobim, who is essentially naive except about esthetics, Sidney Frey, proprietor of Audio Fidelity records, had acquired control of the copyrights on many bossa nova tunes.

And Audio Fidelity was, in consequence, in the driver's seat of the U.S. bossa nova bandwagon. *Show* magazine was looking for a hot promotion. And so Audio Fidelity and *Show* decided to co-sponsor a bossa nova concert at Carnegie Hall. Through the co-operation of Varig, the Brazilian national airline, and the Brazilian consulate, they could get all the bossa nova musicians they wanted for a comparatively small amount of money.

They planned to bring Gilberto up for the concert. But Stan Getz would be the star.

Jobim said he would not go; he advised Gilberto not to go. But pressures began to be exerted. Jobim began getting phone calls from Brazilian newspapers asking what was the matter with him. Was he anti-U.S., or was he too cowardly to fly, or was it just that he had no pride in the Brazilian culture? He stayed awake two straight nights before the concert, and then, at the last minute, decided to go. He caught a jet for New York.

The concert, as Jobim had foreseen it would be, was a disaster. Microphones were all over the stage, but the audience heard little: most of the sound was going into Audio Fidelity tape recorders. The pattern that had plagued U.S. festivals and concerts was in full display; too many performers jammed into one evening, bad sound, disorganization of scheduling. *Desafinado* was played and sung at least four times during the four-hour concert.

Gilberto came onstage. Technicians fenced him in with microphones, treating him like a thing, not a man. His wonderful gentleness was almost lost to the audience. Jobim came out, and sang his own translation of *One-Note Samba*, in protest against the published U.S. version.

Gerry Mulligan was backstage, not as performer but as an onlooker. When I had met Jobim in Rio, he had reminded me of no one in the world as much as Mulligan. They look alike. About music, they think alike and are alike.

"He's my brother," Mulligan said after talking to Jobim for a while.

In the next few months, Mulligan and I shared a heart-sickness over what they were doing to Jobim and Joao and their music. It turned out that Jobim was getting next to nothing in royalties out of the success of *Desafinado*.

The friendship between Gerry and Jobim warmed rapidly. Jobim said, "This is historic, our meeting Gerry. He is the one who influenced us. But why did they write in *Down Beat* magazine and in *Show* that we got bossa nova from Laurindo Almeida, the guitarist in California? We never heard Laurindo Almeida. Gerry influenced us, you must tell the people."

Jobim went into hiding. He was being overwhelmed by people and kind words and warm greetings—but he did not have enough to pay his hotel bill, having received next to nothing for his songs.

I was working on an article on Mulligan, and we were to get together at Jim and Andy's, a musician's bar on 48th St. I was thinking how suave and sure Jobim looked in Rio, how lonely and lost and like a child he seemed here. When I got to the bar, Gerry said, "I've made a commitment for us. Ton—" Jobim's nickname is Ton—"is expecting us at 6:30. He's got to talk to CBS, and he's afraid he won't be able to express himself properly. So I said we'd come along and help."



Jobim and Mulligan rehearsing for their appearance on a recent showing of CBS-TV's *Eyewitness*.

We met Jobim and the men from CBS. They were from the news division. They were thinking of doing a documentary on bossa nova. Jobim, Mulligan, the CBS men, and I went to the bar of the Algonquin Hotel and sat down to talk. The network men were slow to understand. Gerry and I tried to help. And then Jobim started to talk.

He spoke of the culture of the samba. The bossa nova musicians, he said, know their heritage, they have roots in it. And when they play it, they do it out of a background of the wild and magnificent carnival music of Brazil's villages, so closely tied to African music. An American musician playing bossa nova, with no roots in the samba, he said, was like a Brazilian musician trying to play jazz. He was copying a few of the surface mannerisms of bossa nova, but they were alien to his spirit.

"Now I think," Jobim said, "that there is a real love here of the American jazz musician for bossa nova. They wanted to do it correctly, but they did not know how, and besides, many persons wanted to make money out of it.

"Bossa nova has a jazz influence. Gerry Mulligan had a great influence on us. You could call bossa nova 'cool samba,' and somebody did call it that in Brazil. The authentic Negro samba is very primitive. They use maybe 10 percussion instruments and maybe four or five singers. They shout and the music is very hot and wonderful.

"Bossa nova is cool and contained, on the other hand. It tells the story, including the lyrics, trying to be simple and serious and lyrical."

Mulligan spoke up: "When you cool down the obvious, you can say more melodically and harmonically. That is what we found with West Coast jazz."

Jobim agreed, "Yes, when you are hot, you lose your consciousness of the thing. Swedish jazz is a copy of American jazz. Ours is not. Ours comes out of its own musical heritage. The poor people of Brazil who make the samba, they know only their own music. They don't know about jazz. They have never heard of Mr. Gerry Mulligan. And bossa nova comes out of our Brazilian music.

"We listened very much to Gerry—Joao and Antonio de Souza, our drummer, and I. We felt that Brazilian music until now had been too much a storm on the sea, and we wanted to calm it down for the recording studio."

Gerry said, "It's kind of wonderful. He's arrived at the same conclusion I did about recording. A big screaming band is hard to control for recording. They don't have to balance my group; we balance ourselves. They only have to put a microphone in front of us."

Jobim continued, "You could call bossa nova a clean, washed samba without the loss of the momentum. We don't want to lose important things. We have the problem of how to write and not lose the swing."

The CBS man had understood little. He said, "Would you say, then, that the difficulty is that the American musician doesn't have roots in the samba?"

Jobim is so gentle. He said merely, "Yes."

Then he added, "There are many roots to bossa nova, many trees. From each state of Brazil, the people have many ways to swing. They look and talk different, their faces and arms are even different. They play music differently.

"Bossa nova is not a dance. We do not dance to it in Brazil. It is a music to listen to, like good jazz. But now they have a bossa nova dance in the United States, and I see they have here bossa nova shoes. It is like what they did to bossa nova in Brazil.

"I didn't want to come here. I knew what they would do. I knew what the concert would be like. I didn't want to come, but they put pressure on me."

Gerry said, "That Carnegie Hall thing was the kind of concert that destroyed jazz."

But the CBS man wasn't even pretending to listen now. He was busy with his assistant, talking about the cameras and lighting they would use to film the show, talking in jargon neither Gerry nor I, and certainly not Ton Jobim, could understand. He turned back to us. Now this was to be a news-type broadcast, a documentary, and it wasn't the esthetics of it that was significant to CBS. But Jacqueline Kennedy had been photographed nodding happily to the music of an American group playing bossa nova, and when the First Lady's tastes coincided with a popular phenomenon, that was news. We could understand his position, couldn't we? They would film the show at Mulligan's apartment, and Gerry and Jobim and Joao and Antonio de Souza would be in it, and it would be very good publicity for the Brazilians and Gerry, who would be learning about bossa nova from Jobim, and it would all be very natural and uncontrived. . . .

MULLIGAN'S APARTMENT is large. It is austere but judiciously decorated. The living room walls are white, and there is a fireplace, over which are mounted antique brass instruments.

But now everything had been moved out of the way, and the piano pushed to the middle of the room, so that the fireplace could be used as a backdrop. Cables were all over the floor, there were floodlights, and cameras, and CBS men were everywhere. Their equipment was scattered throughout the place, even overflowing onto the terrace. The room looked for all the world like a movie set.

Jobim arrived. He told Gerry the other musicians would not be coming. They were afraid. The Brazilian consulate had called and said that the American Federation of Musicians had telephoned to say that Jobim and his colleagues could not perform anywhere for money. (All over the United States, U.S. musicians were making money performing Jobim's music.)

And the Brazilian consulate told Jobim that if he performed anywhere for money he would be sent home immediately and put in jail!

The whole affair was becoming incredible. Justice and logic were somehow working backwards. Surely this was not reality but a script by Lewis Carroll.

Mulligan—the one U.S. musician with a legitimate claim to a connection with bossa nova and just about the only one who had not made a bossa nova album—stiffly told a CBS man, "These people have taken enough of a screwing in this country as it is. If you can't pay him a fee, because of the AFM, then you can help him with his expenses for staying here to appear on your show."

Gerry turned to Jobim, "And I'd advise you, Ton, to hire a good attorney and then go home as fast as you can."

Jobim and I went out on the balcony. He looked over the astonishing skyline and Central Park. "What are those birds?" he asked, the gaiety often seen in him replaced by weariness.

"Seagulls."

"Seagulls," he repeated, trying to get the pronunciation right. "Yes, we have them in Brazil."

Homesickness in simple words.

He looked at the sun and asked, "Does it never get higher than that in the winter here?"

"No."

"It is a tired sun," he said. "Gene, you must write the story of bossa nova and tell the people the truth."

They called Jobim inside to start shooting the film. The CBS people were self-important and created a vaguely bad atmosphere. I left.

In the street, a man was whistling *Desafinado*. Somebody was making a lot of money off that tune. And off bossa nova. But not Jobim. And not Gilberto.

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record reviews

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

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

SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

Dexter Gordon

GO!—Blue Note 4112: *Cheese Cake*; *I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry*; *Second Balcony Jump*; *Love for Sale*; *Where Are You?*; *Three O'Clock in the Morning*.

Personnel: Gordon, tenor saxophone; Sonny Clark, piano; Butch Warren, bass; Billy Higgins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

I have been greatly impressed with the playing of Gordon in the last year and a half.

First there were several occasions when I had the good fortune to hear him in person, usually in the stimulating blowing company of Gene Ammons. I often thought that if Jug and Dex could only work together regularly in New York what a difference it might make to jazz in general, for the two approach their music with refreshing invention, vitality, and vigor, but with a touch of humor in place of today's more common musical bitterness.

To reinforce my in-person impressions were Gordon's two previous Blue Note albums, *Doin' All Right* and *Dexter Calling*, the first-mentioned being particularly stimulating.

But as enjoyable as these albums and the in-person listening were, they are overshadowed by Gordon's playing on this release—it is easily the best I've heard him play since his rejuvenation. This album will be one of those that musicians and others more interested in music than in the latest thing will play and treasure in years to come.

It is not a pretentious effort by any means—the four men just blow on good changes—but the music that is played is breathtakingly fertile in conception; there's not a solo in the album that is less than excellent. This is what a blowing session should be: outstanding musicians with something to say and saying it without rambling, affectations, or clichés.

Gordon has a way of drawing the listener into his solo, of holding one's attention as his long lines weave themselves into colorful tapestries. There is no grasping for ideas on his part; his imagination and sense of construction give his solos a flow, a continuity, found in the finest work of Lester Young, to whom Gordon is indebted, as are many other tenor men.

Gordon has the ability to drive without giving the impression of strain or that he is about to hit the listener over the head. His extraordinary solos on *Cheese Cake* and *Love* offer good examples of this effortless drive as he strides through his solos. This is not to say that these two are better than his other solos on the disc, for one cannot choose either of these over the equally moving Gordon on *Second Balcony* or *Three O'Clock*, both free-wheeling and humorous, stirring improvi-

sations of the highest order.

On the ballads, *Where* and *Tears*, he is properly tender, but it's an unsentimental tenderness, firm without gushiness. Perhaps tart is the word to describe it. His 16 bars following the first chorus of *Tears* is a lesson in melodic improvisation, and his *Where* bridge contains some of the finest music in the album—one phrase near the end of the eight bars is astonishing.

Though he has much less blowing room, Clark manages to hold his own and then some, consistently playing with directness



DEXTER GORDON

and invention. He, like Gordon, is no note-waster; everything fits into place like the pieces of a mosaic. The taste of his playing on the bridge of *Tears* is exemplary. A strong player in every respect.

In sessions of this caliber so much is done by the soloists that the drummer and bassist often are overshadowed, at least when plaudits are given. But without Higgins and Warren heating up the background this wouldn't be the superior album it is.

There are few LPs one can get high on simply by listening; this is one of them. (D.DeM.)

