

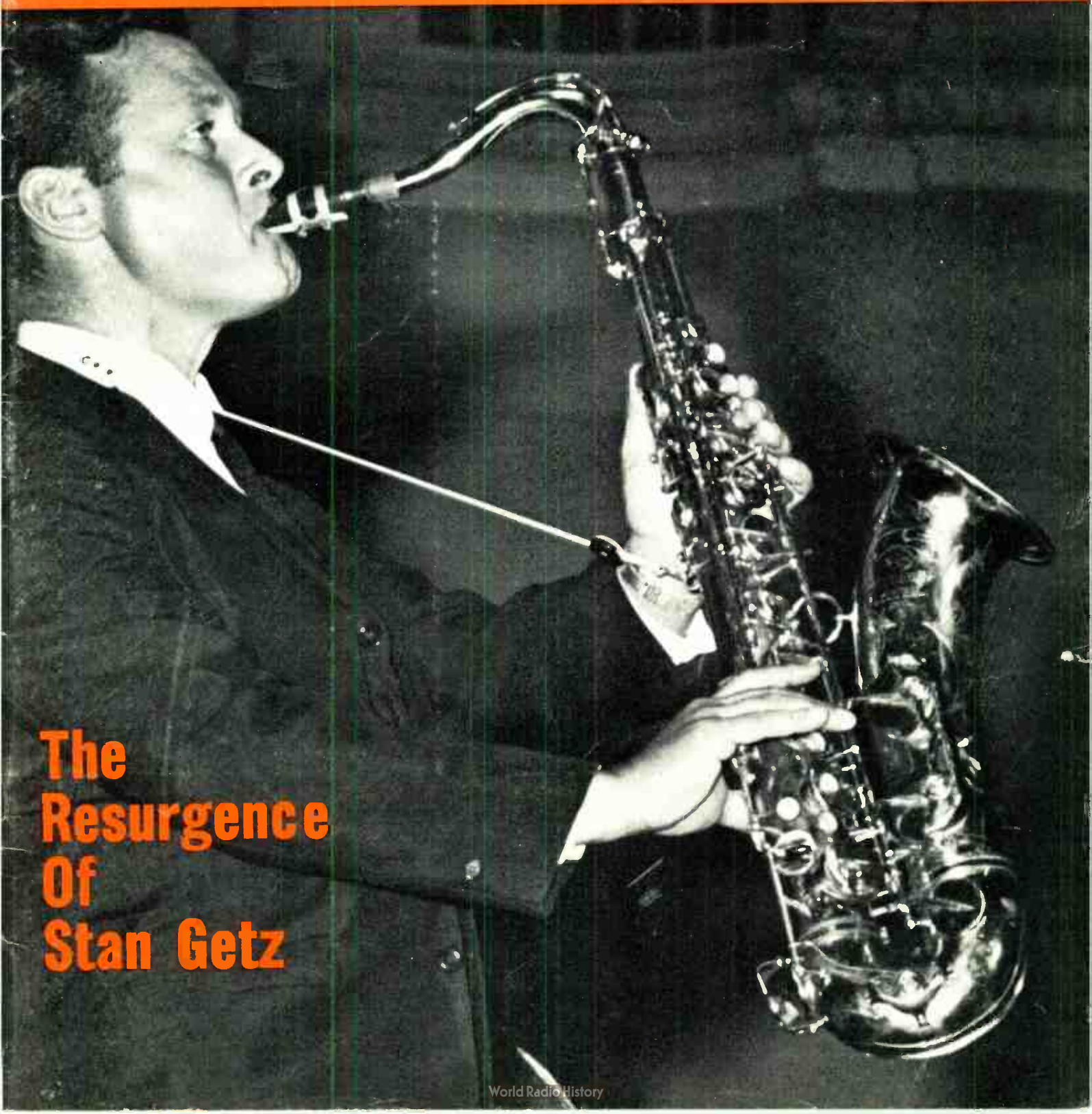
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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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As Seen By A Soviet Jazzman

George Crater's
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Of
Stan Getz**

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February 28, 1963

Vol. 30, No. 5

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THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

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READERS IN 91 COUNTRIES

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THINGS TO COME: Among the highlights of the March 14 *Down Beat* are pianist Les McCann's account of his recent European tour, a description of saxophonist Sahib Shihab's life as an expatriate, and Whitey Mitchell's hilarious *Blindfold Test* of society bandleader Julius Martinet. The March 14 *Down Beat* goes on sale at newsstands Thursday, Feb. 28.

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

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

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

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

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



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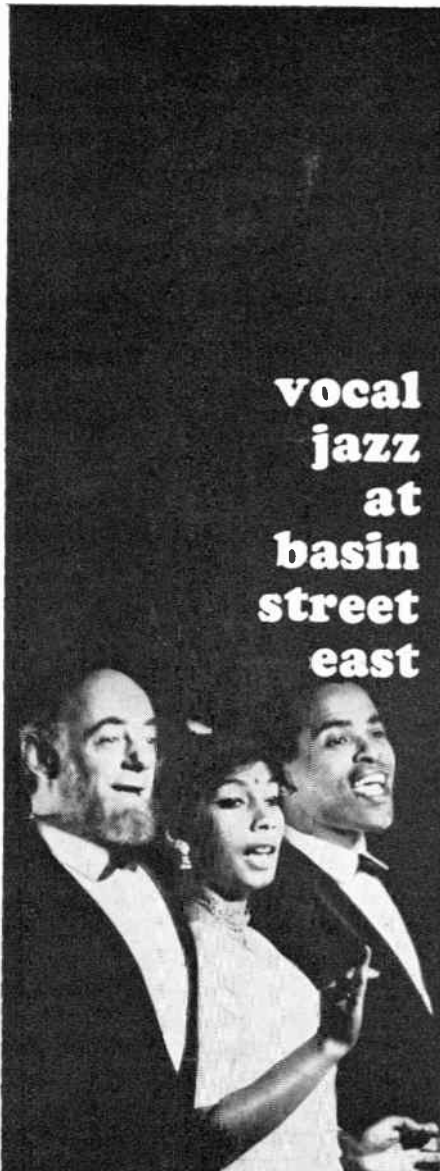
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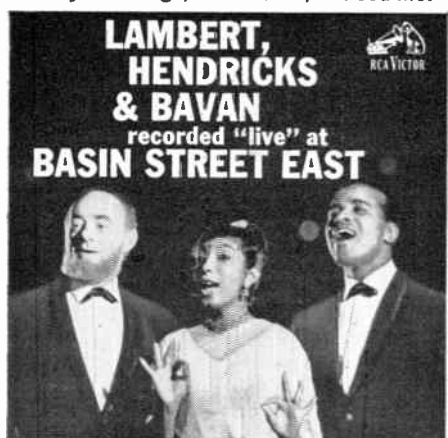
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Chalk Up One For Brubeck

It seems that every time I read something about Dave Brubeck it is negative. I can't understand this. Paul Desmond's *Take Five*, as performed by the Brubeck group, has enjoyed a popularity that should be heartily welcomed by serious (yes, serious) jazz fans. As sales of this record would indicate, jazz is being listened to and enjoyed by more and more people all the time.

Does popularity mean that the music must be down-graded or watered-down? This doesn't make sense. Jazz fans should be delighted that the music has found such favor with audiences that would normally prefer not to listen to it.

Mr. Avner (*Chords*, Jan. 31) doesn't seem to realize that even though jazz may not yet be fully appreciated by the masses, it has its foot in the door. While some "commercialized" jazz may be dilute, it creates an urge to hear more, thereby leading to a sincere interest in jazz of better quality. Let's stop knocking and start listening.

Lima, Ohio Ron Shearer

... And Three For Crater

I have just finished reading *Out of My Head* in the Jan. 17 issue. I haven't laughed so hard in a long time. George Crater has a terrific sense of humor and is, in my opinion, in a class with Jonathan Winters and the like. Many thanks to both Crater and *Down Beat* for an article that was well written and very timely. Let's have some more like it.

Los Angeles, Calif. George Gatt

George Crater is the most consistently funny columnist I have ever read. His "return" article was a masterpiece. Let's hope he continues to write for your magazine on a regular basis.

St. Paul, Minn. Douglas Wilson

Welcome back to George Crater, although he overlooked one item in his *Down Beat*: 1973—George Crater finds lost uncle and his column appears regularly in *Down Beat*.

Windsor, Conn. Andy Hassinger

Though Crater's search for his long-lost father (please note) continues unabated, it is hoped that his muse, capricious at best, will permit him to appear more regularly in the future. For Crater's latest brainstorms, see page 23.

Dear John . . .

Open Letter To John S. Wilson:
After reading your analysis of my last album, *Softly, but with That Feeling* on Verve, I was prompted to write this letter, but this one review is by no means the only reason for my writing. Your frequently unjust criticisms and ridicules of good, and even great, musicians and their records, make it necessary for me to express my sentiments.

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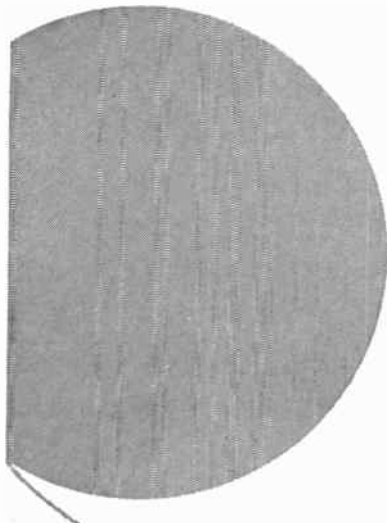
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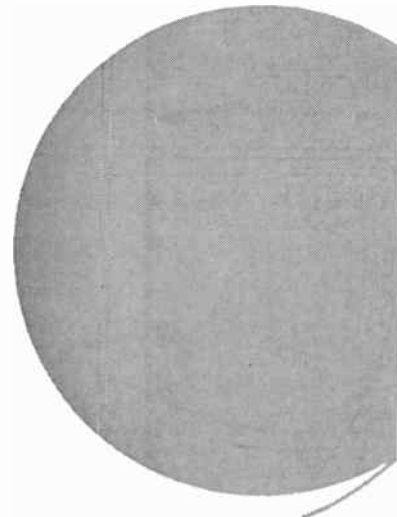
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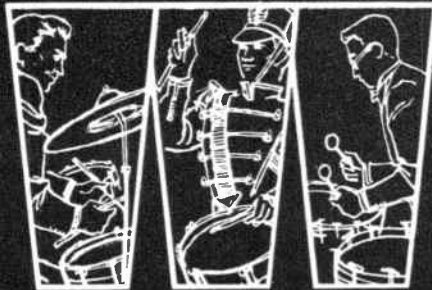
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However, after reading your reviews for a long period of time, it is clear that you don't have the feeling or the understanding of jazz music. In view of your continuance as a jazz critic, it is also obvious to me, as well as many others, that you do not realize this. I believe that you would do yourself and the jazz world a great justice, if you would make use of your intelligence and recognize the fact that you are totally unqualified to do an adequate, much less a commendable, job in this field. Your lack of knowledge as to what constitutes a good jazz recording, permits you to talk in ever so glowing terms of some material that is completely trite and worthless, while you often fail to give highly praiseworthy work its just merits. Of course, you are not always wrong and on limited occasions, you have written some decent reviews, but your percentage stamps you as a bush leaguer.

Concerning my last album, allow me to say that I do not consider it to be one of the best albums of the year. But I do know that it is a great deal better than you would have your readers believe. May I also make you aware of the fact that, musically speaking, Victor Feldman, Leroy Vinegar, Ronnie Zito, and I are incapable of playing jazz worth only two stars, which is what you have so generously rated this album. . . .

Los Angeles

Herb Ellis

Sycophantic Jazz On Rise

There has been a distressing trend on the rise in recent years to impute all kinds of high-faluting interpretations to jazz presentations by various artists. . . . Those who would play in the pseudo-classical strain are quite at liberty to do so, but, for heaven's sake, let us not call it jazz.

When we begin to hear of a "jazz piano sonata" and "a choreographic poem based probably on the Faust legend," and critics talking about a jazz artist being "engaged in a sort of musical constructivism, shattering and fragmenting his thematic materials only to refashion them along almost syntactical lines," well now, who are these guys kidding? I did not realize that jazz could be so involved. To me, and a lot more like me, jazz is a simple art form, vibrant and simple, a complete expression of the emotions that seethe within.

This was true from its inception, when it did not resort to gimmicks to get the message across—when this snob-complex of aping the erudite was not deemed a necessary adjunct. I am not decrying the attempt to improve one's technique, but did all those jazz greats from King Oliver through Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, to Basie, Parker, Gillespie, and Hampton, etc., have to lean on Mozart and other Caucasian artists to find interpretation for an emotion which is essentially or fundamentally Negro?

There should be a movement designated as "The Return to Jazz"—for its preservation and rescue from an increased demagoguery. . . .

I am all for dynamism in jazz—latent or otherwise—but let us cut out this sycophantic trend and encourage up-and-coming artists to return to their roots.

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NEW YORK

Two new bands have begun operations in New York. The first is a strictly experimental, thus far confined to rehearsals. It has no real leader. Its personnel consists of **Don Ellis**, trumpet; **Roswell Rudd**, trombone; **Steve Lacy**, soprano saxophone; **Don Heckman**, alto saxophone; **Joe Farrell**, tenor saxophone; **Gary Peacock**, **Steve Swallow**, basses; **Steve Kuhn**, **Paul Bley**, pianos. Asked about the absence of a drummer, Heckman said, "We haven't found a drummer sufficient to our needs. When we find a percussionist who fits, we'll certainly add him."

Experimenting, too, is the new **Dan Terry Band** with a book written by **Gene Roland**. There are four conventional rhythm instruments, four trombones, one flugelhorn (**Rolf Ericson**), five reeds, and four soprano saxophones. That obviously distinctive sound is an attempt, say its members, to make listeners aware of an identifiable character.

Postscript to both those items: New York's new Americana Hotel is talking about booking bands into its show room. According to rumors, **Duke Ellington's** would become the first in management experimentation. If that worked out, others would follow.

In the third preliminary hearing, Judge **John Quinn** of New York's Criminal Court decided that the case of the



TERRY

State of New York and **James Knepper vs. Charles Mingus** was to be tried by a three-judge panel in February. Trombonist Knepper claims that Mingus hit him in the mouth, breaking some teeth and loosening others. There were no witnesses to the alleged assault.

Columbia record's **Teo Macero**, ecstatic over his first recording of **Thelonious Monk**, felt he had found a secret to the best way to record the pianist who has become a legend. During the sessions he provided, on request, huge bags of ham sandwiches that Monk would eat after takes.

John Lewis has completed the incidental music for a new **William Inge** play, *Natural Affection* . . . **Martin Williams' An Introduction to Jazz** began its Friday evening series at the New School in early February . . . **Johnny Dankworth** and **Ronnie Scott** are now English co-leaders of a group called the **Seven Souls** . . . **J. R. Monterose** has left the **Lionel Hampton Orchestra** . . . Trumpeter **Max Kaminsky's** autobiography, published by Harper, *My Life in Jazz*, will be out in April . . . **Bobby Hackett** was featured with **Benny Goodman** and the **Berkshire String Quartet** in January at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Trombonist **Willie Dennis** played with the **Woody Herman Orchestra** during its Metropole engagement. When Woody made a transcription for SESAC, during the same time, he added **Freddie Green** and **Paul Gonsalves** to the band . . . Trad clarinetist **Acker Bilk** is now a columnist for London's *Melody Maker*.



MONK

Trumpeter **Thad Jones** left the **Count Basie Band**. He has no definite plans but will work in New York, he said, con-

(Continued on page 40)



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February 28, 1963 / Vol. 30, No. 5



QUEBEC

CLARK

Two great losses within four days

TWO JAZZMEN DIE IN NEW YORK CITY

Conrad Yeatis (Sonny) Clark, much admired as a pianist in the jazz world, died of a heart attack in New York City on Jan. 13.

Born in Heminier, Pa., in 1931, he moved with his family to Pittsburgh in 1943. He played bass and vibraharp in a high school band and left that city when he was 19, ending up on the West Coast working with saxophonist Wardell Gray and then with bassist Oscar Pettiford in San Francisco.

He played with clarinetist Buddy DeFranco for three years until 1956, when he returned east as Dinah Washington's accompanist and remained in the New York area freelancing.

About three months ago he was hospitalized with a serious leg infection. He was released from the hospital in early January and played at Junior's on Jan. 11 and 12. The next day he went to visit unnamed friends and died.

Tenor saxophonist Ike Quebec died Jan. 16 after five weeks in New York's Metropolitan Hospital. He was undergoing treatment for cancer of the lung.

Born Aug. 17, 1917, in New Jersey, Quebec started his career as a dancer and pianist but then began to concentrate on tenor saxophone, beginning in 1940 with the Barons of Rhythm.

Among the leaders with whom he worked were Frankie Newton, Hot Lips Page, Roy Eldridge, Trummy Young, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Carter, and Coleman Hawkins. From 1944 to '51 he worked on and off with Cab Calloway bands.

For no ascertainable reason he seldom worked in the jazz field during the '50s, despite the fact that his big-toned sound of the Hawkins school was regaining popularity. Though a superior musician, he was reduced to playing occasional jobs with a variety of nonjazz bands.

In 1961, Blue Note recorded five albums by him. The last of the lot, *Soul Samba*, was issued late last year.

He is survived by a brother and two sisters.

BEGINNINGS AND VISIONS AT THE JAZZ ART SCHOOL

As the first spring term of the Jazz Arts Society's New York School of Jazz (*DB*, Feb. 14) rolls around, its dean, Ugo DiDio, already has formed some new elaborate plans and has put one into operation.

DiDio said he expects to publish a scholarly magazine on jazz, and he already has begun the Jazz Research Institute of America, whose purpose, he said, is to study the entire make-up and psychology of jazz.

DiDio, deeply grounded in classical music, wants to know where he is walking in jazz land and said specifically, "We want to pick up where Gershwin left off. We want more *Porgy and Bess*, more *Rhapsody in Blue*."

The school, now completing its first fall term with a freshman class of 96 underprivileged teenagers, has the support of the New York City Board of Education. DiDio, in addition to being dean of the school, also teaches at St. John's University in Brooklyn, is a graduate of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, and currently is writing an opera.

Under his immediate supervision has been the building of a faculty, and so far there are, out of more than a dozen teachers, only four jazzmen: Hank Edmonds, Addison Farmer, Lou Mucci, and Jack Kahn.

How is it that the head of a school of jazz is a musician immersed in classical music, who has only four jazz musicians on his faculty, and who indicates that he feels jazz might use Gershwin as a point of departure?

A partial explanation may be found in the statement of one school official, who preferred that his name not be used. He said:

"The present situation is easy enough to explain. We were in dire need of a faculty, and we chose a man [DiDio] who has immense musical training and could provide us quickly with a corps of teachers. We have ended up with only two [his figure] jazz musicians on a jazz faculty."

After correcting this official's count of jazzmen on the faculty, DiDio

pointed out some particular problems:

"No one on the faculty is paid. It's an important point because, when we began, we had any number of jazz musicians who had volunteered to teach. But we couldn't keep them. They had to earn their living, and you can't schedule classes, then discover that your teacher must be at a recording session at the same time because he needs that money. We just haven't been able to keep them. It's understandable.

"Too, we have no advanced students yet. Very few of them even know how to play, so our immediate job seems to me to teach them *how* to play."

The society was scheduled to meet with many of its directors in mid-February. The purpose of the meeting, again from that official but nameless source, was because "the faculty may not yet be correct. The dean is obviously qualified to be a music teacher, but he and his faculty may be finding it difficult to project the image of jazz and the jazz society to the children."

The school, he predicted, would be functioning "correctly" by the end of February "and with more jazz faculty members."

NO-NAME JIVE BUGS DE FRANCO

Legal action against *The International Musician*, the official AFM magazine has been taken by clarinetist Buddy DeFranco.

Through his attorney, Jay Cooper, DeFranco charged the publication intentionally removed his name from an article written by Leonard Feather titled *Giants of Jazz—The Clarinetists*.

Claiming to possess proof of the alleged deliberate deletion of his name from Feather's piece, DeFranco charged the magazine with "intentional infliction of emotional distress, malicious infliction of injury on [his] career, malicious libel by innuendo, and conspiracy."

A formal apology in the magazine, an "uncensored" article by Feather on DeFranco's talents in the publication, and "damages in an amount to be determined for the injury caused," were demanded by the clarinetist.

Cooper told *Down Beat* he knows the contents of a letter from the magazine to Feather which, he contends, prove the alleged deliberate deletion of DeFranco's name.

In his formal notification to the magazine of the institution of legal action, Cooper declared, "It is inconceivable to my client and to us that an article can be written about the 'Giants of Jazz' on the clarinet and fail to include Mr. DeFranco's name. His name has become synonymous with jazz clarinet, probably even surpassing that of Benny Goodman's, as the list of his awards attached hereto will substantiate. His

standing in this regard is factual and cannot be denied by mere opinion." (DeFranco has won the *Down Beat* Readers Poll 14 times, the *Down Beat* International Jazz Critics Poll three times, the *Playboy* poll four times, the *Metronome* poll seven times.

"It is with utter disbelief," Cooper wrote, "that you would attempt such a dictatorial action of censorship, which is similar to other well-known attempts to alter historical facts, by the ostensibly simple process of removing the name of a person not in favor with the powers-that-be."

Cooper would not elaborate on the references to DeFranco's being out of favor.

Stanley Ballard, editor of *The International Musician*, told *Down Beat* that he had not seen Cooper's letter and, therefore, could not comment. He did say, however, that DeFranco has not been a member of the AFM for "a couple of months."

According to Ballard, a booking agent was owed past-due commissions by DeFranco. After a hearing of the complaint, the union "allowed DeFranco to set his own terms" for paying the agent.

"When DeFranco did not keep his own terms," Ballard said, "the federation expelled him."

HARVARD GROUP WINS AT GROSSINGER'S

For the last three years Grossinger's, the resort hotel in New York's Catskill Mountains, has presented a wintertime intercollegiate jazz championship, and this season the Blue Notes of Harvard University defeated a score of other undergraduate groups, mostly from New England and New York schools.

The Blue Notes, a sextet, was formed in 1961 and began playing engagements in the New England area, including a private party for the then Massachusetts governor, John Volpe. In 1962, it was selected as one of the few college bands to play for the summer crossings to Europe on the Holland-American Line and played at several European jazz clubs during shore leaves.

Drummer Dick Klein, leader of the group, is a Philadelphian in his second year at Harvard law school. Bassist John Voigt, a native Bostonian, is the only member of the group planning to make a career in music. He was voted the outstanding musician of the festival.

Guitarist Keith Gunn, from Bronxville, N. Y., is a major in astronomy with a heavy load of courses in engineering, partly dictated by his desire, he said, to design the perfect amplifier. Trombonist Sam Saltonstall, from Exeter, N.H., is a history major who is taking mostly music courses. Trumpeter Ken Houk, from Hazelcrest, Ill., is

majoring in chemistry.

Pianist Brian Cooke (he also plays bass, as does Saltonstall, who can play French horn, all the reeds, trumpet, and fluegelhorn, too), from Lexington, Mass., is a history major, and does a great deal of arranging for the group.

NOW LEO WRIGHT HAS A FAN CLUB

One normally expects fan clubs to be devoted to popular singers, but recent years have seen a few involved with jazz musicians. Certainly the Duke Ellington Jazz Society ranks as the most consistent of the lot. But two new others have been added: the Jackie McLean Fan Club, which has had five successful concerts in the New York area and instituted a jazz workshop for young nonprofessional musicians, and, recently, the Leo Wright Fan Club.

The avowed purposes of the club are to keep jazz popular by more public exposure, to encourage the purchase of Wright's records, to sponsor jazz concerts and jam sessions, and to hold meetings with amateur musicians twice a month for free music lessons under the supervision of Wright.

Good Stuff Out Of Bad Break

A happy and fulfilling jazz reunion in the Hollywood studios of Columbia records culminated recently in an album featuring violinist Stuff Smith produced by John Hammond.

"It's the first time I've been in a studio with Stuff since 1935," beamed Hammond. "I wonder if people still realize just how great he is?"

Beyond the glass window of the recording booth, in one corner of the studio on Sunset Blvd., Smith wailed merrily while his co-leader on the date, guitarist Herb Ellis, grinned and waved at Hammond.

During the breaks between takes, Ellis kept right on beaming. At one point he glowed, "Man, this is a happy date, all right."

The other musicians in the sextet concurred, and take after take sped by with few hitches. Bob Enevoldsen played tenor saxophone and valve trombone, Lou Levy was on piano; Al McKibbin played bass, and Shelly Manne, drums.

The reunion came about by accident. According to Hammond, he arrived in Hollywood to team Ellis with veteran jazz violinist Joe Venuti, now working in the lounge of a Las Vegas, Nev., hotel. "Joe hasn't recorded with a decent guitarist since Eddie Lang died," Hammond said. "Herb would be perfect for him."

GEORGIE AULD, BERT FISHER SUE KENIN FOR DEFAMATION

Tenor saxophonist Georgie Auld is again in the news. As previously reported (*DB*, July 19), Auld was unceremoniously dropped from his post as assistant to the president of the American Federation of Musicians, Herman D. Kenin, when a union trial charged him with having attempted to blackmail "Paul Grossinger of Grossinger's Hotel . . . in the amount of \$25,000." Auld and Bert Fisher, former business agent for Local 802, had accused Grossinger's of illegally using taped performances, "for which some \$900,000 was owed to musicians."

Now Auld and Fisher, also deposed from his position, have brought a \$500,000 defamation suit against Kenin, charging him with "publishing and circulating wrongful and unlawful malicious words and acts which caused them to be greatly injured."

President Kenin made a motion in court to prevent the trial, but New York Judge H. R. Tyler Jr. ruled that Auld and Fisher had "fairly raised sufficient fact . . . to render a trial on the merits appropriate and necessary."



STUFF
An available Smith

At the 11th hour, Venuti reported sadly that he was unable to persuade the hotel to let him have the night off for the trip to Hollywood and the record date. Hammond intervened with the management but had no better luck. It was the last minute. Then Hammond thought of Stuff Smith. A quick check established that Smith was in town; a phone call brought him to the studio.

Despite the emergency nature of the session, despite the hastily improvised head arrangements worked out prior to each take, observers noted the ease with which the entire date went down. The album was completed in one afternoon. It will be released in June, Hammond said.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR BILL COSS REPORTS ON
THE INSTITUTE OF JAZZ STUDIES

THE INSTITUTE OF JAZZ STUDIES is a unique enterprise, the idea for which rattled around for years in the hearts and minds of many persons associated with the music. It now has completed a decade of service to jazzmen, writers, and jazz buffs.

About as much as possible concerning jazz has been gathered in the unique museum in New York City, and it is available to any student who first phones to be assured of reading and listening space. Those wishing information but who are unable to visit the institute at 108 Waverly Place may write for information, and the staff always will attempt to oblige.

The work of building the museum's stature has progressed well over the years since its incorporation in 1952, nurtured most especially by Dr. Marshall Stearns, the Hunter College professor of English, who is an author, jazz historian, and the museum's first and only president and executive director. At the time of its incorporation, Sheldon Harris was its secretary, and it had a fantastic board of advisers—jazz greats both musical and literary.

The years now are slipping by, and Stearns has directed his attention to the future, with an eye toward securing financial backing of an unencumbering nature that can assure the growth and continued well-being of the museum.

Back in the scuffling days, it was probably the fact that it had such an esteemed group as advisers—and such a dedicated director in Stearns—that got the museum off the ground and quickly filled its shelves.

Leonard Feather, George Avakian, and Mike Levin, among others, donated their collections of 78-rpm records. That has amounted to some 60,000 records, and among them are some unique pressings: never-issued air-shots by Charlie Parker, as complete as possible a collection of V-Discs, Louis Armstrong's *Happy Birthday* greetings to Bing Crosby, piano rolls, tapes, films, and cylinders.

There is a collection of old photographs, including two in the shape of lamps; a great amount of clippings (so ranging that they even serve as a documentation of rock and roll); bound copies of jazz magazines; copies of all jazz books (including copies of manu-

scripts never published, as well as unabridged versions of those that have been); related books (on anthropology, musicology, etc.); and a collection of memorabilia that includes a Lester Young tenor saxophone, the one he played for recordings during 1936-7.

Perhaps the most surprising collection the institute has is its long list of visitors, who include everyone from jazz musicians, through writers of all kinds, to folk singers, and college researchers.

Among the services of the institute is the answering of hundreds of letters. A sampling:

"I must prepare a 5,000-word essay on modern jazz by April 21. Rush me information." The letter was dated April 25.

"Tell me the difference between

Sheldon Harris (left) and Marshall Stearns are shown against a small portion of the Institute's huge jazz record collection.



modern and New Orleans jazz." (According to the institute: "Oh, about 40 years.")

And then, a favorite, in couplet form from a librarian, who ended with "I'm just a kitten against the legs of jazz."


Many letters, however, are dated correctly and are not silly (though too few are poetic), and the institute answers carefully and succinctly. Many are concerned with what can be done to help the organization. Things, the institute replies, can be contributed, but money contributions from individual persons cannot be accepted and will be returned. Occasionally, an organization may contribute money. The Newport Jazz Festival once gave \$3,000.

And many letters are concerned with the furtherance of jazz—asking for advice about prospective jazz concerts or festivals, the availability of lecturers, the possibility of instituting jazz courses. The institute has tried to work on all these fronts. It has organized a lecture force for the New York area. It gives advice about jazz presentations. It does have in print a suggested 15-course jazz lecture series available on request.

But the major function of the institute is as a research center. Its collection of jazz and jazz-related material is open, by appointment, to any serious student, with only two qualifications: nothing can be taken from the premises, and no one should look upon the library as a comfortable place in which to congregate.

Yet for all its services and the dedication of its staff, the institute has problems. It needs continual donations of up-to-date records, photographs, anything connected with jazz.

What is needed more than anything else, despite the mammoth efforts of Stearns, and the board of directors and friends of the institute, is for an angel—an organization with money to realize the worth of what is here and to secure it for the future.

Stearns, as a matter of fact, has been approached by universities interested in collecting this collection. But all those connected with the museum are concerned about what restrictions would be placed on the institute by those administering its finances. What is needed is a permanent grant not surrounded by gray beards or red tape. 

THE RESURGENCE OF STAN GETZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

AS THESE words are written it is two years since Stan Getz stepped off the SS *Kungsholm* at New York City, ending his 2½-year self-imposed exile. During most of his absence he had been living in Helsingor, 25 miles north of Copenhagen, Denmark, with his pretty blond Swedish wife, Monica, and two daughters, all of whom came to New York with him while two sons, then 12 and 9, stayed in Switzerland to attend school.

Getz' often-rumored, long-delayed return led to speculation concerning the length of his visit. How soon would he go back to his adopted home in Denmark?

"I don't know," he told *Down Beat*, "but I hope to be here at least six months."

Although the months have stretched into years, and there is now no prospect of his returning to Helsingor for an indefinite period, the probability that things would work out this way seemed very remote during the first year of his renewed U.S. career.

What happened to Getz during that first year, and what has happened during the second, constitute not only a study in contrasts but also more significantly a reflection of the unpredictable, often cruel vagaries of the old art-versus-show-business, music-versus-commercialism conflict.

It was common knowledge in the music world that the return of Stan Getz was not accorded the treatment usually expected for a conquering hero returned from overseas battle.

Bill Coss, reviewing his Village Vanguard re-debut in the June 8, 1961, *Down Beat*, synthesized the problems that Getz had to face: "There were in attendance the haters, musical and otherwise, who came to find out whether the young white man, who had long ago lengthened the legendary and unorthodox Lester Young line into something of his own, could stand up against what is, in current jazz, at least a revolution from it (or a revulsion about it)."

While asserting that in his own view Getz could and did and seemed as if he always would measure up, Coss added that "the still broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, bland-faced young man met musicians backstage, and they tried him with words and with Indian-hold handshakes of questionable peace and unquestionable war. The young man out front was his arrogant best, holding his audiences with strong quotations from his past and much stronger assertions of his version of the newest (but much older) sound."

Clearly implied were the facts of jazz life that had come into focus during Getz' absence: the cool sound and the cool attitude had given way, during those two or three years, to a concern for heavy, aggressive statement, to an atmosphere of racial hostility without precedent in jazz, to an accent on musical anger and disregard for fundamentals—characteristics that were not to be found in the light lyricism of a Stan Getz solo.

The writing was already on the ballot: because of these trends, aggravated by his absence from the scene, Getz

JIM MARSHALL



had slipped in the 1960 readers poll from the first place tenor slot he had won every year since 1950.

The consequence of his fall from fashion was soon made clear. Not long after his return, his quartet (with Scott LaFaro on bass) played at a Hollywood club that Miles Davis had packed the previous week. To put it mildly, he bombed. Business was so bad that the clubowner persuaded him to change his engagement by stretching it over weekends instead of attempting the hopeless task of bringing in business on weeknights.

Soon after, Getz played a San Francisco club at the same time that his successor in the jazz fans' esteem was working another spot in that city. The contrast was sharp and, for Getz, depressing. John Coltrane played to packed houses while Getz died another death.

What did all this, what does all this have to do with music? Very little. It was a matter of fads and foibles, not ability; Coltrane was a performer whose qualifications suited the jazz public's mood of the moment. It was not that one was "better" and the other inferior; it was more as if they played two different instruments, and this was not the time for the particular horn Getz played.

The tide did not turn until some time after Feb. 13, 1962. That was the day when, at Pierce Hall in All Souls Unitarian Church in Washington, D.C., Stan and Charlie Byrd recorded the *Jazz Samba* album.

"I didn't know anything about bossa nova," the saxophonist said. "Charlie Byrd came into the club one night and asked me if I'd like to stay with him. At his place I listened to the Joao Gilberto LP. He told me about the tour he'd just made for the State Department and about Brazil and all the other countries he'd visited.

"The idea developed of making an album of some of these tunes. I just thought it was pretty music. I never thought it would be a hit.

"The album that was released actually was a second try. We attempted it once in New York, but it didn't work out. Then we tried it again at the session in the church, and it was released and got a nice reaction, but I still didn't have any real idea just how big it was going to be."

What happened cannot be summed up in exact facts and figures; it depends which press agent you talk to. But Bernie Silverman of Verve records confirms that the single records of *Desafinado* out of the album has passed 500,000 and that the LP itself has sold "several hundred thousand" and should also wind up close to 500,000.

Who were the purchasers of this vast quantity of records by the man who had come back to face white tablecloths and red accounting sheets? Were they the same people wooed back into the fold, or an entirely new audience attracted by the intrinsic charm of the music?

Getz finds this hard to analyze, but how it happened doesn't worry him too much; he is happy enough that it did happen. "I'm very pleased, too," he added, "that as a result of all the excitement about *Jazz Samba*, the *Focus*

album is beginning to attract more attention. I think Eddie Sauter did a marvelous job with *Focus*, and incidentally, it won a German Jazz Federation award as the album of the year. I'd like very much to take it on tour, with Eddie conducting the orchestra. You know something—more people ask me about *Focus* than about *Jazz Samba*."

Silverman said the success of *Jazz Samba* "has definitely stimulated the sales of every Getz album we have in the catalog, though, of course, he always sold steadily. But what *Jazz Samba* did for him was get him on rock-and-roll stations, so that teenagers were listening to *Desafinado*. It brought good music into unlikely areas, so it's been a healthy thing for music in general."

At this writing the album is in its 20th week on the best-seller charts in the trade press. In the stereo list it is still in second place, topped only by the *West Side Story* sound track and outselling Vaughn Meader, Allan Sherman, Ray Charles, Elvis Presley, Nat Cole, and even Bent Fabric. Getz is the only jazz saxophonist on the charts. In a culminating irony, he returned to top place in the 1962 *Down Beat* Readers Poll.

As is the lot of a man with rivals who earns a resounding success in his field, Getz is now the object of much jealousy and resentment. All that matters to him is that he is now able to produce whatever music he likes and can be sure of an audience for it and that when he announces *Desafinado* (or "Dis Here Finado," as he calls it), he introduces it as "the tune that's going to put my children through college—all five of them." (Another son was added to the family a year ago. All the children are now in the United States with Stan and Monica.)

Creed Taylor, the a&r man behind the *Jazz Samba* album, naturally has further plans to record bossa nova with Getz. The first follow-up, the big-band set with Gary McFarland, has been on the charts for several weeks.

Getz and Taylor are aware that there is no need to throw all the eggs in a Brazilian bag. Plans are set for Getz to record albums with Luis Bonfá and Joao Gilberto (accompaniments by Lalo Schifrin and Oscar Castro-Neves); there will also be a *Jazz Samba* #2 with Byrd. (Another irony is the fact that nowhere, in title, tunes, or liner notes, did the words bossa nova appear in the LP that turned out to be the catalyst for the bossa nova mania in this country.) But there will be many non-bossa nova albums in the foreseeable future. As Getz says, "bossa nova is a best-seller at the moment, but jazz is going to be around for a long, long time."

Getz now can command a nightly four-figure salary, the royalties from his albums are expected to run ultimately into six figures, and he can count on the kind of lifelong security that only a year ago seemed hopelessly out of reach. A year ago, nevertheless, Stan Getz was playing as brilliantly, as soulfully, as swingingly, and as sensitively as he does today. The difference is his success—and that's show business.

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A look at the career and accomplishments of Duke Ellington tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves. By Pete Welding

PORTRAIT OF PAUL

FOR ALMOST seven years, ever since a sweltering July evening at the 1956 Newport Jazz Festival when he stepped to the microphone in front of the Duke Ellington Orchestra and bridged the two segments of Ellington's *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue* with a boiling, relentlessly driving 27-chorus solo that engendered near-hysteria in the crowd attending the festival, tenor saxophonist Paul Gonsalves has found himself in virtual bondage to that solo.

His position is that of the creator who has been eclipsed by his creation, and who must serve it for the rest of his days. Everywhere the Ellington band travels Gonsalves is asked to repeat that feat and is expected to play only in the leaping, explosive manner that coursed through the Newport solo, and at considerable length.

"A lot of places we play," Gonsalves said with a shrug, "I don't think people realize that those things can't be re-created. Some people, in fact, aren't particularly interested in what I'm playing but only how long."

"After you play the same thing over a period of time," he drawled, "it gets to be sort of cut and dry."

The tenor saxophonist was not complaining. He was merely pointing up the absurdity of his position. Though many—including Ellington himself—consider Gonsalves at his creative best on ballads, where he can most fully display his unusual harmonic sense, the general jazz audience tends to regard him in the light of what he deprecatingly refers to as "that Newport thing" and to pigeonhole his playing accordingly. He has been typecast by that solo. Remarkable as it is in many ways, his playing on *Diminuendo*—bold, audacious, swaggering, raucous, frenzied, and bellicose—is in actuality the antithesis of Gonsalves as a man.

Off the stand, Gonsalves is a gentle, thoughtful man of 42 years, a soft-spoken and articulate avocational philosopher whose words carry the impression of having been carefully weighed before being aired. Self-effacing and painfully shy, Gonsalves with his bent for reflection has an air of quiet calm, self-containment, and introspec-

tion about him that is oddly at variance with the public's image of him as a grandstanding Corybantic tenor. Gonsalves, however, would have no difficulty in reconciling the two images: he would recognize them as two distinct effusions of the same nature, manifestations of the polarity of his personality.

Born in Boston, Mass., on July 12, 1920, Gonsalves was raised in an intensely musical atmosphere. His parents, who had come to the United States from the Cape Verde Islands, were musically inclined and passed their love for music—especially their native Portuguese folk songs and dances—onto their children. Paul's father taught him and his two older brothers to play guitar, and the three boys formed a trio that played at house parties and local festivities in Providence, R.I., where the Gonsalves made their home.

In the trying depression years when Paul was growing up, money was in short supply, and house parties and simple home-concocted amusements took the place of professional, more elaborate entertainments. The Gonsalves boys' trio was popular in the neighborhood and as a result, Paul, for a period, developed a dislike of music—the demands it made on his time interfered too greatly with his love for sports, at which he was quite proficient (while a high school junior he was offered two athletic scholarships, both of which he declined).

Interest in music, however, was rekindled when he was 16: he heard the Jimmy Lunceford Band at the RKO Theater in Providence, to which his older brother Joseph had taken him one night. The Lunceford band—whose recordings, along with Ellington's, Paul had much admired—made a profound and lasting impression on the teenager.

"Immediately I decided I wanted a saxophone," Paul recalled. "I made up my mind then and there to be a musician."

He had been attracted to jazz much earlier—through the recordings his brothers brought home. Joseph was a construction worker during the depression; each Saturday he would buy a new record—usually an Ellington or a Lunceford—always a good one.

"Didn't have the money to buy bad ones," Paul said, "so I grew up hearing the best. The influence my two brothers had on me had a lot to do with my choice of a career, the way I'm playing, and the point I've reached now."

Somewhat artistically inclined, even as a youngster, Paul responded to what he calls "the life element" of jazz, its spontaneity and immediacy.

In particular, three artists attracted him: Ellington ("from the first time

I heard him, when I was nine years old"), Lunceford, and tenor saxophonist Coleman Hawkins. "What I liked about their music," he said, "and, I guess, jazz in general, was the total freedom of expression it represented. You felt they were being themselves. Hawkins and Duke impressed me greatly: their music had dignity and honesty, and I've always admired that."

"Later on when I decided I wanted to become a musician," he added parenthetically, "I knew I didn't have the genius of an Ellington. I wanted to play a certain instrument—the tenor saxophone—and the man I selected as my idol had an affinity with what Duke was doing, Coleman Hawkins. The saxophone was considered a pretty base instrument at one time. He gave it dignity, so this was something I could do without feeling that I was demeaning myself in any way."

Paul's father bought him a tenor saxophone for \$50, and Paul began studies with Joseph Piacatelli, a former teacher at the Boston Conservatory who had settled in Providence. Though stressing the value of a sound academic training, instrumental facility, and, most important, a good tone, the teacher encouraged the student in jazz pursuits, for by now the high school senior had definitely made up his mind for a career in jazz.

After playing with several local bands, among them Henry McCoy's Jitterbugs and Phil Edmonds' New Bedford orchestra, Gonsalves was inducted into the Army in December, 1942, serving until November, 1945. A truck driver in the Quartermaster Corps, he was stationed in India for the greater part of the time. For his own amusement he played alto saxophone, borrowing one from the service club on the army base.

Released from the service, Gonsalves took altoist-violinist Ray Perry's place in the excellent Sabby Lewis Band, which operated out of Boston. While with Lewis in Atlantic City, N.J., prior to an important two-week engagement in New York City, Gonsalves got a call to join Count Basie, who wanted him to take the place of Illinois Jacquet in his band. Gonsalves had qualms about leaving the Lewis band, especially since much was dependent on the New York job.

"We had a bond there," he said, "almost like a family—but they decided that if I was going to be shy or have any inhibitions about leaving them . . . They decided among themselves, they had a meeting one morning. They came up to me and said, 'Paul, we know you had a call from Count Basie, and we want you to take the opportunity.' So that settled that. I joined Basie in Baltimore."

Gonsalves was with the Basie organi-

zation for three years, from 1946 to 1949.

"That was the same thing," he mused, "the whole band was a family—Walter Page, Jo Jones, Jimmy Rushing—and I was like a little orphan. Everybody took care of me. I still think of those three years with special fondness."

His playing was deepening, gaining in richness and breadth.

"I could feel that I was growing," Gonsalves said of this period. "I was getting to the point in my life when I felt that this was not a merry-go-round anymore. I had to decide if this was what I wanted to do for the rest of my life."

He made up his mind to continue with jazz, and used the time with Basie

"It was a wonderful opportunity to learn a lot of things I didn't think I could grasp because of the pace," he remembered. "I was there such a short time." The band folded in the summer of 1950.

Service in the Gillespie band did not entail a change in Paul's approach. "When Dizzy hired me," the saxophonist explained, "he did so because he wanted me to play the way I had been. He never tried to impose on me any set manner of playing. Moreover, he gave me quite a few things to do in the band, and I got along well with the other guys."

After the Gillespie stint, Gonsalves lazed around New York City, jamming, having fun, and generally taking it easy.



TED WILLIAMS

to excellent advantage.

"I've always had this desire to excel," he said thoughtfully. "Even as a kid in school I wanted to do the very best I could. I had to make my mark. If you're going to be very weak about it, then I don't think you'll accomplish what it is you want to do. I don't mean that I consider myself a star or anything like that, but just that whatever I've undertaken in my life I've wanted to prove myself an asset. Even if you don't have the natural ability and have to apply yourself to the utmost, I believe that you'll get recognition eventually."

Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie next bid for the tenorist's services, which surprised Gonsalves, for he had never considered himself a particularly modern player. He welcomed the experience in the Gillespie big band, which included altoists John Coltrane and Jimmy Heath, trombonists Melba Liston and Matthew Gee, pianist John Lewis, and bassist Al McKibbin.

He had saved a little money, and he lived on this until it ran out.

"One night," he said, "I had only about \$7 left, and I had this impulse to go to Birdland—just to go there, like it said in the zodiac—and that's where I met Duke. He said that he had heard about me and had been looking for me and asked if I could come down to his office the next day. And that's how I went with Duke."