INSTRUMENTAL

Gene Ammons

"BAD" BOSSA NOVA—Prestige 7257: *Pagan Love Song*; *Ca'Purange*; *Anna*; *Cae'Ca'e*; *Moito Mato Grosso*; *Yellow Bird*.

Personnel: Ammons, tenor saxophone; Bucky Pizzarelli, Kenny Burrell, guitars; Hank Jones, piano; Norman Edge, bass; Oliver Jackson, percussion; Al Hayes, bongo.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Ammons has been a first-rate musician since the mid-'40s, but too many of his records were ordinary blowing sessions that didn't always show him to best advantage. Though he performs here in a bossa nova context, the album isn't a great deal different from the others he's made recently.

Ammons is far from the top of his game on this release: generally he plays cabaret tenor, using many common-property licks,

and his *Moito* and *Ca'Purange* solos contain a succession of ordinary riffs.

Exceptions are his *Pagan* solo—it is both inventive and graceful—and the well-constructed double-time passages that infuse life into *Bird*.

The rhythm is often monotonous, and the repeated figures that underlie *Ca'Purange* and *Moito* are suddenly heavy. At times, there seems to be a lack of rapport among the section members—under Ammons' *Cae'Ca'e* solo the rhythm is cluttered.

Jones sparkles with a pair of spots on the latter and on *Moito*. His consistent excellence, regardless of context, never ceases to be amazing. (H.P.)

Jaki Byard

HI-FLY—New Jazz 8273: *Hi Fly*; *Tillie Butlerball*; *Excerpts from Yamecraw*; *There Are Many Worlds*; *Here to Hear*; *Lullabye of Birdland*; *'Round Midnight*; *Blues in the Closet*.

Personnel: Byard, piano; Ron Carter, bass; Pete LaRoca, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

If your till is empty, put the arm on your wife, friends, or kindly old grandma and see the local record man in behalf of Byard. Forget Republican cries about deficit spending: this album is necessary to the growth and pleasure of all jazz votaries.

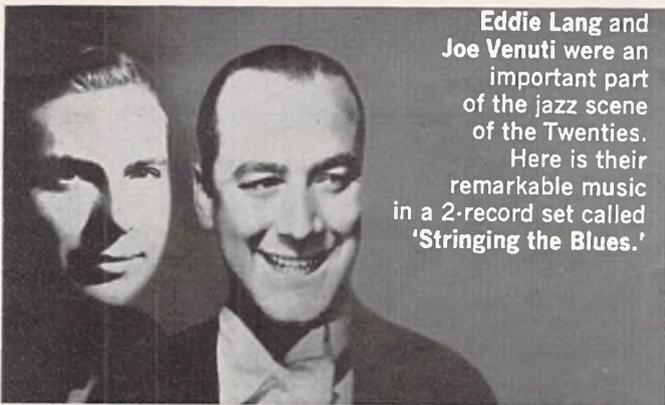
The variety, balance, imagination, and instrumental unity these tracks display refresh the soul. The music flows through many moods and meters, contrastingly romantic, biting, gay, reflective, dancing.

Here, for example, is a remarkable performance. It creates a constant flux of moods and meters, each an individual entity yet none alienated from the greater unity of which all are a part. From the foreboding opening chords, accentuated and enriched by an ominous bowed obbligato by Carter, the sensations, the highs and lows of mind and soul stream past the listener in stirring succession. It is a moving experience.

This integration of theme and supra-theme finds a parallel among the men who produce the music. Byard, Carter, and LaRoca speak with their own voices, yet those voices harmonize into another personality—the group.

This album is no blowing session with the beginnings and ends of tunes roped together by a series of platitudinous solos; rather, it presents the kind of disciplined freedom or, if you wish, freed discipline, offered by the trio explorations of Bill Evans or the late Dick Twardzik. Unless my ears play me traitor, echoes of both appear here and there, of Twardzik especially in *Yamecraw*. I would hesitate to term it influence. Probably just an instance of creative minds sharing a similar attitude toward certain material.

Yamecraw is a delightful, dancing gambol, excerpted from the James P. Johnson suite introduced at a 1928 Carnegie Hall concert.



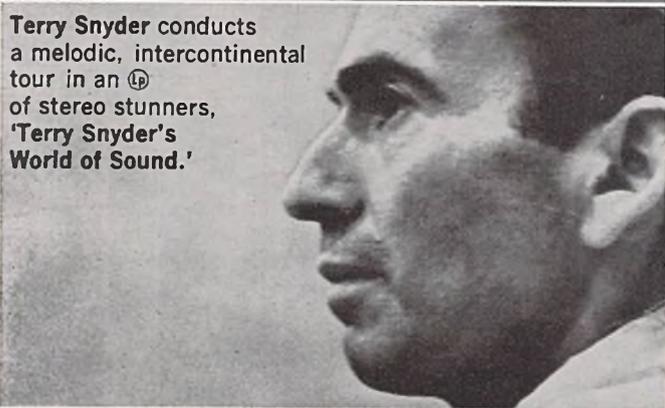
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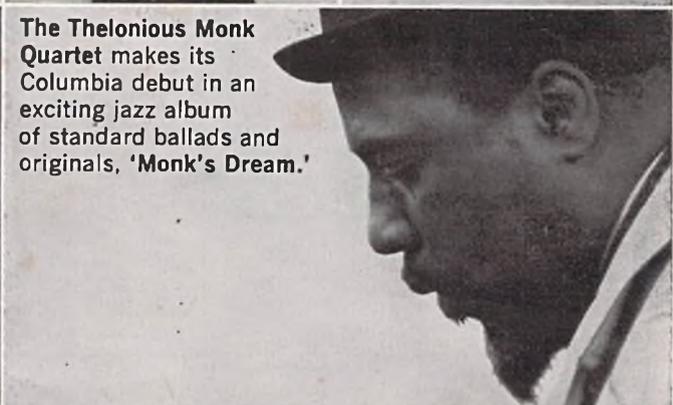
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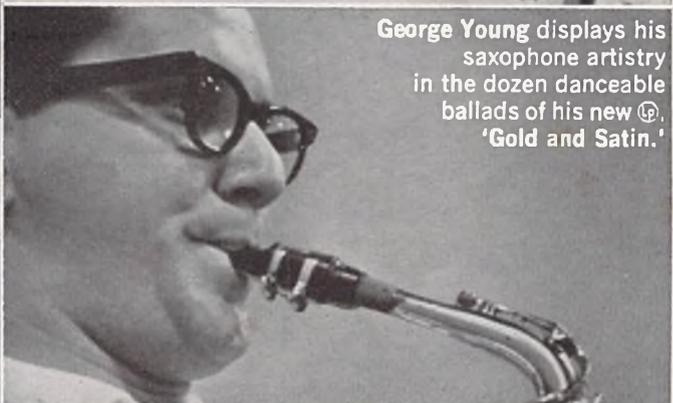
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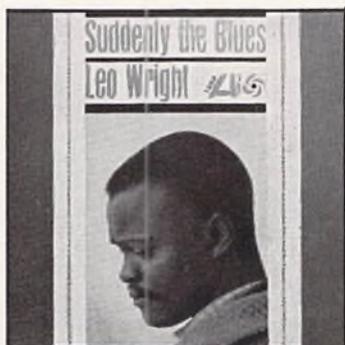
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Fats Waller was the piano soloist then, and he must have given it an inspiring ride; but Byard's performance begs no apologies. Indeed, the pianist demonstrates his originality throughout the album, in little opening melodies and figures, in diverse time patterns, and in the renditions of the themes and their variations.

Carter is equally deft. In solo role and as compere decisively punctuating Byard's phrases—with fingers or bow—he is a delight and a stimulation. He eats up even the fast tempos—observe one of the early themes of *Here*.

LaRoca seems to progress with each outing. His stick and brush work on *Here*, blending voices with his leader yet retaining his strong rhythmic personality, constitutes the drumming high point of a splendidly played session.

The sole weak link in this chain of gems is *Lullabye*. It is not a bad performance; in fact, it is better than average. But it seems that Byard fails to transcend the material enough to free it from the weights that overplaying and cliché have attached to it.

Otherwise, all is pleasure. For review purposes, I listened to this album about a dozen times. After the business of writing my piece was finished, I played it again. This time just for kicks. (D.N.)

Milt Buckner

MIDNIGHT MOOD—Argo 702: *I Almost Lost My Mind*; *I'm Just a Lucky So and So*; *If I Should Lose You*; *I've Got the World on a String*; *One for My Baby*; *Cocktails for Two*; *Little White Lies*; *There Is No Greater Love*; *Love Is the Thing*; *Baby, Baby*, *All the Time*; *A Sunday Kind of Love*; *Bouncing at Dawn*.

Personnel: Buckner, organ; Johnny Pate, bass; Maurice Sinclair, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Roly-poly Buckner, responsible for much of the high-powered appeal of the Lionel Hampton Band during the 1940s, hasn't lost his touch. For more than a decade he's chosen the organ as his vehicle, and in this Chicago session he establishes once more for the record that he is one of the most tasteful manipulators as well as one of the most interesting jazzmen on the instrument.

A glance at the program reveals that all but the final selection (Buckner's tune) are standard pop songs. Buckner strides into each one, investing it with his own original touch and conception (the first chorus of *One for My Baby* will suffice as an example of this jazz originality). This selection of standard repertoire is more than a minor challenge to the soloist. He takes them all on, eyeball to eyeball, and the other fellow always blinks. (J.A.T.)

Ray Charles-Milt Jackson

SOUL MEETING—Atlantic 1360: *Hallelujah*, *I Love Her So*; *Blue Genius*; *X-Ray Blues*; *Soul Meeting*; *Love on My Mind*; *Bags of Blues*.

Personnel: Tracks 1-5 — Charles, piano, alto saxophone; Jackson, vibraharp; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Percy Heath, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Track 6 — Billy Mitchell, tenor saxophone; Jackson, vibraharp; Charles, piano; Oscar Pettiford, bass; Connie Kay, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

This is the second album by Jackson and Charles, and for some reason Atlantic has sat on most of the material included here for more than five years. In fact, according to my information, this second album contains the bulk of an earlier meeting of the two men: all tracks ex-

cept *Bags of Blues*—which was made at the April 10, 1958, session that produced the first Jackson-Charles album (*Soul Brothers*)—were recorded on Sept. 12, 1957.

This is a better-organized album than the first release, though there is not the opportunity to hear Jackson solo on piano and guitar as there was on that album.

Basically it's a blues session—only *Hallelujah* and *Love* are nonblues, and these two contain heavy doses of blues feeling.

When Jackson and Charles play blues, it would be rather silly to expect to hear anything startlingly new. The blues furnish a means of easy conversation for these two, and therein lies the charm of the record—it's like a gathering of old friends chatting and commenting on things in general.

Jackson's warm wit pops up in his breaks on *Hallelujah*. His solos on *Genius*, *Bags* (he seems to pirouette), and his own *Soul Meeting* are a couple of cuts above his usual blues solos, which are always very good indeed. And his 16 bars on Charles' *Love* are particularly fulfilling.

Charles' best tracks are *Genius* and *Bags*, the former notable for its deep-blues feeling, the latter for Charles' ability to build effectively.

Burrell also knows his way around the blues, as can be heard to best advantage in his strutting *Meeting* solo.

In sum, this is one of those albums that fall short of the outstanding class but are the kind one plays to relax with.

(D.DcM.)

Walt Dickerson

RELATIVITY—New Jazz 8275: *Relativity*; *I Ain't Necessarily So*; *I Can't Get Started*; *Stepping Out*; *The Unknown*; *Sugar Lump*; *Autumn in New York*.

Personnel: Dickerson, vibraharp; Austin Crowe, piano; Ahmed-Abdul Malik, bass; Andrew Cyrille, drums

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This third Dickerson album, like the first two, offers excitement, emotional experience, and music of high quality.