"I knew it would happen," he continued. "A lot of things would happen to me, so I'm more or less resigned to being a fatalist. This was the band that had impressed me the most, and here only a few years later I was joining it. It was clearly predestined, I feel. I like to think that because of the way these events have happened to me. You see, events occur in your life periodically, and if you sense that things are going to happen, if you feel that they are impending, then you have to be realistic about it."

Gonsalves had no difficulty assimilating himself into the Ellington band. There was that feeling of belonging—right from the start.

"After all," Gonsalves explained, "I had been listening to the band since I was nine years old and I had an idea, more or less, what would fit the band in relation to the way I wanted to play. I feel every musician should do this. When an audience hears an organization, they are hearing the whole thing, not just an individual. That's what a band is—a collective thing. So if you're going to try to play without paying any attention or relating to what is written behind you or if you're just going to give vent to your feelings, then I think you're making a mistake. That's one of the biggest difficulties in this business: to know when, and to have the capacity, to restrain yourself."

SO PERVERSIVE has been the impact of the *Diminuendo* performance and so completely has it masked any previous impression of Gonsalves' musicianship, that some in the jazz audience might find in Paul's plea for restraint occasion for snide commentary. Yet for six years previous to "that Newport thing," he proved himself a worthy Ellingtonian, playing the tender ballads most often assigned him as solo vehicles with a warmth and passion that indicated he was a more than passable successor to Ben Webster, who had created the tenor role in the Ellington band.

Despite the specter it gave rise to, the July evening in 1956 is still one of the most significant happenings in Gonsalves' life.

"Of course, I have to feel good about the Newport thing," he said, "because that's exactly what I intended to do. There was a sense of competition there that night, and I went up to do my best, to play as long as I could play—that's what Duke asked me to do. I went out there with that intent in mind: it was our turn and let's play—nothing more than that. I hadn't played that tune since 1951, when we played it one night at Birdland. That was the first time I'd ever played it, and we didn't play it again until Newport."

"When you hear a musician performing in conjunction with a group," he had said earlier, "and things are jelling, going right, then you have a situation where that particular instrument—and the whole band—almost seems to come alive. This can happen tonight; it can happen tomorrow night; it can happen a night 20 years from now. But it might not happen either."

It happened for Paul Gonsalves and the Ellington band that one July night at least. And it's happened many nights since.



A Short History Of JAZZ IN RUSSIA

By YURI VIKHARIEFF

WHAT IS THE state of jazz in Russia? What is happening to jazz in the USSR? Are there good musicians and bands in the Soviet Union? Is there jazz at all? Such questions must be asked by many jazz lovers throughout the world.

In fact, interest in jazz in the Soviet Union is so great that several American magazines and newspapers have published articles on the subject, although very often their information comes from completely wrong sources.

True, within the last few years some serious articles have been published in various magazines, Willie Ruff's *Jazz Mission to Moscow* and Leonard Feather's accounts in *Down Beat*, among them. But the authors of these articles were foreigners whose stay in Russia lasted just a few days, if not hours, and quite naturally they couldn't see and describe the whole story. So these pieces were only reflections of their personal impressions and didn't indulge in wild generalizations.

The value of this article, then, lies in the fact that the author has been not only an eyewitness but also an active participant in the jazz processes of Russia.

Jazz came to Russia from Europe rather than from the United States. In the history of jazz, it was during the 1930s that its popularity grew tremendously. But the jazz of then was very changed from its early stages.

A lot of commercial bands visited Europe, thousands of records of commercial music were imported from the New World. So it is not strange that it was swing and commercial music that brought popularity to jazz rather than basic jazz itself. There is nothing strange, then, that in Russia, as well as in every European country, it was swing that was called "jazz."

Swing, that sort of music for dancing or light listening, penetrated into restaurants and dance halls. Some time later it came to concert halls. It is hardly necessary to say that this "jazz" was generally not of quality.

Yet, there were a few really talented musicians in Russia who tried to produce something beyond mediocrity. Among them Isaac Durajewsky and

Leonid Utyosov must be particularly noted. What they did was not jazz in a sense: it was either a kind of musical show that represented a mixture of dances and humorous sketches and moodish songs and even acrobatic tricks. Yet there was some swing in it too. Durajewsky, a sort of Russian George Gershwin, created many songs that have become standards. Every day Radio Moscow begins its programs with a song that Durajewsky composed some 30 years ago for the musical movie *Merry Fellows*. All parts in that film were played by the musicians of the Utyosov band, including the leader. This film still remains one of the best produced in Russia.

However, the first serious attempt to perform pure jazz was made in Leningrad in the late 1930s when a few professors of Leningrad State Conservatory organized a band named the Jazz-Capella.

The conductor of the band was Prof. Terpilowsky. The orchestra played several concerts at the Leningrad Philharmonic auditorium. (One can imagine



Trumpeter German Lukjanoff and group

what a blasphemy that was for most of the Philharmonic lovers.) Moreover, there were no sweet songs and comic dances, only the music and a lecture on jazz. These concerts were not popular, and shortly thereafter the band broke up.

At the same time, a lot of bands of Utyosov's kind were born in several big cities. What they played mainly was not jazz. But along with all the tricks and dances, one or two swing tunes usually were included in the program. The popularity of their concerts, however, was great.

Despite this popularity, the state of jazz was not a lasting one at all. Now and then there appeared in the official publications articles and proclamations against jazz. The authors reproached jazz as a craze of Western musicians. They declared that jazz was not music at all but an absurd set of sounds. Most of them referred to Maxim Gorky's words describing jazz as "music of fat and greasy capitalists." Most authors judged the music by political criteria—not musical. They tagged it "made in America", which was tantamount to "bad."

There were several discussions on

the subject in the press, and perhaps we would know their result if it hadn't been for World War II. Forgotten were all those quarrels, and jazz itself for a while, and many musicians replaced their horns with guns. Most of them perished.

AFTER THE WAR, a new generation came into jazz. They were interested mainly in contemporary jazz. It's hard to find causes for it. They were called *stillaga*, and they were sort of beatniks, or angry young men, a very specific group. What they did was a protest against the cult of personality, against the things that were not right or just. But they acted in the wrong way, generally stupidly. Yet among them were a certain number who seriously cared for life, who were dissatisfied with the wrong things that were happening in the country, who were fond of art generally and of jazz in particular.

It was a hard time for jazz. Actually, the word was a dirty one. All the official bands were renamed *estrada orchestras* instead of jazz bands. Their repertoire was severely controlled by a special committee that wouldn't let them play jazz tunes.

Despite this situation, a lot of young men listened to Willis Conover's musical program over the Voice of America, bought jazz records on the black market for unbelievable amounts of money, and tried to play jazz themselves at home among their friends.

Some of them organized amateur bands and played privately at various colleges and universities. The first and by far the best of them was a septet led by a member of the Utyosov band, altoist Orest Kandat, in Leningrad. In the band, along with such veterans of Soviet jazz as trombonist Joseph David and tenorist Vladimir Lebedeff, were some young and talented musicians, such as pianist Anatoly Caljvarsky, now an important arranger, and trumpeter Konstantin Nosov, who is today one of the best Russian trumpeters.

Using the arrangements of Gerry Mulligan, Woody Herman, Neal Hefti, and of sidemen in the band, the group tried to produce the sound of a big band, giving much room for improvisation. In fact, they tried to do what Slide Hampton does today, though on a less modern platform. The band also featured a girl singer, Nonna Suchanova, who could sing in English with a good voice—although not much taste—things like *Star Dust* or *Because of You* or *Tea for Two*. The popularity of the band was so great that most of the people didn't dance at all but stood up near the stage all the night just listening to the music.

The 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, as you may

know, was the beginning of the end of the cult of personality. The Soviet government took a new course in its politics: more democracy, creative work in every field of life and art.

As a result, a lot of new bands were born within a few years. The most remarkable group in that period was the German Lukjanoff Quintet. Lukjanoff, a young and talented trumpeter, along with tenorist Slava Baschlakoff, pianist Taymuras Kuchaleff, bassist Oleg Maschkovich, and drummer Valery Mysovsky, made up the first modern-jazz group in Russia.

The music director of the band was Lukjanoff, an experimenter and brilliant technician, who was under the great influence of Dizzy Gillespie at that time. But the spiritual father of the band was Mysovsky, whose broad experience, deep knowledge of jazz, and very good taste salutarily influenced every member of the group.

It was a laboratory of young jazzmen, in which they tried and exchanged their ideas. The existence of the band was short; not so short was its influence. When Lukjanoff moved from Leningrad to Moscow, he joined a quintet led by a pianist named Capustin. His presence was felt a lot, not only by members of the band but by all of those who came to listen as well. In fact, there is no musician in Moscow who didn't learn something from him. Many of them are obligated to him for almost everything they can do.

Meanwhile, in Leningrad another group appeared in the mid-'50s. (By the way, don't think that I tell you mainly of Leningrad because it is the city where I live. It's only that Leningrad, objectively speaking, was and is the first city in jazz. Ask any cat of the Goodman band, and he will tell you that.) It was the Gennady Golstein Quintet.

Altoist Golstein, whose nickname is Charlie (in honor of Charlie Parker, without a doubt) was a self-educated musician who was greatly influenced by Parker. In fact, he studied by listening to Parker's solos and then trying to repeat them. By the time he organized the group, his style was very Parkerish, although some other influences, mostly Cannonball Adderley, crept into his music. He had a beautiful sound and tremendous technique. His influence on Leningrad musicians was similar to the influence Lukjanoff had in Moscow. He played pure bop.

Some time later, Golstein tried composing and arranging, and the idea of a big band came to his mind. In 1957 the idea worked out well, and his was the first big band in Russia to play today's jazz.

In 1958 the first jazz-appreciation club in Russia was opened in Lenin-

grad. Now jazz fans and musicians had a place to meet and to exchange knowledge and ideas. There were some 300 members of the club, but its concerts were attended by thousands of jazz enthusiasts.

The club sponsored several groups. Among them were the Seven Dixie Lads, the band that, according to Willie Ruff, "could be compared to any Dixieland group in New York." There was a big swing band that was an excellent school for young musicians. Among the modern groups, the most noted was the Aric Liscovich Quintet, which had the very unusual instrumentation of violin and French horn with a rhythm section. The group made some interesting experiments, such as combining Russian music and jazz.

Beginning in 1959, jazz festivals were held every year at Tallin and Tartu, both in Estonia. They gave musicians and jazz fans the opportunity not only to perform but also to find out what was happening to jazz in various areas of the country. Strangely enough, no one saw the similarity in the situation to



The experimental Aric Liscovich group that in the United States. On the "west coast" (Estonia and Latvia) musicians play cool jazz with great emphasis on arrangements and ensemble sound and less improvisation. Their idols are Paul Desmond and Stan Getz. On the "east coast" (Leningrad, Moscow), however, hard bop is the main style. They idolize Parker, Gillespie, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Clifford Brown, and more recently, John Coltrane.

The festivals brought to the jazz audience many new talents. One of Lukjanoff's pupils, 18-year-old trumpeter Andrey Towmosjan, deeply impressed all those who heard him play. His main influence is Nat Adderley, whom he idolizes, but he has his own style and original ideas. He also is an able composer; one of his compositions is a Russian folk song played with a blues scale.

Another youngster, also 18, tenorist Vladimir Sermakasheff, who often doubles on soprano saxophone, surprised everybody, for nobody expected such a wonderful talent from Baku. His favorites are Coltrane, Johnny Griffin, and Wayne Shorter, but despite their influence he develops ideas that are very




Vladimir Sermakasheff and Lion Alanjakjan

much his own. His rhythmic sense is simply unbelievable, and he is, I would say, swimming in rhythm. Another surprise was a young fellow from Moscow, Nikolay Gromin, who plays the best guitar I ever heard in my life. Many musicians think he is one of the best modern jazz guitarists in the world.

TODAY, SOVIET jazz has achieved the highest point in the whole of its history. Jazz-appreciation clubs have opened in Moscow (it was later closed), Kiev, Riga, Ljvov, and their authority among people grows day by day. Magazines and newspapers have begun to publish articles that consider jazz as "enjoying full rights as part of Communist culture." The first book on jazz, written by drummer Valery Mysovsky, was published in 1960.

Another important thing: many amateur musicians get professional jobs in various official bands. Altoist Igor Petrenko, who was a member of the Golstein band, was invited to lead the state jazz band of the Ukraine. The state Tatar band, under the direction of Oleg Lundstrom, has in its personnel such musicians as trombonist Konstantin Bacholdin, described as the best European trombonist by many European jazz magazines; altoist George Garanjan; and pianist Capustin. The whole Golstein band got professional jobs under the direction of Joseph Vinestain. There is no doubt that these men will bring fresh ideas and radical changes into professional Soviet jazz.

Musically, the situation in Russian jazz is very similar to the one in the United States. Thanks to Willis Conover, we receive all news about jazz. It helps us to have our own Ornette Colemans and Don Ellises, our own Gil Evanses and John Coltranes. Yet, it isn't true to think that our musicians just copy their American colleagues and that nothing original is happening. On the contrary, despite the fact that the great U.S. musicians are our best teachers, we try to find our own way. Russian music can be an excellent basis for improvisation, but it isn't enough for us. We try to find the way of improvisation that will be very Russian and still remain jazz. Some things are already moving in that direction. The rest is business of the future. 



Dave Pike, Vibist

By BILL COSS

YOU ASK A silly question: "Why are so many vibes players converted drummers?" Then you name Teddy Charles, Terry Gibbs, Lionel Hampton, Dave Pike, Cal Tjader, Tommy Vig as examples.

And you get a sensible answer: "I was a drummer, but I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to play a horn of some kind."

So says Pike, who was a professional drummer when he was 14. But he admits that his change to vibraharp was strictly an accident.

"When I was 16," he said, "I happened to be in a drum shop, and, while I was waiting, I just began to fool around with a set of vibes. I responded to them immediately, and I knew at once that the instrument was exactly what I had been looking for."

Until that time, his life had been filled with music, even though vibeless. Born on March 23, 1938, in Detroit, Mich., he showed an early interest in music and began playing drums when he was 8. At the same time he began taking piano lessons. At age 11 he was a percussionist with the Detroit Junior Symphony Orchestra and had formed his first jazz group, playing for school functions.

In 1952 the Pike family moved to Los Angeles, and Dave began his professional career, playing drums and piano with his own group.

After discovering vibes, he worked with rhythm-and-blues bands, Mexican groups, and jazz groups—most notably as a charter member of the Jazz Couriers, a group influenced by the Modern Jazz Quartet.

In 1956 he left the Couriers to join the Paul Bley Quartet, an experimental group. He counts that two-year, unorthodox experience with pianist Bley, bassist Charlie Haden, and drummer Billy Higgins as especially valuable. When Ornette Coleman and Don Cherry joined the group, Dave left to form his own quartet but departed Los Angeles in 1958 and went to San Francisco "to hear more New York jazz musicians in person."

Two years later, he decided that that was the hard way to do it and moved to New York City.

In 1960 he often worked in Greenwich Village coffee

shops, sometimes as a single. Then there was a brief stay with Olatunji's troupe.

"I remember," he said, "when we opened at Birdland. The club management wouldn't believe I was with Olatunji and wouldn't let me into the club free because I wasn't wearing an African robe."

He joined Herbie Mann in 1961 and has been with him since, though occasionally leading his own groups and making records for Prestige under a two-year contract, plus one album each for Epic and Riverside.

Pike is a dedicated student and listener.

"I feel," he said, "that I was more influenced by Charlie Parker and Bud Powell than by anyone else. But Milt Jackson has always had a warm place in my heart, and Lionel Hampton is sadly underrated."

Along with an obvious artistic integrity, he has a studious interest in what makes an audience go while it stays.

He is sure that vibes, beyond their musical worth, are perfectly suited for audience interest.

"After all," he said, "it's a very visual instrument, and it's still novel to most people."

"I've tried to analyze what it is that people want. Most times it seems to break down to four things: one, a pleasant sound; two, something that's easy to listen to; three, a real beat; and, four, fresh and interesting material.

"The ideal is to find some way to make all those things work together. I plan to incorporate all those things in what I will do.

"Also, I've finally begun to understand that you need different approaches for recording and for in-person performances. They are very different, and you need two ways of producing the same thing. You lose all the visual projection on a record, so you have to make everything more direct and obvious to get the right effect."

For that reason, among others, Pike said he is pleased with the *Bossa Nova Carnival* album he did for Prestige. It met all his requirements for holding an audience via a record. The Epic album, *Pike's Peak*, ranks as high in his estimation and perhaps a bit higher for its sound and "the best sidemen of any record I've made." On the Epic date he was accompanied by pianist Bill Evans, bassist Herbie Lewis, and drummer Walter Perkins.

Pike credited Epic a&r man Mike Berniker with the successful work of the musicians. An a&r man can destroy the musicians' performance, Pike said, "if he's at all nervous or if he exerts too much pressure. But Mike turned the lights down in the studio and produced an effect as close to a live performance as is possible in a studio.

"I liked that, but there's still a lot of work needed on recording vibes. What you're looking for is a natural-sounding performance. But the very nature of the instrument makes it hard to control. I'd like to see a microphone invented particularly for the vibes. It would have to be a long, horizontal one that took into account the various registers of the instrument.

"Maybe I'll have changed instruments again though before that happens. I've thought seriously of playing marimba exclusively. Maybe at first, I'll just double on it. [Pike plays marimba on the Prestige album.]

"The instrument has a whole future yet in jazz. Do you remember that Red Norvo had a seven-piece marimba band in Chicago in 1925? It was called the Collegians."

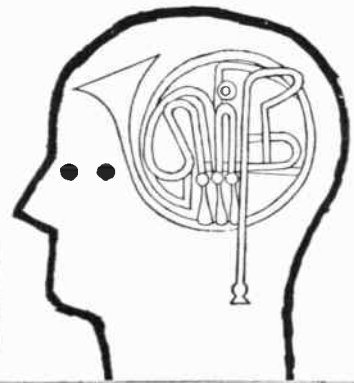
Pike admits that the marimba isn't used much any more, not at least in the way he thinks of its being used.

"It has such a warm sound," he said, "so close to the human voice, and it records very well. I'd like to do some experimentation with it soon."

For the meantime, 25 years of life, 17 of them spent in music, have produced a versatile musician, only now coming into his own and whose future seems assured, even in the vagaries of the jazz world.



OUT OF MY HEAD



Jazz Trading Cards By George Crater

Another invention—my greatest since I last collected royalties on Sonny Rollins Stereo Ear Plugs, Freddy Schriber Transistorized Do-It-Yourself Confidence Kits, and the ever-popular Donna Hightower Wind-Up dolls—jazz musician *trading cards!*

The first batch of these full-color, 2x4 cards are about to be leased to leading breakfast-cereal and bubble-gum companies. In addition to an *intime* photo, each card has pertinent information on the back.

The Miles Davis card (No. 112) tells how many times he has recorded *So What?* and has a photostatic copy of his 1962 W-2 form.

The Charlie Mingus card (No. 53) reveals why his sidemen have 50 percent fewer cavities and 40 percent more swollen lips.

The Erroll Garner card (No. 21) relates in bold type why Garner uses only left-handed piano stools.

The Maynard Ferguson card (No. 210) tells of Ferguson's contribution to the development of hearing aids.

John Lewis (No. 8) lists his tuxedo size and reveals why

he digs such giants as H. B. Barnum, Don Shirley, and Joe (Fingers) Carr.

The Yusef Lateef card (No. 189) not only tells why he doesn't use that greasy kid stuff but also explains what an earthboard is and his secret 7-Up bottle technique.

Benny Goodman (No. 4) gives the phone numbers of the 10 most important men in the State Department and information on his special staring methods.

The Sam (The Man) Taylor card (No. 1) tells why he laughs all the way to the bank.

The Jimmy Smith card (No. 44) reveals why he lets hearse put him in the driver's seat and how he developed his play-organ-with-the-nose technique.

Thelonious Monk (No. 101) has his motto "better late than never" embossed on it and relates what it's really like to understand Teo Macero.


Teo Macero (No. 277) shows how to understand Ornette Coleman.

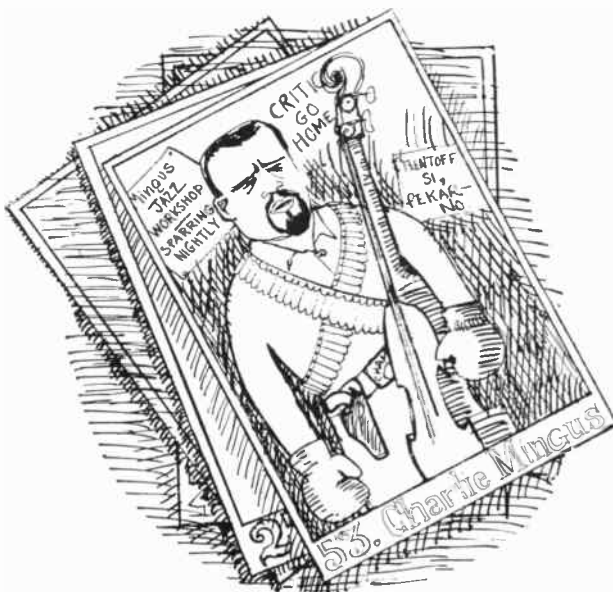
The Ornette Coleman card (No. 111) doesn't tell you anything but allows you to form your own conclusions and take sides.

ATTENTION, INA RAY HUTTON: If you're looking for new band personnel, contact Connie Kay, Ruby Braff, Kai Winding, Minnie Minoso, Nellie Fox, Clare Fischer, and Sal Salvador.

ATTENTION, GEORGE WEIN: How about Red, Whitey, and Blue Mitchell doing a concert for the John Birch Society?

Since Art Blakey recorded *Three Blind Mice*, watch for *Humpty Dumpty* by Cannonball Adderley, *Jack Sprat Could Eat No Fat* by Paul Desmond and Gerry Mulligan, *Sing a Song of Sixpence* by Annie Ross, and *Chattanooga Choo-Choo* by John Coltrane.

Is it true that *The Chet Baker Story* will star Jon Eardley? . . . The MJQ looks like four undertakers who've been told their price is too high. . . . If I were an a&r man, I'd record *Cool Water* by Pete Fountain, *Roses of Picardy* by Red Garland, *Heartaches* by Al Hirt, *Am I Blue?* by Grant Green, *Just Friends* by Charlie Mingus and Harvey Pekar, *That Old Black Magic* by Tricky Lofton. Or *Cookin' Jazz*, featuring Bud Shank, Pepper Adams, and Leroy Vinnegar. Or maybe *Stan Kenton Sings—Tex Ritter Plays*. 



record reviews

Records are reviewed by Dan DeMicheal, Gilbert M. Erskine, Leonard G. Feather, Ira Gitler, Barbara Gardner, Richard B. Hadlock, Dan 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.

INSTRUMENTAL

Henry (Red) Allen

MR. ALLEN—Swingville 2034: *There's a House in Harlem; St. Louis Blues; I Ain't Got Nobody; Nice Work If You Can Get It; Just in Time; Biffly Blues; Cherry; Sleepytime Gal.*

Personnel: Allen, trumpet, vocals; Lannie Scott, piano; Jerry Potter, bass; Frank Skeete, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This is the session described so well by Martin Williams in the Aug. 30, 1962, *Down Beat*. And a warm, swinging session it was. It serves to remind the listener—if he needs reminding—that Allen is among the finest New Orleans-mainstream trumpeters.

His solos on this album are models of melodic improvisation. They are like well-constructed short stories, especially when compared with the long-winded, rambling novels of younger players of more "modern" persuasion. Even at that, some of Allen's solos are three choruses long, but what he plays makes so much sense he never bores the listener. For instance, his ideas on *Just* flow together like tributaries producing a fresh stream unhurrying to its destination.

The bite he gets into parts of his solos gives the proper amount of tension needed; his wit adds leavening throughout. His tone is particularly warm when he dips down into his horn's lower register, as on *Biffly*, a fine track.

On *Nobody* the poignancy in Allen's playing rises to the surface in the opening chorus, during which Allen implies as much of the melody as he states, a trick that he uses to good advantage on other tracks also. His vocals on this track and *Cherry* are as much jazz as his horn work. When the crucial question of what constitutes a jazz singer arises I wonder why so few mention Allen?

There are a few brief solos by pianist Scott that are tasteful if not particularly inventive. The rhythm section, except for some shakiness behind Allen's *Nobody* vocal (and it might be the result of a tape splice) and a lack of relaxation throughout *Cherry* (the weakest track), does a good job. This, by the way, is the group Allen usually works with nowadays; it's generally tightly knit.

It's Allen's show, though, and a very good show it is. (D.DeM.)

Kenny Ball

RECORDED LIVE!—Kapp Records 1294: *Old Miss Rag; Kansas City Stomp; Basin Street Blues; Alexander's Ragtime Band; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Saturday Night Function; Whistlin' Cow Blues; O, Mary, Don't You Weep; I Shall Not Be Moved; Dinah.*

Personnel: Ball, trumpet; Dave Jones, clarinet; John Bennett, trombone; Ron Weatherburn, piano; Vic Pitt, bass; Paddy Lightfoot, banjo; Ron Bowden, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Recorded live at a concert in Liverpool, England, in April, 1962, this album presents a well-rehearsed band in a balanced

program of traditional jazz.

Kansas City is played briskly, with Ball playing straight, smoky-toned passages. *Ragtime Band* builds nicely to ripping climax, with Ball and trombonist Bennett keeping things moving. Bennett gets Tricky Sam Nanton's sound on Ellington's *Saturday Night*, a piece that is beautifully scored for the horn trio. Pitt and Bowden pay tribute to the old Bob Crosby Band with a rhythmic workout of Bob Haggart's *Whistlin' Cow Blues*.

Lightfoot wades through *Mary and I Shall Not* with buzzsaw vocals, and, judging from the applause, is a crowd-pleaser for this band. His best effort is on *Ragtime Band*, while on *Swing Low*, in a vocal duet with Ball, the conception is better suited for Highland ballads than for jazz.

There is some strong trumpeting on *Basin Street*, but the performance disintegrates after Ball's chorus, no one seemingly able to seize and profit from his flash of inspiration.

A strong virtue of this group is the portion of color produced with limited instrumentation, and this, plus the buoyant swing running consistently throughout these tracks, has made a good album. (G.M.E.)

Paul Barnes

THE VIOL, THE VIOLET, AND THE VINE (VOL. IV of ROOT, BONE AND MARROW, FLOWER series)—Icon 6: *I Shall Not Be Moved; You Made Me What I Am; Some Day You'll Want Me; What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?; Panama; Say Si Si; Slow Boat to China; Poor Butterfly; Pharaoh's Army; Sleepy-Time Gal.*

Personnel: Barnes, clarinet; John Handy, alto saxophone; Louis Gallaud, piano; McNeal Breaux, bass; C!E Frazier, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Handy brings some semblance of life to *You Made Me, Panama*, and *Sleepy-Time*, but Barnes, the featured jazzman on all these tracks, continues to disappoint me. A musician of unquestionable ability, pulling a first-place vote from British critic Max Harrison in last year's International Jazz Critics Poll (Handy receiving second place), he seems unable to move out of the stagnant backwater of second-rate playing.

He has a good sound, fair technique, and a good continuity of ideas, but his execution is timid. He simply does not communicate very well.

Handy fares much better, playing with vigor and warmth and with a greater sense of jazz phrasing. Where Barnes is timid and hesitant, Handy is bold and venturesome. He is especially effective on *Panama*.

Recording legendary New Orleans musicians is a worthy enterprise, but it should be apparent now that the producers of these albums should show a little imagination in their activity. Getting good rhythm sections would be a first step; editing and merchandizing only the best results would be another. (G.M.E.)

Count Basie

ON MY WAY & SHOUTIN' AGAIN!—Verve 8511: *I'm Shoutin' Again; Ducky Bumps; The Long Night; Jump for Johnny; Ain't That Right?; Together Again; Shanghaied; Skippin' with Skitch; Ee Dee; Rose Bud.*

Personnel: Thad Jones, George (Sonny) Cohn, Al Aarons, Fip Richard, Ernie Royal, trumpets; Grover C. Mitchell, Henry Coker, Benny Powell, trombones; Eric Dixon, Marshall Royal, Charlie Fowlkes, Frank Wess, Frank Foster, reeds; Basie, piano; Freddie Green, guitar; George (Buddy) Catlett, bass; Sonny Payne, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Basie has been criticized in the last decade or so for the simplicity and conservatism of his music, the feeling being that he hasn't exploited the potential of the band to the fullest degree. This is a point well taken, but on the other hand, it must be admitted that Basie's band does what it does very well.

This set, with arrangements by Neal Hefti, is a varied and typical one that should provide ammunition for both Basie's admirers and his detractors.

Shoutin' is an up-tempo feature for Wess' swinging and beautifully sensitive alto work. The track closes with shouting ensemble and Payne's dropping bombs all over the place.

Ducky has some muted brass passages that are supposed to remind you of ducks quacking. It's cute, but that's about all.

On *Night* Thad Jones solos in the funky, muted role created by Joe Newman and then screams over the band at the end of the tune. Basie's failure to feature Jones more often is puzzling and disappointing. He has been one of the band's outstanding solo voices and one of the greatest modern trumpeters.

The up-tempo blues, *Johnny*, contains good cruising tenor work by Foster and exquisite flute playing by Wess, who does some trading with Dixon.

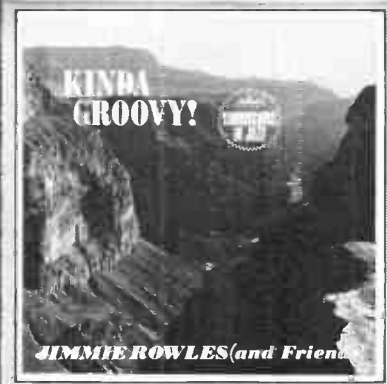
Right is a humorous, if slightly corny, Gospel-influenced tune. Aarons is the featured soloist. His powerful trumpeting also highlights *Together Again*, an irresistible flag-waver. Note the great ensemble sound throughout this track. Though no longer a member of the avant garde, Hefti remains one of the most inventive jazz arrangers.

Shanghaied is a bluesy 32-bar tune with plaintive muted trumpet by Cohn. Flutes open the delicate *Skitch* with bucket-muted brass stating the bridge. After good solos by Aarons and Wess and some shouting ensemble passages, brass and flute phrases, skillfully combined by Hefti, take the tune out.

The husky tenor of Dixon is showcased on *Dee*. Dig his opening lick; it's right out of Lockjaw Davis' vocabulary.

The medium-slow-tempoed *Rose Bud*, which pits a small group of instruments against the remainder of the band, ends the album on a luminous note.

There you have it: generally fine solo work and several admirable Hefti scores,



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NEW SETTING!

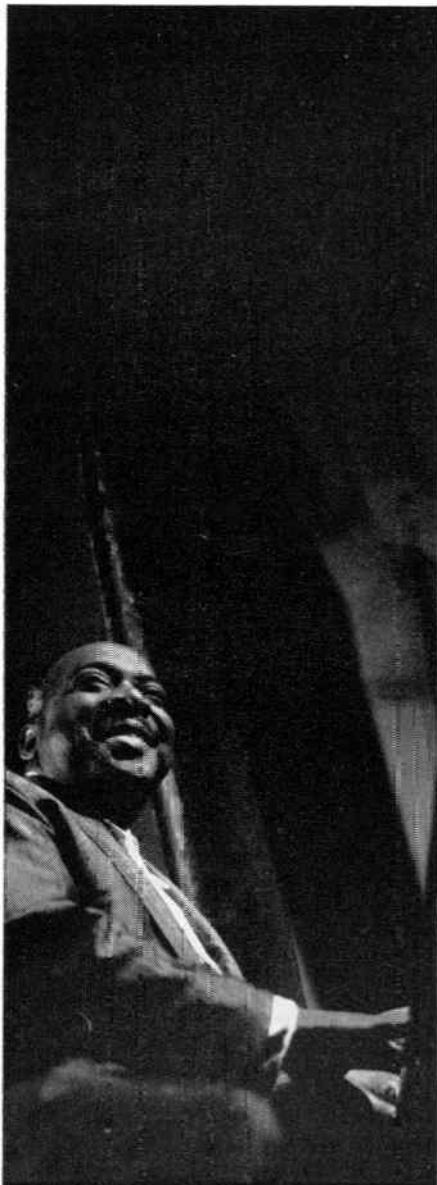
Shearing swings through his exploration of the jazz mainstream in a simple, soulful setting staged by the late bassist Israel Crosby and Vernal Fournier on drums. With a result excitingly reminiscent of an earlier Shearing, these three establish incredible rapport while digging in every inch of the way from "Makin' Whoopee" through ten others to "It Could Happen to You." (S) T 1827.

NEW SINGER!

Who says he can sing? Peggy Lee! And Jimmie Rowles proves her right, while remaining tasty as ever on piano. His winning way with words is both intimate and swinging on a dozen hand-picked tunes like "Sugar," "Maybe You'll Be There," "I Can't Resist You" and "How Can We Be Wrong." Rhythmic pulse for the date: Nick Martinis on drums; Max Bennett, bass; and Howard Roberts, guitar. (S) T 1831.

NEW SWINGER!

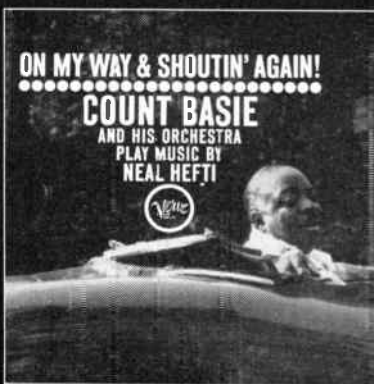
Joe Bucci proves he's "Wild About Basie" with shouting, big-band organ romps through the Count's biggest hits dating from the '30's til today. Backed by drummer Joe Riddick, Bucci moves his hard-driving Hammond through rocking reprises of "920 Special," "Splanky," "Kansas City Shout," "Taps Miller" and eight others—furnishing ample proof of why he's one of Basie's own personal favorites! (S) T 1840.



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plus Basie's inevitably strong rhythm section—all of which adds up to a very good album. (H.P.)

Bob Brookmeyer

TROMBONE JAZZ SAMBA—Verve 8498: *Samba de Orfeu; Manha de Carnaval; Blues Bossa Nova; Qual E O Po; A Felicidade; Mutiny on the Bounty Theme; Chara Tua Tristeza; Colonel Bogey Bossa Nova.*

Personnel: Brookmeyer, valve trombone, piano; Jim Hall, Jimmy Raney, guitars; Gary McFarland, vibraharp; Willie Bobo, Latin drums; Carmen Costa, cabassa; Jose Paulo, tambourine.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

The sound of opportunism flows gently and not at all unpleasantly through this set. Brookmeyer, Hall, and McFarland are an engaging group of jazz musicians, who play with a commendable lack of pretension. The drawback to the record is the rather pointless attempt to cash in on the bossa nova wave.

A trombone, particularly the heavy-timbred style of valve trombone that Brookmeyer plays, runs against the soft and airy quality that is one of the most attractive aspects of bossa nova. Hall's guitar carries this role commendably, but Brookmeyer's trombone inevitably comes horsing in to disrupt the mood. This, I hasten to add, is an excellent idea when the group gets involved in such nonsense as a bossa nova treatment of *Colonel Bogey* or the Martin Denny idiom induced by the *Bounty* theme or Brookmeyer's *Blues Bossa Nova*, which completely misses the long, lilting lines of the tunes written by Gilberto, Jobim, and other Brazilians.

The result is that this is neither as good bossa nova as a more judiciously selected group might have played nor as good jazz as this same personnel might produce under less confining circumstances. (J.S.W.)

Eddie Cano

THE BEST OF EDDIE CANO—Victor 2636: *Love for Sale; Honey Do; Love Is a Wonderful Thing; Cuban Love Song; What Is This Thing Called Love?; I Could Have Danced All Night; Cotton Candy; The Continental; Yesterdays; I Can Groove You; Till There Was You; Lida Rose.*

Personnel: Cano, piano; others unidentified.

Rating: ★ ½

Cano, according to the liner notes, is very big on the West Coast, where his followers include Frankie Avalon, Ethel Merman, Tony Curtis, Elia Kazan, Stanley Kramer, Jackie Cooper, Jayne Mansfield, Lenny Bruce, Johnny Mathis, Bobby Darin, Joey Bishop, Mort Sahl, and Lenny Kent.

This choice array of names should give the wary listener a fairly good idea of what Cano plays. It is derivative and diluted, drawing mostly on George Shearing (the bland, commercial side of Shearing), and when the group is not riding on the momentum of a fast tempo, it is utterly static.

Cano is an undistinguished pianist, who occasionally shows that he is capable of some fast fingering but gives no evidence of originality or creativity. His group, uncredited on the liner, seems to consist of Cano's piano, plus vibes, guitar, bass, conga, drums, and occasionally alto saxophone.

The only bright spots are provided by the unnamed guitarist who emerges from the routine surroundings from time to time with a nicely phrased and cleanly played solo. (J.S.W.)

Benny Carter

BBB & CO.—Swingville 2032: *Opening Blues; Lula; When Lights Are Low; You Can't Tell the Difference When the Sun Goes Down Blues.*

Personnel: Carter, trumpet, alto saxophone; Shorty Sherock, trumpet; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Dave Barbour, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

Though a jam session format sometimes has its disadvantages (i.e., a tendency for the participants to play carelessly or tastelessly), it is successful here not only because of the excellence of the musicians but also because of the relaxed atmosphere generated by their seeming affinity for one another.

The tempos range from slow (*Sun*) to medium (*Lights, Lula*). Sparked by Vinnegar and Lewis, the Basielike rhythm section provides the soloists with springy, uncluttered backgrounds. They respond with playing that ranges from good to outstanding, with Carter especially impressive.

Carter is, of course, a consummate musician who, over the years, has developed a number of interesting devices.

He was one of the first jazzmen to employ long lines of even eighth notes. However, on the whole, his solos can rarely be characterized by the word "even." They are often fascinating because of their internal contrasts: long, scooped tones may be preceded or followed by whiplash double-time passages; sudden, unexpected register changes occur; syncopated and un-syncopated notes are set against each other in the process of creating and releasing tension. Carter's tone quality ranges from lush to cutting and sardonic.

His only major faults—a tendency toward cuteness on the one hand and oversentimentality on the other—are, happily, not in evidence here. His lines on *Opening Blues* have great suppleness, and on *Sun* he is lyrical and paces himself well. Carter also plays trumpet briefly on *Lights*.

Webster has a memorable solo on *Sun*. He is generally at his best at slow tempos that highlight his gorgeous tone and rich imagination. His *Lights* spot develops nicely but is too short. On *Opening Blues* his use of a raspy sonority is artificial and distasteful. He has proved that he can create excitement without resorting to the rasp, but it still remains one of his favorite devices.

The veteran Bigard has a characteristically mellow tone on *Sun*. His tone is unique and one of the most beautiful of any clarinetist. *Opening Blues* and *Lula* contain examples of his soaring upper-register playing. He is disappointing on *Lights*, however, skittering down the changes and never really getting started.

The remaining horn man, Sherock, apparently has been recently influenced by Harry Edison. He demonstrates his versatility with a slashing solo on *Opening Blues* and a pretty, muted spot on *Sun*.

Rowles improvises well, adding to the already impressive amount of good solo work. He is economical and uses a variety of voicings. On *Opening Blues, Lights*, and *Lula* his playing is cheerful and piquant, and *Sun* finds him in a romantic mood.

Barbour, who, according to the notes, is making his first jazz date since the '40s,

Back At The Chicken Shack

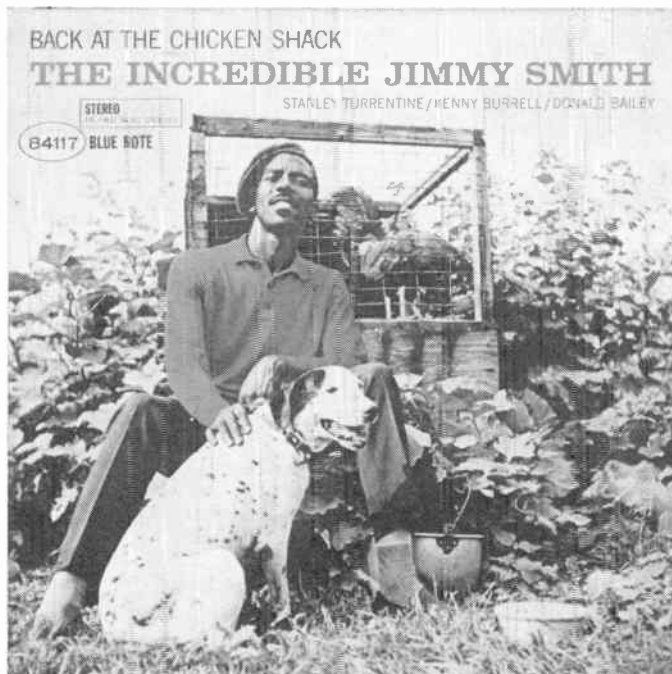
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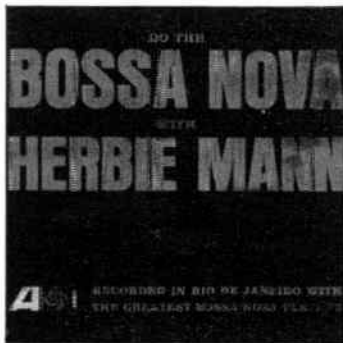
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Slide Hampton

EXPLOSION! THE SOUND OF SLIDE HAMPTON—Atlantic 1396: *Revival*; *Maria*; *Delilah*; *Begin the Beguine*; *Your Cheatin' Heart*; *Spanish Flier*; *Bye, Bye, Love*; *Love Letters*; *Slide's Blues*.

Personnel: Hampton, Benjamin Jacobs-El, trombones (or Ronnie Cumber, baritone saxophone); Chet Ferretti, Jerry Tyree, trumpets; Joe Farrell, tenor saxophone; Jay Cameron, baritone saxophone; Horace Parlan or Walter Davis Jr., piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Vinnie Ruggiero, drums; Willie Bobo, conga drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The extroverted, damn-the-topedoes band of trombonist Hampton unveils two obvious areas of current influence in this wide-open set.

In *Revival*, *Cheatin' Heart*, *Love Letters*, and *Slide's Blues*, we hear the Gospel-derived drive and earthiness of emotion Hampton revealed in two of his previous albums, *Somethin' Sanctified* and *Sister Salvation*.

The other side of the coin is a Latin turn of phrase, and this is strongly evident in *Delilah*, *Beguine*, and *Spanish Flier*. The latter is the strongest in this area; very Spanish in feeling, it flashes all the trappings of blood and sand and bulls and winds up fast and furious.

Though vigorous, the writing for the Hampton band is not particularly distinctive. Certainly it has variety—wheeling all the way from the concert conception of *Maria* to the basic rawness of *Slide's Blues*, the latter boasting a fine, uninhibited baritone solo by Cumber. But it is exciting writing, in the main, and not without its surprises, *Maria* and *Heart* being a couple of telling cases in point.

There is ample trombone from the leader and some excellent tenor work by Joe Farrell on *Heart* and *Bye*. Behind it all the rhythm team drives away with nary a letup. (J.A.T.)

Bunk Johnson

BUNK JOHNSON AND HIS SUPERIOR JAZZ BAND—Good Time Jazz 12048: *Panama*; *Down by the Riverside*; *Storyville Blues*; *Ballin' the Jack*; *Make Me a Pallet on the Floor*; *Wearly Blues*; *Moose March*; *Bunk's Blues*; *Yes, Lord, I'm Crippled*; *Bunk Johnson Talking Records*.

Personnel: Johnson, trumpet; Jim Robinson, trombone; George Lewis, clarinet; Walter Decou, piano; Lawrence Marrero, banjo; Austin Young, bass; Ernest Rogers, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Johnson, in a real sense the spearhead, focal point, and perhaps the very *raison d'être* of the revivalist movement of the 1940s, provided that movement with many of its most satisfying and viable musical movements.

With all due respect to other traditional leaders who followed him—most notably clarinetist Lewis—none was able to bring the authority, artistic sensibility, and strength that informs practically every group with which the trumpeter was associated. There is such an air of freshness, gusto, and blithe inevitability about the playing of his groups that one comes to the conclusion that Johnson's very presence was sufficient to dispel any mustiness or dated feeling that might have been expected to occur.

It's not so much that Johnson was a consistently brilliant player (and certainly not on this record, where he often falters

and occasionally drops out entirely because of his weak lip) as that he was a strong organizing force and conscientious director who chose his men and material with equal care, imposed his musical discipline on the group, and sparked it with his sensitive, catalytic playing. Under his leadership, a group often achieved results beyond what the individual capabilities of the members might have indicated. Accordingly, a group led by Johnson was always immediately recognizable; his and its sound were unique.

It is the sound of the full-ensemble New Orleans band, with a brisk, decidedly martial cast to it, that is heard in this album. (These are the earliest Johnson recordings; the nine musical and three spoken selections—initially 10-inch, 78-rpm recordings—were recorded in New Orleans on June 6, 1942, by Dave Stuart, Bill Russell, Gene Williams, Bill Colburn, and Hal McIntyre, and issued on Stuart's Jazz Man label.)