Dickerson's work can be spellbinding in its intensity and emotional wallop, with sparks flying as if from a whirling firewheel. Though his construction of solos is jagged, there is a flow, a springiness, to his work that makes it quite appealing, something best heard on *Lump*.

He also evidently has a penchant for dissonance and introduces it often into his solos and compositions (he wrote all the originals).

His vibes work is very good on *Relativity*, *Ain't Necessarily*, *Lump*, and *Started*, twisting into surprising, well-conceived contours.

Crowe, an increasingly impressive pianist, has a sharp-angled, jabbing solo on *Relativity* and a tightly constructed one on *Ain't Necessarily*. His best work, however, is on *Autumn*.

Unknown is played by Dickerson and Malik only. According to the notes, Dickerson said he sets up a "tonal basis" for Malik to explore the unknown. It's a rather interesting experiment and contains some very fine arco work by the bassist, but there is a disquieting aura of "artiness" about it.

As much as I like most of this record, there are other disquieting aspects about it.

I have little doubt that Dickerson is an

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important musician and that he will be of influence on his instrument. I have no doubt that he is perhaps the most cliché-free vibraharpist I've heard. But on the other hand, I feel he may be treading near a point that most musical individualists at some time come to—the point where they meet themselves coming around a corner, where phrases that in the beginning were “unorthodox” and “fresh” are played more often, becoming, by repetition, the expected and the predictable.

Dickerson is not at that point yet, but there are aspects of his playing on this album that could lead him there soon. One device he uses on most tracks is a series of short, swirling phrases that build a taut tension that he relieves with longer, more loose passages. It is quite effective, but for all that, it is done a bit too much for comfort. Another characteristic of his playing that is quite fetching is his manner of thickening parts of his solos with those short swirls, as he does so well on *Started*. But the same criticism can be made; is it becoming something to depend on, to fall back on? Only Dickerson can answer, and I would be hypercritical to go into all this if I didn't believe in him.

Still, this is a very good album and is heartily recommended for the sometime electrifying emotion Dickerson is able to generate. (D.DeM.)

Tiny Grimes

BIG TIME GUITAR—United Artists 6232: *Do It Yourself Blues; Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe; Work Song; Lullaby of the Leaves; I'm Beginning to See the Light; Blue Morocco; I'm Getting Sentimental Over You; Satin Doll; Dreamy; Red Rooster Ruckus; Coffee Break.*

Personnel: Grimes, guitar; E. S. Swanston or L. S. Williams, organ; K. Martin or E. Crawford, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

One of the most prominent guitarists of the 1940s, Grimes reveals in this set produced for UA by Erroll Garner's Octave label (the date was supervised by Garner) that essentially his style not only remains the same but also that it has withstood the abrasions of some 15 years of change in jazz.

Still preferring the four-stringed instrument, Grimes plays with a directness and simplicity that is ingenuous and uncluttered by affectation. His approach is basically melodic, hewing for the most part rather closely to thematic lines. This is most evident in the ballads and/or standard pop tunes. In his own pieces, though—*Do It Yourself, Morocco, Ruckus, and Coffee*—he reverts to tried-and-true bluesy picking in the honored tradition of the delta and the back country.

The role of the organ is mainly subordinate to the guitar's lead voice, and each drummer does his job adequately and unobtrusively.

For lovers of guitar blues in the traditional metier, this set bears consideration. (J.A.T.)

Ramsey Lewis

BOSSA NOVA—Argo 705: *Samba de Orpheus; Maha de Carnaval; As Criaçinhas; A Noite Do Meu Bem; O Pato; Genérique; Roda Moinho; Cara de Palhaço; Canaço Para Geralda.*

Personnel: Lewis, piano; Eldee Young, bass; Red Holt, drums; Josef Paulo, guitar, pandeiro; Carmen Costa, cabaca, vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The Lewis trio is well suited for bossa nova, something Lewis himself apparently has recognized quickly. According to

Barbara Gardner's album notes, the group woodshedded with Paulo and Costa for just a few days, learning the basic b.n. techniques for this date. The resultant music is as pleasant and polished as one would expect from veteran Latin performers.

Lewis' own *Canaco Para Geralda (A Song for Geraldine)* evokes charming images and shows how easily jazz can assimilate extrinsic modes and forms and make them completely jazz. *O Pato (The Duck)* has surprise rhythmic explosions, and Lewis here begins playing passages that would not have been out of place at the south-side Chicago rent party sessions of a few decades ago. *Carnaval* is lyrical. Miss Costa's vocal on *Noite* shows no jazz traces, but Paulo plays lovely guitar obbligatos on the track.

Bossa nova may not be of much intrinsic value to jazz (excluding economic aspects), but it proves once again jazz' marvelous pliancy, and without question, it will suggest new directions for jazzmen. Lewis demonstrates this throughout this album. (G.M.E.)

Bill Marx

JAZZ KALEIDOSCOPE—Vee Jay 3032: *It Ain't Necessarily So; Somewhere; I Believe in You; Brotherly Jack; Blue Hue; Angel Eyes; No Small Waltz; More I Cannot Wish You.*

Personnel: Ray Linn, Jack Sheldon, trumpets; Dick Nash, trombone; Paul Horn, Roger Benioff, reeds; Marx, piano; Larry Bunker, vibraharp; James Bond, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Marx, son of Harpo, reveals himself as a promising arranger and pianist (in that order) in these eight pieces. His writing for his ensemble is adventurous without being far out, neatly and cleanly done without being cliché-ridden. And he gives body to his pieces by backing up his soloists with appropriately interesting ideas.

This is not yet distinctive work, but at least Marx is trying to do something other than simply blowing. He appears to be a capable if not particularly inventive pianist, who uses both single-note lines and chorded passages. He shares solo space with Sheldon, Horn, and Bunker, the last being the most consistently enlivening soloist of the group, while Bond and Marable give them a strong and resilient foundation to work over.

Although the disc is not really gripping in any way, it deserves attention as a hopeful initial step by Marx. (J.S.W.)

Punch Miller

THE RIVER'S IN MORNING—Icon 7: *Dinah; St. Louis Blues; Long Distance Blues; Milneberg Joys; Rose Room; Weary Blues; Gate's Blues; San; Sugar Blues.*

Personnel: Miller, trumpet, vocals; Albert Warner, trombone; Israel Gorman, clarinet; Creole George Guesnon, banjo; Wilbert Tillman, tuba; Alex Bigard, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There is a lot of vitality and enthusiasm in the playing of these New Orleans veterans assembled by Grayson Mills.

Miller, at 67, is still a ruggedly rambunctious trumpeter, who is capable of a strong lead and punching, driving solos. He plays with a fine brassy tone and a rough-edged projection that is in the best New Orleans tradition. Gorman is an erratic clarinetist, frequently getting into situations that his fingers can no longer handle but just as often finding some volatile and guttily expressed phrases. Warner

is a well-directed tailgate trombonist.

The rhythm section is unusually firm and alive, providing a strong beat but not the heavy, sludgy sound that is characteristic of revivalist musicians who try to play in the manner that is the natural expression of the men on this record. Tillman, on tuba, is particularly helpful in this respect.

The performances are uneven, but at their best (on *Milneberg*, for instance) they have the spirit and sound of the finest New Orleans jazz. (J.S.W.)

Wes Montgomery

FULL HOUSE—Riverside 434: *Full House; I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face; Blue 'n' Boogie; Cariba; Come Rain or Come Shine; SOS.*
 Personnel: Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Wynton Kelly, piano; Montgomery, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Recorded in June, 1962, at the now-closed Berkeley, Calif., coffee house Tsubo, this album catches guitarist Montgomery at the blazing top of his form and in particularly congenial company. Most of the numbers are lengthy blowing pieces, using simple frameworks (most often unison passages by the guitarist and Griffin) and allowing ample room for stretching out, a situation used to excellent advantage by the three soloists.

Despite the excellence of Griffin's work—and he does summon up considerable



charging excitement (as on his booting, speechlike *Blue 'n' Boogie* solo)—it is the guitarist's show all the way. To each of his extended improvisations he brings a surging power and a steadily mounting sense of dramatic intensity: his lines build logically to emotional peaks. One feels that Montgomery is always total master of his solos — he rarely, for example, seems merely to be running changes or playing what falls beneath his fingers, depending on clichés or pet phrases. His solos are fully developed theme variations.

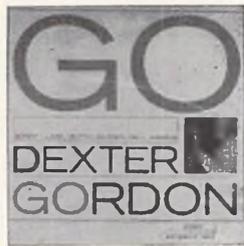
Whatever the stimulus—crowd, room, or confreres — Montgomery plays stunningly here on just about every one of his extemporizations. At least four of them—those on *Full House*, *Blue 'n' Boogie*, *Come Rain*, and *SOS* — are particularly brilliant examples of the art of jazz guitar. The four will doubtless serve countless guitarists as models of phrasing, shading, and construction. The most immediately impressive of the four is the powerful *Blue 'n' Boogie*, which generates a fiery excitement, moving from strong, flashing, single-note lines to some of the guitarist's most forceful usage of extended octave passages.

Griffin is in fine fettle, playing with a kind of bullying warmth and tenderness or, at times, plunging, demonic force. Kelly provides the right kind of relief in

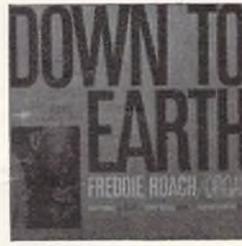
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Charlie Parker —
THE HAPPY "BIRD"—Charlie Parker 404: *Happy Bird Blues; Scrapple from the Apple; I Remember April; Lullaby in Rhythm.*
 Personnel: Parker, alto saxophone; Wardell Gray, tenor saxophone; Dick Twardzik or Walter Bishop, piano; Charlie Mingus or Teddy Kotick, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

These jam session performances, never before released, were recorded in Boston nearly 12 years ago.

Though Parker appeared to be in excellent control of tone, time, and fingers, his solos here suggest that the altoist occasionally fell victim to his own stock

phrases. There is little on these tracks that has not been heard from him many times before, usually under more favorable recording conditions.

Yet there is no getting around the remarkable fluency and urgency of Parker's music. These positive characteristics seemed always present, notwithstanding the ebb and flow of his creative urges from night to night.

This was, I gather, one of those "status quo" jam sessions, where no one expected anything new to develop. Parker obliged his listeners by playing lots of notes and a few rhythmic games on some ripe standards; but on this occasion he did not say much, for this listener at least, of more than passing import.

Gray, on the other hand, had a great

deal to say. Even without Parker, this set would be worth owning for Gray's eloquent statements on *Lullaby* (mis-labeled, incidentally, as *I May Be Wrong*) For those who knew his work well, the tenor saxophonist is missed nearly as much as is Parker himself.

Unlike many private tape issues, this one lists most of the personnel. In all, a worthwhile recording. (R.B.H.)

Shirley Scott —
SHIRLEY SCOTT PLAYS HORACE SILVER
 —Prestige 7240: *Senor Blues; Moon Ray; Sister Sadie; Doodlin'; The Preacher; Strollin'.*
 Personnel: Miss Scott, organ; Henry Grimes, bass; Otis Finch, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Some months ago when I reviewed an album on which Miss Scott played both piano and organ, I was struck by the diversity of her styles: she was a restrained, sensitive pianist but a conventionally funky organist. Her approach to these Silver compositions—among his most popular though not necessarily his best—is usually hackneyed.

To some people, Miss Scott's approach might seem appropriate for Silver's tunes, but most of her solos here are unimaginatively heavy-handed. I wish that she had transferred her piano concept to the organ.

When she *does* get a nice single-note line going, she usually cuts it short, switching to screaming chords and held notes. The effect is skull-shattering. By contrast, her *Strollin'* and *Moon Ray* solos come off well; on these tracks Miss Scott plays melodically and builds to some strong climaxes.