Essentially, the style predates that of the earliest recorded jazz, for even the 1917 recordings by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band employ a more sophisticated dance-based style than the approach used by Johnson's Superior Jazz Band, which hearkens to the stirring march music of fin de siècle New Orleans. It is an almost total ensemble music, with a polyphonic interplay of a richness, complexity, and loveliness, the three horns soaring over a blithe, strutting rhythm that surges along relentlessly.

Solos, as such, are rare—as Bunk's lambent ones on *Wearly Blues* and *Bunk's Blues*, which also contains a Lewis improvisation—for even when one of the three horns gains the ascendancy, the other two continue uninterrupted though somewhat subdued. Occasionally, Johnson drops out of the ensemble—the strain of continuous playing seemingly proving too much at times—and the roles of Lewis and Robinson are thus boldly revealed.

The nine band selections afford constant delights. They are surely among the most significant products of the traditional revival, with a first-rate ensemble sound, a rapport that is matchless, and that sense of authoritative Johnson imparted to all of his recordings.

His jabbing, explosive trumpet drives this group as strongly and unswervingly as his taste and direction shape it and hold it together. Johnson has his fluffs, and his lip was not as firm as it was to become later, but when these records were first released, they opened a lot of ears—as they are still capable of doing.

Johnson's spoken comments about his early days and his tutelage of various other trumpeters make for an interesting footnote to a splendid, most-welcome collection. Strongly recommended. (P.W.)

Yusef Lateef

LOST IN SOUND—Charlie Parker 814: *Outside Blues*; *Soul Blues*; *Blue Rocky*; *Dexterity*; *Trudy's Delight*; *Introlude*; *Train Stop*; *Big Foot*.

Personnel: Vincent Pitts, trumpet; Lateef, tenor saxophone; John Hormon, piano; Ray McKinny, bass; George Scott or Cliff Jarvis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lateef has recorded some unusual and provocative compositions on this release, but most fall into the neo-bop area. (*Big*

Foot and Dexterity, for instance, are Charlie Parker tunes.) One exception is *Rocky*, an exotic blues underlaid by Latin rhythm for the first eight bars, straight swing for the next two, and the Latin beat again for the last two.

Another excellent original is Lateef's *Introlude*, an infectious 28-bar tune that breaks down into sections of eight, eight, eight, and four bars.

The improvising is generally first rate, with Hormon's playing in particular coming in as a pleasant surprise. A strong, coherent soloist, though probably influenced to a degree by several bop and neo-bop pianists, he is essentially his own man. One of his favorite devices is to build suddenly from the middle to the upper octaves and there reach emphatic climaxes. He employs triplets in a number of interesting ways on *Dexterity*. His left hand can jab chords or stroke the keyboard gently, and he sometimes plays the familiar bass figure ordinarily associated with Bud Powell (but probably invented by Nat Cole). In addition to his soloing, Hormon accompanies well; his fairly percussive touch seems to stimulate the horn men.

There is a distinctive contrast between the horns, Lateef playing authoritatively throughout. On the up-tempo *Outside* he's right on top of the beat, accenting emphatically and using a harder sound than usual. *Blue Rocky* finds him improvising with an ear turned toward the Middle East, and he makes brief but effective use of harmonics on *Train Stop*, another fast blues.

Pitts' stylistic model seems to be Miles Davis (for example, he generally plays in the middle register, eschewing vibrato). But his playing lacks confidence—his phrases sometimes trail off weakly as if he's uncertain how to resolve them. Despite this fault, his solos have a plaintive air, and there's nothing artificial about his work.

Though not one of Lateef's most far-out efforts, this LP is nevertheless among his better ones. (H.P.)

Lou Levy

THE HYMN—Philips 200-056: *The Hymn; The Piccolino; My Favorite Things; How High the Moon; Of Thee I Sing; By Myself; Davana; My Old Flame; Comin' Through the Rye; Won't You Please Let Me In?*
Personnel: Levy, piano; Max Bennett, bass; Stan Levy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Levy plays with a clean, firm touch and commendable clarity. But his performances are cool and relatively colorless.

He has chosen to do both *How High* and *Of Thee* as slow ballads rather than at the up tempo that a pianist of Levy's stripe might be expected to play them.

This means returning *How High* to the lyrical style in which it was originally performed in *Two for the Show*, but Levy's playing is so deliberate that it makes the piece seem stiff rather than lyrical.

Of Thee, on the other hand, is basically an exultant, swinging thing, and Levy's attempt to make a moody ballad out of it only destroys whatever inherent qualities it has.

All selections are played carefully and

with precision but they lack individuality and occasionally fall into down-home cliches and the banality of irrelevant quotation (a phrase from *Goofus*, of all things, pops up in the middle of *By Myself*). Two of the pieces are originals by Levy. (J.S.W.)

Gerry Mulligan

JERU—Columbia 8732: *Capricious; Here I'll Stay; Inside Impromptu; You've Come Home; Get Out of Town; Blue Boy; Lonely Town.*

Personnel: Mulligan, baritone saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ben Tucker, bass; Alec Dorsey, conga drum; Dave Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The intent of this album, according to the liner notes, was to focus on Mulligan's skill with ballads. This it does but not in the obvious way that this idea might imply.

For one thing, the ballads used are far, far from the ordinary choices for such purposes. *Stay, Home*, and *Lonely* are excellent tunes that are rarely heard in this context. *Get Out* is more likely to be given a torch treatment than a straight ballad approach. Along with these are two delightful Billy Taylor pieces—the jauntily riffing *Impromptu* and a bossa nova styling of *Capricious*—and Mulligan's graceful *Blue Boy*.

The beauty of this set—and it is a beautiful set—is the relaxed, easy lyricism of the playing by the whole group, particularly by Mulligan. The album exudes a feeling that verges on an afterhours quality as it flows unpretentiously along. The rhythm is unobtrusive, despite the presence of Dorsey's conga drum, and Flanagan in

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WAROELL GREY VOL. I—Barney Kessel, Erroll Garner—Blue Lou, Just You Just Me, etc.

WAROELL GREY VOL. II—Same personnel

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TEDDY CHARLES—Oscar Pettiford—Main Stem, Do Nothing 'till You Hear From Me, etc.

★★★★½ Down Beat

CONTE CANDOLI—Buddy Collette, Lou Levy, Leroy Vinnegar, Stan Levy

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his solos reflects much the same feeling that Mulligan has about the balladic idea.

The essence of this feeling seems to be that a ballad is not, as so many jazzmen have appeared to think, a static thing but one that swings as much as any other kind of tune even though this may not be as positively obvious.

Mulligan has a gracious tone and superb taste in such matters. But, beyond that, he has the insight to realize that the balladic idea is not limited to songs that are labeled "ballad" but applies to a whole area of music. He shows this all through the set, which was produced by drummer Bailey and reportedly was slated for his Jazztime label. (J.S.W.)

Stanley Turrentine

UP AT MINTON'S, VOL. 2—Blue Note 4070; *Later at Minton's; Come Rain or Come Shine; Love for Sale; Summertime.*

Personnel: Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; Grant Green, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

There is nothing "spectacular" about this album—and therein lies its charm and its value. It consists merely of five jazzmen doing what they do as best they know how. The results are gratifying.

Turrentine's lead horn is ever fleet, inventive, and strong. He plays a solo on *Love for Sale* that is as raw as the song title itself. Guitarist Green is equally driving and most impressive in every solo outing. Parlan is a sensitive feeder to the soloists and takes the spotlight himself with verve and facility. And the rhythm team of Tucker and Harewood leaves nothing to be desired.

Much of the relaxation evident in the set undoubtedly emanates from the easy atmosphere of Minton's Play House in Harlem where the album was recorded. Customers' chatter is audible in the background, but this proves no hindrance to the players or irritation to the record listener.

After the deeply rooted slow blues with which the set opens and the wildly kicking *Love*, the balladic treatment of *Summertime* proves an ideal closer. Green achieves a pure, singing sound in his solo, and Parlan chords through his own with subtle delicacy. (J.A.T.)

Various Artists

DIXIELAND HITS: COUNTRY AND WESTERN—Swingville 2040; *Pistol Packin' Mama; You Call Everyone Darling; You Always Hurt the One You Love; Yellow Rose of Texas; It Is No Secret; Just Because; Someday; Riders in the Sky.*

Personnel: Sidney DeParis, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Kenny Davern, clarinet; Lee Blair, banjo; Charlie Queener, piano; Leonard Gaskin, bass; Herb Lovelle, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

Now Swingville is on the stagecoach in the current epidemic of cowboy madness. There is plenty of shooting from the hip in an unhip way, and this seems to have been the intention of all hands since the ruckus on these tracks is easily more noisy than gunplay witnessed on the TV cowboy sagas.

There are several fair jazz solos (Morton and Queener on *Pistol Packin'*), and the whole performance of *Riders in the Sky*, with an ebb and flow of tension in the Davern-Morton duet, is very good. The album would have been much better

if the rest of the tracks had been as interesting as *Riders in the Sky*. (G.M.E.)

Leo Wright

SUDDENLY THE BLUES—Atlantic 1393; *A Felicidad; Greensleeves; Gensel's Message; The Wiggler; Tali; Dionysus; Sassy Lady; Willow; Weep for Me; Suddenly the Blues.*

Personnel: Wright, alto saxophone, flute; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Rudy Collins, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The liner-note writer confidently assures us in his second paragraph that "the distinction of the material and the brilliance of performance [on this album] guarantee that Leo will assuredly suffer no bushwacking from the critics or apathy from the fans."

As sympathetic men, we all wish the latter will be true, and certainly I am no sneaky bushwacker; however, a few out-in-the-open taps of the critical blackjack would not seem amiss.

The primary reason for critical antipathy is the treatment of *Tali* and *Greensleeves*. The former, composed by trombonist Tom McIntosh, is a melody of haunting delicacy that cries out for further exploration of the depths of beauty it suggests. Instead, after sensitively stating the theme once, the group charges into an up-tempo blowing scene bearing little beyond a harmonic relevance to the exquisite air on which it is based.

The same is true of *Greensleeves* but to a less offensive degree. As if to punctuate the disunion here, there is an abrupt break and then an awkward transition between the concluding Burrell solo and the final restatement of the melody.

Let me emphasize one point: it is not that the solos on these tunes are of poor quality; they just seem to me out of place and at variance with the mood suggested by the group's initial handling of the original melodies.

There are, however, some goodies in the album. The title tune is a constantly moving blues river from which little improvisatory tributaries branch out now and again and then flow smoothly back into the main stream. Wright's is an inspired performance.

Wiggler is a delightful piece of whimsy that vividly conjures up a vision of fluid-hipped locomotion. The notes say Wright composed it as an affectionate tribute to a friend, Maynard McLean, who manages Chicago's Sutherland Lounge. I know not exactly what the altoist had in mind when he took up his pen, but the music gets across an irresistible wriggly feeling.

Another dedicatory performance that affords satisfying listening is *Message*. The tune was written for the Rev. John Gensel, a New York Protestant minister who has become the friend, encourager, and confidante of many musicians. It is a fine piece of music, well executed.

Wright's flute work throughout the album is first rate. His tone is strong and full-bodied, yet smooth, mellow, and flexible enough to convey the nuances and shadings a tune might demand. This album impresses me as a solid piece of workmanship, inspired in some spots, very good in many more, but ordinary in the rest. (D.N.)

VOCAL

Ella Fitzgerald

ELLA SWINGS GENTLY WITH NELSON—Verve 4055; *Sweet and Slow; Georgia on My Mind; I Can't Get Started; Street of Dreams; Imagination; The Very Thought of You; It's a Blue World; Darn That Dream; He's Funny That Way; I Wished on the Moon; It's a Pity to Say Good Night; My One and Only Love; Body and Soul.*

Personnel: orchestra unidentified; Miss Fitzgerald, vocals; Nelson Riddle, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

The argument that Miss Fitzgerald is essentially a ballad singer and only incidentally (and primarily by association) a jazz singer is placed in interesting perspective in this set.

It's ballads all the way, but only the last two, *One and Only* and *Body and Soul*, are taken at the typical, drag ballad tempo. The rest move from an easy amble to moderate up, and, in these Nelson Riddle arrangements, they all swing.

This is the area in which Miss Fitzgerald mixes her balladic instincts and her jazz background most skillfully. She imbues these songs with a warm, lyrical quality that comes to a great extent from her knowing manner of phrasing. Her remarkable voice, of course, is at the root of it, but it is how she uses that voice that gives these songs their quality.

Nor should it be overlooked that Riddle's big-band accompaniment is, wonder of wonders, strong without being obtrusive—something one rarely hears these days but which was commonplace among the swing bands when Miss Fitzgerald was growing up musically.

All of this may seem to suggest that these performances show that she is both a ballad singer and a jazz singer. To an extent, this is true, but one song—*I Wished on the Moon*—reveals that the ballad singer is really dominant. Here she is going up against Billie Holiday, who is, without question, a jazz singer. In this context, Miss Fitzgerald is amiable and bland where Miss Holiday gave the same song some bite. The difference between the two genres can be summed up in this one song. (J.S.W.)

Mel Torme

I DIG THE DUKE/I DIG THE COUNT—Verve 6-8491; *I'm Gonna Go Fishin'; Don't Get Around Much Anymore; I Like the Sunrise; Take the A Train; Reminiscing in Tempo; Just Asittin' and Arockin'; Down for Double; I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town; Blue and Sentimental; Oh, What a Night for Love; Sent for You Yesterday; In the Evening When the Sun Goes Down.*

Personnel: Joe Maini, alto saxophone; "Ed Theodore," tenor saxophone; Bill Perkins, baritone saxophone; Jack Sheldon, trumpet; Stu Williamson, valve trombone; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Al Hendrickson, guitar; Joe Mondragon, bass; Shelly Manne or Mel Lewis, drums; other personnel unidentified; Torme, vocals; Johnny Mandel, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

COMIN' HOME, BABY—Atlantic 8069; *Comin' Home, Baby; Dat Dere; The Lady's in Love with You; Hi-Fly; Puttin' on the Ritz; Walkin'; Moanin'; Sing, You Sinners; Whisper Not; On Green Dolphin Street; Sidney's Soliloquy; Right Now.*

Personnel: orchestra unidentified; Torme, vocals; Shorty Rogers or Claus Ogerman, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

In both these sets, Torme is exuberantly on vocal display before various-sized jazz-band backing. The Basie-Ellington set was arranged by Mandel; the writing on the Atlantic LP is largely the work of Rogers except for the first and final tracks, which

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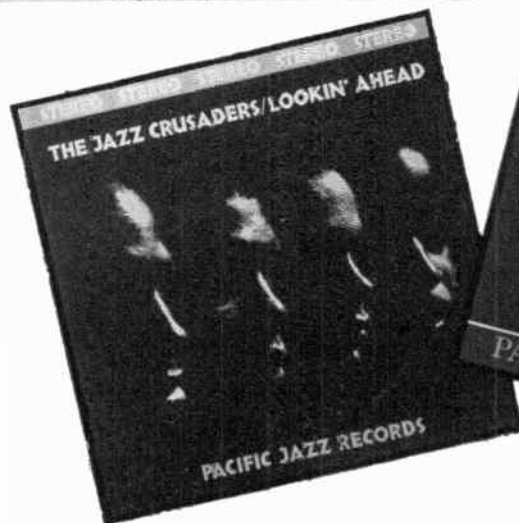
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were penned by Ogerman and recorded in New York. The Rogers tracks were cut in Hollywood.

Comparisons may be deemed invidious in the circumstances, but, so far as these two albums are concerned, they are inevitable.

Here they bear on Mandel's and Rogers' approaches to writing for Torme (Ogerman's two tracks are different kettles of fish; apparently recorded with an a&r eye on the singles market, they are effective enough in that genre). But also the conceptions of the two arrangers and the contexts in question have legitimate bearing.

Mandel's assignment was pretty much cut and dried: he had Ellington and Basie

material to work with. He chose to do so with a big studio orchestra as his vehicle. Rogers, unsaddled with any "theme," or peg on which to hang the album, selected a smaller band and a consequent lighter, perhaps a more delicate, approach to the writing. This is by no means to fault Mandel on grounds of *indelicacy*; his treatment of *Reminiscing* is eloquent testimony to sensitivity and intelligent writing. But a contrast is in clear evidence, and the listener is the beneficiary.

So is Torme, incidentally. He is in full, deep-grooving jazz voice in both albums and, in addition, contributed some lyrics of his own—the out chorus on *A Train* and the entire lyric to one of the themes

from *Reminiscing*.

In this Ray Charles-dominated era, one is careful to note that on the blues shouters in both sets Mel is always Torme.

Both sets yield a rich jazz lode. There is an excellent vocal and fluegelhorn chase between Torme and Rogers on *Walkin'*, and in the Basie set the tenor of "Ed Theodore" (not Teddy Edwards, surely?), Joe Maini's searing alto, and Jack Sheldon's trumpet hold the attention again and again. (J.A.T.)

REPACKAGES

When Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic troupes were journeying across the country in the 1940s and '50s, it seemed most of what was played by the all-star casts was more fury than sound jazz. The critics raged at the bombast of it all—I remember one saying that if Oscar Peterson could honk on piano he certainly would have. Some of the criticism was justified: there were screaming, high-note trumpet solos of little substance; there were tenor choruses made up of squeals and honks; there were seemingly interminable drum solos. But there also was a great deal of good music squeezed between the layers of banality, and the jazz community owes a debt of gratitude to Granz for preserving some of this on recordings of JATP concerts.

In recent months five albums recorded at JATP concerts have been repackaged, four by Verve and one by Dot. Taken together, the LPs give a cross-section of the traveling jazz show.

The weakest of the five is *The Original Drum Battle* (Verve 8484), dating from the mid '50s, I believe—no dates are given—and featuring, for the most part, the Gene Krupa Trio when it consisted of altoist Willie Smith, pianist Hank Jones, and Krupa. There are, however, moments of musical worth—such as the unflinching taste displayed by Jones, particularly on *Idaho* and *Flying Home*; some violin-like playing by Smith when he's not mechanically going through his paces; and a relaxed Krupa solo on *Drum Boogie*.

The album's title derives from a challenge duet by Krupa and Buddy Rich, the main interest of which is the phenomenal work of Rich. The album ends with a meaningless Flip Phillips tenor harangue on *Perdido*.

The earliest performance, *The Jazz Immortals* (Dot 3444), is from a concert probably given in the middle '40s and on the West Coast—again no information is given, not even the full personnel. Nonetheless, this is a valuable LP, mainly for the nonpareil playing of Lester Young and Charlie Parker. The opportunity to hear these two masters playing together is enough to make the LP important.

The outstanding track is *I Can't Get Started*. Young plays two choruses of unadulterated beauty; the solo should be considered as one of his finest solos. Parker's chorus, which is awkwardly spliced in after Young's, is excellent.

Blues for Norman—if I remember correctly this was the subtitle of the original 78-rpm album, one of the early ones (No. 2?) in the JATP series—is marred, as are the other tracks, by the rushing

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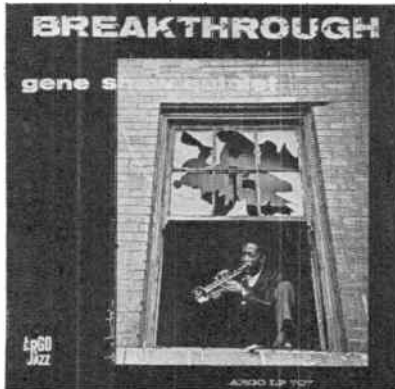


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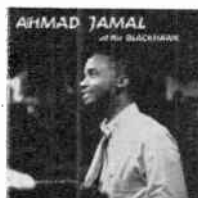
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drumming of Lee Young but contains more wonderful Pres, playing with marvelous relaxation despite the rhythm section. There is some playing bordering on the hysterical by trumpeter Al Killian, Willie Smith and, to some degree, Parker. Pianist Arnold Ross plays a more-than-adequate solo, as does trumpeter Howard McGhee.

Dizzy Gillespie is heard to advantage on *Crazy Rhythm*, which also has Mel Powell on piano, though Powell's name is not included in the personnel splashed across the album's cover. Young again turns in a relaxed, inventive solo. Another tenorist, Charlie Ventura, is present and solos well.

Powell's solo on *Sweet Georgia Brown* is dazzling, like a string of brilliant diamonds. Young is superb in his solo, displaying the vitality of his rhythmic conception. Gillespie and Parker soar mightily in their solos. The track's weakest points are Smith's bland spot and Killian's screeching.

In all, however, this is an excellent item, especially for Lester Young people.

Young also is heard on one side of *JATP All-Stars at the Opera House* (Verve 8489), in the company of saxophonists Illinois Jacquet, Flip Phillips, and Sonny Stitt and the 1957 Oscar Peterson Trio (Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Peterson, piano) with drummer Jo Jones added. The group performs a slow blues and *Merry-Go-Round*, which is based on *I Got Rhythm* chords, but the quality of the blowing is not laudably high—Young is poignant, though weary sounding, on the blues and merely plays some of his licks on the *Rhythm* tune; the solos by the other sax men range from tasteful (Phillips

on the blues) to hot (Stitt's alto) to muscular (Jacquet). The blues has a fine, hairy Ellis solo and good ones by Peterson and Brown.

The other side of the record is a similar take-your-turn session with trumpeter Roy Eldridge, tenorists Stan Getz and Coleman Hawkins, and trombonist J. J. Johnson; the rhythm section is made up of John Lewis, piano; Percy Heath, bass; Connie Kay, drums. The whole side consists of a performance of Hawkins' *Stuffy*. The playing is good but occasionally wandering. Johnson, though, plays a well-constructed solo, and Getz blows a very Youngish one.

The Modern Jazz Quartet and the Peterson trio share another album (Verve 8482) from the Opera House releases, which supposedly were made in Chicago, though not all were.

The MJQ side is short (less than 14 minutes) but contains some excellent Milt Jackson vibes work: loose and swinging on *D&E*, essaying the blues wonderfully on the tasteful *Now's the Time*, displaying delicate balladry on *'Round Midnight*. John Lewis is melodic, yet forceful, in his piano solos. In total, a very good performance by the group.

The difference between the MJQ's subtle approach to jazz and Peterson's more overt method is easily heard on the album. Each has its virtues and faults. The Peterson trio at the time of this recording could drive with almost overwhelming power (witness *Should I?, Indiana, and Elevation*). It could be funky (*Big Fat Mama*), making one marvel at the excellent sense of time of the players. It could be subtle and relaxed (note *Joy Spring*). The solos generally are stimulating, with Ellis particularly so on *Mama,*

Indiana, and Elevation.

The gem of the Opera House series is the album (Verve 8490) featuring Stan Getz and J. J. Johnson. Getz is at his best, and Johnson is near the top of his game, which is very high indeed.

On the up-tempo tracks, *Billie's Bounce, Crazy Rhythm, and Blues in the Closet*, Getz pours forth, chorus after chorus, a seemingly endless flow of ideas. The man plays on this record as if there are no limitations to what he can do—throttle at full, command firm, invention at peak. Even on his ballad feature, *It Never Entered My Mind*, and the medium-tempoed *My Funny Valentine* his playing has great fervor.

It seems that Getz, to play at his best, must have the stimulation of players of his own rank to goad and musically provoke him to the heights of invention of which he is capable. Johnson and the rhythm section of Peterson, Brown, Ellis, MJQ drummer Connie Kay (and how he swings them all) are such musicians and stimulants.

This is really a remarkable record.

It is even more remarkable when one plays the stereo version of the concert: it's a completely different performance and not quite up to the mono version, from which the foregoing plaudits derive. Some tracks are longer, and Johnson's melancholy *Yesterdays* is not on the stereo version. Still, it's interesting to have two versions of this group performing the same material (none of the other Opera House albums are in stereo). It's strange, however, that Verve did not capitalize on having two quite different versions available. Maybe they didn't know.

—DeMichael



BLUES 'N' FOLK

By PETE WELDING

Amos Easton, who, as Bumble Bee Slim, was an active participant in the Chicago blues recording activity during the 1930s, has suddenly reappeared, after years of inactivity, with a surprising album on World Pacific, *Back in Town* (WP 54). Surprising, because Slim is surrounded by such musicians as tenorist Curtis Amy, trombonist Lou Blackburn, guitarist Joe Pass, pianist Les McCann, and organist Richard Holmes.

There is a languid, low-keyed quality to the album that makes for pleasant listening. The effect is something on the order of a rhythm-and-blues date on which the musicians do the reverse of what they might normally do: here they play with

restraint and understatement.

Slim is a relaxed and unpretentious singer who performs in a straightforward, unforced manner. His gritty voice is generally flexible enough for his purposes (his goals are unambitious), and he uses it to good advantage for the most part. Here his singing suggests the Kansas City blues shouting style but without much of the lusty power of that school.


A pleasant enough set, but blues purists will undoubtedly object that it's neither fish nor fowl. It has little of the quality of Slim's old recordings, and it's too mild-mannered to pass as an r&b date, thus qualifying it as contemporary blues. I'm afraid that many blues collectors will pass it up because it's not "ethnic" (the current catchword) enough for their tastes; they'll be missing an appealing, very musical album. Slim's notes are a delight too.

On the probable assumption that any Big Bill Broonzy performances will automatically sell to folk-blues collectors, Chess has brought out an album, *Big Bill Broonzy and Washboard Sam* (1468), which brings together four mawkish and utterly graceless Broonzy vocals and eight much more viable performances by his half-brother, Robert Brown, who recorded as Washboard Sam. The recording apparently were made in the mid-1950s: only four selections—two by each performer—had been issued previously.

The Broonzy sides are marred by man-

nerism and histrionics in the singing, woefully dismal material and a thin, superficial "dressed-up" accompaniment style. The four are among his least interesting recordings. The same personnel was employed on the eight Washboard Sam tracks (Sam, vocals, washboard; Broonzy, guitar; unidentified bass and piano), but the difference is startling. These have life and a measure of integrity.

The sound—especially on *By Myself and Shirt Tail* (a remake of *Oh! Red*)—is evocative of the Hokum Boys recordings, with Sam's shuffling and irresistible washboard generating a fine pulse, against which are set his husky vocals and Broonzy's occasionally powerful guitar work. The record might be bought for the Broonzy material, but it will be listened to because of the Washboard Sam performances.

The low-priced Crown label has issued *Roosevelt Sykes Sings the Blues* (5287), a strong, steaming collection of blues in the modern manner (saxophones and B.B. King-styled guitar) that Sykes brings off with consummate ease. According to information received from Sunnyland Slim, the disc was recorded in Chicago in March or April of last year with Sykes, piano, vocals; Sax Mallard, tenor saxophone; Lee Jackson, guitar; and Willie Dixon, bass, among others. It's a fine collection of urban blues, with Sykes singing in his characteristic dry, throaty manner. At \$1.49, it's a real bargain. 

Laurindo Almeida

'An electric guitar—to me, it's kind of an ugly thing. I really don't like the sound of an amplifier. It is an artificial sound.'



BLINDFOLD TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Since the emergence of bossa nova and the claims made for (but not by) Laurindo Almeida relating to his role, it has developed that there are three schools of thought.

First, as was shown clearly by *Down Beat*, there are those who believe that as the first Brazilian musician to record his country's music in tandem with a U.S. jazzman (Bud Shank), he was at least indirectly responsible for the fusion.

Second, there are (mainly in Brazil) those who, too young to have known Almeida in his Rio days (pre-1947) and unfamiliar with his work, ignore him as a factor. A third group vocally denies that he had any connection and angrily puts down those who give him any credit.

One point that seems to have been missed in this is that whatever his past associations, Almeida today is a brilliant classical and popular guitarist-composer whose work has graced many successful albums. Moreover, his work is known and admired by such Brazilian composers as Jobim, Bonfá, and Gnattali.

This was Almeida's first *Blindfold Test*. He was given no information about the records played.

THE RECORDS

1. Stephane Grappelly. *Django* (from *Feeling + Finesse = Jazz*, Atlantic). Grappelly, violin; Pierre Cavalli, solo guitar.

Was that made in the United States, or in Europe? . . . I never heard the composition before, or the musicians, but the guitarist was tuned to a lower pitch than the normal tuning, which reminded me of Jim Hall. In some spots the record had for me the feeling of gypsy jazz.

I always like quartets, because they are very exposed; everyone has to be really good to sound good. Sometimes this guy sounds like Django Reinhardt. The violinist is the one that sounds like gypsy jazz, though. It's very tasty. As an innovation, I would rate it three.

2. Joao Gilberto. *Un Abraco No Bonfa* (from *Brazil's Brilliant Joao Gilberto*, Capitol). Gilberto, guitar, composer.

Now this is one that I have. It's Joao Gilberto. I don't remember the title, but I think it's something he dedicated to Bonfá. He plays the finger style there, which is a difficult style, because you have to play melody, harmony, and bass all at the same time. There's no counterpoint involved, just rhythm, but it's much more difficult than playing with the pick.

If he studied the instrument, it wouldn't have that charm. The way of playing is the technique of the classical guitar like Segovia. He's not an educated guitarist, but what he does here deserves credit. I like it. I give it four.

3. Grant Green. *Come Sunrise* (from *Sunday Mornin'*, Blue Note). Green, guitar; Kenny Drew, piano; Ben Dixon, drums.

I don't know who was playing there. Sometimes it sounds like Barney Kessel, sometimes like—other guitarists. An electric guitar—to me, it's kind of an ugly thing. I really don't like the sound of an amplifier. It is an artificial sound. And it's very hard to trace who the musician is because the sound's all the same.

The classical guitarist, or violinist, you can tell because he's playing his notes; but an electric guitar, you press the string and here comes a sound through this box.

But I do like the jazz-flavored pick. And I think all the guitarists could do the same on unamplified guitar. Like Charlie Chris-

tian did, in the early days, before they invented this horrible thing!

But I like his phrasing and his ideas. It's a shame he didn't do that without the amplifier. I think it's a good record. I liked the piano and drums. I give three.

4. Coleman Hawkins. *O Pato* (from *Desafinada*, Impulse). Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Barry Galbraith, guitar.

Again, I don't know who that was. Sounds like Herbie Mann. But he usually plays the flute, I don't recognize him playing that tenor.

The Duck—O Pato. It was meant more for voice and guitar. I think Gilberto recorded it in the first place.

I don't know why that guitarist was trying so hard to play corny. Because the idea of the amalgamation of Brazilian samba music and American jazz is not a corny idea when it comes to that part with improvisation. The jazz part should be the way they play here in America. That's the idea we did with Bud Shank—play the best you can. Even accommodating chords, you know, if you have to—make it sound good. The idea of putting both together—I think it's a wonderful thing, but it shouldn't be seen that way—corny.

I hate to say it, but I give two stars to that one.

5. Charlie Byrd. *O Barquinho* (from *Bossa Nova Pelos Passaros*, Riverside). Byrd, guitar; Walter Raim, conductor, arranger.

Was that meant to be bossa nova? I don't know who the guitarist was, but it sounds like one of those gauchos from the Brazil-Argentina border. Here again, they've been getting away without knowing, maybe, what the idea of this thing is supposed to be. Like the samba part wasn't played in its entirety, until he should come in with some jazz improvisation of it.

The strings—that's just a shame. I don't like the idea of putting strings there. Then it becomes commercial. That's one thing about bossa nova—and I hate to say this, because I like money too—but bossa nova's not supposed to be *that* popular. I'm very surprised it got to be where it is right now.

I agree with Moraes, who said that bossa nova is a mood. It is a mood that compre-

hends a lot of things together. Inasmuch as it involves two styles from two different countries, both should be played here and there. First straight, the idea of the samba. Then straight with the improvisation, making the marriage. I didn't see this in that take.

It probably would feel different if I were dancing to it, but as music I don't like it. One star.

6. Paul Horn. *Now Hear This* (from *Portrait of a Jazz Musician*, Columbia). Horn, flute.

Sounds like Brubeck, and that 3/4 jazz style. I think it's wonderful. I feel so many things there. . . . I feel the 3/8 and the 6/8 and the 7/4—Greek style—we did something like that last week for David Raksin. I can feel here rhythms of at least three or four countries of South America. That syncopated bass is the rhythm of the joropo from Venezuela. I also felt in a general way the rhythm of the mariachi and some batouque rhythm from Brazil.

It's fantastic. I like the whole thing. Fine flute player. Five stars for this one.

7. Ramsey Lewis. *A Noite Do Meu Bem* (from *Bossa Nova*, Argo). Lewis, piano; Carmen Costa, vocal in Portuguese and English.

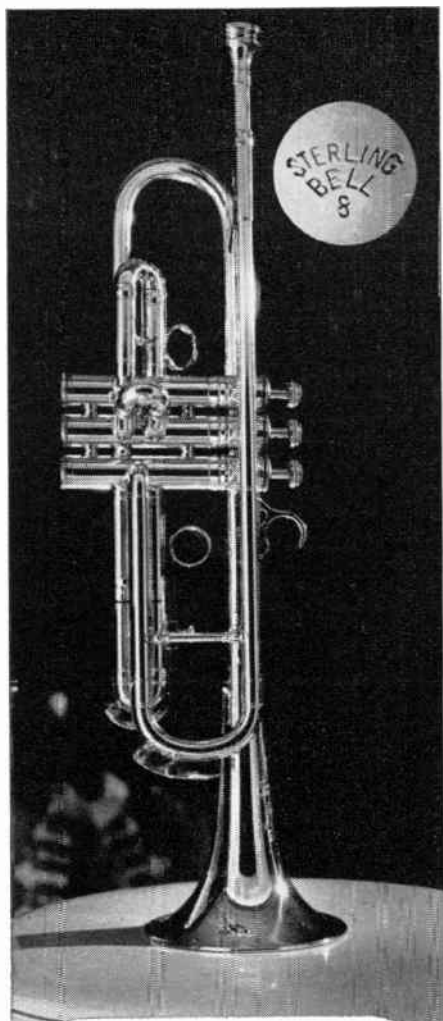
That was Carmen Costa. I like her singing, but I did not like her complement. I think there was some discrepancy on the rhythm, and I didn't like the translation of the lyrics into English, which are very, very beautiful in Portuguese. A better job could have been done. Three stars.

8. Oscar Castro-Neves. *Outra Vez* (from *Big Band Bossa Nova*, Audio-Fidelity). Castro-Neves, piano, conductor; Antonio Jobim, composer.

Yes, that sounds very Brazilian. The only thing I didn't like was the piano accompanying all the way with the guitar. They get in each other's way once in a while. Rhythm can be polyphonic but not to a point that there are shocks.

Carlos Jobim, who is a friend of mine—wonderful composer, inspired—wrote that song. But I don't know who was playing the piano; might have been Jobim himself.

I like this song sung. I have it myself by Elizete Cardoso. It didn't impress me very much played by an orchestra. But I will give it three stars. [E]



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT

WILL DAVIS

Largo Lounge, Detroit

Personnel: Davis, piano; Billy Burrell, electric bass; Frederick Waits, drums.

Davis is a nine-fingered (he lost the little finger of his left hand in an auto accident) pianist who often appears to demand more of his instrument than it was ever designed to give.

At 36, he is still little known outside the Motor City area except for the jazz practitioners of the Detroit school and the greats, including Charlie Parker and Lester Young, who employed him across the years whenever they passed his way.

His ego has suffered in obscurity, but his unique talent has swollen mightily—so much so that if a thousand hosannas befell him tomorrow, they would have arrived far too late to have any effect on the way life has forced him to play. Listening to his jazz renditions of *Ave Maria*, or James Weldon Johnson's *Negro Anthem (Lift Every Voice and Sing)*, tells much about Davis' individualism. No music that appeals to him is inappropriate to his performance, and he'd just as soon play a melody backwards as forwards if he were of that frame of mind.

It is not so much what Davis plays that is astonishing but rather his facility for making it so completely a personal experience. So intense does he often become in pursuit of the honey sweetness of a melody that he is likely to play himself into the furthest reaches of atonality. And it is no matter to him what other pianists think. He seeks no approval for what he does and manifests a caustic contempt for sameness in others. Instrumentally, he is mean, and his dominance at the manual suggests an insatiable lover who has trapped his woman in a dark corner.

Yet, and in the same set, there can be something Chaplinesque about him and his music, which, when he becomes a balladeer, becomes touchingly plaintive and melancholy. At the conclusion of tunes such as Duke Ellington's *Warm Valley*, it is not unusual for a hush to fall across the room for several moments.

Davis remains a symphony of musical contradictions, or, perhaps to put it more accurately, his emotions pervade all the black and white ties of the instrument. He is gentle, yet dynamically percussive, given to whole paragraphs of tension-packed big block chords clanging with Big Ben-like volume, but the added dimension of himself is never more in evidence than it is when one listens to him stagger stiff-fingered down the keys, the right hand in the near wake of the left, reversing their fields, and then going apart and coming together like an accordion.

To this strong expressionist, who is also a prolific composer, add the drums of Waits, a slip of youth whose sense of artistic responsibility is so raw that he will

drive ill-prepared sidemen from the stand if they are the least bit sluggish or reluctant to play with dynamic commitment.

The remaining and mellowing third of the trio is able bassist Burrell, older brother and early inspiration of guitarist Kenny. In addition, to being a fine musician, Burrell's greatest asset well may be that he understands Davis both as a man and as a musician, which is, all things considered, extraordinary in itself. —Marc Crawford

BARBARA DANE

Room at the Bottom, New York City

Personnel: Miss Dane, vocals, guitar; Dave Frishberg, piano.

Dressed in a bright, red dress and wearing a long necklace that looked like a modern counterpart of the beads worn by some of the blues singers of the '20s, Miss Dane opened her first set of the evening with Ma Rainey's *Misery Blues*. Her deep and, at times, extremely powerful voice with its almost uncanny Negroid intonation battled with the muffled reproduction of a badly adjusted microphone and an unappreciative noise maintained by an obviously nonjazz crowd. It was a losing battle.

These unfortunate circumstances did not, however, have any reflection in Miss Dane's performance. It had been an exhausting four weeks, this engagement, but Miss Dane possesses a rare stamina, and each set sounded as fresh as the previous one. Of course, the accent was on the blues. Miss Dane sang such classics as *Oh, Papa; How Long Blues*; Perry Bradford's old composition, *Crazy Blues*, made famous by Mamie Smith; and *Hurry Down, Sunshine* which Miss Dane calls *Hurry Up, Sundown*.

The program also offered such songs as *Hard, Oh Lord* and *Wild Women Don't Have the Blues*, both taken from the repertoire of Ida Cox, and *Sunny Side of the Street*, plus a few other pop standards for the benefit of the tourists.

At times, especially on the standard tunes, Miss Dane's voice was reminiscent of Pearl Bailey's but only reminiscent, for she always managed to inject a very strong personality and deep feeling into each song. She has updated the lyrics of all the old blues in her repertoire without losing any of the flavor of the original versions, and she introduces each song with a few informative and often humorous remarks.

She shared the bill with the room's house band, that rather stale one led by Wilbur DeParis. Sidney DeParis, Wilbur's brother, whose inventive trumpet playing is that band's only real asset, joined Miss Dane for one set, playing drums, and revealed himself a fine drummer.

Another impromptu appearance on stage was that of Bill Clark, former clarinetist with the Turk Murphy Band. This happened during the evening's last set, which proved to be the best one.

In all, working conditions taken into consideration, Miss Dane put on a show that should delight any blues enthusiast, and she did it without any obvious signs of the displeasure she must have felt.

—Chris Albertson

WE LISTEN so much to what's happening in music today that we're likely to forget that there was a yesterday. A lot of yesterday's jazz can stand up and be counted right now . . . today. Yes, we're likely to forget that—after all, you hardly hear any of it, except on occasion, like when company comes, and you drag old gramp out, dressed up.

I know one can't hear music by reading words, but let me spin this tale about a bit of yesterday, about some music and a musician.

Bunk Johnson and his band were to open at the Stuyvesant Casino. Of course I'd been hearing about this because I was very close to the scene. The *Jazz Information* boys, Gene Williams and Ralph Gleason, were involved; Bill Russell was in there.

Those were the days when it wasn't enough to just follow jazz—if you didn't do more, it wouldn't be there when you turned around. *Jazz Information* editors did all they could to further this music. Besides putting out the magazine, they reissued records that were dandies, plugging away for the music and musicians they believed in.

The word had gone out. Bunk Johnson, the last link between the past and the present. Bunk Johnson, who'd worked alongside the legendary Buddy Bolden, reputedly one of the greatest of trumpet blowers. Bunk, who'd influenced Louis Armstrong.

The publicity had been terrific; the bandwagon was crowded. Stuyvesant Casino was—may still be—a Jewish catering hall on the east side of New York City. Why this place? I'd guess that it was the best deal available. As I recall, the promoters were to get the admissions; the income from drinks went to the house.

Stuyvesant Casino . . . one flight up, a great big hall, bandstand at the opposite end of stairs . . . old type of bandstand . . . four feet high. And don't tap your foot—I mean dust. But you could get hundreds of people into that hall, and Bunk did.

Six nights a week they came. They came and they danced. I know; I sat in the balcony night after night. I came to listen—and I heard. Old Bunk, with his store teeth plus a new horn. Here was a man who'd been working days, in the fields, and hadn't been playing professionally when "rediscovered." How old was he? Don't know. Close to 68, I'm sure. He didn't sound old.

How'd it happen? Bunk wasn't a popular attraction, a poll winner, no hit record. No 10 percenter dug him up, but it didn't just happen.

There was a guy out on the West Coast, Dave Stuart. Back in '42 he'd been writing to Bunk. At that time Dave had a record company and was interested in seeing that B.J. was re-

corded before he died. In June, 1942 Stuart and several other jazz lovers drove to New Iberia, La., and visited Bunk, talked with him, listened to him play. Within days they were in New Orleans, hunting musicians and a studio (and if you think this last bit was a breeze, you've got another think coming), finally improvising by turning a loft into a studio and settling for whatever equipment was available. No re-takes or overtime . . . "Let 'em roll." The job got done. Bunk was recorded. (*Editor's note: see page 28 for a review of the recordings, which recently were re-issued.*)

The engagement at Stuyvesant Casino was a follow-up. They keep telling me that our forebears saved, preserved things for us, and I keep taking it all for granted. . . .

So there I sat. Opening night. Looked

sittin' in

By ART HODES



BUNK JOHNSON AT THE STUYVESANT CASINO

like Baby Dodds on drums . . . added attraction. Who're the other guys? I never saw them. But listen; clarinet sounds awful good. George Lewis? He's all right, sings it right out. Banjo? Well, I'm not a banjo fan, but this guy fits the band. Marrero? Yeah. That trombone . . . sensible, no wasted notes. If he's anything like he plays, he must be a real groovy guy. Jim Robinson? Never heard of him.

I get a kick out of how these New Orleans bands set up—drums at one end, piano at the other, band in between. That's the way Baby and Johnny Dodds set up at Kelly's Stables back in Chicago. As usual, the piano leaves much to be desired. I mean the instrument itself. So they don't dust it, shine it—but it can be tuned.

Piano player's doing his share. Bass man seems to be telling the truth. And the repertoire. . . Is nothin' sacred? Not to New Orleans bands. Like the tune they're playing now: *You Scream, I Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream.*

People are dancing to it. Haven't seen this in New York for a while. The beat. . . . They could keep this up all night. The people ain't gonna get tired. Isn't that *Tiger Rag*? How about that—I mean the tempo. And listen to the crowd applaud. They're going to play it again. . . . I'm learning.

Yeah, I'm pretty sure I didn't miss a single performance. Up there on that balcony, listening. Never sat in but once that I recall. It was happy birthday night (could have been Bunk's). Red Allen was there. Big Bill Broonzy and Leadbelly did a duet on *The Saints*.

But aside from that occasion, I felt that this band was a together thing . . . made me feel like I was listening to a street-parade band. A sound all its own. Couldn't compare them to any other group I'd heard. And I had no desire to "experiment." I dug them as a group—no one should change that sound by sitting in.

I don't know what night it happened, but I was listening and suddenly realized that they were playing without a lead horn. No Bunk. A quick look. There's Bunk, all right—sitting (they used chairs), chair tilted back and sound asleep. Band playing away, and the leader asleep onstage. It was something to see.

Nobody was sweating it. I didn't know somebody'd been sent for, not till Wild Bill Davison got there. Wild Bill stood up and blew, and Bunk still sat there sleeping—right through to the end. The damndest thing I ever saw. No question about it—Bunk could sleep, anytime, anywhere. (One time I caught him sleeping two rows from up front where Red Allen and band were performing. And let me tell you something, Red and his band, with J. C. Higginbotham and Don Stovall, could be heard.)

Bunk Johnson. . . . Like the song says: "he's been here and gone." Tough man. Yes, sir, if I have as much to say and am as able to say it as he was at his age, I'll be all right. Wish you could have heard Bunk whistle his chorus on down, then pick up his horn and play the same bit on out.

You know there are lots of people who play music but can't play by hear. Yeah, I said by hear. I mean it's doubtful if they're hearing it coming out—or even before. Bunk Johnson heard his music. It sang out of him, from inside out. All he had to do was put the horn to his mouth. The stuff was there. I know, there's more to it than that—you have to be able to play the horn. But please, not if you're speechless.