Grimes shines consistently with his forceful section work, and his cohesive spot on *Doodlin'* convinced me that he should have been given more solo space. (H.P.)

Bud Shank-Claire Fischer —
BOSSA NOVA JAZZ SAMBA—Pacific Jazz 58: *Samba da Borboleta; Illusao; Pensativa; Joao; Misty; Que Mais?; Wistful Samba; Samba Guapo.*
 Personnel: Shank, alto saxophone; Fischer, piano; Ralph Pena, bass; Larry Bunker, vibraphone; percussion: Bob Neel, Milt Holland, Frank Guerrero, percussion.

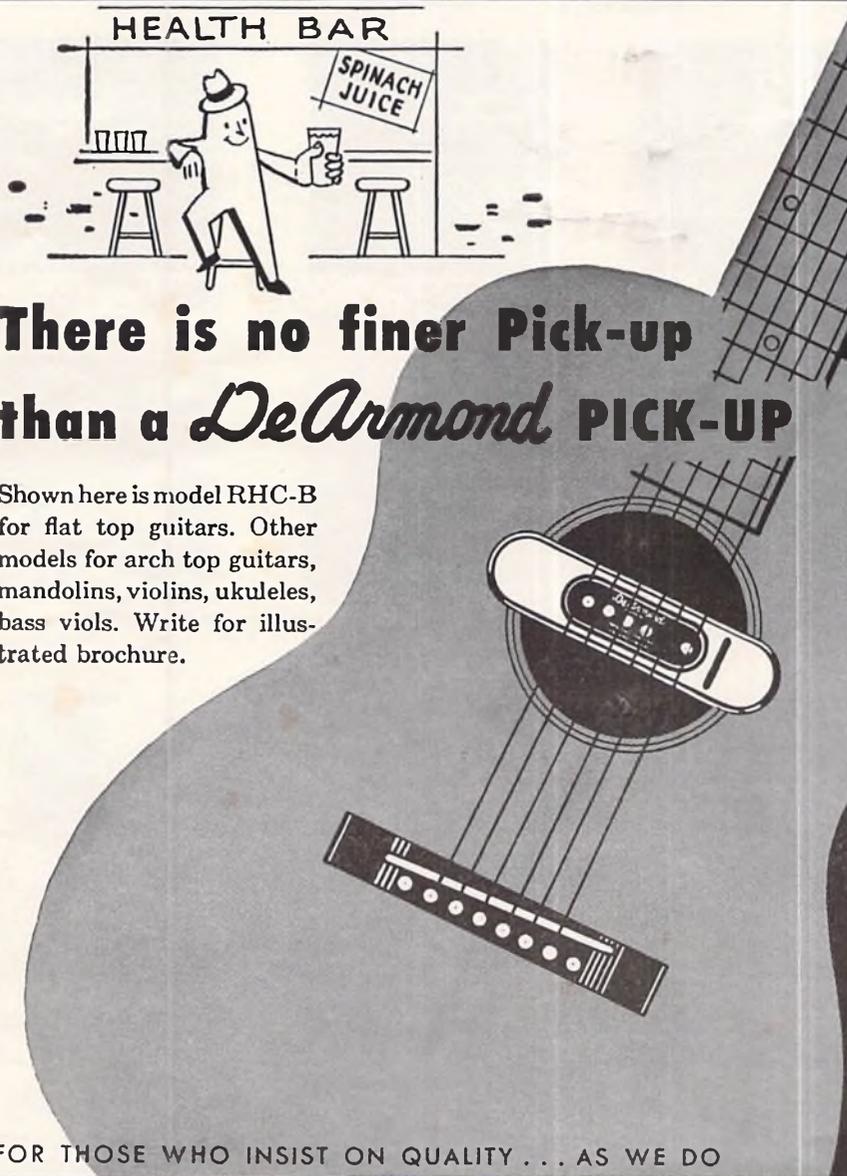
Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Fischer is not only one of the most intelligent arranger-composers on the scene today but one of the most sensitive as well. Here he has written seven little pieces that capture much of the wistful puckishness of urban Brazilian songs. They are charming, sympathetic melodies, and it wouldn't be too surprising to find them turning up in the libraries of Brazilian groups some day.

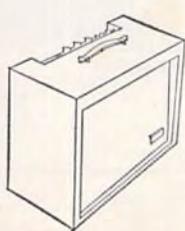
Because he writes so well, Fischer may be overlooked as a pianist. He is of what might be called the Bill Evans school of taste and understatement, a loose categorization meant as high praise.

Shank plays with characteristic aplomb and pleasant predictability throughout the session. There is, of course, nothing new or startling about bossa nova for him, for he's been playing something like it for a decade.

The rhythm section is more convincing than most you'll hear in the current Brazilian-U.S. wave (the tambourine is helpful here), but personally I miss the guitar. Without it, the delicate nature of bossa nova tends to be replaced by the more



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Sonny Stitt

SONNY STITT AND THE TOP BRASS—Atlantic 1395: *Souls Valley; Coquette; On a Misty Night; Stittie; Poinciana; Boom-Boom; Sea Sea Rider; The Four Ninety; Hey, Pam.*

Personnel: Reunald Jones, Blue Mitchell, Dick Vance, trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Matthew Gee, trombones; Willie Ruff, French horn; Stitt, alto saxophone; Duke Jordan, piano; Perri Lee, organ; Joe Benjamin, bass; Frank Brown or Philly Joe Jones, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Stitt blowing to the backing of a large ensemble is noteworthy enough in itself after all these years of Sonny-and-rhythm section sets. In this instance, however, Stitt is heard at the top of his form, and the brass backdrops to his performance is a bonus.

The arrangements are, in the main, crafted as functional settings for the altoist by Tadd Dameron (*Misty Night, Sea Sea, Four Ninety, Pam*) and Jimmy Mundy (*Souls, Coquette, Poinciana, Boom-Boom*). Moreover, *Sea Sea*, the old *See See* but with Stitt listed as composer, has some fine trombone exchanges by Cleveland and Gee, plus a brief but sensitive piano solo by Jordan. Always supremely at home with the blues, Stitt's playing on this track is superlatively thoughtful and intense.

Miss Lee, a jazz organist who has spent some time working West Coast clubs, is heard to impressive advantage in several tracks. She displays facile technique and considerable drive and has the good sense to employ a degree of control on an instrument that seems to tempt its players to technical excess. (J.A.T.)

Charlie Teagarden

THE BIG HORN OF LITTLE "T"—Coral 57410: *Anything Goes; What's New?; I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You; Gone with the Wind; Charmaine; Tangerine; Yesterdays; Thou Swell; You Stepped out of a Dream; My Heart Belongs to Daddy.*

Personnel: Teagarden, trumpet; Ronnie Di Filippo, piano; Carson Smith, bass; Tom Montgomery, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Two startling things leap out at one from this record. The first is that Teagarden, who is usually bracketed stylistically in the traditional-to-swing area, actually extends far beyond that and is, in effect, a blend of trumpet styles that extends from Bix Beiderbecke to Dizzy Gillespie. His playing certainly is rooted in prewar jazz, but it is carried on long lines that are distinctly postwar. The other startling fact about Teagarden is the almost total blanket of anonymity under which he has played during his 30-year career, considering his amazing facility.

He has a gorgeously full-bodied, brassy tone and an ability to propel his lines with implied rhythms that give even his ballads a strong sense of movement. Teagarden is not a showoff trumpeter. Rather—and this may explain to some extent why he has not acquired more of a name—he tends to throw off astonishing solos in very casual fashion, a sort of understatement.

This set was recorded in Las Vegas where he has been leading a small group for three years, and it is hemmed in by the limitations of the requirements of a

Las Vegas audience. But even within this limited area and using fairly well-worn material, Teagarden's remarkable attack and conception are quite apparent. (J.S.W.)

Various Artists

ALL NIGHT LONG—Epic 16032: *Overture; Noodlin'; Sapphire; Scott Free; It's a Raggy Waltz; Blue Shadows in the Street; Fall Guy; Wingate's Spot; Muy Rapido; Dedication to Johnny Hodges; Skin Fever; Sax Reference; The Chase; Frenzy; Finale.*

Personnel: various combinations including Johnny Scott, Johnny Dankworth, alto saxophones; Tubby Hayes, tenor saxophone, flute, vibraharp; Ronnie Ross, baritone saxophone; Dave Brubeck, Colin Purbrook, piano; Ray Dempsey, guitar; Charlie Mingus, Kenny Napper, bass; Alan Ganley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Based on this jazz from the soundtrack of the British film *All Night Long* (which this reviewer has not seen), the movie

must surely be the swingingest ever to emerge from the Pinewood and Elstree studios. The picture's soundtrack is loaded with modern jazz ranging from intimate, small-group pieces to roaring flagwavers played by a big studio band that rivals any on Hollywood's sound stages.

The different combinations comprise the cream of today's British jazzmen. Most of the themes (none of which is particularly memorable) are from the pen of Phillip Green, music supervisor on the picture. There is no arranging or orchestration credit given on the album.

Of the many musicians heard in the 15 separate tracks, two, Mingus and Brubeck, are ringers. Mingus is featured strongly in *Noodlin'*, the second track on the first side; Brubeck waxes typically Brubeckian in

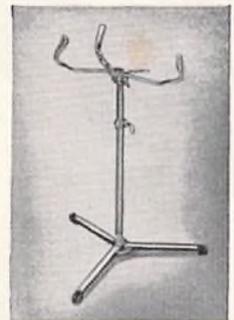
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In the British majority, however, some excellent soloists shine. Altoist Johnny Scott (not to be confused with tenorist Ronnie; and where was *he*?) turns in some distinctive solo work on *Sapphire*.

The prodigiously talented Tubby Hayes, moreover, is heard all through the proceedings on vibraharp, tenor saxophone, and flute. Presumably the tenor solo on *Sax Reference* is his; if it is, he is to be congratulated on one of the wildest rides heard on record in some time.

As with all movie music, the offerings here are somewhat fragmentary in part—but less so than most film soundtracks. In the main it's good modern jazz and an excellent showcase for the Britons. (J.A.T.)

VOCAL

Aretha Franklin

THE TENDER, THE MOVING, THE SWINGING—Columbia 1876: *Don't Cry, Baby; Try a Little Tenderness; I Apologize; Without the One You Love; Look for the Silver Lining; I'm Sitting on Top of the World; Just for a Thrill; God Bless the Child; I'm Wandering; How Deep Is the Ocean?; I Don't Know You Anymore; Lover, Come Back to Me.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra, Robert Mersey, conductor; Miss Franklin vocal.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

An album such as this makes one believe again. For some time now, Miss Franklin has been bone dry, and a couple of refreshing vocalists have emerged in the meantime, only to be sucked away in the spiraling funnel of pop and poor rhythm and blues.

From her recent singles and stage appearances, it seemed that Miss Franklin might be flowing along in the torrent. This recording, while still discouragingly rockish, displays enough of the inner artistry of Aretha Franklin to make one come arunning.

She is an original talent, uniquely herself. Nowhere does she better surmount the invitation to imitation than on *Thrill*. She transforms the tune into a loose and very personal vehicle.

Don't Cry is another special tune for me. Usually, Miss Franklin is so convincing on ballads and blues that one fails to remember that she is only 20. When she tackles the Billie Holiday tune, *God Bless*, this fact is driven abruptly home. She has not lived that lyric yet, and she sings the tune with the belligerence of youth, completely missing the wistful longingness of the song.

She is a swinger, and the two up tunes, *Top of the World* and *Lover*, move swiftly and with conviction, though at times it seems that *Top of the World* will surely never end.

It is a pleasure to listen to a good, developing talent. But there are problems. On most of the tunes, the arrangements are trite, commercial, and completely unworthy of the singer. I suspect she is playing piano on some of them, which does not enhance their effectiveness. A polished pianist she is not. The piano is particularly annoying on *I Don't Know You*.

Only slightly less arresting than her initial album, this recording is highly recommended. (B.G.)

Sarah Vaughan

SNOWBOUND—Roulette Birdland 52091: *Snowbound; I Hadn't Anyone 'til You; What's Good About Goodbye?; Stella by Starlight; Look to Your Heart; Oh, You Crazy Moon; Blah, Blah, Blah; I Remember You; I Fall in Love too Easily; Glad to Be Unhappy; Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most.*

Personnel: unidentified orchestra; Miss Vaughan, vocals.

Rating: ★ ★

Quite a controversy has developed over the definition of a jazz singer. By almost any criteria, however, Miss Vaughan seems to be moving farther away from jazz with each album. She doesn't take nearly as many liberties with a melodic line as she did in the 1940s and '50s. All the tunes here are taken at slow tempos and seldom swing.

Miss Vaughan is a first-class vocal improviser, and it's a shame that she isn't given a chance to practice this art. In addition, she is hampered throughout by sloppily sentimental arrangements. (H.P.)

REPACKAGES

Riverside continues its jazz composers' series with releases showcasing the compositions of Tadd Dameron (3511) and Bobby Timmons (3512), the eighth and ninth in the series.

The Dameron disc's outstanding performances are by Bill Evans (a firm rendition of *Our Delight* from Evans' first album, *New Jazz Concepts*) and Timmons (a tender performance of *If You Could See Me Now*). Dameron himself has written for and conducts large orchestras on *Fontainebleau*, a good composition, though treated somewhat heavily in this version; *The Dream Is You*, made under Milt Jackson's name; and *Smooth as the Wind*, released under Blue Mitchell's leadership.

The Timmons album makes clear that the pianist is much more than a soul-jazz composer, though many of his tunes are recorded in that genre and usually are titled to fit the vein. The constructions and chords he uses in his compositions are quite sophisticated, as can be heard here. The subtlety of his writing is brought out by Billy Taylor in his treatment of *Moanin'*.

Other very good tracks are *Popsy*, performed by the composer's trio and featuring excellent bass work by Ron Carter; *So Tired* by a large Johnny Griffin group that has glistering playing by the leader, trumpeter Clark Terry, and bassist Vic Sproles to recommend it; and *Soul Time*, a lovely waltz performed by Johnny Lytle.

Two recent samplers (reissue LPs made up of tracks by various groups) are very much worth while.

The first is a massive set culled mostly from the Roulette and Roost catalogs—"Pop" Jazz (WGM-2AB), the latest in the Artia-Parliament series of *The World's Greatest Music*. The set, fairly well documented in two handsome booklets by Dom Cerulli, consists of 97 tracks on 10 records, and sells for \$12.95 (mono) or \$14.95 (stereo).

The performances range in quality from good to excellent and in time from the middle '40s (two good tracks by Charlie Parker with J. J. Johnson and Miles Davis, *Bird Feathers* and *Crazology*), and three humorous ones by Erroll Garner) to the early '50s (Bud Powell's *Bud's Bubble* and Stan Getz' *Tootsie Roll* and *Hershey Bar*

are most memorable) to the late '50s and early '60s—this period most heavily covered in the form of a dozen tracks by the Count Basie Band; 11 (almost two LPs) by Maynard Ferguson's crew; 18 by Sarah Vaughan, including a smattering of her tender work from the album she did with just bass and guitar; 14 tracks by Joe Williams, including ones with Miss Vaughan, with Lambert-Hendricks-Ross (*Goin' to Chicago* is a gas), and several with the Basie band.

There are sundry tracks by other vocalists. Dinah Washington's *You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You* stands out. There also are tracks by the John Coltrane Quartet (*One and Four*) and Lee Morgan, with Wayne Shorter and Bobby Timmons, that were included in the limited edition *Birdland Story* Roulette LP, which are sort of bonuses to a generally well done and attractive package.

The second bargain is Pacific Jazz' *On Mike!* (PJ 100), a two-for-the-price-of-one LP made up of 24 tracks in chronological order from 1953, the year Pacific Jazz was founded, to the present. Dick Bock, founder and president of the label, has written notes tracing the history of the company, what and whom it recorded, which to a great degree reflects the evolution of jazz—or the jazz public's taste—during the last nine years.

The first side deals mostly with so-called West Coast jazz, which was more virile than it is generally given credit for being. Listen on this side to Gerry Mulligan's *Carson City Stage*; Chet Baker's *Band Aid*, a buoyant quartet outing with pianist Russ Freeman; and the Bud Shank-Shorty Rogers *Shank's Pranks* as refreshers. It could be tippy-toe, though, something evident here in Chico Hamilton's *A Nice Day*. This side also includes Clifford Brown's *Tiny Capers*, which has light and sweet Clifford and some good Zoot Sims tenor.

Generally a more overt jazz, though still subtle, is represented on the second side: tracks by John Lewis doing a cut version of *Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West*; pianist Richard Twardzik; the Montgomery Brothers; a Mulligan group with Lee Konitz, Al Cohn, Sims, and Allen Eager playing *Sextet*; a Cannonball Adderley-Gil Evans version of *St. Louis Blues*; and an early version (with Jackie McLean and Bill Hardman) of Art Blakey's *Jazz Messengers*.

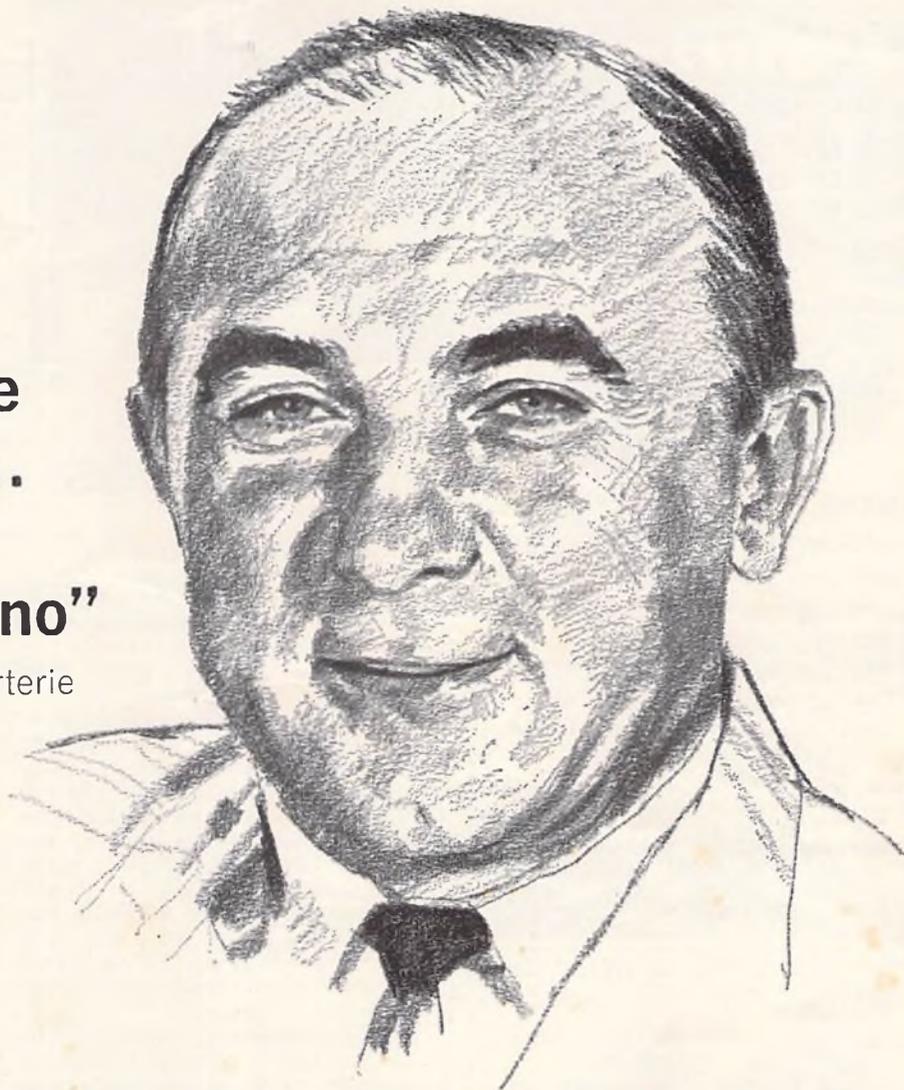
The album's third and fourth sides include several soul excursions, the best of which are the Richard Holmes-Les McCann *That Healin' Feelin'* and *Comin' Through the Apple* and Curtis Amy's *Tip-pin' on Through*. There are tracks of different orientation, too, such as Gerald Wilson's big-band version of *Blues for Yna Yna*, Clare Fischer's *Afterfact*, and Carmel Jones' collaboration with Wilson, *Blues March*, called *Sad March* on the original album.

Unfortunately, most, perhaps all, the tracks on the third and fourth sides are cut versions of the originals. But, all in all, they're well worth having; one is tempted to say that judicious cutting of many recent releases—from all companies—could do nothing but improve them.

(D.DeM.)

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Comments On Classics

By DONAL J. HENAHAN

Like Mozart's *A Musical Joke* or Satie's *Dessicated Embryos* (to pluck two from the rarity bag almost at random), Stravinsky's *Les Noces* never has gathered to itself more than a few admirers.

Although it reeks with the same sophisticated primitivism that made popular pieces out of *The Firebird* and *Petrouchka*, this intricately witty stage piece about a Russian peasant wedding has remained one of those Stravinsky scores that the untalented dabblers who make up 95 percent of the musical public love to dismiss smugly with such remark as, "Well, yes, it is nice, but it doesn't move me." It is possibly tactless to suggest that what such people want is not music but a good purgative.

At any rate, whether it purges the populace's emotions or not, *Les Noces* is demonstrably one of the most remarkable works of a remarkable composer, and one glance at Columbia's new recording of this score proves the esteem musicians still hold for it.

The four pianos are manned by Roger Sessions, Aaron Copland, Samuel Barber, and Lukas Foss, while Stravinsky himself conducts pianists, chorus, solo quartet, and percussion ensemble. Nothing less than such a level of musicianship will do in this score, in fact, for much of the appeal is in its headily complex speed changes, syncopations, and cross-rhythms.

Under Stravinsky's hand the performance has the purring precision of a finely tuned Alfa-Romeo. The glinting sonorities thrown off in the clash between the percussively played pianos and the biting vocal lines have probably never been realized so well in any performance and certainly not on records.

For most listeners, a special virtue of this version is that it is sung in English, and that the libretto gives the full English text.

Stravinsky's conversations with Robert Craft disclose that *Les Noces* was begun in 1914 while the composer was living in the Swiss mountains, and the score actually seems to be mountain music in a sense; its twanging humor is as dry as rarefied air, and the very sound has a bracing effect.

Inasmuch as there are not likely to be many more live performances of *Les Noces* in the next few seasons than there were in the last few, this disc can hardly be overvalued.

The Columbia recording also contains polished performances of Stravinsky's vaudeville piece, *Reynard*, and his *Rag-time for 11 Instruments*. Neither would have stayed alive this long except that they help fill out blank spaces in the intellectual and artistic Double-Croctic that is Igor Stravinsky.

As fascinating and exotic as anything Stravinsky ever wrote, though rather more open to debate as to musical worth, is Arnold Schoenberg's eccentric *Pierrot Lunaire*, newly recorded on Concert-Disc (CS-232), with Herbert Zipper conducting.

This oddity is even less likely than *Les Noces* to turn up on those radio programs that go by such names as *Milestones of Melody*, but after 50 years it still refuses to die the quiet death of many an overnight musical sensation of the earlier part of this century.