So you ask, "What was dad like?" Son, he was quite a man, one hell of a blowing man. You need never be ashamed of him. He certainly enriched many of us.



The artistry of pianist Earl (Bud) Powell, as a performer and a composer, has been a strong influence in the development of modern jazz. The late Sharon Pease, this magazine's piano columnist for many years, wrote in 1951, "The creative, rhythmic, and harmonic combinations of Bud Powell have been analyzed and employed by most of the outstanding performers in the modern idiom."

An innovator in the arts can be classified as an exception to a rule. Powell, even more than Thelonious Monk, elevated the piano out of the category of an accompanying instrument in bop-styled jazz. Where Monk's contributions were compositional in character, Powell's were more significant as a performing voice.

Pianist-teacher John Mehegan has pointed out that jazz is tonally a horn music and compares the derivation of Powell's piano from alto saxophonist Charlie Parker to Earl Hines' piano from Louis Armstrong.

The solo pianist in bop was required to create a one-line expression. Powell articulated long, original lines with his right hand and devoted his left to rhythmic accentuation, plus the establishment of chord changes.

Powell was an occasional sitter-in at Minton's during the height of the experimental period between late 1940 and the early part of 1942. He was 16 years old at the time, had undergone 10 years of formal training in classical music, and had been interested in jazz, or even popular music, only for a little more than a year.

Born in New York City on Sept. 27, 1924, he was a member of an unusually talented musical family. His grandfather had been a musician, and his father, William Powell, was a professional pianist. There were two other sons in the family, William Jr., a trumpeter and violinist, and the late Richard (Richie), a pianist and composer.

Bud started studying the piano the same year he began his grammar-school education—at age 6. Up until his middle teens he concentrated on the masters, especially Mozart, and has said, "During those years I had much advice, inspiration, and encouragement from my father, who was a fine pianist."

Bud has mentioned pianist Billy Kyle as being one of the major influences in interesting him in modern dance music. Kyle at the time was the regular pianist with John Kirby's small band, a group with which Powell was to work for a short time in 1945.

Young Bill Powell became the trumpeter-leader of a band about 1938-39, and the piano spot was taken over by

brother Bud. The third brother, Richie, was only 8 years old then. This band gigged for a time in the Coney Island area, and the experience helped Bud make the decision to quit school so he could concentrate on a career in music.

By 1940 Bud was out on his own playing solo piano in clubs like the Place (now the Limelight Coffee Shop) in Greenwich Village and the late Canada Lee's Chicken Coop in Harlem.

The fact that Powell's work was being noticed by established jazz musicians as early as 1941 is attested to by a Mary Lou Williams' reference to the rehearsals of a modern big band. In

HOT BOX

By GEORGE HOEFER



FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE RECORDS

Bud Powell's Early Years

Hear Me Talkin' to Ya, Miss Williams quoted Thelonious Monk as having told her, "We are getting a big band started. We're going to create something that they can't steal because they can't play it."

She continued regarding the band, "There were more than a dozen people interested in the idea, and the band began rehearsing in a basement somewhere. Monk was writing arrangements, and later Bud Powell and maybe Milt Jackson."

According to Miss Williams, the band was soon forced to break up and Monk got a job at Minton's. Powell continued to gig and played a short time with the Sunset Royal Entertainers


in a show fronted by the trumpet-playing singer, Valaida Snow.

The still underage pianist joined Cootie Williams' big band in 1943. It has been reported that Williams was appointed Powell's guardian and wouldn't let the pianist leave the band in January, 1944, when Dizzy Gillespie organized the first bop group to go into the Onyx on 52nd St. Pianist Billy Taylor has recalled that Gillespie wanted Powell, and when he couldn't get him, the group opened without a piano, George Wallington joining after a few nights.

It was at this time, January, 1944, that Powell made his first recordings with the Cootie Williams Sextet, a small group formed from the big band.

These early solos on the Williams sides definitely illustrate Powell's use of bop ideas. Although he indicates influences derived from Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson, he had already developed an individuality made up of steady flowing ideas and a dynamic drive.

It is interesting to note that Powell, along with Charlie Parker and Kenny Clarke, has made a point of disclaiming the title "bebop" that was assigned to the new music by jazz writers and critics. Powell told columnist Pease in 1951, "I wish it had been given a name more in keeping with the seriousness of purpose."

Pease summed up his column on Powell by noting, "Seriousness of purpose and an honest effort to interpret human emotions are the fundamental prerequisites of the creation of all truly great art. Bud Powell possesses these qualifications." 

Early Powell Discography

New York City, Jan. 4, 1944

Cootie Williams and His Sextet—Williams, trumpet; Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, alto saxophone; Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, tenor saxophone; Powell, piano; Norman Keenan, bass; Sylvester Payne, drums.

FLOOGIE BOO (CR 346).....Hit 8089, Alb. Hit H-122

New York City, Aug. 22, 1944

Cootie Williams and His Orchestra—Williams, Ermet Perry, Lamar Wright, George Treadwell, Thomas Stevenson, trumpets; R. H. Horton, Dan Logan, Ed Burke, Ed Glover, trombones; Vinson, Frank Powell, alto saxophones; Lee Pope, Sam Taylor, tenor saxophones; Ed De Verteuil, baritone saxophone; Powell, piano; Leroy Kirkland, guitar; Carl Pruitt, bass; Payne, drums; Vinson, vocals.

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T? (T 448)
.....Majestic 7108, Hit 7119
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA GO

.....Majestic 7119, 7148
'ROUND MIDNIGHT (T 450)

.....Majestic 7119, Hit 7119
BLUE GARDEN BLUES (T 451)

.....Majestic 7108, 7148, Hit 7108



Feather's Nest

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is amusing and, in a rather pathetic way, instructive to study the path followed by everyone in music who becomes involved directly or indirectly with a new style, fad, or trend.

The movement usually gets rolling as a result of some artistic venture that happened to become a commercial success. In the case of the bossa nova wave, this was, of course, the Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd *Jazz Samba* album (though the words bossa nova appear nowhere in titles or liner notes).

The second stage is the adoption of the style by other artists and by a&r men who encourage its use as a possible medium for similar popular reaction. The trend is then taken up by agents, managers, and others interested in exploiting it.

It is impossible to state categorically that all these artists, a&r men, and agents are motivated entirely by greed. Their attitudes may vary widely from a sincere interest in the music to a completely cynical gluttony, with various gradations between these extremes.

The third stage, just as sure to arise as the first and second, is the reactive one, generated by the critics. Their stand is safely predictable: such-and-such is being bastardized, everybody is jumping on the bandwagon, music has become music business. It is never pointed out, of course, that however many dollars we critics are paid to write these attacks, or to annotate LPs of the new music, or talk about it at concerts or broadcasts, are that many more dollars of commercialization on the trend.

The only fair position to take is one in which the motives of each individual involved, and the artistic results achieved, are judged on their merits, regardless of the degree of bandwagon-jumping involved.

According to your personal prejudice, you can find two different ways of stating the same fact about any situation arising in the inevitably commercial world of jazz. (Inevitable, that is, as long as it is agreed that capitalism, whatever its shortcomings, is the lesser of two evils.)

Of a musician who has just made a bossa nova LP, one can say:

"His ideas are fresh and timely, geared to the contemporary scene."

Or, if you don't happen to dig him: "He is an opportunist who takes advantage of each new gimmick."

Of a personal manager or booking agent:

"He is a leech, a bloodsucker who profits from the talents of others."

Of a manager or booker one likes: "It is through his intelligent handling that this artist has been brought from obscurity to a nationwide audience."


Of a critic:

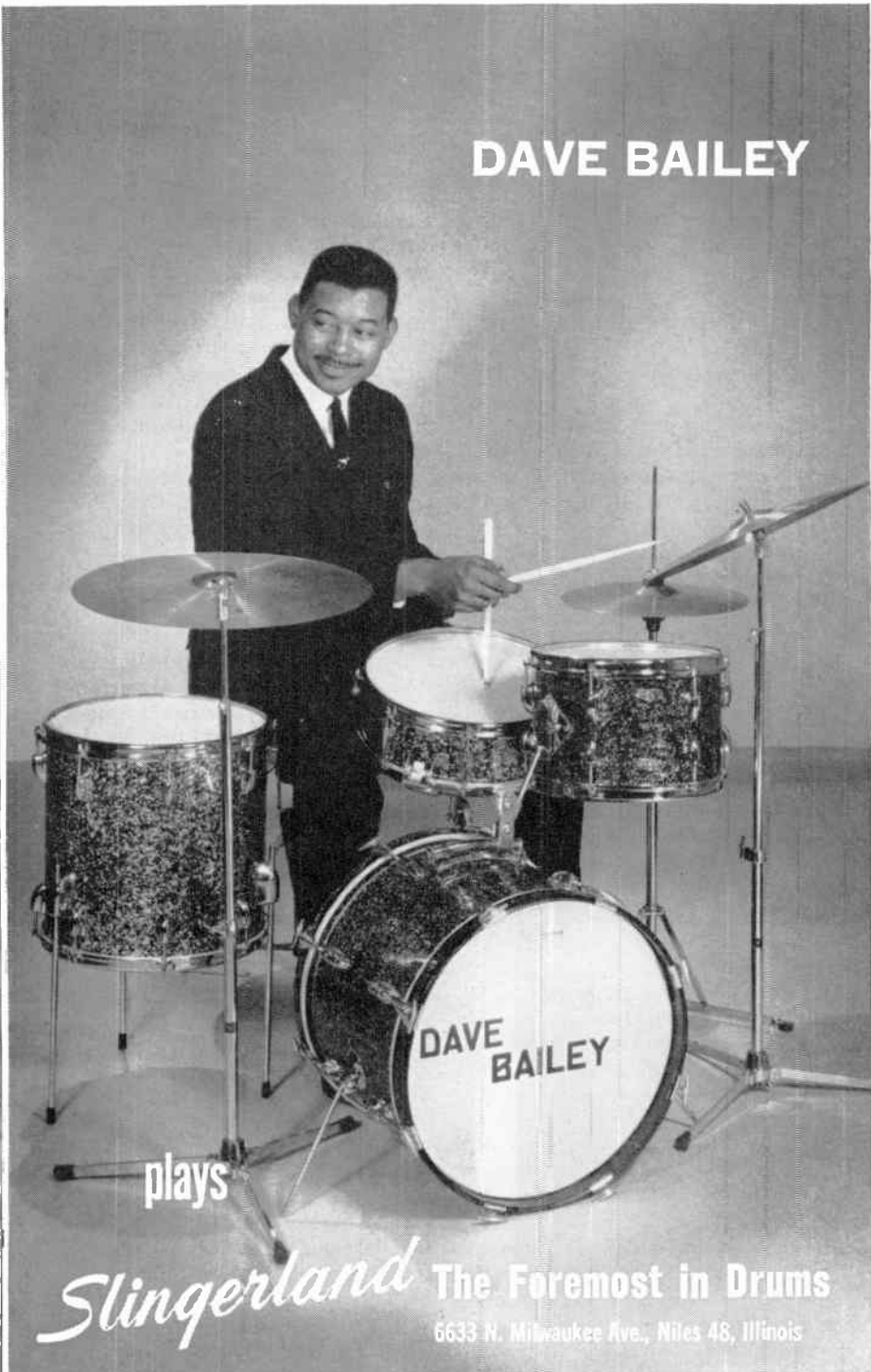
"If he knows so much about it, how come he can't practice what he preaches?"

Of a critic one agrees with:

"If it hadn't been for him, Mezz Mezzrow (or Ornette Coleman, or Big Sid Catlett, or Blind Orange Adams) might today be a forgotten man."

One final word on this subject:

I don't think there is anyone in jazz who hasn't tried in one way or another to commercialize on something. What were Duke Ellington's motives, do you think, when he recorded *Twelfth Street Rag Mambo* or *Isle of Capri Mambo*, or, more recently, *Asphalt Jungle Twist*? Does this render Ellington any less valuable to the community? 



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JAZZ ON CAMPUS

By GEORGE WISKIRCHEN, C.S.C.

One of the significant developments in jazz on the college level is that it is rapidly becoming more and more recognized and accepted by the academicians. Each year new schools are granting credit for the study of jazz and for participation in a jazz rehearsal or lab band.

At the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut, a 16-member jazz lab group rehearses once a week. While the program was started only last fall, the school is already granting one elective credit for participation. The band works under the direction of an assistant professor of music, Ray Stewart.

A student orientation program, titled *Chronology of Jazz* is planned for April 21. The program, sponsored by the student activities organization, will feature a septet with Stewart on tenor saxophone and will trace the history of jazz styles to today's.

At Duquesne University in Pittsburgh, Pa., the Paul Hubinon-Ray DeFade Jazz Workshop Band got off to an early and successful start this season with a concern sponsored by the local Phi Mu Alpha chapter before an audience of 1,200.

The program, besides featuring the 19-piece workshop band, also highlighted the Ron Joy Trio and the Paul Hubinon

Orchestra, a 13-piece dance group. DeFade and co-leader Joseph Kennedy furnished arrangements for the concert. The program consisted of big-band arrangements of lines by John Coltrane, Benny Golson, Sonny Rollins, Slide Hampton, Horace Silver, among others.

Featured at the concert were Bob Schmalz, trombone; Ron Dosetti, alto saxophone; Frank Chybrzynski and Hubinon, trumpets. Mayo Michele sings with the band. Besides writing for the group, DeFade is featured as a tenor soloist. The Joy trio features the leader on piano with Scotty Hood on bass and Jim Blakemore on drums.

The University of Illinois Jazz Band acted as clinic band for the high-school stage-band festival at Effingham, Ill., on Feb. 9.

Millikin University at Decatur, Ill., is putting a stage-band course into its schedule.

At Kansas State University at Manhattan, Kan., the Jazz Workshop Ensemble is in its second year under the direction of Don Meredith. One hour of credit is given for participation. The school's extension study service is offering a night course in the history and appreciation of jazz. The course is being taught by Robert Snyder, a member of the speech department. An outstanding musician in the jazz ensemble is reed man Dale Norris.

In the Rockies, at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Otto Werner, director of bands, includes two jazz big bands in his program.

The top group, the Statesmen, led by Werner was organized a little more than


a year ago and is composed of 18 men. Each year the group produces its own jazz show.

Outstanding men in the band include Ron Keiser and Keith Gorsuch, lead trumpet and trombone, respectively; Rick Ellis, tenor saxophone; Clint Wood, lead alto saxophone; Ralph Achille, drums. All these men are from the Denver area, which can boast of one of the finest stage-band programs on the high-school level.

The second group at Colorado State is known as the Collegians and is under the direction of Clark Livingston. While the main purpose of the Collegians is to serve as a feeder for the Statesmen, they also perform in concerts and for college dances.

On the coast, at San Diego City College, a 20-piece band plays a series of "patio concerts" during the noon hour for a student audience.

This band has its counterpart in a 16-piece band from the San Diego Evening College. Last spring a combination of these two groups toured the southern California area for four days, playing two or three concerts each day at colleges, high schools, and state hospitals. A similar tour is planned this spring.

These stage bands are under the direction of William Swegels, director of music for the college, and members of the bands registered for a one-unit music course for credit. Each spring the music department of San Diego City College sponsors a jazz clinic-concert. Last year's featured clinician-soloists were Shelly Manne, Shorty Rogers, and Leonard Feather. 

AD LIB from page 12

centrating on small-group playing. He has been with the band since 1954 . . . The Silver Dollar, an Italian restaurant in Islip on Long Island has begun presenting jazz on Sundays. The first performances featured tenor saxophonist Seldon Powell with a reed section composed of Budd Johnson, Cecil Payne, and Billy Mitchell; Al Williams, piano; Bill Pemberton, bass; Charlie Perry, drums.

Alto saxophonist Pete Brown is ill again (internal problems complicated by diabetes). He is at Beekman Downtown Hospital at 170 Williams St. in New York City . . . Willis Conover is the host for a pilot film for a potential television series, *Championship Jazz*, that is based on the long-dormant cutting contest, with two bands playing against each other.

Late last month, Mickey Rooney played drums and a jazz-musician role on ABC-TV's *Premiere*. As an aside, he said, "I feel I'm just a hobby drummer, even though I've sat in with most of the big bands. I'm a professional

pianist more than a drummer." . . . Also in January, Edie Adams (ABC-TV, *Here's Edie*) presented Stan Getz and Laurindo Almeida on a b.n. kick, with the Jerry Fielding Orchestra for good measure . . . Clarinetist Joe Dixon, long a studio musician, has begun his own group, the Long Island Jazz Quintet, which debuted Jan. 27 at the Beach House in Long Beach, N. Y. According to Dixon, he "and these young men are working for something that is relaxed and with a different sound."

The John Wilson program on WQXR, *The World of Jazz*, on the air since 1954, ostensibly came to an end Dec. 26, 1962, when, without prior warning, Wilson told his listeners that it would no longer be broadcast. It returned to the air Jan. 2, because the station received an unprecedented amount of mail demanding its continuance, praising its content, and criticizing WQXR for its decision. It will continue to be heard Wednesday nights.

The fourth concert in a series presented by the Jackie McLean Fan Club was held in December with altoist

McLean supported by Oliver Beener, trumpet; Elmo Hope, piano; Gene Taylor, bass; Art Taylor, drums. The fifth in the series occurred in mid-January with trumpeter Bill Hardman, pianist Walter Davis Jr., bassist Butch Warren, and drummer Anthony Williams. Also on the bill with this McLean group was the Elmo Hope Trio; pianist Hope with bassist Ray McKinney and drummer Lex Humphries.

* * *

RECORD NOTES: Prestige is reissuing two albums by Paul Quinichette: *Basie Reunion* and *For Basie* . . . Epic has a Herb Ellis record, *The Midnight Roll*, featuring Ray Bryant, Roy Eldridge, Buddy Tate, and the late Israel Crosby. The second February release is titled *Illinois Jacquet*, with that tenor saxophonist and Ernie Royal, Kenny Burrell, Sir Charles Thompson, and Jo Jones . . . Prestige has recorded the first instrumental version of songs from *Oliver* with vibist Dave Pike, pianist Tommy Flanagan, guitarist Jimmy Raney, bassist George Tucker, and drummer Walter Perkins . . . Command soon will issue an album by bass-

ist-arranger **Bob Haggart** that will include some of his own compositions: *Big Noise from Winnetka* and *What's New?* . . . **Lionel Hampton's** bossa nova album, on Gladhamp, features French guitarist **Sacha Distel** . . . Philips records recorded and added **Gerry Mulligan** to its list of jazz stars that includes **Georgie Auld**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, and **Woody Herman**.

"We've had soul jazz, we've had bossa nova. But 1963 may well be the year of Jewish jazz," says **Lester Koenig**, president of Contemporary records, as he fondly regards what he says he expects to be a hit jazz album **Shelly Manne's** latest, *My Son, the Jazz Drummer*. The LP, just released, consists of jazz interpretations of Yiddish and Israeli songs played by a lineup comprising **Shorty Rogers**, trumpet; **Teddy Edwards**, tenor saxophone; **Vic Feldman**, piano, vibraharp; **Al Viola**, guitar; and **Manne**, drums. Arrangements were written by **Rogers**, **Feldman**, **Edwards**, and **Lennie Niehaus**.

In Los Angeles recently on a business trip, British impresario **Vic Lewis** (he's the ex-bandleader who used to be called, "the British Stan Kenton") recorded a bossa nova record date for European release. Sidemen were **Laurindo Almeida**—on one track only—and **Al Hendrickson**, guitars; **Bud Shank**, alto saxophone; **Bob Cooper**, tenor saxophone; **Shorty Rogers** and **Jack Sheldon**, trumpets; **Vic Feldman**, vibraharp, piano; **Don Bagley**, bass; and **Shelly Manne**, drums. Arrangements were done by two other Britons, **Leonard Feather** and **Howard Lucraft**, making it all-Union Jack on the production side.

Chico Hamilton signed with Reprise (and also re-signed with Associated Booking Corp.) . . . Singer **Gloria Lynne** signed a new contract with Everest records guaranteeing her \$100,000 over three years. The label, in addition, paid her a bonus of \$20,000 for signing . . . Arranger **Hank Levine** was assigned by Liberty to write and conduct all **Gene McDaniels'** new albums . . . Columbia records, West Coast division, promoted 21-year-old **Terry Melcher** to the post of associate artist-and-repertoire producer for its pop line. Melcher is the son of **Doris Day** and **Marty Melcher**.

Argo recorded pianist **Ahmad Jamal** with two large orchestras, one predominantly made up of strings, the other of brass and reeds. Jamal's bassist, **Richard Evans**, did the scoring.

BRITAIN

Don Rendell's new quintet consists of Rendell, tenor and soprano saxophones; **Ian Carr**, trumpet and fluegelhorn; **Johnny Mealing**, piano; **Tony Archer**, bass; **Trevor Tomkins**, drums . . . The

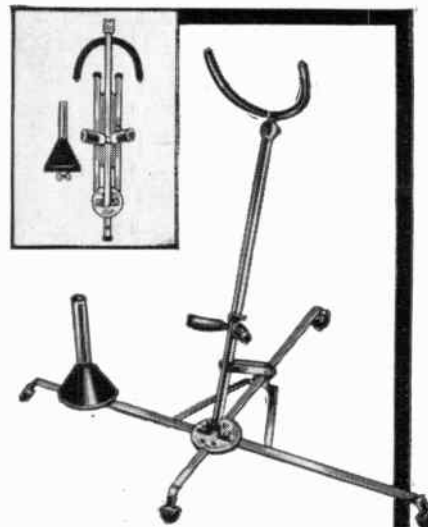
Marquee Club continues its policy of presenting new and relatively unknown semipro combos each Sunday with the **John Williams** big band. Among those recently featured have been the **Dick Lowe Quintet**, **John West Quartet**, **Fela Ransome Kuti Quintet**, **Brian Auger Quintet**, and **Brian Wilson Quartet** . . . Vogue records is reactivating its Vocalion label . . . **The Temperance Seven** did a couple of television show in Milan, Italy, over the Christmas period. The group will return to Italy next July to undertake a six-week tour comprising concerts, dances, television, cabaret, and radio appearances. The group's vocalist, **Paul McDowell**, has left to join the comedy company at the Establishment Club. His place has been taken by **Alan Mitchell**.

The **Ken Colyer** Band and the **Tony Kinsey** Quintet have been busy filming on the set of *West II* at the Associated British Studios at Elstree. The film, which is set in London's Notting Hill district, will utilize sequences shot in various clubs, including Colyer's own Studio 51. Along with Colyer and Kinsey the score is being composed by **Martin Slavin**, **Harry Klein**, and **Stanley Black** . . . The successful *Black Nativity* Gospel show grossed approximately \$136,000 during its recent London season. A special one-hour adaptation was presented over the Christmas holiday on television. . . During his European trip this year, **Sonny Rollins** will hold press and television interviews in Britain. The rest of his tour will embrace Rome, Milan, Zurich, Paris and Copenhagen and cities in Germany and Holland.