Pierrot might be described as a chamber melodrama (it employs female voice, piano, flute and piccolo, clarinet and bass clarinet, violin and viola, and cello). Now, melodrama has never been an easy matter to handle, and Schoenberg was frankly experimenting in creating the strange style he called *sprechstimme*, in which the vocalist is instructed to sound each note's pitch for an instant and then slide away from it, suggesting neither true speech nor song, but something in between. All this is done to 21 extraordinarily silly Gothic poems by Albert Giraud. Alice Howland, better than any other woman who has tried the stunt on LP, has captured the semiserious spookiness of the text.

Stravinsky once suggested jokingly that *Pierrot* should be recorded sans voice, so that each listener could supply his own do-it-yourself *sprechstimme*. But such a version might not be so bad an idea at that. For today's listener, the splintering textures of the instrumental portion of the score are as interesting as the lunacies of the text.

Alban Berg's *Violin Concerto* requires less to be said about it than any of the preceding works, because it is greater music, standing with his *Wozzeck* as one of the undeniable masterworks composed in 12-tone idiom.

It has become fashionable for commentators and critics to tell us in plonking tones that the power of this concerto exists in spite of the serial techniques used in its construction. That is rather like being told that Michelangelo's *David* is a great work of art despite the fact that it is carved of marble and not painted on canvas.

No violinist has done a finer service to this eloquent piece than Isaac Stern, who has recorded it gorgeously with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for Columbia (MS-6373), along with Bartok's two *Rhapsodies for Violin and Orchestra*. The cherished older version by Louis Krasner, who commissioned the score, has its particular endurance values, but Stern brings to this music an artistry and technical polish that Krasner only hinted at.



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"We never played two-beat, like they say, when we played Dixieland We always played four-beat, and that's what I played when I went with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings"



By LEONARD FEATHER

In October, 1924, Ben Pollack formed his own band at a ballroom in Venice Beach, Calif. During the next 17 years his sidemen included Benny Goodman, Fud Livingston, Irving Fazola, Harry James, Muggsy Spanier, Charlie Spivak, Jimmy McPartland, Charlie Teagarden, Jack Teagarden, Glenn Miller, Eddie Miller, Matty Matlock, and Gil Rodin, among others.

As this list makes clear, Pollack was enormously important as a man with an ear for talent. He also was the drummer with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings in the early '20s. Many musicians feel his role as a drummer, too, was greatly underestimated.

Seen in 1955 in a small part in *The Benny Goodman Story* ("I wore William Powell's old toupee"), Pollack spent the rest of the '50s running a restaurant on the Sunset Strip. Lately he has been back behind the drums, leading a Dixieland sextet at Hollywood's Knickerbocker Hotel.

He was given no information about the records.

THE RECORDS

1. Sonny Stitt. *Coquette* (from *Stitt & the Top Brass*, Atlantic). Stitt, alto saxophone; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Philly Joe Jones, drums; Jimmy Munday, arranger.

This record of *Little Coquette* fools me quite a bit. To me, the band sounds like Harry James, and Willie Smith on alto . . . but that sh-boom drumming behind there doesn't sound like Buddy Rich to me. I know that Harry can play a little boppy, although it doesn't seem to be his tone quality, and it's got me guessing—unless one of the other boys is taking a trumpet solo, which I doubt.

The record as a whole, if it is Harry James, isn't something I like to hear Harry do I think it's more or less showing musicians in the bop world that he's able to do these things.

Well, it's a good record, I'd see two stars on it, for what they're playing, but I don't see sales on it for Harry James.

2. Franz Jackson. *Weary Blues* (from *A Night at the Red Arrow*, Pinnacle). Jackson, clarinet; Dick Curry, drums; Lawrence Dixon, banjo; John Thomas, trombone.

That's the *Weary Blues* if my memory serves me It's the type of Dixieland that's nostalgic. I don't know if these are new guys or old guys. I don't know if they're colored, or the Firehouse Five.

The clarinet player seems to know what it's all about. The guy hitting the two cowbell notes in the middle of everything, that doesn't sound on the colored side. They're strictly on a two-beat kick all the way through, although, of course, the banjo gives it a four—he's right up in there, like the Firehouse Five would have it. Still, I don't know. Is it Wilbur DeParis and their band out of New York?

That isn't the way I'd like to hear Dixieland played, although there's a market—about a 20,000-seller market—for it. As far as the real Dixieland lovers, I'd rate it, well, fair, about two stars.

3. Jack Teagarden. *Round My Old Deserted Farm* (from *Think Well of Me*, Verve). Teagarden, trombone, vocal; Russ Case, arranger.

My old boy Jack Teagarden. Hearing him sing one of those kind of songs takes me back to one of our first big arguments when Jack was with me; originally, I was supposed to make a record of *If I*

Could Be with You One Hour Tonight, and we were making it for some small company and no money for arrangements, so we cut up stocks, and the vocal key was too low for me.

At that time I didn't even know if Jack could sing, so I said to him, "Just do a talking chorus like a Bert Williams thing on this, and we might get away with it." But instead of just talking this thing Jack sorta sang and talked it and it come out great, so after that, Jack became a vocalist.

Then we had a ballad come up, a love song, and Jack wanted to do it, and I said, "Jack, this isn't for you." He says he could sing anything.

And that's the trouble with this record. I don't like to hear Jack sing this type of tune. It doesn't fit him. But the record is beautiful, and Jack's trombone solo—he's the top T. I'd give this a top rating. The arrangement was very beautiful too. I'd rate it about four stars.

4. Ike Quebec. *Shu Shu* (from *Soul Samba*, Blue Note). Quebec, tenor saxophone; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Wendell Marshall, bass; Willie Bobo, drums; Garvin Masseaux, chekere.

This record I like a lot. I don't have any idea who's playing it, but the saxophone player is very fine, the guy doesn't get too far off, too far away. It's in line with what I really like. You don't hear any wild, screwball chords and breaking up of time, and it's a great *dansant* type of thing. It's strictly Waldorf-Astoria in my book.

The rhythm is wonderful, and the time! One of the few records where the time doesn't drag or race. If I was buying records these days, I'd buy this one. I'd rate it right up on top—five stars.

5. Bob Crosby. *Tin Roof Blues* (from Bob Crosby, 1936-1956, Coral). Probably Yank Lawson, trumpet; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; Eddie Miller, clarinet; Ray Bauduc, drums.

This one's got me guessing! I wish there were more guys playing trumpet like this guy, and it's a question of if it's a trumpet or if it's that old guy—what's his name—the old Dixieland drummer blowing a kazoo. He's laying it right on there, with real command, and you don't hear guys blowing like that any more.

The guys play it very well, although I haven't the least idea who they may be;

it sounded a little on the colored side, trombone especially, and the old Chinese cymbal in there. The new boys aren't using them. In fact, they're hard to find. I would rate it, in my book, about a No. 4.

6. Benny Goodman. *Meadowland* (from *Goodman in Moscow*, RCA Victor). Goodman, clarinet; Mel Lewis, drums; Joe Lipman, arranger.

I'd say it's Benny Goodman. He does get hung up in a couple of spots, but the record was played great, and I'd swear it was Buddy on drums—or it's somebody who plays an awful lot like Buddy—lotta taste, good time, he covers everything just fine.

It's a well-balanced record, and there's a lot going on there. I'd buy the record. It sounds like something they might have done over in Russia on that trip, unless somebody put in all that applause, taped it in. And whoever that drummer is, he's great. No. 5 in my book.

7. Original Dixieland Jazz Band. *Tiger Rag* (Riverside). Recorded, 1919. Nick LaRocca, cornet; Larry Shields, clarinet; Tony Sbarbaro, drums.

If I'm wrong on this one, I'm gonna go right out of your window here. Good old Larry Shields on clarinet. This must have been recorded right around 1918, an old horn recording, *Tiger Rag*.

I believe that's LaRocca on cornet and Tony on drums. But this kinda satisfies me. I kept thinking maybe I was wrong when I keep on saying that we never played two-beat, like they say, when we played Dixieland. You don't hear any overexaggerated two-beat in the Original Dixieland Band, so this kinda proves my point. All those guys lean on that two-beat ever since *Down Beat* come out with the new name, back in the '30s, calling it two-beat music. But I still claim, we always played four-beat, and that's what I played when I went with the New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

The sound is ancient, and the style wouldn't mean much now, although it was important in its day. If I had a historic library of records, I'd certainly put it in there.

I'm almost positive that was the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. It's difficult to rate, for the time it was recorded it was great. But if I could buy it, and a lot of people, they'd call it No. 5. 

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

ORCHESTRA U.S.A.-MODERN JAZZ QUARTET

Lincoln Center, New York City

Personnel: Modern Jazz Quartet—Milt Jackson, vibraharp; John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. Orchestra U.S.A.—Nathan Goldstein, Gino Sambuco, Jerry Widoff, violins; Julian Barber, Aaron Juvelier, violas; Alla Goldberg, Joseph Tekula, cellos; Richard Davis, bass; Herb Pomeroy, Nick Travis, Louis Mucci, trumpets; Michael Zwerin, trombone; Robert Northern, Robert Swisshelm, French horns; Harvey Phillips, tuba; Bob DiLomenica, Ray Shiner, Phil Woods, Don Stewart, Wally Kane, Don Ashworth, reeds and woodwinds; Jim Hall, guitar; Sticks Evans, percussion; Connie Kay, drums.

This concert was actually two concerts with only a tiny bit of relationship to one another.

The first half was devoted to the Modern Jazz Quartet in what has come to be a familiar kind of presentation. There was an *England's Carol* in the quartet's 16th-century style, and a collection of three selections from the film score of *A Milanese Story*, the second section of which, *Valeria*, also featured Jim Hall and a violinist in a kind of *Django*-suggested fragment. But all the music had a programmatic quality to it that sometimes had an uncomfortable resemblance to silent-film music—kind of like Pearl White and the dinosaur. *The Golden Striker* (I can't hear that title without thinking of Roger Maris) has never been played better. And *Belkis*, a lovely, swinging tribute to a beautiful lady, was stunningly played.

Cortege, from *No Sun in Venice*, had a marvelously "earthy" piano solo by Lewis, projecting back to early jazz. On the other hand, Heitor Villa-Lobos' *Bachianas Brasileiras #5 (Cantilena)* had a kind of "si chico" *All the Things You Are* about it that detracted. Finally, *The Sheriff* was an exciting, up-tempo romp mostly for Jackson with a slower-tempoed, telling ending.

After intermission the orchestra played four compositions, three of which had the quartet in attendance. Gunther Schuller conducted.

It should immediately be said that some soloists—among them Woods, Hall, Lewis, and Jackson—were superb. Woods, in particular, continues to grow as a soloist, far away from what he once was and, without question, becoming a musician who can challenge anyone on his instrument. But the frameworks within which he and the others worked left much to be desired.

There was, for me, a strong modern Germanic influence and sound that seemed to have no connection with the frequent solos and the orchestration. The orchestration was more important than the composition, as it has so often been in jazz, and the consequence was some good ado about not very much.

As a further consequence, what seemed like classical excursions acted like an exorcism now and then, and there were al-

together too many moments that sounded of the musical stage or of some jazz version of *Fantasia*.

In the midst of this, the soloists, sometimes superb, were overcome, and dictated to, by the arrangements, best described as shelves of geegaws—admirable and attractive in themselves, but without the strength and beauty of the soloists' contributions.

Perhaps as a footnote to that criticism, an encore found the quartet playing *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen*.

As always, Lewis presented most satisfying musical resolutions, but the nagging thought was that all of this was far from the seriousness obviously intended.

Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene often wrote light, fanciful, though wonderfully wrought books. But they distinguished these from their artistic endeavors. They called them diversions. And whatever the intentions, so was too much of what was heard during the latter half of this evening. —Coss

BILL HARRIS

Cafritz Auditorium, Washington, D.C.

Personnel: Harris, guitar.

During the last five years Harris has received considerable attention in the jazz press, mainly because of two EmArcy LPs made about six years ago. But comparatively few people have heard him in person. Even in Washington, where he lives and works, he confines most of his activity to teaching.

This solo-guitar recital was conducted under far from ideal conditions. The auditorium was much too large for the small audience; overhead lights were disturbingly kept on throughout the program, making any intimation of intimacy impossible; and the auditorium was much too hot, encouraging dozing by a few ardent Bill Harris enthusiasts who would vigorously deny that they could possibly sleep even a wink while Bill Harris was playing guitar.

But though lack of publicity may have kept it from being a commercial success, the concert was an artistic success. For those who know his work only by the two LPs, let it be known that Harris is a more exciting and more original guitar player now than he was when he recorded them.

Some highly skilled classical guitar players may grumble about Harris' occasional cavalier attitude about tone—it seems fair to suggest that he sometimes sacrifices tonal beauty for speed—and some may also complain that he is, at times, a little sloppy in his execution. But if one is most interested in rhythmic drive, originality, and enlargement of the repertoire for solo jazz guitar, then he will surely want to hear this man when the opportunity arrives.

Though Harris plays finger-style (no pick), in the classical tradition, he interpolated many single-string solos, and few guitarists could get away with that during a solo concert. There were times when support from one or two rhythm instruments would have added immensely to the Harris single-string solos, but he managed to hold things together without such support, a remarkable feat.

Harris played 32 songs, including a dozen standards, four originals, three classical pieces, two Christmas carols, a blues, and

eight compositions by contemporary jazz writers. The eight modern jazz pieces, which were wisely grouped together, helped make this concert memorable and of more than passing interest. Few of these pieces have ever been played on solo, open-hole, finger-style guitar, and they demanded careful preparation and imagination. Harris played each one with conviction. Thelonious Monk's *Well, You Needn't* and Duke Jordan's *Jordu* were particularly delightful. John Coltrane's *Naima* and *Syedda's Song Flute, Blue in Green* by Miles Davis and Bill Evans, Clifford Brown's *Daahoud*, and Monk's often-played *'Round Midnight* completed this sometimes fascinating part of the program. Immediately following was a Harris original called *Intaglio Monk* that had some speedy, nearly breathtaking, single-string lines.

The audience—something of a small fan club—was enthusiastic throughout and seemed particularly impressed with *Cherokee*, an ear-catcher because of a walking bass line on top, played with the thumb, and *Lover*, a song that lends itself to what many nonmusicians find sensational playing because of the nature of its chord progression, largely half steps. More impressive, to this writer, were his improvisations on *My Favorite Things* and *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Harris also showed a keen sense of dynamics on Duke Ellington's *I Didn't Know About You* (a nice tune that has not been overplayed), and he cut Bach's *Prelude, Allemande*, and *Sarabande* with clarity and precision, answering in the only way possible those critics of his formal playing. —Tom Scanlan

FRANK ROSOLINO

Shelly's Manne-Hole, Los Angeles

Personnel: Rosolino, trombone; Herb Ellis, guitar; Bob Bertaux, bass; Bob Neel, drums.

Apart from being one of the best modern trombonists in jazz, Rosolino is also one of its funniest personalities. Every Tuesday evening at Shelly Manne's jazz spot Rosolino reiterates the proposition that good jazz and his own wild sense of fun blend together in a highly entertaining and listening experience.

Rosolino and Ellis constitute a surprisingly satisfying "front line," unique and limited as the instrumentation is. Yet, with Ellis comping behind a Rosolino solo, and Bertaux supplying a full-sounding bass line underneath, there never is the feeling that the group's sound is deficient.

When Ellis solos, he is a powerhouse all by himself. He is employing more chordal technique than evident heretofore, and this, with single-string ideas, builds great excitement.

When he isn't interpolating ideas on trombone with Ellis, Rosolino will sing a chorus too. He chose, on night of review, to give a comic twist to the vocal on *Love for Sale* and then followed with a mighty trombone solo on the tune. His voice may never be hailed, but it has a fetching, offbeat quality that one gets used to.

For all its odd instrumentation (or perhaps because of it in such skilled hands) this quartet is stimulating, inventive, and above all, happy. And that Herb Ellis has got to be heard in this context to be believed. —Tyuan

'ROUND MIDNIGHT

Marty Paich's arrangement of 'Round Midnight, composed by Thelonious Monk, Cootie Williams, and Bernie Hanighen, and published by Advanced Music Corp., is an almost classic example of judicious, tasteful writing that provides the basis for achieving a sound larger than the sum of its parts. Such achievement is a Paich trademark. Paich's use of French horn in conjunction with or in opposition to the other instruments gives the arrangement a deep and mellifluous sound.

The score was written in 1959 to feature altoist Art Pepper, who recorded it for his Contemporary album *Art Pepper + 11* (3568), which received a five-star rating in *Down Beat*.

The tempo is slow, and phrasing should be broad and relaxed. The alto soloist plays the third and next-to-last bars freely; the piano figures following these ad lib passages need not be played in strict tempo. Note the measure of 2/4 (Bar 29) and the double-time section following. The ending is directed.

The first system of the musical score includes staves for Saxophone Alto, Alto, Trumpet I, Trumpet II, Trumpet III, Horn, Piano, Bass, and Drums. The Alto part features a melodic line with a 'Solo - 2/4' section. The Piano part includes a 'Solo (Pia)' section. The score is marked with 'Ad lib' and 'Solo' sections, and includes a tempo change to '2/4'.

The second system of the musical score continues the arrangement for Saxophone Alto, Alto, Trumpet I, Trumpet II, Trumpet III, Horn, Piano, Bass, and Drums. It features a 'Solo' section for the Alto and Piano parts. The score includes various musical notations such as 'Ad lib', 'Solo', and '2/4'.

Handwritten musical score for the first system, featuring multiple staves for various instruments and voices. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp*, *p*, *f*, and *ff*, and performance instructions like *rit.* and *rit. molto*. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

Instrument parts visible include:
 - Soprano (Sop.)
 - Alto (Alt.)
 - Tenor (Ten.)
 - Bass (Bass.)
 - Trumpets I, II, III, IV (Tpt. I-IV)
 - Trombones I, II, III, IV (Tbn. I-IV)
 - Horns (Hr.)
 - Piano (Pno.)
 - Bassoon (Fag.)
 - Double Bass (Duba.)

Handwritten musical score for the second system, continuing the composition. It features similar instrumentation and notation to the first system, with dynamic markings and performance instructions. The score includes complex rhythmic patterns and melodic lines.

Instrument parts visible include:
 - Soprano (Sop.)
 - Alto (Alt.)
 - Tenor (Ten.)
 - Bass (Bass.)
 - Trumpets I, II, III, IV (Tpt. I-IV)
 - Trombones I, II, III, IV (Tbn. I-IV)
 - Horns (Hr.)
 - Piano (Pno.)
 - Bassoon (Fag.)
 - Double Bass (Duba.)

Additional markings include *rit. molto*, *rit.*, *rit. molto*, and *rit.* throughout the system.

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poser-teacher **Sayard Stone**. Within the concert, Giuffrè will appear with his trio, as a soloist, and in performance of a specially written composition for his trio and small string orchestra . . . In early January, pianist **Dave MacKay**, bassist **Chuck Israels**, and drummer **Arnie Wise** played the Village Vanguard as a group and also accompanied MacKay's wife, vocalist **Nikki Price** . . . Trumpeter - composer - arranger **Fred Karlin** has been working on a Columbia project, "primarily a legitimate thing," *Drugs, Doctors, and Diseases*, a several-record set researched from Egypt through today by **Meg Wells**.

RECORD NOTES: Columbia recorded Brazilian composer-singer-guitarist **Carlos Lyra** with backing by the **Paul Winter Sextet** with arrangements by **Chuck Israels** . . . The latest Victor **Sonny Rollins** album, *Our Man in Jazz*, includes a 25-minute version of *Oleo* . . . **Sal Salvador** has recorded "all the best things in my jazz book" for Audio Fidelity . . . Vocalist **Nancy Harrow** has been signed to an exclusive recording contract by Atlantic. And Atlantic has issued the first of its Brazil-recorded bossa nova records with **Herbie Mann**. It's called *Do the Bossa Nova with Herbie Mann*. This one includes **Antonio Carlos Jobim** (who sings his own *One-Note Samba*), guitarist **Baden Powell**, the **Sergio Mendes Sextet**, pianist **Luis Carlos Vinhas**, and a 17-piece percussion group. Next in the series features **Joao Gilberto**, followed by others with Gilberto and Mann . . . **Thelonious Monk's** first album for Columbia, *Monk's Dream*, has been released.

Irving Townsend, Columbia records' West Coast a&r chief, began the New Year with a promotion to vice president of the label. He will now represent president **Goddard Lieberson** in the 12 western states. Townsend's promotion came three years to the day since he took over the coast office Jan. 1, 1960. Forty per cent of Columbia's total recording is now done in the Hollywood studios. Albums produced by Townsend here include **Mahalia Jackson's** and **Duke Ellington's** *Black, Brown, and Beige*; the pairing of **J. J. Johnson** with **Andre Previn**; **Jon Hendricks' Evolution of the Blues Song**; and the **Ellington-Count Basie** teaming, *First Time* . . . **Frank Sinatra** lured **Nelson Riddle** away from the Capitol fold, which surprised nobody. Riddle recently scored Sinatra's latest picture, *Come Blow Your Horn*, and has backed the singer on many albums cut when both were with Capitol . . . **Dick Peirce**, former a&r head for the West Coast division of RCA Victor, formed his own independent label, Charter Record Co.,

and first year's plans call for waxing 18 singles and six albums.

BRAZIL

Soprano and alto saxophonist **Booker Pittman** opened at Rio's Blue Angel with his quartet. Booker also is recording a bossa nova LP for Polydor, with his daughter **Eliana** . . . Several musicians and singers who were at the November Carnegie Hall bossa nova concert were signed by **Joe Glaser** and **Monte Kay**. They are signers **Claudio Miranda**, **Joao Gilberto**, **Carlos Lyra** (also a composer and guitarist), drummer **Milton Banana**, composer-arranger-pianist **Carlos Antonio Jobim**, and the **Oscar Castro Neves Quartet** . . .

Roberto Menescal, composer of *Barquinho (Little Boat)* flew in from New York City recently. He and many singers and musicians participated on the show *Bossa Nova '63*, held in the Bon Gourmet night club. During the show, dancer **Lennie Dale** introduced the new dance *Bossa Nova 63*.

Jazz Samba is the best selling b.n. American LP in Rio. Also doing well is *Bossa Nova in New York* by **Lalo Schifrin** . . . **Sonny Rollins' What's New?** was the flop of the year in its category . . . Odeon released *One-Note Samba* by **June Christy**, and Verve, *Desafinado* by **Ella Fitzgerald**. Philips will race the international b.n. steeple-



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chase with *Samba Para Bean* by Coleman Hawkins, *Desafinado* by Freda Payne, and another version by Rita Reys . . . Mercury officials said they won't release *Big Band Bossa Nova* by Quincy Jones here because the rhythm is not b.n. and the charts are too jazzy . . . Fermata released two Atlantic LPs this week: *Right Now* by Herbie Mann and *Thelonious Monk and the Jazz Messengers* . . . Guitarist **Baden Powell** has flown to New York to record b.n. LPs for Atlantic . . . Mocambo is releasing the best jazz LPs from the French Vogue catalog.

ARGENTINA

The first Latin American Jazz Festival, to be held Feb. 14-17 at Mar del Plato, is shaping up nicely. To be subtitled Homage to Newport, the festival is sponsored by the bureau of tourism, the travel promotion agency for Provincia de Buenos Aires. The festival is flying several North American jazz magazine editors to the event. Those scheduled to go so far are *Down Beat's* **Don DeMicheal**, *Jazz* magazine's **Dan Morgenstern**, and *Coda's* **John Norris**. Among the musicians, West Coast reed man **Bud Shank** also is set to attend. Latin American musicians and groups signed at presstime are **Paul Santos** and the **Brazilian Jazz Quintet**, which features bossa nova singer **Johnny Alf**, and the **Quintet of the Montevideo Hot Club**.