Don Rendell, tenor saxophone; **John Mumford**, trombone; **Stan Tracey**, piano; **Jeff Clyne**, bass; **Laurie Morgan**, drums, recently recorded a jazz and poetry presentation with contemporary poets **Pete Brown** and **Michael Horowitz**. The recital will be shown on AR-TV's *Here and Now*. . . **Bill Russo** and his all-star orchestra, made up of London's top musicians, has recorded four 30-minute radio shows, which will be broadcast on the *Third Programme*. . . **Acker Bilk's** trombonist, **John Mortimer**, recently cut some sides for **Denis Preston** with an all-star lineup of two Bilk sidemen **Colin Smith**, trumpet; **Stan Greig**, piano; plus **Sandy Brown**, clarinet; **Danny Moss**, tenor saxophone; **Jack Fallon**, bass; **Lennie Hastings**, drums . . . **Louis Jordan** missed a few of his otherwise successful British concerts with **Chris Barber** because of a throat infection.

GERMANY

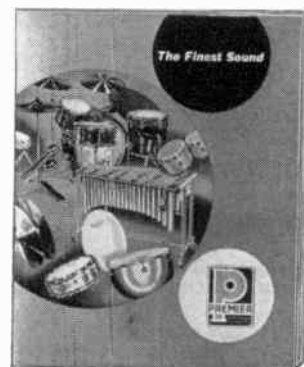
Sudwestfunk, located in Baden-Baden and one of the nine West German radio stations, is currently broadcasting a program called *Far East Coast*



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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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Jazz, a series of 32 shows describing Oriental jazz developments. The program is under the direction of critic-author **Joachim E. Berendt**, who traveled for four months last year through Thailand, India, Malaya, Java, Bali, Hong Kong, Formosa, and Japan . . . **Duke Ellington** and his orchestra are expected in Germany this month, following tenor saxophonist **Sonny Rollins**. Booked in coming months are **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Oscar Peterson** (March), **Gerry Mulligan** (April), and **Slide Hampton's** octet for an April-May tour sponsored by the German Federation of Jazz. Hungarian guitarist **Attila Zoller**, now a West German resident, also will be on the Hampton program . . . Negotiations are currently going on to sign Gospel artist **Mahalia Jackson** for a May tour.

TORONTO

Buck Clayton and his band (Earl Warren, Gene Ramey, Sir Charles Thompson, and Jackie Williams) returned to the Colonial for a three-week engagement in February. . . Singer **Carol Sloane** started the new year off at the Town Tavern followed by the **Don Thompson Quartet**, and then **Terry Gibbs'** group. . . The CBC turned its attention to jazz on its prestige series, *Festival*, with a one-hour presentation of Canadian jazz, featuring **Gordon Delamont**, **Trump Davidson**, **Ed Karam**, **Rob McConnell**, composer **Norman Symonds**, and singer **Don Francks**, with composer **Harry Somers** as host, acting as a liaison between audience and musicians, who offered their comments on jazz. . . For the CBC's radio network, composer **Harry Freedman** has begun a series of discussions, with musical excerpts illustrating the parallel histories of classical music and jazz. Titled *Bach, Brubeck, and All That Jazz*, a typical program covered the romantic period with recordings of music by **Beethoven**, **Wagner**, and **Duke Ellington**.

NEW ORLEANS

Sixty-four-year old clarinetist **John Casimir** died here last month. Casimir played E-flat clarinet with **Papa Celestin's Original Tuxedo Band** and in 1920 formed the **Young Tuxedo Brass Band**, which was still active at the time of his death. Casimir, virtually unknown outside the Crescent City until his appearance on an LP of marching music in 1958, was a popular figure at Preservation Hall in the current revival.

Changes in clarinetist **Tony Mitchell's** rhythm section have transformed his quartet at the Fontainebleau from a cocktail-oriented combo to a strong jazz group. Pianist **Earl Vulovich** is now supported by bassist **Bili Huntington** and Baton Rouge drummer **Paul Logus**. Mitchell's considerable talents have been buried in recent years in

bland surroundings or in undistinguished Dixieland groups.

Photographer **Carey James Tate** held an exhibit of jazz photographs at La-fitte-in-Exile Cafe. At the exhibition's opening a portrait of the late **Tony Almerico** was unveiled, and Mrs. Almerico presented the Jazz Museum with her husband's trumpet. Photographs on display included rare shots of **King Oliver** and **Louis Armstrong** as well as recent pictures of such local figures as **Sharkey Bonano**, **Billie** and **Dede Pierce**, and **Sweet Emma**.

Murphy Campo moved from the El Morocco on Bourbon St. to the plush suburban Candlelight Inn when the former club was padlocked by police for violation of city B-drinking ordinances. Several other strip-tease clubs, which do not use live music, were closed down or denied liquor license renewals for 1963, causing speculation on whether the crackdown might ultimately mean wider employment of jazz acts.

CHICAGO

John Steiner and **Charles Sengstock** have almost completed their exhaustive research into what they call the "golden era of Chicago Jazz"—1918-1929, a period when most of the New Orleans jazzmen were resident in the Windy City. The team's three years of research is made up of items from the *Chicago Defender* and extensive interviews with musicians active during the period. The book's publisher and publication date has not been announced . . . Former Bandleader **Husk O'Hare**, who hired many of the Austin High School Gang (**Jimmy McPartland**, **Frank Teschemacher**, **Bud Freeman**, and so on), has been seriously ill. He has been retired from the music business for several years.

John Young and trio are currently among the house bands at the Playboy Club . . . The Sutherland Lounge was scheduled to have **Miles Davis** and his group in for two weeks beginning at the end of January. **Nina Simone** is supposed to follow for two weeks. There is a chance that **Cannonball Adderley** and his sextet will be billed with **Gloria Lynne** at the club at the end of this month. The management is dicker-ing for the **Count Basie** Band to appear during Easter time. The club also established a new policy during **Lorez Alexandria's** engagement: there is now an admission charge of \$1.50 during the week and \$2 on Friday and Saturday.

LOS ANGELES

The overseas sales chart of the *Jazz Scene, U.S.A.* television series now includes the following countries: Finland, France, West Germany, Holland, Philippines, New Zealand, Nigeria, Sweden,


and Australia. Domestically, Seattle, Wash., has been added to the list of cities in which *Jazz Scene* is now programmed with full sponsorship. Japan will join the international roster come April . . . **Frank Evans' Frankly Jazz** local TV show (KTLA) went off the air in late January. In its time (10 p.m. Saturday) the new *Ray Anthony Show* debuted. This is a musical-variety format with guest celebrities, two pretty vocalists (the Bookends), far-out comedy, band numbers, Anthony's trumpet, and a modicum of jazz from **Kellie Green's** piano and **Bob Hardaway's** tenor saxophone. Plans call for syndicating the show.

Jazz booker **Bob Leonard** was to open the Town Market to jazz in Del Mar (near San Diego) in February with the groups of **Curtis Amy**, **Harold Land**, **Chico Hamilton**, the **Jazz Crusaders**, **Shorty Rogers**, and **Vince Guaraldi**. Leonard also set Guaraldi at the It Club here for two weeks starting Feb. 26, to be followed by **Les McCann, Ltd.**, also for a fortnight starting March 12, and a one-week stand by **Horace Silver** March 25. Another Leonard spot, the Hideaway, has **Al Hibbler** due Feb. 27 for three weeks; **Etta James** opens March 20 for three weeks. Future attractions are **Joe Williams**, **Aretha Franklin**, and **Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan**.

SAN FRANCISCO

Altoist **John Handy**, who formerly played in New York City with the **Charlie Mingus** and **Randy Weston** groups as well as leading his own combo, was featured soloist with the **San Francisco State College Symphonic Band** in its annual between-semesters tour. The band played concerts in 10 cities during its five-day excursion. This is the first time in the 14 years such tours have been staged that a jazz musician has been the featured soloist. "It's the first time we've had a jazz musician capable of handling the assignment," said **Edwin C. Kruth**, long-time instrumental co-ordinator of the college.

Recent and forthcoming concert bookings in the area: the **George Shearing** combo, **Julie London**, and **Bobby Troup** at the S.F. Masonic Auditorium; the **Jimmy Smith Trio**, comic **Nipsy Russell**, and **Oscar Brown Jr.** at the Oakland Auditorium; **Nat Cole** at the Cow Palace. All are one-nighters.

Bassist **Arvell Shaw** rejoined **Louis Armstrong** during the latter's engagement at the Fairmont Hotel here; he replaced **Billy Kronk** . . . **Lee Konitz** was featured in a special jazz concert at the S.F. Museum of Art on a recent Sunday afternoon . . . Tenorist **Brew Moore** is expected to return here from Denmark, where he and his family have spent the last two years. 

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COMING NEXT

The March 14 *Down Beat* will contain pianist **Les McCann's** European diary, an account of saxophonist **Sahib Shihab's** life as an expatriate, **Whitey Mitchell's** *Blindfold Test* of **Julius Martinet**, and many other features. Don't miss it.

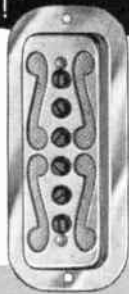
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WHERE & WHEN

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

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

NEW YORK

Basia St. East: Ella Fitzgerald to 2/16. Sarah Vaughan, 2/18-3/2.
Bobin Inn (Rockland Lake, N. J.): jazz, Sun.
Jerome Richardson, 2/17.
Central Plaza: sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Classic Lounge (Brooklyn): sessions, Tues.
Club Cinderella: Ephriam Resnick, Sun.
Condon's: Tony Parenti, *tfn*.
Counterpoint (West Orange, N. J.): John Gamba, *wknds*.
Embers: Jonah Jones, *tfn*.
Five Spot: sessions, Sun.
Half Note: Ronnie Scott to 2/14.
Hunter College: Modern Jazz Quartet, 2/22.
Junior's: jazz, *wknds*.
Lampost (Tarrytown, N. Y.): Paul Bley, *wknds*.
Metropole: Gene Krupa to 2/21. Dukes of Dixieland, 2/22-3/21.
The Most: Chuck Wayne, *tfn*.
Nick's: Wild Bill Davison, *tfn*.
Open End: Sol Yaged, Tues.
Page Three: Sheila Jordan, Sun.-Tue.
Room at the Bottom: Wilbur DeParis, *tfn*. Cal Bostic to 2/16.
Speakeasy: Art Blakey Jr., *tfn*.
Surf Maid: Joe Saye, *tfn*.
Take 3: Freddie Redd, *tfn*.
Town Hall: Jimmy Giuffrè, 2/17.
Village Gate: Gerry Mulligan, Woody Allen, 2/15-17, 21-34.
Village Vanguard: Herbie Mann to 2/24. Modern Jazz Quartet, 2/26-3/10.

BOSTON

Shanty Lounge: Jimmy Tyler, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: Herb Pomeroy, *tfn*.
Mark V (Lowell): Jerry Edwards, *tfn*.
Turnpike (West Peabody): Joe Buccell, *tfn*.

WASHINGTON

Anna Maria's: Vince Fabrizio, *tfn*.
Bayou: Joe Rinaldi, *hb*.
Bohemian Caverns: JFK Quintet, *hb*.
Brickskeller: Ted Efantis, *wknds*.
Cafe Lounge: Billy Taylor, *hb*.
Charles Hotel Dixieland Lounge: Booker Coleman, *hb*. Thur.-Sat.
Dupont Plaza: Bill Leonhart, *tfn*.
Place Where Louie Dwells: Ann Read, John Eaton, *tfn*.
Showboat Lounge: Charlie Byrd, John Malachi.

NEW ORLEANS

Candlelight Inn: Murphy Campo, *tfn*.
Dan's Pier 600: Al Hirt, *tfn*.
Dixieland Hall: various traditional groups.
Dynasty Room: Armand Hug, *tfn*.
Famous Door: Mike Lala, *tfn*. Santo Pecora, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Sun., Tue.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, *tfn*. Leon Prima, Mon.
Gaslight: modern jazz, afterhours, *wknds*.
Living Room: Fats Pichon, *tfn*.
McAllister Auditorium: American Jazz Ensemble, 2/21.
Music Haven: Ellis Marsalis, *tfn*.
Paddock Lounge: Octave Crosby, Snookum Russell, *tfn*. Marvin Kimbell, Wed.
Willie Pep's: Stan Mendelson, *tfn*.
Pepe's: Laverne Smith, *tfn*.
Playboy: Al Belleto, Dave West, Ed Fenacel, The Four More, Snooks Eaglin, *hbs*. Rusty Mayne, Sun.
10 Down: Ronnie Dupont, *tfn*.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.

DALLAS

Omar Khayam's afterhours jazz, *tfn*.
Atmosphere: Blue Aces, *tfn*.
Hi Ho: Red Calhoun, *wknds*.
LeVee: Ed Bernet, *hb*.
Rubaiyat: Ron Shipman, *tfn*.
Zoo Bar: Louis Cowens, *tfn*.
Castaway: Playboys, *tfn*.
90th Floor: Dick Harp, *hb*.

DETROIT

Cliff Bell's: Eddie Webb, Lizzi Doyle, *tfn*.
Checker Bar-B-Q: Ronnie Phillips, afterhours, *tfn*.
Cork & Embers: Jack Brokensha, *tfn*.
Cote's: Leo Marchionni, *tfn*.
Drome: Alex Kallao, *tfn*.
Falcon (Ann Arbor): Bob James, *tfn*.
Hobby Bar: Charles Rowland, Mon.-Wed.
Largo Lounge: Will Davis, *tfn*.
Left Bank: Ted Sheely, *tfn*.
Menjo's West: Mel Ball, *tfn*.
Mr. Kelly's: workshop sessions. Sun. afternoon.
The Raven Gallery: Mike Sherker to 2/24.

Sammy's G's: Ronnie Phillips, *tfn*.
Trent's: Terry Pollard, *tfn*.
20 Grand (Fireside Lounge): Charles Rowland, *wknds*.
The Un-Stabled: Sam Sanders, afterhours, Fri.-Sat. Workshop, Sun.

CHICAGO

Bourbon Street: Bob Scobey, Art Hodes, *tfn*.
China Doll: Lurlean Hunter, Larry Novak, *tfn*.
Gaslight Club: Frank Ray, *tfn*.
Happy Medium (Downstairs Room): Cy Touff, Mon., Tues. Cliff Niep, Wed.-Sun.
Hungry Eye: The Jazz People, *tfn*.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt, *tfn*. Franz Jackson, Thur.
London House: Paul Winter to 2/19. Jose Bethancourt, Larry Novak, *hbs*.
McKie's: Jimmy McGriff to 2/17.
Mister Kelly's: June Christy, Mark Russell, to 2/24. Marty Rubenstein, John Frigo, *hbs*.
Playboy: Joe Iaco, Bob Davis, Harold Harris, Joe Parnello, John Young, *hbs*.
Silvio's: Howling Wolf, *wknds*.
Sutherland: Nina Simone to 2/24.
Velvet Swing: Nappy Trotter, *tfn*.

LOS ANGELES

Aldo's: Joe Loco, *tfn*.
Caesar's (Torrance): Bob Martin, *tfn*.
Charleston (Arcadia): Bob Russell, Southland Seven, *tfn*.
Crescendo: Nancy Wilson, 3/18-4/3.
Eagle Rock Lanes: Frank Strazzeri, Fri.-Sat.
Gazzarri's: Kellie Greene, *tfn*.
Green Bull (Hermosa Beach): Johnny Lucas' Original Dixieland Blue Blowers, *wknds*.
Hermosa Inn: New Imperial Jazz Eagles, *wknds*.
Hideaway: Arthur Prysock, Red Prysock. Al Hibbler opens 2/27. Etta James opens 3/20.
Huddle (Covina): Teddy Buckner, *tfn*.
Intermission Room: Three Souls, *tfn*.
It Club: Vince Guaraldi, 2/26-3/10. Les McCann, 3/12-24. Horace Silver, 3/25-31.
Jim's Roaring '20s (Wonderbowl-Downey): Johnny Lane, *tfn*.
Knickerbocker Hotel: Ben Pollack, *tfn*.
Lighthouse: Howard Rumsey, *hb*. Guest groups, Sun.
Metro Theater: afterhours sessions, Fri.-Sat.
Michael's (East Washington): Johnny White, *tfn*.
Mr. Adams': Richard Holmes, *tfn*.
PJ's: Eddie Cano, John LaSalle, Jerry Wright. Red Carpet (Nite Life): Laverne Gillette, Tue.-Sun.
Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): Lou Rawls, Kenny Dennis, *tfn*.
Reuben's (Newport): Edgar Hayes, Sun.-Mon.
Reuben's (Tustin): Edgar Hayes, Tue., Wed., Sat.
Scene: Vic Feldman, *tfn*.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Shelly Manne, Irene Kral, Fri.-Sun. Toshiko and Charlie Mariano, 2/11-14. Sun. afternoon concerts.
Sheraton West: Red Nichols, *tfn*.
Sherry's: Don Randi, *tfn*.
Sinbad's (Santa Monica): Betty Bryant, *tfn*.
Storyville (Pomona): Ray Martin, Tailgate Ramblers, *tfn*.
Tender House (Burbank): Red Mitchell, Sun.-Mon.
Town Market (Del Mar): Vince Guaraldi, 2/15-17.
Zucca's Cottage (Pasadena): Rosy McHargue, *tfn*.
23 Skidoo (Westwood) Art Levin, Spencer Quinn, Excelsior Banjo Band, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Black Hawk: Dizzy Gillespie to 2/24. Miles Davis, 2/26-3/17. Modern Jazz Quartet, 3/19-31.
Burp Hollow: Frank Goulette, *wknds*.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Earl Hines, *tfn*.
Derby (Redwood City): Jack Miller, *wknds*.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, *tfn*.
Embers (Redwood City): Manny Duran, *tfn*.
Executive Suite: Chris Ibanez, *tfn*.
Fairmont Hotel: Billy Eckstine to 2/20.
Ginza West: Dick Salzman, *tfn*.
Jazz Workshop: Zoot Sims to 2/24.
Mr. Otis: Jim Lowe, *wknds*.
Off Broadway: Jerry Granelli, *hb*.
Pier 23: Burt Bales, *tfn*.
Sugar Hill: Lambert-Hendricks-Bavan to 3/2. Redd Foxx, 3/4-23.
Trois Couleur (Berkeley): Willie Francis, Wed.-Thur. Jack Taylor, *wknds*.
Tin Pan Alley (Atherton): Tommy Beeson, Mon.
Modernistics, Tue. Bernie Kahn, Wed.-Sun. Con Hall, Sun. session.
Ti-Tones (Redwood City): Sammy Simpson, *tfn*.
Gold Nugget (Oakland): John Coppola, Sun.
Jack's of Sutter: Paul Bryant, *tfn*.

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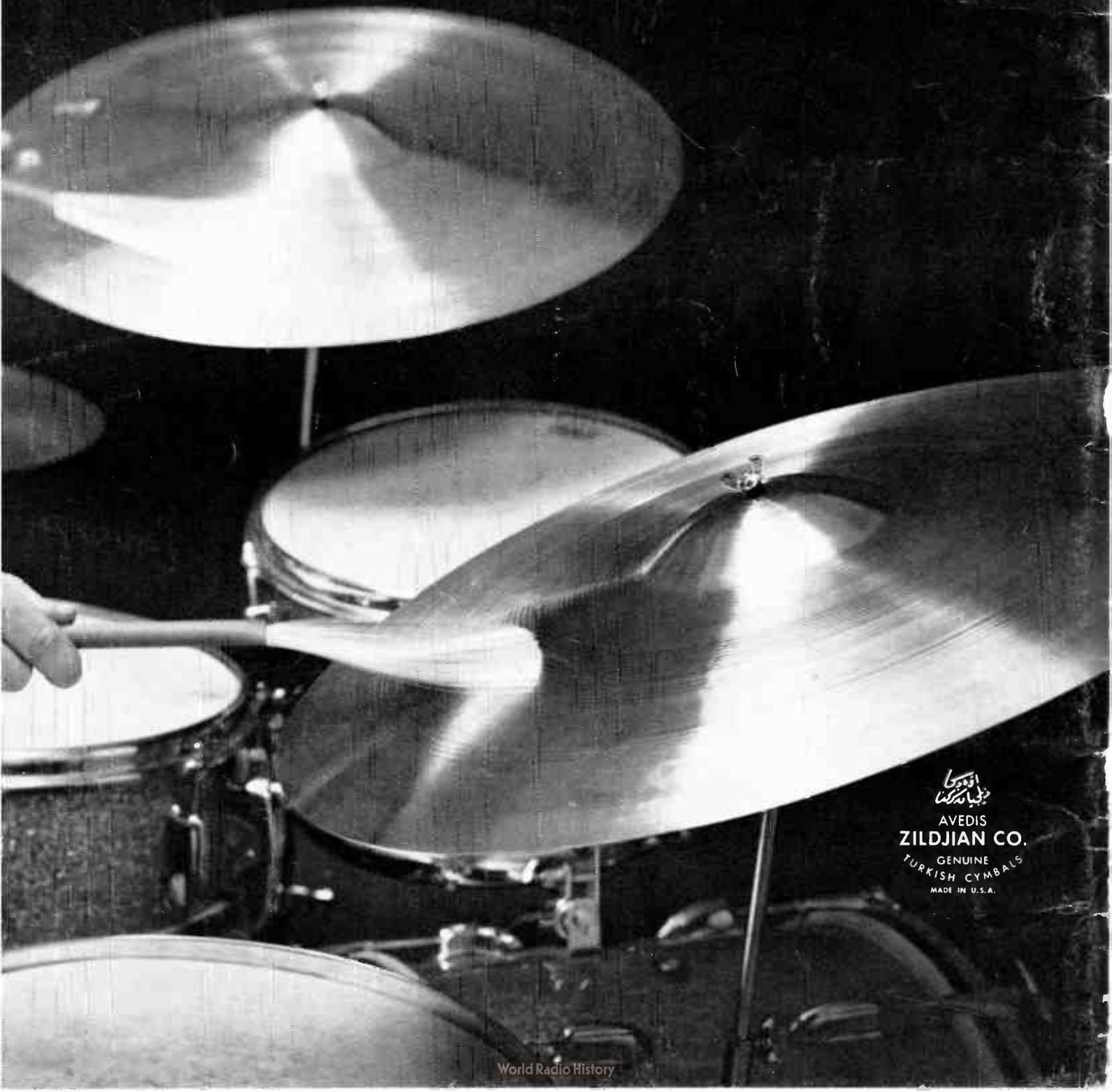
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