RCA Victor is producing a series of records featuring Argentine jazzmen. The first record, to be released soon, is by **Sergio Mihanovich**, arrangements by **Oscar Lopez Ruiz**. Another LP in the series will contain tracks by Ruiz' bassist brother, **Jorge**, who recorded with tenorist **Leandro Barbieri**, trumpeter **Roberto Fernandez**, pianist **Rubin Lopez Furst**, and drummer **Pichi Mazzei**.

BOSTON

Bass man **Jerry Edwards**, now at the Mark V in Lowell, has **Bud Warner** on drums and **Harry Ferrullo** on piano . . . Pianist **Peter Loeb**, a student at Harvard and formerly a student at the School of Jazz in Lenox, recently gave a concert on campus at Kirkland House . . . Recent engagements at Connolly's included those by **Slide Hampton's** group; an **Eric Dolphy** quartet that featured **Eddie Kahn**, bass; **J. C. Moses**, drums; **Herbie Hancock**, piano; and most recently altoist **Jackie McLean** with a local rhythm team featuring **John Neves**, ex-**Stan Getz** and **Maynard Ferguson** bassist; **Ray Santisi**, piano; and **Tony Williams**, drums.

Presently, the Jazz Workshop is closed but plans call for it to reopen shortly in a posh environment. The club is a base for **Herb Pomeroy's** band,

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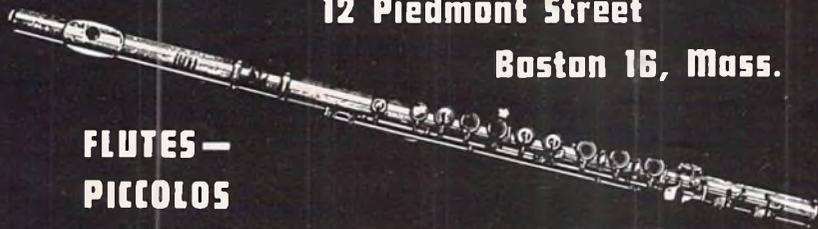
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Varty Haroutunian's group, and **Gene Distasio's** quintet. Rumor has it that, upon reopening, the club will bring in **J. J. Johnson** for a week to work with local men . . . Guitarist **Garbor Szabo**, formerly a student at the Berklee School of Music and onetime member of the Newport International Youth Band, was a recent visitor to Boston. Gabor is currently with **Chico Hamilton's** group.

CHICAGO

The **Stan Getz-Cannonball Adderley-Oscar Brown Jr.** concerts at Orchestra Hall were quite successful; the two concerts, presented the same night, each drew a near-capacity house. **Frank Fried's** Triangle Productions, which produced the show that was emceed by **Sid McCoy**, have scheduled the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet at the hall on March 22. The firm will present **Odetta** on Feb. 8 at Orchestra Hall, folk singer **Pete Seeger** on April 13 at the Civic Opera House, and **Tony Bennett** on April 19 at Orchestra Hall . . . Trumpeter **Red Allen** celebrated his 55th birthday on his opening night at London House, though his actual birthday was the day before.

Vernell Fournier subbed for drummer **Red Holt** during the **Ramsey Lewis** Trio's engagement at the Sutherland Lounge. Holt underwent a tonsillectomy. Fournier has since rejoined the **George Shearing** Quintet on the West Coast . . . Trumpeter-saxophonist **Ira Sullivan** left town recently for an indefinite stay at his parents' home in Coral Gables, Fla. . . **John Coltrane**, with **Eric Dolphy** on board, did SRO business at McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge during his recent three-weeker. One night the group played *So What?* for what must have been record endurance time—an hour and 20 minutes.

Oscar Brown Jr. and **Ramsey Lewis** recently performed for a social gathering of teenage gangs—the Vice Lords, the Egyptian Cobras, and their "debs." State Sen. **Bernard S. Heistein** invited the performers to appear at the event staged at the Lawndale Neighborhood Center . . . Open jam sessions have been held Wednesdays at 5th-Jack's Lounge with a house rhythm section, the **Jazz Disciples**—not to be confused with **Curtis Peagler's** Cincinnati group of the same name . . . Organist **Jimmy McGriff** follows **Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis** into McKie's on Feb. 6 for two weeks . . . Pianist **John Wright's** trio has been playing at the Glad Lounge, formerly the Pershing Lounge, in the Pershing Hotel.

DALLAS

Dee Barton, trombonist-turned-drummer with **Stan Kenton**, recently was awarded the Dallas Morning News jazz award for 1962, given in honor of the late singer **Kiz Harp**. Barton is an

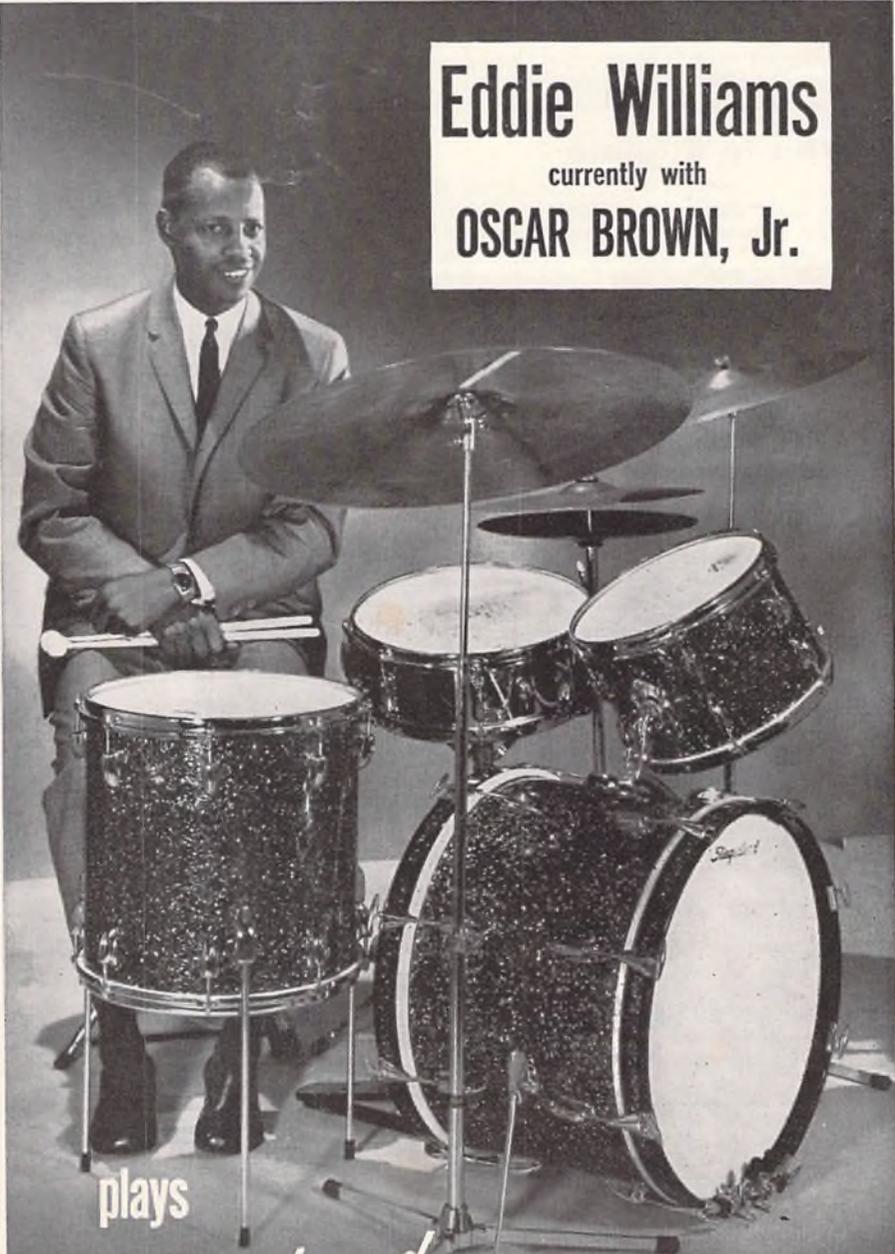
alumnus of North Texas State University, as is a fellow Kenton sideman, **Dave Wheeler**. The award is given annually, along with others honoring the top Dallas entertainers for the year. Previous winners have been tenorist **James Clay** and pianist **Jerry Harmon** . . . Vocalist **Louise Cowens** is appearing nightly at the Zoo Bar after three months in Grand Prairie with **Red Calhoun** . . . The **Dukes of Dixieland** recently played a concert with **Dick Contino** for the Dallas Theater League.

LOS ANGELES

Ray Charles' jingle bells rang out loud and clear to close the old year and bring in the new as the singer and

his troupe grossed \$69,517 in three one-nighters here over an eight-day period. Charles packed the Shrine Auditorium Dec. 26 for a personal take of \$15,200; New Year's Eve he pocketed \$12,134 from a percentage gig at Long Beach Civic Auditorium; and the next night went away with \$23,262 after taxes with a stand at the Hollywood Palladium.

Mike Davenport promotes a Feb. 15 concert at UCLA Student Union with a bill composed of comedian **Dick Gregory** and the **Curtis Amy** Sextet. Amy's new group features his own tenor saxophone; the trumpet of **Dupree Bolton**, **Ray Crawford's** guitar, **Dolo**



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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.

With the official application, you will be required to send to the above address a tape or record of your playing an instrument or a group in performance of your original composition and/or arrangement.

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Coker at the piano, Vic Gaskin on bass, and Ronnie Sillitoe on drums. The concert is sponsored by the UCLA junior class . . . At Mr. Adams', on Adams near Crenshaw, Richard Holmes is in for a long stay, says management, with Chicagoan Eugene Edwards on guitar and Floridian Leroy Henderson on drums behind Holmes' organ . . . Modern jazz moved into the new Caesar's motor hotel restaurant on Pacific Coast Highway in Torrance in the persons of bassist Bob Martin, pianist Joe Lettieri, and drummer Nick Adams. Owners Ray and Gil Sellan initiated a name-vocalist policy in two-week hitches, six nights a week. Lucy Ann Polk kicked off the series. Lettieri writes all the material for the shows . . . Dick Bock inaugurated a series of live jazz paired with foreign films at the Riviera and Capri theaters (both under one roof on Beverly Blvd.). The live attraction at the first run of the series was the Curtis Amy Sextet; the films were *The Truth About Woman* and *Make Mine Mink*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Another new club has opened here and a second is scheduled to bow in March. Both are in the North Beach sector, which has become the entertainment center of the city. Off Broadway, a supper club, opened with a trio led by drummer Jerry Granelli (Larry Vuckovich, piano; John Mosher, bass) as the house band. The club announced that a policy of featuring name entertainment 10 days of each month would be followed. Mel Torme was the initial attraction. A few blocks away, an avant-garde night club named tentatively the Committee is scheduled to open in March. Its financial backers include Mark Schorer, head of the English department at University of California and a noted biographer; novelist Herb Gold; and—no fooling—six psychiatrists.

Lee Konitz has been working weekends with the houseband at the Interlude in El Cerrito (a few miles north of Oakland) . . . Tenorist Bill Holman and drummer Mel Lewis were guest stars at the most recent bi-monthly concerts by the John Coppola Octet at the Gold Nugget in Oakland.

Al Obidzinski is the new bassist with pianist Gary David's trio at Robaire's in Oakland; Curry Tjader, Cal's brother, is the drummer . . . Radio KJAZ-FM, northern California's only all-jazz station, now has its new transmitter and antenna in operation with a consequent large increase in its area of audibility . . . Turk Murphy's club, Earthquake McGoon's, reopened after a Christmas vacation with a five-night policy instead of the previous six-night operation. 

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